

GENEALOGY AND HISTORY

of the

ZWEMER-BOON FAMILY

Recorded for his children

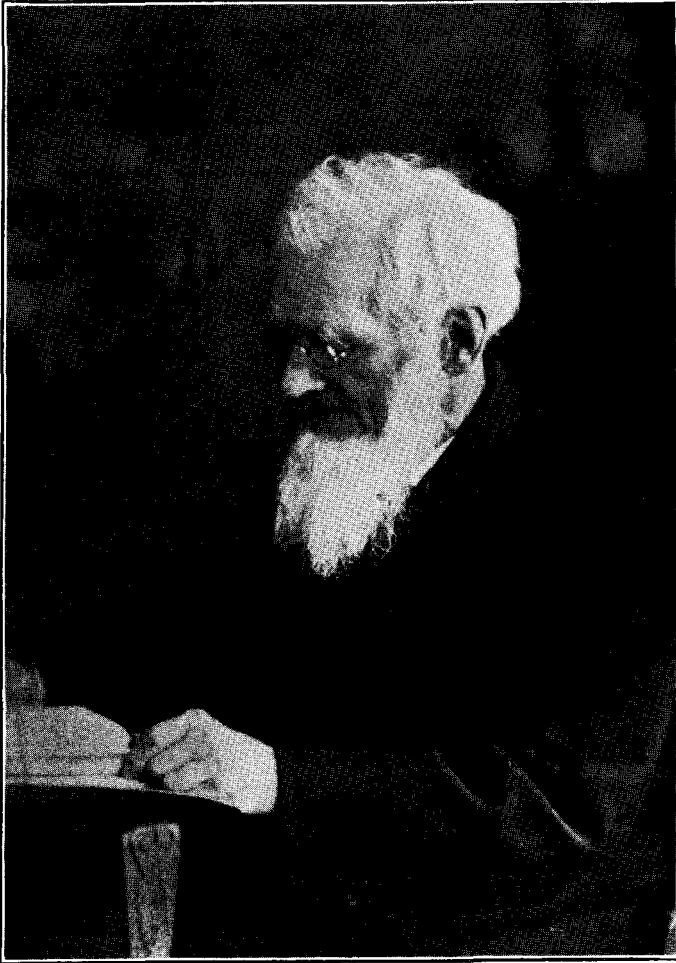
By
ADRIAN ZWEMER



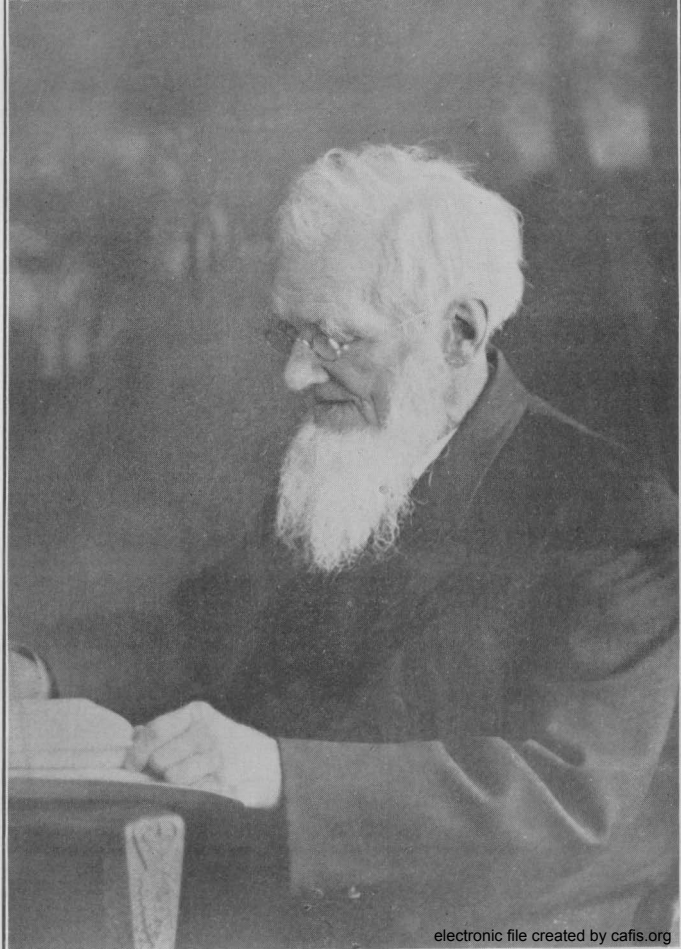
(Translated from the original Dutch manuscript with supplement,
notes, bibliography and illustrations)

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ADRIAN ZWEMER



To the Memory of my beloved
Father and Mother



“Yet most I thank thee, not for any deed,
But for the sense thy living self did breed
That Fatherhood is at the great world’s core.”



“God zal Zijn waarheid nimmer krenken,
Maar eeuwig Zijn verbond gedenken;
Zijn woord wordt altoos trouw volbracht,
Tot in het duizendste geslacht;
't Verbond met Abraham, Zijn vrind,
Bevestigt Hij van kind tot kind.”

—Ps. 105:5

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FOREWORD



My father often related to us the story of our Huguenot ancestors, and before his death wrote out for each of his children a brief account of the family genealogy and the story of the emigration from the Netherlands to America. Because this record exists only in manuscript and in the Dutch language, it seemed worth while to translate it for children and grandchildren as a memorial of God's covenant faithfulness.

