

Born to Serve: Henry R. Barnett—His Life and Family

by Ethel Elizabeth (Barnett) [Fuller] Ross

About the book:

This book was originally printed in about 1960 by the former Niagara Frontier Publishing Company of Gowanda, New York. The book itself, however, does not include a publication date or a copyright notice. It is an interesting mix of facts (with some errors) and stories which agree reasonably well with other sources of family folklore. The writing throughout the book reflects a positive outlook on life even through periods of stress and difficulty in the lives of those described here. And the book reflects the religious sentiments that characterized Henry Barnett as well as his parents, siblings and descendants. As such, it remains an important part of family history and deserves to be read by those who want to develop a better understanding of the life and legacy of this good and godly man.

About the Author:

Ethel was born on November 25, 1908, to Wallace F. and Florence (Dobbins) Barnett in Royalton Center near Lockport, Niagara County, NY, and died 26 December 1980 at her home in Hialeah, Florida.

In 1935 she married Rev. Ralph A. Fuller (1909 – 1957). Their first pastorate was at West Barre (near Albion), NY, where they served for 7 years. During part of this time Ralph was also a student at Drew University in East Hanover. Next they pastored for 3 years in Keeneyville, PA.

While visiting his sister Pearle in Florida, Ralph was offered a pastoral position at the Community Methodist Church in Oakland Park near Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and while serving in that capacity, Ralph drew the floor plans for a new church building. However, while in Florida, Ralph's health began a slow deterioration which continued until his death 7 years later. After several years in Florida, Ralph and Ethel accepted a pastoral position in the small town of Weiser, Idaho, where they served for about 3 years.

After finishing their work in Idaho, Ralph took a pastoral position at the Emmanuel Methodist Church in Lockport for two years. They then moved to the village of Yorkshire where Ralph was born. He died at the age of 48 in a house that was only a few hundred feet from the house where he came into this world.

The year after Ralph died, Ethel met and married a widower, Vernon Robert Ross (1893-1974). Vernon and his first wife (also Ethel) had four children. After his death Vernon was interred in the Hillside Cemetery near the town of Otto in the Zoar Valley in Cattaraugus County. When Ethel died it is believed that she was buried next to Ralph in the Fuller family plot at the Arcade (NY) Rural Cemetery.

HENRY R. BARNETT

"His Life and Family"

Cover title: Born to Serve

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PRESS OF

THE NIAGARA FRONTIER PUBLISHING CO., INC.

GOWANDA, N. Y.

Chapter I

A young woman stood on the porch of her home. Two young men stood beside her, both of them intent on pressing their suit for marriage with the young lady. Elizabeth ----- was about to make a momentous decision. She was about to decide the fate of a whole generation of those yet unborn. The evening was a mild, innocent enough one. As Elizabeth searched her heart, she knew the answer must come, clear and decided. It did -- but not as she had intended. Both young men were above reproach. She liked them both. But such was the state of affairs at this point that the mild state of being liked was not to satisfy either of these suitors. A choice was to be made.

Standing here in the shade of the porch, confronted by the coolness of the evening and two determined young men Elizabeth had reached her decision. Turning to John she said suddenly, "We'd better go, John." Here fate played a sly hand in the affair. Thinking she had said, "You'd better go, John," that gentleman went bawling up the street never again to return to Elizabeth's porch.

This left but two on that fateful porch, facing each other, the one greatly discomfited, the other exceedingly triumphant and happy. Young Jeffrey Barnett was not long in taking advantage of the situation, and before the evening was over he had pressed his claims and soon the bride was his.

What was it that so overruled Elizabeth's choice in the matter. Was it her own gentleness and timid nature, John's quick discouragement, Jeffrey's hurried adaptation of the peculiar situation -- or just fate?

Or yet could there be still another explanation for this sudden turn of events? Could it be that the hand of God had played a role here, indicative of the part he continued to play in a special way in the affairs of that unborn generation which was to follow the union of Elizabeth and Jeffrey Barnett?

You may wonder why I stated that a momentous decision was made that night on which the lives of an unborn generation depended. You may reason that I, the great granddaughter of this marriage, would simply have had a different great grandfather, but the reverse is true. The elements of the universe would never have concurred just as they did to produce my grandfather -- nor in turn my father -- and finally -- the person called I. I might never have existed.

At any rate the young couple soon left England in high hopes and sailed for America, dreaming, as most couples who so sailed, of a "land of milk and honey." And oddly enough it wasn't so strange, because both Jeffrey and Elizabeth seemed to possess the substantial qualities of frugality and thrift, traits which have been handed down to every Barnett since. However, an even more important trait was handed down to the future generations by this couple and that was a very deep faith in God and his providence.

It is said that Jeffrey Barnett could not read a word of a newspaper but that he could read his bible very well. He and his wife soon established in their home something which has become a tradition in the Barnett family — the family altar.

The young couple, upon arriving in America, bought a farm in Western New York, four miles from the town of Lockport, a town situated on the beautiful Barge canal, and boasting to have the widest bridge in the world. They were later to move into the town itself.

It was on this small farm that four boys and a girl were born to Jeffrey and Elizabeth. The oldest of the boys, Henry, is the one about whom this book is written.

Henry Richard Barnett was born 1857. He was a round faced, freckled, blue eyed boy, with a wealth of lightly wavy brown hair, having an affectionate nature and a sunny disposition. Life on the farm went about as farm life does for most boys. There was plenty of work to be done and Henry had his share to do.

When Henry was nine years old he was surprised one morning to find that a baby brother had come to live with them. Delighted, he decided that the occasion called for a gift. During the day he managed a ride into town, counted his pennies carefully and came home that evening proudly bearing a large size lolly-pop, the biggest he could find for the new brother. He was very much surprised and hurt, however, to learn that a lolly-pop was not such an appropriate gift for a day old brother. This brother proved to be the closest in the family to Henry. The other brother, greatly different in temperament from the first two boys, moved to the far west at an early age, married three different times and settled with a large family in Nebraska.

Both Henry and Ben, the second boy, very early showed a deeply religious trend. They both attended the little stone

Church a quarter of a mile away from their home, and both boys had a definite experience of conversion which was to greatly affect their lives. The sister of these boys also experienced a deep religious faith, but married a man of unbelief. Her death soon followed the birth of a baby boy. This boy, Norman Keck, lived to exemplify his father's unbelief.

A fourth son which was born into this family seemed doomed to a tragic fate. This boy, John, at an early age for some reason had sought out a clairvoyant to ascertain some general facts about his life to be. This particular reader of the palm may have been like the "Witch of Endor" in league with the spirits of the other world, at least her predictions were startlingly fulfilled. He was told that he would not live to see the age eighteen. A tragedy would occur in his life. Evidently the boy took this seriously and was secretly tormented by it; because, on his eighteenth birthday he turned triumphantly to his mother and reminded her that he was eighteen and still alive.

This particular birthday occurred on a Sunday, a beautiful Sunday just right to tempt a boy from the straight path laid out for him by his God-fearing parents. Unknown to his father and mother he slipped out with some of his young companions and started down across the farm to that canal about a quarter of a mile from their home. Lazily stretching away in the distance the water was beautiful, warm and tempting, just right for Sabbath breaking. With the other boys John slipped off his clothes and slid into the water, unaware that fate was on his trail. A cry went up but too late for the companions to be of much help. Only the bundle of clothes on the shore of the canal was all that remained of the eighteen year old boy. And the smooth flowing water of the canal alone remained year after year, a reminder to the other brothers that Sabbath breaking, at least in this family did not pay.

Chapter II

Turning back to Henry, let us follow him on some of his love pursuits. He first fell in love with a young lady whom he would have married eventually, no doubt, had it not been for the sudden death of that young lady. For some time the grief of her death kept him from paying serious attention to the other young women of his acquaintance. While attending a group gathering one evening, he met a young woman whom he now thought to be the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He made her acquaintance and also an appointment to visit at her home. This adventure

into love, however, did not prove as successful as he had hoped. Upon arriving at the young lady's home, he discovered that her sister was much more beautiful and, as it seemed to him then, much more bewitching. He turned from the quieter sister to the more fascinating one, only to find out that he had chosen the wrong girl. The first girl may have been in love with him, the second was not. Confused and hurt, and disappointed, he turned from this love affair to other interests.

I mentioned the fact before that Henry Barnett was of a religious nature. It was while he was attending a religious gathering in the Wright's Corners Church on a particular Sunday, that he met Della Bateman. He was standing in the vestibule of the Church when this striking young lady, accompanied by her sister, also entered the vestibule. Henry was smitten. In later years the two of them would coo like a couple of doves as they talked over this chance meeting in the little brick Church. He used to tell her that if she had been wearing a broad brimmed hat that day he would never have noticed her. It seems that Della's rich beauty was set off much better in the Turban style hat she was wearing, or so he thought. At least it continued to be turbans after that.

Della Bateman was from a very large family of children, most of whom never married, seemingly preferring to live together in the great mansion which their pooled money purchased. Della had not only the honor of being the prettiest of the sisters but was pronounced by W. D. Wisner, a Superintendent of Schools, to be the prettiest girl in that part of the country. At any rate the soft brown eyes, the chestnut brown hair and saucy upturned nose had completely bewitched our young man. Henry, and a Christmas wedding soon followed in the old Bateman homestead.

Chapter III

Religion in the life of many young married people, though enjoyed in their earlier youth, is now discarded. In the excitement of starting the new home, the new found enjoyment of each other, and the coming of babies into the home, the matter of religion is easily forgotten. But this was not the case in the home of the young Barnetts. Religious zeal doubled, perhaps due in part to the fact that Henry and Della Barnett were equally of a religious mind.

