

## Frances E. Willard.

(Boston Congregationalist.)

Her death is a loss to the whole world. Her sympathies reached to its remotest bounds and included all humanity.

Of New England parentage, born in Churchville, N.Y., in 1839, Frances Willard passed her childhood and early youth in a country home on what was then the virgin soil of Wisconsin. She graduated from the North-Western Female College, Evanston, Ill., at the age of twenty, and three years later became professor of natural science in that institution. In 1866 she was president of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. In 1871, after two years of foreign travel and study, she was made dean of the Woman's College in North-western University, being already a writer of repute and a teacher widely known, with original ideas which she successfully illustrated in practice. She had grown more and more deeply interested in her calling when, in 1874, led by her enthusiastic devotion to the work of women for temperance reform, aroused by the famous Ohio crusade, she left her profession and became secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Through her tireless leadership this organization has undertaken its countless ways to purify humanity through the home, through educational institutions, through society, politics, government and religion.

How can we so illumine this catalogue of events as to make her splendid life of service apparent in its beauty and power? The memory of a delightful morning with her, less than two years ago, at the home of her friend, Lady Henry Somerset, in Reigate, Eng., lingers with us as a benediction. A friendship of almost twenty-five years has taught us to honor Frances E. Willard as one of the bravest, truest, greatest of the world's benefactors of the nineteenth century. She ranked high with the noble women who continue to hold the homage of their own sex after admission to closest friendship. Queenly in spirit, with interest world-wide, she freely gave her attention to the humblest whom she thought she could help. Thousands of young girls have been lifted to higher ambitions and nobler visions by the clasp of her hand and a kindly sentence, uttered with that clear, sweet voice that charmed those who heard it, whether there were thousands listening or one alone standing beside her. Men who knew her well used to say, as the reason why she did not marry, that she was 'a matchless woman.' She made men whom she honored with her friendship at home with her as with a comrade on the highest levels of thought and feeling. She was keenly sensitive to the approval or disapproval of those whom she loved, yet she held her convictions above the influence of affection.

Miss Willard has sought to realize the ideal for mankind with a chivalry and devotion which knew no limit till they exhausted her vital powers. On the platform, in the pulpit, in the editor's chair, in political campaigns, in organizing and leading new movements against intemperance, impurity, poverty—all human sins and ills—no knight of olden or modern times ever more deserved to be called 'without fear and without reproach' than Frances Willard. Her enemies often, her friends sometimes, have questioned the wisdom of the plans and methods she proposed, but none who knew her have ever questioned the purity of her motives. If her sympathies sometimes controlled her judgment it was because they were always putting forth supreme effort in behalf of needy, suffering, oppressed humanity. She sometimes failed where no one has yet succeeded, but it was in the spirit and with the

purpose of him who was crucified to save the world.

In recent years Miss Willard has walked consciously on the threshold of the world beyond. Her buoyant spirit has been not subdued, but glorified, by the knowledge that her physical forces were being consumed by her zeal to exalt mankind. She went into the unseen last Friday, with the same firm faith, clear vision, and steadfast courage, by which she has inspired multitudes to follow her implicitly in life's struggle, and which will inspire them still to follow her into everlasting life.

## A Conjuror's Conversion.

(By the Rev. George Ringrose.)

The conversion of Robert Craig, the Scotch evangelist, was the most remarkable incident in the life of this interesting servant of the Master. In his youth Robert was a street conjuror and strolling player, and in the pursuit of his calling travelled through all the towns and villages of Great Britain. One night, while stopping at a cheap lodging-house in the East End of London, he met a fellow-craftsman a quack doctor, whose principal prescription was nothing more mysterious than pills compounded of soft soap and flour. During their conversation the 'doctor' was looking over an old trunk, and by accident picked up a New Testament, which with an oath he tossed aside. 'What's that book?' asked Robert. 'A Testament given me by a missionary; you can have it, lad.' Robert took it, and opening the sacred pages, his eyes beheld the following words: 'Nothing unholy can enter the kingdom of heaven!' The young conjuror read on, and that night, on his knees in the lodging-house became reconciled to his Maker.

Having received the light of the gospel, Robert Craig deemed it his life-mission to proclaim the glad news to others. The face of 'Happy Bob' shone like a benediction, for his countenance was illumined with the eternal truth of God. Perhaps my reader has heard of Robert studying the Dutch language, and of his preaching in Holland. A few years ago this saintly man died. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'—'Christian Herald.'

## A Brave Christian Doctor.

At the seaside, the other Sunday, I heard a missionary relate the following incident:—

Away in China, where he lives, the poor people have no idea what to do if their children get burned or hurt in any way, and so he began a medical mission for them, where they may bring their little ones to get cured if possible.

One day a man came in carrying his little girl, who could not walk because her leg had been burned, and the part below the knee had grown into the thigh, so the poor child could never unbend her leg.

Her father asked the missionary if he could do anything for her. 'Yes,' he said, 'but it will take a long time, as I must cut down this flesh which has united, and then it will have to heal up again.' The father was very glad to hear that his little girl could be made well again, and the operation was performed. After a few weeks, however, he came in again to see how she was getting on, and asked how much longer she would have to remain in the hospital. The doctor said it would take two months more before she could go home.

'Ah, then,' said the father, 'I cannot afford to let her remain; she is only a girl, if she had been a boy I might have found the money.'

'But you only have to pay for her food,' said the doctor; 'all medicine and attention is free. Surely you will not take the poor child away.'

'Is there no other way to get her well quicker?' asked the Chinaman.

'Yes, there is another way,' replied our friend. 'If you will let me take some pieces of skin off your arm, I can sew them over the wounds and they will heal much quicker.'

'Very well,' said the man, and he bared his arm ready for the operation. But as soon as the doctor began to wash and scrape the arm to get it quite clean, and took his knife, the man drew back and said, 'No, no; I cannot bear it.' Then the doctor turned to the mother and said, 'Let me take a piece from your arm for your little child's sake? Surely you will bear this for her?' but the mother drew back, too, and said she could not have it done.

'Then,' said the missionary, 'I will have it cut out of my arm.' And he called one of the assistants to do it for him; but he refused, as he could not bear to hurt the good missionary.

'Then I must do it myself,' he said. And with a sharp instrument he cut a piece of skin out of his arm and divided it into five pieces, which he stitched on to the little Chinese girl's leg. In course of time she was able to go home and run about, but she will always carry with her the marks of the missionary's self-sacrifice, for in her leg are the five little pieces of white skin. When her friends ask her about it, and say the missionary healed her, she says, 'No, it was the dear Lord Jesus who healed me, for he made the good missionary love me, and bear all that pain for me.'

Was not this a very practical way of showing the Chinese that he was willing to give himself for their sakes? We are not called perhaps to bear as much as this good man; but we are all called to give up for others in our daily life. How often do we give up some pleasure that we may have been looking forward to that another may be able to enjoy it instead of us?

Every day brings some opportunity to bring comfort or joy to others at the cost of a little self-sacrifice on our part. I wonder if we try to seize them!—'The Christian.'

## The Coming of His Feet.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,  
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,  
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,  
I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,  
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,  
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,—  
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,  
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,  
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim,—  
The music of the coming of his feet.

Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,  
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,  
But white-winged, and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—  
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,  
With his blessedness immortal and complete,  
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,  
I listen for the coming of his feet.  
—'The Independent.'