After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 there was renewed persecution of the Huguenots. Many fled from France to other lands. Among these, so we were told, were three brothers named Sur-Mer, who fled to North Holland. One of them remained there, while the other two went to Zeeland. Their family name now became changed to Swemer, and ultimately, by the Zeeland branch, to Zwemer. Being Calvinists, they all received a warm welcome in the Reformed Church of the Netherlands. But the family again experienced great trouble during the Napoleonic wars. In 1842 Adriaan Zwemer was drafted, and served in the army for two years; later he was Receiver of Taxes for the local government.

In 1849 about one hundred and fifty Hollanders, under the care of the Reverend H. G. Klyn, came to America, my father among them. He settled in Rochester, New York and there became an elder in a "Holland Presbyterian Church." In 1853, when the pulpit became vacant, he suggested the transfer of this church to the Reformed Church in America, because they used the Dutch language. This was accomplished, and the Church was enrolled in the Clas-

sis of Geneva. In 1855, at thirty-two years of age, he went to the Holland Academy to study for the ministry.

Adriaan Zwemer was ordained on April 16, 1858, served churches at Vriesland, Michigan from 1858-1868; Low Prairie, near Chicago, 1868-1870; Milwaukee, Wisconsin 1870-1873; Albany, New York, 1873-1876; Graafschap, Michigan, 1876-1886; Free Grace, Iowa, 1886-1891; and Spring Lake, Michigan 1891-1898. He was then declared emeritus, made his home at Holland, Michigan, and died there on March 17, 1909.

I remember, as a boy; how my father taught me the Heidelberg Catechism. He loved it as the expression of Christian faith and piety, and now, looking back across the years, there is nothing to my mind that expresses his character and his faith so vividly as the words found in this old Catechism in the first and twenty-seventh questions and answers:

“WHAT is thy only comfort in life and death?—That I with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong unto my faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ, who, with his precious blood, hath fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me that without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation; and therefore, by his Holy Spirit, he also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready henceforth, to live unto him.”

“What dost thou mean by the Providence of God?—The almighty and every where present power of God; whereby, as it were by his hand, He upholds and governs heaven, earth, and all creatures; so that herbs and grass, rain and drought, fruitful and barren years, meat and drink, health and sickness, riches and poverty, yea, and all things come not by chance, but by his Fatherly hand.”—

In view of such child-like faith, the detail of these family annals will not surprise the reader. May those who follow after, be true to the faith of such fathers, and find an

example in their faithfulness. Some who have already been called home, kept the faith, finished their course and gained the crown. A brief tribute to each of them is added here; with blank pages for further record or family registers.

I acknowledge with gratitude the help of my niece, Miss Winifred Zwemer, in the preparation and proof reading of the manuscript. The notes and bibliography were added to complete this record for those who follow after.

SAMUEL M. ZWEMER

Princeton, N. J. February 12, 1932

HISTORY OF THE ZWEMER-BOON FAMILY

(Translated from the Dutch)

Psalm 78:4-7. Acts 15:18

TO MY CHILDREN

The writing of the following brief account of our family history is not without reason. The first reason why I have written it is because we, your father and mother, have believed and do believe that God has so visibly led us through the depths of life, and so frequently answered our prayers that we must not forget His footprints on the way which we have already travelled. We believe that not our path, but God's pathway and His leading have a real value for our children and children's children.

The brothers and sisters of your mother were, as far as I have known them, all of them believers and followers of the Lord and worthy professors of His name even under persecution. All of them remained in the land of their birth, in God's providence, and although their children have daily bread as the reward of faithful labor, not any of them has risen to a place of influence or power in church or state.

The same is also true of the family of your father, of whom the eldest brother died October 19, 1896. Their children also have daily bread, but are perplexed by poverty. We are no better than the others of our family, but God has placed us here in a wider circle of friendship and influence, so that our family has gone out throughout the far Eastern world, His name be praised!

The immigration of which the following pages tell the story, was in God's hand the means of this development. On our part, the immediate reason for leaving our native land was to secure better livelihood as the reward of toil,

and to secure a better place than is possible for the middle classes and working people in Europe. Next to the honorable and responsible positions which God has given you all, you should value the Dutch and German and Huguenot blood that flows in your veins. To keep in memory these facts is the object of this writing.

November 1898

Your Father,
ADRIAAN ZWEMER

I
OUR ANCESTORS

The Family Boon

Between the years 1765 and 1770 a young man by the name of *Bohn* left his German fatherland and settled in the Netherlands at Amsterdam. It is unknown what was the reason of his coming, or the exact place in Germany from which he came. In our family history his name first occurs about the year 1780, when he went from Amsterdam to Middelburg, or Veere, in the province of Zeeland on the Island of Walcheren. He was a blacksmith by trade. Two or three years after coming to Zeeland he married, and about the year 1784 there was born to them *Frederick*, your mother's father. The German origin of this branch of the family can be recognized in the name *Frederick*, which is found among all the *Bohn* families. The German name *Bohn* was not changed in its pronunciation, but was spelled, after the Holland fashion, *Boon*.

Frederick Boon married Maatje Bakker (about the year 1810-12), the daughter of a well-known and fairly prosperous dairy farmer. His farm and dwelling were in the neighborhood of the city of Veere. *Frederick Boon* and *Maatje Bakker* were the parents of your mother, *Catharina Boon*, who was born December 19, 1826, at Buttinge, near Middelburg.

