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LOUISE STOCKTON ANDREWS

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ONE GIRL'S
INFLUENCE

A MEMORIAL OF
LOUISE STOCKTON ANDREWS

BY
ROBERT E. SPEER

To love, this is my prayer. Gifted to
love; just the old, simple everlasting
way. Of all life's gifts *that* is the gift
I crave

What we are is God's gift to us: what
we make of ourselves is our gift to God

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ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE

Louise was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, on December 2, 1892, and she died in her home there on June 12, 1913. She was given only a little more than twenty years of life. She lived it quietly among home friends and in simple places. Her opportunities, her character and service were such as God gives to many of his children. Surely what she was and what she did in her short and glorious life ought to be a summons to thousands of others, girls and boys, women and men, to rise up in such joy and obedience as she manifested and to use their lives as richly and courageously as she used hers.

Her childhood was the healthy, happy childhood of a real girl, full of intense activity and overflowing with the energy, playfulness and irrepressible vivacity which characterized her until the very day of her death. The simple remembrances of her early years are all of her good fellowship and high spirits and eager love. Her grandmother who lived in her homewasher "playmate," as she called her. In later years she wrote one of her

poems about her and called it "My Playmate." One day the child heard some one say that good people die young. Louise listened attentively and then addressed her grandmother. "Gram, how old are you?" "About eighty years old," her grandmother replied. The young affectionate impudence meditated a moment and then replied, "Gram, you must have been very bad to have lasted so long." She was slow in learning to skate and some of her friends were impatient with her. But she was resolute in her determination in this as in all things to do what she had set out to do. She pressed her pet dog Juno, into service, and her mother was called by a neighbor to come to her house to see from a window how Louise was managing it. She had waited until all others had left the pond and then with her dog by her side she would strike out with great determination, only to find herself in a heap on the ice. Thereupon the dog would back up to her. Louise would brace herself upon him and start out again. This she did day after day until one day she came home triumphant, saying, "Mother, I can beat any one of the girls skating." She was a child of fearless independence and resourcefulness. One day her mother noticed her going hurriedly out of the house with some small pieces of paper in her hand. Returning an hour later she announc-

ed, "Here are three dollars I made selling tickets which I made myself and sold to the neighbors for the fair we are to have at two o'clock for the Babies' Camp on the Mountain." It was already noon and this was the first intimation which the family had had of the fair. When it expressed consternation she calmly replied, "Never mind, I have toys enough to fill a grab bag. Cassie, the cook, can make ice cream, and I know that Harriet Humphreys (the family standby) will make the cake and lemonade." The fair was a great success and enough money was secured to make several babies comfortable for the summer. Louise was just like this all her life. She was ready for anything and she feared nothing.

There was something a little terrifying always about her candor. When she was five years old, her primary Sunday School teacher, William D. Murray, Esq., recalls that she asked her grandmother if she had ever told a lie. Her grandmother confessed that she had. "Did Uncle so and so?" And she reviewed a good part of the family connection. When her grandmother declined to acquit each one of them of ever having told a single falsehood she remained quiet until her grandmother asked what she was thinking about. "Oh," answered Louise, "I am thinking how lonesome it will

be in heaven with only George Washington and me there." When her only sister died, Louise received a letter of sympathy from a friend and wrote in reply, "I expect I'll be the idol of the family now. I don't like it. I don't like idol children."

Her grace and simple Christian faith mingled with her rich fun and overflowing joy from the beginning. When she was about ten years of age she went to her parents and said, "I want to join the church." She was told that she had better wait until she was a little older. A few hours afterwards she was found in her room weeping. Upon being asked what made her sad she answered, "I did not know that a child could be too young to love Jesus." Shortly after, at the age of eleven, she united on confession of faith with the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church and was a loyal member of that church until she went on to the Church of the Immortals. The death of her sister Gertrude which occurred when Louise was eight made a deep impression upon her. Gertrude was a girl of noble character, of fearless and winning personality, with deep reserves of power and yet of open and candid Christian confession. Louise had Gertrude's photograph in her Bible with these words beneath it, "Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world."

Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world." And in Revelation she had underlined the words of the fourth verse of the 21st chapter and had written in the margin the word, "Sister's:" "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." The ideal of Gertrude's character, so unaffected, so pure, so happy, so popular, so sincere and so influential with all types of people was an abiding inspiration and appeal to Louise, who to Gertrude's earnestness and truth added the special measure of her own mischievous and whimsical spirit.

Louise began her school life at the age of eight. She had been entered in a private school at Plainfield but with typical independence went off with a young friend to the public school. One of her earlier teachers writes of these beginnings in school work:

"During her grammar school course, Louise Andrews was a bright, merry-hearted girl, the center of a group of kindred spirits, girls who loved fun and frolic as a means of brightening up the somewhat monotonous side of school life.

"There was nothing dull or common place about

Louise. On the contrary, there was always the query what harmless mischief her fertile mind would next devise.

"The more serious side of her nature led her to attend faithfully to the tasks assigned her, so that she maintained a high standard of scholarship throughout the course.

"Owing to her marked individuality, no one who came in contact with her, can ever forget the laughter-loving girl who brightened up, with her droll wit and fun, the lives of all with whom she was associated during that period of her life."

There are some testimonies also from her teachers in the High School. Her English teacher writes:

"I do not know on what day of the week Louise was born; but often, when I think of her this line from my Childhood's Birthday book comes springing to my mind:

'The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.'

"It seems as if her streak of mischievousness doubled her influence. That charming mixture of jester and saint made us want to know her better, and acquaintance means influence.



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"I like best to remember her as she was at school: full of fun, deeply in earnest, loving all the games and pleasures, yet reserving an inner place of quiet where she shut the door on outward things and where she found peace. Her beautiful brown eyes could dance, and the next moment glow with a kind of smothered feeling.

"Like everyone else, she chose the friends who drew her, but she did not want any one to think her a 'snob.' And no one did. It was a public school; the girls less fortunate than herself must not realize there was a difference.

"One day, when we had 'speeches,' Louise spoke on friendship. None of us will ever forget that day. She stood before us,—young and beautiful and earnest and spoke from the note-book of her heart. Here and there she threw in a little joke,—just to make us sure she was the same Louise—but, in the main, it was like a great thanksgiving for the friendships that had made her life so rich. When she was through, there was a moment of silence; and then, not quite sure whether 'the teacher' would approve or not, the class began to clap. Did I approve? I clapped the loudest of them all."

And the principal of the school writes:

"Her democratic and helpful spirit was a blessing to

the High School. It was a joy to me as I watched her at work and at play; and I was proud of her as she planned and worked to make the school life better and sweeter."

No one who ever knew Louise failed to feel this democratic warmth of her unprejudiced and affectionate heart. Wealth and poverty, social position and the want of it, privilege and need were all on the same basis with her. At the age of fourteen she began to teach in one of the missions of the Crescent Avenue Church where she had a class of boys of her own age. One of the boys in the class tells, boy fashion, what it meant to them:

"Some five years ago Louise Andrews came to Hope Chapel to teach our Sunday School class, composed of fellows varying in ages from 14 to 17 years.

"For almost three years she continued to teach us, and they will be remembered by every fellow in the class as years of happy, worthy associations with one who was an incentive to young people for good and upright living.

"She will live long in the lives of the members of that class, for to know her was to be influenced by her, and in three years we grew to know and appreciate Louise Andrews."

She knew how to be one of them as truly as with boys and girls from well-to-do or too well-to-do homes. At Northfield in later years no group appealed to her more than the girls from the Republic at Freeville, New York, and among her papers was a sheet of paper containing the signatures of the whole delegation and an expression of their gratitude to Louise for making their visit to Northfield so happy. She had a genius for such service to hearts that might feel lonesome or left out.

From year to year as the girlish life unfolded, the latent elements of strength and beauty came ever more clearly into view. She was full of wild spirits with a daring wit and vitality that threatened much if Christ was not given the mastery, but year by year the mastery was given over to Him, and He repressed nothing but took the rich gift and shaped it to true use. At the age of seventeen she was graduated from the High School and was ready for College.

With the exception of 1909, when Louise went abroad, spending the summer in Europe with Mrs. John Meigs and her daughters, she was almost invariably with her father and mother at Northfield at the Summer Bible Conference. She would begin with the College Men's Conference, when so far from being a hindrance

or diversion she was as a new spiritual conscience to many of the young men and would stay through the Young Women's Conference. Her Bible is full of Northfield mementoes. Mr. Moody's picture as he sat on the platform in his characteristic pose and the picture of Round Top and his grave are there. The texts of various Northfield addresses are marked. Page after page of blank leaves in the back of the Bible are filled with Northfield quotations, and bits from the "Northfield League" leaflets. In the very front of the book opposite a picture of Jesus as the Good Shepherd, on the inside cover, she had pasted this prayer from the Northfield League Bulletin.

And This I Pray.

"Wilt Thou not help us, our loving Master, to be simple-hearted enough to learn the deepest lessons? Grant us grace, we pray Thee, each one to realize that it is our business to do the will of God; not to dream about its doing; not to lament because we do not do it, but now—moment by moment—to do Thy will. Help us to begin to practice the truth as soon as we hear it. May we immediately live the life that is in Thee. May our conversation be as if Thou Thyself wert walking with us. May the thoughts that we shall think be such thoughts as we should wish to be thinking if this

moment were to be chosen by Thee as the characteristic moment of our lives. Help us to understand that every moment in which we do not live makes it harder for us to live in the next moment; that every moment that is lived on a low level makes it harder for us the next to live the real life. O Christ, bring us into the joy of living to the full in Thee. Help us to come to Thyself now in order that Thou mayest be in us a well of water springing up into everlasting life, that our thoughts may be those in which Thine ever springing life shall be lived in us, and through us in the world. We beseech Thee now, dear Savior, that all we are asking for is according to Thy desire for us, and that we may know Thou art hearing and are more ready to give than we are to receive—more eager to come in to be given a real place in our hearts. Now, we beseech Thee, while the shadows lengthen and the hush of evening comes over the world, bring us each one into Thy peace, Thy life and love, so as to abide in Thee.

Round Top, Sunday, July 12, 1908."

At first Louise was just a learner, but from year to year her Christian life grew deeper and stronger and not at Northfield only, but at home also and wherever she was, she spoke out her Christian faith and became more and more efficiently and unflinchingly a winner of

lives to her Savior. She wrote out for herself a little prayer which she called "My Northfield Prayer" and God answered it for her.

To live up to the high ideals gained at Northfield, and to keep, with God's help, the resolves made there.

To be a friend worth having.

To be not only good, but good for something.

To love others so that I forget myself.

To make the best of every opportunity.

To make a friend every day, and keep him or her.

To be pure and strong.

To use my talents as a good stewardess of Jesus Christ.

To live wherever Christ wishes to put me, as a sunbeam, not a cloud; and to show Christ's pre-eminence in every word and deed.

In 1906 she had heard an address on Round Top by Miss Mabel D. Holmes, on "Jesus Christ's Ideal Woman:"

We all have our ideals of life, and they vary widely. But Christ sets before us an ideal which is all-inclusive, holding in its breadth all the best elements that are in the ideals we make for ourselves.

Christ's Ideal Woman:

First, she would be perfectly true. There would be no deception or insincerity in her. In every relation in life she would be found faithful.

She would be perfectly pure, not only in deed and word, but in thought and heart.

She would put herself last. In her heart Christ would be on the throne and self on the cross. Self-control would take the place of self-will.

She would be serviceful. No service would be too slight.

She would be clothed with humility. No pride or self-conceit would mar the beauty of the things she did.

She would be gentle in speech. From her lips would come no sharp words to wound the hearts of those nearest and dearest to her.

She would be personally attractive. She would glorify her Master by proving that He can make His followers beautiful with a more than earthly fairness.

She would be popular, but the host of friends would not draw her from her Lord, but she to Him.

She would love pleasure, but her good times would be such that Christ could be a sharer.

More than all she would be perfectly consistent, her life would square with her profession.

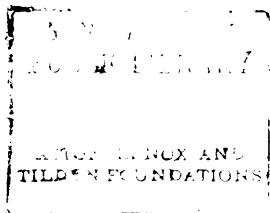
Louise took this home to her own heart and became more and more such an ideal woman in her own life.

