

**AN OFFERING**  
**TO THE MEMORY OF**  
**ABIGAIL ANN ALLEN**  
**BY THE**  
**LADIES' LITERARY SOCIETIES**  
**OF**  
**ALFRED UNIVERSITY**

EVA ST. CLAIR CHAMPLIN,  
Committee for the Athenaeum  
FRANCES BABCOCK,  
Committee for the Alfrictian





**Abigail Ann Allen**

To the friends far and near  
who loved her  
this little volume is dedicated  
**by**  
the Alfriedian and Athenaeum  
Lyceums.



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## PREFACE

Soon after the passing away of our sainted Mother Allen, the thought was borne in upon the minds of certain ones who loved her, that some account of her life and work should be preserved in print for the satisfaction of her many friends and the inspiration of the young in whom she was always deeply interested. It was suggested that the ladies' lyceums should undertake this task, as Mother Allen had always labored for their success and advancement. The lyceums agreed and appointed a committee. This committee invited four people—two from each lyceum—to write each a chapter on a certain phase of Mother Allen's life and work. In selecting these writers, the committee aimed to secure persons who had known Mother Allen intimately through years. That those so far apart agree in many things regarding the character of our sainted friend, proves, we think, that they have understood her aright.



" In the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word may be established."

In undertaking this task all have felt like the weak traveller at the foot of a great mountain, and now that the book is written, all of us feel how inadequate to picture that strong, true character, are the words on these printed pages. She, our loved one, had attained a spiritual height to which we can only aspire—a veil is between us and her perfected soul. Yet we love to dwell on her life of service and sweet courage, to go over again in thought those beautiful years of friendship with that strong soul whose presence meant always sympathy, cheer, courage, uplifting. At her side we caught grand glimpses of life and its possibilities when the mind is filled with noble thought and the heart is consecrated to Christian service. To live for others—how glorious!

\* O strong soul, by what shore  
Tarriest thou now? For that force,  
Surely, has not been left vain !  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practiced that strength,

PREFACE

Zealous, beneficent, firm!  
Yes, in some far-shining sphere,  
Conscious or not of the past,  
Still thou performest the word  
Of the spirit in whom thou dost live—  
Prompt, unwearied, as here!  
Still thou upraisest with zeal  
The humble good from the ground,  
Sternly represses the bad!  
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse  
Those who with half-open eyes  
Tread the border-land dim  
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,  
Succorest!—this was thy work,  
This was thy life upon earth."

EVA ST. CLAIR CHAMPLIN.

May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense,  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

— *George Eliot.*

#### CHARACTER SKETCH

Once I had a glimpse of Mother Allen's youth and maidenhood! Indeed it was more far-reaching than that—including her as wife, mother, and age-crowned matron! I liken this glimpse to one of those occurrences, when, through some sudden, over-powering crisis, the minutest particulars of one's past history flash before the mind in panoramic view and seem for the instant to be lived again. Perhaps, however, it were better to compare my own experience to that of one gazing upon a screen when a clear, strong light is thrown upon it, making the details of some small, indistinct picture spread themselves out into perfect, life-like vividness.

The picture I refer to, revealed an earnest, ambitious maiden passing daily to and from her classes during the years of her college life. Sometimes she was arm-in-arm with some girlhood friend, but more often with books in hand she hastened on alone, only pausing here and there along the roadside, to greet with words of cheer the aged and the children—her life-long habit. Now and then she lingered in her walk to find new beauty and variety in the trees,

plants and flowers of summer. Another time her eyes were lifted to the glorious snow-clad hills, or else to watch swift moving clouds and gathering storms when nature takes on harsher tones. But whatever engaged her mind, then as ever afterward, showed that the ruling purpose of her life was to learn more and more of her Father's works that she might know from them how to live and labor better in His service.

It was in this spirit that she passed onward to the duties as they came, of teacher, wife and mother, never forgetting, even when compassed with numerous cares and difficulties, the value and responsibility of time. Whoever knew Mother Allen to spend an idle or an unprofitable day or hour? She could not do it, for time meant so much to her that all unconsciously she turned its moments into something practical and interesting, wherever and with whomever she might be. "Life is a gift," she said, "soon to pass over," and feeling this, her ambition was to make the best use of it. Therefore nothing less than active, constant employment could bring out for her life's fullest and completest meaning. Even when crowned with the mellowness of years, how eagerly she sought, and gained, and gave out, fresh knowledge up to the very last!

This glimpse, or bird's eye view of mine, came about in this way. During Mrs. Allen's stay in California, while she was writing and publishing the life of President Allen, a neighbor, hearing her name mentioned as having come from Western New York, came one day to call, asking especially to see my guest in order to learn if she was not her old-time friend, Abby Ann Maxson. Without any waiting, I called Mother Allen into the room, introduced the two, and sat down with my work. Something made them know each other at once. Without stopping a second they plunged into their girlhood life as if it were a thing of only the previous year; and found themselves the same old friends as when last together on the day of their graduation at Leroy Female Seminary, fifty years before! Ah, what a meeting! For many years they had lost all trace of each other, and now away out here beside the shores of the old Pacific they had met again! How strange! "Praise the Father for His wondrous ways," said one, as they grasped each other's hands.

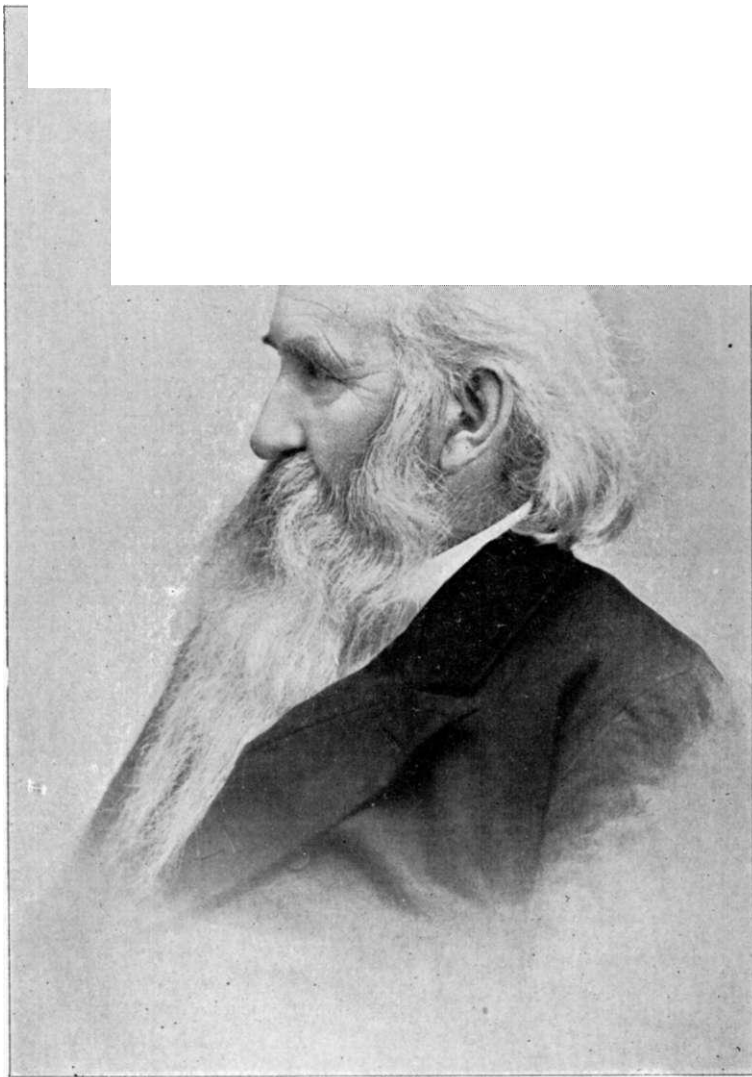
Can we wonder that there were blinding tears of joy as the two sat down together and were girls once more? Straight back they went

