

The
Beauty
of
Holiness

A decorative horizontal flourish with a sunburst or starburst design in the center, flanked by curved lines that extend downwards into the author's name.

McLaughlin

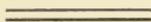
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The Beauty of Holiness

As Exemplified in the Life of
Mrs. Mary E. McLaughlin

BY

GEORGE ASBURY
REV. G. A. McLAUGHLIN
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THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS CO.
CHICAGO AND BOSTON



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"Gather my saints together unto me; those who
have made a covenant with me by sacrifice."

—Psalms 50, 5.

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, and in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues".

—George Elliot.

Still o'er the scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

—Robert Burns.



Mrs. Mary E. McLaughlin.



Rev. G. A. McLaughlin.

PREFACE.

We have no desire to parade our grief or lay bare to the world the sorrows of a bleeding heart. But there has been such uniform testimony to this holy life that has lately gone from us, that we feel that this Memorial is public property. Were it simply the tribute of her husband, it might be thought to be colored, and overdrawn by that charity that in death forgets sins and errors. But we give the unbiased testimony of those who knew her.

God sets such saints in every generation as street lights to guide us home to heaven. Their character belongs to the saints at large and they have a right to know about it. It is proved in this book that a holy life is possible in this sinful world. Such character is given for the encouragement of the saints, a stimulus to the careless and an admonition to the rebellious.

This book is a preacher of the great truth, that a timid, retiring woman, when wholly consecrated to God can be a power for the up-building of His kingdom.

May God raise up many daughters of Zion to take her place!

Another great truth taught here is that God makes no mistakes. Some have asked us (in public assembly too) why one so useful was taken away. We believe that God intends that the very death of such shall work as much good as their life. The public Memorial Hall that is to be erected in connection with the Training School to her memory will accomplish great things in the training of young people for Christian work. While that fund is being raised (as we believe it will be) and thereafter she will still be working and preaching "Holiness to the Lord". "Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. The day of their death is better than the day of their birth."

G. A. McLAUGHLIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

“Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.”
Psalms 96:9.

“Yet far above the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where thou hast said
The pure in heart shall enter in.
There, in those realms so calmly bright,
How many a loved and holy one
Bathe their pure souls in living light,
That sparkles from thy radiant throne.”

Holy character will always be at a premium in this sinful world. Men will sooner or later pay reverence to holy living. God has put into the human heart a demand for holy character. Conscience tells man that he ought to be right; and holiness is nothing more nor less than being right. No man will ever be satisfied until he is right and every man measures his brother man by the same standard. Other-

wise there would be no such thing as criticism of the faults and foibles of our neighbors. God has put in the human heart this demand and has therefore made a religion that will make man holy, a necessity. The various religions of the world are man's attempts to obtain the holiness of heart that conscience tells him he needs. We do not mean, that technically men desire holiness, but practically they feel their need and seek to supply it. Many are seeking this holy water from broken cisterns, simply because they have not found the living spring. They have the thirst, even if they can not define it.

Holy character is so great, so rare and so wonderful in this world that as sure as it exists, it can not be concealed. Like the ointment which the woman poured upon Jesus, its fragrance will betray its presence. It was said of Jesus while on earth that "He could not be hid". The same may be as truly said today of those who are like Jesus. The greatest miracle of Christianity was not anything that Jesus did on earth, but it was Jesus, himself. Who could imagine such a life as he lived or invent such a character. He has exerted greater influence upon the world than any character of history, and is better known than any one

that ever walked the earth. Mankind are still admiring his wonderful life. Every possible hindrance and obstacle was put in the way to hide him. Born in obscurity, a son of toil, without money, house or lands; without the education of the great schools of his day; without influence with those in high places; having neither army nor navy; misunderstood by friends, persecuted by his enemies, punished as the worst of criminals; hooted by a whole nation when he died, yet his gentle, holy character has shone forth upon the world like the morning sun as it brushes away the clouds that would obscure its glory.

It is just so with his saints. Those who have entered into the fullness of His blessing can not be hid, no matter where they live or what may be their surroundings. The world will surely find them, however strenuously men may seek to suppress or conceal their influence. Put a Spirit filled man in the wilderness like John the Baptist, and men will find it out and flock to him, to hang on his utterances. A timid, retiring woman gets fire from heaven and becomes the mother of the Salvation Army and wields a scepter over the hearts of multitudes such as no monarch ever possessed. A discouraged, bereaved and rebellious woman in New

York City is shown how to cast her burdens on Christ, and plainly rebuked for the sin of rebelling against the providential dealings of God and after a struggle commits herself entirely to God, receiving the fullness of his salvation and in spite of her great poverty and unfavorable surroundings becomes a spiritual center surpassed by none of her generation. For fifty years a helpless bed-ridden invalid, Bella Cooke lives to testify to the cleansing power of the blood of Christ and multitudes are irresistibly attracted to her bedside and hundreds go there to find pardon for their sins and cleansing from their sinful nature. These saints of God had nothing in their "environment" to attract the world. It was the Christ life in them that could not be hid.

The subject of this memoir was a sample of this truth. That such an influence should have been exerted by so quiet, humble and unassuming a character magnifies the grace of God, which possessed her whole being. She never aspired to be great; never thought that her life would be held up as an example. But real goodness is real greatness. And is there anything greater than goodness? Paul says of goodness that it is greater than gifts, tongues, manifestations and marvels. And yet

men are seeking many of these gifts that they never can have, and neglecting the great gift of perfect love that all may have. The only thing that we can carry into the next world is our character, and if that character is holy, is it not the greatest thing in the world? Holy character is the greatest commodity that this world can furnish for the coronation Day of the King of Kings.

On the fly leaf of the copy of the New Testament usually carried by Mrs. McLaughlin, the subject of this memoir, are these words of Thomas Carlyle, written in her own handwriting, "Think of living, for wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, thy life is no idle dream. It is thine own. It is all that thou hast to face eternity with". Under these lines she wrote in lead pencil, "GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD DISAPPOINT THEE." Did she disappoint him? In portraying this life, we shall make no attempt to color the sketch by rhetoric but give the simple facts, illustrating the possibility of a holy life in this world.



Mary E. Henshaw. At age of 18.

CHAPTER II.

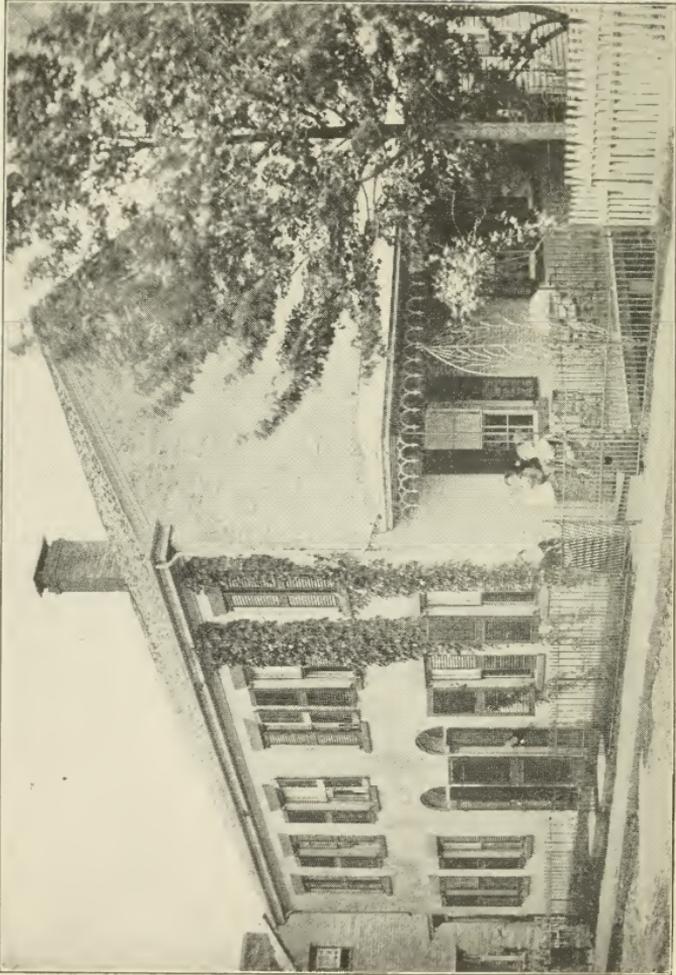
PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

"A time to be born." Ecclesiastes 3:2.

"Our cradle is the starting place
In life: we run the onward race
And reach the goal,
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leads to its eternal rest
The weary soul."

Early associations and training have much to do with the future character. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," is the rule that usually holds good. Those children who come into life with unfavorable surroundings are handicapped at the start.

It is therefore with interest when we read the biography of those who have finished the course of life, that we seek to know their ancestry and the associations of their early



Birth Place, Middletown, Conn.

years. We want to know how and what were the agencies that moulded their lives. We like, if possible, to trace effects to their causes in the formation of character.

Mary Ella Henshaw, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Middletown, Conn., June 9, 1852.

She was of pious ancestry. Her grandfather, on her father's side, was a cousin of Bishop Henshaw of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese of Rhode Island. Her grandfather on her mother's side was a very pious Methodist layman of Middletown, by the name of Caleb Miller, who in those days when Methodism was unpopular, endured reproach for the sake of the cause of God. His house was in constant use for the worship of God. Here the prayers, songs and shouts of the saints of God arose to heaven in the weekly prayer and class meetings. It was old fashioned Methodism, with its happy, exultant features that had much to do with the moulding of the character of her mother. Her grandfather Miller was well named Caleb. Those who knew him best gave him the scriptural term "Salt of the Earth" as a title, on account of his genuine character. We have heard the

unconverted speak of his holy life years after his death.

Her father, John R. Henshaw, was once soundly converted, but became discouraged by the unholy conduct of certain of the ministry. He was a magnanimous, large hearted man, such as we have rarely met. From him she inherited these same qualities. From her mother, who still lingers on the shores of time, she inherited a remarkably serene disposition. There were eight children. The three sons died in infancy, Mary was the oldest of the five daughters.

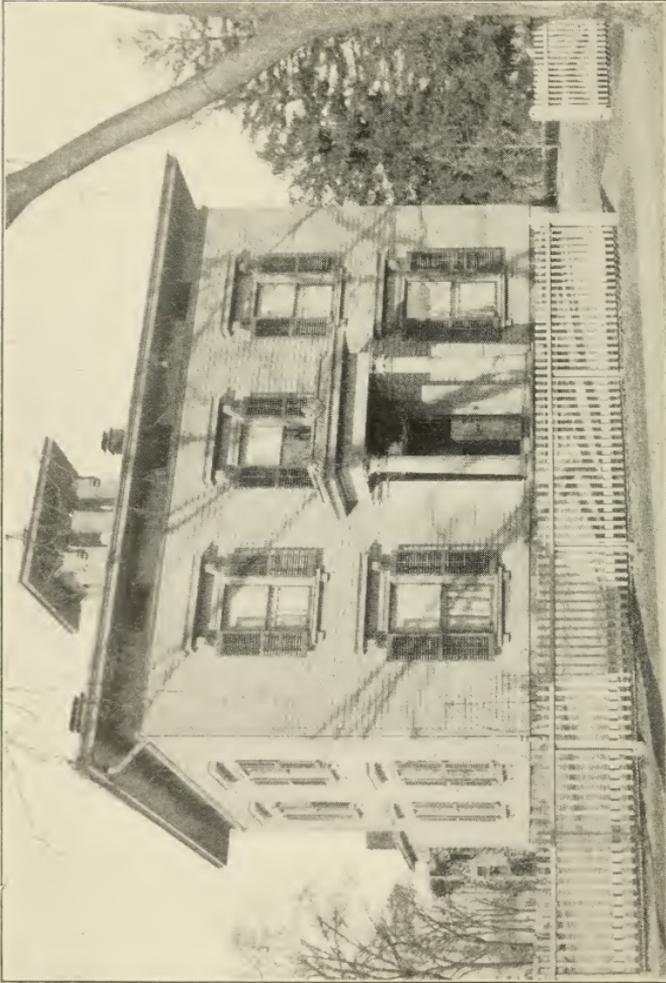
Middletown, Conn., her birth place, is a quiet little city on the banks of the Connecticut river, about twenty-five miles from Long Island Sound. It is remarkable for its beautiful surroundings. Connecticut has been called the land of steady habits and this fair city that has produced so many staunch, honest characters is an illustration of the character of the state, which has merited that name.

Another and perhaps the chief attraction of the city is the fact that it is the seat of Wesleyan University, a college that has had more to do with the moulding of American Methodism than all others. Here the sainted Wilbur Fiske and the polished pulpit orator,

Stephen Olin flourished and gave their personality to the city as well as early American Methodism. This institution has furnished more college presidents from its alumni than any other college in America.

The college and the town have mingled socially a great deal in the past, (perhaps more so in the past than today) to the mutual benefit of both. Many of the alumni have found their life companions here.

It was amid these surroundings, with a pious home training and regular attendance upon Sunday School and church that she spent a remarkably joyous unclouded childhood loved by all who knew her.



Parental Home, New Haven, Conn.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION AND CHRISTIAN NURTURE.

"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken from her."
Luke 10:42.