In 1909 her grandmother, "My Playmate," died at the age of 91, having preserved her remarkable faculties in vivacity and intelligence and faith until the end. Her going marked another onward spiritual development in Louise's life. She wrote to one of her boy friends:

"Won't sister (referring to her sister Gertrude) be glad to see Grandma? Why I never thought of that! and, why Grandma will see Jesus! why she can be with us so much more. Oh, I am happy! Radiantly happy, for Grandma. She has been so thoughtful about my trip to Europe, and all I'd see, and the friends I'd meet, but think of this trip of hers for which she has been preparing all her life! and all whom she'll see—and the places! Oh, how wonderful; I shall never fear death any more. Like my trip to Europe, the only things I dread are the good-byes, and that's the case now. Maybe I will not be at the wharf to see Grandma off, but I know she is going on a safer boat than the 'Lapland,' under a Pilot that is taking her to His Treasure Islands, where there are no cares.



M. GERTRUDE ANDREWS



"No, do not pray for me, pray with me. Thank God who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In her Bible she had copied these lines from her grandmother's Bible:

"Put your arm around me
There—like that!
I want a little petting
At life's setting.
For it is harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping,
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting
For I am old, alone and tired
And my long life's work is done."

And on the opposite page she placed her grandmother's picture and the words from Mrs. Livermore:

"To live in love is to live an everlasting youth. Whoever enters old age by this royal road will find the last of life to be the best of life. Instead of finding himself descending the hills of life, he will find it up-hill all the

way, into clearer air. There the vision reaches further; there the sunsets are more golden, and the twilights last longer."

How wholesomely the life was unfolding, the prayer which she wrote in her journal for December 1, 1909, will show:

"Father, when I wake up I will be seventeen, and now I want to thank Thee for the years Thou hast given me, but most especially for this last year. As far as good times are concerned no girl, it seems to me, could have had better fun; as far as beautiful environments are concerned surely few girls have been sheltered in such a home and loved ones. When I think of my chances and opportunities, I thank Thee for sparing that wonderful, loving Grandmother to us so long. And the friends,—Oh, Father, I thank Thee for my friendships, and all they have meant to me, but most of all I thank Thee for Thyself, that I have learned to love Thee better and trust Thee more, and I commit all my life to Thee and ask Thee to help me to live a life of service to Thee, in Christ's name. Amen."

Upon Louise's graduation from High School in the Spring of 1910 the question arose as to whether she should go to some one of the girls' boarding schools and

take that work in lieu of a college course or go instead to one of the Women's Colleges. During the whole summer of 1910 she was thinking earnestly about life and its meaning and about her own life and what God meant her to learn from it and to do with it. On July 29th she wrote this prayer in her journal :

“Oh, my dear Heavenly Father,

“Again I want to thank Thee for all Thy wonderful gifts to me. ‘Not more than others I deserve, yet God hath given me more.’ Yes, Father, Grandma was right, Thou hast given me more. Dear Father, bless those poor women and children I saw from the train today. Help them! Please may they not be bitter because of their circumstances. Give them relief, if Thou wilt, and if not, grant them the power to see Thee in the hardships, not as an unfair taskmaster, but a Lover of Souls.

“Christ, I ask Thy blessing on this home of ours, may it be the center of a marvelous circle of God-ward influences. I praise Thee that Thy hand is guiding us in all that we do. Thou art so kind! Give us the power to do what is right, no matter how hard it is, and God Thou knowest that it is hard! Make me sincere, patient, strong, and give me the power to live better, think deeper, and *Love more*.

"Master, this, and unsaid things I ask in Jesus' name, who loved us even to the cross. Amen."

Florence Nightingale had always been one of her great heroines and when the tidings of Miss Nightingale's death came she wrote, on August 13th, 1910:

"Florence Nightingale went home.

'A woman with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.' "

And later she added in her diary:

"I thank Thee for the inspiration of such a life as Florence Nightingale's, who just went home. Make, even me, count for Thee, Oh Christ, in Thy dear name, I ask it. Amen."

Perhaps she knew, too, and was already feeling the truth of Miss Nightingale's own words:

"Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift. There is nothing small in it. For the greatest things grow by God's law out of the smallest. But to live your life you must discipline it. You must not fritter it away 'in fair purpose, errant act, inconstant will ;' but must make your thought, your words, your acts, all work to the same end, and that end not self, but God. This is what we call character."

She went to Northfield this summer, as usual, and it was the most eager and active summer she had ever spent there. She poured out her abounding life in friendship and playfulness and earnest service. Among her papers were the notes of an address which she made on "Sincerity:"

"I don't believe there is a character in the whole Bible we girls dislike more than this Pharisee, and yet it is one of the hardest fights we have to aim not to be like him. There is a preventive to this weakness of the Pharisee and it is within the power of all of us. And it is of this medicine that I ask you girls to think to-night. I said that it was within the power of all of us, but for most of us it is a fight to get it. It is for each girl *to be sincerely herself*.

"It sounds easy. Do all you girls know what the word sincere really means? *Sine cera*.

"I don't believe that if we had realized that before we would have signed so many letters, With sincere love, etc.

"Now, girls, if we are to be sincerely ourselves, that means that we must cut out every particle of sham, and now it doesn't look so easy, does it? Sham is a dangerous sin because it is so easy.

“1. We must be ourselves to the people about us, to our acquaintances and everyone.

“Don’t misrepresent yourselves. Don’t be ashamed if your parents aren’t related to a millionaire. In the Christian world it’s easier if you aren’t one of the 400, and Christ tells us so.

“Then don’t change your spots to suit the occasion, have the sort of spots that suit all occasions. I know of a girl who literally changes her spots to suit the occasion. Now that isn’t being a mixer, it’s plain toadying. And that reminds me of—

“2. And then in our friendship there is so much sham. We put it even into one of the highest things God has given us—friendship.

“We love a girl to her face, and say all kinds of horrid things behind her back. Most of us do it, and it’s a contemptible thing to do.

“Insincerity breaks up friendship faster than anything.

“There is one place in friendship that is oh, so hard to keep sham out of—when you go to another girl’s room and pray with her. How many times we think more of how it sounds to her than what you wish your Father in Heaven to know. Girls, forget yourself en-

tirely when you pray. Think your prayer if you can't say it.

"I love the prayer of the young girl who said, 'Lord make me real right through.'

"But now the question comes—how can I take this sham out of my life? I admit that I have it there and hate it, but what can I do? I mix it with my best friendships.

"The answer to this is the same as the answer to all our questions,—Turn to your Heavenly Friend!

"He offers each girl a friendship,—the most wonderful in the world. There is no sham in our relation to our Father in Heaven, and if we come to Him He will teach us how to take it from our lives. The more He comes into our hearts the more the insincerity goes out.

"And where is a better place to begin than at Northfield?

"So, girls, let's take off our coats up here, with Christ's help, and help others to, and see how much better it is to be sincerely ourselves."

The school question was settled in favor of her going to Smith College and on August 15th, in her Journal, she reviewed the whole issue, and then added:

"Oh, Father, I'm not putting this down for Thy information, but because I want to think it over quietly, and bring into review with Thee to witness, the facts that may have weight in this crisis of my life Father, it is certainly the harder of the two for which I ask; help me to trust Thee, and lean on Thee?"

**'Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray.
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for today.
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for today.
Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for today.'**

"Help me in this to be truly sincere. Help me to trust Thee, and never to fear. Father, help me to give Thee all my 'Todays' I ask Thee again that Thou wilt help me to take up the life that Thou gavest up for my sake, down here on earth, and live as a good soldier of



FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE

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"Father, college is so different from home. The attitude which college gives is so different, and it is because of these borderlands that seem to rise very near that I have come this morning.

"In the first place, Christ, my Savior, why must I reason, my religion which is life to me, to its very foundations? My finite mind trying to envelop and solve the infinite is an absurdity.

"I realize that Thy Book tells us that the first commandment is: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.'

"Father, I do love Thee with all my heart, I think, I know I love Thee as much as I am capable of, and I can't measure that exactly,—surely it is with all my heart; my soul is Thine, but, oh, what does it mean to love Thee with all my mind?

"Does it consist in my sitting down and asking my reason, why is there a God, or, is there really a God, and who is Christ? and what is He to me?

"I look at nature, at the tree blowing outside my window and how can I doubt in my heart, soul or mind that there is a God!

"Then how could the infinitesimal parts of this won-

derful universe be kept in an integral whole without the guidance of an all-loving, all-powerful God?

“And when we look at the blessings poured about us everywhere can we limit our Father’s love? Can we doubt that He would so want us to recognize Him and His love if we strayed away, that He would send His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life?

“Then, when we have studied Christ’s life can we reason Him any other than the greatest imposter the world has ever known, or the SON OF GOD?

“Does anything in our record of Christ’s life conflict with our conception of God? And what do we know of God if not from Christ.

“How could the record of Christ’s life have stood the criticism of the greatest thinkers of all ages, and not be true?

“What is Christ to me?

“Christ is the embodiment of all my ideals, my Savior who loved me enough to leave His heavenly home, to be born of a virgin, to be hated of men, to be crucified, dead and buried that my sins might be forgiven; Christ is my Friend, Keeper, Redeemer and Lord.

“Oh, Father, is this not reasoning, is this merely talking? Must I fathom these questions any deeper? I

am a coward; I am afraid when I think of contending with some new unknown force that will shake my beliefs. Are not these foundations tried? Are they not rock that will stand the storm?

"Oh, Father, are they not mine?

"Wilt Thou, my God, be very near me if ever I do doubt; oh Father, if Thou be willing remove this cup from me; 'nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done.'

"Thou, too, O Christ, dreaded the struggle, and in that struggle I thank Thee that Thou wast human, and even cried out in the darkness, 'My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Again, I beseech Thee, that even though I call out in the darkness, 'My God, if there be a God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Thou wilt give me light,—the light of Thy love that alone can save this world. Keep me pure that I may see God.

"Savior, too, this I ask, that here at college I may always be able to divine between right and wrong, and always to do what is right. So many questions come for me alone to answer, and I ask that Thou wilt guide me aright. Help me to put first things first. Help me to put love before popularity. If my personal attractions draw people to me, may I use them as a means of helping them to know and love Thee better. Make me realize

in all things my stewardship, and not overestimate or underestimate what Thou hast given me, and let me never be hurt by the false pride in thinking my success due to my own power.

"I thank Thee for all the mercies and blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon me. The notes and chords are yet without the harmony of a master hand, but guiding my weak hand is the Maker of the instrument and the harmony itself.

"Father, do not let me think of myself as either too far or not far enough. That is crudely put, dear Savior, but Thou understandest. May my love grow to be a constant light, helping me, compelling me to live the best life possible.

"This greatest gift of all, O Master, I put into Thy keeping in Christ's dear name. Amen."

And Louise's prayers were answered. No doubtings or denials shook the staunchness of her soul, and she found her work to do. On March 6th, 1911, she writes in her journal:

"Father, today has been a revelation and an inspiration, and I do want to thank Thee for it. Today I have felt very deeply my wonderful relationship to Thee, and it has been wonderful! I thank Thee for the

conviction that Thou needest me here, and dependest on me. Help me to meet all the opportunities I can for Thy dear name's sake. Amen."

But alas the high tension and ceaseless vivacity of her spirit had drawn too heavily upon her physical vitality and before the end of the college year she had to drop out and go home for an operation in the Plainfield Hospital on the glands of the throat. She seemed so far to be benefitted that while not returning to Smith after freshman year, she went on with her active life at home and in the summer went to Northfield again, but was not well enough to take the active part of the year before. After Northfield she went for a fortnight to a little house party in the Canadian woods above Montreal. As ever Louise was irrepressible, her wit and drollery, her mimicry and exhaustless fund of funny stories, her audacity and good cheer keeping everything and everybody awake from the morning until she fell asleep at night. But also the great deeps of her soul had opened now. The love of Christ and the strength of prayer and the life of the Spirit and the glory of friendship were the great realities to her. And those who were in that house party bear the traces of it and of Louise's influence upon their souls forever. One of the girls, now at Vassar, writes:

"I only knew Louise a week, and on the Lac des Isles house party the long delightful days sped by with little time for quiet talks and things of that kind. One night, however, I remember perfectly, for then I had the first glimpse of the holy side of Louise's character. Before that I had thought of her more as the possessor of boundless vibrant life and enthusiasm, a perfect storyteller, the jolliest of companions. But this night after an early supper we all went out on the lake in canoes to watch the afterglow fade and the wooded shores darken and the moon rise. Conversation somehow turned to New York plays and I asked Louise if she had ever seen Mrs. Burnett's 'Dawn of a Tomorrow.' Louise had seen it, and loved it, and she had learned a great part of it by heart, and as we drifted in the late twilight she gave it all to us. It was not a recitation, it was a living thing and I remember feeling that 'Glad 'askin' an' askin' an' askin' God to help' was really Louise herself. She told me something afterwards that made me feel this more. She said one Christmas the Sunday School had sent her out to deliver to some poor families Christmas dinners or trees or something of the sort and she had been so afraid that she might lack the power to bear the Christmas message which was sent with the gifts, so afraid that she could not approach

the families with the tact she wished or the love she felt. And she said 'I thought of Glad in the Dawn of a Tomorrow, and as I drove I, too, kept "askin' and askin' and askin'" that the Christmas message might come to them through me right with meaning and joy.' And then I remember the exultant way in which she said, 'What I asked, came true!'