Frederick Boon and his wife settled at Buttinge, which in olden days was a very important village, with a church and tower; but by the sale of the village property to others, the population left and settled where the new master of the village lived, namely at Grypes-Kerke, which became the new center of worship. The cemetery at Buttinge, however, belongs to the province of Zeeland and cannot be sold. The



Birthplace of Katharina Boon Zwemer
(x marks the smithy and the house)



foundations and a piece of the wall of the old tower are still in existence, and the brick is said to be of specially good quality. Just to the south of this (for many centuries unused) church-yard stands a fairly large, simple dwelling, and over against the house, a smithy with a barn. The house looks out toward a garden and an orchard, together occupying about one acre of land. This was the home and place of work of blacksmith Boon, and the birthplace of all his children, whose names, according to age, are as follows:

Levinus, Maria, Pieter, Neeltje, Marinus and Catharina

Levinus is still alive (November 1898) and is over eighty years old. He is the only one of the family that possesses any money. In his youth he married the widow of a blacksmith and took over his trade, and when his wife died he became the owner of the property. At the age of sixty he married a second time, a woman who had some means, and became her heir about the year 1877.

Maria died at the age of forty-five years.

Pieter took over the work of his father in the smithy until his death in 1884. The only note-worthy thing to record in regard to Pieter was that he for thirty years served as deacon in the Christian Reformed Church of the place, and by his simple piety won the respect of all.

Neeltje is still alive (1898), and is a member of the same church which her brother Pieter served as deacon.

Marinus was educated for the ministry, and served as pastor in the province of Vriesland and Zeeland between the years 1864 and 1886, when he died.

The story of Catharina, your Mother, will be told later.

The old widow Boon, mother's mother, remained in the family dwelling at Buttinge until her death in 1844.

The Family Zwemer

From the mouth of my father and grandfather I have learned the story of our ancestors, in brief, as follows:

"At the time of the persecutions," thus they always began

their story. This way of indicating time is very common among other families and points back to the terrible period of struggle between the Reformed churches and the might of Rome. The special time indicated was that which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685 A. D., when Protestant Evangelical Christians in France were bitterly persecuted by the Roman Catholics. On pain of death or the galleys they were forbidden to escape from France, but by thousands they nevertheless left their fatherland. Many of them, in fishing smacks, crossed the sea to England, or came on foot across the borders to Holland, Switzerland and Germany, although doubtless many of them lost their lives in the attempt.¹

According to the traditions of our family, it was about this time or a little later that three brothers left France, their fatherland, and arrived in North Holland. From this we conclude that they had escaped by the sea. One of them settled there; the two others went to the province of Zeeland, one of them to the island of Schouwen and the other to Walcheren. The danger of those times, when all fugitives were considered spies, was the reason that they generally concealed the place of their origin and the cause of their flight. This is the reason why the descendants of these families, both in the Netherlands and in the United States, although their name is evidence of French origin, have little more information concerning their history than the bare fact of their immigration. My grandfather and father always said that the family name had not been changed, but corrupted by the Hollanders through their pronunciation, and that in the third or fourth generation they accepted this change of the name. The probability is that the name of our family was *Sur Mer*, a name which is not unknown in Normandy, especially round about Rochelle where many Huguenots lived. Nor is it a strange name in the sea provinces of the Netherlands and Belgium where Van Zee, Van der Zee and Zeedyk are common. That the name of

¹Cf. Henry M. Baird. *The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*, 2 vols, Scribners, New York 1895.

these refugees, if it was Sur Mer (that is, Van Zee) was changed by Dutch lips to Sum Mer, Swemer, and finally Zwemer is not strange.¹

¹In response to an inquiry at the Bibliothèque Wallonne at Leyden, the following letter, dated October 5, 1926, was received from the Secretary:

"Cher Monsieur:

En réponse à votre lettre, expédiée de Belgique fin Septembre, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir que le nom "Surmer," que vous supposez avoir été le nom original de votre famille, ne se trouve pas dans nos fiches.

Par contre nous avons une dizaine de fiches Swemmer ou Zwemmer, provenant toutes d'Eglises de Zélande.

En voici la copie:

'Aangeteekend te Groede, den 20 November 1694, Pieter Poinset, van Waermaerde en Mary de Swemmer, Weduwe van P. van Pamel; beide woonende hier.

Aangeteekend te Axel, tusschen 20 en 27 Maart 1722, Martinus de Sweemer, van Hulsterambagt,—en Catharina Bedar, van het land van As.

Maries a Menin, le 26 Juin 1735, Arend Petersen en Grietje Swemmer.

Aangeteekend te Middleburg, den 15 April 1754, Jan Oreeel en Maria Swemers. Gehuwd te Middleburg in de Hervormde Kerk den 7 Mei 1754.

Aangeteekend te Axel, den 11 Augustus 1770, Louis Bedet, Weduwnaar van Aaltie van Doorn,—en Catharina Zweemer, weduwe van Willem Vetjes; beide Woonende te Axel;—Gehuwd den 26 Augustus 1170.

Aangeteekend te Middleburg, den 6 Maart 1793, Adriaan Zwemer en Adriana Oreeel. Gehuwd te Middleburg in de Hervormde Kerk den 26 Maart 1793.

Aangeteekend te Middleburg, den 21 Juli 1803, Arnoldus Benier, 2e lieutenant Iste Bataillon,—en Josina Antonia Zwemer.