"Lord how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin,
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

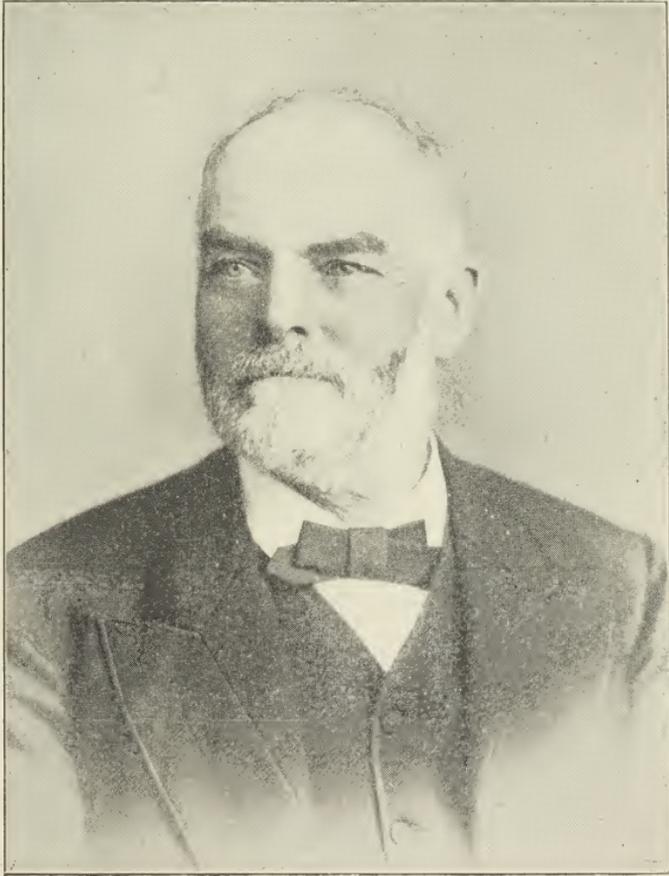
The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight."

At the age of sixteen came that great crisis in her life which is called conversion. It was just when old fashioned Methodism was fading out. There were some of the old time Methodists still lingering, awaiting the final summons, whose voices were still heard in the social meetings of the church of her attendance. She was fortunate enough to have this influence brought to bear somewhat on her life. We say fortunate, for there have never been such influences calculated to convict the sinner and stimulate the young convert in the history of the church of America. These saints would be considered out of place today in many of the churches of Methodism. Their shouts and rejoicing in their worship would be a source of wonderment to many of the followers marshalled under the Methodist banner of today. But the reason that they shouted was they had something worthy of their rejoicing. They **knew** their sins were forgiven and their names written on the family register on high. Salvation was as real to them as their own existence. They got happy between the Sun-



John R. Henshaw.



Mrs. Irene W. Henshaw.

days, and when they were not in the house of God. These formed the "thundering legion" of Methodism to whom God gave victory. They had revivals of religion which were not sung up or planned by program and committee but were prayed down from heaven.

It was in such a revival as this that the subject of this sketch was converted. She was a member of the Sunday School class of Mrs. J. H. Knowles, wife of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown. Mrs. Knowles is a prominent member of the Executive Board of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church and has been quite a prominent writer for many years for the Sunday School literature of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This good woman little knew what a stream of influence she was directing in the right channel, when she persuaded this young woman to give her heart to God.

During a revival in progress in the church and neighborhood, Mrs. Knowles was much burdened for the salvation of her class of young ladies. Miss Henshaw was at this time, much attracted by the skating rink, which was a new thing in that day. Although it had not then become the sink of iniquity that it is to-

day, yet it distracted and took away the attention of the young people from the revival, as it was close to the church. Her godly teacher persuaded her away from it and under the influences of the revival she gave her heart to God.

She was clearly and powerfully converted. It was not a passing emotion, or simply joining the church, but a radical regeneration of her nature. This honest hearted young woman gave herself to her Saviour with her whole heart and she looked back all her life with satisfaction to that hour as the time of a real change in her nature. Satan never thought it worth his efforts to endeavor to persuade her that she was not converted at that time. It would have been a waste of his time and effort. She had some opposition in her early Christian life, but she never wavered in her devotion and loyalty to Christ.

Mrs. Rev. B. S. Taylor, who was one of the members of this Sunday School class, writes, "How well I remember away back in the years, when she came to our Sunday School class, a week after her conversion, and told our teacher, Mrs. Knowles, that the grass looked greener, the sky bluer and everything looked brighter than before. To her new vision, all

nature put on a different dress, and I looked at her with much of awe, and wished and longed for the same experience. Thus in the very beginning of her Christian life, she exerted an unconscious influence for good, which has increased with the years, until her entrance into heaven must have been so abundant, and her crown so brilliant with stars, and the welcome from the Saviour's loving eyes so full of approval, that we could not wish her back."

We reprint an article from *The Sunday School Teacher's Journal* of 1871 by Mrs. Knowles, concerning her Sunday School class, of which Mrs. McLaughlin was at that time a member.

There it is over before me—the group of eight bright girls that in some mysterious way have become woven into the tapestry of my heart. I remember well the day the picture came into my possession; one of the days when sunshine and cloud alternate with occasional showers, spiritually speaking. In the midst of packing away my earthly all, preparatory to "moving" from the Church of our love to a new and untried field, suddenly in my presence stood the eight loving girls whose smiles had greeted me during the Sabbaths of nearly three years. Then one, delegated to speak for all, with a sudden movement drew from under her cloak this silent group.

She essayed to speak, but only tears could ex-

press the language of the heart, and speeches were left for some time when the heart had less to say.

Time has passed since then, but my eyes never turn to that picture without the same heart-throb that came with its first appearance. Not simply because I knew them well and loved them but because my soul had travailed for them in agony before God.

They are equally divided, and so they stand in the picture. Four yielded, ere we parted, to the Spirit's power, and gave their hearts to Jesus; four waited still by the very edge of the pool of healing, and I left them with a prayer.

I gaze on their silent faces on the wall ever with a prayer. My soul seems knit to theirs by a strong, mysterious bond, and I shall wonder as at something passing strange if I fail to meet them every one in heaven.

Such is the tender union between the teacher and the class when the Spirit makes intercession within us for them. Ties like this are severed not by distance or by death. Christian teacher, here is your power. Carry your class upon your heart to Jesus, and he who seeth in secret shall reward you openly by giving you influence over them that shall surprise even yourself.

During the next seven years she was fortunately—no we do not like the word, it sounds too much like chance. There is no such thing as chance. Everything is under the eye of God. She was **providentially** placed under the watchcare of Mrs. C. S. Harrington, who

had a Friday afternoon class for young ladies. Mrs. Harrington, who still lives at an advanced age, was the wife of the late Professor Harrington of sainted memory, who for so many years exerted a holy influence over the students of Wesleyan University, whose saintliness was so apparent that he was called the "Professor of Religion." This couple were like Zacharias and Elizabeth walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. They helped shape a generation of young men and women.

Mrs. McLaughlin always felt indebted to this godly woman and always considered it a pleasure to visit her in after years.

During these years her determination to serve Christ grew stronger.



Mary E. Henshaw. At age of 20.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE AND THE ITINERANCY.

"For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife and they twain shall be one flesh." Matthew 19:5.

"What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows."

Jesus said of those who are really joined in heart by the marriage bond, "They twain shall be one flesh". No one can really understand this saying until the bond is broken by death. When we lose a child or parent, a brother or sister, it is like tearing away the prop on which the vine rests and clings with its tendrils. But when the partner of life is

taken it is like tearing away a large part of the vine to leave the other part to bleed and perhaps die. Then we understand that Jesus said truly, "They twain shall be one flesh". It is then a question whether the remaining part of the vine can survive the shock.

October 27, 1875, she was married to Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, a graduate of the class of 1873 of Wesleyan University, who was, in a revival meeting attracted by that face which has been a benediction to thousands. On the day of her marriage she became a pastor's wife. As the bridal party drove to the railway station to take the train for their Northern home, they were greeted on the depot platform by the late Bishop Gilbert Haven, who said to her, "I congratulate you on having arrived at the highest station in life to which a woman ever attains—to be the wife of a Methodist preacher." This was, no doubt, exaggerated as far as denominationalism is concerned, but what higher station is there for a woman than to be a true pastor's wife and

"Watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls who must forever dwell
In happiness or woe."

Bishop Haven was at that time a widower.

He never recovered from the awful blow that took from him his Mary. He was a saddened man all the rest of his days. We have wondered all these years how he must have felt that October afternoon, as he saw this bride, Mary in all her sweetness. We know now, how he felt. We too have joined the great Fraternity of The Sons and Daughters of Tribulation.

She shared with her husband the toils, hardships and triumphs of the itinerancy in the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

For sixteen years they occupied the pastorate in Franklin Falls, Whitefield, Littleton, Laconia and Exeter in New Hampshire and Haverhill in the state of Massachusetts. Two children were born into their home. The eldest is the wife of a member of the North Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the younger is the wife of a business man of Chicago and resided with her mother at the time of her death.

In 1890 her husband became one of the editors of **The Christian Witness** and as a result the family moved to Evanston in order at the same time to educate their daughters

and open a branch office of **The Christian Witness** in the adjoining city of Chicago.

While in the pastorate she exerted a wide influence in the salvation of young people in whom she was greatly interested. Exceedingly modest and retiring in her disposition she grew upon the love of the people gradually. There was not much thought or attention given to her by the people usually in the first year of their pastorate. But when the time for departure, the third year, came, she had the people captive and such scenes of sorrow at parting we have never since seen. Her sunshine melted away all reserve and made warm friends everywhere. In every place they had revivals of religion in which souls were saved and it was her joy to lead seekers, especially young people to the altar.

Their wedded life was a happy one. The unusual sweetness of her sunshiny life was just as real and clear in private as in public. Her home was the happiest spot to her on earth. Her husband and children never heard her speak a cross or unkind word in all the years. The influence of that happy home goes on forever.

CHAPTER V.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

"This is the will of God, your sanctification." 1
Thess. 4:3.

"What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

I wait till he shall touch me clean
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And 'Lo,' he said, 'I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.'

Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin
My heart would now receive thee, Lord
Come in, my Lord, come in."

So sang Charles Wesley and so do all

genuine Methodists feel. If we were to omit in this sketch, the narration of her experience of entire sanctification we should be doing her memory an injustice as well as doing violence to the truth. This experience was the secret of her life of sweetness and usefulness. It was the great theme of her life and it was her great delight to seek to advance the cause of holiness. For this she labored beyond her strength many times. It was an experience that flooded her whole being and made it luminous.

It is one the great manifestations of Satanic strategy to make this central doctrine of the Bible and culmination of salvation, unpopular and distasteful to the majority of Christians. In this Satan shows profound wisdom. For this experience makes its possessor at his best for the glorifying of God. Hence the Enemy pushes some whom he can not restrain into fanaticism, in order to frighten away others. He frightens others by the opposition and persecution that they meet, and makes this pearl of Great Price very unpopular in this world. Nevertheless it is possible to obtain this grace and besides it will be at a premium when the world is on fire.

While in their pastorate at Littleton, N. H., in 1880 sister McLaughlin was brought very

near death's door, by a sickness whose effects followed her the rest of her days and brought her much suffering all through her after life. But God, who always does the best for us, raised her up for nearly thirty years of service in the vineyard. How we thank God for those thirty years!

At this time she came down close to the borderland of the other world and she never forgot the lessons of that hour. She had time to think and to examine her Christian life and she said, that she found many defects there. She saw that she had but little fruitage in her Christian life, compared with what she should have. This developed a seriousness of purpose that never left her, but grew more intense up to her dying day, and made her life a blessing to others and a factor in the upbuilding of the kingdom of Jesus.

Their next field was Haverhill, Mass., in the pastorate of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, an appointment within the bounds of the New Hampshire Conference.

Here her husband, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, came into, professed and began to preach the doctrine and experience of Entire Sanctification, the fundamental, much neglected doctrine of Methodism. The work

began to develop in this and also the neighboring Methodist church, making these two churches like a well watered garden. Sinners were constantly being saved and believers sanctified.

In January, 1885, her husband called a holiness convention in their church for four days. The Holy Spirit was so wonderfully poured out in those four days that the meeting ran on, for eleven weeks. It was impossible in those first 4 days to do much preaching, because the power of God was so upon the people. In that convention one hundred and fifty of the membership professed the experience of entire sanctification and fifty of the adjoining church with their pastor Rev. C. J. Fowler, now president of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness.

She discovered at this time that the lack in her experience, which she had felt on her sick bed could be supplied by the grace of entire sanctification. She now saw her need and the remedy. She was not backslidden, but she saw in her inner nature that which was not in harmony with the will of God. She had shrunk from duty. When in after years the one who knew her best said, "I can not see that you needed anything more", she replied, "But I

knew what was in my heart". As pastor's wife, she was dissatisfied with her timidity in the performance of duty. Now she sought to consecrate herself entirely to the Lord. But how could she, a pastor's wife, go to the altar? It was revolting to her pride. How could she admit that she was not all right, as she was? The old nature asserted itself. She also faced the question of public prayer in the social meetings. She felt it to be her duty, but it seemed impossible and so the battle raged for a whole day. Her husband was distressed. It seemed to him as that she would die. He said, "I do not see why you should feel so badly." Old nature was dying. As the day closed the victory was won. The consecration was made complete. All was laid upon the altar. The fire fell, and the quiet little woman was ready for duty, and we do not know that she ever flinched from that hour. From that day under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness that spiritual nature unfolded like a bud of June under the rays of the natural sun. She grew sweeter and sweeter every year. No one could deny it. Her experience of perfect love to God, reached out to every body and became perfect love to man indeed. From house to house in Chicago: in the mission work, in

camp-meetings, on the cars, she improved her opportunities to win souls for Jesus, and to hold him up as a complete Saviour from all sin.

