

MY WIFE

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Maud Frederick Chapman
(1880-1940)

MY WIFE

Arranged by
JAMES B. CHAPMAN

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In Explanation

My first thought was to prepare some memorial notes of my wife to be preserved in manuscript form, interspersed with such pictures as were available, for the comfort of our children and me. But as I thought upon the matter, it occurred to me that there are many friends besides the family who would desire a copy of our words and compilations regarding one who was well known and much loved by our people. And so I have written and prepared with this larger purpose in mind. However, it has seemed to me that the work would lose its principal value if we gave way to generalization. Hence, I have kept to the intimate style which would have been necessary had the work remained but a family possession.

It is not my thought that our life together was entirely exceptional. Rather, I think the glory of it is that it represents millions of just such unions throughout the Christian world. But these Christian marriages and Christian homes, being the usual, have not received the publicity that have come to those where there were misunderstandings, misery, and divorce. And so the impression has gone out that there are few if any happy marriages and successful homes.

Our life together was not dreamy and fairylike. It was a life of labor and rest, of sorrow and joy, of planning to be and do good, of necessity in the goods of this world, and devotion to God and the work of His kingdom. I have not yielded to the tendency to glorify, even now when our day together is ended. Rather the desire is to tell a straight story and leave to God and the future the work of glorifying. And yet, I have hope that the going forth of this little book will prove a blessing, and serve in some measure to extend the day of usefulness of her whose life made the book possible.

My Wife

We were married at Blossom, Texas, at four o'clock in the afternoon, February 18, 1903, Rev. C. B. Jernigan performing the ceremony. She left me to go on into our Father's heavenly home at forty minutes past four, February 18, 1940, at the Wesley Hospital in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She gave me thirty-seven full years of her slightly more than fifty-nine that God gave her upon earth. And whenever I think of her or speak of her I can think of no term or title except "My wife." This was the title she loved, and the one I invariably used in speaking of her outside the family or in introducing her at home or abroad.

In February, 1902, I was engaged in a short preaching mission in Troup, Texas. Miss Maud Frederick, a young schoolteacher, returning from the Rees meeting in Peniel, stopped over between trains to call on some friends, the Edwards, in Troup. I met her at the door, and a moment later we were introduced by Mrs. Edwards. I think neither of us was impressed at the time, and the matter seemed to have but passing interest. But two or three days later, Brother Edwards being busy, asked me to drive Miss Frederick to the train. When I returned to her in the waiting room

to give her the baggage checks, there came to me a strong impression, "This is your wife."

But being a preacher in evangelistic work, and she being a young lady of the most commendable modesty, we had practically no courtship. Not more than three or four times during the year did we talk together in private, and even our correspondence was irregular. For a considerable portion of the year neither of us thought our acquaintance of any consequence. But about the middle of January, 1903, we met by appointment in Henderson, Texas, where I was engaged in a meeting in the opera house. We talked together for two or three hours in the hall where the meetings were being held in full sight of a number of our friends, including "Mother Tetrick," who was always our guardian angel and intimate adviser. That day we agreed to be married, and she immediately resigned her school at "White's chapel," and returned to her father's home in Palestine, Texas, to get ready for the wedding. In company with her father and "Mother Tetrick," she arrived in Blossom, Texas, on the noon train on February 18, 1903. A convention was in progress, a convention which proved to be a forerunner of the Nazarene District Assemblies of that section. We were married at four o'clock in the afternoon. I was the preacher for the evening service, and the next morning we departed by train for Bee, in the Indian Territory, where we stayed in the home of Brother Dick Douglas, and in company with Mrs. Flora Walker and her husband,

conducted a successful revival in the community schoolhouse.

During the first years she continued with me in evangelistic meetings all that was possible. At the end of the first year our daughter Lois was born. Two years later our little James B., Jr., came and stayed five months and then went back to God. Then came Grace, then Harold, then Brillhart, Gertrude and Paul. In March, 1937, Brillhart, then twenty-five years of age, died in New York, and we brought him out to Vicksburg, Michigan, and buried him. The three girls and Harold have found mates and set up homes of their own. Paul, who is twenty-two, is yet in school preparing for his life's work.

During the first months of our married life we set up housekeeping for a little time at Phillips, in the mining section of Oklahoma. Our little two-room house was new, but we were practically without furniture, and bought water for all household use at twenty-five cents a barrel, the tank man obliging by pouring the amount purchased into our own barrel which sat beside the kitchen door. Lois was born in that little house, and it was a very precious place to us.

Tested by poverty, my wife never faltered for a moment. We had held two or three successful meetings in the community, so when the people came in to see the new baby, some of them, principally wives of coal miners, left a coin or even a dollar bill with the mother, so that when the doctor

made his final call we had enough money to pay his fee. By dint of economy and prayer and care, we were able to feed the mother and keep out of debt, although we had practically no surplus at the beginning.

Then when the baby was thirteen days old, I returned from a funeral in Lehigh with fever and next day broke out with measles. Now the new mother must look after everything while I lay there as sick as one can very well be, and tortured with the knowledge that she should not be doing so much. But in a week I was up and in attempting to keep an appointment at Bee, got my feet soaking wet in the melting snow. But again Brother Dick Douglas came to my rescue, got the merchant to come to the store on Sunday to get me a pair of shoes, and by the good favor of God, I was back with my wife and baby again the first of the week. We were too poor to hire help, and no regular assistance was volunteered, so my wife stayed in that little cottage and took care of the baby while I went here and there to fill irregular appointments and to give background to our prayers and faith that God would supply our needs.

Once, before the baby was born, I left my wife in the little cottage alone and went down to Tyler, Texas, for an engagement. But before I got there, I became so disturbed and restless about my wife, who had but two weeks before been at the point of miscarriage with the baby, that I turned right back to her. I arrived in the late afternoon, and she

was surprised, glad to see me, and appreciative of my care and attention. However, after an hour or two she said, "I am getting on very well, and they will be expecting you at the meeting, so you must take that late train back to Atoka and go on to Tyler. I cannot be happy if I seem to hinder you in the work of the Lord. I promised God when I married you that I would never stand in your way as a preacher." And so I left the anxious little woman just as the night came on and turned back to what we both believed to be my duty.

Another time, when I was pastor at Durant, Oklahoma, I was at Bokchito, twenty miles away, in a meeting with Rev. A. D. Fritzlan, who was soon to go as a missionary to India. One or the other of us was to go back to Durant to fill my pulpit there on Sunday, but we had not yet decided which should go and which should stay with the meeting. On Friday my wife took sick. The neighbors were more uneasy than she was. But she, knowing that it was not decided yet which one of us should come, agreed to let the neighbor phone and ask that I come instead of Brother Fritzlan. But when the neighbor got me on the phone, she said, "Your wife is very sick, and wants you to come home." We had always had the understanding that neither of us would send for the other unless there was real necessity, and the one at the site of the trouble was to be sole judge in such cases. I found there was no train for three hours, and since livery price was forbidding in our circumstances, I walked up the

railway the twenty miles and, arriving just less than an hour ahead of the train, found my wife up ironing!

Once when I was in Columbus, Ohio, and the family in Bethany, Oklahoma, the doctor said Harold had pneumonia. I received a wire from my wife, as follows: "The doctor says Harold has pneumonia. But do not come yet. Will wire you again in four hours." The pastor in Columbus, Brother Ernest Roberts, expected that I would leave immediately. But the force of my understanding with my wife held me steady, and in four hours she wired that the doctor had been there again, and found the boy much better. We have always believed the Lord heard prayer and healed the boy, for his quick recovery was an astonishment to the doctor.

I accepted the presidency of the college at Vilonia, Arkansas, in the early spring. We were personally without funds, and the school had no liquid assets. The plan was for me to spend the summer in evangelistic work and by this means pick up enough money to support the family, while my wife would stay in Vilonia to look after the mail and do what she could in the way of caring for gardens, canning fruit and vegetables, and getting ready for the opening in the fall. But in the middle of the summer she was taken with "walking typhoid." Every day she had fever and was confined to her bed. Then she would get up and go about her affairs the best she could. Then spend the night

in the cottage alone but for her three little ones. Twenty-seven days like that passed. Then came to me in a campmeeting in west Texas, a wire from a neighbor: "Your wife is sick. You better come home at once." This time I disregarded the plan to wait for word from her, and I left immediately to relieve her of labor and responsibility and give her a chance to get well.