Ondertrouwd te Veere den . . Juli.

Advertentie Haarl. Courant van den 5 April 1804:

Bevallen van een zoon J. A. Zweemer, echtgenoot van A. Bennier, Lieut. Infanterie. Te Veere, den 24 Maart.

Recu membre de l'Eglise de Goes, le 27 Juin 1802, Joost Swemmer, fils d'Abraham par temoignage de l'Eglise de Zierickzee.

Maries a Zierckzee, le 27 Mai 1810, Joost Amijs Sweemer en Maria Barbera Rost van Tonningen.'

En vous transmettant ces renseignements, les seuls que nous possédions à la Bibliothèque Wallonne sur vos ancêtres, je vous prie d'agréer mes salutations fraternelles.

Votre bien dévoué,"

(Signed by the Secretary.)

This information would seem to throw some doubt on the family tradition as to the origin of our name, but it establishes the fact that, as far back as 1694, the Zwemer family was identified with the Huguenot refugees. It is probable that they had already changed the French form of their name soon after arrival in the Netherlands.

Two other branches of the original Zwemer family emigrated from the Netherlands to America. The one group spelled their name Swemer, are supposed to have come from Overisel, and settled in Wisconsin. The other group trace their ancestry to Zeeland. Mrs. P. E. Nielsen (Zwemer) of Oberlin, Ohio, writes: "My grandfather, C. P. Zwemer, used to tell us that his grandfather, Adriaan C. Zwemer was a cousin of your grandfather by the same name, but I do not know whether this is authentic. Mr. Nielsen and I took a trip through Holland in 1899 and went to Middleburg to inquire. This is where my grandfather had a grist mill and his father before him. I asked concerning Cornelius Peter Zwemer, but could get no information. Finally a very old man told us that there used to be someone in the town whom they called Peter the miller. I decided he must be of my kin-folk. The old wind-mill was still there.

From William W. Zwemer, the son of Henry Zwemer of Rochester, New York, we learn of another group, one of whom settled at Saugatuck, Michigan, another at Cleveland, Ohio, and a third at Rochester. None of these, however, are directly related to our family.

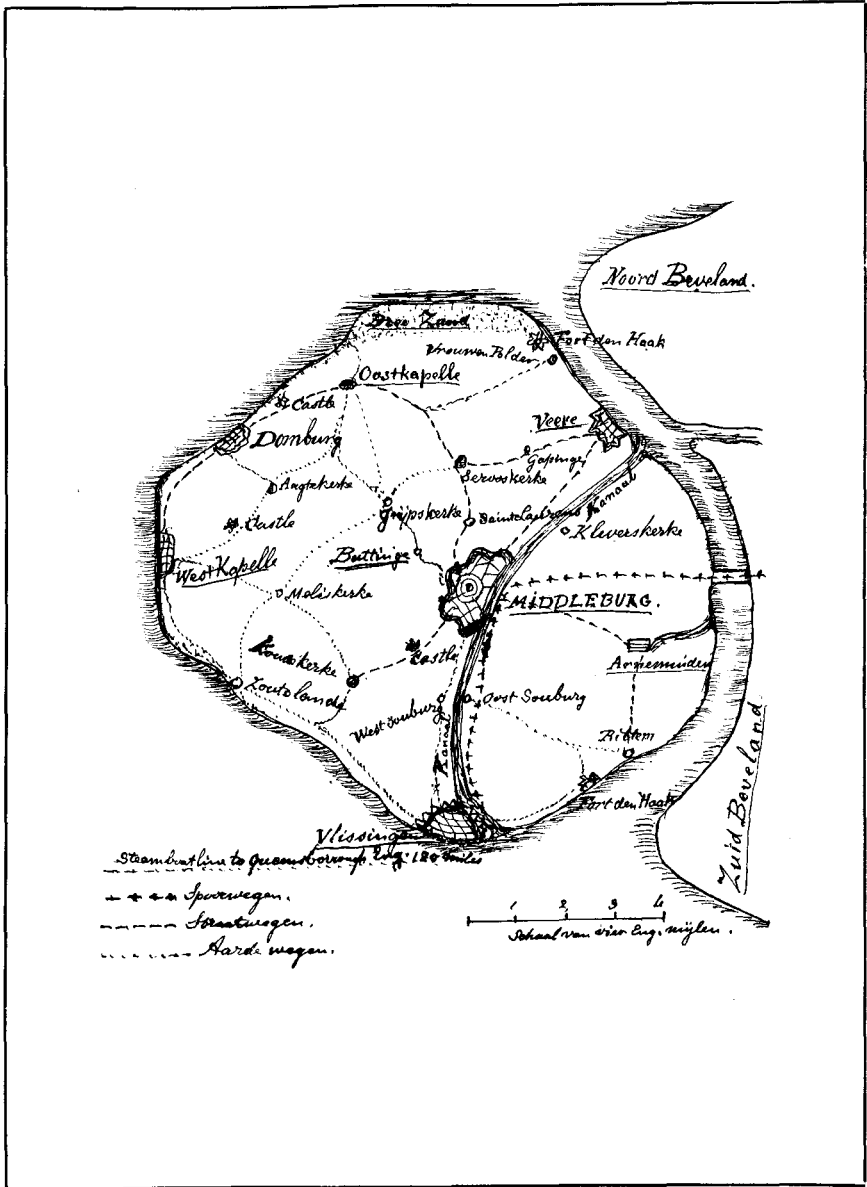
The three family lines grew and still exist. Those who settled in Zaandam and on the island of Schouwen still write their name with an S—Swemer, and some Sweemer, but the branch on the island of Walcheren, from which our family came, have substituted the soft Dutch Z, making it Zwemer. In the north provinces of the Netherlands they pronounce z as an s, e. g. *sieken* for *zieken*.