to that eventful Commencement day. They talked of its exercises, of the teachers and the friends who were present on that occasion. They asked and answered questions faster far than my pen could now write them out if memory had never failed. One would inquire if the other knew anything of such and such a girl, (they were always "girls") what she had done, where she lived, whom she married, etc., etc., and then perhaps refer to some experience well-known and remembered by them both. "Do you know where Lucy H——— is? I've often thought of her." "And so have I, but have never heard one word since that last time we were all together, don't you recollect?"

And so they went rapidly on, one incident suggesting another till it seemed they must have mentioned every girl of their acquaintance during the years of their college life. In fact it was just as two girls of these days sit down and talk "old times" over when they meet after long absence from each other. Because of living nearer, one had come in touch with many more of the old acquaintances than the other, but between the two, they found they had kept up a surprising number of the old-time friendships, and a knowledge of many, many of the friends,







**President Allen**

who had from time to time, passed from earth-life on before.

How intimate their young lives had been! and how animated their faces grew as they talked things over now! One vacation when neither Mrs. Allen's father nor her older brothers could take the long drive from Nile to LeRoy (on account of bad roads, I think; it was before the days of railroads), she spent the time at the home of this friend, and they had much to say of the happy experiences of those weeks when they were together. I could imagine the rich roses of youth in those dear glowing faces! I could see the two friends strolling joyously through orchards, valleys and woods. I could see them hurrying through their morning duties in the farmhouse to get ready for a "celebration" where nearly all the people of the neighborhood, old and young, with elaborately prepared lunches, and in many-seated lumber wagons, drove out to some delightful spot to spend the day.

Before this time I had not thought of Mrs. Allen as ever having been a young girl like others. But now she had the same joyous, ardent spirit as in youth, laughing and weeping by turns as she recalled circumstances which made the long-buried years alive and palpitating.

Yes, these two time-honored ones were just then blind to all but the recollections of those early days; they were young again without knowing it. Both homes were talked over—parents, brothers and sisters. The little ones of the families were not forgotten; and could notes have been taken of their conversation, much that would be interesting in this little sketch might have been gathered then, for it was the only time I ever heard so fully of Mother Allen's early history.

I did gather that as a little child she was trained to be helpful in her home, and to care for the younger children, who depended upon her almost as if she were their mother; and I knew before that afternoon that to be successful in home-making in those early days—so that families could be kept together and comfortably provided for—meant the strictest economy, and constant toiling early and late on the part of every member of the household. I knew, too, that there had to be the greatest effort made and much self-denial, in order that one or more of the children might be allowed the time to pursue a higher education. This privilege our beloved one longed to have, though it was not yet considered necessary for a woman to be taught

more than could be learned in the common district schools. At length, however, after she had graduated at Alfred Academy, the day arrived when she could be spared to go to LeRoy Seminary, then the best school for young women in that section of the country. Sixty miles was a long drive to take in those days of bad roads and poor conveyances, and meant much to a young girl leaving home for many months, but this daughter, filled with the highest purposes, was glad to make any sacrifice that might lead her in the way of gaining knowledge. For she had an ardent hope of becoming a successful teacher, and of leading the younger members of her family to broader culture.

When these two friends had, as it were, refreshed each other's memory by references to those early times, a tithe of which I cannot mention here,—each had learned much of the other's history, for their hearts were bubbling full of what they wished to hear and say. Somehow right along with what they said of others, their own affairs were carried on, though between the lines, so that during their conversation they told of their marriage—of launching forth into new homes—of their children—and of their own full but happy lives. The husband of

one had been a student of Oberlin, that of the other was from Union College, I believe. Each mentioned the names of her children, not omitting to state their occupation and where they lived. Ah, it was here in the over-flowing mother-love that heart touched heart most tenderly. Soft faltering voices spoke of the far-off time when precious little ones, and all their hopes for them, had to be given up and laid away from earth-life; for both had been called upon to mourn as only mothers mourn.

Neither one had ever met the other's husband, and little had been known of each other's family during all the years, so that nothing concerning them was left unsaid, it seemed to me. Certain it was that one could not listen to those descriptions of their life-companions, such as only true devotion pictures, with unmoved heart and unmoistened eyes. Sufficient were their words to make one resolve anew to see and appreciate the good in our beloved ones, rather than to look for things we do not like, and then brood over them, till we, ourselves, become embittered and discouraged. Those who knew Mother Allen best can understand much of what she had to say of the noble, grand man beside whom she had stood so long, and who had fallen

in life's struggle scarcely more than a year before. It is best here to pass wordless over what she said of her almost realized ideal.

The other promised soon to come with her companion that he might meet her girlhood friend, and this visit was repeated many times during the winter months that followed.

These two women in whose time-ripened, radiant presence I was sitting, had each accomplished almost an ideal life-work. They were much alike, both being simple in their tastes and intensely practical, yet they were opposites in temperament. One was quick, spontaneous, brilliant, and sparkled with wit and humor; the other, with great warm interest and tender sympathy, brightened the every-day side of things with cheerful, hopeful courage. Both were sincere in a most convincing way, and were actuated by the same motives and impulses of living and doing for other's good. Added to strength and clearness of mind, was a deeply spiritual insight into life, which must have sustained and cheered them both when emergencies had sorely pressed upon them. None who knew them could doubt that they had been quickened and guided altogether by the Christian's living faith with its never dying hope.