My wife always wanted a home. Five times we thought we were settled: once when we bought a house in Pilot Point, Texas; once when we bought in Durant, Oklahoma; twice when we bought in Peniel, Texas; and once when we built in Bethany, Oklahoma. But each time God, in His providence, stirred up our nest like the eagle. But I know this necessity was always a sacrifice to her, and in delirium during her last sickness, she would still murmur, "I want a home." Thank God, she has found it now, even though it was her lot to be a pilgrim and a stranger upon this earth.

Like most preachers, we moved often. During our thirty-seven years, we lived in Phillips, Oklahoma; Pilot Point, Texas; Durant, Oklahoma; Vilonia, Arkansas; Peniel, Texas; Bethany, Oklahoma; Kansas City, Missouri; Wollaston, Massachusetts; and Vicksburg, or near Vicksburg, Michigan, which last place we called home at the time when she went on to the heavenly home. During five years I was pastor in various places. Eight years I was connected with our schools, and for nearly eight years I was editor of the *Herald of Holiness*. During the

time of such service I was much at home. The other years were spent in evangelistic work, one year in the District Superintendency, and nearly twelve years in the General Superintendency. So that for a considerable portion of our thirty-seven years, my work has required me to travel, and much of that time home duties have kept her at home. A day or two after she left me I was saying that I scarcely knew what to do about where to make my home. Our eldest son, Harold, replied, "For all these years, your home has been a person, and not a place; for that reason places do not matter much with you."

My wife was my complement, not my duplicate. In temperament we were practically opposites. Mine is a reasoning faith, hers an intuitive. I argued and proved doctrines. She shouted the praises of God for joy of the goal reached. But she liked my way and I liked hers, and we never tried to change each other, and were thankful for the checkup which we were each capable of giving the other.

My wife was guided by her heart, and she was guided well. She loved not only her family, but she loved our people—she loved all people—and people never ceased to interest her. She could make friends anywhere, for people responded to the wholesome respect and sincere love with which she regarded the humblest. She often restrained me when I had all but reached the end of patience with someone. "Be careful, be kind," she would ad-

monish, and after that I could not scratch off the name.

For thirty-seven years we kept up the closest possible connection. When we were together there was seldom a day so busy that we did not find time to sit for a time together. Sometimes we talked, sometimes we just sat and communed without words. In the last eight years we have traveled together much in the automobile. Sometimes we would ride for miles, neither of us saying a word, but each fully cognizant of the other, and in full enjoyment of our wordless conversation. When we were apart, our rule was to write each day. Even when there was no chance to mail the letter, we wrote and mailed them when there was a chance. However, we always excepted Sunday in this matter. Regularly, in these letters, we gave each other a running account of all that had occurred during the twenty-four hours since last we wrote. My own time for writing was the first thing in the morning, before breakfast, more often than not. And these letters were just as nearly like we would talk, if we were together, as possible. Our rule was to never hold back news good or bad. If I considered I had done poorly in my preaching or fallen short in any phase of my work, I always told her. If anything had gone amiss in the home or with her, she always told me immediately. Therefore we always knew there was no disappointment awaiting—we knew the worst as well as the best. We felt this was necessary to mutual confidence and understanding.

We fully understood that we were likely to be prejudiced in each other's favor. But each of us urged the other to be frank. In small matters, like her articles of clothing, she always wanted my judgment last. Others could help her select, but at the end she insisted on knowing what I thought. Two or three years ago the children talked her into buying a very good hat, but when I could not sincerely praise its appearance on her, she laid it aside and I could not get her to wear it. When I told her it was a good hat and that people approved it, she would answer, "But you do not like it on me," and that was the end of the matter.

Regarding my preaching and writing, she let me know that she approved in general. But when I did not do well she could not conceal her knowledge of it, and at my insistence she would point out what seemed to her to be the fault. I often debated with her, but in the end I would submit nothing to the publisher to which she raised objection, and would not repeat a statement in preaching or follow any plan of administration farther unless she became convinced. I knew she was too close to God, too good a judge of humanity, and too unselfish in her interest in me and my work to miss the mark very much.

One of the very last times she heard me preach was in the South Side Church of the Nazarene in Oklahoma City. It was a stormy Monday night and the crowd was not large, but there were present several whom I have known for many years, and

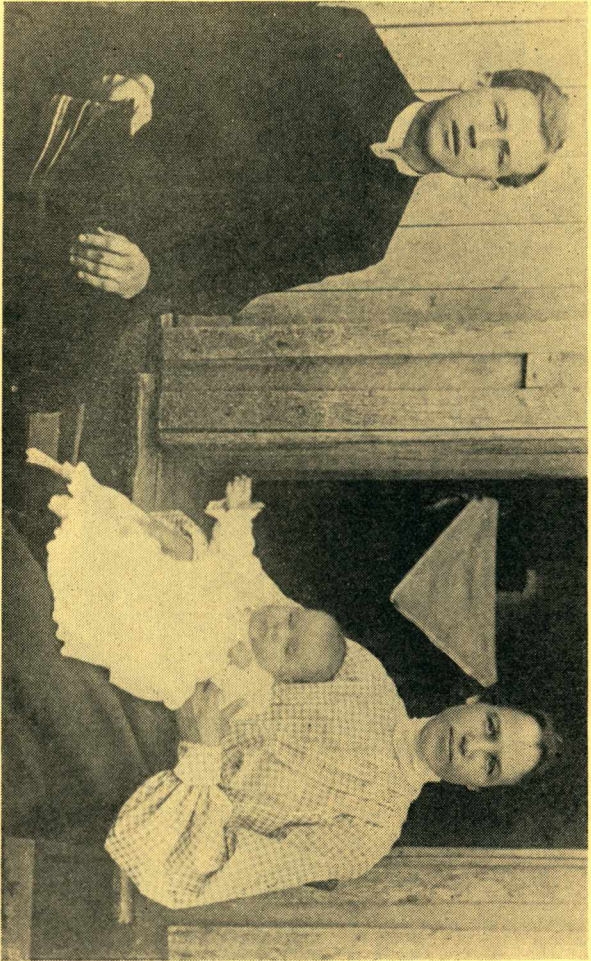
I gave way to the temptation to talk of old times a little before I commenced to preach. But my wife never did like for me to do that. She always said I am a poor talker, and that it is not easy for me to pass from talking to preaching. She always liked it better when I arose and commenced to preach without hesitation or introduction. On that night in the South Side Church I was becoming lengthy in those introductory remarks. Chancing to look her way, I saw she was holding up her watch-arm. Not so that others might notice, but enough that I could not well miss it. At the end of that very sentence I announced my subject and plunged into my sermon. We laughed together about it later in the evening, and she commended me for amending my way so quickly.

In my talks to ministers I have often reminded them of the danger of preaching too long, but I also know that when the preacher is enamored of his subject, he may forget the people, and another who is nearer the people is a better judge of how the message is being received. Therefore when I heard my wife clearing her throat in a certain peculiar manner, I always hastened to the conclusion. One night in Ponca City, Oklahoma, a few years ago, I heard that signal when I was not much more than fairly begun. I closed as quickly as I could, but remonstrated with my wife later, and she explained that she had a cold and had just accidentally cleared her throat. After that she was more careful.

My wife was strictly a layman. She did not

like to sit on the platform or otherwise be placed in position of public prominence. And yet as many will testify, she could on occasion contribute to a meeting by prayer and testimony in a very acceptable manner. After she commenced accompanying me on foreign missionary supervision, she attained to considerable ability as a speaker on missionary conditions and missionary needs. Always, when there was suitable opportunity, she explained that she was not a preacher or public speaker, and then proceeded to speak with unction and interest.

Sometimes when we did not go to church together, and she would seek seating with some of the ladies of the church, I would have to look for her a long time in the large crowds. But when at last my eyes found her, she would be helping my search all she could, and the barest nod of recognition set us both at ease. Then while I was preaching I turned in her direction often and estimated the effect of my sermon by her appearance, even though she made not a sign that would have had meaning to anyone else. I believe she shared so fully with me that her own craving for the promotion of the gospel was satisfied when I gave evidence of the divine favor. I was her channel, and she was my source. Ours was, I believe, a rare companionship. My bereavement because of its breaking off is so recent and so keen that I cannot trust myself with any attempt to analyze or explain it. One of our pastors out in Kansas, Rev. Noble Hamilton, sent me two verses which express my hope as well as



*Dr. and Mrs. Chapman with Lois in 1904
(Mrs. Chapman was 23 years of age)*



Mrs. Chapman at 18 and at 33

anything I have heard. I do not know what heaven is like, but I believe it will include this, because I hope so much that it will. The verses tell about life together here, and each closes with the promise that "God will bring you together again." Just what our comradeship shall be like over there, I dare not attempt to say. But that it will be made more blessed by the memories of that which we had on earth, I cannot think of doubting. Therefore I look forward and upward.

