

A LIFE LAID DOWN



Fannie M. Arthur

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A BRIEF MEMOIR OF FANNIE M. ARTHUR

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BY  
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# PREFACE

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Next to the study of the Holy Writ itself, there is probably no class of literature so stimulating and inspiring as Christian biography. Especially is this true when the person, whose life-story is under consideration, is one who was characterized by genuine piety and fervent zeal for Christ and the salvation of a lost world. The knowledge that a man or woman of like passions with ourselves, has nevertheless been moved upon and energized by the Spirit of God in a manner above that which Christians ordinarily experience, is an encouragement for every reader to count on God for similar grace. Our environments and temperaments may differ widely, but the power that will enable us to act in our special sphere to the glory of Him who has saved us, must necessarily be the same in every case.

And for the unsaved, Christian biography is also not without profit, as manifesting a character and object of life of which the merely natural man is altogether ignorant. "Men may not believe in the doctrines of Christianity until divinely convicted," said a valued friend to me lately, "but all men can appreciate unselfish service and self-denying devotion, and we must be characterized by these if we would win lost souls

to Christ." I am sure this is true. And I consider the life-story of Fannie M. Arthur a striking illustration of such unselfishness and self-denial. Therefore I have written this book; and because of this, I am anxious, unknown friend, that you should read it thoughtfully and carefully.

I am assured that Miss Arthur's short pilgrimage on earth was in God's sight a much longer life than most people ever live; and I am desirous of saving some of its valued lessons for myself and others. I hope *I* have profited in penning the record, imperfect as it is. I hope *you* will find profit in reading it. **If** so, my object is attained.

Thanks are due Miss Gohrman for much of the information contained herein, and to the many friends who kindly loaned letters from Miss Arthur, and to Mr. C. Armerding and members of the family who helped by going carefully over the manuscript, thus ensuring correctness of statement.

H. A. IRONSIDE

Oakland, Cal.

March 22, 1917.

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## CHAPTER I.

“From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.”

“Even a child is known by its doings, whether its work be pure and whether it be right.”

**G**RACE is not inherited. Regenerated parents do not produce regenerated children. “Ye must be born again,” is as true of the offspring of believers as of any others; for “that which is born of the flesh is flesh.” Nevertheless parentage has much to do with the lives of those “made wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus.” Godly parents are an inestimable blessing to their children, and this blessing was Fannie Arthur’s.

Her father was William A. Arthur, of Fraserburgh, Scotland. He came to know Christ early in life, and was educated with the gospel ministry in view. He studied at Edinburgh, and later removed to America. In Philadelphia he became a contractor and

builder, though always taking a lively interest in the work of the Lord. He was associated with T. C. Horton in founding the Bethany Mission, which was later taken up by John Wanamaker. Mr. Arthur is reported to have preached the gospel in power, and blessing to have accompanied his ministry. Within a few months after opening the Mission, the Sunday-school attendance had reached five hundred, and many adults and children were saved and led on in the Christian life.

In 1884 Mr. Arthur married Fannie M. McNutt, of Donegal, Ireland, whom he met in Philadelphia, in which city their union was consummated. Both had, from their marriage, a deep interest in foreign missions. Six children were given them, two girls and four boys, and of these, Fannie was the eldest, born on March 22, 1886. One of the boys died in infancy.

During her tender years Fannie would often hear the parents discussing missionary projects, as both felt a distinct drawing to that work. Her young mind was early directed to the need of heathen nations, and the responsibility laid upon Christians to give the light of the gospel to those sitting in dark-



ness ; a responsibility, alas, so feebly realized. The little girl became very early exercised about her own soul, and could not recall a time when she did not seriously think of eternal things. Like many another child of Christian parents, she found it difficult in after-life to say just when she was born of God, though she remembered well when definitely and publicly she confessed her Saviour.

Ere that time, however, her parents had, after long deliberation, taken the step of leaving their new home-land and going to a foreign shore, as missionaries of the Cross.

Though a member of the Presbyterian church, Mr. Arthur was deeply interested in freer, more independent lines of missionary enterprise than those of the regular Board. In touch with other men of like mind, he sought a simpler method of carrying out the scriptural injunction, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

At first he was much occupied with the appalling need of Africa, and thought of going out with the African Inland Mission. But later his attention was directed to the needy lands south of the United States, and

he finally concluded his "call" was to Central America. To look over the field, he made a voyage to Costa Rica in company with Peter Cameron Scott (who, some years later, laid down his life in Africa), and they decided on a mission-site at a place called afterwards Elim, on the River Frio. The district abounded in ignorant, priest-ridden Indians and half-breeds, without a ray of gospel light, and whose very degradation formed the strongest appeal to these godly men.

Returning to Philadelphia to arrange for the establishment of the Mission, Mr. Arthur's health began to fail so alarmingly that it seemed as though his work was about to end. Mr. Scott decided to go to Africa, and departed. Mr. Arthur still had Central America so heavily on his heart that he could not give it up, and though he broke down completely for a time, the destitution of the Costa Ricans was ever before him, harrowing his soul, and leading him to cry mightily to God on their behalf.

The Central American Industrial Mission was formed with Mr. Arthur at the head of it, and other brothers and friends associated with him. As long as he could, he gave addresses seeking to awaken an interest in the

proposed work, but his weakened body made him a ready prey to several successive attacks of pneumonia, which so reduced his powers of resistance that he fell into consumption. Meantime, as his body grew weaker, his spirit became more eager to carry the story of the Cross to a heathen land.

At last his life was despaired of, and a consultation of physicians being called, they predicted that he had only about three days to live! Upon this, he declared that if such were indeed the case, he would spend the time *going* to the country that lay so much upon his heart, even though he had to give up his life on the way. He decided to leave immediately, and was hurried on ship-board accompanied by Mrs. Arthur, his brother David, and his sister Miss Mary, together with some others who had been arranging to go; leaving the children at home in the care of a faithful servant, who came to them a Roman Catholic, but was afterwards converted, and became an ardent and zealous Christian, a member of the Salvation Army. Parting with their five little ones was indeed a hard wrench, but they entrusted them to God, knowing, too, that

loving relatives would exercise a godly oversight on their behalf.

Contrary to the physicians' predictions, Mr. Arthur's health showed marked improvement during the voyage, and instead of dying in three days, he actually lived in Central America three years—"a year for a day"—ere called up higher.

It would be interesting and probably profitable to follow the history of the short-lived Central American Industrial Mission, did space permit; but to do so would turn us too much aside from our main purpose, which is to show how Fannie was being prepared of the Lord for her service of after-years. It is necessary therefore to sum up very briefly her father's experiences.

In the conducting of the Mission Council, there was unquestionably a great deal of zeal without knowledge, and possibly on the part of the workers there was much going forth unprepared, but He who weighs all according to the heart, will estimate all aright at His judgment seat. Mr. Arthur learned to see many things differently ere he passed away, and felt that many mistakes had been made because of lack of understanding Scripture principles. The financing of the work

was ever a problem, and had it not been for the generous help of another brother, "both in the flesh and in the Lord," it might have succumbed at the very start.

It was on Nov. 30, 1895, that Mr. Arthur and his six companions left for Costa Rica—an eager, largely-untrained, little company, actuated by fervent love and missionary zeal, but with comparatively little light, whose earnestness and devotedness however might well shame many better instructed. They were detained some time at Colon, Panama, but on Dec. 21 left for Greytown, and arriving there in due time, took a small boat up the Rio Frio, where they finally secured a property to use as a base for industrial mission work, and to which they gave the sweet name of Elim. Here the real work began, and in these agreeable surroundings Mr. Arthur's health steadily improved, though, as after-events manifested, there was no permanent cure effected.

On May 18th of the following year, he was able to return to Philadelphia to take back other missionaries and the children from whom they had been separated for six months.

Two of Fannie's letters have been preserved

which I feel sure will have a pathetic interest for those who knew and loved her in after-years. Remember the little girl was between nine and ten years of age when they were written. The earliest one is dated March 18, 1896.

“Dear mamma and papa: We were all very glad to hear from you. I am glad papa seems to be getting well again. I give Charles [her baby brother] papa’s picture when I think of it; and he says, ‘My papa!’ He is beginning to talk a little now. I am glad to hear that the Indians are getting clothed and are learning the Spanish hymns.

“James [the second child] and me [I] are getting along very good at school, which I know you will be glad to hear of. My teacher, Miss Ray, is the best teacher I ever had. We both of us children got promoted, and the teacher I had, said I was the best righter [writer] in the class. So I was rewarded with a nice two-bladed penknife.

“I send you my avridg [average]. I wish papa many another birthday, as yesterday was his birthday, and we all wish him many happy returns.

“It does seem so long since you went away. I hardly know how you look; but

when I think that you want Aunt Annie to send us in a letter, to whip, [alluding to a jocular remark in one of her mother's letters], it makes me think I see you smiling. I hope you will send papa soon to take us there.

“From your loving daughter,

“FANNIE.”

The second letter is dated May 16th, but it was not on its way to Central America ere the father returned a few days later to greet his little daughter and her brothers and sister, in person.

“Dear mamma and papa: I am so glad that you are getting a little better. How I wish I was there to take care of you while you are sick.

“The feathers which you sent in my letter are very nice indeed. I was so glad to hear that uncle David is getting well too [referring to her father's brother, who had been lost in the woods for about a week, and been very ill as a result of exposure and suffering].

“Everybody is good to us, and we are having a very good time. James and me are getting along very nicely at school. I had my hair cut off. You cut it like a boy's hair, so I had to get it cut.

“I have went [gone] to the Salvation Army once or twice, and I like it very much. Sometimes we have a little one in our house.

“I hope it will not be long till I see you again, my own dear mamma. I suppose you are very tired at nights after working so hard all day. When I come over there I will not say, ‘O mamma, I’m so tired!’ But I will help you all I can. I am trying hard to please Jesus. When I think of Jesus He makes me very happy.

“Little Mary, my sister [the second to the youngest child], is so loving to me. When I come home from school she runs to meet me. One morning, when I came into her room, she had just woke up, and began to cry. And I said, ‘What is the matter, Mary?’ and she said, ‘I don’t want my mamma to go away.’ She longed for you so much.

“I wish I could see your face again. May God bless you in the time of your trouble. I will help big Mary [the servant, as distinguished from little Mary, the sister] and Aunt Annie all I can.

We will be very glad to see you soon. God be with you till we meet again.

“Your loving daughter,

“FANNIE.”



Her aunt adds a P. S. to this letter, saying that they had "just come back from seeing Will, and he does look splendid." The children's joy was unbounded, and the father's gratitude to God for thus preserving his little family can be imagined.