One of these women had spent her years in the same quiet, beautiful spot, living in an atmosphere of pioneer school and college life, busy ever in her home, her public work, or as a teacher beside her companion. The other had been a helpmeet on the western frontiers, rearing her family under many struggles and with frequent changing of abode, for her husband, a Presbyterian Minister, had found his mission to be ever moving westward. After long years they had reached these shores where now they were among the "superannuated," rejoicing in the change and rest which freedom from the strain of anxious, active work always ought to bring. I learned however, afterward, that Mrs. Fish was then the President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the large and influential church of which she was a member, and that rest to her, too, meant persevering and continuous work. I wonder if that characteristic was not in part a legacy from the Seminary of those early days!

Two things impressed me much after the remarkable meeting of which I have been writing. One was memory. How could those elderly women recall so many names of people and of things which they undoubtedly had never

mentioned since those early days! There was not a case of hesitancy that I could see in relating long-past experiences and incidents, but all came into their minds as though the occurrences were of the day before. Did the suddenness of this unexpected meeting open up new doors to the "storehouse" of their minds so that things they had in common could come forth as fresh as when they first found lodgement there? I do not know.

Another thing was strange. They seemed to take no notice of the changes time had wrought with them. Not a word was said like these; "How much you have changed," or "I should never have known you," or "Do you think I look as I used to?" etc, etc. No, their hearts were made too full for pausing to compare the faces of seventy winters with those of only twenty! It was sufficient to recognize each other's soul and to feel satisfied. What signified the flood of tears when two kindred souls were reunited? Half a century could hold naught to hinder the precious and renewed communion of those rare, gifted ones! Not before had I fully realized how a life stands separate from its earthly tabernacle, holding its own identity, yet does not take upon itself the heavy weights of



time! Nor had I seen till then, how very thin the veil that hides old age from youth, which, while pressing onward through the years, gleans justice of experience therefrom, that each new added one may gain in wisdom and efficiency. "When at last old age is reached, it is made calm, content, and beautiful, just in accord as youth in moving onward gathered things of worth.

Mother Allen was always growing, always learning, never stopping to think herself too aged or too feeble to be gaining knowledge from every opportunity. There was nothing dry nor stale nor old about her and never would have been. One could not weary of her company, for she had no set formal way of expressing her ideas so that you knew beforehand just about what she would say; nor had she any trace of those trying and increasing habits of brooding over wrongs and finding fault with others, or of complaining of her ills. No, she kept always fresh, bright, and original, saying things and doing them in her own individual way. So direct and in earnest was she that none could doubt that what she said and did came from her very heart, and coming so, went straight to other hearts and won from them an easy and heartfelt response. Was not here the secret of her ever

helpful influence? If I were asked to name her special characteristic, I should not hesitate to say it was in *letting go of self*. It was a complete and joyful yielding her own interests and pleasures that others might be led toward helpfulness. This living and doing for others' sake was more than meat and drink to her. And it was so natural that it seemed an innate faculty of getting hold of people and leading them to feel that a great blessed work awaited all who would but lift their eyes and look about them. Her insights into human needs were not guesses. They were the outcome of her faith in the worthiness of people and her impartial love for them. She saw in all some good. Though it might be dormant, she seemed to know just how to help develop it and let it shine forth into usefulness. How often has she said such words as these: "You must improve your time better, do not let your talents rust out, but go to work at something good,—always the nearest duty—*keeping your mind centered* there. Then you will be of use, and the weaknesses and failings you grieve over will lose themselves and disappear."

Sometimes when she would meet those needing reproof for wrongful deeds or threatening habits, her warning words seemed stinging

sharp, but young people knew that they were words of wisdom, and although they might remain unheeded, nothing could dissuade them from believing that their own highest good was always meant. Can such advice be ever fully lost?

I think the numbers are not few who can say that when they were strangers in Alfred, homesick, lonely, and forlorn, the first words of real encouragement came from her lips. Although she could not joke or make a pun or mirthfully amuse, yet she was always rich in glad words and plans of cheer, and sensible encouragement for those who needed it.

It was beautiful to see how quickly children felt Mother Allen's influence, and how enthusiastic they became as she taught them wondrous truths about the specimens of rocks, shells and plants they loved so well to find and bring to her. Who can tell how many owe their interest in Natural History more to what was learned from her in childhood than to what knowledge came in later years from books and teachers? While in California she seldom returned from a walk without a handful of plants and flowers. As the door opened she would say, "I've found something new, and can't quite place

it; so let's look it up now while it's fresh." The Botanies were then brought forth, and though the evening meal may have waited for awhile, all were made happier and wiser for the search after new knowledge.

Every cause of good found a warm advocate in Mother Allen. She was always ready to lift her hand and voice to help humanity. Education, temperance, and the interests of labor held her abiding interest. She saw and felt that each new opening made accessible to woman along the lines of work and education was a step toward the justice due her sex. It was a prophecy, 'too, she thought of the not far distant time when she shall take her rightful place as a true helpmeet in all efforts toward making homes and country purer by having more righteous, wholesome laws and seeing them enforced.

Faith in the Father's love meant everything to her, and made her scrupulous never to say a word that might tend to unsettle the religious belief of anyone, no matter how widely it might differ from her own. It was in the religious instinct that she saw the delicate moral and spiritual forces which mould noble and substantial character. This keen insight into life made her ever ready to feed and promote faith in the

Bible as the unfailing source of health and strength, leaving that unhindered to work out its own interpretation in the life. What an abounding, gracious, fruitage comes from full reliance in the Word of God, in contrast to that of implanting doubts and disbelief in sacred, reverential things !

When she lived with us, I could but notice with astonishment how continually she carried the burdens of many lives. Letter after letter came from friends and those she knew, telling of their special troubles and perplexities, saying they must open their hearts to her, for they were sure when she knew all, that they would have her sympathy and that would help them much. How strange that such demands should come from those who knew of her frail health, severe and anxious work to which she could not see the outcome, and most of all, her deep and lasting sorrow! But her own anxieties were daily, hourly borne along. She seldom referred to them except sometimes courageously to say, "Things will come out all right; they surely must." When clouds and darkness within reveal themselves in sunshine all around, then has not the Master's light taken full possession of

the life? How true, how brave, how great! Few are left like her !