The young couple had bought a farm adjoining that of Jeffrey and Elizabeth following in the same pattern of thrift, hard

work, the habit of the family altar and the weekly Church attendance of their elders. It was about this time that the development of the deep religious fervor which was to so mark the life of Henry Barnett and that of his wife began to take place.

As he afterwards described it, he was sitting just two or three seats from the front in his accustomed place in the little stone Church at Chestnut Ridge, when God spoke to him on tithing and also on the matter of the wearing of gold. Evidently this dapper young man had a particular fondness for such simple jewelry as the necktie pin so common in that day, rings, cuff links, etc. Tithing would probably affect him also since a Barnett trait seems to have been the careful accumulation of money and property. Certain that God was speaking to him on these subjects the young man made his decision and immediately answered a response to an altar call which had been given.

However in his own words God met him there in the pew before he ever reached the altar. He was conscious of a peculiar outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon him. From that day forward he always carried the "Lord's Pocketbook" in which a tenth of his income was kept. He did not stop with this tenth, however. He went beyond his tithe in giving to the Lord's work and was prospered accordingly. It is also interesting to note that from that day forward not one trinket of gold was ever allowed in his family, nor in the family of his sons later.

Henry was not alone in his religious pursuits. Della too was possessed of a deep religious fervor and easily responded to the Holy Spirit in her life. It was with deep consternation, however, that the husband beheld his wife more than once leave her seat during a time of great blessing in a meeting and start down the aisle with hands waving overhead and shouts of joy ringing out. However much Henry may have been blessed during the service before his wife left her seat, his own blessing soon subsided at the sight of Della's demonstrations. In short the husband was embarrassed. Straightway he set about to convince her that the seemingly apparent demonstration of blessing was not as she had supposed the leading of the spirit but, rather her own emotional outburst. He succeeded so well in convincing her of the truth of this that the demonstrations never took place again, although Della Barnett continued close fellowship with the Spirit throughout her life.

There was another factor in their married life which caused the young husband some dismay. Della seemed to have

an unreasonable fear of child bearing. This caused her to draw away from her husband in the more intimate relations of man and wife. Great patience and kindness on her husband's part kept the marriage a happy one, however. In the third year of their married life the inevitable happened. Della found that she was to bear a child. She breathed not a word to Henry but set out immediately to find some means to end the life of the tiny being within her. After some unsuccessful attempts in this direction, Henry discovered the truth. Needless to say a stop was put to such procedures, and preparations were begun in earnest for this small bit of humanity which had made itself known.

Here again I must always be grateful to Divine providence which intervened, for this tiny life which had almost been snuffed out was to become my father. It was on November 1st, 1885 that this first son, the first of a family of four boys appeared on the threshold of existence.

It was a proud and happy father that turned to his God in thankfulness for this his first-born. It was about this time that Henry, as he afterward related made the secret covenant between his own soul and that of his creator, which he ever after held in such sacred regard.

The large brick house which now belonged to Henry and Della Barnett was situated on the brow of a steep hill; the side of this hill being covered with a thick orchard of tall apple trees. It was about half way down the slope of this hill that Henry one day was picking apples at the top of a tall ladder. Someone from the adjoining farm, unaware of the presence of anyone else in this scene, began singing in a clear strong voice the words of an old familiar hymn. The hymn was one well known and especially dear to the heart of the one hidden in the branches of the apple tree.

"There is a fountain filled with blood

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And Sinners plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains."

As the words and music fell on the listening ears of the applepicker a third presence entered the scene in the form of the Spirit itself and so moved was Henry Barnett that he left his unfilled basket at the top of the ladder, knelt down on the earth under the old apple tree and made, as he afterward described it, a covenant with God that he would stand for his God-given convictions if he had to stand alone. Years afterward in relating

this incident the tears would stream down his lined cheeks and those who listened knew of the many times in his life when he did just that, stood alone amidst a relentless group who many times did not share his rugged convictions. But the knowledge that he was pleasing his God held him firm and immovable. The scene of the old apple tree had become a Brook Jabbok as another of God's chosen sons wrestled and yielded to that unseen angel.

Chapter IV

This first son which we have mentioned, christened Wallace but later dubbed Wally by his brothers and boyhood companions, was to inherit some of his father's devotion to the Christian faith. His father used to tell of an incident in which the young boy, Wallace, was on the load of hay with his father. The load had reached the point at which they were now ready to start for the barn. Whatever the conversation might have been during the loading of the hay we do not know, but deep in the heart of the young boy something had stirred the realization of the need for God in his young life. He suddenly broke the silence by asking his father to pray with him. The father was more than pleased to find this unexpected response to the voice of God in the soul of his young son. Many fathers would have replied calmly that they would have prayer together sometime, but not Henry Barnett. What was the value of a load of hay when there was a heart that was willing to hear about God. As was characteristic of him, he stopped the horses and father and son got down off the load of hay and knelt there in the field, and the boy heard his father's voice lifted in a prayer in his own behalf more beseeching and earnest than he would ever hear from any other living mortal. The boy himself evidently joined in the prayer either audibly or otherwise because they arose with a deep satisfaction in the hearts of both of them and the load of hay proceeded on its way toward the hayloft.

Wallace like his father was to continue through life as punctual in trysting times with God as did his father, Henry. Sunday School and worship on the Sabbath, weekly prayer service in the little stone Church on Thursday evenings, daily devotions at the family altar became as natural as the daily meal to this boy and remained so through his life.

Also like his father, he was of an affectionate disposition. When fourteen years old, on the day of his leaving for Harrisburg to join a group of salesmen working for the "Century Book

of Facts," he not only had a lengthy adieu with each of the family but took time to turn around the horse and buggy with which he was traveling and return to the house to leave a last fond embrace with Jimmy, the family cat, who had been forgotten in the farewells.

You have not as yet met Wallace's brothers, and a rollicking set they were. There was Glen, short, small boned and curly haired. While lovable and affectionate, Glen was possessed of a violent temper which manifested itself on several occasions toward his brothers. For many years the parlor door in the old brick homestead bore a deep scar in which a butcher knife cut a gash that had been aimed at one of his brothers during one of these fits of temper. Glen was talented with the violin. One of his great fears seemed to be that of losing his one outstanding mark of personal beauty, his hair. Every known hair and scalp treatment on the advertised market was purchased in Glen's struggle to preserve his pride and glory.

There was Clarence who was to become the preacher of the family, much to the delight of his parents. Clarence was to show a surprising gift in this direction in his rich insight into the meaning of the scriptures and his vivid portrayal of them. His greatest struggle came probably in the overcoming of a childhood handicap in which he was tongue-tied until he was nine years old, but this was well overcome. When Clarence was only three years old, he had a definite experience of conversion. Christ became as real to this tiny Christian as to any older person. At an early age, also, he manifested an earnestness and obedience unusual in children. He undertook to feed the chickens for his mother one day only to find that for some reason he had not fed them at the right time. Some time after the mother had forgotten her reprimand for the deed, she found him still down on his hands and knees carefully picking up every kernel of wheat by hand. Clarence was also to become an efficient cornetist.

Then came Howard the baby, bearing his father's brown hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin and freckles, and also inheriting his father's rich tenor voice and love for music. This boy was unusually affectionate in nature and of a sunny disposition with more than his share of mischievousness, which made him greatly beloved by all.

Chapter V

Situated between the two Barnett farms on the opposite side of the road was a large yellow house in which there was as

rollicking a group of growing boys as filled the Barnett home; not only boys but girls in this home. This family was of Scotch-Irish descent and they too were God-fearing and industrious, and attended the same little stone church weekly on the Sabbath as did the Barnett family. It is not strange that the two families became closely associated. Five boys and four girls graced the halls of this homestead, one boy having died in infancy.

Now it happened that the oldest boy in the one family was only slightly older than the oldest girl in the other family group. Yes, you've guessed it. Young Wallace Barnett and Florence May Dobbins soon began to cast wistful glances at each other, so very slyly that neither of the families suspected the developing love affair. On a special Sunday evening as the two young people separated under the soft moonlight of the trees which still stand casting soft shadows at the home and which still houses the family of this young man, Florence shyly slipped a sweet smelling rose in the hand of her admirer. The young man as shyly accepted it. In fact, so quietly was the transaction carried on that the others parting also had never noticed the coy bit of love making. But the young man soon slipped away to his room to dream of the pretty young girl who was as sweet as the small rose which he held in his hand. This love affair no doubt would have developed much faster had it not been that about this time our young man set off for Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as we have already mentioned, to spend some time there as a book salesman in which he was to do himself and his family proud.

It is not to be wondered at, that a dapper young man so far from home allowed himself to somewhat forget the girl back home, the girl with the shy Irish smile. New faces claimed his attention. New adventures into love followed but none which were serious, at least to the young man, until at length in his travels he met a young black eyed beauty. Startling in her beauty, and quick and vivacious in her manner, Cora Stoll had swept our young hero away into a world of dreams for the future. Cora and "Lizzie" Stoll spent many happy afternoons with young Wallace. But his spellbound gaze beheld only Cora, the beautiful, the bewitching one. The day came when Wallace had made his decision. With unusual care that evening he dressed himself for the important call that he was about to make on Cora. This was to be the night. He knew Cora would say, "Yes!" Hadn't she manifested in a thousand ways that she cared for him. No moon ever shone brighter than the one on this beautiful evening. Ah, Fate what tricks you play! Wallace reached the door

of the Stoll home only to be warned by Elizabeth that he had better not see Cora that evening. Cora was angry—at him—no, but Cora was one to whom anger did not stop with the offender but carried itself to anyone who might intrude upon its privacy at such moments. Undaunted, the young lover threw away all whispered precaution and sought out the object of his love.

The moon was still shining when he left the threshold of the young lady, but none of its rays could penetrate that deep emptiness of his heart. The young lady had vented her wrath on him—on this her lover. Thoroughly numbed, he sought to make the thing come real. She had turned him down.

