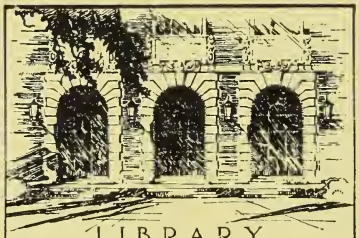
# ESTHER T. BARTON

*A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH*



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IN HER BELOVED MEMORY THIS BOOK IS PREPARED
BY HER HUSBAND
REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

PINE KNOLL, ON SUNSET LAKE
FOXBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

# CONTENTS

A WORTHY WOMAN *who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no lack of gain. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant-ships; she bringeth her bread from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth food to her household, and their task to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and maketh strong her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable; her lamp goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry, her clothing is fine linen and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh linen garments and selleth them, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue. She looketh*

*well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excelleth them all. Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates.*

PROVERBS *31:* V. *10–31.*

# ESTHER T. BARTON

*A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH*

## I—Her Childhood

Esther Treat Bushnell was born in Johnston, Trumbull County, Ohio, the sixth in a family of eight children of Lewis and Elizabeth Ann (Treat) Bushnell. That corner of Ohio, "the Western Reserve," is a transplanted section of Connecticut, and all Esther's ancestors, in every line, direct and collateral, were of the oldest families in that state. On her father's side she was of the noted Bushnell family, descended from Francis Bushnell, "ye Elder," third signer of the Guilford covenant in 1636. On her mother's side she traced her descent in direct line from Governor Robert Treat of the Charter Oak. Among her ancestors were John Davenport, founder of New Haven, and Abraham Pierson, first President of Yale. Of the twenty-four "sureties" who signed Magna Charta, six were her ancestors. She was said to resemble in face and figure a great-grandmother, Honor Hubbard, through whom descent has been traced from William the Conqueror and Charlemagne. Her mem-

bership in the Daughters of the American Revolution was secured on the services of no less than four ancestors who fought in the Revolution. Ministers, governors, and men distinguished for services in many departments of activity, as well as untitled farmers and tradesmen, were among her forebears who gave their life to the history of Connecticut and later of Ohio, where her great-grandparents were pioneers. Hers was a very modest pride in these matters, but she was unfeignedly proud of the fact that no investigation of her lineage showed a single criminal, drunkard, pauper, or person of feeble mind.

Her father was a farmer in reasonably comfortable circumstances. Hard work was the lot of every member of the family, but it was the ordinary work of a prosperous farm. As a little girl she was a fearless climber and bareback rider. She rode and drove horses with calm control and sound judgment. She was familiar with the arts of the dairy, the garden and the sugar-camp where annually hard work was mingled with merriment in the making of maple sugar.

No very serious accidents or mishaps troubled the memory of her childhood, except one. That was the time she ran a needle, full length, into her knee. She was a very little girl at the time, but she remembered all about it. Her father, who was a man of deep sympathy but resolute character,

examined the knee and knew the needle must be cut out. The pain of the needle and the sight of his sharpened razor terrified her. But there was a little red pillow that she greatly admired; if she could have that to bury her face in, so that she could not see the razor when it cut, she would try hard not to cry — much. Burying her face in the red pillow, she gave her muffled word that she was ready. A skillful cut exposed the needle, which her father drew forth. She kept it in a little phial and always remembered how the little red pillow helped her not to cry very hard.

She attended the village school, walking a full mile each way with her four brothers and three sisters. She was a dark-eyed little maiden with brown, curly hair, and her cheeks were as red as the apples in her dinner pail.

Her parents were members of the Congregational Church, which she and all her brothers and sisters joined. It was a Sabbath-keeping family, in which the rigidity of Puritan tradition had slightly softened, while retaining its stern loyalty to religion and the authority of conscience.

Industry, thrift, economy and generosity were the ruling ideals of the home, and she never remembered her girlhood as one of deprivation either of comfort or simple pleasure. Her parents were both persons of alert mind, and given to rather wide reading. The library of books in her home was

certainly not large, but was thoughtfully chosen. The books which Lewis Bushnell and Elizabeth Treat gave to each other about the time they were married were serious books; their titles might provoke a smile in a flippant age, but they were books that showed ideals and character.

## II — The Little School Teacher

All the eight children in her father's family were permitted to complete the work of the common schools, and those who chose to go farther were encouraged to do so; but they had to alternate their attendance in the academy with school-teaching. She attended the Orville Academy, and having completed its work went for a time to college at Meadville, Pennsylvania. But her success as a teacher called her back to the schoolroom in an emergency, and her college course was never completed—a matter which caused her needless sorrow.

A former principal of the Academy, Professor Prescott D. Dodge, had become professor of mathematics at Berea College. Berea provided for primary instruction in the Model Schools of its Normal Department. On the recommendation of Professor Dodge she was offered a position as primary teacher, and went to Kentucky in the autumn of 1883. Her work was an unqualified success. Beloved by the children,

she was admired and trusted by her fellow-teachers, among whom she herself was little more than a school girl. Another professor in Berea, Bruce Hunting, professor of Latin, had invited a former member of the church he had served as pastor in northern Illinois to come to Berea for his college course. At the time Esther Bushnell came to Berea, William E. Barton was entering upon his Junior year. From the beginning they were attracted to each other, and in the latter half of the year were much together. They climbed the Pinnacle, a mountain which later for sentiment's sake they bought, and they took long horseback rides through the hills. On June 15, 1884, they became engaged to be married.

### III — In the Tennessee Mountains

On June 8, 1885, William E. Barton was ordained to the work of the ministry. He had not yet studied theology, except as he had taken a few elementary and very useful lessons from President E. H. Fairchild, but he was going into the southern mountains where he might not require much theology, and where he would need to perform all the offices of a complete ministry. She was present when he was ordained in the College Chapel in Berea. On the 24th of the same month he was graduated, and on the following day they both left Berea, she for her Ohio home and he for the home

THE PINNACLE—LOOKING TOWARD THE BLUE GRASS

that was to be, at Robbins, Tennessee. A Berea carpenter had drawn him the plan for a house and given him specifications for material. He stopped in Danville and bought doors, windows and simple furniture, arriving next day at Robbins. Before night he had bought a home-site, a beautiful spot, an oval hill of somewhat more than two acres area. Before the next night the frame of the building had begun. He worked with the carpenters, preaching on Sundays, and in a little more than three weeks had the house ready for occupancy. It was small, but ample, and it was built of selected southern pine, and cost about $425. Downstairs it had a living room and a kitchen-dining room. Upstairs was the family bedroom, a guest room and a study. With the land and all the furniture the cost was not more than $1,000.

Let no one pity Esther Bushnell for leaving a comfortable home in Ohio and going to this little white frame house among the Tennessee hills. Her heart swelled, not with pity but with pride.

At high noon on July 23, 1885, in the old home in Ohio, Esther T. Bushnell was married to Rev. William E. Barton. The wedding was in the home where she was born, but the company thronged the front yard, and the feast was spread across the road, in "the old house" that had been the home of her great-grandparents. It was indeed a feast, a hearty

midday meal. Esther's own hands made the delicious wedding-cake, but the ice-cream was imported from out of town.

Sisters, cousins and other relatives spread the tables; but when they had been set, and before the guests began to arrive, she wanted to see that all was right. A light summer rain had fallen in the night and the grass was wet. She had on her wedding shoes. A wheel-barrow, that had been in use transporting eatables across the road, stood before the front door. The bridegroom caught her up, deposited her in the wheelbarrow, and conveyed her across the way and back again. The wheelbarrow did not break, nor did any untoward event mar that day or the days that followed.

A few days they spent at Chautauqua, and then went to Tennessee. A delegation of men met them at the train, and carried their baggage as they ascended the hill to the little house. The women of the parish were already there. They had sewed the word WELCOME in ferns on two yards of white cotton cloth, tacked it to the columns of the front porch and had it hanging there to gladden the eyes of the young minister and his bride. The table had been set and the pantry had been stocked. There was a short reception and introduction, then all the friends, declining on account of pressing engagements the invitations to stay and share the meal,

withdrew, and left the bride and groom alone in their own little home. With unfeigned thankfulness they sat down together, nor did there ever follow a day when they were not happy and rich in the enjoyment of their life there.

A horse was a necessity in itinerant pastoral work, and a cow proved a desideratum, for the young couple were seldom alone after the first few days. Poultry and a garden they kept, and she was happy among her chickens and her flowers, as also among the vegetables that provided for the table.

The salary at this time was eight hundred dollars a year, and it was ample. They lived well. Often she rode with her husband as he went out into the hills to preach. At other times she stayed alone in the house, and never was in fear.

The work grew with embarrassing rapidity. The young preacher rode over the hills and up the valleys, fording streams and organizing Sunday schools, and was soon overwhelmed by the magnitude of the work which had been created. He had determined from the first to pursue his education further, and it began to seem as though he would never be able to get away to accomplish this desire. But in the autumn of 1887 they exchanged the little house, sight unseen, for a cottage in Oberlin, Ohio, and thither they went. At this time they had one child, Bruce, born August 5, 1886. They had taken a colored boy, Webster, and he rode

in the freight car with the cow and horse. A colored girl, Rebecca, was presented to them at the last minute. One night at midnight the fast train stopped at Robbins, on special orders. The whole community stood weeping on the platform as the young minister, his wife and baby and the maid took the train for the north.