My grandfather, *Christiaan Zwemer*, was born at Saint Laurens near Middelburg, and lived there all his life as a gardener, gaining his livelihood by the sale of vegetables and garden fruits. His father was engaged in the same business at a place called DeBruynvis, the name of a former villa and castle, which then was laid out in farm lands. All that I learned in regard to my grandfather's father is this: that he was a staunch Calvinist, lived to a very great age, and continued to work in his garden until on a certain summer day, they found him lying just outside the garden door. He must have been born between the years 1715 and 1725.

As for Christiaan Zwemer, I frequently visited him with my father, and I can still remember distinctly his face and that of my grandmother. My grandfather was born in 1748, and was married on the second of May, 1779, to Catharina Leinse, the date of whose birth is not recorded. Grandfather died in March, 1832, and grandmother a year later. Their children were the following:

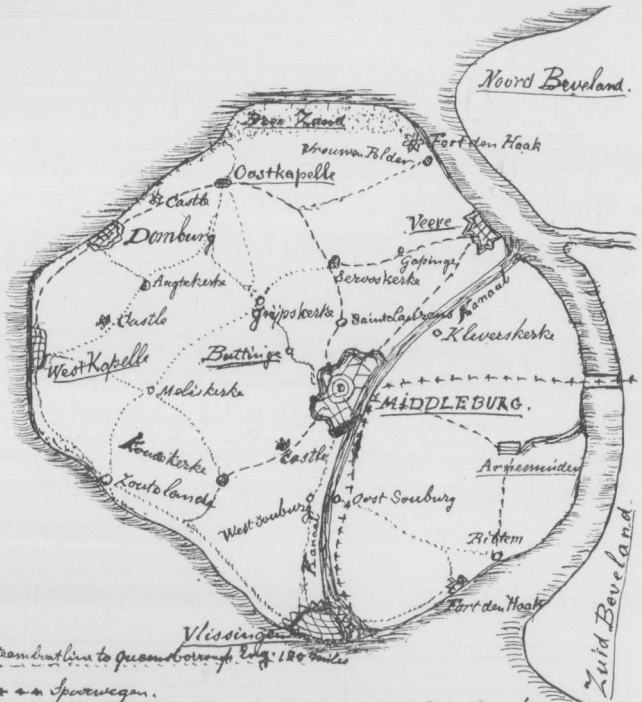
- Jacob*, born June 2, 1780; died November 28, 1838.
- Johanna*, born November 15, 1781; died n. d.
- Samuel*, born December 25, 1782; died n. d.
- Johannis*, born November 18, 1785; died in childhood.
- Tannetje*, born September 21, 1787; died n. d.
- Adriaan*, born October 19, 1789; died n. d.
- Leuntje*, born June 7, 1791; died n. d.
- Johannis*, born September 19, 1796; died n. d.

Three of the brothers of my father, *Jacob*, deserve mention. *Samuel* in his youth served in the families of the nobility, and this led, after his marriage with Susanna Prins,



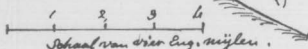
Map of the Island Walcheren

Drawn by ADRIAN ZWEMER.



Steamboat line to Guano Borroughs, Eng. 120 miles

- - - - - Spoorwegen.
- - - - - Straatwegen.
- Aardewegen.



to his appointment, under the Government of Zeeland, as Keeper of the Archives and Inspector of Government Buildings. His title was Government Messenger.

Johannis, the youngest brother, was in charge of an agricultural training school in the neighborhood of Oost Kapelle. Here was a farm of about 150 acres, owned by Mr. Poes, where some twenty young men and half a dozen young women received training in agriculture and in farm work. There was also a carpenter shop and a school, and a large dairy. The farm yielded a good income, but as for scientific instruction, the school was not of a high standard.

Adriaan's history was not as fortunate as that of his two brothers. It affords a faithful picture, however, of the troublous times in all Europe, and especially in the Netherlands in the days of Napoleon. When Napoleon gathered his large army in 1812 by conscription, the Netherlands as a close neighbor to France and because of its harbors especially, was chosen by him as a center for gathering the soldiers enlisted by conscription. According to our family history, a patrol wagon under one of Napoleon's officers, came to the farm near Oost Kapelle and asked for the son of twenty-three for the new army. Adriaan was taken under guard, and with many others, driven from the plow at the point of the bayonet, received half an hour's time to put on military dress and bid farewell to his family. Guards with loaded muskets walked along the side of the road by the wagon, and so they were transported to Flushing. My father and his brother Samuel accompanied the wagon as far as the tower from which the place of their birth was visible. When he reached the tower, Adriaan asked permission to stand up in the wagon and once more bid farewell to his home. He received permission, and bade farewell to his brothers. Many months later a letter came from him dated, Russia near Moscow. He spoke of the hardships of the soldier's life and the sufferings they had already endured, but with the hope that in Moscow they would find relief. No other letter has ever come to us from his hand.