She maintained an uncompromising testimony to the efficacy of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, up to the day of her death. The last Sunday of her life in the class meeting she testified that God had years before cleansed her heart from all sin as a definite second work of grace.

She rests from her labors, but her works are following her. When we have recently stopped to see what she did, we are astonished at the varied field of activity that she cultivated. It was going on all so quietly that we did not realize it. There was no flourishing of trumpets. It was done so quietly that it amazes us to see what she did. How one little frail body, weighing less than one hundred pounds avoirdupois, hampered with physical weakness, that brought hours and days of weakness, and much pain, could find strength for so many activities is marvellous indeed.

As an evidence of her great zeal for souls that began the day she was sanctified wholly we quote a few extracts from her private diary. This journal was almost wholly given up to spiritual things. We find such entries as this,

“Attended church in the A. M.; bible class in the P. M., and revival services in the evening; helped a soul at the altar”. Again, “I spent the afternoon making calls on Western avenue; made 24 calls; found eight denominations in two blocks.” Again, “went to the Mission with T. T. and E. J. The latter went to the altar and was sanctified and her face shone”. Again, “Went to the open air meeting and stopped to pray afterwards with a young man and young woman.” Again, “I went out calling this afternoon in this street, made eight calls; found many non-church goers. How my heart ached for those poor souls, who have no hope, no interest in salvation”. Again, “Called on Mrs. ———, talked and prayed with her. I hope she may accept Christ”. Again, “I had the pleasure of leading to the altar Miss C. from the north side, whom I believe was richly blessed.” Again, “Went to the mission at three o’clock. Bro Winters preached on ‘Life and Life abundant’. Good sermon. I can not be satisfied, **only with the abundant life**. This I must have continually and bless God, it is my privilege, for he waits to give it to whosoever will. **I will, Amen**”.

Again, “In the office and at home today. So many reports coming in. The work of the

Witness is crowding me. God help me to do my work so it will be pleasing to him”.

We have no room for further quotations from her diary. She was always at it, seeking to bring the people to her Lord.

Her Sunday School work was especially owned of God. In the years when domestic duties did not prevent, she had large classes of young ladies, just budding into womanhood and rarely in any of the pastorates did she leave a class without seeing them all converted. She was never more in her element than when she was among the young urging them to decide for Christ.

On the subject of Foreign Missions she was an enthusiast. She started one local auxiliary and was president of several others, while in the pastorate. She studied the subject a great deal and was better posted on the missionary news than most of the preachers, some of whom she was able to give information on the subject. A young lady in one community where she had established a missionary auxiliary society, who could see nothing in Foreign Missions worth considering, received the blessing of a clean heart in the meetings of the church. She at once felt a desire to unite with the missionary society. Under

Sister McLaughlin's training the missionary spirit became stronger and stronger in her purpose, until she felt that she must go to the Deaconess Home in Chicago. She was the first graduate of that school. Her portrait adorns the frontispiece of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer's book on Deaconess work. The young lady has been in China for about twenty years, doing a grand work. She called Sister McLaughlin her "Little Mother" and will acknowledge her early missionary training was received from this "Little Mother". One day, two years ago, Sister McLaughlin was surprised to have sent to her a girl right from Turkey, whom a missionary had forwarded to her to educate. It was indeed a surprise. It was decided that it was providential and the girl was taken into her large heart. She has loved and cared for her as if she was a daughter. The young lady has been in Central Holiness University for two years and is preparing to return to Turkey to tell the people about Jesus. We wonder what godly woman can be found to take this sweet, sanctified, bright girl and be a mother to her?

She was supporting a Chinese girl in a school in China also at the time of her death.

For several years she held a weekly holi-

ness meeting in her home at Evanston. When the house had been bought and a small sum paid upon it, the source from which the balance of the money was to come, failed and the matter was a serious embarrassment to herself and husband. "Never mind," she said, "all I want a house for anyway is to hold holiness meetings in". In this weekly meeting for years students from the Northwestern University met and were sanctified, helped and strengthened. Many owe their experience and anointing for their ministerial labors to that Friday night meeting. The meeting was discontinued because of her ill health.

For several years she was the class leader of Wheadon Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Ill., meeting the class every Sunday morning.

But the great feature of her work was the editing of **The Christian Witness**, which she did for about fourteen years, while her husband was in the evangelistic field. She went beyond her strength many times in this careful, painstaking work. She retired from the work on the insistence of her husband, who saw that it was too great a task for her strength. She retired only to give her time of the last two years of her life more entirely

to personal work. Much of the time of the last two years of her life she was in the evangelistic work with her husband, especially in the camp meeting season.

She was a constant attendant upon the all day Friday meetings of the West Side Pentecostal Mission in Chicago (for the past seven years of her life were spent in Chicago.) In the Pentecostal Mission, we can now see that she was ripening for heaven. Those who were there especially the last two months of her life tell of the wonderful testimonies and marvellous prayers of intercession that she offered. Her zeal for God was unflagging and lasted as long as her breath. The writer remembers a camp meeting which she was privileged to attend in Indiana. She had not been permitted to attend a camp meeting for several years and she improved all the time in work for Jesus. On the last Sunday she was at it all day long. She began in the nine o'clock meeting; kept busy leading strong men to the altar in the altar service, after the forenoon service; stayed by them and kept at it all through the noon hour, not stopping to eat; was at it after the afternoon service, talking and praying and exhorting in personal work until her husband about 5 o'clock, knowing the

frail condition of her body, begged her to come and get some rest. As she assented and left the place she said, "I do not often get such a chance."

Entire Sanctification, that central doctrine of the Bible, so much misunderstood by the majority of people, often caricatured and frequently abused by so many, was beautifully exemplified in her life. It was the center of her whole activity, and the source of all her usefulness. One of the current misapprehensions about it is, that it makes a person narrow, one-sided and lop-sided. This is one of the bug-bears that Satan has invented to frighten people away from the very experience which gives symmetrical development of the whole nature. Those who make this assertion simply betray their ignorance. Holiness is beauty. We are commanded to "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." It is hard to define beauty. It might be defined as the aggregate of qualities so arranged as to please the senses. For instance, there is a beauty that is pleasing to the eye. It consists in a harmonious arrangement of qualities that please the eye. Beautiful music is a harmonious arrangement of sounds that are pleasing to the ear. Moral beauty is a har-

monious combination of moral qualities in a person that is pleasing to the moral sense. The beauty of holiness is that combination of qualities which is pleasing to spiritual people. She was an example of the beauty of holiness. Such beauty is deeper than the words and acts of the individual. It is in the personality. While it tinctures the words and actions, it is more. It is like an atmosphere. It is the person projecting themselves upon us while we are in their presence. To see such people and be in their presence makes us desire to be good even if we do not hear a word that they say. It glows on the countenance. It is in the intonation of the voice and is beyond definition. Her children and husband testify that they never heard a cross or unkind word from her lips. More than that, she not only did not talk slander, but she could not bear to hear it and rebuked those of her family who were tempted along that line and went with reluctance where she was obliged to hear it. She would not allow harsh criticism in her house. It was uncongenial to her nature. Sweetness and meekness were in her very looks and won all hearts. This was the reason that on the day of her funeral Jews and Catholics as well as Protestants helped swell



At age of 27.

the throng that crowded the church. They knew her sweetness of spirit. It betrayed itself on her countenance always. And it was ever the same in private as well as in public.

It is frequently said that those who profess the grace of entire sanctification do not believe in growth in grace and that such an experience makes growth in grace an impossibility and unnecessary. This is one of the many objections that reveal the ignorance of those who make it. The fact is when the heart is made pure the hindrances to growth are removed like weeds from a cultivated field and the soul is put in the best condition for growth in grace. This is the reason that when the Bible speaks of growth in grace it mentions it immediately after heart purity, because the growth is then more substantial. This was true in her case. You would have said so, if you could have seen her ripen during these years after she was sanctified! As we look back, we can see it. We can see the unfolding of faith, courage and hope that never wavered, as well as the yearly increase of her good works. The sweetness of the last year of her life suggests to us the atmosphere of heaven.

She bore reproach for the cause of holiness which she professed and advocated. When

she was removed from the leadership of the class meeting, because she "talked holiness so much," they said, "she never uttered a word of bitterness." She continued to attend under the new leader until the class meeting died. The class meeting lasted just three weeks after she was deposed and she was the only one there with the leader at the last meeting when it died. The preacher, who deposed her, lived to see the day when he found that she was his best friend when others had turned against him.

The beautiful experience of holiness gave her a genuine love that went out for all mankind. She never had to try to take the whole world into her heart and sympathy. It, through divine nature, had become second nature and her heart went out to a sinful, sorrowing world as naturally as a rose sends out its perfume. She did not have to try to be what she was, it was the natural expression of her life.

Her benevolence not only went out after others, but she sought to help others. She sent for a sum of money that had been given to her, in the East and deposited it in the bank a little before her sickness, so that she might have something always on hand to

give to others. Her faith was complete ever since the day that God sanctified her. The testimony, that we have often heard her give, was, "I used to be a great case to worry, but the Lord has so saved me that I can not worry." The companion of her life says, he never knew her to worry. There was not a line of worry on her countenance. Her face kept young. The placidity of her countenance was such that many thought that she was twenty years younger than she was. When the business of the **Christian Witness** was in a very precarious condition and it seemed that it must become bankrupt, with her husband she prayed several nights and then they left it all in God's hands and notwithstanding her money was invested in it, she said, "Lord, we have put this money for thy glory, in this paper and if thou dost will to have it go down, we will not worry about it". God began that very minute to unravel the complications. The cause of holiness will never know how much it owes to this woman of God.

But was her type of character that sweetish, sickish sentimental thing that some people imagine? That spineless, jelly-fish arrangement that smiles upon sin and obliterates all moral distinctions, and says, "Yes, yes" to

everything and every body, good, bad and indifferent? By no means. She was as firm as sweet. She never feared to face any one in the interests of truth and righteousness. This sweetish sentimentality is a caricature of holiness. Real holiness is as sweet as heaven and at the same time as searching and scorching as fire.

It is of the most radical nature as seen in Jesus, the great Exemplar of holiness, who drove out the buyers and sellers from his Father's house and who denounced Phariseeism in uncompromising terms. She took an uncompromising stand many times when it cost something to do it. When asked by a pastor some fifteen years ago to take charge of a table at a church festival, she mildly and kindly refused. Argument and severe reproach failed to move her from her purpose. More than that, she gave her reasons against it in her sweet way. When she was elected president of the Foreign Missionary Auxiliary she declined the honor, giving as her reason that she could not conscientiously direct the methods in vogue for raising the money. This was a great trial for her to be obliged to differ from her sisters. But she was firm.

She was always resolute in her advocacy of

holiness and unflinchingly stood for the truth of the cause which she loved and for which she was prepared to sacrifice. When its enemies were raging hard and some who had been counted its friends, had apparently given it the cold shoulder, she said to her husband when he was hesitating to leave her alone to take the field, "Go, some one ought to go and defend the truth." At other times, when he hesitated to leave her, she said, "Do your duty, I have never and I never will stand between you and your duty." We never knew her to deviate from the straight line of duty.



At age of 38.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST DAYS.

“But I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, concerning those which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him..... Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”
1 Thess. 4:13, 14, 18.

“There is no death: what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is like a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the choice of our affection,—
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our protection,
But Christ himself doth rule.

In that grand cloister’s stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin’s pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.”

The last days have to come. There must

be a last time when we look upon our loved ones and say farewell. There is no escape. God has higher and better work for the pure in heart in another world, and when he has ripened them, then he calls them home. It is like graduation into a higher school. He is the judge and not we, as to the time of their graduation. During the last two months of her life, heaven seemed to have projected its atmosphere into the home and surrounded her in a way unrecognized by us. We hardly knew then, but can see now why her husband wanted her constantly by his side when at his work. In all the 34 years of their wedded life he had never been so attracted by her. He understands it now. Her lovely character was merging into the heavenly glory.

At the Pentecostal mission in the Friday All Day Meetings, she was giving the most wonderful testimonies of her life. The saints were saying, Sister McLaughlin is getting a rich experience. Her talk one recent Friday on John 17 will never be forgotten, so they tell us. She told them about Jesus lifting up his eyes to heaven and remarked that he must have seen something precious there, and went on to tell what we would see if we looked more

to heaven. The discourse made a great impression.

Her prayers of intercession before retiring at night were wonderful. She seemed to take everybody in the arms of her love and bear them to the throne of grace. She would hold on and pray for every one, whom she knew was in trouble or needed salvation, even if her acquaintance with them was limited. We were amazed as she kept increasing the number of subjects of her prayer, until her prayers became of great length.