## IV — Oberlin and Litchfield

Timing their arrival to the expected speed of their car of goods, they spent one night in Oberlin in the home of a friend, Professor Charles G. Fairchild. At midnight their car arrived. The horse and cow were first permitted to walk out in the early morning, and the horse was curried and fitted with the side-saddle, and conducted to the door of their temporary lodging. About the time Oberlin had finished its breakfast and was moving to its class recitations and other daily duties, there went up South Professor Street and along East College to Spring, a young woman riding a horse and carrying a baby in her arms, while a colored boy followed, leading a little white cow. On the sidewalk opposite moved the young husband and the colored girl, to the little cottage numbered 20 Spring Street, where their home was to be for the next three years.

After the immaculate cottage in Tennessee with its spot-

less hard pine floors, the Oberlin house looked shabby. But Webster and Rebecca were soon hard at the scrubbing of floors, and by the time the first wagon-load of goods came from the car there was a place for them. Not in confusion and disorder, but with calm and effective supervision, the Little Lady, glad of her new home, directed the energies of the day. The family ate its second and third meals that day, and slept that night, in their own new home; and by the next night the house was in good, livable condition. There on the following Thanksgiving morning was born the second son, Charles William, and there, less than two years later, was born the one daughter, Helen Elizabeth.

Immediately the young student accepted a pastorate at Litchfield, nineteen miles from Oberlin, and journeyed thither and back for Sunday services. The salary promised was four hundred dollars a year, and the little church invariably paid more than it promised, and had a donation party once a year beside. Moreover, there was often a crock of butter or a ham or a dressed fowl or a sack of oats slipped under the seat of the buggy as the drive back to Oberlin was about to begin.

But still four hundred dollars was not enough for such a family. There was necessity for more money, and it was earned by writing and lecturing. Some lectures paid as much

as ten dollars and others only five, but all paid a little. The lectures paid for the new typewriter; and a payment of fifteen dollars additional would procure a good desk. Esther's grandfather, Deacon John Treat, had died, and his estate, after payments for his care in old age, and bequests for foreign missions and the Tract and Bible societies, left a little residue to be divided among his numerous grandchildren. Esther received fifteen dollars as her share of the estate, and the desk still belongs to the family.

The proceeds of the lectures were not so heavily mortgaged in advance as to prevent some happy extravagances in their use. Bruce never rode in a baby carriage; Webster had taken him twice a day for long rides on horseback. Charles used a secondhand baby cab, loaned by the Fairchilds. But Helen needed a carriage of her own. One night a lecture yielded the fabulous honorarium of fifteen dollars. It was a large sum and there were baby carriages to be had for less, but the whole amount went to the purchase of the royal coach.

Those were not days of poverty. One night William and Esther attended a concert and sat behind the Oberlin banker and his wife. She was wearing a new cloak, which Esther secretly admired. There was a duplicate in Johnson's store, and it was her size. The price, as William estimated, would call

for four lectures. It was a proud day for him when his wife walked forth in a cloak as good as that of the banker's wife.

She always looked neat. Whatever economies she practiced in her dressmaking, still she looked well.

During a part of his course, her husband taught a large Bible class in the Academy which then was a part of Oberlin College. For this service of one hour a week he received two dollars a week extra. Esther undertook to invite that whole class to her home, a dozen at a time, one night in a week. Webster and Rebecca were effective helpers, but her own hands made the delicious rolls and the cocoanut cake that melted in the mouth.

After three years, there came a day when she sat with little Bruce, and heard her husband's address as valedictorian of his class. When this function had been performed, the husband came down and sat with her during an anthem, and then, taking his little boy by the hand, he walked forward to receive his diploma as a Bachelor of Divinity. The little boy carried the diploma back and gave it to his mother. It belonged to the whole family.

If her husband during those years was able to finish his course with reasonable success, and if the little church at Litchfield grew under his ministry, as it did, hers was a full half of all the credit.

## V — Wellington

It was a wrench to leave Litchfield, but larger fields were calling. After a long struggle it seemed best not to go back into the mountains. There was a call to a church in Cleveland, but Wellington was chosen instead, and the choice was never regretted. There, for three happy years, in the big parsonage beside the beautiful brick church, they lived and wrought together. There the fourth child, Frederick Bushnell Barton, was born, April 30, 1892. There the minister's father made his first visit to his son since his marriage, and appraised his daughter-in-law. As he was leaving, he said to his son:

"I have always expected you to succeed, but have rather wondered that you were succeeding so well. Now that I have seen that little wife of yours, I shall not be surprised at any success that can ever come to you."

Life in Wellington was very happy. It was near enough to Oberlin so that the recent graduate was called back in two emergencies to teach classes. The salary, fourteen hundred dollars and parsonage, seemed large. Neither the young minister nor his wife wanted to leave, and a number of opportunities were flatly declined. But out of a clear sky came a call to Shawmut Church, Boston, and this seemed something that could not be ignored.

## VI — Boston

On March 1, 1893, the new pastorate began, and she who had been a little country school teacher in Ohio, and wife of a home missionary in Tennessee, and then for three years the wife of an overworked theological student, and then the very busy mother of four small children in an Ohio parsonage, suddenly became the wife of the minister of an old Boston church, with very definite traditions as to what a minister's wife ought to be and do. How well she fitted into that situation, how wise and tactful and discreet she was, how she endeared herself to rich and poor alike, and how large a place she made for herself in the hearts of all, let others testify, as testify they do.

During their life in Boston their fifth child, Robert Shawmut Barton, was born, August 4, 1894. The five children were all grouped within eight years, lacking one day. The Little Mother had her hands full with them, and with others who from time to time were residents of the home. It was the rich privilege of this couple to assume parental relations and provide education for a good many children, first and last, besides their own; and while these experiences were not without their trials, and a cost in money and patience, her wisdom and tact and character were equal to the strain and there are no unpaid bills.

A summer home now seemed a necessity, and a very fortunate street car blockage in the streets of Boston caused them to miss a train that they were intending to take, and led them to go instead to Foxboro. There they found the spot they wanted, on Sunset Lake, and the two discovered it instantly and simultaneously. It has been their summer home ever since. There in successive vacations the children were collected from the graded schools, and re-graded as members of one class. There they came home from college, and did physical labor and wrought with their parents at common tasks. And there the Little Mother was enthroned, queen of all. She walked among the tall pines, so tiny but so bright a spot, and she procured dry clothing when the children fell into the lake, and tied up stubbed toes, and provided three meals a day for prodigious outdoor appetites.

She never lacked courage for an emergency. The minor surgery of the family, such as the removal of slivers and the treatment of wasp stings, fell usually to her husband. But when Charlie, on a day when his father was absent, ran a fishhook in his thumb, and his own initial attempts at removal drove the barb the deeper, she did not hesitate to do for him what her father had done for her, and resolutely cut the fishhook out.

The original purchase of the family at Foxboro was the

white cottage whose yard contains the flowing brook connecting Sunset and Cocasset lakes, and whose rear line is the shore of the latter lake, together with a vacant lot across the road bordering on Sunset Lake. In the earlier years, the white cottage sufficed the family for a home, and a portion of the opposite lot was sold to Dr. Frank E. Bundy, the family physician and a deacon in Shawmut Church. For eleven happy summers the Bundys occupied their new cottage, known as Pine Knoll. On the death of Dr. Bundy the Bartons bought this lot back and the cottage with it. Mrs. Bundy died a year later. Not for many seasons did the Barton family have an extra cottage on hand. Bruce married, bringing into the family another Esther, and they spent their honeymoon there, and bought the white cottage, which later they remodeled, and Pine Knoll became the home of their father and mother. Later Charles and Fred bought a house and ground adjoining that of Bruce, and Robert and Agnes bought the old Colonial parsonage where Governor's Brook flows through their yard into Cocasset Lake. This and the happy purchase of the water right of Cocasset by intimate friends, Waldo and Ethel Grose, afforded large frontage on Cocasset. Meantime, Dr. Barton acquired the water right of Sunset Lake, and by successive purchases secured all the land adjoining it. The Foxboro domain, therefore, be-

came a large one. A few congenial neighbors had frontage still on Cocasset, and Rock Hill Cemetery sloped down from the opposite shore; but Sunset Lake, containing not quite twenty acres, with forty acres of surrounding woodland, in addition to about as many more acres owned by the younger generation and fronting on the larger lake, afforded all adequate privacy, while the town water, electric light, daily mail and delivery service brought all the comforts of the village to the door.

## VII — Oak Park

After six happy and rewarding years in Boston came the call to the First Church of Oak Park, Illinois. There the family removed, March 1, 1899, and there they remained for a full quarter century, the resignation taking effect August 31, 1924.

Of her life and influence in Oak Park little need here be said. It is recent, and others must be permitted to approach it from different angles. They were not easy years. The problems at the outset were not light; and when the church began to grow, as it did in time, and to change its character and psychology as the type of community life changed and the organization doubled in size and still grew, the changing problems still were large. They called for no little wisdom on

the part of the minister's wife. How discreet she was; how wise she was in counsel; how generously she gave of her thought and prayer, no one can ever tell as it ought to be told. But something of it was visible to all. "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

But after all has been said that can be said of her, as the wife of a minister, as a member of various boards and committees, the things she would most care to have said are those that are most undubitably true: "Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excelleth them all."

At the time of their leaving Boston for Oak Park, neither she nor her husband had a single gray hair. Her hair was brown, very soft and delicate, and had a natural curl. Her eyes were dark brown; her complexion was clear and she had a rich and beautiful color. Her step was light and her voice was soft and gentle, but was not lacking in firmness. As she grew older, her hair turned white, and there were lines in her face, but this did not mar nor hide the beauty of her features or her character.