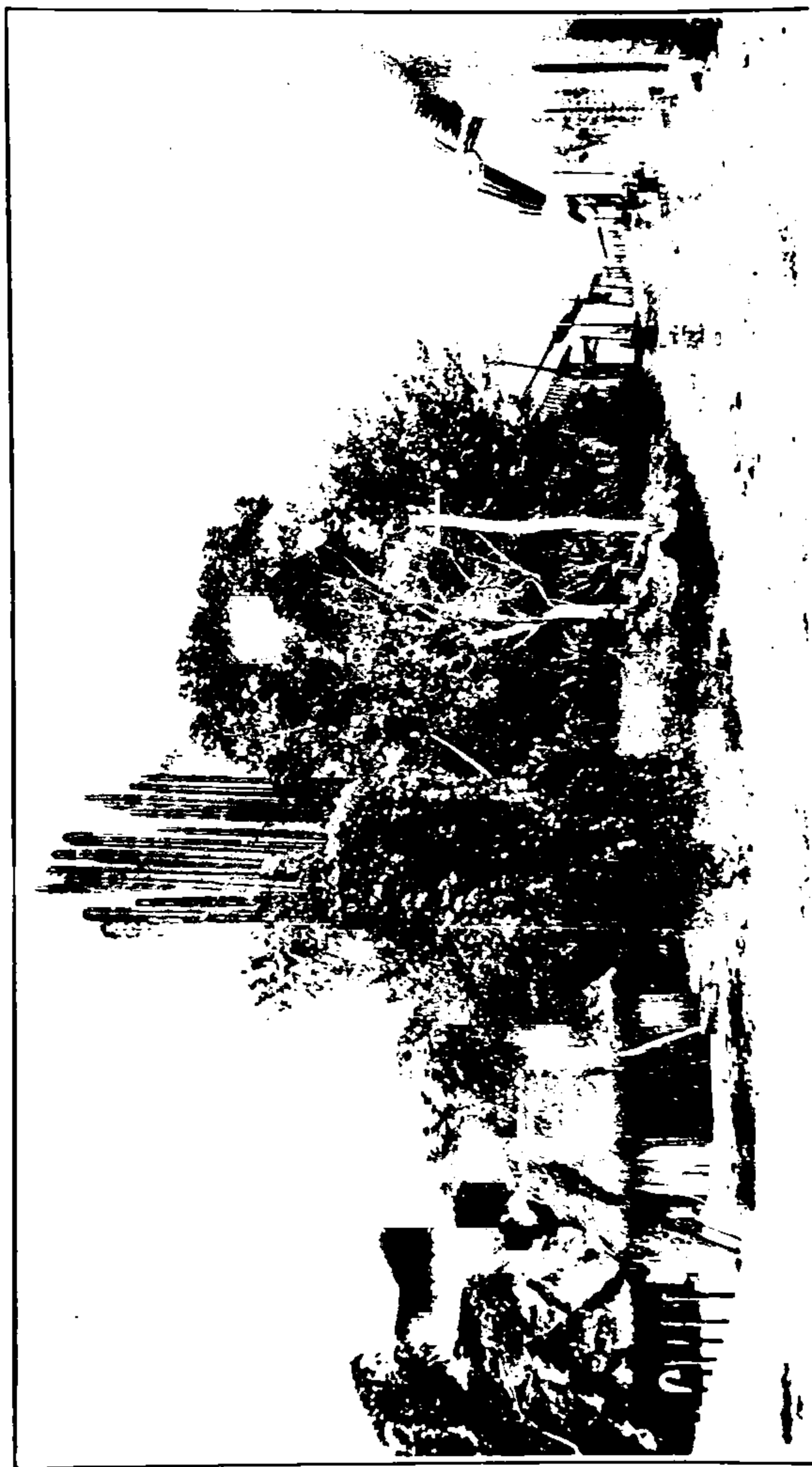
On June 20, 1896, the second party sailed for Costa Rica, and the children went along to rejoin their mother at Elim, in the land of their dreams. On July 16th, Mr. David Arthur wrote from San Carlos, announcing their safe arrival that far, and a few days later they were all together at the Mission station.

The strange land, with its strange sights and strange people was a never-failing source of surprise and interest to the children, and especially to the older ones, who soon learned to love the gentle bronze-skinned natives; and their own hearts too were deeply stirred as they heard the gospel preached to them. And it was there that Fannie and her brother James, definitely confessing Christ as their Saviour, were baptized in the Rio Frio. Fannie was then eleven years old, but those who knew her best testify that she was a conscientious, consistent

Christian at that tender age. A friend who knew her from childhood relates the following incident, which she learned from Mr. Arthur himself on his death-bed. It shows how early the missionary spirit manifested itself in the daughter.

...“William Arthur had taken his two eldest children, Fannie and James, and gone to an outlying district from Elim, their home-base. He had a little shelter in the forest there, and a patch of ground sufficient to enable him to grow a few things to eat, while he spent a few weeks among the people there. It was his wont to gather each evening the few natives near by who helped him on the place, and to read and pray with them. One afternoon he had fallen asleep in a hammock, being even then weak from consumption, which drained his life away, and did not awake for several hours. When he did so, he heard a childish voice reading aloud with difficulty from a Spanish Testament. It was little Fannie, and the father divined that he had slept beyond the usual evening hour, and with a thoughtfulness beyond her years, the child would not disturb the sleep she knew meant so much to her father, but gathering the natives around the door, read to them as well

*A* Town Street in Honduras



as she could, and then knelt down and said a few broken sentences in Spanish, which she concluded by saying, in English: 'Dear Lord, I don't know the Spanish words, but please give them the blessing in Spanish as I ask Thee in English.' The father lay and listened until the child rose and was quietly dismissing the others; and when she saw him open his eyes, she explained that when they came he was asleep, and she did not want to disturb him, nor the men to miss their evening blessing, and she thought the Lord would understand."

ADA F. DELANEY.

Ill-health finally prevailed over her father's indomitable spirit, and having fulfilled his "three years" in Central America, he returned with all his family to Philadelphia, toward the close of 1898. We cannot go further into the history of the Mission at Elim. For various causes it was finally closed; but "the day" will declare what had been accomplished.

Upon their return to the States, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur came into intimate association and finally into full fellowship with the Christians commonly known simply as "believers," or "brethren," with whose evangelical

teaching the missionaries had long been in touch. Mr. George Mackenzie and Mr. Jas. Arthur, both of the Mission Council, had been led by the Word and Spirit of God into this more scriptural position during William's absence, and as they presented the truth to him, he learned to rejoice in it.\*

But Mr. Arthur was sinking rapidly, and was never able to attend the meetings, though brethren frequently met him in his room for the sweet and solemn observance of "the breaking of bread," thus in simplicity showing the Lord's death, in hope of His soon return. He daily grew weaker, though sustained in spirit to the end, and on March 22, 1899 (Fannie's thirteenth birthday), he "fell asleep through Jesus" (*i. e.*, the body is laid asleep by Jesus) until "the coming of the Lord Jesus and our gathering together unto Him;" while the spirit departed to be "with Christ, which is far better."

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\* It would not be possible within the scope of the present work, nor would it be in keeping with its character, to go into detail as to the Church-principles referred to. The enquiring reader might get much help by consulting S. Ridout's "The Church and Its Order, According to Scripture." To be had of the same publishers, at 25c.

The lessons of his life, his unostentatious piety and devotion to Christ, his intense zeal and yearning of heart for the heathen who **know** not God, together with his unwavering subjection to the will of his Master, made deep and lasting impressions upon his eldest daughter, who was mature enough to realize what it meant to follow her Saviour even to death. She herself related to the writer how she bowed alone before God and offered herself to carry on so far as possible what she felt was her father's unfinished work.

As she grew in years and in grace, she cherished the hope of becoming, some day, a missionary to the Central Americans. In due time this desire was fulfilled, and she had the joy of carrying to them the precious gospel of the grace of God, so dear to her own soul, till her life was laid down.

In so writing, I would not imply that **Fannie** was always stirred by the same spirit of devotion. She had seasons of coldness and indifference like most growing girls, and often earth-born clouds shadowed the heavenly vision, but the tenor of her life was as above described.

## CHAPTER II.

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“For me to live is Christ.”

“Only one life;—’twill soon be past,  
Only what’s done for Jesus will last.”

**T**HE next nine years of Fannie’s life were spent in Philadelphia, where she received a grammar-school education, followed by a business course, upon the completion of which she took a position in the office of her uncle James.

With her widowed mother and her eldest brother, Fannie sat at the table of the Lord and gave good evidence of her love for Him who had won her young heart for Himself. Those who knew her most intimately testify to her cheerful disposition, her love of the Bible, and her zeal in the gospel. It is not to laud her unduly that these things are mentioned, but to encourage others in the same path in a day when young people generally find so little attraction in the word of God, or heart-satisfaction in Christ.

She passed through an experience that was most severe when about twenty years of age, into which delicacy forbids going in detail. It was the conflict between the heart’s



deepest affections and what she felt to be the path of faithfulness to Christ. For many months she was in much exercise of soul, earnestly seeking the mind of the Lord and strength to do His will at all cost. At last, in what she believed to be faithfulness to her Lord, she made the decision which probably changed the whole course of her life, and was really the pledge of her future missionary career. What this cost her only One really knew, and that One, who estimates all aright, shall reward in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Of this experience she afterwards rarely spoke, even to her closest friends; but it left on her countenance an expression of holy submission to the divine will, which any accustomed to dealing with souls could readily discern; it marked her spirit with a compassionate regard for others similarly tried, beautiful in its tender yearning, and seemed to give her character added charm.

She was twenty-one years of age when the family removed to California. It was a violent severing of old ties; but in the western land she came again into closest intimacy with Spanish-speaking people, and her missionary zeal again revived.

In Los Angeles she found congenial employment in the office of the Los Angeles Bible House as an assistant to Mr. R. D. Smith. To be enabled to earn her living and contribute to the support of the dear mother and younger children, and at the same time feel that she was actually sharing in the great work of giving the word of God to the Spanish-speaking nations of the world, gave her great delight, and she was a most enthusiastic helper.

After some time she became stenographer and assistant in other ways to Mr. R. T. Grant, whose publishing house has been the means of disseminating such a vast amount of literature in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, several Filipino languages and other tongues, to the ends of the earth.

She studied Spanish as opportunity offered, and soon spoke it quite freely, so that she was able to do much personal work among Mexicans. Later she went into training for a nurse, and continued about a year, at San Diego, afterwards returning to Los Angeles; and eventually the whole family moved to Oakland, where she lived, working as a stenographer, until she felt the rest of the children could now spare her, and so, with full sym-

pathy on the part of her loved mother and all the Oakland believers with whom she was gathered to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, she decided to leave all and follow Christ as a missionary to the land that had been so long upon her heart.

Christopher Knapp and family had located some time before at San Pedro Sula, Honduras, and after some communication with dear "C. K.," she left Oakland in February, 1914, to go out to that post.

She had greatly endeared herself to the Oakland gathering of believers with whom she had been in intimate fellowship, yet all were rejoiced to know that one from among them had gone forth to tell of Christ to a people so needy.