At this time the church of which she was a member (Western Ave. M. E. Church of Chicago) commenced a series of meetings. She was much in prayer for the meetings, and on hand as often as her strength would permit. During the last week she had a severe cold. Her husband tried many times to persuade her that she was too ill to attend the services. But she did not think so. On the last Sunday of her life, she attended the morning preaching and then the class meeting. In the latter she definitely testified to holiness as a second definite work in her experience. In the afternoon the service was given up to the Sunday School. It was a revival service. She had gone beyond her strength evidently in this

service. Her last public acts were at the altar pointing some of the young the way of salvation. She returned home and was telling of a boy with whom she had been laboring, when she was suddenly struck with Pleuro-Pneumonia. For five days she suffered, most of the time intensely, when suddenly to the surprise of the doctor and nurse, who thought she was on the road to recovery, she went home. It was at twenty minutes of nine Jan. 21, 1910.

Two nights before she died there came sudden relief from her great sufferings and a great spiritual uplift with it. She interpreted the great blessing as an evidence that she was to get well and said to her husband, "God is hearing the prayers that are being offered in my behalf and came wonderfully to me in the night and I praised him." To a dear friend she said a little later, "I believe God is intending to heal me, for he blessed me so in the night that I wanted to get right up and run through the house praising him." We see now that it was the final ripening for the better land.

During the last afternoon her slumber was broken. Awaking from one of her fits of partial delirium she said in a plaintive, hollow tone that shocked us (for it seemed unearthly)

"I have been preaching and I should not wonder if the Lord would make me a preacher after all." We asked her what she had been preaching about. She said, "I have been preaching to Mrs. ——." This was a lady, in whose salvation she had been much interested. It was true; God has made a preacher of her, "Being dead she yet speaketh." Her holy life is yet speaking. Her life reminds us of what the poet says of another,

"And after he was dead and gone
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him."

Just before she sank into the unconscious state from which she never rallied, and was greatly distressed in her breathing, she uttered this prayer—her last words on earth, "My Saviour, my Saviour, thou didst bear the burden of the cross for me, and now I bear this burden for Thee". And shall we, who are left alive and mourn so deeply our loss, refuse to bear the burden that her death has laid in the Providence of God, upon us. Is it not better, that we should take the suffering since it means that she ceased from her labors and the pain that so often racked that feeble little body?

Reader, we have given a plain and unvarnished series of facts. We have attempted no rhetoric but have told the uncolored facts. We have even written in a monotonous prosy style, in order to let the facts, and not our love, do the talking. We have faintly described the true picture of a holy woman. There were, as Peter says, "Holy women of old." There are holy women today, whose experience is an unanswerable argument against infidelity without and within the church. If it were the voice of her husband alone, we might well be suspicious that love had colored the picture, but he has written only, that which has been voiced by others, who know the facts. Every little while God sets a conspicuous example of the kind in this world where religionists are seeking to deny the supernatural, showing that the age of miracles is not past. In fact as Jesus is the great miracle of Christianity, so the great miracle of his handiwork today is the making of saints. Only his religion has ever produced holy character. Nothing else can. This woman's rich experience began its full development on the day when in that awful struggle with the self-life she got the victory, entirely consecrated herself to God and was sanctified wholly. This epoch was

the transformation of a hesitant, weak and timid experience into a course of life like that of the "Shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The world needs more of this kind of people, and needs them more than it needs scholarship, eloquence, genius and learning. It has plenty of them, but little, too little, of holiness. Such character prompts to loyalty to God. Her pastor said on the day of the funeral, that he should be more loyal and firm henceforth in declaring the truth as the result of this woman's life. Such character inspires us to be hopeful and fearless as to the future and more determined to do the will of God.

"Thus though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

On the day of the funeral, it was revealed that this sweet life had entwined itself about the whole church and neighborhood.

The church was full for the first time in ten years. Protestants, Catholics and Jews made up the congregation. There were twelve preachers present. The congregation was made up from all over Chicago and sur-

rounding towns. If it had been the funeral of a public character it would not have been so notable, but it was the attraction of the holy life of a little woman, who lived in a very frail body and who rarely appeared in public work. As Rev. C. J. Fowler, president of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, said, looking over the throng, "Holiness is at a premium today."

A male quartette sang, Evangelist Henri Gondret offered prayer, Mrs. Gondret, the singer of the Revival, then rendered the solo, "That Home of the Soul", with great feeling. Resolutions of sympathy of the Chicago Preachers' Meeting were read. Dr. Boynton, a local preacher and physician, gave a very touching talk, based on personal acquaintance with her, covering quite a number of years. Rev. C. J. Fowler, president of the National Association, made an address, the pastor, Rev. G. D. Cleworth, after a few remarks in which he said she was all that had been said of her and what an inspiration she had been to him, read her obituary and the people were permitted to view the remains. It was not a modern memorial affair, but a **Christian** funeral. Much of the ordinary conventionalities of such occasions were laid aside. There

was "great lamentation" and many in the procession stopped to personally express verbal sympathy with the afflicted family.

"They, the holy ones and weakly
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Speak with us no more.

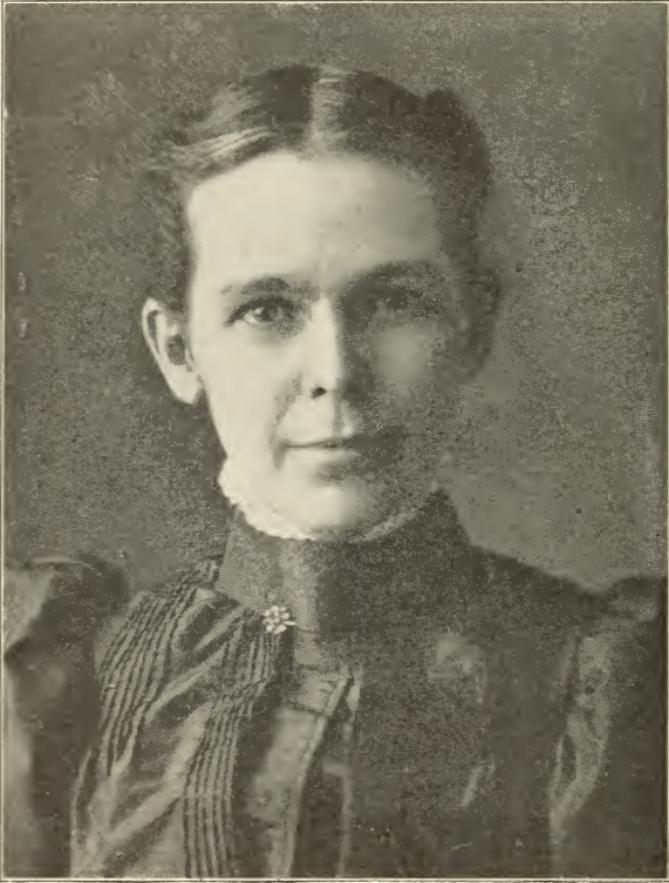
And with them the Being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes, that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like.
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Thus though oft depressed and lonely
All my fears are laid aside.
If I remember only
Such as they have lived and died."



At age of 50.

CHAPTER VII.

LESSONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.” Rev. 14:13.

“Being dead yet speaketh.” Hebrews 11:4.

“From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the space,
Falling on the inward ear.

Know ye not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strifes of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve these holy angels,
Shall we cloud these blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night silence cometh,
And with us it is not day."

"And when the casket was closed and the loved form was laid beneath the sod, that was the last of earth." Nay, not so. This is far from the truth. Every man has two immortality; one he takes into the other world with him and the other he leaves here. The influence of our character is being felt either for good or bad after we have gone. Every man makes the world better or worse for his living in it. There are no blanks in influence. Only the physical lineaments of the man are buried in the earth. The soul—the real man—is marching on and becoming a blessing or a curse to humanity.

What was said of Abel is true of every man, "He, being dead yet speaketh." The most eloquent speakers are those whose tongues are stilled by death. The dead are more potent many times in the influence they have left behind than in what they said while on earth. Abraham Lincoln was not appreciated until after he was dead. But now his utterances

are more eagerly listened to than when he lived. Men are giving better heed to them, now than they did when he was living. They have come to know what the man was. His influence was great when he penned the Emancipation proclamation, but he is influencing more multitudes today.

“Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is still almost Napoleon. Martin Luther’s dead dust sleeps at Wittenberg, but Martin Luther’s accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, all live in their influence, for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons they left behind them. In fact, the earth is a vast whispering gallery, and the centuries are but telegraph wires which convey the thoughts of one age to another. The twentieth century sits at one end of the telegraph, and the first century at the other, and the former hears transmitted to

it lessons from the latter, that mould and shape it for heaven, for happiness or for woe. A very able writer makes the remark which I think is perfectly true, "that nothing that is said is extinguished, that nothing that is done ever ceases its influence.'"

So the dead are living in two worlds at the same time. St. John said, "they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." They do rest from **labor**, but not from service. The word labor has in it the sense of weariness and fatigue. The redeemed are in a world where they will no more be hampered by a mortal body, with all its weaknesses. They no more **labor**, but they "**serve** God day and night in his holy temple." It is service without weariness. It is the rest of delightful activity in the service of God, while their works are following in the shining trail of their influence. Holy character which they leave behind is still admonishing and prompting those who are left behind to faithfulness and activity.

The woman who broke the alabaster box still lives. The penitent who anointed and washed the feet of Jesus with her tears is not dead, and the holy are never forgotten. Men admire holy character while they see it and

embalm it in their memory after it has gone from their physical sight. There are hearts that will live truer to God, there are souls who were won to Jesus because sister McLaughlin lived. There are those who have been skeptical as to the possibility of a holy life in this sinful world, who are now convinced and are debating the matter of entirely consecrating themselves to God because she lived. There are those who are wholly and unreservedly given to God because they were influenced by her sweet example.

What was said of one of old can be truly said of her, "**She hath done what she could.**" It is written of a celebrated French regiment, that they so loved their commanding officer, while at their head, and so venerated his memory when he had fallen in battle, that they required his name to be retained on the regimental roll, and called with the names of the living every day;—on the name of the dead being called, a living soldier answered for him. "Died on the field." Is it too much to say for this woman who went from the altar of prayer, where she endeavored to lead the young to Jesus, to her death-bed within half an hour, that she **died on the field.** We

think it is not too much to say. On her last day she said,

“I should not wonder, if the Lord would make a preacher of me yet.” Though not spoken in the larger sense in which often used, God has made a preacher of this holy woman and she will go on preaching and showing in her life, that when we are willing to be what we ought to be, God can make us potent for good, no matter how much we may be hindered by our weakness of body and apparently few opportunities to shine before the world. On her tomb-stone will be inscribed these simple, but true words,

“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE
COULD.”

CHAPTER VIII.

HER POETRY.

“God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night.”
Job 35:10.

“Poets are all that love—who feel great truths,
And tell them.”—Bailey.

Sister McLaughlin had a great love for poetry and she frequently gave her attention to the Muse. We doubtless have not found all her poems, but give all that we can find. We think the reader will find some of them have the pure, poetic fire.

THE NEW SONG.

“He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.”

Our hears are tuned
And set to measure,
And song breaks forth,
Oh, what a pleasure
To sing the praises of our King,
When music swells from every string.

The heart in tune
Each cord in time
Is touched as by
A hand divine,
And holy music upward wells,
While every note responsive swells.

All discords cease;
We know, we see
Within is peace
Perfect harmony.
Who made the heart, rights all the wrong,
And turns the discord into song.

The new, new song
Is written there.
It sings itself
Without a care;
And some with untuned hearts shall hear,
And, hearing, trust the Lord and fear.

O heart, sing on!
You'll touch some other,
And win, perchance,
Some wayward brother.
His heart attuned, his song shall rise,
Like sweetest incense to the skies.

Oh, praise the Lord!
The chorus rolls
In joyous notes
From new-born souls.
The sweetest cords on earth are blending
With songs of heaven in praise unending.



Mrs. McLaughlin and Daughters Mary and Grace.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

(Written for their tenth wedding anniversary.)

Ten years of blissful wedded life,
Have swiftly sped away.
The milestones passing one by one.
The tenth is reached to-day.

In presence of our guests this night,
We pledge our love anew.
With hearts and hands together joined,
Our marriage vows renew.

The years with bright and sunny hours
Mingled with cares and pain;
Like nature, with new beauties glow
After the clouds and rain.

Love shares each others joy and pain,
Love lightens every care.
This sweetest grace, 'tis Heaven's gift,
Bright jewel, rich and rare.

Love—precious gift—He gave Himself
A willing sacrifice.
Commands such love as this be given
The husband to the wife.

If love like His possess the heart
And o'er the home holds sway
Two hearts as one together joined
Will dwell in love away.

The home where Jesus reigns supreme,
And has His blessed way,
Is typical of Heaven above,
And brighter grows each day.

Delightful such a home as this,
The precious Christ within
To comfort, cheer, and bless and keep
The hearts all free from sin.

Through all the changing scenes of life
We may securely dwell,
"Under the shadow of His wing
Who doeth all things well."

The crowning day shall surely come
When Christ His Bride shall greet
His church in white robed garments clad,
Her victory complete.

At that great feast shall we sit down
With wedding garments on?
And shall we hear his loving voice
Saying to us, "Well done"?

God grant that we may see His face
And join that glorious band
Who've washed their robes in Jesus' blood
And in His presence stand.

CHRISTMAS PRAISES.

Hear the merry bells of Christmas!
How they clearly, sweetly chime,
Pealing out the praise of Jesus
In a melody sublime.

Every year, their joyous music,
Comes to cheer our hearts again.
And we listen, as the shepherds
When they heard the glad refrain.