Now it was true that Cora had loved the young man and when her anger cooled, it was her turn to seek to make the thing which happened seem real. Both the young lovers spent days weeks—yes, and even months silently longing for the other, each heart numb, trying to fit together the broken pieces of their once happy love affair. Cora would, no doubt, have gladly accepted the young man, had there been a second attempt made on his part to renew his offer of love. But, perhaps, Cora too had misjudged her lover. She had not realized that the young man had an unusual amount of pride and the hurt had gone deep. There never was another knock on her door heralding the coming of the jilted lover. And Cora never married.

However, the months slipped away—slipped into years and our young man was again established in the home surroundings, and the vocation which he finally chose was that of his father and grandfather. The days were filled once more with the familiar scenes of plowing, harvesting, marketing. The regular attendance at Church, neighborhood meetings and friendly gatherings again threw him in contact with that childhood sweetheart whom he had so lately forgotten—forgotten, well not exactly. There she was, more beautiful than ever and sweeter even than he had remembered her. The past few years had softened and subdued his adventurous heart and fitted him to be a more constant lover and devoted husband than he might have been had not these wanderings occurred. Those same years had developed her own patience and steady love. It did not take long for the old love to return and ripen into an engagement.

It was with stark unbelief that Florence's brothers' one

Sunday evening heard her announcement that Wallace Barnett had asked her to marry him.

"Well, what did you say," they blurted out?

"Why, I said, yes," she answered demurely.

So! Wally Barnett was to be their brother-in-law. Soon wedding plans began in earnest. Both families experienced great excitement, since this was the first wedding for each household. So, in a lovely white dress, the same dress in which three years later she was to be buried in, Florence Dobbins was married, and went to live with her young husband and his parents in the old red brick house which still stands.

There were now four different Barnett families living in the two houses which stood neighbor to each other. But this was not to be for long. Jeffrey and Elizabeth Barnett moved into a home in Lockport, leaving the old homestead to Ben Barnett and his wife, "Gusty." Henry and Della Barnett soon took their three young boys and bought a home about eighty five miles from the old homestead on the edge of Houghton Campus, where each of the boys in turn spent their college career. Wallace and Florence settled down on the old farm home.

Chapter VI

Ben and Gusty Barnett were not to remain on their farm for long. Ben, it seems, had experienced a genuine conversion and was devoted to his God in such a manner that for awhile he refused to sell milk on the Sabbath for fear of trespassing the ordinance to "Keep the Sabbath Holy." Each Sunday found him in his accustomed pew, enjoying the same measure of faith that his father and brother before him had embraced.

All this was very distasteful to his wife. She preferred a more popular form of religion and yearned for the city-Church and its accompanying advantages of social life. Probably due to this pressure put upon him Ben bought a home in the city very near to that of his father on fashionable East Avenue, and the interest in religion soon waned. Other interests absorbed him. Wealth became the desire of his heart, and the tale of Sodom and Gomorrah was relived in the life of the family. Money and lust displaced the ardent love of God. Shameful practices of lust and greed became a matter of course, until a life begun in sweet innocence became a reproach to all who shared that name. Divorce followed. The two children born into the family lived to renounce all claim on their father. Wealth accumulated by ill

means began to dwindle; friends forsook the once popular man and the years continued to harden the once tender soul which had sought only to please its God.

As one soul hardens, another mellows; so it was with the older brother. Long before Henry Barnett left the old home—stead he had established himself as a distinctly religious man to all who knew him. There was an unusual bond of affection between him and his new daughter-in-law, a bond not just earthy but similar to that of Naomi and Ruth in which the young woman looked to the older one for spiritual guidance. Almost all of the first year of her marriage, Florence Barnett spent in the pursuit of a deeper satisfaction in her religious life. During this time her love not only for her young husband but for the new father, as well as the new mother, grew and developed into a warm tenderness. Her fondness for her father-in-law caused his Godly precepts to be warmly cherished. The day came when she too felt the fullness of the Spirit in her life and she found the heart warming experience she had sought. She went dashing over to a Christian friend one morning in high spirits to announce that she had won her first soul for Christ. Although to us the name of that one is unknown, of one thing we can be sure; it was remembered in heaven and added a jewel to the crown which was soon to be hers.

November 25th, 1908 was to be an eventful day in the lives of the young couple in the red brick house. Their first born was to gladden their hearts and make life just a little more busy than it ever had been before. Ethel Elizabeth was the name chosen for this new bit of humanity, Ethel being the name of a favorite girl friend of the Mother and Elizabeth the name of a favorite younger sister. Never was a baby to be more surrounded by enthusiastic admirers, being the first grandchild in both families and the first great grandchild of Jeffrey and Elizabeth.

I never saw my mother to remember her. When I was two years old, my mother had another child, a baby girl, still-born. She never rallied from this birth and after a lingering illness slipped away. Before she did so, she called the grief-stricken husband to her bedside to ask a last request concerning the small girl she was leaving to his care. She expressed the wish that she might take me with her, but knowing this could never be, she asked my father to please keep me in good company. Hoping that what seemed inevitable might be stayed off, he hurried away at the Doctor's suggestion for some other type of medicine only to find on his return that she had slipped away to the new home.

I had evidently been staying with my grandmother Dobbins during her illness, because I faintly remember arriving one Sunday afternoon at my father's porch and being lifted into his arms and carried into the front room of our home which was full of people sitting in rows of chairs. I held in my small hand some flowers which I now know to have been nasturtiums. As my father carried me to one corner of the room and held me before what seemed like a couch at the time, on which my mother lay in her white wedding gown; the undertaker, just some man to me then, took from my hand the flowers and placed them beside my mother in her casket. My father told me that my mother was gone to be with Jesus. He then took me on his lap and sat down in one of the chairs. I remember nothing more and probably soon fell asleep.

I have one other faint recollection of some people carrying a big brown box out in the old cemetery but, as I have been told since, this could not have been my mother's casket but that of my great grandfather, Jeffrey Barnett, who died on the same day as my mother. I remember nothing more from that day on, except walking with my aunts one day to the cemetery where my mother was buried to place flowers on her grave. I continued for some time, however, to live with my grandfather and grandmother Dobbins, being much petted by my uncles and aunts.

Had my Mother lived she no doubt would have been very indulgent with me; because I have been told that when I had just learned to walk, I got into her flower bed one day and picked off each blossom. Every flower was destroyed because in my childish way I had pulled them—rather than picked them—by the heads of the blossoms so that none of them could be put into a vase and enjoyed. My mother, watching me, was so delighted to see that I loved flowers, that she allowed me to continue without any interruption. I evidently had some fondness for a garden, since I was afterward told many times by my uncle Earl about ruining his young watermelon bed of which he was very choicé. I don't know whether I received any reprimand for this at the time or not; but it was very evident that I had caused great grief to my young, enterprising uncle Earl at the time. Earl was one of my mother's younger brothers and always a great favorite with me, although I was very fond of all my uncles and aunts.

My grandfather and grandmother Dobbins lived by this time in a large frame house a short distance from the little stone church where both the Barnett and Dobbins families had always attended, and where most of the members of both families had

come to enjoy a conversion experience at some time or another. The pastor who came to live here with his family shortly after my mother's death was A. J. Taylor, a man beloved by all who knew him. I became very well acquainted with this kind pastor and his wife. I first remember, however, only one member of the family in any special way. One small son was just my age and became my special playmate. In fact he made many promises of marriage to me at that early age.

About a year after my mother's death, I remember one morning of playing on the floor with this boy, Beverly, striving to keep my share of the red toy windmill, which evidently had been given us to keep us quiet. This was in my father's living room. Suddenly, with some protesting, we were both disengaged from the beloved toy and made to stand in a sort of semi-circle with the few adults who were gathered there. Beverly's father stood in front of the group and was saying something. Soon some of the grown people began to cry. Inquiring about all that was going on, we learned that my father had just been married. He was standing side by side with the one who was now my mother. Knowing that somehow this was a very important occasion, and evidently seeing some of the others weeping, Beverly and I both burst out into bawling and upon being questioned as to the purpose of our tears, asked if we were married too, since we were also standing side by side. We were assured that we again were not and after some kissing and petting we were allowed to resume the weightier matter as to which of us was to retain the windmill.

My new mother, who was well known to both Beverly and I, having lived with Beverly's family for several years and also having befriended my father and I at the time of my mother's death, took great delight in dressing me in pretty clothes and arranging my hair in curls. She afterward described me as I was when I first became her small charge. I must have been rather plump three year old, because she described my face as looking like a large piece of dough in which someone had dotted some eyes and a nose. But with all this doughiness, she pronounced me as being "the cutest thing she had ever seen."

I had a very happy childhood for the next few years. I loved the frequent visits with grandfather and grandmother Dobbins which I often made, sometimes a week at a time. They now had moved into a house in town, on East Avenue not far from my uncle, or rather my father's uncle Ben. My greatest delight was to get into my aunts' clothes and come down the

long stairs trailing garments of various descriptions. They were all very indulgent with me and bought many things for me which delighted my childish heart.

My grandparents on my father's side were no less indulgent. I remember that when my father and my new mother went on their honeymoon, my "grandpa" Henry and "grandma" Della were left to care for the house and for me during their absence. I wanted to play with some cough medicine one night when I was being dressed for bed and against my grandmother's wishes took the cork out of the bottle and spilled the cough medicine on the living room floor. My grandmother decided that I had been a naughty girl and must be spanked, but I remember how my grandfather begged off for me reasoning that I hadn't intended to spill the medicine. Grandmother Della was persistent in the fact that I needed a little discipline, but grandfather won out and I was taken up to bed. I was well aware of the fact that if my parents had been home, the matter of going to bed would have been entirely different. The light would have been extinguished, and I should have been admonished to "Sleep tight." Footsteps would have quietly gone down the stairs. But, I well knew my power over my fond grandfather. He laid down on another bed, turned out the light and announced that we would see who could go to sleep first. This had its appeal. I was very quiet for some time and then proudly announced to my grandfather that I was asleep. If it were true that my mother had been very fond of this grandfather of mine it is also true that her small daughter grew unusually fond of him also.