It came about without any planning, and rather against the judgment and will of all concerned, that she lost her

name. Her husband, who stood ten inches above her in stature, fell into the habit of addressing her as "Little Lady." The children first called her "Mamma" and later "Mother" and as they grew till every one of them was taller than she, both they and her husband often addressed her as "Little Mother." The pet name, "Keturah," grew out of the requirements of literature, and came in for more or less actual use at home, and thus it eventuated that her own beautiful name, Esther, was rarely used. Now and then her husband said to her, "I love your name, and I intend to begin using it again," but her own name Esther was lost in the habitual use of "Little Lady," "Little Mother," or "Keturah." The last of these names, used since 1914 in her husband's "Parables of Safed the Sage," with playful or serious bits of home dialogue, became familiar to an increasing body of friends. Thus her royal name "Esther," which is by interpretation a Star, came to be reserved for official use.

## VIII — The Travels of Keturah

In the early years of their married life, the Little Mother remained at home. She cared for her children, and her husband made many journeys, some of them long, without her. But after their children were grown, there was opportunity for them to travel together, and they improved it to

the very limit of happy possibility. They were privileged to journey three times to the Pacific coast, and by different routes, seeing much of the country from the Canadian Rockies to the borders of Mexico. There came a time when her husband was elected Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches. She had already attended several National Councils with him, beginning with Kansas City, in 1913, when he had a share in the making of the new Constitution of the Council; and after that they habitually went together. She was thus with him when he was elected Moderator at Los Angeles in June, 1921, and shared in such recognition as that position brought. She accompanied him on many thousands of miles of travel in that office. Her pet name was known to all Congregationalists and many others, for the Parables are printed in syndicate, and she was everywhere welcomed and beloved.

There was something very winsome about the modesty of this Little Lady. She shrank from publicity, yet, when recognition came to her, as it had to come, unsought, she glowed with a sweet little pride that made her radiant. One time an unusually notable event was planned without her knowledge, and she suddenly found herself in the midst of an appreciative group who said things that might have embarrassed a woman with less than half her modesty. But she ac-

cepted it with quiet dignity, and when she returned to the hotel, and looked at herself in the glass, and could not help seeing that she looked well, or fail to know that she had stood the test with remarkable composure, she said, "Oh, I never had such a happy time; and to think that they should say such things about me!"

## IX — Berea College Water Works

This Little Lady had a way of accomplishing most of the things she set out to do. Her executive ability was equal to her tact. Her husband came to be a confidential friend of that millionaire who literally died poor, Dr. D. K. Pearsons. To him Dr. Pearsons made a verbal pledge to present to Berea College a system of water works. But the doctor took offense at an action of the college and withdrew the pledge before its public announcement. On a Monday morning in June the Little Lady's husband said to her:

"I go tonight to Commencement at Berea, and I must take with me the written pledge for the water-works. You must go with me this morning to call on Dr. Pearsons."

Three college presidents were sitting with Dr. Pearsons in his inner office and the door between stood open. He turned the presidents all out, and invited the two visitors to enter

and he closed the door. Pushing his tall hat to the back of his head, he looked hard at her and demanded:

"What did you come here for?"

"I came to see you," she replied.

"You came because you thought if you came I would give the pledge for those water works."

She answered simply, "My husband thought you would not refuse me."

He turned in his swivel-chair, wrote out in about three lines his pledge for $50,000, and handed it to her. When the water-works were formally opened the next year, he selected her to represent him at the turning on of the water.

Some months later he sat at dinner in the parsonage in Oak Park and greatly enjoyed the Little Lady's cooking.

"How much did you expect me to pay for this meal?" he asked, when he had finished.

"You might erect a building at Berea, and call it Pearsons Hall."

Without rising from the table, he wrote the pledge.

## X — In War and Peace

She was as courageous as she was gentle. Before the entry of the United States into the World War, her son Fred served for several months on the Mexican border, and she

had no illusions as to military life. With the tenderest of maternal hearts, she had in her also the fortitude of the Spartan mother. Three of her sons, Robert, Fred and Charles, in the reverse order of their ages, without awaiting their selection by draft, went into the service, and all won commissions. Helen's husband, Clyde S. Stilwell, was sent to Russia on diplomatic service. Bruce, declining a commission, resigned his position as editor, and devoted himself to war work. The Little Lady's husband was engaged in various visits to camps and other war activities, besides keeping up his church work and editorial duties. Not once did her courage flag. There was in her nothing of the Amazon; her life was all gentleness; but when there was need for courage, in peace or war, she was equal to every demand.

Her five children had all been graduated from college. The older ones were married before the war, and the younger pair of sons married as soon as the war was well over. She never spoke of her children-in-law by that term. They were her own children. The grandchildren, too, were her very own. Whatever else she was, she was preëminently a mother. In her, ten generations of Puritan ancestry, tempered by a self-forgetful love and a rich and varied experience, wrought out a personality, strong, sincere, resolute, capable, and adorned with every grace of courtesy, charity and sympathy.

In the spring of 1915 she was not well, and went in the early summer for a fortnight's rest at Battle Creek. A thorough medical examination with which her residence there began revealed an unsuspected peril. She had blood-pressure of an alarming character. She was told that she could not live long, and might die at any time. On her return to Oak Park, her family physician, Dr. Thomas E. Roberts, confirmed the diagnosis, but in less alarming terms.

She accepted this situation, and determined to live out her life to the full. By care and self-control she was able to reduce somewhat the extreme high blood-pressure, and she determined not to live in fear or bondage. Ten happy and useful years were hers after this sentence of death was passed upon her, and she lived a fruitful and abundant life.

## XI — Around the World

In 1908 she and her husband greatly enjoyed together a tour of Europe, and they hoped long for the time when they could make a tour of the world. This opportunity did not come while they were in the pastorate, but was definitely agreed upon as something to be done as soon as the pastorate ended. Accordingly, they engaged passage for a tour around the world, sailing from New York on the steamship "California," January 19, 1925. The Oak Park

Church, in gratitude and affection, provided $5,000 for this voyage.

Twice in recent years she had experienced alarming symptoms, resulting in partial paralysis, which, however, soon passed. As the time of sailing approached, medical advice was guardedly given against her taking the voyage, and she gave it up. On the day before her husband was to have started for the ship, she quietly informed him that she was going, and he from that moment ceased to question her decision. They went together, and daily they thanked God that they were together.

The "California's" tour conveyed its passengers westward by way of Havana, Panama, Los Angeles, Hawaii, Japan, China, Manila, Java, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Colombo, Bombay, Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Naples, Monte Carlo and Cherbourg. It thus covered an itinerary, including shore travel, of nearly forty thousand miles, and carried the Little Lady and her husband by zig-zag routes through many latitudes. They crossed the Equator, and exchanged the Great Dipper for the Southern Cross, and later welcomed the vision when—

"The old lost stars wheeled back again,
That blaze in the velvet blue."

They bore letters of introduction to eminent people and

were well received. Rapid as was the tour, it was rewarding, and full of satisfactions. At every port were letters that reminded them of the love that followed them. And everywhere they met friends.

As the "California" rounded Diamond Head, and entered the harbor of Honolulu, it was met by a boat bearing the harbor officials, and two delegations. One of these came out to greet Major-General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton. He had formerly commanded the military forces in the islands, and was welcomed heartily as he returned for a brief visit on his way around the world. Honolulu people have a beautiful custom of wreathing arriving and departing friends with "leis," garlands of flowers. General and Mrs. Morton were thus greeted. Mrs. Morton was richly and appropriately garlanded. The other delegation brought similar decorations to another couple. Mrs. Barton was one of the first two ladies thus to be decorated, and not even the General's wife walked down the gang-plank with more floral decorations. But when she came away, her hostess, Mrs. Governor Freer, and friends representing the schools, the churches, and ties of simple friendship long cherished or newly won, laid wreath on wreath of floral leis upon her. Last of all, the venerable and gracious Governor Dole, Ex-President of the Republic of Hawaii, that territory's George

As She Left Honolulu

Washington, placed about her neck a garland of the flowers which, during her reign, were cultivated and worn by Queen Liliuokalani, and restricted to the use of royalty. Nearly every passenger returned to the ship with some token of regard from Honolulu friends, but no other person, man or woman, came back wearing so many or from such varied or distinguished people.

Wherever on that voyage Americans resident in foreign lands greeted the arrival of the "California" with its six hundred globe-trotting tourists, and that was practically everywhere, there were those who waited to waft a welcome to "Keturah" before the ship came to dock, and to hold one end of a paper ribbon of some bright color of which she held the other end till the departing ship snapped it but left the tie of love unbroken.

She was sick with fever after their visit to India, but her heart stood the strain well, and there is no reason to think that her voyage in any way hastened her death. On the other hand it gave to both her husband and herself a most happy experience and treasured memories.

While this sickness brought its anxieties and discomforts, it had some rich compensations. She and her husband were together night and day during the last three weeks of the voyage, and she more than once declared her belief that she

owed her recovery to this constant care. Never had they seemed dearer to each other than they were during those days. They were to have left the ship at Cherbourg, but continued on it to Glasgow, where she was barely able to get ashore. About three weeks they spent in Great Britain. A week was passed in Norwich, where they took rides every afternoon among the blossoming hedgerows, for it was May in East Anglia, the sunniest part of England. A quiet week was spent in London, with a daily drive in the parks. Daily she gained in strength; but she was still frail and pale when, on June 14, she landed in Boston from the Cunarder "Scythia" and was greeted by a throng of her children and grandchildren.

## XII — Summer and Autumn

In Foxboro her strength came back. There were some backsets, but she gained a practically complete recovery. Four of her five children, with their families, assembled in Foxboro, eight of the nine grandchildren being there. She oversaw the unpacking of her foreign purchases, most thoughtfully and unselfishly made, and assembled her daughters and distributed to them, and with their concurrent judgment passed on to others, the pleasant things she had bought. Seldom had she been happier than when, with the

guest-room bed and couch and chairs laden with garments and other gifts, she discussed with "the girls" their own choices and their suggestions for distribution to others.