And we wonder, while we listen,
At the love that Christ has shown;
At the precious gift of heaven;
At the blood which doth atone.

And our hearts are truly grateful.
To the God of wondrous love,
For the happy, joyous Christmas;
For His gift sent from above.

Christmas bells are sweetly ringing,
Heavenly choirs their anthems raise
Let all hearts join in the chorus!
Christ is worthy all our praise.

THE STAR.

The star was a shining herald
Leading on to Christ the way,
Beaming with a wondrous beauty
Over where the Christ child lay.

It was followed by the wise men;
 Proved to them a guide most true.
 Follow in the light God giveth,
 It will surely lead you, too.

The wise men came with treasures,
 Brought their gold and perfumes rare
 Laid them at the feet of Jesus,
 Worshipped him, the babe, most fair.

Have you brought your gifts to Jesus?
 Is your heart his own to-day?
 While you crown him Christ, the Saviour
 Are your sins all washed away?

Then, you too, may be his herald,
 You may guide some soul to-day,
 You may run and tell the story,
 You may shine as God's own ray.

EASTER MORN.

We welcome the dawn
 Of bright Easter morn
 Because of the Christ who arose.
 He won in the strife
 Of death against life.
 And conquered the greatest of foes.

Most wonderful sight!
 An angel of light
 Rolled back the great stone from the door;
 The guards at the sight
 Were filled with affright
 And fell down as dead, trembling sore.

With message most sweet,
The angels did greet
The women at break of the day;
"Fear not! as he said,
He's living, not dead.
Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

"Go quickly and tell
Those he loved so well."
They hasten at once to obey.
Great was their delight,
So blessed the sight
Of Jesus that first Easter day.

We know that he lives
And the new life gives
To those who love him, and obey.
In the strife with sin
We may victory win
And with him see eternal day.

A SONG OF HOPE.

A song of hope! Let it ring clear!
To saddened hearts it brings good cheer,
And brightens all the way.
Oh, sound afar these words so blest!
A risen Christ brings peace and rest.
Praise God! He lives to-day!

“Why seek ye him among the dead?”
The shining, white-robed angel said
To Mary at the tomb.
Out in the homely walks of life,
Where cares and sorrows are so rife,
He comes to banish gloom.

He lives to-day! His power we own;
In loyal hearts, he makes his throne,
His chosen dwelling place
Obedient to his will and word,
Trusting the promise of their Lord,
His saints shall see his face.

Hope sings above death's pall and blight;
It turns the darkness into light
And bids night flee away.
It looks beyond the vale of tears;
Above, outside, the stretch of years
To cloudless, perfect day.

He lives! All earth shall own his sway,
The vanquished hosts of hell give way
And death hath lost its sting.
Life, light and hope on joyful wing,
From age to age triumphant sing
Glad praises to our King.

We see the Lord upon his throne,
All nations bow, his scepter own,
His victory complete.
He shall not cease to rule and reign
Until the enemy is slain,
And death is under feet.

If dead with Christ, with him we live,
This is our hope. To him we give
All glory, honor, power.
The slave of fear shall be set free
When God gives him the victory.
Praise God forevermore!

WITNESSES OF CHRIST'S BIRTH.

The heavenly host, a multitude,
Their praises tuned anew;
Proclaimed "a Babe in Bethlehem
Is born, this day, to you."

The shepherds saw the wondrous sight;
Their hearts were filled with awe;
In haste they sped to Bethlehem,
Praised God, for all they saw.

The wise men with exceeding joy
Followed His guiding Star;
They worshipped Him, offered their gifts,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The wicked king, on evil bent,
Desired at once to know
Where he might find this princely Babe,
That he might homage show.

Good Simeon, watching unto prayer,
His heart with truth instilled,
Saw, in the Babe of Bethlehem,
The prophecy fulfilled.

The prophetess had waited long,
 In watchfulness and prayer,
 Beheld the Babe, thanked God, and said
 Redemption now is near.

Praise God! we also know the Christ!
 His precious name we bear;
 His presence fills with joy our hearts,
 His name is written there.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

(Written for her little daughter to speak at a
 Christmas Concert.)

'Tis Christmas time. 'Tis Christmas time.
 We children come with song and rhyme.
 To our dear friends now gathered here:
 We wish you all good Christmas cheer.
 On this glad morn, our Lord was born;
 His birth proclaimed by angel song.
 "Glory to God." The words rang clear
 And fell on listening shepherd's ear.
 "On earth, Peace, good will to men",
 This Chorus we repeat again
 'Till round the earth the song shall ring
 And nations crown Him, Christ, our King.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

"Pray without ceasing," hold sweetest communings
 With God, the Father of infinite love;
 Breathe in His ear your heartfelt devotion.
 Prayer is inspired by the Spirit above.

“Pray without ceasing”; how blessed the promise,
 “Prayer offered in My Name will surely prevail!”
 The Promiser still for us interceding,
 His help is our strength when the tempter assail.

Pray when life’s comforts and pleasures surround
 thee
 Pray in the morning, at noon, and at night;
 Pray when temptations encompass thy pathway;
 Pray for the Spirit to guide thee aright.

“Pray without ceasing”; the sweet, childlike spirit,
 That leans upon God and trusts in His care,
 Finds comfort and joy in blessed communion,
 And faith gives the victory while watching in
 prayer.

“Pray without ceasing,” each need now presenting,
 Abiding in Jesus the promise assures,
 While pleading the Word which in true hearts
 abideth,
 The prayer of faith the blessing secures.

GOD’S PRICELESS GIFT.

O depths of the riches of infinite Love!
 Priceless the Gift, from His treasures above!
 To save man from ruin, no less could be given,
 To reconcile sinners, and satisfy Heaven.

“God so loved the world. He gave His own Son”
 Jesus, “an High Priest of good things to come,”
 Believing, we have through His wonderful name,
 Life everlasting, our eternal gain.

Our Saviour, Redeemer, "the most Holy One,"
"Which is, and which was, and which is to come."
Jesus, the name throughout Heaven adored,
Saviour of sinners! "Beloved of God!"

"To Him that hath loved us, washed us in His
Blood,"
Redeemed hosts above give glory to God,
While saved of earth's millions exultingly sing
Praises triumphant to Jesus, their King.

All power and dominion unto Him are given.
Highest His place in the kingdom of heaven.
Before Him all nations and kings shall bow down,
Rejected of earth shall be stars in His crown.

Blest Gift from our Father, we claim as our own,
O praise Him forever! Our hearts are His home.
And through countless ages forever we'll prove
His nature and name are unchanging Love.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

Come children join the singing,
Your praise to Christ belongs;
Join heart and voice in bringing
To Him, your sweetest song.

All nature in glad chorus.
Proclaims the Lord is King;
The Lord, who reigneth o'er us,
To Him our praise we bring.

The flowers, with fragrance laden,
Bright messengers of love,
How many hearts they gladden
And lift to thoughts above.

The birds, that sing so gayly,
The brooklet, glad and free,
Teach us this lesson daily,
We too, should joyful be.

Joyful in God our Saviour;
The children of His care,
Who seek His loving favor,
A crown of life shall wear.

Our little hearts come bringing
Glad service to His feet,
Without the children's singing,
Earth's praise is incomplete.

"THINKETH NO EVIL."

(Written by sister McLaughlin several years ago for The Christian Witness. It was very helpful to some at that time.)

How potent and all-pervasive in the spiritual life are a person's thoughts. Righteous living is a result of right thinking.

After the Creation "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." We read in

Prov. 12:5, "The thoughts of the righteous are right," and in Prov. 15:26, "The thoughts of the wicked are abomination to the Lord." Isaiah says, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." The Lord, speaking of a rebellious people says, "They walk after their own thoughts and provoke me to anger continually to my face." "Again he says, "Behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts." Jesus said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. These are the things which defile a man." In the letter to the Hebrews we read that the word of God "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." In Paul's letter to the Philippians he writes, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

We see from these passages how very important is right thinking, and how destructive to the whole spiritual nature of man are evil

thoughts. They defile the whole man. Our thoughts seem so interwoven into our very being that the question arises, How can I help my thoughts? We answer, that is impossible in and of ourselves. Pure thoughts will flow only from a pure heart. The source or fountain from which thoughts originate, must be cleansed. After the Pentecost, when the Disciples were filled with the Holy Ghost, they began to speak "with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Pure hearts baptized with the Holy Ghost and cleansed in the precious blood of the Lamb, become the seat of pure and holy thoughts and consequently the words flowing from the lips were pure and right, magnifying the Lord, who had wrought such a mighty work in the hearts of those who believed. No pure hearted Christian should for a moment allow an evil thought to enter the heart that has been cleansed. God is able to keep the heart pure and has made provision to keep pure and clean all that we commit to his keeping. Satan is barred out, he can not enter unless we open the door and allow him to come in. We are "kept by Almighty keeping power" so long as we trust God. There is a vast difference between evil thoughts which

proceed from sinful hearts and thoughts of evil which are injected by Satan. A thought of evil should be at once banished from the heart, even as we would banish a mad dog from our home. If allowed to enter and remain, it becomes an evil thought and takes possession of the heart, and is as destructive to our spiritual life as a serpent's sting to our physical nature.

Then away with thoughts of evil! Look upon them as intruders and destroyers of our peace and joy, and remember that love, pure and perfect in its essence "Thinketh no evil."

I quote from a few writers on this scripture, "Love can not but see and hear evil things and know that they are so, but it does not willingly think evil of any, neither infer evil where it does not appear." (Wesley's Notes on New Testament).

"Love doth not meditate on the evil inflicted by another." (Bengel).

"And in doubtful cases takes the more charitable view." (Grotius).

"Love, instead of entering evil as a debt in its account book, voluntarily passes the sponge over what it endures." (Godet).

"The original implies that he does not invent or devise any evil, or does not reason on any particular act or word so as to infer evil!

from it, for this would destroy his love to his brother, it would be ruinous to charity and benevolence." (Dr. Clarke).

A dear sister in relating an experience along this line, said that she had in her family a relative, who assisted in domestic work and the care of the children, who had a very bad temper. Our sister, an entirely sanctified and sweetly saved woman, bore patiently with her until she left her home.

One morning soon after, while sitting in her room, the tempter came to her and said, "Hannah was a great trial to you, you will not want to see her again very soon."

Not realizing the voice of the tempter, she said, "No, I shall not want to see her again very soon."

Allowing that thought to enter her heart, she soon discovered, much to her sorrow, that the perfect peace and rest she had hitherto enjoyed, had departed. She knew not the cause of it. Her prayers did not seem to go higher than her head. She mourned and prayed over her condition until the Spirit said to her, "Go and be reconciled to Hannah."

Having had no trouble with Hannah and never having spoken an unkind word to her,

she did not understand the meaning of the Spirit's message to her.

She answered, "Why, Lord, you know that Hannah was a great trial to me."

One day as she was returning home from a protracted meeting, after having been in great distress of mind for thirty days, she offered this prayer: "O, Lord, show me what the trouble is! Show me in such a way that I can understand, and if it is as dear as a right hand, it shall come off, or as a right eye, it shall come out."

This prayer received an immediate answer. A beautiful angel appeared at her right hand and said to her, "Go and be reconciled to Hannah." She understood the vision and said, "Lord, it is enough."

She started at once for Hannah's home, and when she reached the door-step the fire fell, a flash of light from heaven shone above her head, and glory filled her soul. Hannah received her and gave her a cordial welcome. Her exclamation on entering the house was, "Glory to God! Glory to God!" This she repeated as she walked back and forth several times.

Hannah was familiar with these expressions, having heard them often while

living with our sister. It was no surprise to her. There was no confession to make as no bitter word had been spoken. The trouble was in the thoughts and between the soul and God. Having confessed too, and obeyed God, the difficulty was all settled.

This was an experience never to be forgotten and led to constant watchfulness against thoughts of evil.

Many souls, we fear, may have been caught in this same snare of the devil and have lost the presence of God out of their hearts. We trust this experience may be the means of helping such.

“Keep thy heart.” (“Above all that thou guardest,” Marginal Reading), “with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.”

She was ready for every good work and entered into every kind of such work as far as her physical strength would permit. She was an active member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Evanston during her eleven years residence there and in her later years was also identified with it in Chicago, where she resided the last seven

years of her life. We subjoin the following extract taken from **The Evanston Press** of June 1901:

WANT DAY SACRED.

MEMORIAL DAY DISCUSSED.

At a Meeting of Evanston W. C. T. U. Mrs. G. A. McLaughlin Pleads for Its Better Observance.

Memorial day was the theme of an address by Mrs. George A. McLaughlin, 1109 Ayars place, at a meeting of the Evanston W. C. T. U. last Friday afternoon, in which she pleaded for a better observance of the day. She said in part:

“It is a saying of Coleridge that truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.” This is because the human mind soon wearies with old subjects and demands variety and freshness. So great days which work great events after a time lose their freshness and degenerate, unless carefully guarded, into an entirely different use from that intended. Christmas, Fourth of July and Memorial day, with others of like character, by degrees have become entirely different in their celebration from their original intent. It belongs to thoughtful people to seek to bring them back to their original purpose.

Day Should Be Rescued.

"If Memorial day is to be worth perpetuating some one must rescue it from all profane and commonplace observance and make it stand for something in such a way as to draw the attention of the people. The generation which gave it birth is fast passing away.