Some of my first recollections were of his taking me by the hand as I accompanied him on some of his favorite morning walks up to the old cemetery near my home where my mother was buried. He loved to tell me about my mother. He impressed me very early with the fact that she had "Loved the Lord" as he would fondly say.

As I mentioned before, my grandfather moved to Houghton and only visited us on occasion. My father's oldest brother, Glen, was graduated from Houghton Seminary and left to attend school at Ann Arbor, Michigan for his college degree. I do not remember anything about this uncle except on one occasion. I was still very small and my uncle Glen, who had been staying with us, had been left at home to see that I was properly put to bed. In the more modern vernacular, he was baby sitting. I had a large type of crib in which I slept until about six years of age. I would often wake in the morning to find myself comfortably

lying on the mattress on the floor with the crib sides of the bed above me. The slats had fallen through. It was beside this crib bed that my uncle Glen sat on this particular evening trying to induce me to sleep. I asked him to play his violin for me. This he obligingly did. The music evidently had the desired effect because I remember nothing more. Nor was I to see him again to remember him. The fact that he played the violin for me upon my childish request forever endeared him to me and will always remain my one memory of him. I do know however that he had an abundance of wavy light brown hair and I carry in my mind the picture of how he looked, but I rather think I got the image from his picture rather than from actual memory. Even this picture image of him, however, I have cherished through the years and was one day to marry a young man who looked almost exactly like him and possessed many of the same character traits.

As I said before Glen had gone to school at Ann Arbor. Life went on as usual for those back home until a telegram came one morning to my grandfather announcing that Glen was seriously ill. The next train saw grandfather off to Ann Arbor. As my grandfather sat by Glen's bed, he talked to him about "Being right with the Lord." On his hospital bed Glen Barnett had a conversation experience that was very striking. I have often listened to my grandfather describe it. Glen, it seems, that day lying there on his bed asked my dead mother's forgiveness for some grievance he had done her.

He seemed to have no doubt but that she heard him from somewhere over there in the great beyond. In a few moments he went to join her. I remember my father's voice on the phone as he answered it the day we received the telegram. We were to meet my grandfather at the train on which he was bringing the body home. I was about six years old at this time. I remember very well my young uncle lying in his casket in the front room of our home, where my mother's casket had been just three years before. He was to be buried in the same family lot. I also remember seeing the young lady to whom he had been engaged at the time of his death, a Miss Bertha Stahl, bending over his casket. I was fully aware this time what death could mean.

Chapter VII

When I was seven years old, I remember being told by my father that I might ride with him to the Doctor's house at Gasport, a little town about three and a half miles from our

home. We were to go in the one-horse buggy, a very fine polished affair of which we were all justly proud at the time. If I were going to the doctor's, I reasoned, why not make good my trip. I carefully wrote a note and sealed it in an envelope and clutched it tightly all the way to the doctor's. The note read:

*"I want you to bring us a baby, please.
I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl, but I
just want one."*

When my father reached the doctor's office he alone went in, but he took my note promising to hand it to the doctor. Doctor Johnson was with my father when he returned, and having read the note, promised me that he "would see" about it. I accepted this as a promise in good faith. My delight knew no bounds. The long awaited baby brother or sister would arrive. I announced this on my return home, and immediately following the noon meal went out doors to await the doctor's car. It did not come that day or the next. Sunday came and I was sure that this would be the day. But no doctor, no baby.

Gradually my ardor faded. My second grade studies and my school companions took up most of my attention. My teacher at this time was one whom I loved very much, Miss Marion Hanford. One evening my father asked me if I would enjoy going over to the neighbor's house where this teacher stayed to spend the night. I could think of nothing that I would like better. The neighbor was away for the evening, so my beloved teacher and I were left alone. We spent a delightful evening as she read me Grimm's Fairy Tales. When I sat at breakfast the next morning at our neighbor's house, the good natured man of the home sat beside me and announced that he had just come from my house and that there was a surprise over there. Did I know what it was. Certainly I knew. I had long since discovered that such surprises announced in this manner meant kittens had arrived—soft, fluffy, crawley baby kittens. I hurried through my breakfast a little faster and hastened home.

My father met me at the door and seemed as excited as I, but when I questioned him about the kittens, he knew nothing about them. But what surprise could be interesting now when there were no kittens. He led me by the hand into the bedroom. Mother for some reason had not yet gotten up. My father suddenly picked me up in his arms and held me close to a large clothes basket in the room, and there lay a tiny baby—the baby sister. It was all too wonderful. I burst out crying, asking what

were we to put on it. My father then took me to the dresser, opened the large drawer and proceeded to take out one tiny garment after another, all waiting for the tiny baby. I watched thoroughly fascinated. Even the baby brushes and combs were there. I learned that the baby was to be named Florence May after my dead mother.

Shortly after the birth of my baby sister, I remember playing one afternoon in the sawdust pile in front of our old icehouse. Suddenly someone picked me up and held me high in the air. My uncle Howard, my father's youngest brother, was home for a day or two from his work in Akron, Ohio, where he was working in the Good Year Rubber Company. He had stopped for just a brief hello at the old homestead. After some hurried cuddling, he put me down again to resume my play in the clump of sawdust and was gone. I never saw him again. Soon after he returned to Akron, my grandfather was called to his bedside and he remained with him during a short illness of Typhoid fever. Again I remember my father's voice on the phone as he received the telegram from my grandfather, and turning to the rest of us standing with white faces announced, "Howard is dead."

Once more my grandfather accompanied the body home and was met at the train as before. And again the casket was placed in the same corner where two years before my uncle Glen lay. This time my grandfather laid his youngest—his baby to rest. He was never sure whether Howard had "Accepted the Lord" as he worded it. Sometime before this Howard who had a most beautiful tenor voice had been offered a position traveling with a quartette through the country. Contrary to his father's wishes, Howard was planning to take up just such work. The thing which so grieved his father was that this was not a religious quartette but was of a rather worldly order as it was considered by that generation. My grandfather had stood one day under the old maple trees at our home and pleaded with Howard about accepting God in his life. Howard had become so moved on that day that he sobbed like a small child and remarked:

"Dad if I go to Hell I know it won't be your fault."

But the sobbing soon ceased and so did the good intentions of Howard. Like many a young person he left God out of his thinking altogether. Again a year before his death, as Howard was visiting his father's cottage on the old Wesleyan Methodist Camp ground at Houghton during a meeting there, Clarence, his brother, weeping, threw his arms around Howard's neck and told

him of a dream the night before in which he had seen Howard being swept over a precipice into a yawning Hell, as he expressed it. He pleaded with Howard to give his heart to God. Howard seemed to appreciate his brother's felicitations, but evidently paid no more heed to them.

And now Howard was lying in the corner of our living room in his casket. My grandfather had only one thing on which to base his hope that Howard might have accepted Christ on his death bed. During one of those long trying days at Howard's bedside watching him in the throes of a burning fever in which Howard kept crying for water in a hoarse whisper, being denied this quenching of his thirst by Doctor's orders; my grandfather saw Howard motion to him to take his gold watch from the stand near his bed. Since my grandfather had been definitely opposed to the wearing of gold due to his own experience in early years, he always felt that Howard meant by this gesture that he too renounced his gold watch and in surrendering it to his father signified his surrender of his life to Christ. Small gesture though it was, it remained the one instance on which my grandfather pinned his hope that Howard had made his peace with God. I suppose that only eternity alone can fully answer that.

From my earliest recollections I had heard my grandfather and grandmother use the terms "Salvation," "Being Saved," "Getting Right" with God and "Sins Forgiven," so that as a very small child, I had a pretty good understanding of these Methodist terms. The existence of God was never any problem in my life. He simply was. When about five or six years old I had a favorite book which contained stories about Christ. I could not read these stories, but the book also had many pictures of the suffering Christ and the judgments of God upon his people. I had evidently been told what all these pictures were about, because even then, I would sit on the floor just before bedtime looking at these pictures with the strange conviction that I needed to be on God's side. My grandfather very early decided that I was of the age of accountability and seemed to take great delight in talking to me about God with the express desire to see me "Saved." I cannot remember the time when I did not desire such "Salvation." My difficulty seemed to be in, "Taking hold by faith," as he would patiently explain to me. I have many fond memories of kneeling at the couch in my father's home as a very small child with my grandfather and grandmother kneeling on

either side of me praying together with me and singing:

"He takes me as I am,

He takes me as I am;

He brings his free salvation nigh,

And he takes me as I am."

When the little chorus was finished they invariably asked me whether or not I felt that he really did "take me." I would sadly shake my head, because I really felt no different than I had a few minutes before. If I could have had the childish simplicity to say yes, that I believed that God accepted me, I probably would have come to realize some manifestation of God's acceptance. But, this I refused to do, thinking that I should grieve the Lord by telling a lie. At about eight years of age I remember sitting in our new Ford car on the street in Lockport and again expressing the desire to be saved to my patient grandfather who desired nothing more than to see that event take place. He told me to bow my head and we would have prayer together while we waited for the rest of the family to return. I did so and concentrated on the prayer—for a short time. Whether the prayer was a bit long or whether I happened to open my eyes at the wrong time, I hardly know. But I caught sight of a little girl my own age walking down the street dressed in white with a long white confirmation veil. Never having seen a confirmation veil before, I thought the little girl was wearing a white wedding veil. The sight proved too much for me, and while Grandfather was still praying for me I was pecking through my fingers at the white veil, until it had entirely disappeared down the street. I remember feeling very guilty over this for some time but dared not even mention the veil as much as I desired to do so.