Her letters were eagerly awaited and read with interest, and I think I cannot do better than let her speak for herself by quoting from a number of them, in order to set forth her work in San Pedro Sula. These letters were addressed to various persons and assemblies, generally in acknowledgment of funds sent as an expression of fellowship in her work. Naturally there were frequent repetitions, which I omit, as detracting from the interest of the reader. I give the letters in order,

according to their dates, omitting some purely personal matters also.

“San Pedro Sula, Honduras,

“April 6th, 1914.

“Miss . . . ., Halifax, N. S.

“Dear Sister in Christ: It was very encouraging to receive your kind letter, forwarded to me here. I am perfectly happy and content in this new home and surroundings—so good of the Lord to permit me to come with this dear family [the Knapps].

“How comforting and strengthening it is to know that you are praying for the work here. It seems to me that more than two of us are ‘agreed,’ and we are certain that what we ask is in accord with God’s mind, so should look for blessing—in His own time. We are apt (I am) to be impatient. One needs a great deal of wisdom and patience, not to arouse the suspicions of the people.

“My work is and will be among the women and children—the poor, overworked mothers, that can hardly leave the doors of their filthy little huts. I have always thought more of the Interior, where in many places the gospel has never penetrated, but there are hundreds right here in San Pedro who

have never heard it; so, although the real wild Indian life appeals to me more (perhaps from love of adventure too), I can't leave here for some time.

"I am teaching three of Mr. Knapp's children in the morning, and fill up the rest of the time studying and visiting. The people are most lovable (the women); and just a remark on the beauty of a dirty little yellow baby, or a question as to their health, draws them out. I have quite a few friends already, and my object among them is to awaken their curiosity, first as to why I should leave all my family, and how I can be happy among them without indulging in their pastimes; then I have something better than they ever dreamed of to tell them!

"I have grown very fond of a dear Christian girl, Carlotta. She is a great help to me and a sweet companion. She has been employed as cook for a French family here, but suffers from intermittent fever, and thinks of leaving her position. She says she wants to go around more with me, and she will try to get something to do that will leave her free in the afternoon. So you see, I am highly favored. The Lord has been good to me.

"I was surprised and delighted to find Mrs.

Knapp so near my own age. We have such good times together.

“Sincerely in our Lord,

“FANNIE M. ARTHUR.

“P. S.—My temporal needs are few, but spiritually I am weak as water, and of no use unless the Lord help me.”

“San Pedro Sula, July 29th, 1914.

“Dear, dear Mrs. W. . . . .

“It has just started to rain, after a suffocating spell, so I have to postpone a little trip outside the ‘city limits.’ Am glad of an opportunity to write to you, as they are few and far between. Your loving note came with A . . . .’s and brought a heap of cheer.

“How often I have thought of that last afternoon at W. . . . .’s. I am very well indeed, for this climate, and have gained sixteen pounds! Perfectly disgraceful for a heathen missionary. Of course one does not always feel fine. Two weeks ago I had two days in bed (and a few more that should have been spent there) with malarial symptoms. Fever didn’t go above 102½, but headache and pains all through my body were almost unbearable. . . . It left me no serious after-effects.

“If you ever want to see a contented soul, drop in some day, for I’ve found my ‘niche’ at last. Although there are a few discouraging features about the work—indifference, deceit, and even ungratefulness (and where don’t you find them)?—there is plenty to do of the kind of work that I enjoy.

“It soon became evident that the best way to win the mothers was to help their poor, ignorant children—many bright ones among them who have had *no* advantages—too poorly clad to attend the public school, and not able to buy the books. So for the last month I have been teaching them to read and write Spanish, from 8 to 9.30 A. M. We begin with a hymn and close with a verse of Scripture. The same children come on Sunday for Sunday-school at 3 P. M. They all love to sing, and learn a new hymn every Sunday. They learn the verses well.

“I am taking up the Gospels first, and have little difficulty in holding their interest. They know all about the ‘Blessed Virgin’ and the Saints. The Lord they know only as the holy Son of Mary—a good man who suffered and died to set us an example. As you know, their prayers, when they do pray, are directed to the Virgin and the Saints, and

in cases of special urgency they use *fire-crackers* and wailing most weird. . . . I hear old traditions, and many a superstition, held on to in unwavering faith. One poor woman, whom I have reason to believe is born again, told me one evening that she has no faith in images, except one in Comayagua, which was so life-like that it seemed to breathe and turn its eye. The priest told them that the 'Wandering Jew' *whom Christ cursed on the cross for reviling Him*, passed through the village several years ago, and when he saw the image of Jesus, exclaimed, 'Why, that is *exactly* like Him;'—so, of course, the *good* priest told them. The old Jew escaped at night, and continues to wander; I have also been told that John the Baptist frequents these parts, riding on a headless horse! When some of my respected neighbors have *seen him*, I can only hold my peace.

"The plain simple gospel penetrates slowly. I have more hopes of the children; and yet, who can tell what the Spirit of God may be doing in the hearts of those who have heard the Word? At the hospital, the matron, an intelligent woman, seems interested, and from time to time, I find a weary, sin-sick soul, ready for the message. 'Not by might,



nor by power,'—how good it is to know that, when one feels his weakness.

“My English class, Friday nights, is pretty well attended. The young girls, hard to reach otherwise, appreciate this favor, and I have made a few good friends. They never will learn. You'd just die to hear them at it! But they think they are doing splendidly. . . . God looks down, and not even indifference on the part of His people will hinder the work. . . . The path of faith is a blessed, happy one. I'm sure you have found it so, even midst most trying circumstances.”

Some expressions in the above interesting letter may be criticized as unspiritual and even frivolous, but my readers must remember that Miss Arthur was a bright, cheery girl, “of like passions with” all young people. Often her naturalness and unaffected simplicity was one of her chief charms.

“San Pedro Sula, Oct. 27, 1914.

“Dear E. . . . .

“Knowing that you had received some word of me through Mrs. E. . . . , and counting on your forbearance, I have put off answering your sympathetic and encouraging letter.

“Yes, my whole undivided heart is here; and, although I’m awfully homesick at times, I have quite a host of dear friends in San Pedro, and hope to be permitted to stay in Central America until we go up” [referring to the blessed hope of the rapture of the Church at the Lord’s second coming. But it was not her portion to “tarry till He come;” she is now “absent from the body and present with” Himself].

“My dear, you speak of trials and hardships, as though you hadn’t your share! I often think the *home-field* is the hard one, for indifference is harder to stand than a few insects, and infidelity than tropical heat, etc. . . . Strong crying to God is what we need—not that He is far off or unheeding, but ‘effectual fervent prayer availeth much . . .’

“I have started another Sunday-school in the afternoon in another part of the town, where we have been having gospel meetings, and feel more encouraged about it than the other (at 8 A. M., nearer home). It takes patience, to be sure; but they learn the Scriptures readily, and love to sing.”

The above extracts—for they are but that, the letters being largely occupied with per-

sonal matters—surely show an unselfish soul delighting in sacrifice, not for suffering's sake, as a monk or a nun would, but for Christ's sake, and in order to be a blessing to the needy. Miss Arthur *enjoyed* hardships, when assured they were sent by the Lord, more than anyone else the writer has intimately known. Her spirit was like Paul's, who wrote: "I now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church" (Col. 1: 24).

We regret that so few of her early letters have been preserved. The next one, written from the same place about a month later, is addressed to a Sunday-school, in Trenton, New Jersey, from which a missionary-offering had been sent her. It has perhaps not been made clear to all readers that she went out to Honduras counting only on God, without the backing of any Society or the assurances of any friends that she would be supported by them. "For His name's sake (she) went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles." And while her letters show a lively sense of gratitude to the Lord and His people for financial assistance rendered, there is never a line that could be interpreted as hinting at

need, or begging in any sense whatsoever. She was independent of man because truly dependent on God. In this respect she stands out in marked contrast to many whose devotedness is unquestioned, but whose faith has never yet reached out to take hold on the living God alone for temporal support.

“Nov. 22, 1914.

“Dear Trenton Sunday-school:

“Mr. F. . . . forwarded to me your missionary offering of . . . , and I want to thank you in behalf of our two little Sunday-schools in San Pedro. I am so glad you are interested in them.

“You will be glad to know that just about the time you are enjoying your New Year's treat, about fifty little Hondureans will be having the time of their lives. One hundred little eyes will roll with delight, and the children's parents will be invited to look on. You, and other Sunday-schools, have made it possible for me to give them a little spread and a few inexpensive gifts. . . .

“Many of these little ones have barely enough to appease their hunger, and on wash-day some of them have to hide until their clothes are dry. During the hot season,

## Little Water-carriers in Honduras

strange that anyone would be so foolish as to visit among them and help them just '*por gusto*' (for pleasure); but now some of them understand that it is the love of Christ that constrains us, and listen with mingled feelings of wonder and doubt to the story of God's free grace.

"They know a good deal about the Lord Jesus, but the trouble is, they have learned of Him as 'the holy Son of the blessed Virgin,' and think of Him only as a good Man, while their prayers are directed to the Virgin Mary in times of distress. They pray to the saints too. . . . So many little boys and girls are called by the name 'Jesus,' that they have lost all reverence for it.

" . . . . When we have our Sunday-school treat I will tell the children about you and your gift . . .

"Affectionately yours in Him,

"FANNIE M. ARTHUR."

On Nov. 30th she wrote to another Sunday-school, this time in far-away Minnedosa, Manitoba, acknowledging a similar gift. The letter covered largely the same ground, but a few extracts are new, and will doubtless prove of interest.

“In five months’ time most of my bright little pupils have learned to read and write. We learn a verse of Scripture every day, and sing a hymn or two. . . . One boy, Juan, fifteen years’ old, is very eager to learn about God and His book, and seems to enjoy every word of the lesson. He is very black, like a Carib, and rolls his big eyes with delight when we sing. I hope you will see many of these little children when we all go up to be with the Lord. They know very little about Him yet, some of them, and think they must pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints.”

Occasionally, during these months of happy service, Miss Arthur was laid aside by malarial and dysenteric affections, but as a rule her health was good, though it is evident now that there was a gradual undermining of her constitution which she was unaware of at the time.

Her fellow-laborers were deeply impressed with her patient, Christ-like spirit, and her joyous happy disposition. Self-denying service for others was, with her, a passion. Mr. Knapp frequently wrote in highest terms of her helpfulness, and mentioned on one occasion that in the eyes of the poor and needy she seemed as an angel of God. She, on her

part, counted it an inestimable privilege to be associated with him and his beloved family. Mr. E. N. Groh was often at San Pedro, and Mr. Carl Armerding had by this time arrived, to be a helper to brother Knapp.

In a letter published in "Missionary Gleanings," in January, 1915, C. K. writes:

"Miss Arthur has her two Sunday-schools under full swing. Just now, it being Christmas time, the attendance naturally is at full tide. She is planning to give them a nice treat, and exhibit to the assembled parents what they have learned at her free day-school, and the gospel hymns and verses they have learned also. Brother Groh is still here, but expects to leave about Christmas time. It is a work requiring much labor, and more patience, but when the heart is in it, it is never a burden, but a joy. Truly His yoke is easy and His burden is light; and His constraining love makes all things endurable when done for His name's sake and glory."