"It is said that the Grand Army of the Republic is being rapidly decimated by death. Within four or five years it is believed one-half of the 400,000 members of 1890 will have passed from the rolls of the living. It seems that it had better be given up entirely unless this generation shall make it worth observing. Our national days as now observed are a reflection on the good sense, patriotism and piety of the nation.

"It is without doubt easier to tell how our national days ought not to be kept than to show how they ought to be observed. But as this subject is not one of our choosing we will simply express our opinion.

What the Day Should Teach.

"Memorial day should teach the providential hand of God in the history of human progress. The war of the rebellion was more than the conflict between two sections of our native land. It was the old contest between light and darkness, sin and holiness, despotism and freedom. It was but the echo of the conflict begun by Martin Luther centuries before. In that conflict God finished the work he began under Luther by striking off the

chains that bound men's consciences as well as their bodies. There could have been but one issue in the war of the rebellion and that was victory for the principles of liberty, for God was leading his hosts of progress as truly as when in ancient days he led the Israelites out of the land of Egypt, from under the hand of Pharaoh and made Israel a mighty nation.

"We think memorial day should teach religion. We are a religious nation. Our nation was founded by men who placed the bible and the spelling book side by side in the training of their children, because they came out of religious oppression. As the hand of God was especially manifest in leading his ancient Israel, likewise our own beloved nation has been especially honored. This ought to be a religious thanksgiving day because God saw fit to employ the thousands of living and dead who contended on the field of battle to give us a free and united country.

Patriotism a Religious Duty.

"Memorial day should also teach us patriotism. Patriotism is a religious duty and emotion. How full of patriotism is the word of God. How clearly it is taught there. What a patriotic people the Israelites were. How they sighed for home when they sat and wept by the rivers of Babylon. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'

"This was the common prayer of the nation.

Every day the absent Jew prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. God commanded love toward all men, but it is scarcely needed to command us to love those of our own nationality. Love of country is next to love of God and our neighbor. It is really love of our neighbor and all those of our own nationality.

“Memorial day should teach veneration for the memory of those heroes who gave their lives for their country. The nations of the world delight to honor their great leaders, rehearse over their noble deeds, daring bravery and great sacrifices. We can but look with pride on the great army of true men who sacrificed their lives to save our country. We should sympathize with those who mourn for loved ones slain in battle. One common bond of sympathy should unite all our hearts on this Memorial day.

How Should It Be Observed?

“Memorial day should be, first of all, a religious day. It should be observed, not by a few who gather at the cemeteries while the great throng make it a holiday given up to sports and dissipation. It ought to get the ear of all the nation and praise God for the great privilege brought to us by the suffering and death of our brave heroes. Let it be a religious day, an extra Sabbath to meet in the churches and give thanks to God for all it means.

An Educational Day.

“It ought to be made an educational day. We ought on this day to instill into youthful minds the ideas and principles for which these men died. We

can in no better way preserve the principles for which these men fought. It is as much our duty to live for the principles for which they died as it was their duty and privilege to die for these principles. Let us dare do and suffer if need be for the right."

CHAPTER IX.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

"In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." 2 Cor. 13:1.

"Witness might be produced of this wondrous work of grace—

James and Peter, Paul and Silas, long before they went away.

Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, millions do and will appear,

Let me ask this solemn question, hath my Lord a witness here?"

We have received the following testimonials that have come spontaneously from those who knew this holy woman. We did not ask for them, but we are glad they came so heartily and unsolicited, lest those, who are strangers, might think that what we have said was colored with the blinded love of a sorrowful heart.

Thank God, we have witnesses of this

glorious work of holiness for which she toiled, sacrificed, gave and testified. Let the witnesses now be called.

From Rev. C. E. Cornell:—

“I have just learned of the death of Sister McLaughlin, and hasten to assure you of my most heartfelt sympathy. She was a most noble Christian woman and has gone sweeping through the gates.”

From Rev. W. H. Winters:—

“It hardly seems true, for but a little while ago, she seemed so active in the Master’s work and had so great solicitude for the many around, who were without God, and particularly in the meeting that we conducted in the West Side Mission recently. We appreciated her labors very greatly. May her mantle fall on many of the younger sisters. Sister McLaughlin has gone, but Jesus, the one whom she loved and served so faithfully for years remains and one day you shall see Him face to face, and those who sleep in Him will God bring with Him.”

From Rev. W. B. Rose:—

“There was so much of heaven brought down into the life of that noble little woman, that you can never, never think of her but with

an overflowing heart, and you will ever feel grateful for what she was made to you, to the children and to the work of the Lord."

From Rev. J. F. Harvey:—

"She has gone, but her works do follow her. Many will rise up in that day and call her blessed. For her to live was Christ and we have the assurance that to die was to her great gain."

From Rev. A. S. Cochran:—

"God bless and sustain you my brother in your great loss. It will be a great comfort to you when you remember the holy life that she lived with you for so many years. Your loss is her eternal gain."

From Rev. Lewis Fogg:—

"I sobbed and cried, for I felt that I had lost a very dear friend. Is it not blessed that she lived such a devoted life and finished the work that the Master gave her to do, and now has gone to her reward in that country that is better than this? I want to go there, I do."

From Rev. E. M. Isaac:—

"How surprised I was to see the account of the translation of Sister McLaughlin in the **Witness**. Somehow it seemed so hard to be-

lieve it. I am conscious of the great loss to you personally and to many others who esteemed her highly for her personal worth and the influence of her holy life. But like a flash it came to me. She is among the blood washed with the church triumphant and beholding Him face to face."

From Rev. C. W. Winchester:—

"I did not know Sister McLaughlin very long or very intimately. And yet I did know her quite well, and held her in high esteem. She certainly ran the race of life well and is everlastingly victorious."

From Rev. J. M. O'Bryen:—

"Our precious sister, who has gone, has done her work well and now rests from her labors and we shall see her again in the presence of the King."

From Evangelist Millie Lawhead:—

"Yours just received. No, I had not heard of the dead of Mrs. McLaughlin. It does not seem possible. I have just been telling some of the **Witness** friends here, what a beautiful Christian spirit Mrs. M. was and how I admired her. Her bright, cheery face has come before me so often, when things looked dark

and has caused me to look up. She being my ideal of Christian womanhood, has left the impress of the true, the beautiful, wherever I have meet her."

From Rev. M. E. Cady (her former pastor):

"I can not tell you with what a shock I heard of Sister McLaughlin's death. I feel as though I had suffered a personal bereavement. And what a loss to you! What a woman she was! So beautiful in character; so sweet and helpful in her Christian life; so full of sympathy and kindness: I shall never forget her prayers and testimonies; nor the light of her countenance, out of which Christ shone as few human faces that I have seen. She is now with the church triumphant, but the church militant has suffered a loss that seems irreparable. When you and Sister McLaughlin were in the prayer meeting, you always gave me inspiration. I tried to show my appreciation, but I fear that I never made her understand what a help she was to me. With her, holiness had a radiance that made the scripture phrase, "Beauty of Holiness," one of intense reality. If there is anybody that will be in the midst of familiar scenes in heaven and find herself at home, at once, it is Sister McLaughlin, but her

life can scarcely be any more beautiful there than here."

From Rev. M. L. Haney:—

"Sister McLaughlin was a lovely character and none that knew her can question as to where her blood washed spirit has gone. Her loving soul has marked many people for glory and she has been the right hand supporter of your gospel more and more. I kept finding out more and more her valuable relations to the **Witness** and her strength as a supporter of the cause."

From Evangelist Chas. Kolb:—

"My life was made better by having met the one that has gone on ahead to the Blessed Holy Land of the Sky. Is it not true, that, as the days go by, Heaven is more and more holding that which was near and dear to us?"

From Evangelist Hattie Livingston:—

"It seems that the rarest and sweetest flowers are the most needed in heaven. I feel that I have indeed lost a friend and sister. She was one of the choicest souls that it has been my privilege to know."

From Rev. C. W. Ruth:—

"I feel somehow that in her home-going, I

have sustained a personal loss, for she has always been such an inspiration to me. I valued her friendship more than I can tell. Surely earth is poorer and heaven richer because of her translation. Our loss is her eternal gain. I can scarcely realize that I shall not see her again, at some of the camp meetings and conventions, where in her quiet way, she always blessed me. All who knew her, will greatly miss her, but none will question where to find her."

From Evangelist Lurana Terrell:—

"I did not know until last June that she was such a choice spirit. I have longed ever since to know her better. This text comes to me with comfort, "She had done what she could."

From Rev. L. A. Beeks:—

"I well remember her, when she was in attendance at the Branch meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Eikhart, while I was pastor. I still have with me the influence of her beautiful Christian spirit; a dear woman."

From Rev. P. G. Linaweaver:—

"We read with sorrow, mingled with joy, that Sister McLaughlin had gone to her re-

ward. I am sure you will miss her greatly. How nice it must be to be so well saved and so ready when the summons comes."

From Rev. John Norberry:—

"God bless you in your great loss of such a precious wife and such a holy companion, as God gave you in Sister McLaughlin. You have both my sympathies and congratulations in her departure; my sympathies in such a great loss; my congratulations that you have such a precious saint to welcome you when you go to the home of the saints of God."

"How sad we were to hear of the death of your wife. We can hardly spare such a holy and useful woman. We could hardly read anything else but page 9 of **The Witness** last night. We read it over and over again and looked at her picture." A. Moxley.

"In behalf of the members of The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Laconia, N. H., I send you our heartfelt sympathy and sorrow in your great bereavement. When the message reached me of the death of our dear Sister McLaughlin, I could but feel that heaven's gain was a great loss to the world. Her sweet

spirit and sanctified life told for Jesus wherever she went." Mrs. Abbie F. Blake.

"She was so dear to me. I loved her dearly. Words can not express the love I had for her. She has been such a help to me in every way." Mrs. G. V. Welch.

"We learned to admire and love the sweet, quiet little soul that was your companion, and we really wanted to know her better. Her visit to Carrollton was a benediction to all with whom she came in contact, and we had hoped to have you both with us again."

Mrs. Luella Henderson.

"She has been very kind to me and the memory of her life and friendship will ever be an incentive to me to nobler, grander Christian living." Jennie Weston.

"Not long ago, at the mission, I heard her play the organ and give such a good holiness testimony. I can see her sweet face. Such a soul winner! How she will be missed down here." Captain Strook.

"I do think she was the sweetest woman I ever met. Her influence over me was always helpful and elevating, I do feel that I can not say half enough in her favor." Mrs. Belle Love.

"We shall always remember dear Sister

McLaughlin as a sweet, devoted and loving Christian and have received inspiration and encouragement from her consecrated life." Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Berry.

"I send loving sympathy to Bro. McLaughlin and family in their great loss. I knew their precious little one and loved her. I often listened to her words of counsel and testimony in Sister Beezley's mission, and I shall always remember with what strong confidence in Christ, she testified. Her life and testimony will live in the memory of those who knew her and bring forth fruit for eternity." Mrs. T. L. Spellman.

"I have always had the highest respect for Mrs. McLaughlin and have often thought of and spoken about her even and beautiful Christian life. She was always the same and certainly exhibited the Christ life in her walk before men." J. A. Harris.

"How glad I am that I ever knew her. She was always so even. I never heard her say one unkind word, nor show a wrong spirit. I remember her ways and words and smile so distinctly." Annie Coleman.

"She certainly was a genuine Christian, an anointed one. Such a one is verily missed

by the Christian husband; missed from the church; missed from the community; not only by relatives and friends, but by acquaintances everywhere, for her beautiful influence is so deeply spread far and wide."

Mrs. Ellen Barnhart.

"I myself feel keenly her loss, for I had counted on knowing her intimately and having her counsel and sympathy in the new work we are contemplating in Chicago. I loved her as an older sister. Her life was a strength to my own." Iva Durham Vennard.

"I have been helped so much by the prayers and testimonies of our sainted sister, and never shall forget the example of patient polished disposition, she seemed always to have, I thank God for having known her."

Mrs. Sarah Cooke.

"We all know that she was a good woman and we know in whom she trusted and I believe she will be as welcome in heaven and as much at home there as any one could be."

Mrs. J. L. Wells.

"We are sure that our great loss in the holiness ranks is now heaven's gain."

M. T. and Lida Brandyberry.

"She has lived above the world so many

years and her one thought was the saving of others, for that life beyond." Irene Henshaw.

"I shall always remember her kind words, At the Mission in that convention, what kind and motherly advice she gave me. When she came out to services, she was always an inspiration to our efforts in the Lord. God was with her and used her. And her life will live."
Evangelist W. O. Jones.

"If Sister McLaughlin had been an ordinary woman, I could have written sooner, but as she was one of the purest and sweetest, God ever placed in the keeping of a Christian husband, to love and cherish, it is very difficult to express myself. I wish that I could tell you how very heavenly she seemed that day when I last saw her, as she sat with you in my room in Evanston, over three years ago, as we talked of purity of heart and God's work in spreading it. She represented the truth of it as rarely seen on the human countenance."

Lucy Prescott Vane.

"I am glad that I met Sister McLaughlin, at the Allentown Camp Meeting. She has been a blessing to me. I shall never forget her."
Ida M. Boltz.

She lived the life of the righteous and died

the death of the righteous. She was a true sample of a Christian. She surely did let her light shine, and it was such a true light. I do not think she ever left one duty undone for her Lord, and I believe she had an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord. A good life does not go out. It goes on."