By the time of her wedding anniversary she was almost in her usual health. In some former years, the children had planned uproarious festivities with homemade comic opera, in which one of the sons wore his father's clothing and the daughter attired herself in one of her mother's dresses, and the historical drama of the Barton family was rehearsed and sung from the time when an impecunious bridegroom was alleged to have borrowed the money for the wedding fee, down through all the experiences that had attended the family's increase and multiplication. That none of these celebrations brought down the Foxboro police may have been due to the wide strip of woodland about Sunset Lake which enabled the children to laugh and shout to their hearts' content. The celebration of the fortieth anniversary was quiet by contrast, but very happy. It happened that some Oak Park friends arrived to share in the simple festivities, and this added to the joy.

Another notable event occurred in that summer of 1925. For a quarter century the Little Lady's husband had done his summer writing in a building of his own, called the Wigwam, situated back in the woods on the lake shore at a dis-

THE WIGWAM AND LINCOLN ROOM—FOXBORO

tance from Pine Knoll cottage, their home. It was decided to add to the Wigwam a large room to house his collection of Lincolniana. She was as much interested in this as he was, and daily watched the progress of the building to its completion. On August 29 she presided over the social part of the opening celebration. Noted people were there, and Lincoln students from all over America and abroad sent felicitations. She never looked lovelier than on that afternoon when, under the pines beside the lake, assisted by her daughters, she dispensed a gracious hospitality.

The National Council of Congregational Churches met in October in Washington. Her husband was no longer Moderator, nor even Retiring Moderator with a valedictory address to deliver. He had some official duties, but they were light in comparison with those of previous councils. They went and sat together. At the Powhattan Hotel she was hostess to Oak Park friends, to returned missionaries whom she knew, and to others. On Sunday her husband preached in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, an arrangement made by the Pulpit Committee in view of his interest in Lincoln, and she sat in the Lincoln pew. On the same day they were guests of a large Bible Class in Immanuel Baptist Church, where she was already known as "Keturah" and was welcomed with a set speech and a bouquet.

PINE KNOLL COTTAGE—FOXBORO

Among other happy incidents of this visit to Washington was a luncheon at the White House. They had been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge when he was Vice-President, and now they were guests, and the only guests, at this luncheon. No lack of composure was hers when the President offered her his arm and escorted her to the table; no feeling of embarrassment was hers when, after luncheon, the first lady in the land led her away to another room for a quiet little visit all alone; nor yet on a day following, at a White House reception, when Mrs. Coolidge recognized her a little way down the line, and called her name, and requested her to present personally her own little group of friends. Such honors she bore with a quiet grace that was the more beautiful because it was void of all art or pretense.

Following the National Council, and a few intervening days at Foxboro, she and her husband went to Boston to celebrate her sister's birthday. This was in every way an enjoyable event, and was accomplished without fatigue.

From Boston, on Saturday, October 31, they went to New York, where her husband preached on Sunday in Broadway Tabernacle. At the close of that service a group of old friends surrounded her, and made the occasion even more pleasant than it already would have been. Her son Bruce and his family had bought and remodeled a house which was

nearly ready for occupancy at the time of her sailing around the world, but which she had not seen since its completion. In that cheerful home, with Bruce and Esther and their three children, she spent very pleasantly her last earthly Sabbath. On Monday she lunched with dear friends, and on Monday night she and her husband and Bruce's wife, Esther, attended a theater. This was a somewhat unusual diversion. Not more than two or three times in a year, on an average, had she and her husband given themselves this pleasure, and except for some exhibitions in foreign lands this was their first performance for a year. It was a dazzling spectacle, with gorgeous costumes and stage settings, with plenty of life and movement and innocent fun. She had never seen so rich and gay a play, and its mirth and freedom from coarseness pleased her.

The weeks after her recovery were a swift succession of happy experiences. The pain and discomfort of her illness receded into the shadows; the reassuring reports of physicians were such as to disarm anxiety. Each day the memory of the tour around the world grew more and more to seem a triumphal procession with only interesting scenes to remember. She had kept a photographic record of the journey to the time of her illness; she pasted up the remaining photographs, and reviewed the swift panorama of the cruise. Al-

most every day brought visitors to Pine Knoll on Sunset Lake. Strangers came to see the Lincoln Room, and she welcomed them to the cottage, and walked with them through the pines to the Wigwam and presented them to her husband who was at work there. Without exception these callers were pleasant people, and they were not all strangers.

Autumn brought few bleak and stormy days. For the most part, the days were sunny. Mornings and evenings were chill, but a genial Indian Summer warmth made work pleasant. Early in the season they had had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Jens Jensen. This famous landscape architect, on his way back from Maine, where he had been laying out a large plan for Henry Ford, went over the Sunset Lake property with undisguised admiration, and counseled his friends, the owners, not to do too much to spoil its natural beauty. But he agreed that there ought to be a garden of old-fashioned perennials, and he helped in the planning of it. During the summer this garden was prepared, and in the autumn it was planted with choice varieties of the old-time flowers. The garden sloped, terrace-like, across a ravine and faced the house. Above the garden, the hill was a blaze of autumnal foliage, which deepened day by day. She watched it with glowing interest. Life was never more beautiful to her, nor was her enjoyment in common things ever more keen or constant.

During her serious illness with Bombay fever on shipboard, she more than once considered the possibility that she might not live to complete the voyage. She dearly hoped that she was not to die far from home; but even in that event, she said she would be glad that she had come. Her courage and faith did not fail even as she confronted that sad possibility. During the summer she was saddened by the death of friends whom she held very dear.

Hon. Edgar A. Bancroft, United States Ambassador to Japan, had entertained her and her husband at the Embassy and in his apartment at Tokyo, and placed his car at their disposal. He was a cherished friend, and treated them with royal friendship. Mr. Bancroft died suddenly during the summer, having in a short service in Japan allayed much of the unpleasant feeling of the Japanese people toward America. Hon. William Jennings Bryan and Mrs. Bryan had been guests of Dr. and Mrs. Barton in Chicago and Dr. and Mrs. Barton had been their guests in Miami. While not sharing Mr. Bryan's views, the Bartons held Mr. and Mrs. Bryan in warm regard. Mr. Victor F. Lawson, owner of the Chicago Daily *News*, had long been a friend. When Dr. Barton owned The *Advance*, Mr. Lawson was its most liberal supporter. He died suddenly in August, leaving millions of dollars to well-chosen benevolences. One of his last letters,

perhaps his very last, written in his own hand on the day of his death, expressed his sorrow that he could not be present at the opening of the Lincoln Room.

One day in September, she spoke to her husband at length about these three distinguished men. They had lived earnestly and died victoriously, in the full tide of their activities and interests. By contrast she spoke of two friends very dear to her. One was a woman who had always seemed the picture of health, who went to the hospital for what was expected to be an unimportant operation, but was found to be suffering from a malignant and incurable disease, and died in lingering pain. The Little Lady had visited her in the hospital the very last day before leaving Oak Park, and thereafter watched with sorrow the mails that ultimately told of her death. The other was a woman of brilliant mind and beautiful character, who was stricken with paralysis, and lived, still lives, devoid of pain, but helpless. The Little Lady had spoken of her own possible death when she was most ill, and again when, though convalescent, she had alarming though diminished heart-symptoms. Her earnest hope and prayer was that she might never linger in pain or be a burden to her loved ones.

It fell to the family in this autumn to select a lot in the Foxboro Cemetery. An exceptionally large area was avail-

able in a location that they cared for, a lot on the slope toward the lake and their home. It was late in the season before they inspected it, but one beautiful October day she visited it, and liked it, and the purchase was made. She expressed no morbid or personal concern about it, but was glad that so beautiful a plot was available, one near the shore of the lake, and with a little lakelet of its own, about a quarter acre in area, in the immediate foreground.

Day by day, with her increasing vigor, the shadow of the illness that she brought back with her disappeared. Clinical tests indicated that she had completely eradicated every trace of the fever and its resultant heart-strain. She moved with a light, quick step. She was alert and interested in all fine and normal things. Week by week she talked of Oak Park, and without regret that she and her husband were not returning. That chapter in their lives had reached its honorable close. She said of Oak Park and the First Church that she loved them as much as ever, but surprised herself in finding how easy it was to be glad that the burden now rested on other shoulders, and to rejoice in every letter that told of the success of the new pastor and his wife. No tinge of jealousy or regret was ever in her mind or speech. She loved her own, and loved them to the end. Several Oak Park

friends visited Foxboro during the summer, and were welcomed with joy.

In September she and her husband spent a Sunday in Shawmut Church, and she occupied her old pew, side by side with Mrs. Pierce, wife of the present honored pastor, and the two men sat together in the pulpit. This visit warmed her heart and brought back happy, even though pathetic, memories of old times; for the group of old parishioners who were there to greet her was small, though unfalteringly loyal.

In November, 1924, Dr. Barton had served for a month as chaplain of the Lake Placid Club. That "university club in the Adirondack woods" had proved a delightful place for their passing of an interval between the summer and autumn at Foxboro and a visit to Oak Park for Christmas. The invitation was repeated and gladly accepted for 1925, the chaplaincy to begin Monday, November 16, and continue thirty days.

The children had scattered, excepting Robert and his family, and the preparations for closing the cottage and Wigwam and for departure for the winter were accomplished in orderly fashion and without haste or worry. Looking back over those days, it is impossible to recall a single hour or moment of vexation or irritation or anxiety or imprudence.