The Family Janse

This name in our family history, from my mother's side, is first known in Hendrick Janse, my mother's father. He was born about 1755 and was married to Maatje Geldof. Little is known of this family. My mother's father was the owner of a farm near Oost Kapelle. The mother of the family died early, and the second wife, who was a widow with children, marred the joy of the household, and business also did not prosper. The names of the children of the first marriage were:

Jerina, Neeltje, Janna, Elizabeth, Jan.

Jacob Zwemer, my father, married *Neeltje Janse* about 1806. They always lived at Oost Kapelle. Their children were:

Christiaan, born January 14, 1808; died May 7, 1813;

Hendrik, born December 28, 1809; died January, 1880;

Samuel, born November 27, 1812; died January, 1839;

Christiaan, born October 21, 1814; died June, 1872;

Jan, born January 8, 1817; died 1897;

Maatje, born June 2, 1819; died 1873;

Adriaan, born February 12, 1823; [died March 17, 1909;]

II

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

My name *Adriaan* was given me in memory of my father's brother who died with the army of Napoleon in the Russian campaign. I was born at Oost Kapelle in 1823. My earliest recollections are of a lingering and dangerous illness. Vaccination had just been introduced as a compulsory measure, and many of the people were still prejudiced against it and afraid of its consequence, although they had to submit to the government rule. I was just beginning to walk when I was to be vaccinated. My mother had to allow it, although she thought that she could prove to the doctor that those who are well need no physician, and that it must be a dangerous operation to introduce germs into the body, against which everyone was warned and on account of which one could not even visit a neighbor who was infected. The doctor became angry at having a lesson read to him on medicine by a mere woman, and threatened that now he would give the child a real good vaccination—and he did. The sickness that followed was so severe that there was considerable doubt of my recovery. After long treatment, the crisis was passed, but I remained very weak, and a general paralytic condition seemed threatening. Not until I was four years old was I again able to stand up and to walk. One of my earliest memories is that on an Easter Sunday I was carried by my mother under a great linden tree, where my mother's brother gave me a cake too large for my small hands. It was one of the early joys of childhood that I can remember. When I left my fatherland in 1849, the big linden tree was still standing. Since that earliest illness I have enjoyed unbroken health, with only a short sickness in November and December, 1859, in Vriesland, and once again in April, 1887, at Middleburg, Iowa.

After I had been to school for a number of years with Mr. M. van Gelderen, he appointed me an assistant teacher in 1835, and the appointment was approved by the school inspector of the province. This appointment saved my teacher, who had only a small salary, the expense of employing a qualified teacher who had passed his examination. The law would not allow anyone to be examined as assistant teacher until he was over sixteen.

In 1838, January 28th, my mother died, our home was broken up, and the mayor of the village offered to undertake my education until I was of age, and to care for me. This was a great trial to me, especially as I was already heart-broken by the death of my mother. I had a great desire to study, but the mayor was a man of coarse habits, profane, one who mocked at religion. For this reason I could not accept his offer, and he, gathering the reason for my refusal, pierced my wounded heart by saying, "So, then, you prefer all your life time to work with the thread and needle as a tailor's assistant, rather than to have a respectable place in society to which I could introduce you." There was nothing left for me but to work as tailor's assistant with my elder brother, and it seemed, indeed, as though that would be my life-long task.

My earliest recollections of heart religion go back to my eighth year. Some wickedness had been perpetrated in our village, and I had heard of it through my mates at school. When I went home I could not help telling the news to my mother; and after telling her all about it, I asked, Was that not exceedingly wicked? expecting an affirmative reply. She said, Yes, my child, but although all people do not do these wicked things, yet all people are sinners. As she was looking at me when she said it, her eyes spoke louder than her words. I went away with a sad heart. My own mother had called me a sinner, and I believed it. I felt as though a judgment had been pronounced against me. The Bible teaching of general depravity was not strange to our Christian household, but I felt that my mother had called *me* a sinner, and I believed her testimony, and felt as

though she herself had pronounced judgment against me. From that day I had need of prayer and made it my custom to pray in secret.

A few years later I felt more deeply the sins of my own boyhood life as related to going to school, or playing on the Sabbath, and gradually also became more concerned about the sins of others. This was evident especially in my reproving my school-mates and refusing to join them in doing things which I thought were sinful. All this was due especially to the warnings and care of my dear mother. I was often mocked as the 'pious one' by my school-mates when I withdrew from a game, or from doing things of which my conscience disapproved. Generally I spent my time at home after school, in reading, drawing or writing verses. This last was a pastime to me as early as I can remember. One Sunday afternoon I went out into the garden with my usual writing materials, a slate and pencil, and wrote:

“Lieve Jezus, vol gena,
Ik doe dagelijks vroeg en spa
Vele deugdelijke werken”

“Blessed Jesus, full of grace!
I am conscious daily of doing many good things. . . .”

Further than this, I could find no thoughts to complete the line, and after having read it a few times, I discovered that the last line was against the truth and entirely contrary to the teaching of my mother. I therefore changed it to read “my grievous sins.” When I had finished the verses I let my mother read it, and she only said that they were good. This verse has been kept. It is the first one of the verses which I wrote in the Netherlands that are still in existence; the date being 1832.