My next recollection of a sense of conviction came during a camp meeting on the Wesleyan camp ground at Houghton, New York. My grandfather lived just off this campground and owned a small summer cottage on the campground itself. In this cottage we spent about ten days each August in attendance at the camp meeting. At about eleven years of age, I enjoyed that particular summer the evangelistic preaching of David Anderson, middle-aged man with a powerful voice and a still more powerful message. By this time I had reached quite a stage of complacency. I was quite accustomed by this time to the altar calls and the sound of seekers at the "mourner's bench." However, on one particular evening during a very fervent invitation to the altar my young companion, at that time a thirteen

year old daughter of one of the ministers, took me by the hand and pulled me from the building with the rather startling words: "*Let's get out of here. None of that stuff for me.*"

This frightened me. Although I had been quite unmoved myself, this new denunciation from my young friend, of whom I was very fond; I felt was very dangerous. Not wishing to annoy her I allowed myself to be dragged away, but in my heart I begged God not to leave me forever, fearing greatly that I might grieve the Spirit in such a way that he might draw away from me. I recall the sweet sense of God's spirit that swept over me at that moment, so great that I wanted to run away to be alone with this sweet sense of God but politely stayed with my companion and followed her to her cottage instead. I have often felt in later years that I might have claimed a conversion experience that night, but I did not and the incident was forgotten.

When I was thirteen years old, my family attended some revival meetings that were being held in a Free Methodist Church in Lockport, about four miles from our home. An Evangelist, E. J. Graves, was preaching each night. For the first time in my life I was seized with a very urgent sense of real conviction. I would lie awake nights and promise God that I would go to the altar the next night for certain, but each time the call was given I would quietly tremble at my seat and let others go instead. This continued with my being more unhappy each time I failed to respond to the invitation until one night a Mrs. Boehm, a former neighbor of ours, stepped up beside me and invited me to go with her to the altar. At the altar I was again confronted with the same difficulty I had experienced on such occasions before, when kneeling at earlier times with my grandfather and grandmother. That which I sought did not come. But I was admonished not to give up. So I obediently responded again to an invitation to the altar in this same series of meetings. This time it was on a Sunday morning, the last Sunday of the meetings. All who were seeking at the altar were admonished to hold up their hands as they sang a familiar chorus. Repeatedly urged by Mrs. Boehm at my side to hold up my hands with the rest, indicating thereby that I fully surrendered to the Lord, I finally got courage to hold up my hands. When asked whether the Lord saved me, I finally at Mrs. Boehm's request summoned courage to answer that He did. Others rejoiced over my acclamation. But not I. I felt that I had done something terribly daring to say that I was saved when I knew perfectly well that no change had taken place. But Mrs. Boehm had in-

sisted that Christ would not turn me down. Therefore he must have received me, I reasoned. In spite of the rejoicing of those around me, my own heart remained very heavy—very heavy indeed for one so newly redeemed.

We returned to our home, and with the dinner over, my parents retired for their accustomed afternoon nap, while I remained in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes before going up to take my own nap. As I stood before the kitchen sink, slowly wiping a dish the thought suddenly came to me, "Why, I am saved." The thing I had sought for so long had happened. A sudden joy took hold of me and—the witness came. This time there was no mistaking it. The feeling I had so often desired came at last. No words ever could fully describe this experience. But there in front of me as I stood at the kitchen sink that day



GLEN, CLARENCE, HOWARD AND WALLACE

was a warm presence that seemed to envelope me, a presence so heavenly and so real that it could not be mistaken. It was Christ. He had accepted me. I felt almost afraid to leave that corner of the kitchen for fear that the sweet presence would leave me. But I remember how delighted I was as I climbed the stairs to my bedroom that the same warm sweet presence went with me—surrounding me, flooding my heart with a sweet delight.

Chapter VIII

Early one September morning when my baby sister was about two and a half years old, I was watching her splash through her morning bath when my father brought us the exciting news that we had a baby brother. This was excitement enough for even a two and a half year old. The bath was hurried through and my father took us into the large bedroom to see the new brother who was quietly reposing in a clothes basket. This brother was to be named Howard, we learned, after our dead Uncle.

This boy came to bear not only his grandfather's initials, H. R. B., but also bore a resemblance in many ways to his grandfather. He had the same slightly wavy brown hair, the blue eyes with a mischievous twinkle, the same dimple in his chin and an abundance of saucy freckles, as well as the sunny disposition of his grandfather. He also inherited the same love for music and the same beautiful voice for singing. Perhaps even more important than any of these other qualities was the seemingly inherited deep natural faith in God that characterized this grandson of Henry Barnett.

When he was only two years old, our father's heavy team broke loose from where they were harnessed and galloped at a startling pace off across the fields. Needless to say the entire household was alarmed since, Father, though a swift runner was no match for them. In the midst of our consternation the small brother calmly walked over to Mother, pulled at her skirts and encouragingly announced: "Don't worry Mamma, Dod will bring de horses back."

This tiny plea for divine help evidently did not go unheard because very shortly the team cornered themselves in an old section of fence which had remained standing in a neighbor's field, and confused for a few moments, they stood still long enough for my father to catch up with them and the captives were safely returned to their stalls.

We soon found that our young brother had a great propensity for getting himself into some kind of trouble. It was when he was still at the young age of two years that we heard some rather unearthly yelling one morning coming from the dining room. Father had been laying some hardwood flooring in that room and some tools and nails had been left lying on the floor. Greatly alarmed at the uproar, we all rushed to the dining room to find small "Howdy" pinned to the floor with a very large

spike through his small trouser leg, and a very large hammer and a very frightened face. Hammering had seemed so very much fun, but now he wasn't so sure. It was the same Howdy that four or five years later held in his hand a much bigger mallet and wielded a much bigger blow. This time the blow did a little more serious damage. It very nearly severed a toe on the yet small young man. The family having been duly aroused by screams coming from the field below the house this time did not meet the situation by fits of laughter but joined in the seriousness of the situation. The doctor was summoned and the badly damaged toes were properly cared for. What the family did not know at that time was that this boy was to become the physician in the family.

Chapter IX

When I was about twelve years old there arose some trouble concerning the family in the little stone church where we had always attended regularly; in fact, hardly a Sunday had been missed since the days when Elizabeth and Jeffrey Barnett settled in the small community. Especially sacred to Henry Barnett was this little church, the place where God had so richly blessed him. But as we said before Henry Barnett had strong convictions and held rigidly to these principles. Some of these convictions were not always shared by those about him. He greatly differed with other officers in the church in several matters. He felt that the Sunday evening service should be kept for the preaching service rather than to be given over once a month to children's exercises for the young missionary band which had been started in the church. He seemed to feel that an over amount of stress was being placed upon the missionary band and that the finances of the church budget were being directed too heavily toward this band. His whole point of view seemed to be that the organization was not being run on as spiritual a basis as he wished it were. His stand along this line made him to appear to be opposed to missions in the eyes of some. While this was not true such charges were brought against him and one of the women of the church, a Mrs. Wm. S. , a former friend of the family, wrote to conference officials and a church trial was held. As a result of this trial the names of Henry and Della Barnett together with the names of my father and the name of Clarence Barnett were removed from the Church roll. Although this church was one of the precious heritages of our family, no member of the Barnett family entered its doors again for some years. We found another Church home, namely that

of the Congregational Church in Gasport, a little town just to the east of our home and situated on the banks of the familiar old Barge canal. We also attended at times the Free Methodist Church in Lockport where my conversion, which I described earlier took place. Our experiences in these other churches probably served to broaden us. We found sincere Godly Christians in each of these churches and enjoyed much Christian fellowship among them.

During this time the congregation in our own small church at Chestnut Ridge had dwindled until only one family remained prominent in keeping its doors open. This family was strangely enough one in which the father had been formerly given to drinking and my grandfather had many times prayed with him and had finally led him into an established experience in Christ.

Very stalwart of build, of likeable manner and possessing a distinctly Irish brogue, this man, David Luskin, was well known to the members of our family. My father had once found him in a drunken condition on a very cold night on a park bench in the nearby city of Lockport. Bringing him home, my father prayed with him until about two o'clock in the morning, then went with him at his request to his home near our own—went with him to tell his family the glad news that their husband and father had found the Lord. After some time Mr. Luskin again lost out in his new found faith and again took to the use of alcohol.

I well remember one Sunday evening my grandfather and grandmother walking to Church with Mr. Luskin between them. He had been under the influence of liquor but was sobering up enough to walk to church with us. That night he responded to an altar call and prayed through to a triumphant experience in Christ. This time his faith held and from that night he never again touched liquor and remained a devoted christian until his death. It was this man and his family that God used to keep open the doors of our little Church during the time that we were estranged from its services.

At length a good natured smiling little minister came to preach in the little stone church and often came to visit at our house. He never failed to plead with my folks to come back and worship in the Church where we had once been accustomed to worship. Largely due to the efforts of this Rev. Woodhouse, who soon after died, the names of my grandfather and grandmother, father and mother and uncle were re-instated on the books by those who a few years before had removed them; and the Barnett

family again regularly attended worship in their accustomed places. My father's family still worships regularly in this little church.