I had no idea until Mrs. Allen's visit, that so many Alfred students were scattered up and down and everywhere throughout this great golden state. She brought with her a long list of addresses, and more names were continually added to it, until she herself was surprised at the number of her friends living here upon the Pacific Coast. Her visit chanced to be during the year of the Mid-winter Fair (a continuation on a small scale of the Chicago Fair) and when friends came from distant places to attend it, they could, in response to her letters, easily cross over the bay to Oakland and make her a visit or a call. It was a great feast to meet those whom she had not seen for many years, and those who came were delighted to renew their recollections of student life at Alfred. Many of the college classes were represented in these visits, and all who came, without regard to station or position, were heartily received as members of her large and scattered household. She saw much of Judge Nye and family, as she soon learned their home was in the neighborhood. He was a student in Alfred's very early days, and his interests were still unabated for

the institution so precious to her heart. Judge and Mrs. Haight and many others always brought her glad cheer by their frequent, friendly calls. A member of our city council and a clerk in the nearest corner grocery were numbered with the many old students. Meeting with so many friends so far from home, often unexpectedly, impressed her deeply with the smallness of the world as well as with the ever-increasing influence that Alfred University has held in the activities of our country for more than half a century. How a pebble dropped into the sea moves the waters in ever-widening circles, till none can find just where and when its influence ceases!

While her brother Frank, her "baby brother," and his wife were with us, Professor Greene of the State University at Berkeley, now of the University at Washington, D. C., came to see her and to meet again his old comrade in the army during the years of the civil war. Three of Mrs. Allen's brothers went forth to their country's service at that crisis,—one of them not to return. Now, after so many years, she and one of those brothers, with his esteemed friend, were privileged to sit down together and review those heart-stirring, anxious times of our

country's need and sacrifice. The attitude of Alfred in those trying and heroic days, and her loyal, patriotic, contribution to the cause of freedom, were freely discussed by them all. President Allen's going onward to the front from Washington one summer, and rendering much needed assistance upon more than one battlefield, was graphically told. What he wrote in referring to the loss of some student soldiers seemed to be the sentiment of that evening's conversation. His words were these: "We lament their fall, yet mingled with our sorrow is a solemn joy that we can act, and offer life, through such noble representatives, for human brotherhood and law and government."

It was one of my greatest privileges to visit Mother Allen again during the second week of last October. This was just before the final summons came, for which she had so long been waiting patiently. As I entered her comfortable room—the dear old study—she cheerfully said:—"I have sometimes thought you would not see me when you came, but here you find me still." She called herself well, yet seemed to be very weak and said her eyes were failing fast, but added, "A few days ago I took a long ride in the country, perhaps it did not help my



rheumatism—though on the whole it did me good, and I hope to go again." Then she told me of the precious talk with the dear one in whose carriage she had sat as they drove over the rich autumn-tinted hills, which were such a joy for her to see again.

She had failed much physically during the two years in which we had not met; and yet, though her tired hands were more quiet than I had seen them before, her mind was busy still in planning other work, for she must continue helpful in doing something good.

Mrs. Allen had retained her interest in passing events and indeed in every cause in which her heart had centered. Especially was this true in regard to the University and all connected with it. "If the Father sees fit to spare me until my sight is all gone, I'm only asking Him for one thing," she said, "and that is that He will give me something to do, even if I'm blind; for you know I could not be an idler."

Those few days of sweet, precious communion—still so fresh in mind—seem too tender and sacred to write of now. She was like her old self, yet there was a ripened, hallowed influence in her presence unlike what I had known before. I understood a fortnight later,





The Allen Home

that what I saw and felt was the *Beauty of the Beyond*, that was in her soul pervading every word and action. Ah, words seem but vain in attempting to portray her almost angel presence and influence then.

She asked me several times to read slowly through the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of the Gospel of John, so that she could repeat them with me as I read. She knew every word, and said those chapters kept her calm both night and day, and that their promises had become her *very oivn* and were more and more precious every time she said them over. Her mind dwelt much upon her children, and when she poured out her soul in prayer for them, one could but feel that her loving sympathy comprehended all about them and was well-nigh inexhaustible. "The Father will certainly make use of my precious ones in His work, I know He will, I fully trust him," were her words.

If words of mine could touch some life with her influence, so that it would grow toward unselfishness like hers, and live above the plane of fearing what others think and say, but rejoice with heart and soul in being able to work—and suffer if need be—that others might be helped to wholesome and ennobling growth—then should

I feel to have accomplished just a little of what she prayed and hoped for me in that parting benediction.

It may seem to some that I am trying to paint our Mother Allen as a saint, but this is far from being true. Being human she must have had some weaknesses, but the good and true and beautiful that she so faithfully had cultivated very far outshone the imperfections, which seemed covered by her loving heart. In reaching upward, I can but barely touch the fringes to the mantel of genuine worth she always wore. Yet perhaps 'tis well that life's very best can never be expressed in words, else might there not sometimes be danger of over-reverence for humanity?

I do know that she did not cease to set herself about overcoming every weakness that she knew, and that her success in doing this was nothing short of wonderful. Another thing was certain—those who had known her longest, loved her most, and could best appreciate her overcoming, ever-growing nature. How beautiful to ripen and grow old when one's last days prove their very best days! Carlyle would have called her great, because of her sincerity and earnestness, but added to these characteristics many

knew that she could not be excelled in true, loving interest for others. Methinks that none have lived more free than she, from being partial, or showing preference to any, because of their position, their money, or their influence. All these to her were outer wrappings that the world places around some souls, but which cannot make them black or white, for it is the *life ivitlin* where the Father's image dwells, and this alone appealed to her.

From the first hour of my visit, Mrs. Allen said we must go once more together to the Steinheim. This we did one afternoon, she resting in the class-room while the professor went with me through the building, where I again saw that large and valuable accumulation of curiosities and specimens which for so many years were being sought after and collected. Everything there spoke and will always speak of the far-seeing wisdom of him whose ambition was to make of it a place of beauty and a rare treasure-house of knowledge, where students and others may long continue to come and gather wisdom from its stores. She was greatly pleased with the manner in which the studies there are being carried on, grieving only that no one is in training with the professor to fill his

place when he, too, shall be ready to lay aside the work. How much she loved that building and everything within its walls! It spoke to her of the loving sacrifice and persevering labor of those who had carried it upon their hearts—sometimes for years together—with seldom a response of interest from others. "People did not know and could never understand," she said, "how far ahead of the times Mr. Allen was living and working all his life." His beautiful, touching words, "It is from the mount of sacrifice that richest blessings flow," must have expressed the deepest meaning to those two, who, dwelling long upon that "mount," had truly gained its "blessings from experience."

Steinheim is one of the visible results of their work. But He who notes the motives of all hearts must see far greater outcomes of their living than this beautiful stone building.

