

SCHOFIELD NORMAL & INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

MARTHA SCHOFIELD, GENERAL MANAGER.

Crab Tree, Haywood Co.
North Carolina
Aiken, S. C., 9. mo. 1st. 1890

My revered and Dear Friend.

The amount of thy mail must often
be wearisome, but I can no longer suppress
thoughts struggling for utterance.

It has often felt to me, that my efforts to get the
P. Office at Aiken was among the purposes of our
Father, and the reward was in the privilege of
meeting thee and thy good wife. I have never been
a hero-worshipper; but, to have known William Lloyd
Garrison and S. C. Armstrong; to have his letters with
blessings from John G. Whittier, and to have been
introduced to James W. Garfield by Albion W. Targ^{er}
are memories that will shine in my life, through
the gates of death. I have in sacred remembrance
the time thee gave me on that P. O. affair, tho' been
equally thankful I did not get it.

When I learned my invitation to Lake Mohawk

was at thy suggestion, my spirit was touched with unutterable gratitude. Tho I deeply regretted it, my duty was to remain at the bed side of our good and noble Principal Elizabeth F. Couley. Her father and the mother of Abraham Lincoln were first-cousins.

I was taking her through Typhoid fever, and no one knowing what the disease was but the P^r. and myself. The dear Father did not let her ask, and I managed so neither Teacher or pupil knew it, not even my own sister and niece who were visiting me and in the house three weeks after she was taken.

The Power of Infinite Light and Strength made me see the way, and be able to carry the responsibilities. She was not well, and still ignorant of the disease when the meeting took place, and my reserve force had been so taxed, for I continued my usual work of raising the money for meeting the months expenses of the school. That I feel remaining at home would be more in harmony with the Divine Will - whose Power had supported me through the trying ordeal. The test of our faith comes in unexpected ways, and when low down we feel nearer to the Everlasting Arms always underneath.

A friend, (Mr A. Cardley of Conn) subscribed for
 the Advance, that "you may read a new story,
 by Judge Turgis". I laid away all the papers
 brought them to this Mountain Home for a certain
 day, and here at the foot of Great Tree Bald,
 my young friend Grace Ryder, of Carmel N. Y.,
 who spent an evening at your home while at
 Chataqua in 1885, ^(with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. von Sinske) my nephew Henry C. A. Stone of
 Ohio, and myself, have read, revered, rejoiced,
 revelled in, the pictured thoughts, the diamond-cut
 Truth, the exquisite harmony, the rock of salvation
 in Nazirema or the Church of the Golden Lilies,
 on hearing "The Fools Errand," I exclaimed that
 man is inspired, and fell the same now, the mind,
 his mind, seeking after Truth, is lifted up, to where
 it touches Infinite Knowledge, and the falling into
 words is concentrating light; a sun glass that
 burns into other minds until new fires are kindled.
 To be a torch-bearer that will light other torches until the
 darkness is driven out of the pathway to heaven; is to
 have a gift from God, and, to put it on a hill top
 instead of hiding under a bushel, is obeying a divine
 command; for there it can not be hid, or hide itself;
 but the rays will always penetrate some darkness.

Was it our stupidity that made us unable to see why it is called Nazirema? Miss Ryder and my nephew are waiting until it is in book form, to give to their Fathers. Two men totally different; each will enjoy it.

Her father's highest religion is in being, a high moral christian, with little profession of faith.

My good brother, Samuel S. Aik, keeps many to nobler and truer purposes by the spoken word uttered under the revealings of truth to his own mind.

The head of a Classical School in New Orleans, and others would often come to listen as we read on one end of the porch, and amen, and amen, was often the silent echo in our thoughts.

I shall bind my papers, take home, and lend; first to a young Minister, who may find encouragement in the strength and faithfulness of Murvale Eastman.

Only at the judgment-seat will thee know how many faltering feet were made steady by acquaintance with him; or the exquisite music put in hearts, who learn from Nazirema to "acknowledge Him in all their ways and He will direct their paths."

On the 15th. we return to Aiken. I send last Report—
My love to thy wife, and to thee, thanks, from the soul
of thy friend. Martha Schofield.