On Dec. 13th, 1914, Miss Arthur wrote to a young sister in the Lord, who had taken up a line of service for Him in a tract depot, a letter replete with cheery, helpful words, from which we cull the following extracts:

"Dear L . . . . I am so glad you are in the



tract depot, and they tell me you are doing splendidly. Judging from the way I feel just now, it will be some time before I accomplish that physical 'break-down' that will take me home for a rest, but *if* I should need a change before that *great* one we are waiting for, I would love to give you a hand for a while. Next to my own choice, I think yours is best—you must have so many opportunities. . . . It would be ideal to have another like-minded person to help me—there are so many possibilities. I can't possibly cover my field—the women and children . . .

“Mr. L. . . ., a believer from Campana—down the railway line—visited us last week and inquired about two little girls that have been coming for two months. Their father lives in Campana, but they are with their aunt in San Pedro. Mr. L. . . . says that on his last trip to see his children, the father was delighted with the progress the girls were making, and that though once fanatical, he now listens respectfully to the gospel.

“Last night we had a very large crowd at **the** open-air meeting—two blocks away. Mrs. Knapp and I sat in a store doorway, and listened. Although we felt like helping **with the** singing, there were too many drunk-

ards reeling about. This is an awful neighborhood. Sunday is a day of loafing and drinking, and towards evening there are always some wounded men carried off, and, it seems to me, we average one murder a week. Mrs. Knapp seldom gets out, but last night we left the children with my oldest pupil, a sweet child of fourteen.

“ . . . . Yesterday afternoon, on my way home from school, I went to see an old lady the brethren had found. She had an old copy of the Bible, which she seems to love, and as I talked and sang with her, the tears rolled down her withered cheeks. The quarters were indescribably filthy . . . but we had a *delightful* visit—refreshing to us both . . .

“ My! but I envy you all the good meetings . . . We have a Bible reading on Thursday nights, which is a great help. . . .

“ Very affectionately,

“ FANNIE ARTHUR.”

She was ever the merry, girlish young woman she had been at home, and this trait often comes out in her letters; but behind all her vivacity was a deep settled purpose and earnestness that never seemed to waver.

In February the missionary family at San

Pedro was deeply grieved to learn of the death of J. A. Messmer, who had labored for some years in Nicaragua, and passed away far from Rivas, his home-station, while on a preaching tour. It was the shadow of death throwing its dark pall over Central American missions, and led the devoted little band in Honduras to feel more than ever that theirs was intensely serious work. Mr. Groh had been in poor health for a long time, and contemplated returning to the United States for recuperation. He did return some months later—but it was to die—not to be built up. He was the pioneer of the little band, and after nearly eighteen years of service he was called up higher, from Omaha, Nebraska, in September, 1915.

In the early spring Mr. Knapp was taken down with a very severe fever. His vigorous constitution, sapped and weakened by much hardship on long mule-back journeys, cheerfully endured, gave way, and for days his life was despaired of. Miss Arthur's training as a nurse now stood to her in good stead, and she was, as one of her companions described her, "a veritable angel of mercy" in the Knapp household, ministering in every possible way to the suffering servant

of Christ, and was, without doubt, largely instrumental in his eventual convalescence. Mr. Knapp appreciated her devoted care to the full, as evidenced in a letter written when he got the news of her death, which will be found at the close of this memoir.

Upon his partial recovery, it was made clear that Mr. Knapp and family had best return to a less dangerous climate. This would leave Miss Arthur practically alone. Mr. Armerding was also in wretched health, but concluded to hold on as long as possible, only returning to the States when it was evident that to remain longer would be useless, as he was in such a condition that service in that "land of great depths" \* was out of the question.

All this cast Miss Arthur very much upon God. She sought His face in earnest prayer, and He seemed to show her very definitely what her path should be. Her own health was now quite precarious, and naturally her heart longed for home and loved ones; but the need of the people of Honduras proved a stronger cord than that which would have drawn her home. The way was opened for her to go into the interior of the

\* Translation of the name Honduras.

republic in a providential manner. To this she refers in the next two letters.

“San Pedro Sula, March 28, 1915.

“Dear L. . . . , Your nice, long letter came a week ago, and my birthday card just the day before yesterday. How good and thoughtful you are! The check came all right, and will be added to some more towards my trip into the interior. Thank you, dear L. . . . for this expression of your love and fellowship. “Miss Gohrman is coming from Colinas to take me back with her. . . . I need a change, and will be glad to take it now—will feel the parting with the Knapps less. They will leave sometime in May, and want to ship me off before they go. . . .

“. . . Tell G. . . . I received her letter and the enclosed check from the young folks. . . . I know you will pray that I may be guided aright. It is such a pity to waste any time taking wrong steps—they take so long to retrace, and our time is so short.

“Hoping you are finding encouragement in your service for the Lord, and much joy where alone it is found—in communion with Himself. . . .

“Yours lovingly,

“FANNIE ARTHUR.”

It is noticeable in going over her letters, to see how her happy spirit rose above all discouragements and physical infirmities; so that in place of being ever burdensome, she was an unfailing source of cheer to others, and radiated gladness, according as it is written: "They looked unto Him and were radiant, and their faces were not ashamed" (Ps. 34: 5, literal rendering). She found her joy in the Lord, and it was indeed her strength, lifting her above what might naturally depress and fill her with anxiety.

On April 5, 1915, she wrote to thank a Chicago Sunday-school for their fellowship in the gospel, and in that letter she told more fully how she was being led of the Lord.

"This is to thank you and the Sunday-school for your sympathy and care. Mr. Knapp handed me — as from you last week. At that time I was rather undecided as to which way to turn for the change which my health demands; but *one step* has been made plain. Miss Gohrman, of Colinas, is coming to San Pedro to have some dental work done, and will bring the animals and take me back with her for a visit, leaving me at Dulce Nombre later, to make a short stay with Miss Nelson. Both these sisters are with

the Central American Mission, and you have probably heard of their work in the interior.

“I have longed to see more of the *real* heathen. Warnings about insect pests, coarse food, sleeping in a hammock, etc., haven't in the least dampened my enthusiasm. This is vacation time here, so I have been free to help Mrs. Knapp get off. They leave in May (D. V.), about the 11th.

“What little the Lord has enabled me to do in San Pedro has given me real joy, but they have many privileges here that the poor in the interior have not. I cannot say at present whether I will take the work up again. It depends upon what opportunities present themselves on this journey. All is in the Lord's hands, and I know you will ask Him to send me where there is most need. San Pedro will always be ‘home’ in Honduras to me. I have many friends among all classes, with whom I hope to keep in touch.

“Mr. Knapp had a very violent chill and high fever yesterday, but is hustling about to-day as if nothing had happened. Mr. Groh is slowly improving, and expects to be able to leave for home in a few weeks.”

Before the break-up, one of her companions got a new Bible, and asked Miss Arthur to

mark a verse in it, which she did, without saying where it was. When found afterwards it proved to be, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job 13: 15). It shows her purpose of heart and confidence in God, who had called her by His grace and revealed His Son in her, that she might make Him known among the heathen.

Miss Anna L. Gohrman reached San Pedro, as expected, in time to see Mr. Knapp and family before their departure, and to complete arrangements for Miss Arthur's journey to Colinas with her. Writing of this visit, Miss Gohrman says :

"I went to San Pedro last month, taking three with me as companions. Had blessing in presenting the gospel on the way down, and found good reports as to the results on the return trip. We had quite a missionary reunion while I was there. There were Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, Mr. Groh, Miss Arthur, Mr. Armerding and Mr. Hockings, with his native colporteur and myself. I brought Miss Arthur back with me. She is a lovely girl, a sweet and most helpful companion. She did not want to remain in San Pedro alone after the Knapps leave, which will be next week. She has a baby organ with her,



and we find it a great attraction with the people.”

Miss Gohrman has elsewhere told of a visit to one of Miss Arthur's Sunday-schools, as follows: “It was my privilege to attend the Sunday-school in the afternoon when I went to San Pedro to bring her to the interior with me. I found an enthusiastic bunch of youngsters of both sexes—perhaps twenty in number, besides a dozen or more women. The little mud-floored house was taxed to its utmost capacity, and every chair, bench, and dry-goods box within borrowing distance, was pressed into service. I was much annoyed during the meeting by the strange performance of an aged woman, mother of the owner of the place, who passed through the room repeatedly, wringing her hands, throwing her arms up into the air, and uttering blood-curdling cries. I spoke of this after the meeting, but Miss Arthur assured me that the occurrence was not unusual, as the old lady was demented. I found the children well able to answer all the questions I put to them, showing that her fourteen months' service among them had been helpful to them in teaching them the way of salvation, at least so far as the letter of the Word. They

also recited many gospel verses in Spanish, and sang from memory several precious gospel hymns. Who can say that the seed sown in these young minds may not some day bring forth rich fruit?—perhaps has already done so.” Miss Gohrman also relates how at the close, six women asked that special prayer be offered, that they might clearly understand and trust the Lord Jesus.

In Miss Arthur’s day-school there were about fifteen native children. “Their progress under her instruction,” writes Miss Gohrman, “was phenomenal. She had remarkable ability as a teacher.” All these children were from Roman Catholic homes, and to each one she sought to impart the knowledge of Christ.

She spent her afternoons, as a rule, visiting in the homes of the people, and, as intimated in one of her letters, in the hospital.

During her stay in San Pedro she “nursed several dying people, spending many sleepless nights by their bedsides, and at death helping to prepare them for burial, even going to the cemetery with them, a thing so unusual on the part of foreigners in the city, as to cause much comment among the natives, and to arouse much interest in her and her work ;

this little act proving to them the sincerity of her interest in them."\* It is hoped that two at least of those who thus passed away, cared for by the tender American nurse, did so confiding in the Lord Jesus Christ because of her faithful, loving testimony.

The parting with her little charges and many of the parents was hard both for teacher and taught. The children flocked about her, asked earnestly where she was going, and pleaded with her to return soon. "Niña Panchita" they called her—that is, "Little Miss Fannie." As the train passed through the suburbs where her little Sunday evening school had been held, many of the children were lined up along the side of the railroad track to see the last of her, and there was a great waving of grimy hands and a great chorus of little voices sounding above the noise of the train, shouting, "Adios, Niña Panchita ; vuelvese luego," etc.—"Good-bye, Miss Fannie, come back soon."

And so "Panchita's" work in San Pedro Sula was ended, and she passed on to other scenes.

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\* Extract from a letter of Miss Gohrman.