"Often since, in the face of difficulties, I've thought of Glad and Louise who 'asked and asked' and to whom fulfillment came more than they could ask or think. The memory of that night on the lake is my dearest memory of Louise."

A Canadian medical student who was in the party writes:

"I can never tell you how much her friendship has meant and means to me. There are dozens of people even up here in Montreal whom she has influenced in some way. I don't think her influence will ever stop.

"I never think of her but I see her smiling.

"She had such a happy faculty of entertaining people. It was always Louise who kept things going. And then back of it all there was so much more. I remember one evening about two days after I had met her, we had had a little picnic supper and she and I sat on the doorstep

while the others put away the things. She asked me about Northfield, and I told her how I had come away with some sort of a resolution to be a medical missionary. 'Why,' she said, 'it has just changed everything for you, hasn't it?'—Yes it had, after that."

And another of the boys of the party tells of the beginning of the new career that came to him:

"I got to know Louise up at Northfield three years ago last July. I just saw her for an afternoon and evening, but even in that time I had a more serious talk with her than I'd had with most girls in all my life. I never wrote her or saw her for a year and still I didn't forget her, as the talk we'd had left so deep an impression on my mind. The next year I saw her at Northfield again. In fact that's one of the main reasons I went that year. I'd been to Eaglesmere already and so it was my second conference that year, and there was no special reason for my going. We got better acquainted there, but mostly in a good healthy athletic kind of way with not so much said about serious subjects.

"Then we had that wonderful house party up in the Canadian wilds. Those two weeks are among the very happiest in my life, and in some ways they are the most eventful of my life because it was during Louise's visit

to us that life took on a new meaning for me. It's been on the whole an entirely different thing since, and the reason I'm writing about it now is because Louise had about the biggest earthly part of anybody in bringing this change to pass at the particular time it came. I don't know if it would have come if she hadn't come into my life. I hate to think of what life might have meant without the inspiration and trust and wonderful glorious friendship she gave me. Suffice it to say that it was during a talk with her one day that I was brought to really face the way I had been going at things,—especially in regard to not really opening up my life without mental reservations to the call of Christian work as a life-work, and was led to make what I feel was one of the most important decisions of my life. Louise helped me face the proposition as to which of two things really counted more, and I chose the better. It's the first time I'd ever really made a sacrifice of that kind, and I'm grateful to Louise but most of all to God, for helping me to make that decision. It was just about the same as Volunteering, I guess. Everything that has counted most in my life seems to have come more in the last two years than in all the previous years put together. I'd never known what it was to really have happiness from being able to

help others, from having a clean conscience, and victory over temptation. I guess I hadn't known what it was to live, but I started then. I went ahead faster than I ever had in years during the month or so before college opened, for I was going to take a Bible class if I could and I knew I wasn't ready.

"Before going down to College that year Louise gave me five wonderful days in her home in Plainfield during which things spiritual came to mean more and more and her friendship came to fill an even larger place in my life. If any Sophomore ever had a better headstart on his second year at College I certainly don't know him! I was only learning what prayer could mean, but I had the overmastering desire to be worthy of Louise's friendship. The fact that she trusted me and expected me to do my best and be my best demanded more of me than I had to give, and that feeling of inadequacy and of need of so much in my life helped me to try one of the best ways in the world that I've ever found of making a person more adequate to the demands on him.

"That way is prayer. Louise helped me in that more than in almost any other way. During her life here on earth about the most wonderful time I'd ever had, with perhaps one exception that I think of, was a time when she helped me to draw nearer than ever before in my life

to a real belief in and help from prayer. I'm free to admit that her friendship played one of the largest parts of anything in keeping me truer to a high standard of ideals than I'd ever been in my life, during that year at College. True, there were mistakes and falls, but it was the happiest year of my life to date, and a great deal of it I feel came from the new life which I was gradually finding, aided greatly by the help of many friends, but especially from Louise. The help which Louise gave me I can never estimate.

"During these years she has been my ideal in many ways. Her ideal of purity brought me to realize where I was, and how unworthy I was of her friendship. I can't tell you how much she helped me there. She always trusted her friends so absolutely,—I know it was true with me although I didn't feel I deserved it,—that it seemed to demand the very best you had to give, and it helped more than any earthly means I know of to keep me nearer to the ideals I wanted to live up to. I don't feel sometimes that she's far away at all, and I feel she does care still, and her friendship still demands the very best."

And the two weeks of this house party meant a great deal to Louise, too. It gave her some of the friendships which were to uphold her in the anguish of the deep

seas which lay just before her. The first letters which she wrote from home in the fall foreshadowed what was coming. They were to one of the friends of the summer and they were full of merriment and sportiveness, but they sounded also the deeper notes:

“Plainfield, N. J., August 29, 1911.

“I’ve been homesick all day for the big fireplace....

“How times like that help. We don’t have very many talks like that—I like to call it the inner room being unlocked. Somehow it seems to me that everyone has an inner room, although some don’t even know it’s there. Older people would say, if they were real genuine ecclesiasts, that it was the ‘fruits of the spirit,’ but I don’t think it’s anything but the good—the ideals and deep feelings that we have that Christ’s presence has made—well, holy. And then, since they are holy, or so precious rather, it is hard to show them to others. And what is more, sometimes impossible to show to those the very nearest and dearest, as our mothers and fathers. And, too, I know what that night in the tent meant, or rather I feel as though I do. I had a time like that at Northfield once, with one of the dearest women I have ever known. I didn’t know her then as I am thankful to say I do now, but I was having a hard tussle with myself and was losing. It was at the

auditorium, (please excuse me for speaking of myself, but if I hadn't had a time like that I couldn't know,) she and I went out under the sky, it was a radiantly clear night, and I told her the situation. We went over to those beautiful chapel steps—no one anywhere but up at the Auditorium—except Him, who seemed wonderfully near! That was all, we just talked and gained strength, and prayed and gained more. It seems to me that, as Mr. Mott said, prayer is a talent. We talk to God, that is we commune with our Father, we pray to our King. God, our Father, wants us by close fellowship to recognize His desires, and grow by companionship like Him. I love this description of consecration—'To step out of self-life into Christ-life; to lie perfectly still and let him lift you out. To realize that you are not a mighty messenger, full of care and responsibility, but just a little child with a Father's bidding to fulfill. To cease to hurry so that you lose sight of His face to learn to follow and not run ahead of orders; to look up into His face and catch His smile and smile back again. To let your life be a mirror of His life to glow and shine through.'

"Our King has promised us many things. To pray is to claim them, and to ask other things whatever we need for ourselves or others. Five conditions at least

(these are all I could find) He has placed on these claims:

"1st. We must believe Him capable of giving them. Matt. 17: 20.

"2nd. We must have nothing against any other subject. Matt. 5: 23-25.

"3rd. We must know the court language. 'If my words abide in you, etc.'

"4th. We must ask it in the King's Son's name. John 14: 14.

"5th. That we first do the King's business. 'Seek ye first.' Matt. 6: 33.

"There, that's how things seem to me, I may be wrong, but I will let it seem this way until I find my mistake. If God hadn't so bounteously given us the privilege of prayer we might appreciate it more, don't you think so? What if we could only pray once a year. Oh what we'd miss, but still how much more reverent we would be! We would prepare months before, wouldn't we?

"But we do unconsciously prepare long before for a prayer. Perhaps God does it for us. I think that it was that way that night. Ever since Pocono and Northfield you and —— were really preparing for that prayer there in the tent. No wonder it meant so much to

you both, no wonder that the revealing of your best selves—the inner room—was so beautiful after such preparation, for you had made room for Christ and He had made it so.”

“I know you and —— will have other wonderful times, and that it’s going to help just lots this next year, and thinking back is going to be a spur because of them. That’s what friendship’s for.

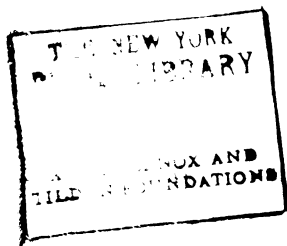
“Mother tells me I’ll get tired if I go on, and I mustn’t must I, doctor?”

“Plainfield, September 20, 1911.

“Oh, my heart just most busts (pretty expression) with gratitude (maybe I should have said ‘explodes’) when I think of those two weeks and the ~~past~~, present and future of our friendships. It seems so good, ~~and~~ *most too* good to be true. As far as health goes I haven’t been so well for nearly a year, as I was those two weeks, so they were a big, big help to me, too, for I haven’t been so well since, and I must be worse before I’m ‘all well.’ And —— has been helping me to be ‘most backbone and the rest grit.’ Next Thursday I’m going up to the hospital.

“So we all three just seem given to each other to help with the things that seem so big to us now. You, with what you told me of ——, and thank you for telling





me, — with big ‘hunches’ for his college year, and mine — mine isn’t so big, but nevertheless I need help, for I’m not naturally made of grit, it has to be imported with me. But it’s ‘alright so far,’ and it is going to be, isn’t it?

“ All three of us are only onlookers to the other two fights.

“ I must stop before both of us get tired. Please write me while I am in the hospital. Address them here and write as frequently as you have time for. — I’ll be there between one and two weeks if everything goes well, and it must, mustn’t it! Letters will be ‘cases,’ for I doubt if I can use my right hand. So I’ll be after thankin’ yez now for past favors now and in advance for past favors to come.

“Ever your true friend, LOUIE.”

The next letter was from the hospital:

“Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, Oct. 5, 1911.

“I shan’t apologize for this poor writing, you know the circumstances. Your letters and the ‘Habitant’ have been such a help, and I do thank you so much for them. It’s great having these poems; I am trying so hard to learn to read them well.

“This afternoon I got sort of blues, and when my

nurse went down to dinner I got cross at L. S. A. for I knew the blues were due to undeserved sympathy for her on the part of her dear self,—seeing the cripples here makes me ashamed of getting tired in a week. So I thought ‘What would Jesus do?’ and started asking.

“First it was about you, . . . when I walked Mother with some mail. I just took it as a matter of course to get your letter telling me of what you are doing, it was so in line with what had gone before.

“So this is just to tell you I’m on my back, but not useless, that I’m doing as much as I can. To you, too, I say, ‘Don’t overdo!’ Remember the machinery. I must stop, for this writing makes me a little dizzy. It helps so to think of your friendship.

Always, Your true friend, Louie.

B. P. Phil. 1: 3-6.

Gen. 31: 49.”

Her stay in the hospital this time was short and she was well enough to go in November to Pottstown to the funeral of Dr. John Meigs. She had often been at the school and one of her closest friendships was with Dr. Meigs’ daughter, Marion. The funeral service made a profound impression upon her as it did upon all who were there, and saw with what triumph Christians rose above death’s shadow. Writing to a friend at Princeton on November 14, she said:

“Oh, how I wish you might have been at Professor Meigs’ funeral! It changed completely my idea of death, and it made me (this is in all seriousness) want to live so they could have a funeral like that for me. The selfish side, that makes most funerals a thing of crepe and mourning, was buried.—Mrs. John and the girls crucified self in their joy at Professor’s coronation. They really gained a nearer and more blessed relationship with him, and Him with whom he is. And it was this that made them masters of themselves, that gave them the power to be lifters and not leaners. I do not understand it, but then, I don’t expect to; a faith and vision like that are things that have to be lived to be understood.”