Each new day was welcomed as it came, and dismissed with regret, for the days were very happy ones. At night the big fire played cheerfully in the fireplace.

They had read through the two volumes of Dickens' "American Notes" as they were returning from England, and this led them to read Mrs. Trollope, both from early editions, the Dickens having been purchased as they were leaving London. As the evenings lengthened, they read Miss Alice Clark's book on her experience in Turkey and Professor Ballantine's new book on the Bible, beside one or two novels. She did most of the reading, as she had always done. Almost every evening Robert and Agnes came in for an hour, and almost every day the grandchildren were there, and there was always a cookie for them.

She caught up with her correspondence. She sent checks to several philanthropies. On Thursday night she inveigled her husband into hearing a rather wearisome appeal, and at the end said, "There, you have done well! I had no idea you would have patience to hear that through. It is a tedious story, and might have been better told; but after all, don't you think we ought to help a little?" And the next night, as they were riding home from Boston, she spoke of a friend in the South who had encountered an unexpected difficulty in his self-denying work and said, "Let us send

him a check; it will encourage him to know that we care."

The date for departure from Foxboro had been set at Saturday, November 14. There was a speaking engagement in Buffalo for Sunday and then was to follow their month at Lake Placid Club. Friday, November 6, was spent in a visit to Boston. There was light shopping in the morning, a lunch at Hotel Bellevue, after which she sat for an hour comfortably resting in the parlor while her husband did some minor errands. Then they attended a meeting of the Authors' Club. There were special reasons for their interest in the program, which she keenly enjoyed. They returned to Foxboro that evening not greatly wearied. After reaching Foxboro she talked with Robert and Agnes and arranged for all four to go again to Boston on the following Tuesday and see "The Miracle." She rested well that night, and rose refreshed and happy.

No cloud was in sight that Saturday morning. Her husband kindled the customary log fire in the fireplace, and when she came down it was blazing cheerfully. They stood a few moments before the fire and then ate their usual breakfast. It was a delightful autumn morning. The sun was bright and warm. She was planning some small details looking toward the departure a week later. There was no haste or strain or sense of pressure.

A few minutes after nine o'clock she suffered a sharp pain in the back of the neck, due to cerebral hemorrhage. For fifteen minutes she was conscious and spoke messages of love. Unconsciousness followed, and at one o'clock, without a struggle, she died.

## XIII — Tributes of Affection

The telegraph office in Foxboro handles only railway business. Messages are transmitted by the telephone company through Mansfield by day and Taunton at night. These two offices did the heaviest two days' business in their history in receiving the messages that came from friends near and remote. The letters that followed exceeded a thousand, and were from friends new and old, some of whom had never seen but long had loved her. The President of the United States sent his deep-felt sympathy. Mrs. Coolidge, in a letter of three pages in her own handwriting, told of her respect, affection and faith. From all the five churches where she had labored with her husband, from all the organizations where she had wrought lovingly with thought and prayer, came letters, resolutions, and words that carried their own assurance of genuine sympathy and love. From beyond the sea, and all around the globe, came later sincere expressions of respect. Even to name or group the writers would be labori-

ous, and much as they deserve quotation, the selection of a sentence from each would unduly swell this booklet. This modest Little Lady had made a place for herself in hearts all over America and beyond the oceans.

The Barton family, while long resident in Foxboro for the summers, has had limited opportunity for social intercourse there. The summer seasons have been short and rather well filled. Although neighborly courtesies have been exchanged, and there was every reason to expect sympathy when this sorrow came, the extent of that sympathy, and the varied forms of its expression, were a surprise. More than ever Foxboro became endeared to those who in this bereavement felt the friendship of the neighborhood, the church and the community.

## XIV — The Funeral

The funeral services were held in the Congregational Church of Foxboro, Wednesday morning, November 11. The front of the church was filled with flowers. The casket was covered with a blanket of roses, the gift of her children. Directly in front was a beautiful bouquet from the White House, the gift of President and Mrs. Coolidge. On one side of this were five hundred roses from the First Church of Oak Park, and a beautiful wreath from Shawmut

Church, Boston. The churches at Wellington and Litchfield, Ohio, and Robbins, Tennessee, also sent tributes. From many societies and friends in every part of the country came flowers.

Many clergymen were in the congregation. The First Church of Oak Park and Shawmut Church sent official delegations with their pastors.

The services were marked by a dignified simplicity. Rev. Archibald Cullens, pastor of Foxboro Church, conducted the service. Mr. Leigh V. Miller, organist of the church, played softly familiar hymns. Miss Gretchen Schofield, soprano soloist at Shawmut during Dr. Barton's pastorate, and a dear friend of Mrs. Barton, sang "No night there" and "For all the saints." Mr. Cullens read the Scripture lesson and a short biographical sketch. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. Ellsworth Lawson, former pastor at Foxboro. Short and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. Albert F. Pierce, D.D., minister of Shawmut Church, and Rev. Albert W. Palmer, D.D., minister of the First Church of Oak Park.

The pall-bearers were her sons, Bruce, Charles, Fred and Robert, her son-in-law, Clyde S. Stilwell, and Bruce's partner, Mr. Alex F. Osborn of Buffalo. These, her own boys, carried the body of the Little Mother to the spot where she was laid, in Rock Hill Cemetery, across Cocasset Lake from Pine Knoll, that had been so long her home.

## XV — The Memorial Services

The Midweek Service of the First Church of Oak Park on the Wednesday following her death and the first meeting of the Woman's Society were given over to exercises in her memory. A formal memorial service was held on Sunday morning, November 29, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Albert W. Palmer, D.D.

The organist, Mr. Stanley Seder, rendered as a prelude, Guilmant's *Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique*, and as a postlude Lester's *Threnody, In Memoriam*. The hymns were "For all the saints" and "Immortal love, forever full." The choir rendered Noble's anthem, "Souls of the Righteous," and Mrs. Seder sang Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth." These numbers she loved and the last was an especial favorite with her and expressed a faith she cherished.

Dr. Palmer read the story of Mrs. Barton's life. Three addresses were delivered. Mrs. James H. Moore spoke of Mrs. Barton's relation to the Woman's Board of Missions. Mrs. George M. Davidson spoke for the women of the church. Professor Clarence A. Beckwith, D.D., spoke of Mrs. Barton's character as he had known her in a long and beautiful friendship. These addresses appear in this book. The resolutions of the church were as follows:

RESOLUTIONS IN HONOR OF MRS. WILLIAM E. BARTON

The First Congregational Church of Oak Park, assembled at the midweek service on Wednesday, November 11, 1925, desires to place on record its tribute to the memory of our beloved Mrs. William E. Barton, who entered the heavenly life on November 7, 1925; and we hereby express our universal appreciation:

For the constant inspiration she was to her husband and children as wife and mother; for the atmosphere in her home of spiritual serenity; for the sincerity of her hospitality which knew no distinction of class or condition;

For the warmth of her friendship, the breadth of her sympathies for an ever-increasing circle of acquaintance; for the wisdom of her counsel, for the kindliness of her judgment, the unselfishness and the constancy of her affection;

For the simplicity and beauty of her Christian faith, the quiet strength of her personal character, for the unstinted service she gave to the church and to the work of Christ throughout the world;

Therefore be it resolved that this expression of our affection for her and sorrow at her passing be spread on the minutes of the church, be published in the press, and that a copy be sent to Dr. Barton and to the family with our love and deepest sympathy.

## XVI — Some of Her Memorials

For Mrs. Barton are named three memorials, erected while she was living by her Oak Park friends. One is the Esther Nursery at Camp Algonquin, on Fox River, a place for tired mothers and children. This institution began in Oak Park, and when later it was taken over by the United Charities of Chicago, Oak Park retained a special interest in its support and oversight. The Oak Park Cottage, the Barton Library and the Esther Nursery represent a part of that interest. The Madura Mission in India has its Esther Barton Assembly Hall, for which the money was contributed by Oak Park friends. At Taiku, Shansi, China, the Esther Barton Hospital for Women and Children represents an interest particularly dear to her; dear also were those who have it in charge, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hemingway and Helen Dizney. Hers also was a full half of the affection manifest by the First Church in the gift of money for Chicago Theological Seminary with the equipment of a room named for her and her husband.

In Berea College, Knapp Hall has been erected for the kind of teaching she did in that school. The building was the gift of her friend, and her husband's parishioner, Miss Katharine Knapp, of Boston. Mrs. Barton's children have furnished, in that hall, the Esther Barton Room, and in

ESTHER BARTON HOSPITAL—TAIKU, CHINA

it another friend and parishioner, May Jones, of Oak Park, is at present teacher. In Berea also her children have contributed the Esther Barton scholarship. Besides these memorials, there is the Pinnacle. That also is sacred to her memory.

## XVII — A Life of the Beatitudes

To sit in calm, dispassionate judgment on her life, and pronounce in detachment an estimate of her character, is not the attempt of the writer. But not even the affection that has grown out of a companionship of forty years can wholly disqualify him for a brief analysis of some of her qualities. She had a good mind, strong common sense, calm judgment and practical wisdom. With these qualities she combined in rare proportion deep feeling and most generous sympathy. She was the soul of discretion, and she never betrayed a confidence. Such knowledge as she had of the confidential matters that gravitate toward the home of a minister were sacred in her keeping. Firm and uncompromising in her own loyalty to duty, she was most charitable toward those who failed; and more than one life found strength for a new beginning in her charity and helpfulness.