When mother was doing her sewing, I often read to her, or, especially also in the long winter evenings, for the whole family. Among the old books we had was one by Richard Sibbs, “The Conflict of the Soul and Victory through Faith.” Another was a long treatise on the sixth chapter

of Ephesians, verses ten to eighteen by [name not given], and a great quarto volume on "Christ in the Christian and the Christian in Christ." When I was about fourteen years old, I became very restless and afraid. Often at night when I went to sleep I feared that I would not awake in the morning. This thought was so painful to me that it often kept me awake. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which I knew nearly by heart, had become my ideal of God's way of salvation, and I thought that my own experiences must run along the same lines. Before my mother died, I had more hope and calmness. Her death, January 28, 1838, was a great shock to my heart, and caused a change in all my life plans. My father died ten months later, November 28, 1838.

I now entered the family of my eldest brother, who exercised great care over me; his wife also did, though she had no sympathy with the Evangelical church, and personally did not care for religion or church attendance. Whenever I read "those old books" she mocked me. I often visited a family where there were two boys of my own age with whom I had become acquainted at school. They were kind to me because I was an orphan, so I often visited them and remained there of a Sunday evening. They were in good circumstances and lived in comfort, but had no faith whatever in the Gospel or the teachings of the Bible or regeneration. Although they seldom spoke of these matters, when they did they generally remarked that it was my mother who had taught me these foolish notions and therefore they would not contradict her! The effect was a struggle. Many a Sunday evening I spent in reading a historic or scientific book, instead of my Bible, such as these boys were always reading; and the result was that my evening prayer was often neglected. On a certain Sunday evening, in winter, when I was about nineteen years old, I came home and felt that I would have to choose either to lose my peace of heart, and so become a worldling, or never to meet these companions again. That night I could not sleep and a few days later I wrote to my friends thank-

ing them for their friendship, but saying that I could no longer spend the Sabbath with them. They replied that since they knew that I had joined the Orthodox Party and that my mother had taught me this, they expected as much; so they left me to go as I wished.

The result was that I began to ask myself whether going to church and keeping the Sabbath was really necessary. I began to doubt everything: perhaps the friends whom I had left were in the right and the people who claimed to be religious were no better than they; I went so far as to actually doubt whether anything existed beyond the material universe: everything that could not be proved to the senses was not actual but only imaginary. Of course, I told no one of this struggle, but it was bitter nevertheless. I attended church, especially when Dominie Van der Meulen preached at Middelburg.

I came to myself, when a funeral passed our home; asking, what is death; why did that man die? Is there a power outside of ourselves that can take away our being? The result was a great change and a decision. About this time, March 15th, 1842, I was selected for military service; from April 1843 until May 1844 and also the following year I was in the service of the king, mostly in the forts at the mouth of the Schelde and at Flushing. I did not find military service as trying as I was told it would be. When the roll-call was made and the soldiers signified their wish for Church preference, I said I wished to attend the church of the Seceders; the officer replied, "We do not know that Church." I went to see the Captain that evening and he allowed me to attend the church of my choice in a neighboring village; it was a surprising concession. When in the city of Maastricht I remained in the barracks, reading, and did not attend service.

Shortly after this I was offered a position in the Customs House Department, but I was required to give bond for the sum of 6,000 guilders. The mayor of our city went bail for me and at Middelburg I entered this service until June 1849,

when we departed for America.³ At that time my elder brother took up the same service and continued in it. My office in the Customs Department was open from eight in the morning until noon, and although there were busy days, there were others that left me leisure for reading and writing. Among other things I remember a manuscript I prepared entitled "the Grammar of Canaan in Allegoric Form and in Ten Chapters." This manuscript of two hundred pages was intended to give theological instruction against Modernism. After showing it to an Elder, Mr. Van Putten, who read it with approval, it was given to Dominie DeWall who spoke of publishing it, but it was never printed, and I never saw the manuscript again. Without my knowledge, the Consistory of Middelburg proposed my name at this time to the Classis as a student for Theology, but lack of means prevented the plan and I never knew of it until after our departure for America.

About this time the story of my life flows together with that of your mother, Catharina Boon; so I will copy out for you here the story of her youth as far as I know it.

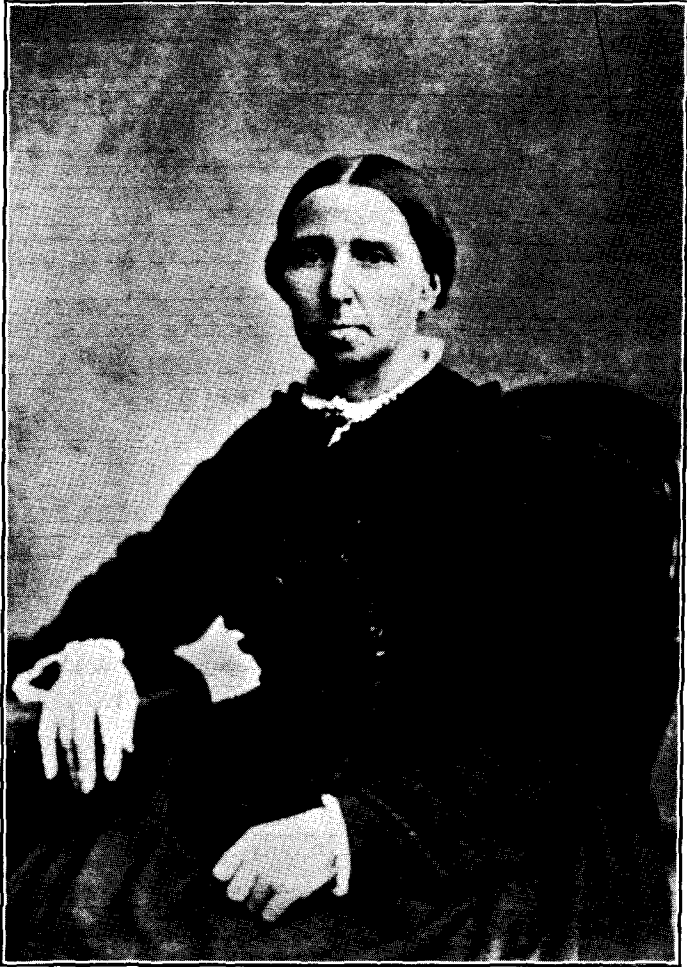
She was the youngest of her family, born at Buttinge, about four miles south of Oost Kapelle and one mile and a half south of Grypes-Kerke. As the hamlet of Buttinge belonged to this village according to civil and church law, it was at Grypes-Kerke that her parents attended church and that the children went to school.