## CHAPTER III.

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*“As ye go, preach.”*

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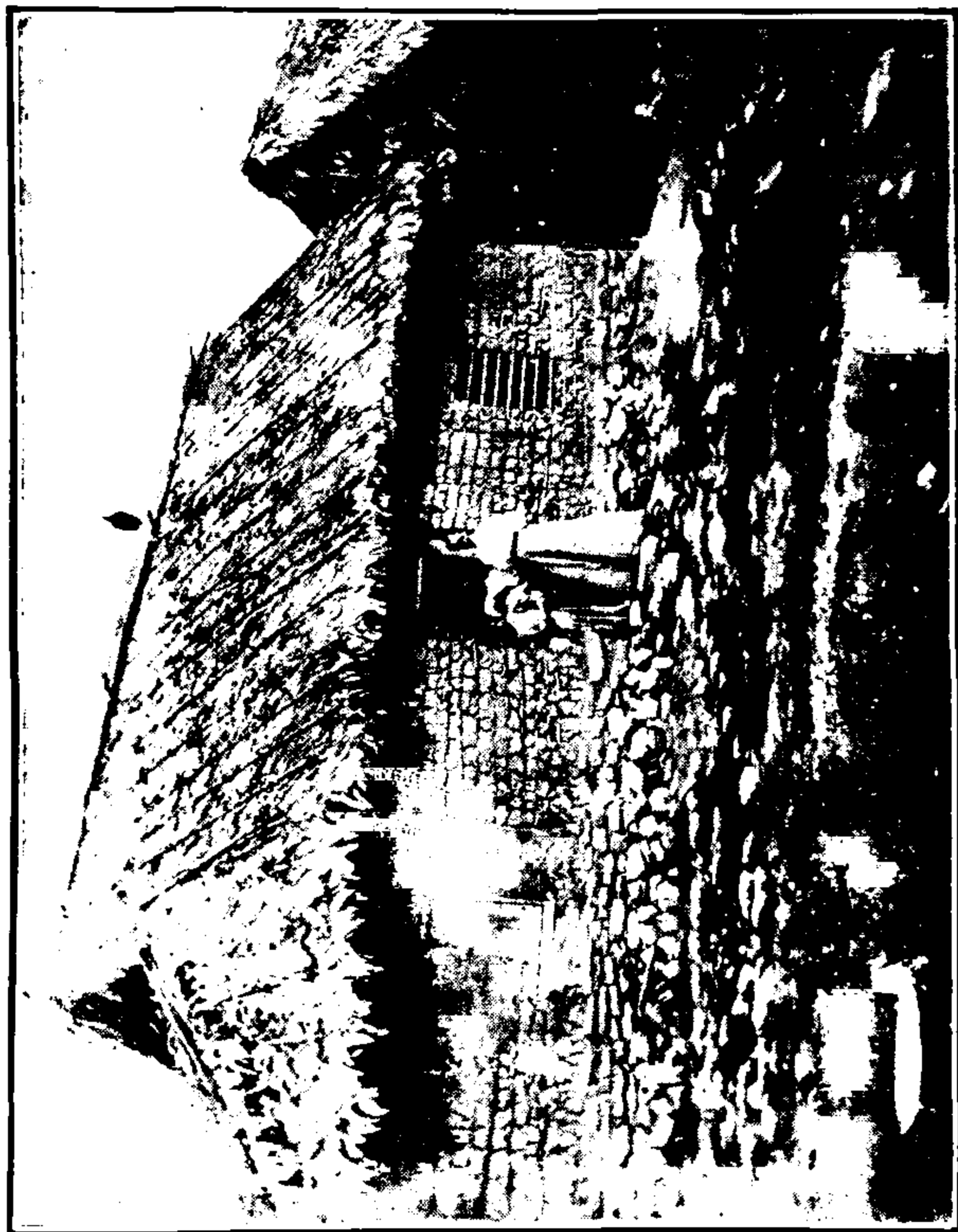
“Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me  
Through the midnight lands;  
Mine, the mighty ordination  
Of the pierced hands.”

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“Saddened, ah, yes, saddened  
By earth’s deep sin and woe;  
How could I pass unheeding  
What grieved my Saviour so?”

**A** NEW chapter in Miss Arthur’s life began when she left the beautiful little city of San Pedro for the wild interior. This little city had been a great disappointment to her when she first beheld it—so different to the Honduras of her dreams. When, after weeks of looking forward to life among the real heath-men (as the word “heathen” is said to mean), she reached San Pedro, and found a comparatively modern bustling little cosmopolitan city, with electric lights, sewer system, water-works, and such like; and when she saw the comfortable little house in which she was to live, her heart sank within her!—as she said to a fellow-

*Mrs. Dillon's House in Honduras*



laborer. She had expected to live in a straw-roofed, dirt-floored hut, in a town composed of similar huts, and it required laying aside her thoughts to settle down to the work God gave her in the city. Afterwards, when she did find just such a town as she had imagined, when she got to El Paraiso, where Mrs. Margaret Dillon had lived and labored for many years, she exclaimed, "Oh, this is the kind of place I had supposed I would work in!" She fairly yearned to endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and utterly despised ease and comfort, if by this she could the better labor for souls.

Her association with Miss Gohrman was, as we have seen, in nowise premeditated. Both felt, rather, that it was from the Lord of the harvest, through "the Servant that was over the reapers" (Ruth 2:5)—the directing Holy Spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp knew she was far from well, and felt real solicitude as to her future. They wondered if she had not better return with them to the States for complete rest and change, and kindly put this before her. She was supplied with necessary means to do so, and had a longing to see her beloved mother and dear ones again, but she could not bring herself

to believe that such was the will of God for her, and sought His face with earnest pleading for guidance. And should we doubt that He led her forth by the right way, even though it meant the shortening of her earthly pilgrimage?

Feeling it was of God that she remain, she wrote to Miss Laura Nelson, at Dulce Nombre, Honduras, about visiting with her for a time, and possibly helping her in her school and care of a few orphans under her charge. Miss Nelson was glad to have her; but getting so far was the difficulty. In that land it was unthinkable that a young lady should travel about unaccompanied, and both looked to God to open the way if it were His will.

During March, 1915, Messrs. Groh and Armerding had visited Miss Gohrman, at Colinas, and held evangelistic meetings. They told of Miss Arthur's desire to get to Dulce Nombre, and Miss Gohrman offered to go down for her, bring her up to Colinas, and, after a three weeks' visit with her, take her on to Miss Nelson's, three days' ride farther west. Upon getting this word, when the brethren returned to San Pedro, Miss Arthur at once telegraphed her acceptance of



Miss Gohrman's kind offer, feeling the more relieved as the latter required some dental work done which would fit in nicely with the coming for her.

So, as we have seen, the two were thus brought together, and in April set out on the trip to Colinas. Of the journey I cannot do better than let Miss Gohrman tell her own interesting and graphic story:

"I shall never forget her pleasure in that mule-back ride of three days. She had never been mounted before, and her enjoyment was child-like. I learned on that trip somewhat of her sweet, patient disposition, and her happy care-free nature. Whenever I want to illustrate to my own mind complete happiness, I think of Fannie on her mule going up into the interior of Honduras to carry the gospel to the people there.

"She was with me in Colinas about seven months. While there she took charge of the primary section of our Sunday-school, with the help of one of the young women. The children dearly loved her, and when she was getting ready to leave, they swamped her with all sorts of material evidences of their affection. Among the gifts they brought her that last week were floral crowns, live chick-

ens, bags of coffee, gourds, native sponges, and such like, besides all manner of native delicacies. The young women and the older girls of the congregation loved her no less than the children. They imitated her way of walking, her dress, her mode of doing up her hair, etc. I think her influence over them will be lasting. I know of one sweet girl of twenty, who told me she broke an engagement with an unsaved man because of Fannie's advice, and the story Fannie told her of her own experience.

“Wherever we went it was always the same; the children, girls and women, at once pronounced her as a very queen among women. I used to love to see her in the little mountain congregations among those simple people, entering into their joys and sorrows, with no hint of condescension in her manner. She was at one with them, and they would tell her all their little weaknesses and falls in a way that I could never get them to talk to me.

“I know that those of her friends who never saw her in one of those little mud houses, sitting on a piece of log, surrounded by children and grown people, cats, dogs, sometimes pigs, and always chickens, talking

about the things of God, never saw Fannie Arthur at her best, never knew to the full her nobility of character, nor how beautiful she could be. She was indeed at her best in such conditions, and she was supremely happy."

It is very evident that Miss Arthur had won the heart of her companion who thus writes, and many of her letters show that Miss Gohrman was equally dear to her.

Another letter, from the same writer, which we take the liberty of reprinting from the "Central American Bulletin," gives a very full account of the first trip the two ladies made to outside points:

"Colinas, Hon., June 20, 1915.

"Our trip to Signatepeque was blessed of God. Miss Arthur went with me and took the baby organ, which attracted much attention. Two young people, and one of the men from El Paraiso, accompanied us. It was his first long trip, and it was pitiful to see his home-sickness, especially when we met with famine conditions; but, in spite of this, he made a most efficient worker. In one of the towns, he and the boy who was with us, were imprisoned for a short time for their testimony. They were soon released, and came to us with their faces shining with joy

that they had been accounted worthy to suffer for Christ. We found the work in Signatepeque prospering in a marked degree, many new families having accepted Christ. Some eight or nine gave public testimony while I was there, not begged to do so, as is so frequently the case in the States, but rather begging to be *permitted* to do so, coming to me before the meeting and asking to be permitted to testify for Christ. We visited in five different towns, staying from two to six days in each. Our company divided up, in order to do more visitation work. We had public meetings at night.

“The famine has reached dangerous proportions in the places visited by us. The poor people, for months, have been living on roots from the mountains, with nothing else. It is wonderful how the Lord sustained us during the three weeks when we traveled 280 miles, horse-back. He who fed Elijah fed us. The work goes on here with some little encouragement. The Lord has raised up one of the leading converts to lead the meetings in my absence. Our peddler brother in Signatepeque, to whose faithful work the increase in the work there is due, is yet without support. He supports himself and family

and works unremittingly for the Lord, but the last months, because of his wife's sickness, he has gotten in debt. Would like to help him pay his debt, which is about fifty dollars.

"Aug. 7. I returned from Dulce Nombre and El Paraiso feeling better physically, as I usually do from such trips. But I have since been suffering from my head trouble. The scarcity of food continues. On our trip to Dulce Nombre, we were reduced to eating wild seeds from the mountains, washing them down with unsweetened coffee. Miss Arthur is still with me. Her hospital experience has helped out much in caring for the sick. She is such a comfort to me. We are trying, as much as our strength will permit, to canvass this town. We are having meetings every Saturday night, in a section of town lately opened to the gospel by the sickness and death of an old beggar-woman whom we cared for in her last illness, and prepared for the grave when none of her neighbors would go near her. Have been much encouraged by growth in some of the believers, and much pained by coldness in others. We visited the congregations in Zopotal and San Luis, on our trip to Dulce

Nombre, and had two enthusiastic meetings at San Luis, with large crowds. Pray for me, and continue to pray the Lord for a family for Colinas, soon."