As a wife and mother she approached perfection. The writer is unable to imagine her in a situation in which,

clearly seeing that one course of conduct was right and another wrong, she could deliberately choose the wrong. Nor was her judgment often at fault in such matters. She had an intuitive and almost inerrant judgment of ethical questions. Long before her husband had reasoned out the rights and wrongs of a problem, as he sought to do with laborious precision, she simply knew. She did not affirm her knowledge with arrogance,—quite the contrary,—but when her husband had thought out what ought to be done, he found that she had felt sure of it for some time; and when, as infrequently happened, they did not see alike, she was quite as likely to be right as he. There was something in her quiet assurance that disarmed protest—as when she simply knew that it was right for her to go around the world, no matter what the doctors said. And the doctors said that her calm assurance that it was right for her to go was a very reassuring element in the situation. Her character and self-control being what they were, the physicians guardedly approved her decision to go. In such decisions she was almost inerrant; and having made them, she never afterward faltered or looked back.

Dr. Edward A. Steiner, who had known her since he and Dr. Barton were students together in Oberlin Theological Seminary, thirty-six years ago, said of her:

"The light of heaven was always upon her face. It was something deeper than a smile; it was like the reflection of a halo. I always thought of her as having inherited eternal life, and reflecting it."

She had a few, a very few, lovable little vanities. What they were need not here be related. Her husband respected them and loved her the more for them. She was keenly sensitive, and as she so quickly felt the pain of any slight or neglect (which fortunately was not often), so she sought to avoid any possible occasion by which pain might be given to others. Prejudices she could not cherish, and as for harboring resentments, she did not know how to do it. But she never forgot kindnesses, and she was almost childishly appreciative of appreciation.

It would be impossible to tell how she combined a shy modesty with a calm confidence in her own intuitions, but she did so. She did not intrude her judgments on others, but often when there had been discussion and divergent opinion and she was finally asked to give her view, she did it with a quiet assurance which only those who knew it can understand, and it was almost if not quite invariably justified in the result.

Generous as she was, she was a prudent little financier, both as to her own household and her benevolences, and she

kept close watch of her bank balances and checked them up with her knowledge of the good causes that needed money. She believed that God rewarded faith and generosity. Her husband was accustomed to say to her, "You are one of God's spoiled children; He gives you everything you wish for."

But her gifts of money were not her largest beneficences. She gave her love, her sympathy, her prayer. She had "a heart at leisure from itself" and she gave it freely. Her life was an alabaster box, broken and emptied daily, yet as constantly replenished.

The secret of all this and more was her serene Christian faith. This was what made sacrifice sweet and caused her to remember economies and self-denials with a happy smile. Hers was a life of daily prayer, of daily reading of her Bible, of daily finding of strength for the day's tasks. Hers was a piety devoid of cant. Hers was a charity that thought no evil and never failed. Her life was a life of the Beatitudes. If the pure in heart see God, hers is a radiant vision.

# FOUR TRIBUTES TO HER MEMORY

## I. SAINT ESTHER

ADDRESS AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

*By* PROF. CLARENCE A. BECKWITH, D.D.

### I

THERE is a word somewhere in the Bible which reads, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." This may be true as a rule, but, if so, its truth is proved by rare exceptions. Today we commemorate the exception. Our beloved friend was known by thousands of people all over the world; we have ourselves heard hundreds of allusions to her, but never a word of criticism or dispraise. This does not mean that she was merely complaisant and easy-going, without strong and urgent convictions. On the contrary, she was a person of firm and resolute moral judgment, her life a perpetual embodiment of high, commanding ideals. Some people are born to be firebrands and strew their path with ashes of destructive deeds; others are born to be reformers to overthrow the established order. These doubtless have a place in the plan of God. But others are born to a different mission—

to perfect the art of being kind, to serve in unrecorded ministries, to bind up broken hearts, to increase the sum of human joy. Of these Mrs. Barton was a shining instance. At what cost this grace was won for her and by her, we do not know; we only know that some one paid the price, and that she carried to a still higher degree the "sweetness and light" which were hers by a rare inheritance of birth. Had we been sensitive to the harmonies which awoke wherever she went, we would have felt again the truth in Wordsworth's great Ode to Duty:

"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

## II

Mrs. Barton was a woman of very unusual charm. We know what "charm" is, that is, we feel it, but we cannot define it. It is of many kinds; there is a charm of face and form; the charm of a quiet voice; the charm of simple, unaffected manner; the charm of beautiful courtesy. All this and far more was true of her. There was a singular blending of qualities which too often exist in sharp separateness. She had the heart of a child, innocent and unspoiled, and the wisdom which is fruit of wide and deep experience. Piety, unquestioning faith, mystical awareness of the presence of God,

went hand in hand with an eager, open mind to learn what may be known of the Bible and Christian truth in the light of modern thought. To a rare aesthetic sensitivity to the highest forms of art—poetry, painting, sculpture, music—she joined a sound practical common sense in the management of her household and in her attitude toward problems of conduct before which our age stands perplexed. Nowhere else is this insight so exquisitely revealed as in the Parables of Safed the Sage, where it is left for Keturah with unerring wisdom to prick the iridescent bubble and speak the last word. This is her husband's fine tribute to his wife's keen, playful, ever-ready, unanswerable common sense. Another rare blend was her varied bearing toward all sorts and conditions of men—to the helper in the kitchen or the caller in the drawing-room, equally at her ease with the peasant of the Tennessee mountains and with the first lady of the land. We think of her as a star that dwelt apart and also as the light of common day. Everywhere and always the same, yet always and everywhere different—always a lady, a true pastor's wife, a friend of every one, a Christian woman, and always giving herself to each one with special attention and service as if no other demand was upon her. To say that she was born this way tells only half of the truth; the gift entrusted to her by birth she held fast and made her very own by a beautiful use.

## III

We are told of a "fierce light that beats upon a throne." In the circle within which we move there is, however, no fiercer light than that which beats upon a pastor's wife, not even that which plays upon the pastor himself. For here everything is at close range and in the blaze of day. It is more true of her than of any other woman that she cannot, even if she would, escape the utmost of publicity. How she dresses; how she governs her household affairs; how she meets her social duties; how she uses the English language; how she trains her children (and perhaps her husband); whether she keeps in touch with the young people; what her interest in the various charitable and missionary causes; and a hundred other far more intimate and sometimes impertinent curiosities and comments—in these ways the pastor's wife faces a perpetual judgment-day. Yet we, the men and women and children of this church, know and with grateful hearts acknowledge the radiant light which shone about her as the ever-thoughtful and devoted friend of us all.

The pastor is alone fully aware of the delicate positions into which his wife is thrust. She must see to his food, his clothes, his pulpit manners, save him from unnecessary interruptions, aid him in his pastoral duties, be a balance-wheel when he goes too fast or too slow, be one whom

men admire and serve, whom women love and trust. She is not "called" to this task; no salary pays her for her labor; by no ecclesiastical hands is she set apart for this service; here, however, if anywhere in our world, do we behold the miracle of the burning bush, ever aflame yet unconsumed, and here the alabaster box whose priceless content is poured out in the uncalculating ministry of love. Were Mrs. Barton to live over again the years which she spent here with us as our pastor's wife, we do not know wherein we could ask her to change, nor on our part do we see how we could render her a more affectionate appreciation than from first to last we gave to her with all our hearts.

## IV

The Catholic Church, which is the mother of us all, has names of women starred in its calendar, by solemn decree long after their death beatified or canonized as saints. We, as a great denomination or as individual churches, have nothing corresponding to this, and we are the poorer account of it; even Mother's Day does not meet the need. Would it not be a fitting and beautiful tribute to her whose name is already inscribed as a perpetual memorial on so many shrines of Christian service—the Esther Barton Hospital for Women and Children at Taiku, China, the Esther Barton Assembly

Hall of the Madura Mission, and the Esther Nursery at Camp Algonquin on the Fox River—would it not be a beautiful recognition to set apart in our calendar, as a perpetual memorial of her, our common Saint—St. Esther, if you please—the second Sunday of November in each year; on that day let her name appear on our Church Herald, and simple flowers symbolize the grace and fragrance of her spirit.

V

I HAVE been thinking which flowers would best typify her beautiful self. I thought of the Trailing Arbutus, earliest of our spring flowers, whose loveliness is hidden away and must be sought for in the forest depths, harbinger of the procession of summer flowers. I thought of the pansy, lifting up its modest face from its lowly bed, giving back to those who behold it sweet thoughts of quietness and confidence. I thought of the rose, queen of summer flowers, with its haunting beauty and fragrance, spending itself lavishly and without stint in its ineffably sweet sacrificial self-giving. I thought of the chrysanthemum—flower of gold—with its myriad glory of lovely petals, each harmonizing with and fulfilling the beauty of all the rest, symbol of a richly endowed and richly blooming life. I thought finally of the pine and fir, perennial and unwithering, a shade in summer, a shield in winter, all

the while prophetic of the never-ending life. I would that all of these were in my hand today that I might weave them into a wreath as a token of her life.

### VI

For a little while God lent her to the earth,—to the mountain dwellers of Tennessee, to churches in town and city, and last and longest of all to us. She belonged to her husband by marriage, to her children by motherhood, but she is also theirs and ours and will always be in a love which in higher love endures.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame,—nothing but well and fair."

## II. THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE

Address at the Memorial Service
*By* Mrs. George M. Davidson

My recollections of Mrs. Barton date from the arrival of the family in Oak Park, in March, 1899. She was a modest, rather shy little woman, mother of five sturdy children. The future was full of problems and not easy to face.

This church was then in the old building, disturbed by the loss of its former pastor, and facing reorganization. She appreciated the difficulties and cheerfully took up her responsibilities.