Mrs. L. M. Perry.

CHAPTER X.

THE FUNERAL

“She is at rest,
In God’s own blessed presence blest,
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet;
Her birthdays o’er,
She counts the years no more;
Time’s footfall is not heard along the golden street.

Her faith is sight,
Her hope is full delight,
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain:
Her untold bliss—
What thought can follow this!
To her to live was Christ, to die, indeed, was gain.

A little while,
And they whose loving smile
Had melted ’neath the touch of lonely woe,
Shall reach her home
Beyond the star-built dome;
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they, too, shall know”.

Mary Ella Henshaw was born in Middletown, Conn., June 9, 1852. She came of old-fashioned Methodist stock. Her grandfather was one of the early Methodist laymen of Connecticut, noted for his piety and zeal. She passed her girlhood in Middletown. She

was converted in 1868 through the influence and personal effort of Mrs. Rev. J. H. Knowles, now one of the leading officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Her conversion was very bright and clear. At the age of 24 she married Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, whose acquaintance she formed while he was in his college course in Wesleyan University in her native city. They shared the life of the Methodist ministry in the itinerancy in New Hampshire Conference in the following places: Franklin Falls, Whitefield, Littleton, Laconia and Exeter, in New Hampshire, and Haverhill, in Massachusetts. This term of pastoral labor lasted sixteen years.

In 1891 she came to Evanston and served several years as class leader of Wheadon M. E. Church. She became a member of Western Avenue M. E. Church in 1903. After a severe sickness, when she came near death's door, she felt there was something more in salvation for her, so during the pastorate in Haverhill, Mass., after a great struggle of a whole day, that almost seemed to take her life, she gave up completely to God and entered into what old-fashioned Methodists call Canaan, the experience of perfect love. From that time her experience deepened and richly ripened. Her husband says that, after having known her for nearly forty years, he can testify that she was constant in her temperament and zeal, knowing no "up and down" experience.

She was an enthusiast in foreign missions. The first graduate of the Chicago Deaconess' Home was led into the experience of a clean heart and at once became a member of the auxiliary that she had started and has been in China for nineteen years, as the result of the inspiration and help she received from Sister McLaughlin.

She was also supporting a Chinese girl in China

to-day and a girl from Turkey, who is studying in Iowa, preparing for work in Turkey. It was her delight to give of her means to mission work, which she freely did. She was greatly interested in revival work. God made her especially useful while in the pastorate in leading young girls and young women into the experience of conversion. She had large Sunday school classes of girls and young women in the various places of the pastorate.

During the various seasons of revival work in Western Avenue M. E. Church the past seven years she has canvassed from house to house, urging the people to give their hearts to God and praying with them. The last day she spent on earth in her delirium she was exhorting certain people in the congregation of Western Avenue M. E. Church to give their hearts to God.

Two children were born to her—Mary Hendley, now the wife of Rev. Herbert Boase of the North Indiana Conference, and Grace Irene, wife of J. H. Conroy of Chicago.

The last day of her life, coming out of a delirium, she said: "I have been preaching, and I do not know but the Lord is going to make a preacher out of me, after all." This is true. The Lord has done it, and she is preaching by the holy life she lived. Our people die well because they live well. She was a sweet, sane, modest and conspicuous example of the sanctifying grace of God. We shall meet her in the morning.

Her last work was attendance on the revival now going on in Western Avenue Church, where she took delight in work about the altar in pointing souls to Christ. She was struck with illness in the service last Sunday afternoon and came home to die after

five days. Those days were fully of holy triumph in Jesus.

Her last words were as she passed into unconsciousness: "My Saviour, my Saviour, Thou didst bear the burden of the cross for me, and now I bear this burden for Thee."

Sister McLaughlin was for a number of years closely associated with Bro. McLaughlin in the publication of *The Christian Witness*. When the *Witness* was transferred from Boston to Chicago Sister McLaughlin had charge of the make-up and office editorial work for fourteen years, until 1907. In days when the outlook was not encouraging, as at present, she toiled and labored on often under difficulties for the sake of keeping the *Witness* before the people. Her perseverance was rewarded in seeing the work greatly enlarged and the *Witness* one of the greatest factors in spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands.

The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Western Avenue M. E. Church, of which she was a member.

The services were in charge of Rev. G. A. Cleworth, pastor.

A very large audience assembled to pay their last tributes to one whom they greatly loved.

The music was furnished by a male quartet and the mother of Evangelist Goneret.

Evangelist Henri Goneret, who is at present holding revival services in this church, offered prayer.

Resolutions passed by the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Association were read by one of their number.

Dr. J. R. Boynton, who was an intimate and close friend of the family, paid a beautiful tribute to the life of our departed sister.

The principal time was given to Rev. C. J. Fowler, President of the National Holiness Association and co-editor with Bro. McLaughlin of the *Christian Witness*, who was enabled to get to the services from his appointment at Danville, Ill.

Bro. Fowler said in part: "If this holy woman lying here in what we call death could speak to me out of the silence, she would, I am very sure, urge my saying some earnest things to you rather than many things concerning herself; and yet what has been mentioned in the prayer and by Dr. Boynton relative to her decided virtues have been well said—have in no measure been over-said.

"And for me to do this would quite be in keeping with my own convictions as to what belong in hours like this hour that is now with us. For years I have felt that funerals were times not so much for mentioning the virtues of the dead and certainly not the vices, if they had them, as should they give the opportunity to call the attention of the living to duty and to destiny which the most, alas, are likely to forget.

"If I raise the question, *where* is this holy woman just now, and answer it, in these words, "with Christ," there will be no question mark in the thought of any of you who have known her. Your question marks are all straightened out into exclamation points of great size and as great blackness.

"But where is Christ?" Surely, somewhere. It is not given for a *person* to be nowhere. And is not Christ a person? As you are, and are somewhere, so is He. And the Scriptures say where, 'He has not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself.'

St. Stephen in his dying vision saw Him there and

standing at the right hand of God. There is His home.

"And this is the home of the saints—the holy ones; this is their central city. 'And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it.'

"The nations of them that are *saved*. Not *all* nations, then; but the 'saved' ones.

"Heaven, then, is not a common place, but a *conditioned* place, not all going there. I wish they were. You do. But they are not, for so God says.

"What conditions our and any going? That becomes, at once, a question of exceeding interest. And the Scriptures answer: Listen! Do you know it? Do you people really know what God says? Let me quote it: 'Follow peace with all and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.'

"Peace! Peace with God! Peace that stirs you to run toward Him, rather than the opposite possessing you and starting you to run from Him.

"And peace with men! What neighborhoods are with us and what communities when this abounds!

"And holiness. A *likeness* to God Himself. Then two can 'walk together,' for they are agreed.

"This dead woman had this vision, not merely this thinking about it; nor merely a conviction that she and all ought to reach it; she had the vision of an inner seeing—she experienced it; she *had* peace and holiness and followed them. Followed them as a calling—*lived them*.

"She is translated because she was transfigured. Hers is the 'more excellent glory,' because hers has been the glory here so divinely excellent. The one is the terminus of the other.

"This suggests that a service like this should let free a glad note, for there is something to be glad over.

"Am I peculiar? Am I cold and unfeeling? Do I say we can spare our dear ones for death to carry away as well as not? I hope not. I think not. I could weep now without trying. Ever since the news reached me on a rushing train the other night my heart has suffered; but it is full of thanksgiving in it all.

"How, do you say, and why? Because a fellow-being has made a safe journey, a good run, and is *safe*. The world wrecks most. Its great wars engulf the most of our crafts. When one rides its tossings and its ragings and rides them out, then my heart exults!

"There is something better than the best here. Jesus lovingly chided the disciples for not seeing it and saying it, if not indeed singing it. 'Because I have said these things, sorrow hath filled your hearts.' What things? Of His going away. 'None of you asketh Me whither goest Thou?' They did not think *of Him*? But what of Him? He was to be bettered. Should they not be willing to suffer a loss if He might come to great gain? Sure enough.

"That fact will aid us in our grief. I can bear my pain in the interest of a dear one being free from it. That may be a newer view of it, but is what Jesus taught."

Bro. Fowler dwelt upon the fact that this holy woman was committed to getting others committed to salvation and to holiness. He said that nothing would better represent her feelings were she here than for him to seek to commit all those to Christ—commit them anew—and commit some new, and though the act might be uncommon, it was becoming, and he asked all to rise with him who were Christ's and would be, and the hundreds present

rose to their feet and in evident feeling of great seriousness.

This funeral was one of a nature that most there never saw and none often have seen. Those feeling the keenest sorrow evidenced the thrills of joy that pervaded the large church—joy such as God only communicates. No wonder a devout lawyer was heard to say: “There is something here I have never gotten hold of. It is manifestly here.”

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. F. M. Lehman.

(In memory of Sister McLaughlin, deceased.)

They laid her where the wintry winds are blowing,
And mourn for her as grief-born mortal must ;
But in the bleeding heart the hope is glowing,
Some day He'll call to life the slumb'ring dust.
While now we strew the lilies and the roses
Upon the saintly sleeper's lowly grave,
'Twill not be long until our life-watch closes,
And we, with her, the victor's palm shall wave.

It seems life's sun has set 'midst clouds of sorrow,
Since we are left to watch and wait awhile !
But Truth declares there'll be a bright To-morrow,
And faith is sweet as through our tears we smile.
The hand of Grief plays minor chords of sadness
Upon the breaking heartstrings of the soul,
But deeper still an undertone of gladness
Sweeps on triumphantly above the whole.

The fragrance of her life must ever linger
Like some sweet perfume from a blossom rare ;
Her holy life and work are God's own finger
Pointing the weary to the path of prayer.
Her sun has set amidst a holy splendor
That gilds the tear upon the mourner's cheeks ;
Her faith and trust were strong in her Defender—
God knoweth best. She, being dead, yet speaks.

Dear Lord, remember now Thy servant's sorrow,
 Who feels, as no one else can feel, his loss.
 Let him each day new grace for service borrow
 And smile beneath the shadow of the cross.
 Give strength by day and when the nights are lonely
 Walk Thou beside him all the way.
 Thy grace alone can keep and cheer, grace only,
 Until his path shall end in Perfect Day.

We lay our lilies and our roses, brother,
 Beside your wreath upon the lowly bier.
 You feel the grief, we know, as can no other,
 But we would "shed the sympathizing tear."
 "Blest be the tie that binds" us all together
 In holy and unbroken saintship now.
 Through grace we shall each storm outweather
 And wear the victor's crown upon our brow.
 Written upon the day of Mrs. McLaughlin's burial, Jan.
 23, 1910, at 543 West 66th Street, Chicago, Ill.

(In memory of Sister McLaughlin.)

By Julia Williams.

From its fair tenement of clay
 Her spirit pure hath flown away
 From earthly pain, and toil and strife,
 To dwell with Him who gave her life.
 "Saved to the uttermost," no fear
 Was hers, when the last foe drew near.
 "Beneath the shadow of His wing"
 She passed away—death had no sting.

The resurrection glory now
 Is hers—the crown upon her brow.
 With heaven's white-robed, blood-washed throng
 She sings redemption's glorious song.
 Sing on, loved one, that joyful strain;
 We would not call thee back again.
 But, oh, thy bliss we long to share,
 And by His grace we'll meet thee there.

CHAPTER XI.

TRIBUTES

An Appreciation by Her Pastor.

There is not only a lonely place in the home which she graced in such queenly fashion as wife and mother, but there is a lonely place in our Western Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church since she went to heaven. For she was a member tried and true. She loved the courts of the Lord. And as I stand in the pulpit and look yonder at that pew where she sat, I realize with a feeling of heartbreak that a loyal supporter of God's message and messenger is gone. For she prayed while the preacher preached. She was a real lifter. There came up from that pew an influence that undergirded the preacher. She held up the prophet's hands. She loved the truth, the unvarnished truth, the old-fashioned truth. And she went out to vitalize the message in her life. She was little of body, but she was mighty in spirit. She was magnetized out to her finger tips with the power of God. And how those fingers worked for God's little ones! She was a Dorcas in mercy, she was a Mary of Bethany in her attitude to her Saviour. She sat at His feet, and not troubled about many things, she chose the good part. Awaking from her delirium

the last day of her life she said to her nurse, "I have been preaching, and I believe that the Lord will make a preacher out of me yet." Bless her soul! She was a preacher. Her life was a continuous sermon. She preached as my blessed mother has preached. From my cradle to this hour her sweet, gentle, Christ-like life has been the most helpful and inspirational preaching that has fallen upon my soul. After thirty-five years of walking by Mary McLaughlin's side, her devoted husband-lover, now so lonely and broken, bears precious testimony to the evenness of her temper. Hers was the gentleness of Christ, and that gentleness made her great.

Her Bible and prayer! Here we have the secret of her holy life. When in any anxiety or trouble she was accustomed to wait upon God for a promise, and she was never disappointed. In her mortal illness she asked for the promise, and it came: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high because he hath known my name" (Psa. 91: 14). Ah, what deliverance from pain and weakness and weariness and trouble, and has she not been set on high? To her is fulfilled the promise of Jesus: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also have overcome and am set down with my Father in His throne."