Day by day she was living with a larger understanding. Friendship and the soul’s battles alike were among her teachers. On November 15th she wrote in her journal:

“Oh, Father, I plead for purity. Today I saw how easily Thy most beautiful gifts might be seen in a most repulsive light.

“God, I ask that I may live purely enough to see it in a holy light. Help me to scorn anything impure. Above all, may I always do or say that which reflects Thy perfect purity.

"And, Father, I ask that the boys whom I love as friends may be absolutely pure. God, may they never do anything that will make them ashamed. In 'let down' times be there to help them. May they always be able to look me in the eyes with wonderful frankness. Help them to remember.

" 'I would be pure, for there are those who care.'

"I thank Thee for my trust in my friends. Thou wilt let me help. Wilt Thou not? When they think of me may it always be, of some strong, pure, true friend, who, although she does not know how hard their struggles, still trusts them to win with Thy help.

"Hear my prayer, dear Heavenly Father, for the sake of Him who is our Savior from sin, Jesus Christ. Amen."

And her letters while full of the light touch, run ever deeper into life's true purposes. She writes to one friend about the basis of friendship and to another about his leading a Bible class and her idea of the order of his college interests:

"About our Friendship.

"It is on such a solid foundation, the only foundation, in fact, that makes anything sure and fine. And I know that if we have constantly in mind the idea and

purpose of helping each other find the best, nothing can ever harm it one bit. But don't let's forget, —, the essential fact that though Christ guides all wonderful friendships, we, on our part, must follow the Guide.

"In talking over the deepest things in life with friends, you know, it does help, doesn't it, to know that some one else is in the same place that you are? Lots of times I have wondered if any one else had to face the special things that I have, and often I find the person *right next to me with the exact same questions.*

"But if you want to know my candid opinion, (free of charges, advice is cheap) I advise you to let — know he can depend on you for what he needs of you, and then prove dependable. — A person who does good spasmodically, I think, takes off a big percentage of the good he may have done between inspirations.

"Oh, — I'm Irish.

"Yes, I think a prayer at the beginning is necessary, also very short and not a bit flowery; assuring yourselves His presence is *sure* help. As to 'in order,' I should say, I think, 1st, Bible Class; 2nd, Missions; 3rd, lessons; 4th, football; 5th, bric-a-brac. The personal work, fun, meals and sleep come with the rest. Don't forget the last, remember the *Machinery.*"

Part of December she spent at Northfield and wrote on December 13th, in anticipation of Christmas, to one of her friends in Canada:

"I have a gorgeous plan that ought to help. Instead of giving the conventional presents, I am going to give my thought, work and my 'widow's mite' to making Christmas for the poor children around here. Oh, —, won't it be wonderful to play Santa to these peaked little kiddies. Out riding yesterday and walking today I saw numbers of them.....

"I wish I could help you about Sunday School. I should be able to, for I faced that question (how to keep the older boy in the Sunday School) with my class of boys for three years. They were just the 'leaving age' as it were. One thing, they didn't like being with boys younger than themselves, one little bit. For preventative I had class officers,—responsibility—pride fed, do you see? But honestly, I couldn't blame those fellows,—they all worked during the week and two of them were great walkers and this, that and the other thing. Another thing is the lack of young men teachers who are alive. Believe me, that is the thing that keeps them. At the chapel they had a class they called the 'William Runyon' class, that was the name of the

teacher, and that class had minstrel shows for the benefit of one of the fellows gone blind, etc. Alive.

"I went for a five-mile walk today, and it was so wonderful. The mists had just cleared away and the valley was magnificent. Here are some bitter-sweet I found. At one place, a brook in a valley, it was like summer, and oh, how lovely it was. The ground hemlock, elder bushes, moss and the pines I love so, made it all green around and over it, and it just swirled and rushed and splashed along.

"Au revoir. You know I'll think often of you in these busy days."

Alas, in January she was back in the hospital again and for the next year the battle for health and life carried her from one refuge to another until she came back to the calm of home to await whatever might come but to await it with indomitable courage and with dauntless hope. Part of the time she was at Cromwell, Connecticut, at Dr. Hallock's, and part of the time at Gaylord Farm Sanitarium, Wallingford, and in the intervals and at the end she was at home. At times the doctors were encouraging and then the skies would cloud over again. She would gain only to slip back into the old pain, edged with new suffering. In her Bible she marked along the margin of the eleventh chapter of

II Corinthians: "In weariness and painfulness; in watchings often," and had turned in the page so that these words could be read side by side with words in the next chapter and with the twentieth verse of the second chapter of Galatians: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." "When I am weak, then am I strong." "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." And in the same context she had marked: "I will gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved," and "Though He was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God." Her letters and journals are full of her unconscious self-revelation. Jest and playfulness and deep faith and prayer mingle and alternate.

"You want to know about me? Well, I am just great. Every one is talking about my roses, and I eat *whole* big meals, and sleep better, and literally all day. I doubt if I ever laughed so much in 24 hours, as I did yesterday, and no hard times resulting. I know I've gained, but I do not know how much. Shouldn't I be glad and thankful? and indeed I am.

"I feel big, so I want to write Big. I know so little of the big lessons of life that I am superficial, but God wants me this way, now. I can't do big things yet, maybe I never can, but He needs me for the little things. He loves me, and has a plan, and He will teach me lessons all along so that I can follow His plan for me.

"I all kind of choke-up when I think of the wonderful gift He is giving me now, my health. I can feel health coming back each day, and I get all lumpy and tear-y. I have no *right* to expect it,—we have no *right* to take any of His gifts for granted, and I wonder, can it really be! Then I remember that He is my loving Father, and know that if He is going to give it back to me it is because He wants me to learn some other lessons, but if He takes it away it will be to teach me even a deeper and harder lesson than he has taught before."

"And, pray that I may be humble, helpful, and healthy; that includes the fourth, H,—happy, and that in the highest sense is what God wants me to be, for we can never be truly happy unless we are truly His children."

"Trust God, that He won't test any of us too hard—and that He loves us, and that is why He gives us any of the canoe to carry on a hard portage.

"Father mailed me a clipping about tea. This boy went into a store and asked for tea, and the man asked whether he wanted green or black. 'It doesn't matter,' said the boy, 'the old lady is blind.'

"But I will remember 'when down in the mouth to think of Jonah. He came out all right.'

"I'm all happy tonight, I feel as though I had taken a fresh start on things, and with God's help would win out. *He* has seemed closer than ever before, and I want to be what He has planned—we have big things before us; let's be ready for them! We will win, won't we, with His help?"

"Some cheering medicine.

"Surely it's best somehow; look hard and find out why? Remember how Paul says '*And* there are many adversaries' (1 Cor. 16: 9) instead of 'but.' It's hard to spell disappointment with a capital H, isn't it?"

"Oh, Father, be with the lonely people all over the world today. Thou knowest more than any of us how hard it is to be lonely (we have been lonely sometimes) and so we come to Thee and ask that Thou wilt be very near and comfort the thousands who are lonely.

"Bless the old people whose dear ones have gone home. Be with those who are doing Thy work in far-off places of earth!

"I thank Thee for my wonderful friends. Of all the blessings that Thou hast given me, friendship is one of the most blessed.

"I thank Thee for the pain and suffering that Thou hast sent me. May it never embitter me, O Master, but through all that Thou hast sent me may I feel Thy great love. No matter how hard the blows, may I always thank Thee that I am worthy to be forged into a tool for Thy use."

"Oh, Thou great Physician :

"I ask that Thou wilt be very near to those who are sick. Through pain that Thou dost send may we come nearer Thee: Help them not to be embittered.

"Oh, God, this is Thy day ; Help us to realize it, and make it different from the rest of the week. In places where Sunday is not respected, it is often hard to show Thee the reverence that we would. We miss our homes, and our dear ones most on that day. But Father, no matter where we are help us to get a glimpse of Thy dear face, and our hands in Thine by companionship with Thee to learn Thy will for us, and get the help we need for the work of the week."

But the story of this last year can be best told in some letters which she wrote to three of her friends. They

illustrate also her ideals and uses of friendship and show how a girl can give and get life's full human joy and glorify it with the presence of Christ and by the will of God. This first series of letters were to one of the boys of her Canadian house party:

"Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield,
"January 11, 1912.

"Here I am, a veritable jig-saw puzzle with three more rifts in my sail. You know the funny little placards they have at the heads of the hospital cots:

'John Jones
Gall stones.'

That effect. Well, I made up my own epitaph:

'Right Hic Jacet
(Don't you see?)

All that now remains of me,
They've snatched my glands,
They did before.
This bloomin' habit makes me sore.
But Will and me
We've had our fun
Tho when I'm well, you bet we'll run!"

"I came for four days but I guess it'll be nearer fourteen than four before I get out! They like me so well

here, you see. But really, we're having a perfectly good time and enjoying life immensely.

"This hasn't been long, I'll do better next time. It's just to tell you I'm alive. Here's the doctor to probe my neck, so good-bye,

Always your true friend, Louie.

"Excuse haste—it's the Dr.'s fault!"

"Home, January 29, 1912.

"It's great to have so much time to think and think and think, and although this has been a rather tedious 'session,' it's meant an awful lot to me. Please get a little book, if you haven't read it, called 'Sermon in the Hospital' by Harriet King. It is from her poem, 'The Disciples;' it's just great, and I know you'd love it. Both my copies are lent, or I'd gladly send one.

"It's getting dark, so I must stop. I am as always

"Your true friend, Louie.

B. P. 'She put her head upon his breast,
 The color left her cheek,
 And on the collar of his coat
 It stayed about a week'."

"Cromwell Hall, Cromwell, Conn.,

"May 6, 1912.

"As for L. S. A., she's getting there. Slow business, this, but I guess it won't hurt her to learn to stay still. There are lots of things a fellow learns staying still that he mightn't otherwise. I guess I'll be here this summer unless they ship me to some higher climate. But address your letters here. I'm learning just heaps about nature. I can tell the calls of about fifteen or twenty birds, and they bring me all sorts of wild flowers, and I can see all the leaves coming out—oh, it's great really. And I'm becoming a poet—or think I am. The budding genius is becoming a blooming idiot! Do you think you could stand a sample?

THE HABITANT'S SONG.

'Allouette, gentille allouette,

Allouette, je te plumerai.'

The voice rang clear with a note of joy,

The heart was *light* within the boy.

The wagon bumped as we drove along,

But above the rattle rang the song.

The horses ran that day in June

As carelessly as ran the tune.

'Allouette, gentille allouette,

Allouette, je te plumerai.'

But sweet and true was every note
That came from his tawny, sinewy throat.
There were miles and miles till his home was won
And verse after verse till his song was done,
But he finished them all at the set of sun,
This happy, care-free habitant's son.

‘Allouette, gentille allouette,
Allouette, je te plumerai.’ ”

“Gaylord Farm Sanitorium, Wallingford, Conn.

“August 1, 1912.

“It’s mighty hard, I can tell you, to be out of things, but I’m learning lots of things that I couldn’t learn hustling around at the rate your old friend Louie used to go. It seems a strange way of getting ready for things, but it is a year ago today I met you and —— in Montreal, and then—all the good times.”

“Gaylord Farm Sanitorium, Sept. 14, 1912.

“You’d laugh at your old friend Louie today. Guess what I’ve been doing—painting a *rag doll*! A little lady here has a little girl five years old, who is coming tomorrow, and as she had promised her a doll, we made her one. Oh, it’s a beauty. Another thing that’s really sad. But we get the funny side. There’s a bride and groom here who both have it. They were only married

a week when he had to come up. That was six months ago, and now she's come. Oh, —, they're *killing*. He comes to see her every afternoon, and we say she ought to refuse him and make him court her again. I wish you could see her. I have only read about such things before, and if I ever get *that way!!!*

"I'm glad that you know about my condition, for then you understand what slow, discouraging business it is. It's fight, fight, fight, and then some more, with hardly a sign of encouragement to keep you going. But I don't doubt the results will be worth anything I can do. I can't seem to realize how it will seem to be well again, and oh, *how* I long to be.

"My home has been very much torn up, and I've scarcely been able to go to it, but it's fine now. You know what I mean, don't you? My mind home.

"I wonder what I'd try to be if I were a man. I'd like to be an architect, or a public speaker. I'd have to speak about what I loved, tho, or—nil—rien faisant! Oh, I guess it's good I'm only a girl—I couldn't do anything.—!"