Their best foundations were laid in building character, and influences cannot cease to move the hearts of men and women to leave the world richer, better, than they found it, because of lessons and activities those two soul-loving ones have set in motion. They did not turn to look about them for results, nor stop to see their work appreciated—there was no time for these. Calls

came from other fields where large reward was offered and labor would be less, but earth's rewards bore not a feather's weight with them when duty's voice was heard. Their bread was the meat that others knew not of, and it supported them under all trials, keeping their supplies renewed each day and ready always to divide with other needy ones. Who can ever estimate the good those worthy two accomplished, or appreciate the privilege of having been directed, reproved, advised, and cheered by some of earth's rarest ones! Surely they must have been numbered with God's chosen children, yet few there were who saw it fully till the visions passed and we were left without them. Such lives, such companionships cannot die; their blessed influence must last as long as time endures, because their spirits were true to the Father and have now returned to Him.

LIZZIE NELSON FRYER.



SELECTIONS FROM THE MARKED PASSAGES  
IN MRS. ALLEN'S BIBLE

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.  
Psa. 121: 1, 2, 5.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.  
Psa. 27: 1, 4.

Search me, Oh God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.  
Psa. 139: 23, 24.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wing will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.  
Psa. 63: 7, 8.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.  
John 15: 12, 13, 14.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one to another.  
John 13: 34, 35.

### MRS. ALLEN'S LAST YEARS

"O the sacredness of time—of 'life, how it grows upon me as the years go by!" So wrote dear Mrs. Allen in February of '1900, and this was certainly the spirit which, in an ever-increasing degree, characterized her life. To be helpful to others and that her life might be useful to the end, were often expressed desires which were abundantly realized.

Like the Apostle of old she would "gladly spend and be spent " for others. Hers was not simply a passing interest in others and in every good movement, but a burning zeal which never allowed her to spare herself and which gave her no rest save as she found rest in her confidence in God's power and willingness to bless and bring about the ends for which she so longed and worked.

During these last years there were growing bodily infirmities, but she would rarely admit physical weakness or weariness and was continually undertaking that which would have been a severe tax upon one much stronger. As we recall the various interests which she carried in

her mind and on her heart and to which, wherever possible, she set her hand, we are amazed at her marvelous energy and the witness of her own life to her estimate of the value and sacredness of life.

To Alfred University she had given more than fifty years of unselfish devotion, and in her last days her zeal for the welfare of the College knew no abatement. The old students she never forgot. Again and again it has happened, even to the very close of her life, that students who have been at Alfred at any time during these more than fifty years and have returned after long absence, have been pleased to find that Mrs. Allen had held them in remembrance all through the years and could readily call them by name. Certainly her love and interest followed all.

For those of the present day who went to her, she had a "heart at leisure from itself" not only to "soothe and sympathize" but to encourage and to inspire with her own high ideals.

To those who would look up old records or gather historical data she gave ready and valuable help. She continued an honored member of the Faculty to the last, and attended their meetings, making many useful suggestions.

The system of scholarships, which has been so much urged for a few years, met her hearty approval, and less than two weeks before her death and after she was confined to her bed, she dictated a letter to one whom she thought might be induced to found a scholarship.

The common schools had her thought, too, and she was eager that School Boards should be carefully chosen. She believed that the presence of women at the school meetings and as members of the Board would conserve the best ends. Last summer, feeling that women did not realize their responsibility in this direction, she undertook long drives over Alfred's beautiful hills, which she loved so dearly, to persuade all she could to attend the approaching school meetings and to live up to their high privilege of having a voice and influence in school matters. The roads had been badly cut out and washed by heavy floods and there were frequent rains, but no one ever heard her complain of weariness, though she was seventy-nine years old, and there was no thought of giving up until all had been done which seemed to her desirable.

Her thought and sympathy were as all-embracing as our Lord's last commission. Her

heart was large enough to take in all the world, and that educated young people should also see the need and feel the responsibility, was the burden of her thought and of her prayers and inspired her to write many a letter even after her eyes had become so darkened that she could not be quite sure there was ink in her pen, or that the lines were not sometimes written one over another.

With this object in view, to rouse young people to make the most of themselves and so prepare to do the best work, she was ready to use the opportunities which came to her to speak to them either individually or in public gatherings. Three years ago she wrote a friend: "Last year I thought to spend some time visiting the churches and in a quiet way help arouse a more thorough missionary spirit, but everything came in my way so I could not go, and it was all right, for if that had been the work the Lord wanted I should do the way would have been made for me; I must be contented to do, day by day, just what comes to hand around me."

And not a little came to her hand to do, for she was a generous and cheerful giver not only of her time and self, but of her money and the hospitality of her home. Her doors were open

to whoever came, and, however restricted her income, one-tenth belonged to the Lord, and after that had been rendered, giving commenced. And that she gave hoping for nothing again, was shown by her appreciation and gratitude for every kindness shown her. "Every one is so kind. I don't know why the people are all so good to me," she would often say.

To be without the advantages of a Christian education was to her the saddest kind of poverty. The neglected children of the South weighed especially upon her. The ladies who have been accustomed to attend the meetings of the Evangelical Society of Alfred will not soon forget her urgent appeals that good Christian teachers be sent to the South. Two years ago she determined to go herself, in company with a friend, make a little home there and day by day, gather in the children for instruction. She was sure she had the strength for it. But the way did not open so she renewed her efforts to help in other ways and to influence others to go. Again and again her call went out for good text books and literature. Particularly were the school children interested in this, and Mrs. Allen superintended the packing of the barrels, collected the money for freight, and sent them to home-missionaries

in different parts of the South. One such barrel was sent on its way but two months before she died.

In September a friend writing from Arkansas about the school they were to open there and how a teacher had providentially been found, wrote: "Please read this letter to Mrs. Allen and tell her the books she sent will be put to good use this winter. I think our hopes and plans have rather clustered around that barrel of books." Upon hearing this Mrs. Allen's face became radiant and clasping her hands she said, "This is in answer to prayer. I have been praying for it and I have also been writing that young woman to induce her to take up the work."

To the last Mrs. Allen was a regular worker in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Evangelical and Aid Societies, and the Church appointments were sacred obligations to her. She was keenly interested in all movements which were for the public good or for the spiritual or mental advantage of individuals.