When I was fifteen years old, a young man with his family came to preach for us. This young preacher was to greatly affect my life in the next few years. This young man, Rev. John Bruce and his wife were greatly beloved by all our people. They were a very consecrated couple and his preaching brought great conviction. As so often happens in the wake of such a gospel preacher, pressure was brought to bear on the little family in many ways that finally broke their hearts and broke his health. For seven years this family with seven children lived in the small parsonage beside our church and continued to wield a strong influence in the life of the church and community. Rev. Bruce himself had come to Houghton to take his school work as a young man and had met my grandfather and, due to him, had come to enjoy a rich experience and was unusually successful in soul winning. I owe much of the development of my own Christian experience to this devoted minister and his wife. I learned from them also my first knowledge of what parsonage life could be like.

I remember having been invited to their house one day for dinner. I sat at the table with the father and mother and seven children, a happy fun loving group. On the table for the Sunday meal was a very large bowl of string beans cooked in milk, beans from their own little garden and milk from the parsonage cow which the family had purchased. The only other bit of food was a loaf of bread and a small bit of butter. We all had a generous portion of string beans and a helping of bread and another large portion of string beans. At first I was shocked by the bareness of the meal but the good nature of each member of the family as they ate with relish soon made me realize that happiness did not consist of rich foods.

I often saw this young minister and his wife leave the church weeping because an unusually inspiring message had seemingly failed to bring response from those who listened. I have learned since that it is this type of thing which breaks so many of our ministers, while just the slightest word of appreciation from someone about the message might have changed the entire picture. But at least I gained my first real knowledge of parsonage life, a knowledge for which someday I was to be thankful.

There are many memories of my grandfather that have come back to me through the years. Again and again we would hear him say in his accustomed way, "I don't think it would be pleasing to the Lord." I clearly carry in my mind the picture of one evening at the close of a quiet Sabbath day his sitting in our large dining room at home, as he listened to the broadcast from the Clinton Churchill tabernacle at Buffalo, New York. The Sunday evening choir was singing: "There is a Balm in Gilead." Moved by the music he began to rub his hands as he often did when highly pleased and exclaimed, "O, It seems as though sometimes I can hardly wait to get over there and see what it is really like."

It was in the same dining room one evening at the evening meal that I looked over at him as he sat at the supper meal. All was lively confusion about him, but he heard none of it at that moment. With a far away look in his eyes, the tears were slowly creeping down the lined face as a happy look crossed his features and I knew that for the moment he was alone with his God, in quiet communion, communion with the God he lived for moment by moment.

It was very common not only for young ministers, friends and church workers but also young college students to stop in to talk with my grandfather about spiritual things. In the comfortable dining room at his home on the college campus many a student wandered over to talk to him, while the rest of the family moved about ever so quietly so as not to disturb in any way. Almost always we soon heard sounds of earnest prayer come from the closed doors of the dining room and shortly we would hear him bidding his visitor goodbye and he would come in to report to us of the happy experience of his visitor being restored to divine grace or of a conversion. One might wonder why so many found their way to this man to pray, but I think I understand the secret of his drawing power.

Like many others I did not walk as closely with God as was necessary to maintain a healthy christian experience following my conversion. The excitement of high school days, graduation, etc., had entirely claimed my attention. While I continued to attend church regularly twice on the Sabbath and at the weekly prayer services I made no profession of christian faith whatsoever. At times I was even much moved by the testimonies of christians but did nothing about my own religious life. Following my high school graduation, my family was spending a ten day period in the small cottage on the edge of the camp

ground above my grandfather's house; where meetings were in progress at which Rev. J. M. Hames was preaching. Two very devoted women, a Mrs. Rude and her friend from a church, known as the Ridge Road Church, had attempted to persuade me to go forward at each altar call, as they both prevailed upon me with many pleadings, calling me "Beloved" until the word seemed to ring in my ears but without the desired effect. I eventually did everything in my power to evade them even to hiding when I saw them crossing the campus or leaving as quickly as I could when the altar call began.

One afternoon my grandfather as nonchalantly as possible invited me to come down to the house to visit. For the first time in my life I failed to keep this appointment with my grandfather and yet I loved him very much. He only smiled when I again met him and said he would be home the next day if I would like to drop in on them. The next afternoon I went down to my grandfather's house and spent a lovely afternoon. He talked to me some about my mother as he knew her before she died. But not a word about religion was mentioned. Yet when I bid goodbye to my grandfather that afternoon and started back up to the campground, I was the unhappiest I had ever been. I could eat no supper; I did not want to talk to any of my young companions with whom I had had such good times. I wanted to weep but could not shed any tears. I could not even tell what was making me so uncomfortable. I seemed to have a great desire for God and a heaviness because I did not feel God in my life. But why this sudden change from my happy carefree life to this dread weight and heaviness of spirit? I couldn't explain it, yet it was unmistakably there.

A case of genuine conviction seemed suddenly to have seized me. But why? I have since realized that, although my grandfather said not a word about religion that afternoon, he was secretly praying for me and that this peculiar pull of God upon me which I was then experiencing was a direct outcome of his prayers. To be in his presence was almost like being in the presence of God himself. That evening I wept all through the preaching service and yet I had no idea why I was weeping. At the altar call, Rev. Hames came down the aisle to where I stood and invited me to the altar and I followed him down the aisle and knelt at the little low altar bench and continued my weeping. Finally our pastor's wife, Mrs. Bruce, who knelt beside me, asked, "Ethel, is it settled?" The word "settled" caught my attention and I said, "Yes." I felt that, whatever anyone else did, I was going

to walk with God from now on. Heaven seemed to slip into my soul and an indescribable peace and quietness came over me. I immediately left the altar knowing that I had found the satisfaction which I sought.

A close friend of the family who lived just below the campground had invited me to spend the night with her. I remember as we walked to her home together the radiance of the presence which enveloped me. Fortunately Grace Tarey, my companion that night, was very understanding of the situation; since she too had come under the persuasive power of my grandfather and had found a rich experience in the Lord under his guidance. Grace was about middle age at the time and spent many hours with my grandparents and looked to my grandfather for spiritual leadership. We talked over many problems of the Christian life that evening before settling down for the night. This talk proved very beneficial to me in the new type of life I was about to enter.

My grandfather held the peculiar view that if the regenerated person obeyed God fully that he would within about ten days be brought to "Face his consecration" as he carefully described it. He believed and taught that the Holy Spirit would, subsequent to regeneration, present a path of duty to one usually along the line of trust which; if it was accepted, would bring that one into the fullness of the Christian experience or into a state of "Sanctification" in the term of the Methodists. Many violently disagreed with him on this issue but a great number have borne out this fact in their religious experience. Among these was Grace Tarey. Another was Rev. Bruce whom I have already mentioned.

Little did I realize that I myself was to be one to bear witness to the truth of his teaching in this matter. It was on the twentieth of August prior to my twentieth birthday that I had been restored to grace while kneeling at the altar in the auditorium at Houghton camp ground. It was on the thirtieth of August after a week of being back home again and after much quietness before God that my consecration appeared before me. I had always been unusually timid about witnessing in any manner for the Lord. I now felt that God was speaking to me about my witnessing before my fellowmen wherever and whenever the occasion gave opportunity. I was about to begin the fall term as teacher in a one room school a few miles from my home. Could I witness before my pupils that I was a Christian? The thing seemed too big for me. As I was sitting alone in the kitchen

peeling some apples in preparation for some baking, in the same kitchen where God had appeared to me seven years before in a conversion experience; I suddenly began to think more earnestly about this matter of witnessing. I said to myself, "Well I will trust the Lord to show me what to say and then I will say what he wants me to."

I was quickly aware that God was evidently pleased with this decision because I felt a strange warmth and joy stealing over me and God seemed to be telling me to believe. I said to myself, "I believe he sanctifies me now." I immediately knew that this was true. What I now experienced was so overpowering and wonderful that I had to leave the room and go out of doors where I might be entirely alone in my new found joy. For the first time in my life, and perhaps the only time, I actually indulged in a "demonstration" which would have outdone any which I had previously witnessed about the altar of the old campground. I literally "danced before the Lord." I was always very glad that no one but God was there to look upon my antics.

The steadiness and stability which followed this experience was very gratifying and I kept my promise to "walk with God." I was very thankful however for the kindly advices given me from time to time by my grandfather during this testing time in my religious experience. Many people who are of rather a strict faith seem to feel that to wear clothes which are in vogue at the time or to dress one's hair in the latest fashion is sinful and will bring condemnation of the Lord. My grandfather did not share this opinion. Inquiring of him one day concerning a certain dress in question he gave the very sage advice:

"Don't avoid becoming fashions simply because they are in style."

I always found his opinions well founded and sensible.

My grandfather was very insistent on one's being definite in his seeking as well as in his testimony about the grace which he had received. It is interesting to note that, although my grandmother had been a Christian for years, she suddenly became convicted of the fact that she had never received the baptism of the Holy Spirit or in the old Methodist terms; she had never enjoyed a clear experience of sanctification. She awakened in the night and waking my grandfather asked him to pray for her, saying that she believed that she had never had the experience that she had been witnessing to for so long a time.

Many husbands might have soothed their wives into thinking that all was well, that this was a trick of Satan, but not Henry Barnett. He had seen too many profess an experience which he felt they did not enjoy. If Della had any doubts as to her experience he was all for straightening out the matter in the proper way until she might reach satisfaction. The father who so many years before left his wagon to kneel in the field and pray for his son now left his comfortable bed to pray for a beloved wife, who was concerned about her relationship with the Lord. Between the earnest prayers of them both and the kindly counsel on the part of the husband, once more Della Barnett felt secure, this time, in a new found experience in which she knew that the Holy Spirit had come in all his fullness into her life.

Grandfather now felt that she must testify before all those who knew her in Church, the church where for years she had already testified frequently to having already attained this grace, which she had so newly experienced. We can well imagine this was not the easiest thing to do for one as quiet and unassuming as Della Barnett, but, persuaded by her husband that this was the course that would most glorify God, she unhesitatingly gave witness to the new found experience that was hers.