"Plainfield, October 30, 1912.

"Amen to your theology. Mrs. John's is just the chorus of 'There is a green hill far away.'"

"Plainfield, January 7, 1913.

"This is the first word I've written for over a month—more than that.

"My Christmas was fine. The *best* I ever had. My birthday, Dec. 2, was such a strain that I got a young setback, so I took it as an example, and went very slowly Christmas. I started opening my presents on Little Xmas Eve, Dec. 23, and took them gradually. I *wish* I could tell you about my birthday and Xmas gifts, for they were certainly gorgeous. It's nothing to be conceited about, as I figure it, for I knew a young girl shut in at Xmas. I'd like to do as much as possible for her too, even if I didn't particularly like her. Surely every one did their best. I even had three trees sent me, one from Northfield, one from Plainfield, and one of holly from my class at school decorated with letters from them. Wasn't that great?

" 'Bible Symbols' aren't in it! Just think, here I am shut in, but banking money every day. One day over \$50. I've cleared over \$500 from my 'Scraps' so far. A-hem. It was so funny the way they came to be printed, anyway. I missed my scrap book, and several days afterwards a dear friend of ours brought over the sheets ready for the printer. Mother had lent it to her, and she, thinking they might do some good, de-

cided they should be printed. And the best is, they've done wonderful good. That's not conceit, for I had 'dedicated' them, and they couldn't help it after that. I wish you could see the letters I get every day nearly. It's a joy. I got a beauty from Mr. Roswell Bates to-day."

The "Scraps" were the little volume of her poems written during her sickness which were privately printed and gained a wide circulation. They are all printed here at the close of this sketch.

There is a second series of letters to another boy whom she had known for longer years. She wrote to him just as she talked, with constant play of irrepressible mirth coupled with straight serious judgments about life's deepest concerns. In this correspondence the secrets of the dark struggles of the night with the disease that crept stealthily on were well concealed.

"Cromwell, June 19, 1912.

"It is good for me to be here. If I had kept up the pace I was going, my nerves wouldn't have been much fun to be near, in a very short time. As it is, there will be little danger of trouble with them. Besides I am learning such wonderful lessons that I would surely have missed otherwise, and, too, I can know more

clearly where I stand on lots of questions. I am grateful that God has let me be here, and I hope I may learn all that He wishes to teach me, so that when He sees it is best to give me back my health, if He does, I shall be better fitted for His service; and if He chooses to make me weak in body, I hope that the lessons He shall give and is giving, shall make me strong to sacrifice the things that would have been so wonderful, if I had had my health.

"I know Northfield will be wonderful,—it always is, but I hope that this year for you will be the very best of all, that you will gain the strength you need for your fight, which will be hard (if for no other reason) because it is new. It's great to be fighters, isn't it? We know our Leader only puts us in the places where He knows that we can win (with His help), and, too, He lets us help each other."

"Gaylord Farm, July 7, 1912.

"The reason why I'm blue is because I feel perfectly miserably—to put it 'in brief.' My temperature is 100, colitis is back again and I've been crying. How's that for a hot-headed, bleary-eyed, red-nosed, doubled up picture of human misery? All good times seem in back of me, and nothing but this hard, lonely, everlasting try-

ing to get well ahead. Even thinking of home folks and you and Marion doesn't seem to buck me up, and except for you all, I guess I wouldn't care what came. I can't figure out how I feel about God's relation to it. I know He's letting me go through all this, and I know it's for my own good, and I suppose I should be convinced that He is offering me all His love to help me but there's the hitch—I can't seem to find it. I can't feel anything—I'm all just sort of numb—oh I can feel how hard it is—I mean I can't feel any comfort in anything.

P. S. I feel better already—don't mind this."

"Gaylord Farm, July 9, 1912.

"I shall be sorry to leave Gaylord in more than one way, I can tell you, for I admire these splendid workers with all my heart; and the patients' pluck and cheerfulness have helped wonderfully. But most, the feeling that I'm an outcast, and going to die, and the painful, heroic, ingrown halo that I acquired, are gone.

"——, isn't everything changing? We're meeting the real things for the first time. You are just going to begin a new way of living and mine is changed. But it's all on the surface; we aren't changing as radically really.

"I have just finished a book supposed to be written by

a little convent girl, our star was their star too; it stood for the community spirit (the convent spirit), 'too low he aims who aims beneath the stars,' and at the end he says, 'It seemed to me as we turned away that we can never fail, or have doubts, or fall below our standard if only we look up at that star very often and remember all it suggests.'

"It is like the Dobbs Ferry School pin, isn't it, one hand out to others and one hand up to God, and there's always a hand coming from each direction to meet ours, isn't there?"

"Gaylord Farm, July 13, 1912.

"These have been the best five years of my life. . . . What happy, happy times we've had, and when we look forward we can't see far, but we can trust that as friendship grows life will also grow to mean more and more to us. Do you remember 'The Spur?' It's truer and truer, all the time, and so are these lines, that you know, too.

"God never loved me in so sweet a way before,
'Tis only He who can such blessing send,
And when His love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me and He said:
 'Behold a Friend.'

"Grow old along with me. The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made,
Our times are in His hand who said 'A whole I planned ;
Youth shows but half, Trust God, see all, nor be
afraid.' "

"Gaylord Farm, July 25, 1912.

"And the girls in their silk waists, whiteskirts, jaunty hats, altogether attractive, and then I look around me. I can't help wanting to see all those pretty things sometimes, instead of the knit shawls, cheap kimonos, fur slippers, etc. That's cruel of me, to mention those things, knowing what wonderful characters are behind it all, but I meant nothing against them. Sometimes I wish, too, that I could have a recess from seeing such intense things, really, such tragedies. God forgive me for complaining, perhaps it's just the pain, but it is hard. I want to be able to have a good time—a real good, good time and not stay awake until 4 A. M. and feel like 'the morning after' next day. Oh, please excuse me, I just sort of couldn't help 'spilling over.' Don't tell that I have had a 'hard winter,' for it will soon be over.

P. S. I feel better already."

“Gaylord Farm, Sept. 12, 1912.

“I seem to bounce a little higher after each slump. Yesterday was the first day that I have really felt badly about my neck and about being sick. . . . It seems as tho — had everything attractive and could do all that the others do, and get a well girl’s share of attention, etc. I guess I’m silly to talk this way. I’m here and I can make the sick folks laugh and that helps, and I’m really perfectly content except when I think of the others. Dear me, I hope they appreciate how much they have.”

“Gaylord Farm, Sept. 19, 1912.

“Today was the first day that things seemed absolutely hopeless and I have felt it wasn’t any use. But I have come to realize that God will make things right. My folks at home, my friends and I haven’t been asking all this time for nothing, and what’s more, the Father must see how I’ve fought. I have fought minute by minute, day and night, and it’s been a losing fight in lots of ways. It’s been hard ‘To take up my cross daily and follow Him’—and God knows it.”

“Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 8, 1912.

“The calendar helps so. You can’t guess how hard it is to make yourself satisfied when each set-back shows you that it will be months and months and months be-

fore you're well. I sure will need to pray for patience. One blessing—no more operations, just time.

"I must not tire you or myself either with this hard luck talk, but if you had a watch that was out of repair, even tho it was of no use to you, it would still be your watch, wouldn't it? Just the same way, I may be out of repair, but still I am

Your true friend."

The other letters were to Marion Meigs. It will suffice to quote two of them to show what her correspondence with her girl friends was and then to let Marion herself give her recollections of Louise and of her spirit and her friendships. The two letters were both from Gaylord Farm:

"Please excuse me for writing you again so soon, but I don't want to hear all that's going on down on the porch. Last night was a very exciting night, believe me. The call bell rang time and again—hemorrhages, fainting, all sorts of things, and now the victims are relating their experiences to their visitors.

"Your blessed letters just came, and I just turned over and had it out! Why do you folks bother about me! I'm *not* worth it; oh you can't guess how it hurts to think of how good you are to me. I'm just a

medley of maladies not worth bothering your heads about, God bless you.

"If you all think of me, I think of you much, *much* more, I'm certain. This morning I was being so thankful for a rainy day, it helps my eyes so, but then I remembered how disappointing it would be for you all if it was rainy, and well—I wanted sun then.

"If —— hasn't yet learned to fully appreciate ——, you make him. I love that girl, and only a girl can realize how absolutely painful it is to be at the awkward age. Of all the lanky, gawky, ungainly specimens, I took the cake, so I know. —— is a Greek goddess compared to me."

"I want to put my head in your lap and cry and cry instead of always into the pillow. Whenever I get thinking about L. S. A. there's trouble, believe me! and today has been pretty hard, just for that reason. Oh, I'm such a trouble to myself, and I do have to be so much with myself. I wish I could apply for labor hours, but in this job you have both night and day duty.

"Mother was here yesterday and we had a beautiful visit. Perhaps I'm a bit homesick, but oh, sweetie, I'm terribly lonely! You know how it is to be lonely.

"Oh, drat it! They're playing 'The Rosary' on the Victrola, and Schumann Heink is singing it! Oh, Mar-

ion, 'and there a cross is hung'—'Oh memories that bless and burn'—'And strive at last to learn—to kiss the cross, to kiss the cross.' One time I remember writing — and saying that I wondered if every rosary had its cross. It was after I had read the book, and I said that I hoped if there was a cross that I, too, should carry the heavy part. Isn't it easy to say those things? They're so heroic when you don't know what they really mean. I *am* thankful that the heavy part is mine, but I haven't learned yet to kiss the cross; I'm only just carrying it. I'm thankful that the cross has beads.

"What a sentimental Tommie I am! The hard winter is over now, and I feel decidedly better. You must think I do nothing but cry! Well, it's really just the other way. I haven't had as hard a winter as that for weeks and weeks."

These are Marion's recollections:

"My first meeting with Louie was a casual introduction, in June, 1908, at a school commencement to which she had come as the guest of one of her many boy friends. I met her as she was returning from an afternoon's tramp in the country with a friend, now a medical missionary. I saw no more of her at that time, and it was not until a month later, at the Young Wo-

man's Conference at Northfield, that we really knew each other. The first night after the opening meeting, Louie came up to me with that glad welcome in her manner which she had for every one at Northfield, and that night began my friendship with the truest girl I have ever known. Each day of the following week saw the new found friendship growing deeper. We went to almost every meeting together, although when we felt especially wicked, we would skip one, and sitting down on the grass, would question and inform one another on every subject as only fifteen and sixteen-year-old girls can do. Yet the long serious talks were naturally balanced by the laughter and fun, and I have many recollections of amusing experiences during that first week of our acquaintance. I had never known a girl like her. Her religious life came to me as a revelation. Even now I can never think of her religion as a *part* of her life, it was her life itself, and it has always been a proof to me of the joyousness of her life in God. Despite the two years of unspeakable pain and suffering, with the same old spark of joy and fun, this instinctive gladness continued to the end.

"Yet after all, I was only one among a host of her friends at that conference, for they were legion, and I well remember how many there were who claimed her friendship and her time.

"When the conference week was drawing to a close, we decided it was quite impossible to say good bye; consequently, she came back to spend six or eight weeks with us. Her love for Northfield made it hard indeed for her to leave;—she wrote me during the following year, that if I had not been sitting between her and the train window, shutting off the view of the hotel and the campus, as we pulled out of Northfield, she 'just couldn't have stood it.'

"From the minute we reached home, Louie was the prime factor in the life of the young people. It was she who kept things going at a house party we had for a week or two. After the other guests left, the boys and girls in the town would still come up to The Hill every Saturday and Sunday evenings; Saturday nights, Louie was the ring-leader in the games, the chief performer in all 'stunts,' and Sunday nights she led the hymn singing, and often sang alone for us when our own voices had given out. 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought,' 'Jesus Calls Us,' 'Son of My Soul,' and above all others, 'Jesus, Tender Shepherd,' always brings to my mind the picture of Louie standing by the piano those summer evenings, singing with all the freshness and sincerity of her heart.

"Scores of incidents, almost too trivial in themselves

to be mentioned, come to mind; a spirited conversation which she had with a boy who could 'see no sense in going to church,' and who has since joined the church—her surprise that I would let any book, even one of Daily Readings, lie on top of my Bible,—one evening, when she sang—'You cried in your sleep for your Mother, Dear,' with unusual feeling, and at the end of the song bolted for her room where I found her a few minutes later, fighting a wave of homesickness,—a lively discussion we had as to 'what God looks like,' and the amusement that followed when we discovered that the young minister in the next room had heard us airing our views on the subject—and her efforts to write just the most helpful kind of a letter to boy friends who had been at Northfield for the first time that year.