She was especially solicitous for young mothers and gave freely of her time and strength to plan and carry out Mother's Meetings, her own home being always open for such gatherings. Many a mother has found in her a

warm, abiding friend and a wise counsellor. A short time ago a young wife who had come away from home and friends to live among strangers and feeling especial need and loneliness said, "I have been told that Mrs. Allen is a good one to whom to go for counsel," and after being taken to Mrs. Allen and sitting with her for a little time came away with something of the same spirit which led one of old to sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Really it was for the children, the lads and lasses, she had the greatest longing. In writing a friend for such postage stamps as she might have or be able to get she said: "You know, perhaps, the interest I take in the young boys and girls here. It is all I can do, and if, by God's help, I can keep them interested in something that will keep them away from bad associates, I shall have done a little. I find that stamp collecting interests them a good deal. If they get a new one they bring it up to show me and they know my book much better than I do. They learn geography and history and become interested in the strange people represented on the stamps. Some of them are Christian boys and I hope may, in time, go and work for some



of these countries. They are also studying home shells and have found over twenty varieties in our woods and streams around here."

To know of children or young people who were forming wrong habits or failing to develop in the best way, was a keen personal sorrow to her, and to fill their lives with absorbing and useful interests the thing to be most sought after, so she welcomed the children, became interested in their pursuits, tried to engage them in the study of nature, had them read to her, and when her last sickness came upon her she was trying to find the best way to carry forward certain lines of White Cross work which she felt to be much needed, and to devise some plan whereby the children could be induced to commit to memory portions of God's Holy Word, the Book so familiar and dear to herself.

Those who have known Mrs. Allen these last years must have wondered at the cheerful, uncomplaining spirit with which she met her approaching blindness. Instead of finding in this reason for resting from her labors, there was the greater eagerness to do what she could while a little light remained. Her mental and spiritual vision were in no wise dimmed, as those who had the pleasure of reading to her and of

noticing how clearly she comprehended and retained what was read, will bear witness.

Not long before the last we ran in one evening and found her, with folded hands, sitting very quietly in the twilight. Looking up, with a wistful expression, she said, "I have been passing through dark places since my Beloved went away," and as we thought of the unspeakable longing for his companionship these last years, and of the brave, sweet spirit of faith and trust with which she has met it all, we realized that unbelief and skepticism had once again been rebuked and that the truth and power of the Christian faith had been again vindicated.

To her own going hence she looked forward as quietly and joyfully as to a journey, a journey upon which her revered and beloved husband had started just a little in advance of her and upon which she longed to be off and for which she continually made very practical preparation. "I'm willing to stay just as long as I am of use here, but not a day longer," she would say.

Certainly love and usefulness, were the keynotes of her life. The last words we heard from her lips were a message of love for an absent friend. Messages of love and clear calls to lives of highest usefulness we associate with her dear lips. May the lives of all who read this and of those who loved her, become more loving, and may they heed the call and pass it on to others.

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

Hast thou been misunderstood  
And the world in angry mood  
Turned against thee ? Stand and serve  
Thy ideal well; nor swerve  
Beneath the goad. Be strong, be brave,  
Though dishonored to the grave  
Thy course may lead thee. If thou hast  
The truth, it shall rise at last:  
And thy cause, if just and right,  
Shall in time have likewise might !

—*Eva St. Clair Champlin.*

### MRS. ALLEN AS A REFORMER

No title ranks with that of reformer. All ages reverence it. All nations honor it. All men consciously or unconsciously pass the coronet to those who through long years of sacrifice and service, have poured out their lives for the betterment of the human family. It is true that in their generation the coronet may be a crown of thorns, that slander and persecution may be the daily portion, and martyrdom the not infrequent reward. But all this is the passing of a moment—the shadow before the awakening; for days are but atoms in the upward movement of the world. The *now* appears only in the great becoming and he who halts for recognition to-day has lost the vision of the to-morrows.

And when we reflect that martyrdom is only misunderstanding, that persecution is but a cross-seeing, and the appellations of fool and fanatic are at most but dialect coinage of those who know not the language of the universe,

there can be no regret, no repining over the struggles and sorrows of the past. Thank God for heartaches, and tears, and prayer, and poverty of the mangers of regeneration. They are the soul stuff that move the centers that mirror God.

The reformer is the affirmative of the Universe, the yes of creation. It is he who says first of all, the world is, you are, all is real, God lives, the earth is under our feet, the eternities are within us and before us. What we have and see and feel is life, partial, alas, imperfect, but life indestructible, therefore improveable, progressive. Hence his work is affirmative, constructive, must be because of his firm belief in man and God, the continuity of existence and the final triumph of the God attributes.

Let it always be affirmed, the true reformer builds. The simple effort to tear down is cheap work and abundant as it is cheap. A dull eye can detect spots on the sun. A brutal hand may chastize brutality and the world be no gainer. Tyrants can dethrone tyrants, leaving the ball still chained to the victim, and so an evil spirit may assault evils, but assault is not reform. Institutions, usages, laws, unjust and oppressive,

remain until better institutions and usages and laws replace them. The builder is the benefactor.

Reformers are prophets, they see. From the mountain tops of history and inspiration they study the turnings of the earth, count the new stars, feel the pulsing tides of great moral movements and know that each returning wave is a breadth higher than the decade before. There is no doubt, no despondency, no dearth of faith to him who measures from the summits. He sees, and while his brother is pacing around in the peck measure of the present, making mud pies to-day to be destroyed to-morrow, he is watching the heavens break and tugging the world up to the sunrise of a new era.

The reformer is the hero, unconscious hero, self is forgotten in the other. What is one life measured with *all* life, one thread of years to eternity? What is suffering compared with the consciousness of right doing. What is ease by the side of service? What is loneliness in the presence of God? He draws from the sources, partners with the eternal and knows that all lethargy and resistance and defects are only incidents on the way to the final consummation.

Reformers are made before their birth, never after, just as the preacher, poet, prophet is made. Blood trickling, tingling through generations, at last finds its element and the imprisoned cry of centuries is voiced. Culture of books and schools of travel and literature add to the interest of a life and should greatly augment its power and usefulness, but the thing vital in every soul comes before the alphabet; hence with all our practical attainments, our mastery of forces, engineering and economics, and libraries and endowments of schools, we can only watch with uncovered head for the coming of the anointed.

Abigail Ann Maxson was a reformer. She came of a sturdy stock of pioneers that knew what it meant to sacrifice for a principle. The stories of slavery were among her first childhood recollections, and even then her blood rose hot and fast over the injustice of man to man. Hence it was not strange that through all the later years of national turmoil and tribulation she entered with her whole life into the anti-slavery movement. Few endured so much, suffered so keenly as she, for, whatever reason or judgment might say, the heart went instantly

to north and south alike. In her large sympathy they were all hers. And when at last the war clouds heralded the clash of arms, her own loved brothers were found arrayed on either side. This is the climax of tragedy when the deliberate aim of one might pierce the heart of the other, sons of one mother, equally honest and true.