Some might be led to think that so persuasive was the influence of Henry Barnett on his wife that their marriage might have been a one sided one in which the wife was entirely dominated by the husband, but those who lived the closest to them were surprised to find that the snappy black eyes of Della when sufficiently aroused were enough to subdue even one so determined as Henry Barnett.

Chapter X

It was in the year 1928 that I awoke one morning in February very early to hear much moving about down stairs. Usually no one was stirring at this hour. At length my father appeared in the doorway of the bedroom and informed my small sister and I that another sister had come to live with us. I was now fifteen and Florence seven. But when a new sister arrives it matters not whether you are fifteen or seven; the excitement is the same. Not waiting to dress we raced down the stairs to meet with the old familiar clothes basket holding many blankets — buried in the midst of the blankets was a very tiny and a very pink face. My favorite name for a girl had always been Mildred, so I was overjoyed when I learned that this tiny member was to be named Mildred. My father, while happy and excited as usual

over the newcomer seemed very anxious and Mother explained that the baby had very nearly died and even now she might not live.

A trained nurse soon arrived to care for the baby and our Mother. Although my father paid her sixty dollars a week; she neglected to properly care for the baby, and after she had gone my father and mother discovered that the baby was slowly starving to death. She was now so weak that she must be fed with a medicine dropper. It was some weeks before we knew whether this baby sister was to remain with us or not.

My grandfather always felt that since Mildred had so nearly been taken from us but had been so graciously spared, God had a particular place for her to fill in his kingdom. Although Grandfather was not to live to see what this place might be; those who have watched Mildred develop in her spiritual life and heard her rich soprano voice singing in the service of Christ have come to realize that grandfather was right in his opinion. Her peculiar shy sweet little smile was a great delight to him as she developed out of babyhood into a chubby little blond, affectionate and very tender in her spirit.

About four years after the birth of Mildred a little brother was added to the family and was named after our father, bearing his initials with the name Walter Franklin. This boy was also to prove a very devoted worker in the cause of Christ and was someday to take his place in the world of music.

Not long after Walter was born it became apparent to all of us that grandfather was not well. For the first time in his life he began to show some signs of age. Late one evening after our family had all retired we were surprised with a long distance telephone call. My father answered the phone and announced to the rest of us that grandfather was ill. Grandmother thought that we had better come as soon as we could. We left the next day for Houghton. Grace Tarey met us at the door and we had to wait some time before any of the family were allowed to see him.

It seemed that he had been hemorrhaging badly. We were told that one more hemorrhage would mean his death. There was an ominous silence that filled the house as though some sinister foreboding were over all of us. My father was unsatisfied with the doctor's diagnosis; indeed he had not much of a diagnosis to offer. A consultation of doctors was held, my father having phoned our own family physician who drove nearly a

hundred miles to be with the other doctors at the consultation. Nothing definite however was given concerning grandfather's condition; except that he must be kept very quiet and a diet was prescribed to build up the content of his blood. After spending the week-end with our grandparents and finding grandfather somewhat improved, we left for home. My father was convinced in his own mind, however, that grandfather had some kind of growth in the bowel of which the doctors had not spoken, knowing that there was nothing that could be done.

My grandfather did get well, however, to the extent that he could be up around the house and attend a few meetings occasionally. A year passed by and Grandfather came to visit us. Rev. Bruce had brought him up and Grandfather had stood the trip well. His birthday, the 72nd, was celebrated in a quiet way and many wished him many more returns of the day. He sadly shook his head and exclaimed, "Not if they're like this one."

We knew then that he was suffering more than the rest of us could realize. My grandfather had always hoped that he could live long enough to be able to take care of a transaction which would call for his signature in case of his brother's death, the brother who lived in Nebraska and whom none of us except grandfather and grandmother had ever seen. The morning that Grandfather was to leave for home we received word that the brother in the West had died and with unsteady hand Grandfather signed the paper taking care of the transaction about which he had felt a little anxious, the last bit of writing he was to do. Mother often said afterward that she knew by the look on his face that he felt it a secret omen that his own time was very short.

He left that day traveling home by auto and that night about nine o'clock we received the telephone call that Grandfather was dead. That night as I lay awake trying to make things seem real I remember hearing my father in the next room tossing on his bed and sobbing like a child as I heard him say to Mother:

"Father always begged me to get right with the Lord and now he is gone."

My father was a Christian and a very active one but as is the case with so many of us he had somewhat allowed the keen edge of his experience to become dulled in the busy events of life. I understood perfectly the sense of insecurity he suddenly felt with Grandfather dead. I was somehow so very glad that I had become well established in the Lord before the passing of Grand-

father. I had always dreaded the thought that he might die while I was still not secure in the Lord. In his passing, God seemed to give me a special uplift and Heaven seemed very real.

We left early the next morning for my grandfather's home and found Rev. Bruce still at the house. He had been with Grandfather when he passed away. He had quickly helped Grandfather into bed immediately upon their return home. It was very apparent that the trip had been too much for him. As Rev. Bruce and Grandmother stood anxiously at his bedside he started to tell them not to bother to stay up with him but to get some rest. As he said these words a surprised look came across his features, and he seemed to realize that he was going. In the moment of his passing, Rev. Bruce said he beheld a faint light or halo which seemed to surround his features. Evidently as he approached the heavenly city, he received a royal welcome.

In the days that followed plans were quickly made for a funeral in the home at Houghton and another service to be held at Chestnut Ridge, in the little church which had been so dear to him. This made a journey of 85 miles for the hearse, but the plans were arranged and preparations made.

Various friends of my grandfather came to the home to visit previous to the funeral. Among them was a young college student. We had often heard my grandfather speak of this boy as a "promising young man." They had had many conversations together as they walked each morning from the downtown section back to the campus, as it was my grandfather's custom to go once a day for the mail. Had I known it, this young student was to be my future husband and I should probably have taken special note of him; but at the time he was merely a young man who had come to pay tribute to my grandfather. I walked out into the kitchen and allowed someone else to do him courtesy. Neither of us knew the other existed, but it might be said that my future husband had fallen in love with my grandfather long before he fell in love with me.

One evening preceding the funeral I left the dining room and went alone into the parlor where in the darkness of the room Grandfather was lying at rest on a sort of bier prior to his being laid out in his casket. The moonlight was flooding the room and fell directly across Grandfather's face. I stood for some time in contemplation as I watched the soft light of the moon outline the rugged features of his face. I was long to remember that brief moment; for there in that room that night God gave me a peculiar call to take up where he had left off in "Winning souls

for Christ." As I responded to the voice of the Lord, God met me there. Little did I realize how precious the memory of that moment was to become in the years ahead. And peculiarly enough I have had the privilege of doing personal work in helping others find an experience in Christ in a way that I had never dreamed possible. Later, after I had married, God sent my husband and I to a charge where we were instrumental in leading an older man into a deeper experience, a man with whom my grandfather had prayed so earnestly; that he had years before left his breakfast one morning and driven several miles with horse and buggy in order to pray with this Mr. Mix, who was seeking a deeper work of grace.

Mr. Mix for some reason had never been able to take hold by faith, but now, several years after my Grandfather's death, Mr. Mix, due to my husband's ministry, knelt at an altar of prayer during a revival meeting and received the blessing for which so many years his heart had hungered. I'm sure that another star was added to my Grandfather's crown that night; for it was due to his prayers and efforts more than to those of my husband or mine that Mr. Mix "Prayed through." But I felt that my answer to the call of God that night at the side of my dead Grandfather had borne fruit.

At the close of the funeral at the house, where so many of the professors from the college and the townspeople, with whom Grandfather had been acquainted came to pay a last tribute; the long slow journey was begun which would bring the body back to the home where Henry R. Barnett had spent his childhood and much of his later life. As the small funeral procession neared the little church at our old home, we heard the low distinct sounds of the bell tolling, the bell which had been tolled for my mother and my uncles and was now tolling its message of death for my grandfather. Heaven seemed very real and near that afternoon as fitting tribute was paid to the one who had so dearly loved this little church, and many were those among us that afternoon who were to gain Heaven only because of the prayers and efforts of my grandfather.

Just a week previous to this funeral I had been in our kitchen at home with Grandfather sitting in the front room at an angle where I could see the sunlight resting on his graying hair. I was singing a hymn that was a great favorite with me:

*"Some day somewhere I know not when
The wheels of life will all stand still,
And I shall go to dwell on Zion's hill."*

I happened to glance up and noticed that Grandfather seemed to be listening to the words of the song and enjoying them along with me. The thought occurred to me that he might be nearer Zion's Hill than I because of age and illness, etc. A week later to the day Rev. and Mrs. A.J. Taylor, our former pastor and his wife, were singing this very song at my grandfather's funeral. I could never describe my exact feelings at that moment except to say that

*"But thinly the veil intervened
Between that fair city and me."*

Grandfather was laid to rest at the very side of my mother in the old familiar graveyard where I had walked with him so many times. It somehow delighted me that the graves of my mother and grandfather were side by side. I had sometimes gone alone to sit at my mother's grave and think of the words:

*"The wheels of time will all stand still
And I shall go to dwell on Zion's hill."*

The wheels had long stood still for her and I knew that she was enjoying Zion's Hill. Now it seemed that the spot was doubly sacred.

Chapter XI

A little boy nine years old, one night was attending a revival meeting with his mother. Immediately preceding the adult sermon a spiritual leader gathered a group of children about her and held up two large hearts, one blackened and filled with all sorts of undesirable objects depicting anger, jealousy, greed, etc.; the other a white heart in which rested the dove of peace. The little boy went home that night greatly perturbed. The next day he accosted his mother with the astonishing question, "Mother, what is sin?" Taken by surprise, the mother quickly passed over the incident by answering, "Oh, you know what sin is."

