



He was 77 years old, and all those <sup>years</sup> had been spent in efforts to ameliorate and elevate the condition of down-trodden humanity, and hence I pronounce that hour, when step by step I went with him as far as deathless love can go with those who <sup>are</sup> ~~per~~ <sup>in</sup> the Shadow (Thank God it is only a shadow, not the reality!) of Death, the profound experience of any life, as from beautiful with the promises immortality and of hope; for there I saw the burdens of age, and care, and pain, drop away from the aged pilgrim; and, though I did not see it, I felt and knew that in more than the beauty of his glowing, ardent youth, or the glory of his manhood's prime he stepped forth into the light of heaven, and, sustained by the sympathy of Him who is our elder brother, and who like all others have labored for mankind but felt the smart of unkindness and the chill of ingratitude, he entered a broader and higher field of usefulness without the hindrances which check the soul's best endeavors here.

He never had much of what the world treasures most, but in all the vicissitudes of a changeful life he kept with exceeding care a little scrap of paper, yellow with time, containing a poem, a tribute to his father's character as a self-respecting and honest man, and citizen, and true Christian, valuing it above gold, or rank or fame, and this is the key to the character of my grand, old father. <sup>Minutely</sup> a few days before he died said, "I wish I could

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write to Judge "Courge". But he was never able to do so.

Ever since his death I have wished to write you, but hesitated till to day, when reading the notes of a Bystander in the last Lulu Ocean (We read, in this house, every word you write, with admiration for the exquisite phrasing and rhythmic beauty of expression, and with absolute sympathy ~~for~~ the matter.) it all flashed over me that I had heard my father say just those things, that it was just that he wished to say to you, and that such a man as you are, could not feel it an impertinence if I should write as I have done, telling you of my father's sympathy, admiration and love for you, whom he found not wanting when measured by his high ideal of useful, courteous manhood.

My father was interested in the Equal Rights Association was instrumental, I believe in organizing a branch and when I returned last June from Colo. He said "now you will help me in this matter", but I have been almost ever since an invalid, and was only convalesced to care for him when ~~the~~ end came, but if there is anything I can do to fill his place, or bring one whit sooner that glad day of equality, justice and right to all, when "His Kingdom shall have come, and His will shall be done" I shall be glad to do my

little best.

Even so I may say that if ever you have been obliged to write while <sup>you</sup> was practicing vocal and instrumental exercises, with nothing but draperies separating the rooms you will overlook many inaccuracies as well as negligences in this communication.

I am yours to command

In f. c. and L.

Helen M. Linsick.

Over and over I heard my father say, after the defeat of the party he loved best of all, "I believe if they had come out squarely for equal rights they must have been successful; but perhaps it is all for the best now as it is." Womanlike, you see, I have been obliged to add a postscript.

H. M. L.