It was a day that called for great souls and they were not wanting. Garrison found his own among the sons and daughters of New England; Phillips and Beecher pleaded for a race and two continents heard. From a hamlet in central New York came Gerrit Smith who blazed the way for the less daring. From all walks of life they rose. Pulpits here and there dared to thunder forth their condemnation. These were echoed in the school rooms. The spirit of Oberlin was felt afar, and Alfred, never lagging in devotion to liberty, sent out its coterie of men and women who stood and wrought like mailed warriors. Foremost among these were Jonathan Allen and the one who was to become his counsellor and life companion, and foremost among all to speak the word of love and healing, to bury forever the memory of that hideous night-mare, to



plead for charity and peace, were these same two souls.

That is the side of Mrs. Allen's life that I love most to dwell upon. It is much to be loyal to conviction and brave to follow where it leads, but add to this a generosity that recognizes the rights of others, a largeness that sweeps the whole horizon and a tenderness that enters into all life, and you have the real builder, for it is only love that builds.

Naturally the civil conflict absorbed all pending reforms, but when peace was restored they claimed their place again with even greater tenacity. The cause of woman, "woman's rights" as it was foolishly named as though there could be rights of woman as woman or man as man, separate from the other, came to the front. In this Mrs. Allen found a rich field for her gifts and in her quiet way took possession of it. She believed in it, advocated it. It was a case of preaching and practicing, and Alfred gave her full liberty for both. Whoever knows the full history of that wonderful movement which broke centuries of prejudice, opened the doors of higher education to woman and little by little made possible her entrance into every calling

and profession to which inclination led or necessity compelled, must give to Mrs. Allen a high and honorable place. If she were not always in evidence, it was because the more open and public activities of her husband overshadowed her. Together they built, one in every reform, he laying the wall without, she strengthening within.

Alfred had a noble birth, poor, weak, little nothing in things worldly, yet there was a royal setting in that which could not be bought. There were no endowments, but principles; no ermine, but justice and equality and freedom—robes fit for a God. The spirit of President Kenyon and his co-workers were upon it—a spirit that was conserved and deepened and sealed by the consecrated lives of President and Mrs. Allen. Alfred stood for something when to stand meant cost. And let me tell you later and present students that not all the stone and brick and wood of endowed walls and chairs, not great learning nor vast research nor technical training, however necessary, not these alone, can make an institution great. Such serve just as bridges and railways serve, but the great things are of the soul.

Alfred's cradling was of the soul side of man and in that ministry everywhere men and women walk side by side. There is then no discussion of the rights of women and men. Both claim all, both give all—no question concerning equality, a thing to be proven by opportunity and service. Alfred knew no seclusion of the old school and no quadrangle of the new. The class room, the public exercise, the matriculation, recognized degrees of excellence, but not cut of clothes. Hence every woman graduate must add to the natural love of her Alma Mater a peculiar tenderness and gratitude. So now I can not separate this feeling from the debt I with others owe Mrs. Allen for the things she made possible to woman when co-education was in its infancy.

Mrs. Allen did not rest with theory or urge upon others duties she was not ready to assume, or plead for rights that she would not make sacrifice to secure. No one can forget those autumn days of '87 when every paper large or small heralded in head lines the news that "Ten Women of Alfred voted and their votes were counted. The wife of President Allen was



**Allen Steinheim Museum**

at the head." Some one on the ground should write of this for it was history in making. It seems the horrible crime was perpetrated at a municipal election early in the autumn. The state and national election followed in November. Women were more and more demanding the ballot. Temperance women were especially active. The saloon was interested. Politicians were not indifferent. Ten women had been counted in at a municipal election. If legal at a local election, then what would occur in November? Verily there must be chastisement and that at once. Accordingly the officer was sent in quest of offenders and papers were served.

I suppose there has never been anything more amusing in all legal history or more ridiculous. Haste was the word. The trial must be held immediately to forestall further trouble. Cases of long standing, gray headed with years, were swept from the docket to make way. In a few days all was over—arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, though the sentence as yet has not been served. I trust that some participant will leave a full record of that spasm of virtue that swept through Allegany office holders and spread to their kin throughout the

state. Yet notwithstanding the swift punishment of these good women, over one hundred women in the state offered their ballot that fall and about fifty were counted in.

Naturally **retiring** and especially shrinking from notoriety, even in so just a cause, yet Mrs. Allen did not shirk and was always at the front ready to bear even more than her part in all that called for courage and endurance.

In the temperance cause, until the closing years when lack of strength forbade, Mrs. Allen was always an earnest and hopeful worker, and even then her counsels led in great undertakings. Hers was an uncompromising attitude towards licensed evils—she believed that the teachings of the government should be at one with those of the home and school and church. In this as in everything, there was but one question—"What is right?" and after that all was clear. To know was to be and to do, to help others to see, to hasten the better day. During the last years of her life her heart was often burdened over the problems confronting our country and the fears lest somehow ambition, the pride of power, the mania for world glory were blurring our vision and marring the lofty ideal of the new

world. Yet there was the faith that never doubted the final triumph of the right.

Abigail Ann Allen was the ideal reformer, love giving motive, power endurance and faith.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS



For we speak of you cheerfully, always,  
As journeying on;  
Not as one who is dead do we name you,  
We say you are gone;  
For how could we speak of you sadly,  
We who watched while the grace  
Of Eternity's wonderful beauty  
Grew on your face ?

*M. E. H. Everett.*

#### BIOGRAPHY

Abigail A. Maxson was born in Nile, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1824. Here her girlhood was spent until she was fifteen years of age, when she came to Alfred and became a student in Alfred Academy. She was a member of the first graduating class of this Academy. Her future husband, Jonathan Allen, was also a member of the same class.

After graduation in Alfred she spent some years in LeRoy Seminary, afterward Ingham University, from which seminary she graduated in 1844. She then began to teach in Alfred Academy, and in 1846 became preceptress.

She not only taught a great variety of subjects, but was for many years a teacher of the Art department and until the day of her death was officially connected with Alfred University.

During the Anniversary of 1849, on July 12, after the speeches and other exercises were completed, she was married by Rev. N. V. Hull, to Professor Jonathan Allen who afterwards became the successful and beloved president of Alfred University. She was his loving companion, wise counsellor, and faithful supporter.

His burdens, trials, and victories were all shared by her. Her interest in his ideals and plans for the University continued to the end of her life.