Domestic life twenty-six years ago was not conducted as easily as it is today. Modern conveniences were few; Oak Park was a village in every sense. I cite this fact for it indicates how frequently her brain was taxed, her ingenuity tested when unexpected needs arose.

She never seemed impatient, or in a hurry, always presenting a cheery face when outside demands were made upon her. The minister's house kept open doors, many transient guests and wayfarers found a haven under its hospitable roof. At times the uninvited guests remained for months. I recall an Oriental tribal sheik who was an inmate of the home for several months. The immediate family of seven was enlarged by one or two homeless young persons. Cousins also came for the period of high school days. Rather a burdensome family for one little woman to manage. At times her tact, patience, fortitude and executive ability must have been severely tested. I will relate one incident. To many the story is old, but worth repeating for it points so directly to her characteristics, the chief of which was charity. "Charity suffereth long and is kind." When the family was living in

Tennessee, and Bruce, the eldest son, was about a few months old, Dr. Barton found a colored boy sitting one day disconsolate on the door-step of the saw-mill. He learned that the father had run away and that the mother lay dead in their cabin. Dr. Barton took the boy to their home. The mother's heart was touched, she accepted the orphan, cleaned, clothed, taught him how to live. She accepted him as a member of her family. When the time came to put him in school he was rated with twelve-year-old children. Upon moving to Boston he was too immature for that age, so he was set back two years. Having no birthday he was called "a Thanksgiving child." A year after his coming to the home a real son came to add joy to the Thanksgiving Day, when Charles William was born. One can imagine that such an oddly assorted family was difficult to explain and handle. The colored boy was sent to college and medical school and has become a useful citizen and physician among his own people in southern Illinois. The home environment, with her training and understanding, reaped its reward.

A committee from the Woman's Society of this church drafted the following resolution, which was passed at its last meeting.

"'Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.'

"So into the life of the Woman's Society has come the day of its greatest sadness in the loss of its former leader and most beloved member, Mrs. Barton.

"Our superlatives are inadequate, our tears do not comfort, though our thoughts are hallowed by beautiful memories sacred to her and her work among us.

"If on that memorable voyage of twenty-five years we kept in the channel of harmony and drew ever nearer the port of good works, it was because she was our pilot, our compass, our ballast, and, ofttimes, our fuel. She grew as we grew and her hand on the wheel of our ocean liner was just as steady and as firm as when it steered the modest craft she found waiting her twenty-six years ago.

"Our love grew apace for we recognized in her the almost perfect blending of character, leadership and service.

"In departing she has left behind her footprints on the Sands of Love, which the waves of the years cannot erase, representing an influence upon many hearts.

"The elements of that life we all know. It needs no chemist's acid nor scientist's lens to find the iron of her moral strength, the gold of her friendship nor the radium of her spiritual self, with the ever-fusing power of the love she gave and the love she received.

"Her page in the book of Life is written close with the

record of kindly deeds done all unknown to the world. Her left hand truly knew little of what her right hand chose to do, and as the word of her passing finds its way around the globe people of many tongues will tell for the first time of their contact with that unselfish and generous spirit which tried to meet and so often anticipated the needs of others."

This statement we heartily endorse.

Mrs. Barton was a constant inspiration. She was spiritually serene, with a simple and beautiful faith. She lived her religion, her warmth of friendship knew no bounds, her heart, big enough for all, never showed favoritism. Always modest and unobtrusive, her judgment was clear and kindly, generous almost to a fault. She was most unselfish in her services to the church. The calm brow, the clear eye, indicated her unwavering faith and inward peace, undisturbed by the rushing life without. With Whittier she may have sung:

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways,
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise."

Of her we can say, "All jarring notes of life seem blended in a psalm."

A Foxboro summer neighbor said to me: "Mrs. Barton was never too busy for a friendly greeting, her hospitality was widely known; she ever loved to talk of her Oak Park friends."

We rejoice that the last years of her life were serene and comfortable. Her desires for her children were fulfilled, daughter and sons well equipped for life, settled in happy homes, with little children to bless them. The arduous duties of a pastor's wife finished, the long journey with her husband happily over, a peaceful summer, surrounded by her loved ones. Serene, content, with tranquil faith she met the Master's call.

Her last weeks were full of happiness. She rejoiced in the finishing of the Lincoln Room, presided beautifully at its opening reception; she revelled in the glowing colors of the autumn as they touched the foliage and were mirrored in the little lake which lies at the doorstep of the home, and finally went quietly to sleep with loved ones near.

Her earthly life is finished, but its beauty will be lasting. We will ever cherish her memory as an example of ideal womanhood.

## III. A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS

ADDRESS AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE
*By* MRS. JAMES H. MOORE

IN the passing of Mrs. William E. Barton, the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior has lost a devoted and beloved member of its Board of Managers. She came to the Board in the fall of 1921, and though we thus had had her active coöperation only a little over three years up to the time of her leaving Chicago, yet in that short time the quality of her service has left us a rich memory. Loyalty, patience and willingness to think a problem through to the end, a sympathetic understanding of the work, coupled with sane judgment, these were some of her characteristics. There was also a spirit of courage which showed itself in a quiet initiative which not infrequently led to a solution of a difficult problem.

The naming of the two institutions for her—the Esther Barton Assembly Hall of Madura, India, and the Esther Barton Hospital for Women and Children at Taiku, China—was for her a recognized bond not only between her and the institutions themselves, but also to those connected with them. One such missionary will always cherish as a precious memory a heart-to-heart talk with Mrs. Barton at the last National Congregational Council in Washington.

Her generosity was equal to her ability to give. I well remember an occasion when a sub-committee was confronted with the painful necessity of refusing a request for a modest sum for a definite and appealing bit of work. In the silence of the moment, Mrs. Barton quietly said: "I'll take care of that."

Again when she was faced with the probable disappointment of not accompanying her husband on the world-trip, she slipped into the Treasurer's office one day and laid a check of goodly size upon the desk, with the word, "That now can go to the school in Bulgaria."

We had learned to love Mrs. Barton, and when it was learned that she and Dr. Barton were to spend this year in the East, we were unwilling to lose her name, and elected her as one of the Vice-Presidents at large, an honor which she had graciously and gladly accepted but a few weeks ago. Of her love for the Board we have had a final proof. A friend sent to Dr. Barton a small check, saying it was too late to send flowers for the service, but she wished the enclosed to be given to some philanthropy in which Mrs. Barton was much interested. Dr. Barton sent the gift to this Board.

In closing I will quote a few words written by our Home Secretary, Miss Uline: "Those who knew her best felt that her life was a lovely garden where seeds of goodness, kindness, sweetness and gentleness were planted—seeds that

grew into flowers of radiant bloom. At this thankful, joyous season of the year when our hearts are singing songs of praise and gratitude, when the spirit of Christmas is hovering around our hearths, we thank God for the life of one who walked by the side of her Master and helped to make Him known in her own beloved country and in lands beyond the seas."

## IV. A TRIBUTE TO KETURAH

*By* Grace M. Chapin

(Note: The little article which is printed below appeared in *The Congregationalist* of April 10, 1924, at the time of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Barton's pastorate, and was a complete surprise to both Dr. and Mrs. Barton.)

We expect worthy honors for public-spirited ministers who are serving the Church and nation nobly and well, but when the minister's wife receives her own meed of praise, we take especial pleasure in recording it. During the brilliant and extensive festivities at the First Congregational Church in Oak Park, Illinois, in honor of Dr. William E. Barton's distinguished pastorate of twenty-five years, high tribute has been paid to a sweet and modest little woman who figures as Keturah in the Parables of Safed. The beloved Keturah of sound sense and practical abilities, how-

ever, but partially represents Mrs. Barton. Her warm sympathies, self-control, even temperament, earnest faith, and personal quiet charm have given her the enviable reputation of a minister's wife against whom no word of criticism has ever been heard.

During the anniversary week, a reception-party was given by the young people of the church to Dr. and Mrs. Barton at which the boys and girls expressed their appreciation in their own words, and one young man who spoke warmly of Dr. Barton's unceasing interest in the soldiers in the war-times added, "And as to Mrs. Barton—well, all I can say is that, next to our own mothers, she has been a mother to us all." In her reply, Mrs. Barton expressed with quiet sincerity her own love for all the young people and said that they would all go locked in her heart and in Dr. Barton's on their trip around the world. She urged them to continue in loyalty to Christ and the Church with such affectionate interest as carried its own strong influence with the bright-faced big group around her.

On Thursday, March 20, the Woman's Society of the church served luncheon for three hundred and fifty women in honor of Mrs. Barton—a splendid body of active, intelligent, consecrated women, all eager to pay tribute to the gentle, unassuming leadership that has meant so much to

them these twenty-five years. As one said, "Whenever we have had any knotty problems in our executive board, we have always left it till we could talk it over with Mrs. Barton." A young woman in her toast to Mrs. Barton spoke of Dr. and Mrs. Barton as the two busiest people she had ever known who yet always had time for other people's needs, the first to welcome strangers, the first to call in hours of sorrow. She spoke of what Mrs. Barton's influence had meant to the girls of the church—of how she herself, just married, had had for her ideal of home making and wifehood Mrs. Barton's home-life. Another, who had traveled round the world, told of the generous interest Mrs. Barton had had always in the unfortunate in far countries. In China and in India are hospitals bearing her name. An ideal mother herself, one speaker told how, unconsciously, as her own family sat behind Mrs. Barton's growing family of four sons and a daughter, for ten years, she had taken pattern by Mrs. Barton's wise and patient motherliness. Through grades and high schools, mothers had often decided for their children by Mrs. Barton's decisions for her own bright, vigorous children.