My wife was interested in so many things that I cannot help feeling she lived a large life, even though she was not permitted to live a long one. Her collection of curios from America and abroad, the thousands of domestic and foreign stamps which she brought together, the antiques of various kinds, especially of glass dishes, and the unusually wide correspondence which she carried on with people in almost all the nations of the earth are examples of her touch upon the wide affairs of life. To this day I do not seem to be able to go anywhere or see anything without at least mentally remarking, "How my wife would have enjoyed this!" She was the best and most tireless traveler I ever knew. Even the familiar roads were enchanting to her, and the unfamiliar were so enticing she could scarcely be pulled away from them. But really her hobby was people. She loved people. She loved to be with them. She loved to learn about their manner of life. But people were always people to her, no matter what their state or condition in life. She was at

home with people in all circles, and never lost her own bearings among them. I used to tell her she was my "Social Secretary," for I knew she would smooth out all the embarrassing things, keep the dinner appointments straight, and leave in every place we visited the aroma of a holy life. I was never worried over the impression she would make.

I am reserving for another chapter more details about my wife's religious life. But all who knew her, knew her for her religion, for this was her point of pre-eminence. But although she was "a shouting Christian," she was a very practical Christian. She was not a mystic or a recluse. From the beginning of her last illness she had a subtle intuition that she would not recover. This intuition persisted even when the doctors could not find a great deal wrong with her. She was a little disappointed in me, and justly so, because I could not feel that she was as serious as she believed herself to be.

On Wednesday, before we took her to the hospital at night, and before her departure on Sunday, my sister visited her, and in my absence she told my sister she believed she was going to die. My sister tried to console her, first by telling her that probably this was a mistake, and that she would get well all right. Then she said, "But if you do not get well you will go to heaven and get away from so many burdens and heartaches on earth." To this my wife replied, "I am ready to go to heaven. But I love to live. Life is sweet to me, and if it is God's will I should like to live a while longer." She

kept this attitude to the end. It did not make her death any easier either for her or for us. But I do thank God that she found enough in life to keep her satisfied to share its burdens and its joys and not hasten away from it as though it were undesirable. Even in this final attitude she made me glad that she was my wife.

My Wife's Personal Religious Life

My wife was born near Longview, Texas, on her grandfather's old plantation, on December 3, 1880. Her parents were John and Fannie Frederick, and they named the baby Maud. She had an older sister, Pearl, who died while Maud was yet an infant. Then there were two older brothers, Charley and Lev, and one younger brother, Don. John Frederick was a bookkeeper and commissary manager for the Bivins Mill Company, and soon after Maud's birth removed to the little town of Bivins, and later to the town of Hubbard. In this latter place the greatest shadow that can come to little ones came to the Frederick children in the untimely death of their mother, when Maud was only six years old. To the end of her life my wife always spoke feelingly of her "little mother," and grieved that she never knew her better. A year or so after her mother's death, the Frederick family removed to Palestine, Texas, where the children grew up. My wife attended the public schools of Palestine, and at fifteen was sent to the Strother Private School in Waco, which school she attended for two years. Professor Strother, founder and principal of the Strother Private School, was the father of my wife's stepmother. After the two years in Waco, my wife

was sent to Sam Houston State Normal, Huntsville, Texas, for a year. After that she taught school three years, resigning from her last school in January, 1903, to prepare for our wedding.

The Fredericks were Baptists. John Frederick was soundly converted as a young man, and although he was not always faithful to his profession, he did impress upon his children that religion is a reality, and that being born again is a knowable and certain experience.

My wife became personally interested in religion when Sam Jones and John B. Culpepper came to Palestine for meetings when she was sixteen years old. At that time she was baptized and joined the Baptist Church. But in the summer of 1899, which chanced to be the same time at which I became concerned and was led to Christ in Oklahoma, although we did not meet for more than two years after that, she went out to the little town of Coffeyville, Texas, to visit her mother's sister, Aunt Berta Campbell. She was just in time for the holiness campmeeting, and there, under the preaching of Rev. Will Huff and others, she was made conscious of her need and was definitely led to Christ for salvation. Within twenty-four hours, as was the case with me the same summer, she was definitely sanctified, and although at times for the first few months she suffered from doubts, and more than once returned to the altar for more certain witness, she never lost the vision of God or became in any sense a backslider from His presence. I think it no ex-

aggeration to say she walked with God for more than forty years, and then "was not, for God took her."

An enthusiastic admirer of George Whitefield once expressed the desire to be present when Whitefield died that he might hear his last testimony. But Whitefield said he doubted that his last testimony would be noteworthy, for, said he, "I have been privileged to give my testimony so often during life, that it is likely I will not have the joy of testifying when I am dying." I have thought of this in connection with my wife's testimony. She did love to testify, and she did have many opportunities to do so. In Kansas City First Church, when we were there at the January convention, in Phoenix, Arizona, in the Preachers' Conference, in Pasadena, California, in the special Holiness Convention in Dr. Reed's church; in the dining room at Bethany-Peniel College, in the preaching service at South Side on Monday night before she took to her bed, and in so many outstanding instances besides, her testimony was especially called for and was given with much unction and ring of joy that surely she was one who was right up to date in the matter of testimony. In connection with her definite testimony to the grace and experience of entire sanctification, she frequently quoted the Scriptures, especially the Psalms, and made application to her own feelings with them. How glorious to hear her cry triumphantly, "I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall continually be in my mouth." And,

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth all they diseases.” Few people have had greater joy of assurance than my wife had. I have never known even one who had greater.

But those who say that shouters are likely to be also doubters have no proof of their hypothesis in the case of my wife; for she was also a great burden bearer. She would hold on in prayer for hours at a time and would return to the task day after day without discouragement. She was a great personal and altar worker. When she settled down to pray for a penitent seeking God, it was all but a foregone conclusion that that soul would find victory. And then she could take the bitter burdens which come in the course of life and bear them ever and not herself become embittered by them. It would be saying too little to say she was a happy Christian; for she was that and more. She was a Christian who did not shun responsibility, and who could suffer as well as shout. I am not even content to say that we had thirty-seven happy years together. That is not saying enough. We had thirty-seven full years—full of joy and sorrow—full of all that goes into the making of life in this world. And she bore her full share and never flinched.

Just after my wife was sanctified, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. John Paul was her first pastor. When we were married I was

a member of the Independent Holiness Church, which later became a component part of the Church of the Nazarene. At the end of the first year she cast her lot with me and we continued ever afterward in the fellowship and service of the church in which our common interests united. We brought up our children in the Church of the Nazarene and every one of them became a member of it with us.

When the children were small and the household duties were heavy, my wife still found time for personal devotion. In the summer before Brillhart was born in the fall, with more burden and care than usual, she insisted that she should have two hours a day for Bible reading and prayer. And God rewarded her by giving her special grace and victory when her crisis all but resulted in her death. When the babies were nursing she often utilized the time for reading her Bible, so that even the busiest life did not hinder her prayer and devotional exercises.

She used to read heavy religious books and papers and carry on considerable reading of a more ordinary sort. In later years her eyes would not stand the strain of much reading, so she confined herself to the Bible, the *Herald of Holiness*, *The Other Sheep*, and others of our own publications. She memorized great portions of the Bible and could quote them at will. During those last trying days she spent much time quoting the Scriptures, and there was a compensation in it that was apparent to all.

I am habitually a fairly early riser. She was always awake when I got up, but frequently spent the better part of an hour praying before herself arising to dress. From this time of early morning prayer she would come with spiritual freshness to meet the duties and privileges of the day. Wherever we stayed at night, she insisted on a special prayer in the morning before resuming the journey of the day, and this was more than a formal prayer; it was a prayer that made the day different. I do not believe there is any title that I could give her that would be more fitting and more true than to say, "She was a woman of prayer." But lest that term should suggest an unbalanced character and practice, I rather prefer to say, "She was a godly woman." And because I have lived with one like that for thirty-seven years, I say, "Let me live the life of the righteous and let my last end be like hers." For without the slightest shadow of doubt my wife went home to heaven.

