

(G. F.)  
MRS. E. E. MAGOUN.

Yes, Mrs. Elizabeth Earle Magoun has passed away. But no voice or pen can ever measure the influence for christian beauty which she exerted, and which will ever be a constantly increasing force until it broadens and widens and is blended into the eternity of years. A woman of strong impulses, she was also a woman of great decision of character. If in the circle in which she moved she had a peer, she certainly had no superior. Many a student of Iowa College, struggling with misfortune and poverty, has known the sympathetic touch of her hand and has felt his soul stirred into reviving aspirations, by the inspiration of her encouraging words. No other woman, during the years of her husband's connection with the college, had so many student friends or felt so deep an interest in their welfare as Mrs. Magoun. Tho occupying a position and possessed of talents which introduced her to the most cultured and influential homes of Iowa, she was still the same simple woman in her home, the same loving friend to all her "boys and girls," as she so frequently spoke of them. Bright, earnest, impulsive and true, her character was that of a true christian. Tho past the three score mark in life, Mrs. Magoun was always young. Her sympathies, her hopes, were all with those who were entering into life, rather than with those who had done their work, and were resting upon their laurels.

It is almost impossible to enter into a mere analysis of her character, for it had its complexities. But overshadowing it all, to those who knew her best, was the simplicity of her daily life, for she loved her home. Next we note her earnest christian character. She loved her bible with her wonderful devotion. Next to her bible it always seemed that foreign missionary work was closest to her heart. Her enthusiasm, coupled with her power to make people work, probably kept her for so many years at the head of the Iowa W. B. M. F.

Mrs. Magoun was an able speaker. Her power in this line extended not only into the field of missions and of literature, but was also notable in post-prandial efforts. And yet she never cultivated public speaking. Her addresses were given when duty called or where she hoped to do good. With all her power on the rostrum, she was a woman of the home. She believed women were created for home life, and this she preferred to the busy bustle of conventions and speeches.

One fact in her life which ought to inspire young women, struggling for an education, was that she could go before a cultured audience and deliver a stirring missionary address, and then go home and prepare one of the best suppers ever eaten. She was not above the daily duties of life. Her first thought was to make home happy for her loved ones.

The sweetness of the life just gone out is well known. Racked with pain for long, lingering months, she bore all with heroic fortitude. She loved life, but she was ready to depart and be with her Christ, for Christ was to her real and living. She gave directions as to the funeral service and selected the hymns to be sung. When the hour of her departure came, she gladly resigned her spirit into her Maker's hands.

The following obituary notice was prepared at our request by Professor Barnes:

Elizabeth Earle was a native of Maine, born in Brunswick, August 28, 1833. She was the second child of George Earle and Angelina Merrill Earle, and had two sisters, Mary and Frances. When she was five years old there came to the children that supreme loss, a mother's death, and for four years they had their home with the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Merrill, of Brunswick. In 1842 Mr. Earle married again.

At the age of seventeen she was confirmed in St. Paul's church, Brunswick, by Bishop Burgess. In later life she often expressed her sense of deep obligation to the gentle and saintly Mr. Paley who was then rector of St. Paul's. She remained in the communion of the Episcopal church until she joined the Congregational church in Grinnell. Never was a church member more loyal. Strongly believing in systematic giving, always ready to serve, bestowing unstinted labor for many years as Sunday school teacher, leader of the teacher's meeting, director of mission bands and the like - these things are too fresh in our memory to call for more than mention.

Her life work as a teacher was begun in the summer of 1851, when she took a school in New Meadows, Maine. In the fall of that year she went south to King William County, Virginia, to teach in the family of Dr. Wormley, husband of her sister Mary. Two years were spent here and two more in work in an institution for the blind at Louisville, Kentucky. After some study at Mount Holyoke, another year was spent in this Kentucky institution, and still another as a teacher in a private school in Louisville. These seven years in the South, at the time just before the war, gave her familiar acquaintance with many aspects of southern society, and it is to be regretted that she never carried out her expressed purpose of writing out her recollections.