The teachers and students knew and loved her. They felt that she was their personal friend. If one wished to know something of a former student, Mrs. Allen was nearly always able to give information concerning him. She sacrificed her comfort and even her personal rights to be helpful to others. It was the study of her every day life to know how to serve some one who was surrounded by temptation or was poor and friendless. When she died the testimony of one of these was: "I have lost the best friend I had."

Mrs. Allen was the mother of four children, the eldest of whom died in infancy. Mrs. Eva Alberti and Prof. Alfred Allen of New York City, and Mrs. George Champlin of Albany, live to mourn their loss.

She had for many years suffered with diseased lungs, but was always hopeful and cheerful.

Mrs. Allen spent one winter in Florida. She also visited California several times. While making her last visit there, after Pres. Allen's death, she wrote "Life and Sermons of Rev. J.

Allen," a book of much merit and greatly appreciated, and treasured by those who loved President and Mrs. Allen.

For several weeks before she died her friends realized that she was failing, but not until two weeks before the end did she give up the active duties of life. Her daughters were unable to be with her in the last hours, but her son and loving friends did all that could be done to relieve her sufferings. When word came, Sunday morning, Oct. 26, 1902, that she had gone, every heart mourned.

The funeral services were held at her home. Beautiful flowers and autumn leaves decorated the rooms she loved. Music was furnished by a quartet. Prof. Charles F. Binns of the State School of Ceramics, read a portion of scripture, and offered prayer. Her pastor, Rev. L. C. Randolph, spoke in behalf of the church, and President Boothe C. Davis for the University. Resolutions of love and respect from the Trustees and Faculty of the University were then read. These were followed by an eloquent tribute from an Alumnus of the University, Dr. Edwin H. Lewis of Chicago. The services were particularly tender as all who took part in them knew and loved Mrs. Allen,

It is our privilege and pleasure to give Dr. Lewis' tribute in full as it seems to comprehend what all the speakers said and what we all feel:

## TRIBUTE

DEAR FRIENDS:

When the sweet Psalmist of Israel felt praise of God welling up in his heart, he would repeat and repeat the same thought in various words. This is what we do when our feelings are too deep for easy speech. And the little that I shall say of Mother Allen is but a repetition of what has been said; only it is a pleasure and a joy to say again what has been said.

There is a Persian figure of speech which likens the soul to a falcon imprisoned in a cage. Surely that metaphor was never truer than in the case of this great and saintly soul whose body lies here to-day. That body was but

" the bars

That kept her spirit from the stars."

And now the bird has been let loose in eastern skies, and when we think of this glad release we cannot, at first, help fancying the strong, unfettered, upward flight of one who was so long a prisoner of this clay. Yet there is another side to that picture. Mother Allen was never known to leave any person lonely if she could help it. Who knows but that she still lingers near us, "the sweet presence of a good diffused" in all our hearts! I remember how, two years after

President Allen's death, I said to her, "You must be lonely." Her face, which was always so serious, even sad, in repose, looked up at me in surprise. "Why," she said, "he is here with me all the time, every hour," and there dawned upon her face that rare smile which we all know so well. And we may be sure that whether here or in the unspeakable joy of heaven, she does not forget her children nor those many others who loved to call her mother.

Hers was a great soul, Her views of life were large, broad, deep. Her interests were lofty, ideal interests. She joined herself heart and hand with great causes in the struggle for right, and she watched with profound interest the progress of truth in the vast world. It is a striking fact that her old friend and fellow laborer in the cause of equal rights for women, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, should have died on the same day with Mrs. Allen. In that struggle for woman suffrage as in many other great battles for humanity, Mrs. Allen saw the hand of God. Her faith was clear eyed and perfect. No matter what obstacles stood in the way. God's truth was and will be forever marching on. Her greatness of soul lay not only in her broad interests, but in her strength of will and spirit. Who could gaze on that frail body at any time in the last twenty years and not feel that the body was kept alive by the soul that burned within it. No clearer illustration could be found of the command which the spirit may exercise over matter.

But hers was not merely a great soul; it was sweet, gentle, saintly. She loved her race. She hated no man or woman. She was generous to a fault. She had a gift, a very genius, for friendship. If all the old students whose hearts she has cheered could be with us to-day no room in Alfred would contain a tithe of them. In sickness and in health they were her children, and her great motherly heart loved them as her own. No wonder that they call her Mother Allen. Sometimes it seemed to a timid, obscure student that it was impossible Mrs. Allen could take a genuine interest in him, but when he had passed through college, and become an alumnus, and had long been absent from old Alfred in the thick of the world's struggles, he would find that he was still remembered. I doubt if Mrs. Allen ever forgot an old student.

And they in turn have not forgotten her. She lives again in many a life. There was one noticeable thing about Mrs. Allen's friendship for young people—she always treated them as capable of great and noble things. That was because she felt that we are all God's children. She spoke directly to the best that is in us. She assumed that we had high aims. She believed in us, and that made us believe in ourselves. She was one of the few persons who could go to you directly and talk to you about eternal things—the eternal welfare of your spiritual nature, without giving offence. I could at this moment repeat many things of this sort

which she has said to me at different times in the last twenty-five years. And there was never a time when those sayings were not welcome in my ears. Such is the experience of many an old student.

And how beautiful was her own religious life! How steadfastly she kept her faith in her Savior! How serenely she looked forward to the future!

"I know not where his islands lift  
Their ironed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

And now she is gone into the world of light. She has been welcomed by the outstretched, transfigured hands of her husband. We shall never know how much President Allen owed to her cheerful optimism that never failed him in those long, hard years of labor. We cannot know yet what their new, united life will be in that Beyond; but we know that it will be a life of activity without weariness, a life, we believe, that will help to sway the growing life of man. One thing we may be sure of—her thirst for beauty will be assuaged; she will study art at the feet of the great artist—him who shaped the pure petals of these white flowers laid here by loving hands. And may we share her faith in God's goodness and look forward to our death as joyfully as she.



"Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.  
  
But such a tide as moving seems a sleep  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark.  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.  
  
For though from out our bourne of time and space  
The flood should bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face,  
When I have crossed the bar."

It was the request of Mrs. Allen, some months before she died, that Prof. A. B. Kenyon should attend to the cremation of her body. After the services the remains accompanied by Prof. Alfred Allen and Prof. Kenyon were taken to Buffalo for incineration. A brief service was held at the Crematory.

Her ashes have been placed with those of President Allen in the Allen Steinheim Museum, a building for which President and Mrs. Allen planned and sacrificed for years that they might leave a valuable museum to the University they loved. A more fitting monument could not be erected. But not stone or marble shall endure longer than the influence of such consecrated lives.