A Mother and a Neighbor

God gave us seven children. One, our second, James B., Jr., died when he was five months old, and we buried him in Durant, Oklahoma, where I was pastor at the time. The others all lived to be grown, and Brillhart died at 25 in March, 1937. Lev, my wife's elder brother, looked over our children and grandchildren when he came to his sister's funeral and said, "Seeing this family just makes me feel that you and Maud gave attention to the things in life that are most valuable and enduring." I was gone a great deal, too much it seems to me now, while the children were young, and my wife had the principal care of bringing up and training the children. All those years she felt that the children were her special charge, and she watched over them with jealous care.

The children often thought she was exacting, and as she looked back upon those days she sometimes thought so herself. But there was never any question about her deathless love and unmeasured devotion to her family. It was her love and devotion and discipline that enabled me to go on for weeks and months at a time away from the family, for I knew they were in good care, and that their bodies, minds and souls would receive due atten-

tion. Often our purse would not permit elaborate meals and new apparel, but in such times the food selected was always nourishing and the clothing was kept clean and in good repair. Then there was family prayer, which she never neglected when I was away, and that indescribable influence which a Christian mother wields which is more than all words and deeds.

I do not know whether a child loves his mother just because she is his mother or not. But I do know that that child is hopeless who can be the object of a mother's loving care and self-forgetting devotion and not find himself stirred by noble motives and driven to purposes that reach higher than the earth. In fairness to our children, I must say I believe they were and are stirred by these noble motives and that they have yielded to purposes high above the earth, and that now and in the great day of rewards they will rise up to call their mother blessed.

Just yesterday I had a letter from Dr. and Mrs. J. Howard Sloan in which they recalled an experience at Greensboro, North Carolina, when Dr. Sloan was District Superintendent of the Southeast Atlantic District. On Monday when my wife discovered that four young men were to start away in an open car on a cold morning, she came and took the blankets from our car and compelled the young men to accept them and wrap up in them for their day's ride, and then told them to keep the blankets or give them to someone else who needed them.

This was characteristic of her. In mock I used to tell her she would impoverish us by giving away whatever we had. I say in mock for I always did approve of her spirit of neighborliness and liberality, but I think she enjoyed it more because of my mild protests.

But it was her spirit, more than her deeds, that made her a good neighbor. She loved people. Loved to have company at the house, wherever we lived. She was a faultless hostess, for all that she did was sincere and genuine. She had her inner circle of friends, of course, but I think there were few people who could more truthfully be said to be interested in everybody, and to whom everyone, no matter how lowly, had some unique value which made their friendship a gem to be sought. With her there was little sense of caste. People were people without regard to the occupation or incidentals of their social or financial status. Her attention to the lowliest was not strained and she was never patronizing. And it was remarkable how wonderfully people responded. It increases one's hope for humanity to see how appreciative and responsive people of all walks were and are to the sunshine of a truly friendly spirit. She is gone now, and my boasting can reflect on no one, but I believe there were few people who had a wider circle of friends than my wife had, and I think there has been a sense of bereavement and loss that is not often experienced in connection with her home going. She not only met people with a warm and sincere friendliness, but

she kept up a very large correspondence, reaching out widely over the country and around the world.

Her hobbies of stamp and curio collecting were the hobbies of friendliness. Through these she made many useful contacts and increased her own interest in people. But in all connections she was pre-eminently a Christian and soul-seeker. She would give her testimony, express her hope, offer a mild reproof or give an earnest exhortation just any time and any place when there was the slightest opportunity for doing so.

It is now ten days since she went home. But today's mail brought scores of letters, cards and telegrams from those who were late in hearing of her promotion. These contain not only expressions of sympathy for me and the family, but expressions of personal bereavement on the part of the senders. The postman who brought the mail this morning, said, "I was so sorry to hear of your wife's death. She was one of the finest women I ever knew."

Yes, I am sure the children and the neighbors mourn with me today over the passing of a mother and a friend who lived for them in a very real sense, and whose presence brought sunshine and good cheer wherever she went. She was faithful and happy in all life's relations.

In Foreign Countries

Whenever it was at all possible, I took my wife with me in evangelistic and convention work all the years while the family was growing up. We bought an automobile in 1916 and took the family on many excursions in connection with my work as a traveling preacher, when to do so meant a good many adjustments of expenditure plans, and revision of our manner of living in the places where I went to preach. So that by 1931 my wife had been in practically all the states and knew our people everywhere. But when I returned from a ten-month tour of supervision of our foreign missionary work in the fall of 1931, I told my wife I would make no more such trips unless she could go with me. So when I went back to the West Indies in the early part of 1933, my wife went with me. When I went to Japan and China in the latter part of 1935 she went along. And when I made the long trip to India, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Cape Verde Islands, in connection with which we visited Greece, Italy, France, Switzerland and Portugal, and spent two months among our Nazarene people in the British Isles, my wife continued at my side.

She was an interested, interesting and tireless traveler. She saw more than most people and never

ceased for a single moment to respond to whatever was different in the people of the lands we visited.

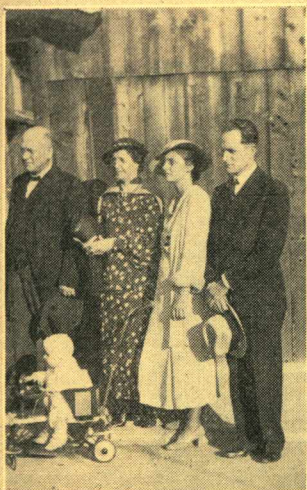
The West Indies appealed to her as the first of the definite mission fields that she saw, and she never ceased to pray and work for the promotion of our church in that part of the world. Then she found so much to admire in the Japanese that they would like to have adopted her as their own. In China she was moved by the sight of poverty and degradation which met her eyes, and she was stirred by the possibilities wrapped up in our work there. She took the privations and inconveniences and dangers incident to foreign travel with good grace and happy adjustment. On third class trains in China and India she found an opportunity to taste what the others had to eat as a regular diet, and even the fact that she was often deathly sick on the sea did not drown her enthusiasm. Within the last few weeks of her life she said to me frequently, "I want to see our work in Mexico City, Guatemala, Peru and the Argentine Republic. Whenever you make that part again I want to go with you." Last summer when Sister R. S. Anderson of Coban, Guatemala, was at our camp at Indian Lake in Michigan, my wife made definite arrangements to see her in her home "some time."

She never lost interest in any field she had visited, but only added the new ones which were brought to her heart by virtue of our visits to them. She adopted the Howards when we were in the Cape Verde Islands, and ever afterward spoke of

them as her "children." This field has not been represented very much in our churches in this country, so my wife felt drawn out especially to speak of it and to ask for prayer and support for that work. It was her special burden that brought such a splendid response in the convention in First Church, Oklahoma City, when the women of that district subscribed over six hundred dollars in specials for the Cape Verde Islands, which subscriptions they have been very faithful in paying, and I sincerely believe that her prayer will be answered in a continued interest in that wonderful field. I know that on my own part, I shall find it easy to keep praying and paying for the Cape Verde Islands because of her deathless concern for the kingdom there.

But nowhere did my wife find her heart more quickly and more permanently attached than in India. Even before we went there, India made a great pull upon her heart. But the reality was better than the promise, and the nine weeks we spent in that great land were insufficient to satisfy her desire to know and bless the people. She came away reluctantly, saying she hoped to return some time and that she would be only too glad to live out her days in India and in the endeavor to reach some of them with the saving gospel of Christ. We came away bodily, but my wife left much of her heart in India.

A letter from Rev. F. Arthur Anderson, himself a returned missionary from India, says, "The mem-



Upper left—With the Cooks in China.

Upper right—With Holiness Association missionaries in China.

Below—Harold, Paul, Mrs. Chapman and Dr. Chapman in India.



Late pictures of the Chapmans

ory of Sister Chapman will live on in our affections. We have been thinking of the time she was here with you in the District Assembly [Stockton, Calif.], and how her sweet spirit made friends of all. She will be a great loss to our church and to the great cause of foreign missions. The Beals were here at Stockton when the news came [Prescott Beals and wife who sailed for India the latter part of February], and they told me that India has lost one of its best friends."

But I know the missionaries in all our twelve fields have lost one of their best friends, and the great cause of foreign missions has lost a tremendous promoter and stay.