"Aug. 15. Last night we were called to the bedside of a dying woman who had professed to accept Christ several years ago, but had married an unsaved man, and so had drifted away. This is the third corpse we have helped to lay out in two weeks. Our Saturday evening cottage meetings, from house to house, are well attended. Last night we had the best one."

But we must now let Miss Arthur speak for herself. Quite a number of the Colinas letters have been preserved, and will be given in order, according to their dates. An earlier one than any was to the writer and family, shortly after she reached Miss Gohrman's station. Unfortunately that letter, though full of interesting information, was lost, but the substance of it is easily reproduced. She wrote glowingly of the trip to Colinas, describing in a most vivid way the mountain trail and the dense woods, dwelling much on the condition of the people. After arriving at her destination, she had a great deal to tell of the village itself, and wrote enthusias-

tically of the mission and Sunday-school. Then she told of her first trip with Miss Gohrman evangelizing the small villages. All was related with artless simplicity and infinite relish. These trips were to her the fulfilment of her ardent desires for years past. She refers to them from time to time in the extracts that follow:

“Colinas, Aug. 31, 1915.

“To G. S. . . .

“Dear brother in Christ: Your letter . . . . with bank draft for . . . . is received. Thank you very much for this generous gift. It is indeed cheering and encouraging; and as I'm sure it was given for the sake of Him who died and lives again, just so sure will He make up to you for the sacrifice.

“We have been spending a good deal on these trips, but are never in want, and believe the Lord will bless our poor attempts to serve Him. Many have been reached who **have** never heard the gospel. Our only regret is that we cannot stay longer in such places. The famine has been so sore in the land that we have to carry our provisions, and no amount of money can buy food when our supply is running low, so we have to

make for home ; for, somehow, we have gotten into a habit of eating every day! And about one whole day is all we can stand of hunger.

“ We will have covered the ground (once) to almost every accessible part here by October, so that the Lord willing, I will be leaving my dear sister about that time. We have had much sweet fellowship together. . . .

“ In Colinas, between trips, we have been having cottage meetings, besides the meetings in Miss Gohrman's house, on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. Ever since she came, Miss Gohrman has been asking the Lord to send a family here. She realizes her inability to fill the post. Many of the believers have never been baptized; they do not remember the Lord in the breaking of bread. But few have the courage to do as she has done, and live with so few comforts. . . .

“ I wish I could take time to tell you of the opportunities among the sick and the poor. Our last few weeks together have been the most encouraging. . . .

“ Yours in the Lord,

“ FANNIE ARTHUR.”



“Colinas, Sept. 3, 1915.

“Dear Mrs. V. . . . It seems as though Miss Gohrman and I have two more months' work together. She wants to make two more evangelizing trips, and we always stay in Colinas for two weeks between journeys. Then, when she settles down to work here, I will be going wherever the Lord leads me. . . . So far, our being together has been for mutual blessing. I have had what I longed for—opportunities to tell of the love of Christ to those who have never heard.

“The happiest day I can remember was at Corozal last week. We visited all the houses where there was any sign of life. (Queer, how strangely silent some of them are, and how doors and windows close on our approach.) I just felt as if the Lord Himself was giving me words to speak, especially in one house where five women, three men, and a lot of children listened attentively.”

She goes on to speak of possibly “taking a little run home at the end of the year”—but it was not to be. For God had provided some better thing for her, and she was “taken Home” instead.

She goes on, “Wouldn't it be fine, if, in the meantime, the clouds would divide, and that

dear Voice say, 'Come away'? Only a little while to be faithful! How much time can be wasted even on a mission field.

"Love to those that love me when you see them. . . .

"Sincerely,

"FANNIE ARTHUR."

"Dear . . . .

"Colinas, Sept. 3rd, 1915.

"It is such a comfort to think of you all praying for me, as I know you have been, especially lately. The thought of that weekly meeting, where you ask God to guide me and bless my efforts to serve Him, assures me that He *will*, however unworthy I am myself.

"My work with Miss Gohrman is drawing to a close. By October we shall have visited about all the accessible places. Miss Gohrman had visited many of them before. My coming here was very manifestly of the Lord, and we have had many blessed times together.

"Now then, what I wish you to ask is, that I may be *surely* guided in my next step. If I should go back to San Pedro in October, I would not start my school unless I intended to stay a year. This is what I have been planning to do, but feel that I should go home for a little while first. Two years, they

say, is enough of this climate at the start—that if you take a winter home after two years, you can stand five next time, and then ten. I won't be completely worn out physically—in fact I am stronger than ever before, but still troubled with my head. There is no way of describing malaria. I have had but few fevers, and slight ones, but I take quinine as a preventive—still there is a soreness in the bones and a depressing, heavy feeling that, though it comes on gradually, is often fatal. Very few are able to stand it year after year. You will understand how hard it is to leave, even for a few months, when so many have had to leave lately. If I go, the last and *least* of the "brethren" will have left poor Honduras. Mr. Armerding is reaching home by this time—a great disappointment to him—but where he was could not get the care needed.

“So, whether I go or stay, I will need your prayers, as in San Pedro I would have very little Christian fellowship—I would be absolutely alone as to any sympathy there in the work. If I do go home, I hope it won't only be for my own physical good, but that the Lord may use me to interest more of His people, especially the young, in His work,

not only in Honduras, but at home. How many opportunities I let slip by myself. We *are not* our own, and have no right to please ourselves. After all, there is no pleasure in it. Only as we 'keep ourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and *obey* Him while we 'look,' can we know real joy; 'the fellowship of His sufferings'—who would miss it?

"'Thou and thy house' means all your dear children. The Lord will save them—'seeing *your* faith.' It will not be without plenty of exercise on your part, but this is your mission; the Lord bless and answer your prayers. We will remember you all here. Love to all the Arthurs.

"Affectionately, the same old

"FANNIE."

"Colinas, Sept. 16, 1915.

"Miss L. V. S. . . .

"Dear Sister in the Lord: . . . Your last letter has been held in San Pedro all this time. Mr. Armerding was to have brought my mail—on his way to Dulce Nombre—but he took sick in the port, so after waiting there three weeks, it was finally mailed—delayed on the way by impassable rivers.

“Miss Gohrman and I just returned the day before yesterday from an eight-day trip, tired and aching from riding in the hot sun (for in the rainy season the sun is hotter than ever), but the Lord went before us, and guided us just as surely as He did His people of old. We started out to take an entirely different route, but on account of a swollen stream we took another trail, visiting a little place called Lajas. The people are known as being ‘mean’ and unapproachable, but the Lord gave us entrance into almost every house. I never enjoyed anything more in my life, and Miss Gohrman expressed herself as satisfied and surprised.

“Then we set out for Ilama, an Indian settlement; but our guide took the wrong road, and we came to the landing (river crossing) opposite an old, religious village, where Miss Gohrman had never been able to get an entrance. The crossing was dangerous, and the *canoero* cried out to the ‘Mother of God’ as tree trunks floated about us in the rapids. It happened that an old beggar Miss Gohrman had been kind to in Colinas, was there, sick. We visited him, and had an opportunity to speak to a houseful. Later we visited in a few houses, cautiously.

Best of all, we made friends with a family where Miss Gohrman is welcome to stay when passing through again. We then followed our original plan of journeying, and the Lord brought us back safely the day before Independence Day, in Colinas. A good number, strangers among them, came in to hear the Word, and Miss Gohrman gave a simple, plain, gospel talk.

“We have a few more short trips to make together, and then our paths will separate. . . . Although not *sure* of just what the Lord would have me do, I rest in His promise and expect to be clearly shown within the next month. . . .

“Mr. Armerding was disappointed to have to go home. It does look sad for Honduras, to see so many go. . . . We must cry to the Lord of the harvest—the need is so great.

“Love in the Lord to those who love Him. Thank you again, dear sister, for your help.

“Affectionately,

“FANNIE ARTHUR.”

The next letter is written to another missionary, who had hoped Miss Arthur might be led of the Lord to assist in orphanage work in Guatamala. The project of going to

## Traveling in Honduras





stay with Miss Nelson at Dulce Nombre had been abandoned some time before, after her visit there.

“Colinas, Oct. 7, 1915.

“Miss B. E. B. . . . ., Guatamala, C. A.

“Dear sister in the Lord: Your letter to Miss Nelson, in which you cordially invite **me** to join you, was forwarded to me here. I appreciate it, especially at this time; and if it were anywhere else but in Guatemala City, **would** have considered it a direct answer to prayer. Work among children appeals to me more than any other line of service; but I have a great and growing desire to go to some place that has not been reached by the gospel. Since seeing something of the interior, I have less and less desire to go back to San Pedro—there is so much greater need in other places. This is verily my *extremity*, so it's God's *opportunity*, and I'm really expecting Him to show me soon the direction to take.”

In the same letter **she** writes nobly and boldly of the then imminent Panama Conference, the leaders of which had agreed to recognize the Church of Rome as a sister-church in the evangelization of the Latin-American Republics. This to her was apostasy, and she felt

it keenly. Witness the following earnest words: "I should be glad to shake hands with Mr. . . . and encourage him to *recall* his part of the invitation to the Sectional Conference. It may (and will) make him look small in the eyes of many, no doubt, but on the other hand, there must be many of the Lord's dear people ready to stand by his side at this time of trial. The idea of this Panama Conference was surely a subtle move on the part of our enemy, although no doubt, many true servants of God will give it their support—some on account of ignorance, and others out of fear or weakness—what a shame! I never have appreciated the antagonistic writings of some of our fellow-workers, but it's better far than compromise with Rome. Only lately have I learned what a dreadful system it is. 'By one Eva sin entered the world, and so by another Eva salvation came to all men,' is only one of their awful doctrines.

"Sometimes one feels almost hopeless, especially where the *Santo Misionere* (?) [referring to Romish emissaries, who warn against the 'Protestantes'] has passed through. 'By My Spirit, saith the Lord,' is the only encouragement . . . What if we are not identified

with the *great* movements of the day? We will soon be with our Lord, and the world will know that He has loved us. . . .

“Affectionately in our Lord Jesus,  
“FANNIE ARTHUR.”

On Oct. 30th she devoted much time to writing, and the three letters that follow are the last that have been handed to me. Though she knew it not, her work was done—she was that day writing her valedictory. She had thought that, possibly, she might find her niche among the Quiché Indians, and wrote to Dr. Secord as to that field; but he felt a man was needed rather than a weak woman. Ere his answer came, however, it was evident that her health was greatly undermined, and a change and rest seemed imperative.

In view of what so soon took place, there is something exceedingly pathetic in her eager hopes expressed in these last three letters. How little she then realized what the change and rest would be upon which she was to enter in less than six short weeks!

“Colinas, Oct. 30, 1915.

“Mr. C. J. A. . . . , Dunkirk, N. Y.

“Dear brother in Christ: the children’s gift of . . . came safely with yours of Sept.

17th, in last week's mail. How pleased the Lord must be to see their interest in the spread of the gospel.