South Hadley she first went to when she was twenty-two years old, spending year after year, and another year when she was twenty-six, graduating with the class of 1860. Then followed seven years of happy and fruitful teaching, years which gave her so many warm friends among her pupils that Dr. Magoun used to say he could not preach anywhere without some South Hadley graduates coming up and claiming acquaintance with him as the husband of Miss Earle. There could hardly be a better embodiment of the Mount Holyoke spirit than Mrs. Magoun. The strong practical enthusiasm, the quick sense of responsibility, the deeply religious spirit for which that institution has been so noted, were conspicuous in her, mellowed by broad human interests, and a keen sense of the sweetness of God's earth.

In 1867 she accepted the position of lady principal in the State University of Wisconsin, under President Chadbourne, who was a life long friend. After two years work there, she took charge of an Episcopal boarding school for girls, in Waterbury, Conn., and she doubtless could have carried out the plans of the trustees for a strong and excellent school, had not that interruption come which so often breaks up plans like these—  
married. July 5, 1870 she became the wife of President George F. Magoun, at this could hardly be said to close her educational work. She served in Trinnell as lady principal for two years after Miss Ellis' departure, and she occasionally acted as substitute teacher in literature and philosophy, her favorite studies. Her personal interest in the students of Iowa College was unflin-

and eager. She delighted to brighten their lives by Thanksgiving parties and other social attentions. But most of all was she intensely desirous that their religious life should be real and vigorous. No one can number the earnest and prayerful conferences she held with the boys and girls of the college; no one can estimate how much of stimulus and guidance was thus given in times of spiritual need.

But most characteristic of her later years was her interest in the work of foreign missions. No sympathetic and responsive student of South Hadley could fail of catching this enthusiasm, for South Hadley has always regarded missions as the apotheosis of life. Always interested in every form of home missions, and impartially dividing her gifts, Mrs. Magoun yet felt that the foreign fields, the lands that had never heard the Gospel, had special and commanding claims, and she gave her strength without reserve to every foreign missionary labor that came within her reach. Her early plan of going herself as a foreign missionary was defeated more than once, chiefly by the physical weakness and consequent needs of her younger sister Frances. Those who remember how sweet and noble was the character of this sister will easily understand that sisterly sacrifice had its immediate reward. But Mrs. Magoun proved, as so many in her case have proved, that one can be a true missionary in spirit and labor, even if they must remain in the home land. She was the first president of the Iowa Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior, serving from 1876 until 1905, when her failing strength compelled her to leave this beloved work.

Those familiar with the history of a woman's missionary meetings will remember how jealously the men were at first excluded, and how, little by little, a man or two was allowed to stray in, until at last ladies who started with the old-fashioned idea of never speaking before men, came to be quite at ease in ad-

dressings a mixed audience. It was in this way that Mrs. Magoun gradually became known as a public speaker; and she was encouraged by her husband even to occupy a pulpit and the time of the sermon with a missionary address. The Doctor used to take an obvious pleasure in informing some less progressive friend that his wife "had gone off preaching." Many churches in Iowa have been thus visited by her, and many a woman dates her earnest interest in missions from the time when she first heard Mrs. Magoun; for she was a speaker of unusual effectiveness, her clear enunciation and resonant voice nobly reinforcing her thorough knowledge and fervent appeal.

Of her home life little need be said in this town that has known her so well and so long. Suffice it to say that the children to whom she came as a second mother were served with a rare devotion and affection, and learned to love her as unreservedly as they could have loved the one whom death had taken when they were still little. What a tower of strength she was to her husband in all the various demands of college life, in days of storm and stress that came to the institution and to him personally, all know who knew them. Strong natures both of them, warmly admiring each other, and working unitedly for the things both held to be the highest, their union was one of great mutual helpfulness and comfort.

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one with that which came to Grinnell twenty-six years ago. Many of those who have seen her counted her the most beautiful woman they knew. Many who had become acquainted with her mind, who knew the varied resources of her well informed, well trained intellect, the vivid interest in all things that minister to life, the eager and incisive utterance, the instinctive and skillful leadership, have counted her the most brilliant woman they knew. It was most natural that the reading circle she presided over changed its name from the Busy Woman's Club to the Elizabeth Earle Magoun Club. But there are many more who care comparatively little for beauty or brilliancy, who revere the memory of Mrs. Magoun because in her they found earth's most precious gift, a true friend, whose affection never failed to show the eternal quality.