It just seems like my wife was too young to die, and she was so well prepared to live. Some day we shall understand. But now we see through a glass darkly. But I would be false to that courage which I saw exemplified in her for thirty-seven years if I did not turn back to my own task with clearer vision, fuller hope and more unctuous spirit. Her faith and hope sustained her and bore her over. Mine must sustain me and at last bear me over, and may the fragrance of her life continue still to bless us all.

Last Sickness and Death

Although never what one would call stalwart, my wife was usually quite healthy. When we were in a storm at sea on our journey to Japan, seasickness caused an overstrain on her heart and brought about great anxiety. For this trouble we sought remedies for her in rest, hospitalization, medicine and prayer. But she was never quite sure of herself after that and suffered considerable pain and uneasiness in the region of her heart. But aside from this, her general health seemed unimpaired.

While we were in Pasadena, California, the latter part of January, she was stricken with cold, sore throat and symptoms of influenza, and was confined to her bed for three days in the home of Dr. L. A. Reed, pastor of First Church, Pasadena, and Sister Reed gave her every attention, and Dr. Sutton called to see her. We were to have left on Monday, but we all insisted that she must not leave until she was free from fever. Wednesday she thought she was ready, and although it seemed a little early to all of us, we set out in the car for Bethany. She made the trip in fair way, and continued to go about even after we arrived in Bethany. We arrived on Saturday, and she was

with us in the meeting at Bethany on Sunday, and went with me on Monday night to preach at South Side in Oklahoma City. We went out to meals with friends practically every day while I was giving the Aycock Lectures, and although she was not feeling well, we all thought she was improving and gaining strength from day to day. On Thursday she spoke to the women of the Missionary Society in First Church, Oklahoma City. As she left us at the car to enter the church I said, "Remember, Mom, you represent the family today." With that ready response which was characteristic, she replied, "I will do my best." And the women reported that she did do her best. At the close she complained that she felt feverish. Friday night she was with us in the home of District Superintendent Short for dinner, but she was not well and could eat little. Saturday morning she was yet more ailing and decided to stay in bed. Sunday I filled the appointments without her, while Miss Corlett, the dean of women, and her young lady assistants took good care of my wife in her room at the Bud Robinson Hall, Bethany-Peniel College. Monday she was bothered with sick stomach. In the evening we called the doctor. The doctor thought she was principally in need of rest. I asked if he would call again. He thought it would not be necessary, and I paid him for the call. On Tuesday morning the doctor was back to see another patient in the dormitory, and stepped in to see my wife, but he thought she was getting along all right. In the afternoon I decided to move her

to Sister Hines' home, where she would be more quiet. Sister Hines took the best of care of her through the night, but in the morning she was no better. In the late evening we called the doctor again. This time he was immediately alarmed and said she seemed to be bordering on pneumonia, and ordered her immediately to the hospital. Examinations at the hospital showed nothing encouraging, and then began the hardest fight by doctors and nurses in the hospital and praying people outside and over the country to save a life that I have ever known. For practically the whole of the four days and nights I stood there by that bed. Nothing was left undone and nothing was done with less than the best possible effort. But it was no use. Doctors were disappointed in their remedies. Nurses could accomplish very little with their care. God's people were unable to prevail. Love could not save her. She was the only one who looked for death. Almost from the first she insisted that she must die. She was not afraid, but she had an inescapable premonition. With grand hope I pictured to her that she would soon be up and that I would take her somewhere for an extended rest. She tried hard to live, but she was ready to die.

Her joy and triumph never left. Over and over she affirmed in challenge, "My soul is saved! My soul is saved!" Her suffering was great, so that it was difficult for her to be quiet, but she would bring herself back to the start by saying in prayer, "Jesus, I'll go through with Thee." Once she said,

"The going is hard, but Jesus, I'll go through with Thee." She looked at me earnestly, and said, "Be kind to everybody. That is what I want to do." I told her the doctors and nurses were doing their best to help her, and she replied, "I want to cooperate." Once, with her eyes closed, she said very calmly, "The sky is clear and bright." Almost in the death throes the nurse assisted her in a little matter, and my wife nodded and with effort said, "Thank you."

In times when she was bright she recognized us all and spoke kindly to us. When she opened her eyes and saw Harold who had just arrived from Nashville, Tennessee, she said, "Oh, there is Harold!" And to the nurse she said, "This is my boy." In her times of delirium she never said a word that would make us ashamed. She praised God, spoke kindly of her family, quoted Scripture, and talked of worth while things.

I watched her die, and death was bitter. But she triumphed and a look of peace was left upon her face. I stood there and said in my heart, "I would not be a wicked man for anything in this world. My sweetheart has gone up to heaven, and I shall see her again some day. I don't know what the future is like, but I know it is better than this, and this has been good. God has taken her to Himself. I am bereft and disconsolate. But I have not really lost my wife. She is saved and home with God."

My wound is fresh and deep. I do not like death. It has removed the sun from my earthly

sky. I cannot do less than call it "a grim monster." I cannot take refuge in it. To die is not my goal, even when I have seen my loved one die. To live is my goal. To live on here as the Father wills, and then to live forever with Him on high. That was her goal too. Death interfered. But she lives on. I cannot weep for her, for I know it is all plain to her by now. But I do weep for myself in my loneliness. I weep for our children and our five little grandchildren. I weep for the Church Militant which has lost a soldier and for the world which has lost a soul winner and an example. The things for which I weep are more in number than those for which I rejoice. But the things for which I rejoice are abiding, and in the days to come they shall drive the shadows all away. I walk by faith, not by sight or feeling. God is our hope and refuge forever. Faith triumphs. The future is as bright as the promises of God. We shall meet again and part no more forever. And once more I pause to thank God that I am a Christian, and that my loved one died in the full triumph of the faith. I would not be a sinner, no matter how rich and famous, not for all the worlds. How comfortless all such must be in an hour like this! "Jesus, I'll go through with Thee!"

Tributes

Hundreds of letters, cards and telegrams have come to us since the passing of my wife on into the more excellent glory. And as one in sending such words remarks, "It helps to know that others care and remember your sorrow to God in prayer." Many of these communications contain tributes to my wife which I am sure are sincere and genuine and from these I have selected a few, as representing the much larger number which could be included.

From a friend of long years, a neighbor and former pastor:

"There is no way by which I can express my feelings of sympathy and regret over the very sudden and unexpected going of your beloved companion. I weep with you, and find I am unable to keep back the tears now while trying to say what I know I am not able to say.

"She was one of the best women I have ever known. She was the most adoring wife I ever saw, none excepted. Her devotion to her Lord, to her family, and to her husband was without parallel within the scope of my observations. I am as certain that she is now with our Lord as I shall be when I see her there myself. She was always a

dependable friend to the Neely family. She has gone, but her wonderful life will live on."—DR. B. F. NEELY, *Ada, Oklahoma.*

"Many times we have said among ourselves, 'If anyone ever lived and manifested the real fruits of the Christian life, it was Sister Chapman.' I remember with great pleasure the last time I heard her speak at a District Assembly on the great theme of foreign missions. She spoke with such radiance, unction and vision."—DR. THOMAS E. MANGUM, *Nampa, Idaho.*

"It was always our delight when Sister Chapman spoke. We shall never forget her missionary message at Roanoke, Va., when she showed so many beautiful things from the Orient. Her clear, ringing, definite testimony of personal experience left a deep impression on my heart."—PAUL PITTS, *District Superintendent, Alabama.*

"The memory that Mrs. Yates and I have of Mrs. Chapman is a very pleasant one indeed. We shall always be very happy and proud to have known one whose many virtues resulted from the beautiful Christian life she led."—DR. STANDLEY J. YATES, *Vicksburg, Michigan.*

"We shall never forget the earnest, inspiring messages which Sister Chapman gave us when she was here so recently."—MRS. PAUL BRESEE, *Los Angeles.*

"No one knows as well as you do what a kind and loving wife, affectionate mother, and ardent

missionary supporter has been taken from our midst."—REV. J. A. KRING, *Pasadena, California*.

"Up to the last we prayed that God might spare to our church this useful, able, Spirit-filled life. It seemed to us she had just come to her best and proved it by that message she brought to the W.F. M.S. in First Church, Oklahoma City, on Thursday before she took her bed. She spoke on India's need, and spoke with fervor, unction and power."—REV. AND MRS. W. H. PHILLIPS, *Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*.

"I got so well acquainted with you and Sister Chapman when we traveled together in the car from assembly to assembly a few years ago. Her life was a living testimony to the saving and sanctifying power of God. Her life will live on."—REV. CLIVE WILLIAMS, *Idaho*.