"Yet even at fifteen she never found it 'easy to be good.' Girl and boy friend, old and young alike, told her of the joy and inspiration she had brought into their lives, and her very popularity and gifts brought their own subtle temptations; but instead of self-complacency it was an intense hatred which she felt against the slightest tendency toward self-consciousness. She asked me one time to write some quotations in her Bible which would help her to 'fight conceit.' She set herself to lose her own personality in that of her Master. I can

recall the way in which she guarded herself against exaggerations or irreverence in repeating funny stories or anecdotes, and how she never allowed her wit or inimitable mimicry to amuse those present at the expense of some one absent.

"All this is rarely realized by the average fifteen-year-old girl, and all who knew her felt that it only added to the sweetness of her attractive, joy-loving nature.

"That fall I went abroad for a year, and her letters were a never-failing source of enjoyment and help. The accounts she gave me—one of a football game, another of a visit to the McCauley Mission, another of a weekend party with two of our boy friends, are still clear in my mind. I recall a letter from another friend that winter, telling of Louie's part in a high school play. She knew her own lines faultlessly, and came to the rescue of any other youthful actresses or actors who forgot their lines. All of Louie's letters were full of the good times that have a place in the life of every normal girl, but there was a vein of thoughtfulness and seriousness revealing a steady spiritual development realized by all who watched her growth.

"On the trip, her keen interest and frank enjoyment never flagged. She was a tireless sight-seer and her only

regret at leaving a place was that she had not seen more. She made friends at every turn; on a boat trip out to Maarken from Amsterdam she became fast friends with an attractive Dutch girl, neither knowing the other's native tongue; but Louie's eyes and smiles were enough to convince a total stranger of her friendliness, and to break the ice of convention. In this case, the two wrote each other for several years and the Dutch girl's name had a place on Louie's 'Prayer List.' In Nauheim, Louie and a friend came off victorious in the mixed doubles of a tennis tournament, although she was the youngest girl playing.

"After the summer, the next particularly happy time which we had together was at a house party during the Christmas vacation. One of those days in particular is still a vivid picture, and the last time I saw Louie, she spoke of it as one of the most perfect, completely happy days of her life. Two boys, Louie and I, had a long sleigh-ride in the morning, and in the afternoon, laden with bundles, the four of us had a Christmas celebration, at the county poor-house, fifteen miles away. I remember how we sleighed across the country fields, while the setting sun flooded the long stretches of snow with crimson light, and how Louie was struck by the contrast of the radiant coloring out-of-doors with the

squalor and dreariness of the almshouse, as well as by the startling differences between our own young, joyous, enthusiastic lives, and the colorless, monotonous existence of the inmates. Little wonder is it that their pathetic joy and appreciation left her nature, peculiarly sensitive as it was to another's joy or sorrow, subdued and thoughtful. Louie's presence was like a burst of sunlight in that place. None of us who were there that day can forget the love she showed for the babies and little children, her ready friendliness with the young people, her tenderness with the old folks (how often in her prayers she remembered those 'on the westward slope') nor the compassionate note in her voice as she sang to them.

"During the following year of 1909-1910 we shared innumerable good times, at foot-ball games, in New York, Plainfield, and at home.

"After a house party, one of the boys, then a college freshman, wrote: 'I had a wonderful talk with Louise in the train to Philadelphia. We had a great time swopping feelings and ideas. I never met a girl as fine of instinct, or of as broad sympathies as Louise. She certainly is a little wonder and so very human; she makes me think more of a boy than a girl.' It was her naturalness, her frankness, and the utter absence of self-

consciousness and sentimentality which gave her boy friends the sense of true comradeship, found all too seldom in the relationship between modern girls and boys.

"In July there was another Young Women's Conference at Northfield to deepen the friendship first formed there two years before. It was the last conference in which she was able to participate fully, for the next year she was allowed to attend only a few meetings. We roomed with two other girls in Marquand, and slept out on the porch. I shall never forget the long whispered talks we had together far into each quiet, starlit night, when the only sounds to break the stillness were the frogs in the pond nearby, (she could imitate the croaks of the entire frog family to perfection) nor the early mornings when we watched the mists rising out of the river valley, and the sunlight flooding the hills.

"Louie's particular interest at the Conference was a group of girls from the George Junior Republic. These girls knew no others among the entire five hundred, and Louie saw to it that they felt as truly at home as any girls present.

"That fall—1910, although she went to college, and I was at school, we still saw each other often, and during the Christmas holidays we repeated the house party

of the year before, including a celebration at the poor-house. The conference in 1911 was our last together, and even then she was feeling wretchedly, and passed many sleepless nights. Every corner of Northfield has its living memories of Louie for me,—every spot on the campus, a certain seat in the chapel, and above all, Round Top, are linked inseparable with Louie's sympathetic, radiant personality.

"In 1912, immediately after the conference, I went to see her at the sanitarium at Wallingford, and I realized then what a bitter experience her enforced absence from the conference had been to her. She was eager to hear each detail—what the speakers said, what courses they followed, what the attitude of the girls had been, how many spoke on Round Top, etc., etc. Yet, all unconsciously, she had transplanted the essential spirit of Northfield, the spirit of Christ, to that sanitarium, and her friends there told me of all that had come into their lives through her. She said one time in her whimsical way,—‘You know, M—, I just love to see how many people I can make smile in one day,’ and I doubt if any one ever evoked smiles more readily than Louie. Her sense of humor proved a never-failing blessing, as her letters show, and even when she could not write she still found happiness in ‘remembering’ her friends.

'Nothing is wrong with my memory or imagination, though,' she wrote, 'and it's a joy to think of you all.' 'Do you know, I just sit here and wonder and *wonder* why people are so good to me? I can't understand it. I just ask and ask that I may be worth it. . . . Some day you folks must come to *my* home. Not 818 this time, but one almost as real. When I'm here, I pretend I go home (*my* home) and I know every inch of it. Last night I was deciding about the pictures in the living room. Truly, I'm not crazy—it's a beautiful place to me, and dreaming of it helps so. If I never have it on earth, I'm sure I shall have it farther on. No, I'm not morbid, I'm ever so happy. How could I be otherwise with such wonderful friends?'

"That last summer of 1912 I was visiting some friends of hers in Canada, where a year before she had spent many happy out-of-door days (the kind she loved best). We wondered whether the thought of our good times would make the hot summer days in the sanitarium longer and more burdensome for her, but she wrote us, 'No, having you there makes it happier for me. I'm so glad you two are having such a wonderful chance to know each other better; you spoke of not having done anything to deserve such friendship. No, none of us

do, they are just blessed gifts. I love to think that the Friend shares his friends with us, that is, He gives us these wonderful friendships here, and knows that by sharing them they will not be any less friends with Him but better.' 'Oh, it is *such* a blessing to think I have helped you at all. I don't understand how, except by my prayers, and God answering those for me gives me more and more faith that He will answer others.'

"I have often wondered whether or not she assumed her faith in her eventual recovery, in order to make it easier for her friends. 'Cheer up,' she wrote me at one time, when I had been ill, 'We're getting there, and if you beat me back to 'the land of the living' remember I'm coming after you.'

"Our last meeting came the week before I sailed for Europe, eight months before her 'Home going' as she always called death. I half realized that it was the last time we should be together like that, and yet I agreed with her when she said, just as I was leaving, 'Isn't it wonderful the way God is making it easy for us? It doesn't seem at *all* as though it would be a year before we saw each other again!' In her last letter to me (it had been dictated) she begged me 'Pray for patience, my stock is nearly exhausted.'

"Although for weeks and months before the end she could not write her friends, we all knew that her love and thoughts were still loyal to us. Every one of us who knew her intimately realized that the vital force in her life was prayer,—the communion with her Master—and it has been a revelation to us, of all that one girl's faith and prayer-life can accomplish.

"Like every developing girl she had her faults, her limitations, her temptations, yet she entered, with all the joyousness and naturalness of youth, into that 'more abundant life,' which is open to every one,—that 'life hid with Christ in God.' "

In these and many other lives Louise lived out her ideals of friendship and found her ideals enriching as she more richly lived and loved. The blank pages of her Bible are full of quotations regarding such friendship loves. "In our holiest and most unselfish love," she quoted from Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, "friendship is the purest element of the affection. No love in any relation of life can be at its best if the element of friendship be lacking, and no love can transcend in its possibilities of noble and ennobling exaltation, a love that is pure friendship." And she had written and marked with emphasis Dr. Babcock's verse,

“And if I may,
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art,
Not to be loved, but to love.”

Life with her had been not a public service of any sort. It was just the free, happy life of a girl who was, as some would think, not living but preparing to live. But Louise did not make such distinctions. Life was life and she was living it, not intending to live it. And the right way to live it was to make friends and be a friend. She made a collection of sayings about friendship and she practiced the truth she found:

“Blot out all memory of that in me
Which scars or mars the page of friendship true;
But leave, I beg, the mark of constancy,
That I may have and hold a friend like you.”

Such is the use and noble end of friendship; to bear a part in every storm of fate, and by dividing, make the lighter weight.—*Higgins*.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend; if he knows I am happy in being his friend he will want no other reward.—*Thoreau*.

A friendship that makes the least noise, is very often the most useful, for which reason I prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—*Addison*.

And if trust is the first requisite for making a friend, faithfulness is the requisite for keeping him. The way to have a friend is to be one.—*Hugh Black*.

Here friendship lights the fire, and every heart,

Sure of itself and sure of all the rest,

Dares to be true, and gladly takes its part,

In open converse, bringing forth its best.

—*Henry Van Dyke*.

The making of friends, who are real friends, is the best token we have of a man's success in life.—*E. E. Hale*.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few.—*B. Lytton*.

It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never tear out all the fibres that bind us to the old.—*George Eliot*.

Friendship should be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it.—*Trumbull*.

To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its gold.—*Trumbull*.

It is a good thing to be right, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends.

Friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief.—*Cicero*.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others we are indispensable; and I might almost say that no man is useless while he has a friend.—*Stevenson*.

I would rather have one good friend than all other objects of human ambition.—*Socrates*.

One great power of friendship is to make a person like the friend she loves.

The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.

How to cultivate friendship:

By little acts of love.

By mutual helpfulness.

By dwelling on the virtues not the faults of others.

“They might not need me,—
Yet they might;
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.
A smile as small as mine
Might be,
Precisely their
Necessity.”

This last bit of verse puts the matter just as Louise would have put it. Some gay bit of laughter and a prank of some kind would have followed fast with her upon the grave philosophy of friendship or would have gone just before. One of her college friends speaks of this in a letter:

"I have never forgotten how she carried away the visitors at the Northfield Hotel with her funny stunts and pranks and especially by the clever hearty way in which she sang and acted out that funny old song, 'Macnamara's Band.'" I can see her now with an old hat on the back of her head and walking stick in one hand 'pumping the big bassoon' and 'toodling the flute.' She showed such talent and cleverness in all that she put her hands to. She sang, she drew, she painted, she wrote, she was a most entertaining conversationalist, and most of all she not only drew men, women, and children of all ages into her friendship, but in addition she gave out something to each one of them. I remember particularly how sweet and lovely she was to Mrs. Ballard at Pottstown and how quickly she called her 'Tante.' Mrs. Ballard loved her and I have seen more than once what a look of pleasure came over her face when Louie came back to 'The Hill' after being away some weeks and greeted Mrs. Ballard so affectionately with 'Hello, Tante!' And so it was with all with whom she came in contact. It seemed almost as though it were impossible for her to cross a person's path without making some impression in the moulding of the character. One who once talked with her would find it difficult to forget her. Her kindness to that

little Syrian girl in Plainfield made a lasting impression on me. I don't even remember the little girl's name, and yet somehow it has stuck in my memory. When I think of what a privilege it must have been for that little foreigner to have Louise's friendship, I wish that some mention might be made of the poor little Syrian girl."