## THE GRINNELL HERALD

W. G. RAY. R. MACDONALD.  
RAY & MACDONALD, Editors and Proprietors  
Grinnell, Iowa, Friday, Jan. 8, 1897.

—Mrs. E. E. Magoun died yesterday morning after a long and painful illness of nearly two years. Elizabeth Earle was born in Brunswick, Me., August 28, 1833. She was educated at Mount Holyoke Seminary, Hadley, Mass., where she graduated in the class of 1860. While an undergraduate she went south to teach and taught some time near Richmond, Va. After graduating she taught in Mount Holyoke Seminary, having the department of literature. Later she came west and taught in the State University, at Madison, Wis. In 1870 she was married to Rev. Dr. Magoun, then president of Iowa College, and spent the rest of her life in Grinnell, where her superlative qualities gave her a personal influence second only to that of her gifted husband. She acted as lady principal of the college for some time after Miss Mary Ellis left. She was the first president of the Iowa branch of the Women's Board of Missions of the Interior and held the position till failing health compelled her resignation, when she was made honorary president. Mrs. A. L. Frisbie, of Des Moines, succeeded her in the active presidency. Mrs. Magoun was an able and eloquent speaker on the subjects that interested her. Her daughter, Mrs. Emily Magoun Miller, of Des Moines, has been present at the bedside of her mother. Rev. S. G. Barnes of Long Meadow, Mass., a son-in-law, is expected. Mrs. Barnes is too much of an invalid to travel. Also Dr. G. H. Hill of Independence and Leonard Runlet of St. Paul. The funeral occurs Sunday afternoon at the Cong'l church.

—Possibly some of Mrs. Magoun's friends may not know of the "Elizabeth Earle Magoun Memorial Fund." At one time of her life she planned to go as a missionary to Turkey, and her friends have thought that they could give no more fitting tribute to her memory than to raise a fund of \$500, the interest on which, paid annually, would provide a perpetual scholarship in Anatolia College in Marsovan, Turkey. \$443.50 has been given and seventeen more is pledged. The money has come from more than a hundred friends, from Maine to California, in sums of from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars. Several others have wished to have a share in the memorial. If there are others who would like to help, please send the money with your name to Mrs. C. E. Raw, as it is desirable that the amount should be made up soon. 6/4/97

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A large company of friends filled the Congregational church, Sunday after-

noon, to hear Mr. Vittum's eloquent tribute to Mrs. Magoun's memory. A quartet, consisting of J. C. Walker, O. F. Parish, Mrs. Christian and Miss Mack, assisted by the congregation, sang hymns selected by Mrs. Magoun. Pres. Geo. A. Gates read some appropriate selections from the scripture, and Rev. E. M. Vittum spoke briefly, eloquently and touchingly of her sweet, pure life, and the influence which lived after her. The Busy Woman's Club, of which she was a leader, and her Sunday school class, all of whom devotedly loved her, occupied seats with the sorrowing relatives. Tender friends acted as bearers.—H. H. Robbins, J. Macy, C. R. Morse, Chas. Noble, J. F. Smith and C. W. H. Beyer,—and gently laid away the body in Hazelwood to await the resurrection morn. A friend of Mrs. Magoun hands us the following poem:

ONE MORE IN HEAVEN.

The charmed circle broken, a dear face  
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;  
But comforted and saved and perfected by grace—  
One more in Heaven!

One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore  
One farewell word unspoken, on the shore  
Where parting comes not, one soul parted more—  
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!  
A sense of loss that needs us at the gate:  
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;  
And far away, our country to await—  
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!  
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would  
And wrap off sunshine darts from the skies—  
One more in Heaven!

One more at home!  
This is not home, these are not  
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold—  
But show, where face to face we shall behold,  
Is home and Heaven!

One less on earth!  
The pain, the sorrow and the toil to share;  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;  
One more the crown of righteous soul to wear,  
At home in Heaven!

One more in Heaven!  
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,  
Another link on high our souls to raise  
To Home in Heaven!

One more at home!

That home whose separation cannot be,  
That home where none are missed eternally;  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,  
At home in Heaven!  
—St. G. Stark in *West York Chimes*