“The more I see or hear of Mission work, the more I feel drawn to the children—the coming generation—before they have become hardened by sin, and grounded in devilish doctrines. Since seeing something of the interior, and the greater need, especially in places where there are no schools, I have less and less desire to work in San Pedro; and my body is so worn out and weak that, at present, I do not think it wise to locate near the coast.

“Until I read Dr. Secord's letter in the *August Missionary Gleanings*, I had decided to spend the winter in the States. Until that time, I had had no thought of (permanently) leaving Honduras—poor neglected republic! But if I can be of use among the Quiché Indians, perhaps the climate of Guatemala would set me up again. However, Dr. Secord's answer has not come, and my little boxes are packed, just waiting for the signal to march.

“Miss Gohrman and I just returned last week from a trip through the Santa Barbara Valley. We had splendid opportunities in

some places for presenting the gospel, and distributed many hundreds of tracts. But on the last two trips I have learned that I cannot stand so much traveling about. . . .

“Hoping to be able to advise you soon that I have found the place the Lord has for me,

I am,

“Affectionately in Him,

“FANNIE ARTHUR.”

“Colinas, Oct. 30, 1915.

“Mr. J. L. . . . San Francisco, Calif.

“Dear brother in Christ: Yours of Sept. 21st arrived last week bringing the check for . . . from those that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Miss Gohrman and I have prayed together for you all, and the Lord’s work among you. . . . We have made our last trip together now; were away three weeks in the valley of Santa Barbara. . . . We believe some few were awakened to their danger. Many listened quietly, and a few bought Bibles. . . . What a joy it would be to see just one poor sinner break down and confess his guilt. . . . But we *know* God will bless His Word, and we are commanded to give it to **every** creature. All we have to do is to obey and to take hold of His promises.”

She mentions again having written Dr. Se-

cord, and says, "If the Lord wants me in Guatemala He will give strength. . . . 'As for God, His way is perfect.' May the Lord save me from *myself* and lead me *surely* in the direction He would have me go.

"Love to all in Christ our Lord,

"FANNIE ARTHUR."

The last letter, from which to make extracts, was written to one of her own brothers, over whom she yearned with a true sisterly—even motherly—interest.

"I can't tell you where I will be in the next month. Had been thinking of going home for the winter, as I need some kind of a change. . . . I want to go where the Lord wants me—to do what He wants me to do. There is no use trying to follow out one's own plans, is there? Without *Him*, we can do *nothing*—and this is not only for missionaries. None of us live to ourselves. We are either 'gathering with Him,' or 'scattering abroad.' The Lord Jesus is coming soon. I do want to spend the rest of the time for Him.

"I guess you have heard that Mr. Groh has "gone home," . . . another missionary gone!

Am praying the Lord to bless you, and

show you just why He permits us to be tempted and tried. His love never changes. His arms are always open wide in that same attitude as when, on the cross, bearing our sins in His own precious body. . . .

· “ Lovingly,            “ FAN.”

There were other letters to her immediate family, but with those we have been privileged to read, as above given, we come to an abrupt close. To those who judge of success by merely human standards, it may seem their work and suffering in the interior largely went for nothing. There are no glowing accounts of eager crowds, or many professed converts, but we feel assured that from the Divine standpoint, there was much to lead them to thank God and take courage. Entrance had been given to hitherto closed districts; hundreds had heard the gospel for the first (and perhaps the only) time; tracts, Bibles, and Scripture portions had been left in the people's hands; and what in the Lord's eyes is of inestimable value, His bond-maiden had shown by her lowly spirit that she esteemed the doing of His will above all else.

## CHAPTER IV.

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“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

“We are willing rather to be absent from the body,  
and present with the Lord.”

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“When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above;  
When their words of love and cheer  
Fall no longer on our ear—  
Hush! Be every murmur dumb;  
It is only *till He come.*”

**C**ARE letting Miss Gohrman tell of the last scenes in her loved friend's life, it may be of interest and profit to linger a little more at Colinas, meditating on other incidents supplied by the same devoted companion who kindly wrote out these scattered recollections at my suggestion.

“While in Colinas, my headquarters, she taught the older children on Sunday, and oversaw the work of the native girl who had charge of the tiny tots. She played the organ at four weekly meetings in our meeting-room, and trained the young people in singing. Every Saturday night she would take the organ to some home, where we would invite the neighbors, and would sing and tell them the gospel.



“In the afternoons we would spend about two hours, five days a week, in visitation work. Also, many people, with sores, burns, boils, wounds, and such-like, would come to us for free treatment. I remember we helped care for six persons in their last illness, in as many months, and prepared them for the grave. One was a beggar woman, lying in a little hut, hastily erected for her by her brother, when on account of her illness she was ejected from the house she had been occupying. Her condition was unspeakable, as she was bereft of all attention, excepting to be fed. Fannie attended her unflinchingly, though I became so sick I had to leave every few minutes. Her loving self-sacrifice was wonderful, and she went daily with me to care for this woman, and always did the heavier part. We trust the poor creature died believing, though we have only her word that she was trusting in Christ. When we went to prepare her for burial we found the poor body covered with stinging ants. We both got thoroughly stung before we were through with our grewsome task. I marvelled at Fannie’s physical strength at such times and her presence of mind.

“I recall another occasion when we were

called to the bedside of a dying girl—and the circumstances were such that even Fannie's brave heart failed her. I went to her side, as she sat pale and almost overpowered, watching the last gasps of the beautiful young woman. The room was filled with confusion; the awful wailing of the mother and sisters had called in a crowd, who stood watching the girl die—a custom as old as it is heartless. In Central America it is often impossible to rid the house of those who come, out of mere vulgar curiosity, to see death, unless the street doors are locked, which cannot be done in a house where there are no windows.

“ ‘Come,’ I said to her, ‘don't take it so hard; she'll soon be out of her misery.’ But Fannie pointed a tragic finger to something I had not noticed; the girl was dying of hemorrhage, and there under the bed the dogs were licking up the blood!

“ ‘Oh,’ Miss Arthur cried, ‘may God deliver me from ever dying in a place like this, and under such conditions!’ And I praise Him now, as I recall how she fell asleep with no last agonies, and with only those present who loved her, and in the best hospital in Central America—well attended to the last.

“ Her knowledge of medicine and nursing

helped us to get into homes hitherto unopened to the gospel. There was the girl with the burned arm, that opened the door of the most fanatical house in town to us, as they came for our assistance. There was the case of a boy, with his face cut open from the kick of a mule, and many other such incidents.

“ We never remained in Colinas more than two or three weeks at a time, for our real work was on the evangelizing trips we made together. We always carried the little organ with us—sometimes on the back of a pack-mule, oftener on the back of a boy. This instrument proved our ‘Open Sesame!’ at the places where we sought lodging for the night, and introduction for the gospel. It was easy to ask if they wouldn’t like some music: then a good gospel hymn would be sung, and the way would be open to explain the hymn; and the Bible would be brought out. So we would get the Word into places where it had never before been heard. It may be necessary to explain that in the sections visited on these trips, there were no hotels; we had to depend on the innate hospitality of the people for shelter. This they never denied us, and they never desired anything in payment. On these journeys we were always accom-

panied by at least two Christian men, and one or two Christian girls, all mounted on mules as we were. Arriving at a town, we would divide it into three sections. Fannie would take her young girl companion and visit every house in the part allotted to her. I would do the same in my section; and the men in theirs.

“Wherever possible we would enter the homes and briefly explain God’s way of salvation, and leave tracts, gospels and such like. We thus labored and visited together in about thirty towns and villages, averaging over one hundred miles’ travel a month, and speaking to thousands of souls. We would hold a more public meeting if a house could be obtained for that purpose. Then I did the speaking; but I always found it easier to do so with Fannie present, for I knew she was upholding me with her prayers.

“Sometimes there would be stone-throwing and much noise and abuse. She was always so calm on such occasions, her only apparent anxiety being for me. One time she went out to face a howling mob, and pleaded so tenderly and earnestly for quiet that they felt ashamed, and made no further interruption.”

Miss Gohrman related one incident that shows in a very striking way the holy, self-denying spirit of Miss Arthur: "She had, before leaving San Pedro, bought a pair of gauntlet riding-gloves, for which she paid a rather high price, and of which she was girlishly fond. She felt quite like a full-fledged missionary, mounted on her mule, with her riding-boots and those cherished gauntlet-gloves. One afternoon, as we passed through a tropical forest, the men gathered fruit for us. She removed her gloves to eat it, and finally fell behind the rest of the company; only the 'mozo' (man-servant) remaining with her. After some time, as she did not join us, we stopped and waited for her. Perhaps half an hour went by ere she came in view. I asked the cause of the long delay; she replied that she had lost one of her gloves, and the boy had gone back to look for it, but had not found it. I felt distressed, and would have insisted on our returning to find it, but she would not permit me to do so. 'I am glad I lost it,' she said, 'I felt so badly for a moment, when I knew it was lost, that I judged myself to think that I felt worse over my lost *glove* than I had felt over the lost *souls* we have passed this afternoon. I am

glad now that I lost it. God has taught me a good lesson by permitting it.'

"It was just a simple incident in the day's march, and yet it touched me mightily, and caused me to judge myself too. How often we care more for the loss of a valued possession than for the lost souls we meet hourly; and how few of us judge this as sin, as Fannie did!"

One might add that this is the lesson of the last part of the book of Jonah. The prophet, who grieved over the loss of the protecting gourd, seemed insensible to the deep and dire need of "Nineveh, that great city, wherein were more than sixscore thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand" (Jonah 4:11). Oh to value the souls of men and women according to the estimation put upon them by our Lord Jesus Christ!

This was one of the charms of Miss Arthur's Christian character, that she so esteemed service in the name of her Master, on behalf of the perishing, that other things seemed utterly insignificant in comparison to what had become the all-absorbing passion of her life.

And now our task is almost ended. Miss Arthur and Miss Gohrman left Colinas, both looking forward to a change and rest. At home in California, the dear mother and family were awaiting expectantly for Fannie's return for a little time, but it was not to be. Young as she was, and short though her season of service, her life was lived, her work done. "The glory and the gladness" of the Father's house were to be her portion.

No pen can better describe her last days than that of the earnest lady-missionary on whose records we have already drawn so largely. A lengthy letter written to Mrs. Arthur seems almost too personal to insert here; but the following one, taken from *Missionary Gleanings* for January, 1916, gives a very full and tender account of the close of our sister's life on earth.

"It is my sad duty to inform you of the home-going of our beloved sister, Fannie Arthur, who went to be with the Lord December 10th, from the hospital of the United Fruit Company at Quirigua, Guatemala.