The gracious president of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior said beautifully of Mrs. Barton, "When we are faced with almost insurmountable difficulties in our

Board meetings, I look into Mrs. Barton's calm, hopeful, beautiful face and take courage, knowing that we shall find the way. She never says much, but always what she says is wise and helpful." It was in appreciation of this constant ability to say the right word at the very moment of need, that the women of the church wished to give a special reminder to Mrs. Barton of their love and loyalty. A handsome traveling case completely fitted was presented, in a felicitous address by Mrs. Beverly T. Thompson, with a gift in gold for buying abroad something that Mrs. Barton might choose herself.

In reply to the beautiful praise she had received, this little lady of "invincible modesty" said that she only wished she were the person that had been described. With characteristic simplicity and seriousness, she told these long-time friends of her love for them all, of her happiness in her life among them as a minister's wife, of the "great kindness" of the church to her and to her family. She said she would advise all young women to marry ministers—of course, providing they were able to find one like hers! She said she and Dr. Barton would hope to come back to see them all after the world trip and would hope to find the church stronger than ever. "Nothing would break our hearts like not having the work grow greater than ever." With unaffected earnest-

ness she urged loyalty to Christ and his cause, at the same time giving the impression that she confidently knew that every one present would live for that purpose. Perhaps it is because she is unaware of the strength of her influence that everybody loves her so sincerely. It was like her to say afterwards at home, "I do wish I could make a speech! I do wish I could have told them how much I love them and how grateful I am to them all!"

Large-souled, high-minded, generous-hearted, sane and wise, this minister's wife has filled her high position with grace and charm, doing untold good in quiet ways. She reminds us of one whose "husband praiseth her" and whose "children rise up and call her blessed."

# TWO PARABLES

REFERENCE has been made in the biographical sketch to the name "Keturah." When Dr. Barton was editing *The Advance*, from 1913 to 1917, he wrote, under different pen-names, a considerable part of the paper, and sought unique ways of approach and varying methods of literary expressions. On a journey down the Mississippi in the spring of 1914 he wrote the first of a series of "Parables of Safed the Sage," and these have continued to appear regularly ever since. In them Mrs. Barton was referred to as "Keturah." Much of her practical wisdom and something of her kindness are recorded there, and an increasing number of readers have come to know her by that name.

The question came immediately and could not be postponed, in what manner these parables should mention her death. To drop "Keturah" from them without any word was not to be thought of, and the private sorrow of the author of the articles had to be disclosed, if at all, with a reasonable degree of self-restraint. On the day following her death two parables were written, one in the morning and the other in

the afternoon, and many requests have been received that these should be included in this memorial.

Concerning the one suggested by the Taj Mahal, it may be said that the conversation which this parable records occurred in substance as it is therein given. A word concerning the Taj itself, acknowledged to be the most beautiful building in the world, will not be inappropriate.

Shah Jehan, grandson of Akbar the Great, the first Mogul emperor, while yet Prince Royal, married the beautiful Persian, Arjmand Banu. She died in giving birth to her eighth child. Her husband vowed to give her the loveliest tomb in the world. Twenty years and more it was in the building and was finished in 1647. It stands in Agra, on the banks of the Jumna, a magnificent monument in marble, a superb memorial to love. From lowest step to topmost dome it is a wealth of spotless marble. It lies four square 187 feet, only the corners being cut off to prevent harshness of outline. Marble is not enough for the lavish splendor of the tribute. Jade, agate, carnelian, amethyst—all the Eastern world's precious stones are laid under the tribute of love. Moulding, sculpture, inlaid frets, scrolls of colored marbles combine to make a gem of architecture. It stands there "in its chaste majesty as though magic had called it forth," a miracle in marble. On the massive walls of white like "frozen music"

roses, lotus flowers, and hyacinths are literally turned stone. Art, architecture, wealth, and imagination in profusion and power speak of a strong man's love for his wife.

## I — THE PARABLE OF THE FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR

After that we had circumnavigated the Globe, which means, being interpreted, after we had sailed around the World, and had come unto the lovely spot where we spend our summers, we gathered our children about us and were proud and glad. And the children said, Father and Mother have sailed for Forty Thousand Miles upon the Seven Seas, and have seen Strange Continents and Islands, and now are they Home Again. Furthermore, they have sailed for Forty Years upon the Tempestuous Sea of Matrimony, and have kept their troubles out of the Newspapers. Go to, now, and let us give them the Time of their Sweet Young Lives, and celebrate their Fortieth Anniversary. And they did even so. And we feasted and were happy. And we lingered in that lovely spot longer than we had ever done before, until the Autumn came, and the Leaves turned Red and Gold, and the forests were Glorious. And we enjoyed each day.

And when the day for our departure drew nigh, being but

seven days before us, I rose in the morning, and the Sun shone radiantly upon the Forest. And I said unto Keturah, Remain where thou art and take thy Supererogatory Beauty Sleep and I will build a Fire.

And I went down the stair, and I gathered Sticks and laid them on the Hearth, and lighted the small Wood, so that the Logs soon were blazing. And as I rose, I heard the footstep of Keturah, descending the Stair, and I stepped forward and greeted her at the Foot, and Saluted her, and led her to the Fire, and said, Behold how goodly it is and how pleasantly warm.

And she stood with me, and said, The day is Glorious, and the Earth is Beautiful, and God hath been very good unto us.

So we broke our fast and began the day with joy. But before that day had ended, an angel passed that way, and cast a shadow as it passed; and the angel beckoned unto Keturah, and she turned and smiled at me in Farewell, and she vanished from my sight, and left me bewildered and in sore lamentation.

And that night I rested not, and the Dawn broke Late and Unwelcome. And the Sorrowful Sun had hidden its face, and the skies wept.

Then I rose, and descended the Stair, and gathered

Sticks, and builded a Fire. And as it began to blaze, I rose, and I turned, as it were instinctively, as if I had heard a Footstep, even the Footstep of Keturah, descending the Stair. And there was no sound, but only an Agony of Silence. And I sat me down in Grief and Desolation.

Now the Footsteps of Keturah while she was yet Visibly near made Musick as they trod the Common Paths of Life, and ministered richly in little deeds of kindness and unselfishness, and the echoes still are to be heard in many places. And I have not lost them forever. For in my better thoughts I hear them before me for guidance and hope, and I know she is not far away.

Now there will come a day when I also shall ascend the Stair that slopeth upward from this mortal world to that which is above. And I know that she will be listening for my coming. Yea, and she will not altogether wait for me inside the Gate; for I shall hear her footstep coming a little way down to meet me, and we shall go in together.

## II — THE PARABLE OF THE TAJ MAHAL

WHEN we were Cruising among the Continents, and Bumping over the Boisterous Waves, we came unto the land which Christopher Columbus set out for to discover when he blundered into America by mistake. And Keturah

The Taj Mahal

said, Now shall we see the Taj Mahal, which I have always wanted to see since I saw the pictures of it in the Geography book.

And we saw it in the dawn, and we saw it in the blazing noon, and we saw it yet again when the sun was nigh its setting. And we sat before it and beheld its Perfect Image in the Reflecting Pool, as the Light faded and the Stars crept out.

And Keturah said, It is all that I expected, yea and more.

And I said, Keturah, consider if it be not too good to be true, the thing that thou seest. Peradventure thou art still the Little Country School-ma'am I married nigh unto Forty years ago. Peradventure thou art dreaming at recess over the pictures in the Geography book, and imagining the time when thou shalt have a Rich Lover who will bear thee away to Distant Lands, to behold Palaces and Temples and Places of Great Renown. Peradventure thou shalt presently awake, and find it is time to Ring the Bell, and listen to the recitation of the class in Geography.

And she said, Oh, my husband, when I was a School Teacher, I never had a dream so fair as this. Nay, I had no dream of life so happy as the years that I have lived.

And I said, Keturah, there be innumerable women with ten times thine income and fifteen times thine outgo who are

Restless and Unhappy, and who think that they are having an hard time. And behold, thy husband is unknown to Dun and Bradstreet even in these days of thy Great Wealth. Thou hast never owned an Automobile, and thou hast not a Fur Coat to thy back. Thou hast scrubbed thine own Kitchen floor, and worn Dresses that had twice been turned and Hats that had been made over thrice. Thou hast practiced Economies and Frugalities and Self-denials in abundance. Yet what is this foolish talk I hear, when thou sayest that there had been no dream of thine so happy as the years of thy life?

But she said, All these things are true, but they were sweet for love's sake, and we have always been rich.

And I said, Keturah, the Glorious Vision thou now holdest that was beautiful by day and is even more lovely in the twilight, is no mere triumph of an Architect, though it is that, but the work of an Husband, erected in the affection he had for the Wife he loved.

And Keturah said, I wonder after all, for I have a woman's curiosity, whether she was just an ordinary little woman, but Transfigured by a Great Love.

And I said, The woman who could inspire such love in the heart of a Strong man must have had a Noble Soul.

And we sat for a time in silence, and I said, Keturah, if

it were in my power I would not build thee a tomb like that. But I would rear to Heaven a memorial of thy Living Deeds and Words more beautiful and lasting than even this Noble Shrine. Humble and obscure must be any tribute that I shall ever pay to thy goodness and thy love, but in the heart of thy husband is a Taj Mahal.

And now from the lower steps of that shrine I speak unto all husbands and all wives, saying, Let not your love grow commonplace. Speak often of it each to the other. Do constantly little deeds that tell of it. For this sacred and mysterious tie that bindeth hearts together in that union which is the continual spring and fountain of new life through the generations, is earth's holiest temple, and God's best gift to us through each other.