"Sister Chapman had a blessed, though quiet ministry. Her graciousness made it possible for her to make acquaintances and wield a holy influence whether on shipboard, in foreign lands or at home. Her ability and experience as the wife of a preacher enabled her to be a great blessing to the wives of younger preachers and missionaries. Reared in the Southland, she never lost the hospitality and graciousness of the land of her youth, though she had a world vision and belonged to the whole church. My wife and I were with her for a month on a foreign field and then for two weeks on an ocean voyage, and were inspired by her gra-

cious spirit, her genuinely spiritual life, and her devotion to her Lord."—REV. G. H. KEELER, *St. Paul, Minn.*

"We shall ever remember the sweet spirit your wife always manifested, and we shall look forward to meeting her again 'just inside the Eastern Gate.'"—REV. AND MRS. W. S. PURINTON, *Danville, Ill.*

"You have suffered a great personal loss; and the church too has lost a wonderful example of Christian friendliness and holy living. Your wife was loved by all our people."—REV. ARTHUR LEACH, *Pontiac, Michigan.*

"Our entire movement has suffered a loss, for she was a rich inspiration to so many of us."—REV. G. F. ALLEE, *Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

"It seems but a few days since we were with you folks at Oskaloosa. Whitcomb wired us about Sister Chapman's death and the funeral. He and Maridel thought so much of Sister Chapman."—U. E. HARDING, *Evangelist.*

"What a comfort your unusually Christlike companion must have been to you! Why did God see fit to take her? This will all be made clear by and by. They killed James, but God delivered Peter. Why? One of God's mysteries."—REV. W. M. TIDWELL, *Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

"Earth has one angel less and heaven one angel more since her spirit took its flight. Already she has received her welcome and is resting on the bosom

of her Savior. Both of you have been a great inspiration to us through the years."—REV. AND MRS. F. E. WIESE, *Arlington, Texas.*

"It certainly makes us sad to know you have sustained this great loss in the passing of our precious Sister Chapman whose presence radiated so much Christlikeness in its cheery sweetness."—TIM H. AND HATTIE S. MOORE, *Nashville, Tennessee.*

"We cannot think of Sister Chapman as dead, but only as unfolding in unspeakable glory, from whence she beckons to us to be faithful and true. I shall never forget her kindness to me when I was robbed and left without money in Kansas City. Without letting me know about it, she went among the people and made up a purse for me to relieve my necessity."—OSCAR HUDSON, *Evangelist.*

"Her sweet graciousness and beautiful Christian spirit endeared her to all. Our dear ones are just around the corner, in a larger room where they serve the King without earth's hindrances."—A. GERTRUDE NORRIS AND CATHERINE FLAGLER, *Newberg, Oregon.*

"Our missionary society (Methodist) want to express their sympathy to you in your great loss. We did so enjoy your wife's talk to us last spring, and appreciated the effort she made to come to give it. I loved Mrs. Chapman. She was lovely to me. I had not known her very long, but somehow felt very near to her. She lived a wonderful life."—MRS. ROY WEINBERG, *a neighbor at Vicksburg, Michigan.*

"We greatly appreciated Sister Chapman, and never shall forget her sunny disposition, and her kindness toward everyone. Certainly she did not live her life in vain."—REV. D. SWARTH, *Red Deer, Alberta.*

"Sister Chapman was a dear, godly woman, about whose standing with God we never had the slightest doubt. She was always so real, so genuine, so Christlike in all her living. Thousands will miss her and mourn her passing, but heaven surely is richer today, and its pull is stronger than ever before."—FLORENCE M. WEATHERS, *Evangelist.*

"Sister Chapman was one of the most wonderful women I have ever known. When I used to stay in your home, I would often hear her pray. One sentence of her prayer fastened itself upon my memory, 'Stamp Thy image on my heart more and more as the days go by.'"—REV. J. E. MOORE, *Dallas, Texas.*

"Sister Chapman has beat us home. Heaven is nearer and dearer than before. She was so sweet and humble and faithful. I started out as a young mother with her as my ideal. How fitting that the last words I heard her say at the regents' dinner in Bethany was right along this line of being a Christian, a wife and a mother."—MRS. J. E. MOORE, *Dallas, Texas.*

"We recall the happy occasion when we viewed the king and queen here in Vancouver. I recall her happy expressions and joyous reactions to such a meeting. And I cannot refrain from thinking of

the more glorious meeting which she has now had when she has seen the King of kings."—REV. J. R. SPITTAL, *Vancouver, B. C.*

"Laboring together, you have reared a family that is a credit to yourselves, the church and to God. You have traveled far and long together. Sister Chapman is now mingling with the blood-washed. You will meet her in the morning!"—REV. AND MRS. L. E. GRATTAN, *Jamestown, North Dakota.*

"Nothing in all the world was greater with Mother than being a wife, and her life and work will go on now in everything you do. I know, too, that as you get consolation from God, you will get it from her living presence. And my own part will be to show that her life goes on in me."—*Her son, HAROLD.*

"By God's grace and help we can go on. I am realizing more and more my dependence upon God. God cannot be unjust or unfair, and though my finite mind cannot understand, 'For now we see through a glass darkly,' yet at the reunion in the heavenly home, all will be clear. We live by faith here upon earth, and my prayer is for a stronger faith and better ability to walk with God. We must all do more for God now than we would have done otherwise."—*Her son, PAUL.*

"This morning I had a very consoling thought. I was thinking of how we all awaited Mother's approval of our houses, our clothing, and all important matters before we really decided whether we were

pleased ourselves. And now when our good words and deeds are recorded in heaven, I believe our mother knows and is glad. The thought almost made me happy, and I determined to spend the rest of my life trying to do the things that she could know about and be glad."—*Her daughter*, GRACE RAMQUIST.

"Last night as I thought of the inability of those of us who remain to comfort one another over the loss we have sustained, I was reminded of Mother's wonderful ability to help in times like this. Each of us children seemed to derive something different from Mother, and she seemed always to know what would help each of us, and she could supply what was needed without hurting the others. She seemed to know what each one's reactions would be to a deed or word, and she was always prepared to do what was needed. I believe we all leaned on her more than we realized, and that we will find her influencing our lives more and more as the days go by."—*Her daughter*, LOIS C. LEHRER.

"Mother's life challenges us all to go on even better than we did while she was with us, otherwise we should be ignoring a life which meant so much to others. I know that I have a great responsibility as a preacher's wife, and no one ever had a better example than I have had in my mother. I know I can never come up to the standard she set, but by God's help I intend to do more than I have ever done in the past."—*Her daughter*, GERTRUDE E. LANPHER.

"Sister Chapman was such a wonderful character: an ideal mother, a saintly woman. She was a great inspiration to me personally. I admired her genuine concern for the church. Also it pleased me to see her get blessed in the services. She was a sterling, radiant person, a lovely companion and splendid counselor."—DR. R. V. DELONG, *Nampa, Idaho*.

"We like to think of Sister Chapman as a great friend of missions, especially of India. Never shall we forget her insistent plea for India the last time we saw her alive, which was at the assembly at Bethany, last year. Never shall we forget the time when you were preaching in Bethany, and she was seated in the balcony to your left. She became so blessed that she raised her hand and shouted the praises of God, while tears coursed down her face. Her influence shall live in our hearts always."—REV. AND MRS. K. HAWLEY JACKSON, *Returned Missionaries from India*.

"We appreciated Sister Chapman's life and ministry among us more than words can express. She had the kind of religion I want to live and die with."—ELBERT DODD, *District Superintendent, Louisiana*.

"Sister Chapman was a friend, good and kind and true. It was always such a blessing to meet her and shake her hand."—REV. L. G. MILBY AND WIFE, *Evangelists*.

"Your wife was such a good and useful woman. How sad that she will be in our conventions and assemblies no more! But she is enjoying a far

greater and more blessed gathering. Praise the Lord for her godly life!"—REV. AND MRS. E. E. TURNER, *Indiana*.

"As a lifelong friend, I want to tell you how much I have always been interested in you and your wife and the work you have done. Now she has gone home. Look up and trust for His soon coming."—MRS. OLIVE SIENS, *Oklahoma*.