Oh, how high she hath been lifted up! She was wonderful in intercessory prayer. Away into the night would she kneel at her bedside naming over to God not only the members of her family, but her friends, her pastor, the members of the church, especially the weak ones and those exposed to the hot fires of temptation. It seems as if she could not let go, her soul was so drawn out in Peniel agony for the objects of her love. She was great in prayer at the altar where sinners were seeking Christ. The

last Sunday afternoon of her life on earth she was at our altar praying with the children and young people of our Sunday school, who had responded to the call to seek the Saviour. Her wrestling prayer that day will long linger in the chambers of memory.

She was quiet and unostentatious in testimony, but powerful. Her holy life gave might to her speech. She believed in holiness and practiced it. She lived I. Corinthians 13. She had that love that "thinketh no evil." Therefore she did not sit in Judgment upon others. She did not browbeat her fellow-Christians nor pray at them because they did not say holiness in certain stereotyped phrases. She gave her own testimony of full salvation in her own way, and rejoiced to hear others give their testimonies in their way. She raised up no enemies to holiness for her holiness was that of perfect love. She testified to it and she lived it. There was no acridity in it, no censoriousness, no sourness. It was as sweet as the flowers of heaven. Everybody wants the kind that she had. And that is the kind without which no one shall see the Lord.

She had the missionary spirit. She believed that no one could be like Christ who did not love as widely as Christ loves. Therefore she loved not only her brother and sister on the other side of the street, but she loved her brothers and sisters on the other side of the world. At the time of her death she was supporting a Chinese student in China, and educating a Turkish girl at Oskaloosa, Iowa, for mission work in Turkey. The Macedonian cry had entered her heart. "Come over and help us." She was a moving spirit in the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of her church, and her elect sisters in those organizations will sadly miss her wise counsels and her generous support.

But there comes the comforting and glorious

thought that, while earth is poorer, heaven is richer since she went home. One less voice to sing His praise here; one more to sing it there. One less to walk the streets of our dirty, sin-cursed city, one more to walk the streets of gold. One less to join in the services of the church militant, one more to join in the worship of the church triumphant. For we are not recording a defeat, we are celebrating a coronation. From the hands with the nailprints Sister McLaughlin has already received her crown, and it is a crown brilliant with many stars. May I not believe that, not from her pew in the church, but from her place by the throne, she prays for her pastor that he may be given grace to speak the truth in love. I do believe it. And as I stand up in the sacred place and look down at the empty pew, my soul shall mount to the hills of God, where I know the faithful co-worker and sister of mine is praying for me. And I believe that my message shall be truer, sweeter, more earnest, and God grant more effective because she is lifting by her intercession at the throne.

Just before she left the cross for the crown she whispered: "Oh, my Saviour, Thou didst bear the burden of the cross for me, and now I bear this burden for Thee." Life's burden gone forever and our sister waving the palm of victory among the shining ones, the sweet chimes of heaven ring their accompaniment within our souls to the dying triumphant note of another great woman. "How beautiful it is to be with God."

Gilbert D. Cleworth.

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, to die!

—Mrs. Barbauld.

A FLOWER FOR THE GRAVE OF SISTER

M'LAUGHLIN.

Rev. B. Carradine.

Several writers in the Bible, living in different ages, had something very beautiful and blessed to say about a certain female character. The life portrait they drew being identical, and also exactly similar to some women who bless the church to-day, we are driven to see that the Mould that makes them is in Heaven, that God owns it, that He used it in Solomon's day, in St. Paul's time, and now in our own generation and land.

Ever since we first saw Sister McLaughlin we were made to think of the women of God about whom the Wise Man and the Great Apostle wrote. Her Spirit-lighted face first attracted my notice; then the sweet, grave, unwavering attention she gave the preaching of the Word of God. After that I was impressed with her quiet, unobtrusive but most effective work around the altar. God always honored her.

She was such a womanly woman, so gentle, refined, considerate and bent on doing good at all times and places, that the Bible portrait already mentioned always came up to the mind whenever I met her.

I never heard her speak an unkind word of any one, nor saw her do a rude thing. And yet with this sweetness of spirit she was a positive force for good in active channels, teaching large classes in the Sunday school, supporting a female missionary, working at revival meetings and doing for Christ whatever and whenever she could.

Several years ago her husband told me that he had never known her ruffled in spirit; that through all their married life she had been just as we saw her in her gentle, loving, devoted Christian life.

Who wonders that, in view of such a statement that was created by such a life, that the words of the Scripture arose at once to the mind describing just such a woman:

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Mrs. G. A. McLaughlin was a most lovely character. The writer has known her for a number of years and always found her cheerful, hopeful and buoyant. She was a gentle body, and not given to gush nor frivolity. She carried responsibilities without murmur and worked indefatigably for the spread of Scriptural holiness. Her testimonies were always intelligent and clear. She was a true exemplar of the grace of perfect love.

Her funeral was simple, beautiful and impressive. No one who was there would, if he could, have called her back and had her profess *less* than she did profess, or have her enjoy a Christian experience *less* than she did enjoy.

Is it not pertinent, then, to remark, that, if the grace of entire sanctification did so much for Sister McLaughlin, brought so much fragrance into her life, and helped her to bring so much fragrance into the lives of others, then this delightful grace should be the *prominent and universal theme of the ministry*, as well as the experience of every child of God?

What a pity that this light of perfect love is hidden under a bushel by many, rather than elevated on a candlestick so that all might see and enjoy it.

John Wesley said, concerning the early Methodists—95 per cent of whom professed the grace of perfect love—"Our people die well." How true that is to-day! Those who are so fortunate as to obtain this grace live well, and die well. C. E. Cornell.

It has been my pleasant privilege to be more or less intimately associated with our dear Sister McLaughlin in the blessed service of our Lord and His kingdom for about ten years, and in that time I have never, not even once, seen her manifest any other but a truly Christ-like spirit. With a sad but willing heart, I would pay a little tribute to her precious memory. More than once I have had my hunger for a deep quietude of soul, ever trustful and hopeful, increased by the cheerful, sweet, trustful way in which she labored for souls, or, rather, for Him, when results seemed meager. She lived and labored "as seeing Him who is invisible." Of late months I have noticed and spoken of an enrichment of soul; an unction upon her much in advance of former years; also a spirit of intercessory prayer which was refreshing and an inspiration, and I thought it was probably a special preparation for the more public service which she would have with her husband in the evangelistic field, but which I now believe to have been a ripening for her translation. "An Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile," has often been my mental comment of her character. We shall miss her quiet, gentle presence from our midst, ever cherish her memory, and do already feel the responsibility of contributing our mite to keep her heart's petitions before the Throne of Grace, and help

to carry forward the work so dear to her and to us. We cannot fathom our Father's purpose in taking her to Himself just when she seemed so fitted for and burdened with the work of the vineyard, but we can and do trust the Love "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

To dear Bro. McLaughlin our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy and pray and believe that grace enables him to say:

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt, oh, may my will be thine;
 Into Thine hand of love I would my all resign.
 Thro' sorrow or thro' joy conduct me as Thine own
 And help me still to say, 'My Lord, Thy will be done.'"

* * *

"Only good night, beloved—not farewell
 A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
 In hallowed union, indivisible
 Good night, good night, good night."

Mrs. B. C. Beezley.

In the departure of Sister McLaughlin, a rare spirit has disappeared from the ranks of the holy ones, and we are stricken with a signal sense of loss. But there is joy in our sorrow, in that her beautiful spirit has gone up on high. Our branch of the family has lost a valued member and there is weeping, but the glory of our kindred in the *other branch* has been increased by the coming of her polished soul, and *we are glad!* The real experience of holiness makes the two localities similar and brings them nearer together. Then there is a bond of sympathy between the two companies which is amazing. Sister McLaughlin has lived so near the border line that her acquaintances have been numerous on both sides, and she has been specially interested for a great

while in sending representatives over, who have now greeted her with great joy. So it is consistent and hallowed, that tears of joy and sorrow should commingle and shouts accompany our weeping!

Sister McLaughlin was so unassuming and reticent that her friends were never finding out her real value. Her intellectual strength surpassed expectation. Her superintendence of the *Christian Witness*, involving much of editorial work, helped to carry the paper through its severest ordeals and to place it on sure foundations. Her sacrifices for this end are known to very few people. Her example as a *holy* woman was rare and beautiful. Her two daughters have a gold mine in the character of their mother. Oh, that her utmost wishes concerning *their future* may be fully realized, and they, walking closely in her footsteps, may fill the places made vacant by her transfer to the City of God. Her patience and gentleness, her missionary spirit and her *unceasing activities for Christ* are a beautiful inheritance, left for her children. How sweet the memories of such a life! Who can tell the number of stars which will be placed in *her* crown, out of the many thousands saved under her husband's ministry, or the sheaves she will bring in from her gleanings? Her agency in *personal contact* with souls for their salvation should put ten thousand Christians under conviction and send a multitude of holiness people into their closets, to *confess and pray*.

How much of her husband's *untiring, steady pull for God and souls through all these years* has resulted from his union with her spirit? We love to think and write of the blood-washed, to share in their conflicts and to be identified with them in their battles for holiness, and expect to stand with them in that

assembly when the *whole universe will find out that holiness is true!!!*

Rev. M. L. Haney.

In the death of Sister McLaughlin we all sustain a great loss. I have personally known our dear sister for twenty or more years. I have known her as a consecrated sister in the church, as an untiring worker in the Master's vineyard. I have known her as a patient and silent sufferer in the hospital, under my personal professional care. I have many times caught her out-breathings of inspiration in devotional Holiness meetings. I have had many an uplift of encouragement at times when my soul needed her holy, Christ-like support in Gospel work. Let me here say, for one I shall miss her, more and more as the years come and go, "I shall see her, but not now; I shall behold her, but not nigh." While many of us will miss her Christian presence, and holy influence, yet what is this, compared to the loss and absence which her dear husband and children will encounter? Oh, what a vacancy her absence will make in the home. How she will be missed at morning, noon and at night. Many will be the times when my dear Brother McLaughlin would give all that he had for just a moment of sweet communion and counsel with her. But alas! that cannot be. The cruel cold hand of a cosmic law has rudely torn her from the bosom of her most endeared loved ones, and leaves them weeping on a shore, to which she can return no more. Knowing Brother and Sister McLaughlin as I have for many years, and having within a year passed through the same experience in the loss of a dear wife, I am somewhat qualified to express my heart full of sympathy, as only those who have had the

same experience can truly do. The heartfelt loneliness is yet to come. No sunny countenance, beaming with true, pure, unselfish love, to greet the tired and careworn form, as he returns from downtown cares and responsibilities. No sweet lips to stamp the imprint of a noble, unselfish kiss on the lips of the one who was her first and only choice in the days of her youth. No tender, affectionate voice to say, "Good-bye," or "God bless you, my dear." No, no! Alone, yet not alone, for the memories of early life, of the many talks, and walks, the economy both in and out of household affairs, the earnest planning for work, both in and out of the pulpit, the multiplied struggles and episodes of early life and the scenes all along the way, from the nuptial altar to her last resting place, will furnish fresh and repeated recollections and mental scenes, which can only be appreciated by our dear Brother McLaughlin.

Of course the Lord is the rightful claimant of the ripest fruit, and sweetest flower of the garden of His own planting. He had a right to "call unto Himself whom He would." That ripest fruit, that sweetest flower, He had a right to pluck for His own bosom pleasure, and who of us dare refuse the Lord to do with His own as He will? Ah! Thou land of Eternal Summer, where thy sun never sets, and where there is no more night, neither sorrow, crying nor death. But like the vineyards of Engedi, once terraced for tillage, where flowers eternally bloom, and ripened fruits send out their sweet exhalations of harmony and eternal excellencies! How could we, Thy servants, say nay to Thy call or complain at Thy seemingly strange dealings with us? How our hearts ought to respond with unutterable gratitude at the loving hand of an all-wise Providence, notwithstanding many of our grievances are hard to understand,

but nevertheless true; painful, but right; humiliating, but exalting; impoverishing, but enriching; undefinable, yet are according to the will and mind of a loving Father, "Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will."

My blessed sister, take thy rest, "until the day break and the shadows flee away." For so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power."

No more weary hours of care and toil, no more sullen skies and heavy crosses for thee to bear. But here in this world—

"The captive's car may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wings o'er hill and valley,
But thou, dear child, must take thy blessed rest."

J. R. Boynton.

The last time Sister McLaughlin attended our holiness meeting, which was the last meeting held before our recent revival meetings began, she gave her testimony as follows:

"There was a time in my life when I was afraid the Lord would require of me something I could not do, but when I fully consecrated myself to Him I received the assurance that I was indeed crucified with

Christ and made conformable to all the will of God. Since then His yoke has been easy and His will a delight to my soul. I now can say with the Psalmist, I delight to do Thy will, O my God. Yes Thy law is within my heart."

She was always an inspiration to our meeting and her testimonies always clear along full salvation lines. She was filled with God, and had the spiritual ability of impressing upon others a helpfulness that drew them nearer to her Lord. She was always beautiful in her life, loyal to her convictions of duty and opportunity, helpful in building up and spiritually cementing together the best things for the Master's use.

Our sister has said good-bye to us. We feel poorer because of "our" loss, but heaven is richer and yet we rejoice that we have one more so worthy to intercede for us that we, too, like her may continue to fight the good fight, to finish our course and finally join with her the blood-washed throng around the throne of God..

C. R. Pennell,
Her Class Leader.

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The beauty of Holiness.

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