Her own marked and annotated books, and especially her Bible, are the revelations of Louise's inner life and longing and betray the nourishment of thought and prayer which made her strong. Her copy of "Yet Another Day" is itself a simple spiritual autobiography. These were some of the portions which she had made especially her own:

My Father, I thank Thee for the word "Morning." The long night shall end. Sorrow shall be worn out. The tears of the darkness shall glisten as the dew of the morning.

My Lord, teach me how to bear my cross without murmuring. I would not be a sour and grumbling disciple. I would learn the secret of cheerful endurance, even when I am carrying a heavy load.

My Father, let in the light today, as my eyes are able to bear it. May some deeper glory break upon my soul,

and may I be won into deeper reverence and devotion.

Heavenly Father, grant me grace that I may hate all sin. There is sin that is still pleasant to me, and I turn to it with delight. Change my tastes that I may loathe it.

Spirit of all good counsel, fill my life with holy purpose. Refine my discernment! May I see the good and love it! In all my difficulties make known Thy will. May I be a child of light.

O God, help me to follow hard after Thee. May I not choose the ways of ease. Help me to take the steep road when that is the way of life.

By my gentleness, my pity, my fairness, my holiness, may they know that I am Thine. May I never descend to anything base or unclean. May my life be spent in the heights.

May I see goodness in my daily bread, and may the comfort of home take my thoughts to the mercy-seat of God.

My Father, when I am inclined to grow feverish and hasty, help me to abide in the shadow of the Almighty. Help me to be cool and calm amid the destruction that wasteth at noontide.

My God, help me to know the sin that most easily besets me. May I not be taken off my guard. May

my eyes be open. May I see the tempter even a long way off. May I be ready armed, strong in Thy grace.

In her Bible she had marked Romans viii: 35-29, and written an inscription in the margin associating the verses with some of the religious life of Yale and her friends there. She had added to Galatians v: 14, the words, "and thou shalt come to love him more than thyself." Ephesians 1: 17-19 she had marked as a special "Prayer for a friend:" Phil. 1: 21 as the inscription on her sister's gravestone; Col. iv: 3, 4 were associated with a certain date; and all through her New Testament are special markings which have their own stories to tell, while, as already indicated, the blank leaves at the front and back of her Bible and extra leaves which she had inserted, are full of quotations, prose and verse, which had helped her and which she used to help others. On one of the front pages her grandmother had written for her, in a clear strong hand, though she was ninety years old at the time, the familiar lines:

"Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the morn is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Throw earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
Remember those who love thee,
All who are loved by thee.
Then pray for those who hate thee,
If any such there be—
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy dear Redeemer's name."

And the other pages are written full of quotations both poetry and prose. Some of these are printed at the close of this sketch with her own poems.

But it was not from other people's verses alone that Louise gained comfort and joy. During the closing months when she lay so many hours alone on her cot and only the doctors and the nurses came to her, and especially during the long nights when she lay awake and watched as those that long for the morning, she began to make simple little verses for herself. In June, 1912, she wrote some verses which she called "Lonesome Hours."

When nurse goes out, and takes the light;
Then begins the long, dark night.
And as I lie here, wide awake,
I hear the tall trees toss and shake.
I hear the people on the walk,
I hear them laugh, I hear them talk;
And now and then—away off far,
I hear a buzzing trolley car.
And sometimes in his tree-top sleep,
A startled bird gave a drowsy peep.
I hear the whip-poor-will's strange cry,
And the gulping frogs in a marsh nearby.
Then sunlight drives the stars away,
And whispers to the birds, "It's day."
I hear the carts down in the street,
And once again I hear men's feet.
I'm glad, for then I know at last
The lonesome hours are past.

And there were other verses also which she wrote about friendship and home and dreams and little things, and looms and the wild winds and the top of the world. They are all printed here for love's sake in this little book, and they show just what Louise was, not a poet-

ess,—the idea would have been a joyous one to her—but a true and loyal soul who was learning life's last and bitterest lesson in the flush of youth's springtime and upon whom the evening shadows were creeping while it was not yet noon.

On June 12, 1913, when all was bright and clear and the wild flowers were blooming where Gertrude was sleeping, the Voice which she had long known and loved called to her and she rose up and went away beyond the pain and the lonesome nights, beyond the wild winds and the world's bounds. And she liveth forevermore, elsewhere and here, with God and with us, too.

For,—they are Cardinal Manning's words—"let us learn that we can never be lonely or forsaken in this life. Shall they forget us because they are 'made perfect?' Shall they love us the less because they now have power to love us more? If we forget them not, shall they not remember us with God? No trial, then, can isolate us, no sorrow can cut us off from the communion of Saints. Kneel down, and you are with them. Lift up your eyes, and the heavenly world, high above all perturbation, hangs serenely overhead: only a thin veil, it maybe, floats between. All whom we loved, and all who loved us, whom we still love no less,

while they love us yet more, are ever near, because ever in His presence in whom we live and dwell."

Louise had arranged herself the order of the little service in which her friends would join to remember her and to think of God to whom she had gone. She had selected the Scripture reading and hymns and the two friends who were to speak for her to her other friends who would come to comfort one another and to gather strength for the new life they knew she would desire them to live. And she especially asked to have Dr. Rossiter Raymond's "Christus Consolator" read:

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou has conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as thyself didst say;
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "She does not sleep!"

"Nay, then, tho' haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"
He smiles: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch,
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
He smiled: "Abide in Me."

"Death must have been a very little change to Louise," wrote Mrs. Lucy Chaplin Lee from China, "she lived so close to God before, and was so much *more alive* than most of us that the entrance into the fuller life must have been only a little step."

"It sometimes seems as if persons with such rare sweetness of character as Gertrude and Louise had, were only short time loans to us," wrote Judge Perry of Southport, Connecticut. "They bless every one with whom they come in contact, interpret God vividly, and are gone. I can see and hear Louise now. I am better for her life, and I am sure a host of others must be."

"It is so wonderful" wrote the one to whom friendship with Louise meant most, "to see Louise's influence still going on, almost stronger than ever it seems. How surely those lines of that poem, 'Influence,' do apply to her life.

" 'And the faces I never shall see,
And the lives that I cannot guess,
Shall be faithful or false because of me,—
Shall curse the world,—or bless.' "

"For I do know of more than one life that has been influenced by hers, although they never knew her. I have been privileged to see at least two lives almost completely changed around lately, and in both the biggest single influence I can think of that has influenced them, has been to *hear* of Louise's life.

"Another instance—the other day one of the two I mentioned above went into an office of a social service organization here, and during the course of conversation she said to the lady in charge, 'Did you ever know Louise Andrews?' 'No,' she said, 'but there on the wall are several of her writings,' and she pointed to several of Louise's verses such as 'Is it kind, is it, etc.'"

"Moreover this same girl is already having a wonderful influence for Christ in the lives of at least two of her friends, and so it seems as though Louise's influence were just like the ripples from a big stone dropped in a boundless sea, only with each widening circle her power seems almost to increase rather than decrease."

And so with Louise it has been and will be ever as our Lord said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. If any one serve me let him follow me, and where I am there also shall my servant be."

QUOTATIONS WRITTEN IN LOUISE'S BIBLE.

A fallen leaf on a flowing stream,
And on the water a moment's gleam
Of sunshine,—and the chilling gray
O'erspreads more coldly the autumn day.
And once this had brought a pang to me,
A sense of pain in my heart to see
The leafless trees and the stubble sere,
And the darkening face of the dying year.
It is not so now. My heart is glad,
Though every sight and sound is sad.
For I have come to realize
That joy depends not on the skies.
The path of my duty holds along
Through winter's storm and springtime's song,
And cloudy the day or stormy the night,
The sky of my heart is always bright.

Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be strong men!
Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for
powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your
work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle.
Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness
of life which has come in you by the Grace of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

I would be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend to all,—the foe, the friendless,
I would be giving, and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

—*Howard Arnold Walters.*

Death, in short, under the Christian aspect, is God's method of colonization; the transition from this mother country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration.—*J. Martineau.*

Sower Divine!

Sow the good seed in me;

Seed for eternity.

'Tis a rough, barren soil,

Yet by Thy care and toil

Make it a fruitful field,

An hundred-fold to yield.

Sower Divine!

Plough up this heart of Mine.

—*Bonar.*

O Lord, in utter helplessness,
I bring my heart to Thee.
All its unguarded entrances,
Thine eye alone can see.
I have no power to stand against
The smallest thoughts of sin,
And often as I kneel in prayer,
Some secret foe glides in.
But the sands of time fall one by one,
And moments make each hour.
Then, every moment, as it comes,
Lord, keep me by Thy power.

God answers prayer; sometimes when hearts are weak
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when He does not speak.
For He Whose name is Love will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mansion walls endure,
But God is true; His promises are sure
To those who seek.

The day is ended, and ere I sink to sleep
My spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father, forgive my trespasses,
And keep this little soul of mine.
With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And soothe to rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my rest be sweet.
At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fear my unquestioning faith shall shake;
All's well,—whichever side the grave
The morning light shall break."

Once only in the vast circle of time,—
Shall I move 'mid these scenes so cherished
But deeds that I do, or poor, or sublime,
Shall stand 'till the world hath perished.
Shall stand! And faces I never shall see,
And lives that I cannot guess,
Shall be faithful or false because of me,—
Shall curse the world,—or bless.
Think! I! So weak, and frail and small
This deathless power am given,—
That by word or deed a host may fall,
Or a legion be raised to Heaven.

May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom
Some good, some little grace; One kindly
Thought, one aspiration yet unfelt,
One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith to brave the thickening
Ills of life, one glimpse of brighter skies
Beyond the gathering mists, to make this life
Worth while, and Heaven a surer heritage.

Appearances are badly against those who are trusting everything to Christ. Most people get along without Him, and many of these seem to do very well without Him. What a blessing it is, therefore, that we need pay no attention to appearances, and that we have a *Christ* to Whom appearances count for nothing. "He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither decide after the hearing of His ears." Everything may seem to be against us *today*; Christ, Who sees through the seeming, can scatter it like leaves, and lead us out in triumph and success. And He will do it whenever it is best, if we but *Wait* and *Trust* and *Obey*. Circumstances that seem likely to crush us are impotent when we see *Christ* always and in all.

I do not ask for place among
Great thinkers who have taught and sung,
And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour—
I only would not lose the power
To comprehend
These lessons Thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get, to share,
To work and play,
And trust alway. —*M. D. Babcock.*

I do believe that God will give
A sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes;
And that His heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy
For you and me
As we have suffered most.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light
at last. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

O Lord, I thank Thee for this friend,—
Thou fillest every need.
Oh! I have yearned long, but Thou
Hast blessed me now indeed.
A prayer of gratitude I raise
For all that Thou dost send,
But Lord, above the rest, Thou know'st
I thank Thee for my friend.

I will try this day to live a simple, sincere, serene life; repelling every thought of discontent, self-seeking and anxiety; cultivating magnanimity, self-control, and the habit of silence; practicing economy, cheerfulness and helpfulness.

And as I cannot in my own strength do this, or even with a hope of success attempt it, I look to Thee, O Lord my Father, in Jesus Christ my Savior, and ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit.—*Bishop Vincent.*

My heart is tired, so tired tonight—
How endless seems the strife!
Day after day the restlessness
Of all this weary life!

I come to lay the burden down
That so oppresseth me,
And shutting all the world without,
To spend an hour with Thee, dear Lord,
To spend an hour with Thee!

I would forget a little while
The bitterness of fears,
The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,
The buried hopes of years;
Forget that mortal's weary toil
My patient care must be.
A tired child I come tonight
To spend an hour with Thee, dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee!

A foolish, wayward child, I know—
So often wandering;
A weak, complaining child—but oh!
Forgive my murmuring,
And fold me to Thy breast,
Thou who hast died for me,
And let me feel 'tis peace to rest
A little hour with Thee, dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee!

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Although I beg my own;
Hear not the body's noisy cry
But the soul's undertone.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
This is the Spirit's choice,
Though stubborn greed of present good
Drowns all with deafening voice.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Nor let me dread the proof
Thine unguessed way may put me to
For some divine behoof.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Until my life attest
That just the will to do Thy Will
Is of all gifts the best.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
And, O my soul, take care
To have Thy daily attitude
In keeping with Thy prayer!