Dr. Corlett's editorial in the *Herald of Holiness*, February 24, 1940:

"The rather sudden passing of Mrs. Chapman, wife of our beloved General Superintendent J. B. Chapman, brings great sadness and sorrow to the entire church. She passed away Sunday, February, 18, 1940, at 4:40 p.m., at the Wesley Hospital in Oklahoma City. Her death was caused by double pneumonia which followed an attack of influenza. Mrs. Chapman was a very devout Christian, always victorious in her living and testimony. It was not unusual for her to break forth into shouts of praise in a service which brought a great blessing upon the entire congregation. Her life has been a distinct blessing to all who were privileged to know her.

"Our prayers and sympathy will be given to the family, especially to her husband, to whom this passing will be a severe shock. Seldom have two people been more devoted to each other than were Dr. and Mrs. Chapman; in fact there was an unusually close tie binding together the entire family,



In the Cape Verde Islands

consisting of three daughters and two sons. A godly woman has gone to her reward. The family has lost a devoted and loving wife and mother, the church has lost one whose influence was felt widely, and we who were privileged to know her have lost an inspiring friend.

Funeral services were held at Bethany, Oklahoma, where the Chapman family lived for a number of years, on the afternoon of February 20."

"Sister Chapman left on me a definite and indelible impression. We shall always remember her enthusiasm for the work of God, her very evident devotion to her Lord, her victorious attitude that found expression from time to time in shouts of victory that never failed to bless our hearts. We sincerely thank God that she has lived, and rejoice now in her triumph."—REV. HUGH BENNER, *Spokane, Washington*.

"We shall miss her smile and shouts of victory. She was a comfort to us all. The whole church will miss her."—REV. J. W. HENRY, *Alhambra, Calif.*

"Sister Chapman's smiles and friendly interest meant so much to me. I remember in Columbus, Ohio, in 1928, when you were chosen General Superintendent, how she so sweetly gave you up for the church. A year ago when I was stricken with streptococci at Dundee, Oregon, and could not get to the assembly, Sister Chapman drove over to see me. Recently when you were preaching in First Church, Pasadena, she looked across the

church and gave me her wonderful smile. I have lost a friend, but she is happy in heaven. 'Her sun has gone down while it was yet day.' She will never experience old age. May God bless and comfort you."—MAUD CRETORS, *Returned Missionary from Africa*.

"I never think of dear Sister Chapman without getting the impression of bright, gracious activity. She seemed always busy and always happy. She never spoke to me but that I felt better afterward. I'll never forget the sweet concern in her face when she comforted me in my own recent bereavement. But there is comfort in the assurance that our precious ones are in God's keeping forever."—MARGARET R. CUTTING, *Nazarene Publishing House, Kansas City, Mo.*

"The church has lost one of its finest souls. I saw the title of an Easter article which I think expressed what Sister Chapman has experienced. It said, 'It's a leap into the light,' and I am certain that such was true for her."—DR. BASIL MILLER, *Pasadena, Calif.*

"You have lost a wonderful wife, the children a wonderful mother, the church a loyal member, and Mrs. Aycock and I have lost a close friend."—JARRETTE AYCOCK, *Evangelist*.

"I thank God for Sister Chapman who carried sunshine, courage and faith right on through the storms of life, even to the moment when she was

called up higher. She wears a brighter crown now than the queens of the earth can afford.”—E. G. THEUS, *Evangelist*.

“We do not sorrow as do those who have no hope, for we are sure that she has made the landing safely. Thousands have been blessed by her beautiful life, and we shall strive harder now to make the goal.”—REV. R. S. RUSHING, *Bentonville, Arkansas*.

“My precious brother, we just heard last night of the home going of our precious Sister Chapman. The Lord bless you and uphold you by the right hand of His power and love. Just how you will be able to go on with the work and live without little Maudie is a mystery that none but God and a man who has lost such a companion can understand. May heaven rest upon you and the dear children. We shall surely meet precious little Maudie at the great Marriage Supper of the Lamb, for she was one little saint who was ready to go. But, oh, how we shall miss her! Tell the children that Uncle Bud is praying for them that they may finally meet her in heaven.”—REV. BUD ROBINSON, *Evangelist*.

“The memory of dear Sister Chapman will linger with us as one of the most cherished friendships, and the inspiration of her saintly life will sweeten our future as the precious aroma from a garden of flowers. I shall not forget her earnest

testimony in Kansas City—so full of holy joy and blessing.”—DR. J. W. GOODWIN, *General Superintendent*.

“Sister Chapman was a great and good woman, wife, mother and friend.”—DR. AND MRS. E. P. ELLYSON, *Kansas City, Mo.*

“The memory of Sister Chapman’s life and influence on this district will remain as a sweet fragrance among us.”—DR. H. ORTON WILEY, *Pasadena College, Pasadena, Calif.*

“Sister Chapman’s beautiful Christian life was always an inspiration to us, and we greatly valued her friendship.”—J. W. WHITEHEAD AND FAMILY, *Kansas City, Mo.*

“You have lost a true and noble companion; your children a devoted and exemplary mother, and the church a great intercessor and counselor.”—DR. G. B. WILLIAMSON, *Wollaston, Mass.*

“Sister Chapman was much loved in this area for her radiant personality, her cheery way, and her unselfish interest in the needs of others around the world.”—REV. SAMUEL YOUNG, *District Superintendent, New England District.*

“The entire church sustains a loss in the home going of Sister Chapman. Her missionary vision, her sacrificial spirit, her happy comradeship, her love for the church, and her radiant testimony will

live long with thousands who knew her."—DR. O. J. NEASE, *General Sunday School Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.*

"Sister Chapman was a lovely, godly woman whom we loved very much. My congregation was in tears last night when the announcement of her home going was made. And she was such a blessing in our home while there so recently."—DR. AND MRS. L. A. REED, *Pasadena First Church.*

The Home Going of Mrs. J. B. Chapman

"If Sister Chapman could speak today to us expressing her wish for this service it would be that we have a simple, informal and sincere service.

"I cannot think of Sister Chapman as dead. On the way down from Kansas City I would think of the passing of a great soul, and then I would say, She is not dead—she lives! I do not want ever to think of her as being dead, but always as being alive. Like a true mother and a true wife, she has gone to help get things ready for the coming of the other members of the family who will follow not many days hence.

"As a wife and a mother Sister Chapman presents a most beautiful example of outstanding Christian womanhood. I suppose no woman has ever been more devoted to her children than she was. She has left a rich heritage for her boys and girls in the memory of a mother who loved them as only a mother can love.

"As a wife, I think no woman could ever have been more devoted to a man than she was. Sister Chapman was not a preacher. She did not seek a career of her own. Dr. Chapman's career was her career; his life was her life. Whatever he did, she did, and she did it whole-heartedly and joyfully.

If she only could have a part in his life she felt that she had in that a great career and lived a great life—that was a very noble profession for a wife and a mother. She was a very part of Dr. Chapman's life, inseparable; she will always be that. Although he will not have her companionship as he has had it in the flesh, he will have a sacred memory of thirty-seven years of life lived with a great woman who lived devotedly for the man whom she loved even to the end.

“Sister Chapman was a Christian. You cannot ever think of her without thinking of religion. She and religion were inseparable. Christianity had become a part of her very soul. She was a part of religion. Whenever you think of her you think of a true Christian who had a beautiful testimony with her lips and who lived a beautiful life both in her spirit and in her conduct. So much a Christian was she that even on her deathbed in delirium she could quote the Psalms, passages from the New Testament and praise the name of Jesus Christ, for down deep in her very character was true religion that even came out of her in the unconscious moments of her last days and last hours. She was a beautiful Christian woman.

“It was the privilege of myself and of my wife to live close to Dr. Chapman and Sister Chapman, to be neighbors with the children of their home and of our home. We have always felt that Sister Chapman was almost a part of our own family. I think there could be no task that could come nearer my

heart than the task of speaking words over the body of a neighbor and Christian woman and a friend such as Sister Chapman was, not only to us but to everyone whose life she touched. She was a real Christian. If she did not get to heaven there is not much use for you and me to try, but I can say today with all my heart that we do not have to wonder where she is. We know. She is not in this box; no, the tenement is here, but the Mrs. Chapman whom you and I loved is in a better home than this. She has fought a battle and won a victory that you and I may pray that we too may win some day as successfully as she did.

“I would not feel happy if I did not impress upon you also the fact that Sister Chapman was not only an ethical and beautiful Christian woman but a woman who lived a Spirit-filled life. She was never satisfied with anything less than a soul that was filled with the Holy Ghost. The heart-searching messages that have come from Dr. Chapman’s heart and lips have been inspired to no small extent by that overflow spirit of Sister Chapman. She was a Spirit-filled woman and lived a Spirit-filled life from the time I knew her until she died. I can give personal testimony to the greatness of this woman.”—
(Brief of General Superintendent R. T. Williams’ address at the funeral service.)

