

**ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE;  
A MEMORIAL OF LOUISE  
STOCKTON ANDREWS**

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One girl's influence; a memorial of Louise Stockton Andrews by Robert E. Speer

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**ROBERT E. SPEER**

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LOUISE STOCKTON ANDREWS

# ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE

A MEMORIAL OF  
LOUISE STOCKTON ANDREWS

BY  
ROBERT E. SPEER

To love, this is my prayer. Gifted to  
love; just the old, simple everlasting  
way. Of all life's gifts *that* is the gift  
I crave

What we are is God's gift to us; what  
we make of ourselves is our gift to God

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## ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE

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Louise was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, on December 2, 1892, and she died in her home there on June 12, 1913. She was given only a little more than twenty years of life. She lived it quietly among home friends and in simple places. Her opportunities, her character and service were such as God gives to many of his children. Surely what she was and what she did in her short and glorious life ought to be a summons to thousands of others, girls and boys, women and men, to rise up in such joy and obedience as she manifested and to use their lives as richly and courageously as she used hers.

Her childhood was the healthy, happy childhood of a real girl, full of intense activity and overflowing with the energy, playfulness and irrepressible vivacity which characterized her until the very day of her death. The simple remembrances of her early years are all of her good fellowship and high spirits and eager love. Her grandmother who lived in her homewas her "playmate," as she called her. In later years she wrote one of her



poems about her and called it "My Playmate." One day the child heard some one say that good people die young. Louise listened attentively and then addressed her grandmother. "Gram, how old are you?" "About eighty years old," her grandmother replied. The young affectionate impudence meditated a moment and then replied, "Gram, you must have been very bad to have lasted so long." She was slow in learning to skate and some of her friends were impatient with her. But she was resolute in her determination in this as in all things to do what she had set out to do. She pressed her pet dog Juno, into service, and her mother was called by a neighbor to come to her house to see from a window how Louise was managing it. She had waited until all others had left the pond and then with her dog by her side she would strike out with great determination, only to find herself in a heap on the ice. Thereupon the dog would back up to her. Louise would brace herself upon him and start out again. This she did day after day until one day she came home triumphant, saying, "Mother, I can beat any one of the girls skating." She was a child of fearless independence and resourcefulness. One day her mother noticed her going hurriedly out of the house with some small pieces of paper in her hand. Returning an hour later she announc-

ed, "Here are three dollars I made selling tickets which I made myself and sold to the neighbors for the fair we are to have at two o'clock for the Babies' Camp on the Mountain." It was already noon and this was the first intimation which the family had had of the fair. When it expressed consternation she calmly replied, "Never mind, I have toys enough to fill a grab bag. Cassie, the cook, can make ice cream, and I know that Harriet Humphreys (the family standby) will make the cake and lemonade." The fair was a great success and enough money was secured to make several babies comfortable for the summer. Louise was just like this all her life. She was ready for anything and she feared nothing.

There was something a little terrifying always about her candor. When she was five years old, her primary Sunday School teacher, William D. Murray, Esq., recalls that she asked her grandmother if she had ever told a lie. Her grandmother confessed that she had. "Did Uncle so and so?" And she reviewed a good part of the family connection. When her grandmother declined to acquit each one of them of ever having told a single falsehood she remained quiet until her grandmother asked what she was thinking about. "Oh," answered Louise, "I am thinking how lonesome it will

be in heaven with only George Washington and me there." When her only sister died, Louise received a letter of sympathy from a friend and wrote in reply, "I expect I'll be the idol of the family now. I don't like it. I don't like idol children."

Her grace and simple Christian faith mingled with her rich fun and overflowing joy from the beginning. When she was about ten years of age she went to her parents and said, "I want to join the church." She was told that she had better wait until she was a little older. A few hours afterwards she was found in her room weeping. Upon being asked what made her sad she answered, "I did not know that a child could be too young to love Jesus." Shortly after, at the age of eleven, she united on confession of faith with the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church and was a loyal member of that church until she went on to the Church of the Immortals. The death of her sister Gertrude which occurred when Louise was eight made a deep impression upon her. Gertrude was a girl of noble character, of fearless and winning personality, with deep reserves of power and yet of open and candid Christian confession. Louise had Gertrude's photograph in her Bible with these words beneath it, "Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world."