"On November 18th we reached the city of Guatemala; she, on her way home to California, *via* the Pacific; I, to attend the annual missionary conference and receive the

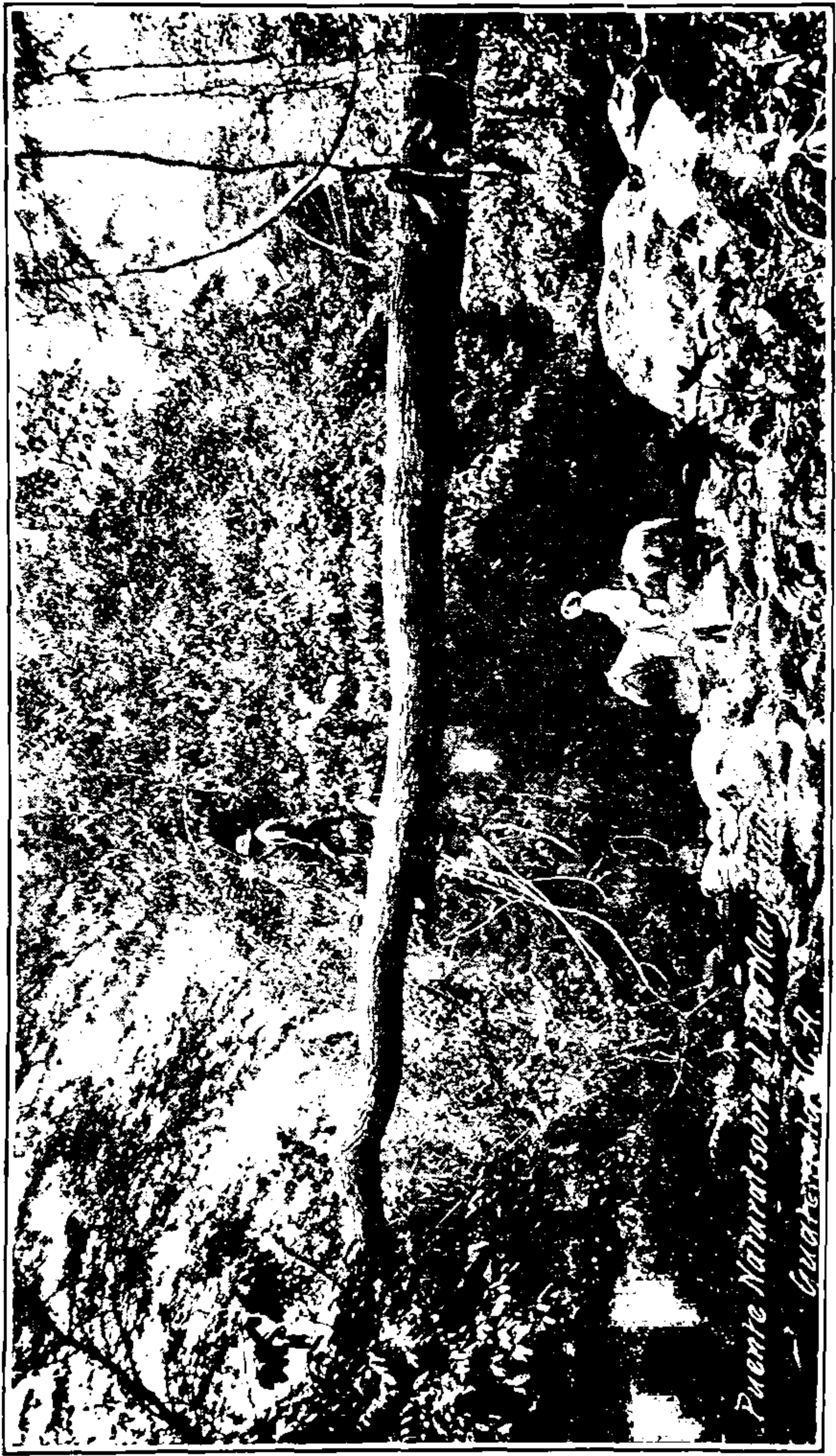
benefit of the climatic change. After much prayer, privately and together, she had decided to return home by way of Guatemala, in order to attend the conference, get acquainted with the missionaries and the work, look over the field, and satisfy herself as to whether or not her niche of usefulness, when she returned, as she fully expected and desired to do some day, was to be in Honduras or Guatemala. She always gave Honduras first place, however, and seeing Guatemala but convinced her that her work was to be in Honduras, should she return.

“Her passage money did not fully arrive until the day before our leaving Colinas. This but strengthened us in the belief that God was leading her home *via* Guatemala, as we had to leave on that date to get here in time for the conference. Anxious not to make a mistake, although we had prayed daily over the matter, we dedicated a special day to fasting and prayer for guidance, and were strengthened in our belief that God wanted her to pass through Guatemala on her way home.

I had decided not to go up to **the** conference, but on reaching San Pedro, Dr. Jones advised me to go for my health's sake. I



A River-crossing in Central America



Puente Natural sobre el Rio Naraja  
Cuaternario C.A.

shall never feel sufficiently thankful that I came up with her.

“Five days after reaching here, she took a bad cold, which resulted in chills and malarial fever, with accompanying sleeplessness, and Dr. Gregg, of the Presbyterian Hospital, was called in and treated her for malaria. She grew worse, and we took her to the Presbyterian Hospital, where for ten days she received the best of attention and medical treatment from Dr. Gregg and Dr. Arton, and was cared for, and prayed for, by the nurses with beautiful love and faithfulness. I remained with her at nights, and mornings, as she was happier when I was near.

“Delirium set in, and for ten days, night and day constantly, her ravings continued, only quieted by an opiate. Her ravings were mostly along a spiritual order. A continual battle was waged with Satan. She seemed to think he was trying to get her to deny her Lord; it was awful. Looking back on it now, I feel that Satan knew his time was short, that very soon she would be where he could never again disturb her, and he tormented her while he could. Her ravings continued even when she had no temperature, and her temperatures did not run high.

“Her case seemed to be one of acute insanity, induced by catching cold at a critical time, malaria, effect of altitude, etc.—so the doctors diagnosed her case, and told me that her one chance of life was to get her to sea-level, and home. I asked for a consultation and called in another doctor. The unanimous opinion was that she would die if left here. She had just the one hope; I took it. God worked to help me. Through Christian friends, the General Manager of the Guatemala Railroad gave a private coach, in which her cot could be placed, free of charge, which was reserved for me and my two companions who accompanied me with her to the port. I was given permission to spend the night in the coach at Puerto Barrios, and the coach would be pushed out on the wharf at boarding time alongside of the ship, so as to disturb her as little as possible by moving.

“She stood the trip well. As the train ran downward toward the port (a drop of five thousand feet in twelve hours) the ravings left her. She took nourishment, turned over and slept—the first natural sleep she had had since falling sick. We arrived at Puerto Barrios on time and in good condition. ‘I am so tired,’ she said, and slept on. At twelve

o'clock I felt her pulse slowing down, called the port doctor, and under his care she rallied. At ten o'clock in the morning she had another sinking spell. I called the ship's doctor, who had been with her the greater part of the night. Just before going off into what seemed her last sleep, she looked up to me and said, 'To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.'

"She rallied again, however; but the ship doctor advised the captain against admitting her on board, and said she would not live over night on the ship. Two doctors, (one a passenger on the boat) advised us to take her to Quirigua, to the United Fruit Company's hospital. But it was fifty miles away, and no train. Again God worked; the General Manager ordered a train to be gotten ready to take our coach to Quirigua-free of charge. We were given right of way over everything on the track, even the passenger train waited for us.

"She had another sinking spell on the train; just before losing herself she whispered:

'My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine;  
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign,  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou. . . .'

and then her voice trailed off into silence.

But I knew the victorious ending, which weakness alone prevented her adding :

‘If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, ’tis now.’

“In answer to a powerful heart-stimulant she rallied again, and we turned her over to the doctor at Quirigua in a good condition, considering everything. The doctor said she had a fighting chance. She passed a good night, and in the morning he gave me permission to cable her mother that she was better. At 1.30 P. M., they called me from my lunch, as she was peacefully, restfully breathing her life away.

“We buried her in the Sanitarium burying-ground. Quirigua is a beautiful spot. I wanted to take her body up to the capital, but government ‘red tape’ intervened. She was buried in a beautiful casket of polished mahogany covered with flowers. The whole hospital staff, with the exception of two nurses, were in attendance. Mr. French, a dear old lay minister, conducted the sweetly impressive burial service. There were no dry eyes as we turned away.

“Dear girl! her home-going has kept me sad. I loved her perhaps too dearly. She had a way of winning hearts just because

her nature was love. I praise God that she came to the mission-field for two short years. Many souls throughout eternity will praise Him for it too.

Her's was the most sweetly consistent life I have ever known. I may say she was most completely surrendered to His will—never a word of complaint fell from her lips, so trusting, so loving, so faithful. She has meant much to me in my spiritual life. She taught me how to love, not only herself, but these dear people whom she loved so dearly, and Him whom it was her life to love. I am a better woman, a better missionary, a better Christian for having known her.

“Her influence over the believers in Colinas and surrounding congregations was wonderful. How rapid was her spiritual growth in those last months; I looked on amazed. She was the teacher, I the pupil. Her face shone with a holy delight in doing His will. She was ripe for eternity. Her works do follow her because she loved much. Praise God for her life, and that I had her with me those few short months. I am worn out; pray for me.

“Yours with love,

“A. J. GOHRMAN.”

It is fitting that we close this very imperfect record with an appreciation from the beloved soldier-servant to whose station Miss Arthur went, when she landed in Honduras, and where she spent the greater part of her time in that country, for which it can truly be said she laid down her life.

“As I read with tear-dimmed eyes of her struggle for life, her high temperature, and all, it all comes back to me, how less than a year ago, her own skilful hands helped to draw me back, as it were, from between the very gates of death; how she faithfully took and noted down my temperature, rubbed my chilling limbs back into circulation, bathed my body in vinegar to reduce its burning fever—all this she did, and much more, for me and mine. Now she rests from her labor, but her works do indeed follow her. Let no one question the wisdom of her going to Honduras, or the Lord’s guidance of her footsteps. Some must die if the gospel is to be carried into these regions of death. Her lovely death shall, in the end, be shown to be no more in vain than was her devoted life. She had a peculiar faculty of winning her way, almost immediately, into the confidence and affection of the native women and chil-



dren everywhere. Why she was transferred to the homeland above, after eighteen months of service, we cannot say, nor is it for us to know. We think of her tireless activity, her ability and aptness for the work in which she was engaged, the crying need of the women of Honduras for just such ministry as hers; and then we look at that newly-made grave in the hospital cemetery, and say, adoringly, and without doubt or question: 'Our Jesus hath done all things well!'

"She died Dec. 10, 1915, at 1.30 P. M., after an illness of some seventeen days. 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"C. KNAPP."

We lay aside the pen, realizing how imperfect is this sketch of the short but full life of this devoted young woman. Her service, at an end on earth, will be forever to serve Him there, whom she loved down here.

That her example may stir others, who, constrained by the love of Christ, may go forth to carry on the work in which she had so blessed a share, is the sincere prayer of the writer. Central America must have the gospel at whatever cost. Who will cry, "Here am I, send me?"

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