Jesus Christ is the most powerful spiritual force that ever operated for good on and in humanity. He is to-day what he has been for centuries—an object of reverence and love to the good, the cause of remorse and change, penitence and hope to the bad; of moral strength to the morally weak, of inspiration to the despondent, consolation to the desolate, and cheer to the dying. He has created the typical virtues and moral ambitions of civilized man; has been to the benevolent a motive to beneficence, to the selfish a persuasion to self-forgetful obedience; and has become the living ideal that has steadied and raised, awed and guided youth, braced and ennobled manhood, mellowed and beautified, age. In Him the Christian ages have seen the manifested God, the Eternal Living in time, the Infinite within the limits of humanity.—*A. M. Fairbairn.*

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.

Was that somebody you?

FROM "MY SCRAP BOOK" ✓

BY

LOUISE STOCKTON ANDREWS

When I lay in my narrow, white hospital bed,
And could only see things above my head,
To help me forget the bad hurt feeling,
I used to make things of the cracks in the ceiling.

I saw horses and kites, a fish and a hen ;
And cities and mountains and rivers and men.
Then sometimes across my ceiling town,
A fly would walk all upside-down.

And once a spider, that seemed all feet,
Built his house where the two walls meet.
But when I got tired of the things on the wall,
I'd fall asleep,—and forget them all.

t BONNY BLINK.

There's a halt in a girl's long journey thro' life,
When she stops a moment to think
Of the curious splendid old world before,
And that point is well called "Bonnyblink."

It's a wonderful view that she gets from the height;
So much that she never has seen,
And the time that this halt most usually comes,
Is when she's about seventeen.

The lights are the first that catch her eyes,
And, Oh, how they dazzle and stun!
If all were like that what a terrible sight!
Like looking right into the sun.

Oh, yes, there are shadows that help to blend,
There are sorrows and hardships there;
But these are to help her to understand,
And protect her from the glare.

So she looks and she thinks of the good she can do;
The short time she's travelling here;
Then she thinks of her friends, and her Savior so true;
She smiles,—she has nothing to fear.

NOTHING—UNLESS.

Nothing can help to ease the fight
With unceasing pain, in a sleepless night.

Nothing can help to while away
The endless hours of a painful day.

Nothing,—unless you remember 'tis true
That the Friend-of-the-sick folks is close to you.

REALLY?

Sometimes, I think I'm in a dream,
That things aren't really as they seem;
That I will waken up some day
To find things back the same old way.

That this has just been given me,
To show the way that things might be.
Are things really as they seem,
Or am I living in a dream?

BEING IN BED.

I s'pose my friends all pity me
For lying here in bed,
With horrid medicines to take
And pillows at my head.

But then, if they could only guess
One-tenth the things I see,
Or half the things I think of,—
They wouldn't pity me.

For they go hurrying all around,
They never stop to think;
They have so many things to do,
They scarce take time to wink.

And 'tho' I s'pose when I am well
I'll do as well folks do;
I'm learning lots of things in bed,
And then,—I'm happy too.

MY KINGDOM.

I live in a wonderful palace
In a kingdom ten feet square.
I am the queen, and I reign supreme
O'er all that happens there.

My pictures are my subjects,
O'er whom I hold my sway;
And they pass in review, as soldiers do,
In memory's court each day.

The birdies are my minstrels,
That sing their songs to me,
Of a land far away from where I lay,
And where I long to be.

For altho' I love my subjects,
And my birds and kingdom, too,
I'd like to be out in the wide, wide world,
And do as well folks do.

MY OWN, OWN HOME.

There are lots and lots of dreams I dream,
But the best of all that come;—
The one that's the clearest, the one that's dearest,
Is my own, own home.

I dream of it in the day time,
And when I lie in bed,
It's such a part of my very heart,
That I see it all in my head.

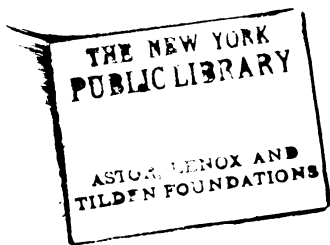
I know which way it faces;
How far it is from the street;—
The driveway, too, where it runs through,
In my dreams it is all complete.

It's just a bit of heaven
That I could not describe if I tried.
But I wish you could look into every nook
Of my own, own home inside.

My home is only of dreams now,
Perhaps it will always be;
And yet I feel that nothing real
Can take it away from me.



MY OWN, OWN HOME



THE SAND MAN.

I have a friend, I cannot see;
I love him so, but he shuns me.

I court the truant every day,
And beg that he will pass my way

And as I lay awake I hum
A little tune in hope he'll come

And fill my eyes with magic sand,
And send me off to sleepy land.

O, funny friend, I cannot see;
I love you, so please you love me!

THE OTHER SIDE.

It's a joyous thing to be young and gay,
With nothing to do but be happy all day,
Thinking of clothes and the dance or the play,—
It's a joyous thing to be young and gay.

It's a joyous thing unless you know
The way that others have to go,
The ones who stand the pain and throe—
It's a joyous thing—unless you know.

But if you see the real, real fight,
Then too much fun does not seem right;
What dazzled seems like candle light
If you but see the real, real fight.

THE ROBIN'S PRAYER.

Oh, God on high,
I thank Thee now
For earth and sky
And leafy bough,
For sun and rain
That make things grow,
For guidance where
So-e're I go.
I thank Thee for
Our hidden nest,
The three warm eggs
Beneath mate's breast.
I praise Thee, too,
That I can sing,
And that I make
Folks glad in Spring.
Oh, by my song
And by my cheer,
May I show man
That God is near!

HIS HONOR ROLL.

The hardest battles ever fought,
The greatest victories won,
Are fought with never a comrade near,
With never a shot or a gun.

It may be a battle with terrible pain,
Or a struggle with mind or with soul ;
But God who is watching His soldiers knows
The ones on His Honor-Roll.

THE LAND OF THE UNEXPRESSED.

One day God let me be a guest
In His treasure land of the Unexpressed.
I found art there that no human hand
Could ever have made in the Realized Land.
There were thoughts and thoughts and yearnings too,
For which our words would never do.

There were dreamed-of homes at last complete,
Where sounded the patter of tiny feet.
I knew that the love in that wonderful place
Was just the reflection of God's own face.

Some day, when we finish our earthly quest,
We shall claim our own, our Unexpressed;
For God, who gave it, is guarding it too,
And keeping it safe for me and for you.

✓ THE LOOM.

In each of us is an inner room
Where stands a tall and stately loom.
We weave on the loom, day after day,
The things that we think, and do, and say.
Only God can see the whole
Of the mystic pattern of the soul.

STAR DUST.

Tiny sparks in Heaven
Shining there for our sake,
You are the dearest companions
Of those who lie awake.

You're the footlights of Heaven's great drama,
Whose glory none has seen ;
For no matter how hard we strain our eyes,
A curtain hangs between.

THE WIND.

Gypsies, flying in the air,
Wandering here and everywhere,
Where do you come from? Where do you go?
What is it makes you blow, blow, blow?

You make great billows in the grass,
And kiss the daisies as you pass,
You seem to do just as you please
Whistling tunes among the trees.

And then again you rush and roar,
And beat the waves back from the shore.
Some naughty things that are done by you
Are worse than those real gypsies do.

Gypsies, flying in the air,
Wandering here and everywhere:
Does God just let you have your way
To roam around by night and day?

TO MY PLAYMATE.

Memorial day in the afternoon,
As the sun went down in the West;
The soul of my dear old Playmate
Sank peacefully to rest.

The end of that long and beautiful life,
Like the close of that perfect day;
Lingered and went, and lingered again,
Then silently slipped away.

Altho' it was hard to let her go,
My Playmate, so loved and dear;
I feel as if, like the afterglow,
Her presence hovers here.

And, just as the sun keeps shining,
Altho' in a different place;
I know that in some more wonderful Land
I shall see my Playmate's face.



“MY PLAYMATE”

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

OUT OF DOORS.

To run in the wind, to crunch the snow ;
To know where the first wild flowers grow.

To feel things growing in the spring ;
To hear a tiny song-bird sing ;

To smell the sweetness of new-mown hay ;
To hear what the brooklets have to say ;

To scuffle the dry leaves in the fall ;
To feel the furze in a chestnut ball ;

To see the sunset across the lake ;
To hear the cry that the weird loons make ;

To see the lacy trees undressed ;
To find a hidden bluebird's nest ;

For these, O God, I make my prayer,—
These glorious joys of the open air.

LITTLE THINGS.

It's the little things you do, dear,
That makes it bright each day,
It's the little acts of kindness
That smooths the hard, rough way.

It may be only a flower,
It may be only a look;
It may be that you smiled first, dear,
It may be only a book.

But no matter how tiny it seems, dear,
The kindness makes it swell,—
Yes, it's just the little things, dear,
That are always sure to tell.

Why should we shrink from suffering,
And dread the thought of pain?
Surely we know that God will send
Strength and relief again!

Why should we shrink from suffering?
'Tis a wonderful gift from above.
For every ounce of pain that God sends
Is wrapped up in a pound of love.

Why should we shrink from suffering?
Tho' perhaps we can't understand,
If we keep our eyes on Christ's dear face
'Tis not hard to bear His hand.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD.

On the very, very top of the world
Is the place I'd like to be,
With nothing there but the wild free air,—
And the birds and the wind and me.
I'd let my hair blow every way,
I'd feel the wind on my face;
My skirts would fly, and the birds swoop by,
Oh, the top of the world's the place.

I was all alone on a mountain,
Far off were the lights of a town.
And after the going down of the sun,
The distant stars shone down.

The height and the depth and the distance
Seemed infinite to me,—
As tho' I had had a tiny glimpse
Of God's eternity.

MY SUNBEAM.

I know the sweetest sunbeam
That's brimming full of light.
I even think my sunbeam smiles
When fast asleep at night.

No matter if it's rainy
And everywhere there's gloom
You'd think the sun was shining
With my sunbeam in the room.

She seldom walks sedately,
But flies along the stair,
Except in church on Sunday
She's dancing everywhere.

My sunbeam isn't big and fat,
Nor is she very small,
She isn't thin and very short,
Nor yet so very tall.

Who is she? That's a secret,
And I'll never "let you in;"
But this I'll say, to help you guess,
Her first name's Carolyn.

We were all alone on a mountain
And I showed you a far-off light;
But you could read deeper it's meaning
For yours was the better sight.

And then you climbed higher and higher,
That you might the farther see;
It was hard, but it was better
That you should not stay with me.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Holy Jesus, meek and mild,
Hear tonight thy little child.
As I lay within my bed
Send Thine angels o'er my head,

To watch and guard me thru the night
And keep me safe 'till morning light.
Bless the ones I dearly love,
With Thy bounties from above;
Make me, please, a better child,
Holy Jesus, meek and mild.

BEING IN LOVE.

Of all the things sent down from above
The funniest of all is being in love.
Here and there you make a mistake,
Blaming it all on love's dear sake.

Writing letters 'stead of being in bed.
Billing and cooing 'stead of baking the bread.
I had it twice from head to feet;
But gee! 'tweren't nothing but prickly heat.

FAITH.

Dismayed, distressed he crept to me
And laid his head against my knee.
I lifted up his face to mine,
And studied closely every line.

I looked into his eyes of blue
And knew that he was pure and true.
No words of his could change in me,
My faith in his integrity.

LOUISE ANDREWS CAMP FOR GIRLS.

Just a little while before the calling home of Louise Andrews, the committee of the Young Women's Conference at Northfield had voted to have a girl's camp in Northfield, to be run as a holiday home for girls needing rest of body and mind.

When the news of Louise's home-going came to the Committee it was decided to call the camp, which was to be started, after the one who was so well known and much beloved by many girls who attended the Young Women's Conference at Northfield.

A few weeks after the close of the Conference in 1913 a property beautifully situated, came into the market and was offered for sale at a price which the committee felt they could pay with the means at their command.

This fact seemed significant to those interested, and a proof that they had been guided to the right location.

Last summer the camp was full without any advertising, and proved that it was indeed to meet a real need.



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LOUISE ANDREWS CAMP FOR GIRLS
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Most of the Councillors who came to help were personal friends of Louise. Loving hearts have planned, and loving hands have worked to furnish the large bungalow prettily, and in a way that would have met with her approval.

A large photograph of Louise hangs in the living room, and her spirit truly pervades the place.

Eternity alone will reveal how many girls will have caught their vision of the Master through this radiant and consecrated life.

—*May Whittle Moody.*