One thing the little boy did know was that he didn't want the black heart. If his heart looked like the black one, he'd better do something about it. That evening as the altar was given the little boy started to leave the pew, where he and his mother had been sitting, intent upon going to the altar. The mother thinking that he didn't know what it was all about held the little boy back, but the more she held him back the more he tugged; until he had broken loose from her grip and he almost ran to the altar.

A little boy had come to Jesus and Jesus had accepted him.

A little life was saved that night, saved from a life of sin to a life of service. He has often told in later years of how real God seemed to him that night as he left the service and walked home at his mother's side, and how even the stars seemed brighter to him after that and the birds seemed to sing more sweetly.

There was no family altar in the home so the boy as he grew older established the custom of pausing as he went up over the hill to the pasture each night to kneel at the foot of an old elm tree, and there he would talk with God. This served to keep alive his religious zeal. Then one day to his keen disappointment the old elm tree was cut down. But this did not interfere with the daily devotions because where there had been a tree now stood an old prayer stump. For God was preparing a boy for service, service to himself.

This same boy was attending a religious meeting one day at Silver Lake when a call was given for volunteer christian workers. The boy was standing in the balcony and in response to the invitation made his way down to the main floor, walked to the front and signed one of the small white cards that was handed to him by one of the workers. He felt that he had definitely committed himself to Christian work, but what that work would be he still did not know.

As the boy grew into young manhood he filled his place in the community. He took a very active part in the scout work of his home town, started a local band and played in that band. The future began to look interesting. He began to make plans toward becoming a scout executive, in which position he knew he could command a large salary. Work as an artist loomed big and he entered Lyons art school at Ohio Wesleyan; but the boy had not forgotten his God and God has a way of changing one's plans. Too heavy a schedule at Ohio Wesleyan soon made the boy ill and he was brought home for recovery. He decided to take some work nearer home and in the fall of 1930 entered Houghton. There it was that Ralph Fuller became acquainted with my grandfather; and he it was of whom my grandfather had said that he was a "Promising young man." Indeed he proved to be promising for our family because this young man became my husband.

It was before I knew him, however, that he had settled the issue with God that he would enter the ministry. To enter the ministry nevertheless had not been part of his plans. In fact the very thought of it frightened him. An old gentleman, Mr. Whit-

aker, still lived in Houghton at the time, and he it is was that apparently brought Ralph under a deep sense of conviction that he needed a deeper work of grace. One night while all of Houghton was sleeping Ralph slipped down to the old church and wrestled with God. As he described it, he distinctly felt the enemy pulling on one side of him and God talking to him on the other. After much struggling and some sweating, the plans for scout executive work, etc., were fully surrendered and Ralph went to his room that night with a deep settled sense of sanctifying power. God had his man.

It was about a year after this that I entered Houghton and I clearly remember one evening as I sat in student prayer meeting where a hundred and fifty other students also sat; that I turned to look at the young man who had stood to give his testimony and beheld a curly haired fellow of very slight build who looked to me exactly like my uncle Glenn had looked. I thought no more about him, however, until we were practicing for the Christmas pageant to be given in the large school auditorium prior to the vacation holidays. One of the students, Arthur Osgood, was the king in the pageant, WHEN THE CHIMES RANG; but Arthur fell sick and a new king was to be chosen. Our director, Miss Rothermel, the oratory professor at that time, selected none other than Ralph Fuller and immediate rehearsals for the part followed.

It happened one day that the new king did not pick up his draperies in the proper manner when doing a kingly curtsy. Those who were practicing the pageant were suddenly shocked by the violent language with which Professor Rothermel was addressing the young "king." We all expected a rather sharp retort from the king himself but to our surprise none was forthcoming. The king proved himself a king indeed and acquiesced in the mildest way possible and replied in the kindest of terms. That evening some of us girls in referring to the incident expressed our utter disapproval of Miss Rothermel's harsh language and extolled the young man in the highest terms. I even remember that after the pageant was all over and we were home for Christmas vacation, my father picked up the newspaper one evening and read to us aloud about the pageant that had been presented at Houghton College. I recall raising myself on my elbow and relating the incident of the "King" and his fumbling with the unwieldy draperies. I expressed again my disapproval of the language with which he had been reprimanded and described the young man as having the "sweetest disposition" of

anyone I had ever met, little realizing that I was referring to my future husband. Indeed I completely forgot about the incident and the young man.

In February of that year the oratory students were called upon to compete in a Washington contest. We excitedly wrote our themes and waited for the judges' decisions. Eight were chosen. Among them was this Ralph Fuller, although at the time I did not connect the name with the young man whom I had seen. I merely knew that one named Ralph Fuller had been selected and I had not. But the abusive language finally had its effect on Ralph, so much so, that he dropped out of the contest and a vacancy remained to be filled. I was chosen to be the one to fill it. Excitement loomed again.

As I burst into the house one day, my grandmother with whom I lived during the school year met me with a note which had come for me in the mail. Grace Tarey was with her and both waited anxiously for me to read the note. It was a very sweet little apologetic note, apologetic for my having to take the place of one who had so unceremoniously dropped out of the contest. But the note ended:

"There is no one I would rather see take first place in the contest than you."

It was signed Ralph Fuller. Grace Tarey remarked that things like that sometimes ripened into a love affair. Thoroughly disgusted with the remark I hastened out of the room. But secretly I inquired of some of the girls as to who this Ralph Fuller was and to my surprise found him to be the young man I have described. I did not win the contest, but a week later my grandmother answered a knock at the door and suspiciously eyed a young man who asked if he might see me. Before calling me, my grandmother inquired his name, and though I was in another room at the time; I heard him distinctly give his name as Ralph Fuller. A few hours later I sat beside him listening to a lecture by Commander Richard A. Byrd, and reported to my grandmother that night that he was the most polite young man that I had ever met. I learned later that, while I had been quite unaware of him, he had been planning a date with me for some time.

He claims that the first time he noticed me, I was sitting in the library and he called his roommate, Gordon Storms, into the hall and, pointing me out, inquired my name. Gordon replied, "Why don't you know, that is Henry Barnett's grand-

daughter." Ralph had thought up to this time that Henry Barnett had only one granddaughter, the one with the long curls who was still very young. This, however, proved to be my small sister whom he had seen.

It was about a year and a half after my grandfather's death that I went to live with my grandmother on the edge of the campus at Houghton and to enter college there. I had been teaching in a one room rural school for three years previous to this time. I have not mentioned my grandmother much up to this time. She was of an unusually sweet disposition. This was never more fully demonstrated than at the time of a major eye operation, which was not only very painful, but also very nerve wracking, and required much time spent in bandages, etc. During this entire period, she was almost unbelievably patient and exhibited such sweetness of temperament, that she became a great favorite with the nurses of the hospital.

Following her operation, she spent some time with us, because, there, she was near to the eye specialist. This was several years before my grandfather's death. I have often heard mother speak of grandmother's sweetness during this stay with us as being most remarkable. One of the things I most remember about her was her singing as she went about the house. She had always kept herself in a happy frame of mind amidst the teasings and banterings of four growing sons, and would brush them off with her characteristic little phrase, "O, pshaw now."

She had greatly grieved over grandfather's death and was not allowed to remain at her home alone but spent the time with her sons, until I entered college in the fall of 1931. We soon became pals and enjoyed great fun together, living in the big house and surrounded by college life.

It was in February that Ralph began coming regularly to the house, either to take me to some school function or to spend the evening with us. Grandmother took great delight in his visits and soon grew very fond of him. He used to banter with her, and the laughing was good for her. He filled an important place in her life, and once more, she was happy and spent much time fixing cakes and other good things to surprise him with on his visits to the house. Then, one day Grace Tarey and I began teasing her. Alas, we did not either of us realize the everlasting harm we were doing to her. She took our teasing seriously and seemed secretly to wonder if she were really being silly in her fondness for Ralph.

It is easy to understand that Ralph had filled an empty place in her life left by the memory of the boys that had once filled this home, and the kind husband who had so recently left it also. All the grief came back to her, and a hopelessness seized her from which she never recovered. If she could not bestow affection on Ralph; then the home and his frequent visits there were only torments to her sensitive spirit.

In the second year of my college life, she left the house to visit my father's home, never to see her own home again. The grief and despair, that I did not then fully realize, had seized her and aggravated the physical condition to which she was subject, and hardening of the arteries gradually took its toll on her with its accompanying despondency of mind. This has caused me great grief in later years, but the damage had been done. All of us could have done so much more to make her happy and stayed off the effect of her illness during those last few years; and before eternity we all stand guilty, but it sometimes takes time for us to realize this.

She spent some time with her son, Clarence, and his family in the state of Iowa where Clarence was preaching. The remainder of the time she lived with my father, occasionally visiting her relatives, the Bateman family, at the old homestead where she had lived as a girl.

Mother went to Grandmother's room one day early in the spring to ask what she would like for her supper. Knocking on her door, she received no answer, and sensing something wrong, went and called my father. They entered the room to find that Grandmother's life was now ended and she had joined at last the husband who waited for her.

Her funeral was held at my father's home, the home where she had spent so many happy years of her young married life amidst the laughter of four rollicking boys. My mother's grave was now moved to another part of the family burying lot, and grandmother was laid to rest beside my grandfather.

Often, now, I can still hear her sweet lilting laughter that used to fill the house during the first happy days of my college life; and I can hear her voice singing her favorite chorus as she worked:

*"I want to be among that number
When the saints come marching home."*

From the time that grandmother left the house in Houghton, it was rented to various couples who made their home in this house. Until my graduation from college I continued to room at the house with the exception of the last year, when I roomed in the regular dormitory.

NOTE — The second volume will conclude the life of
The Rev. Ralph A. Fuller, "Life in Ministry
with Sermons."