Funeral Services

"A large congregation, filling to capacity the spacious auditorium of our Bethany, Oklahoma, church, met on the afternoon of February 20 to pay tribute to the life and memory of Mrs. J. B. Chapman, wife of our beloved General Superintendent Chapman. A very beautiful floral tribute from friends all over the nation covered the front of the auditorium, showing in a meager fashion the love and esteem in which this saintly woman was held by those who were privileged to know her.

"The service was arranged by Rev. H. B. Macrory, pastor of the Bethany Church. The college choir and the congregation joined in singing "My Jesus I Love Thee." Scripture lesson was read by the editor of the *Herald of Holiness*, Dr. D. Shelby Corlett; Rev. E. E. Hale, pastor of First Church, Kansas City, Mo., of which the deceased was a member, led in prayer. Rev. Haldor Lillenas sang, "I Need Thee Every Hour." Rev. Macrory read a few of the many messages of condolence and tributes received by the Chapman family, and Superintendent R. V. Starr of the Michigan District, gave a brief tribute representing the District Superintendents of the church. President A. K. Bracken of Bethany-Peniel College, a long-time friend of the family, read

the obituary and gave a brief personal tribute. General Superintendent R. T. Williams delivered a most beautiful and fitting message, stressing the wonderful qualities and characteristics of our departed sister. The College Choir sang beautifully "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me" as the closing number for this memorial service.

"Besides the many friends residing near Bethany, a number of pastors, evangelists and superintendents, and general headquarters workers were in attendance at this service. Honorary pallbearers were Mrs. R. T. Williams, Mrs. Orval J. Nease, Mrs. E. E. Hale, Mrs. H. B. Macrory, Mrs. J. W. Short and Mrs. A. K. Bracken. Active pallbearers were District Superintendents J. W. Short of Western Oklahoma, W. A. Carter of Eastern Oklahoma, E. O. Chalfant of Chicago Central, Oscar J. Finch of Kansas, Glenn E. Miller of Kansas City, and C. H. Wiman of Peru.

"Interment was made in the town cemetery of Bethany, Oklahoma, where a brief commitment service was held by the Rev. H. B. Macrory."—
EDITOR, *Herald of Holiness*.

A Precious Saint of God

"The church has received another great shock in the passing of our beloved Sister Chapman. She was so well known by our people from coast to coast, and around the world, having traveled with Dr. Chapman for years in his work at home and in the foreign fields. She was greatly beloved by everyone who became acquainted with her. She was so consistent in her dress and her profession, and her face shone with such interest and fellowship in her greetings and handshakings which scattered sunshine and inspiration everywhere.

"Well do I remember her testimony many years ago in Shreveport, La., at the District Assembly, after Dr. Chapman had preached one of his great sermons. It was so full of heaven and she broke into one of her unctuous shouts of praise, which swept through and over the assembly as gentle breezes from the heavenly world. Sister Chapman was one of those rare spirits who carry with them a heavenliness which indeed is hard to describe; never complaining, always triumphant, her faith was as real as life itself.

"Surely she was a noble woman, true to her obligations in the home, a most devoted mother and a great homemaker. Always and ever devoted to

her husband, deeply interested in everything which touched his life, ready to go wherever he was called to go. She was so filled with kind hospitality, with the doors of her home opened always, giving a glad welcome to all her many friends.

“The influence of her holy life will abide in the Church of the Nazarene. She truly was an example of our holy religion. She carried a constant burden for the work of God at home and in all lands. She will be greatly missed by all and her place hard to fill. May the dear Lord lead many to follow her example of true Christian womanhood and walk in her holy path of life.”—DR. J. W. GOODWIN, *General Superintendent*.

Obituary

"Maud Frederick Chapman, daughter of John and Fannie Frederick, was born near Longview, Texas, December 3, 1880. Her mother died when she was six. Maud was educated in the public schools of Palestine, Texas, in the Strother Private School in Waco, and in the Sam Houston Normal at Huntsville, Texas. She was converted and sanctified in the summer of 1899, taught school for three years, and was married to James B. Chapman on February 18, 1903, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. C. B. Jernigan performing the ceremony at Blossom, Texas. To this union were born seven children, three girls and four boys; James B., Junior, the second child, died at five months, and George Brillhart died at twenty-five, three years ago. Lois Lehrer, Grace Ramquist, Gertrude Lanpher, Harold and Paul survive their mother, also five grandchildren. Also Lev Frederick of Palestine, Texas, and Don Frederick of Cleveland, Texas, survive their sister.

"For many years Sister Chapman has been the constant companion of her husband on land and sea, wherever his work as a minister and General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene has required him to go. Dr. Chapman quotes the words of his elder son in saying, "My home is not a place, it is a person." But now he must add, "That person has gone on to the heavenly home."

“Sister Chapman had a premonition that she would not recover when taken with her recent illness, and she was careful to leave her testimony with Brother and Sister Macrory and with others who called to see her, and even in her delirium she constantly affirmed, “My soul is saved,” and “Jesus, I’ll go through with Thee.” She frequently quoted Psalms, especially her favorites, the twenty-third and the twenty-seventh. Her statement, “Jesus, I’ll go through with Thee,” harks back to the days when to profess holiness meant persecution. In those early days she was a fearless soldier. No one could leave a clearer evidence with those who knew her than she has done that she has gone home to God.

“No husband ever had a more faithful and devoted wife. No children ever had a more devoted, self-sacrificing mother. The church never had a more loyal nor universal member. Her friends were numbered by all those who knew her. “True as steel” would characterize all her reactions in all these relationships.

“She was a prized possession of her husband and her children. Her friendship was greatly treasured by those who were associated with her. She belonged particularly to the Church of the Nazarene and to the larger Christian Church on earth. Now the Church Triumphant has claimed her. We mourn together today, but not as those who have no hope for we shall be reunited. We shall see her again.”—DR. A. K. BRACKEN.

“Thirty-five years ago, Mrs. J. B. Chapman came into our home town with her husband to assist in a revival meeting. She prayed, fasted, wept and testified in such a manner as to make a lasting impression upon my life. She was a loving mother, genuinely Christian, and humanly speaking, literally lived for her husband and children. In all our acquaintances, she was one of the most faithful companions that we have ever known. She knew no sacrifice too great to make for Dr. Chapman.

“We have been associated with her in the home, in college work, in the church, on the campmeeting ground, and have never known her to betray the sacred trust of true Christian womanhood. We have known her to give an extra quarter over the regular price to some poor woman who had scrubbed the floors or washed the clothes, in order, as she said, “To keep a good conscience.” It is said that there are souls created for each other, hearts that seemingly are predestined to each other, from the absolute necessities of their nature. It was thus with Sister Chapman and her husband. These two hearts throbbed as one. It is true that the only correct actions are those which require no explanation or apology. Her life was above reproach. Just as the blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, so no one will ever be able to tell of the influence and example that this life gave on its mission from the cradle to the grave.

“It seemed that in middle life her home was a place of refuge. She was the center of the family life. As later years came, her home seemed to be

a place of contentment and happiness and blessed memories of cherished days when her children were about her feet, which brought peace of mind and soul. She possessed, quietness of heart. 'Thou shalt be missed,' can truly be said of Sister Chapman. Her family and friends will miss her. Her own works will praise her. Her children will arise up and call her blessed. Her husband also.

"Goodby, Sister Chapman. Little did we think as we bade you farewell at the car in leaving the convention in Kentucky, that it would be the last time that we would see you on this earth. But we never know what a day may bring forth. You were so kind to our children in their days of infancy. It was in that meeting thirty-five years ago that we came into the experience of entire sanctification. I can never forget how you rejoiced that night as I gave my testimony to this new experience for the first time. You shouted until the woods rang out with the praises of God. God bless your memory. Your sufferings are over. There is nothing to molest or make afraid in that world to which you have gone.

"The stars may fade away, the sun hide its face and grow dim with age, but thou shalt flourish with immortal youth, unhurt by war, sickness, or sorrow. My mother loved you so tenderly. You are now in the city of the New Jerusalem together. I am sure that she welcomed your coming. She said she would be waiting for me. Tell her I am coming."—PROFESSOR A. S. LONDON, *Sunday School Evangelist*.