She and her brother Marinus, who was three years older, were the last of the children to attend school. This bound their hearts together from childhood, and they were more closely related than the other brothers and sisters. Her father, Mr. Boon, whose skill as blacksmith made him worthy of a larger smithy than that in his native village,

³Among my father's papers I find a discharge from his service in the Custom House which reads as follows:

"The undersigned, receiver of taxes and customs in the city of Te Veere, Zeeland, declares by these presents that Adrian Zwemer on his own request is honorably discharged from his duties as assistant collector of customs for the Parish of Oostkapelle. And we testify herewith that the said Zwemer has given every satisfaction in every respect both as to his character and the discharge of his duties and functions.

Dated, Te Veere, sixteenth of June, 1849 and signed by chief collector, J. Hemeryk.



CATHARINA BOON ZWEMER



did all he could to support his growing household. He did contract work with a large hardware store in Middelburg and furnished them with all sorts of household ironware, such as hinges, nails, etc., and also made for the farming community plow shares and spades. In addition he had a few acres of land and a dairy kept by the women of the family. The result was that by diligence and economy they made a good living. Father Boon died of lung trouble before I became acquainted with the Boon family. In the summer of 1839 I began frequently to attend the newly organized Secession Church (Afgescheiden Kerk) at Middelburg.

This Church was composed of a group of earnest Christians with their pastors, who were excommunicated from the Established Church and in some cases imprisoned, because they gave their testimony against those, who, while ministers of the Church, denied the genuineness of the Bible, the deity of Christ, the doctrines of the atonement, and of regeneration.⁴

⁴The following quotations explain the character of this controversy:

"At Ulrum (a little village in the province of Groningen) a reformatory action was started by the Reverend Hendrik de Cock in 1834. Seeing how much the true doctrine of salvation was undermined in the Dutch Reformed Church, he began, not only in the pulpit, but also before the ministers of his district and in pamphlets, to stand up for the doctrine of the fathers. After having in vain used all means in his power—in the Church by making his appeal to the ecclesiastical authorities, and further by petitions to the King—to obtain redress of his wrongs, he resolved on the 13th of October, 1834, to separate, together with his consistory and his flock, from the Dutch Reformed Church in so far as this organization had become a false Church, consequently from the governing councils of the Dutch Reformed Church, such as they had become in 1816, and he and his flock reverted to the Reformed Confession and Church Polity. In their Deed of Separation they therefore rightly called their separation a return to the doctrine, discipline and liturgy of the Reformed fathers. They did not mean schism, but reformation. Hence their protestation: 'the undersigned declare that by virtue of the office of all the faithful they separate from those who are not of the Church, and that therefore they no longer wish to have any communion with the Dutch Reformed Church, till the latter reverts to the true service of the Lord.'

"In this Separation a momentous liberation in the domain of the Church was affected, albeit in much travail. The church of Ulrum was the first of the liberated churches. But the movement spread over the whole country, when on account of their siding with De Cock, other ministers: Scholte, Brummelkamp, van Velzen and Gezelle Meerburg, and the candidate for the ministry, van Raalte, were also put under the ban of the Dutch Reformed Church. Nor was this all. More outrages were committed by official Holland upon the sacred rights of these "Separatists." Their meetings were broken up, they themselves ill-used, fined and put in prison, as if they had been criminal revolutionaries. Add to this that the prohibition of founding Christian schools prevented many parents from educating their children according to the dictates of their conscience, and it cannot be wondered at that some "Separatists" could not bear staying on in a country where they thus saw their most sacred rights violated and encroached upon, and that they looked forward to a new

From the year 1842 I attended this Church regularly and felt at home in it; but not until August 1845 did I become a member on confession of my faith, and made formal separation from the Church wherein I had been baptized, by also signing "the Act of Secession."

As the shortest road from Oost Kapelle to Middelburg was by way of Grypes-Kerke and Buttinge I naturally became acquainted with the Boon family and it became my custom to call there on my way to Church. A deep friendship was formed with Marinus, the younger brother. Mother Boon was still alive when I served with my regiment, but died during the last term of my service with the army at Maastricht. On my return I found the family in deep mourning, in which I too shared remembering the good-hearted, faithful widow Boon. The following Autumn the daughter of the family won my affection, but I did not declare my hope as I saw no possibility for her support on my meager salary. I only prayed that God might keep her for me and continued my Sunday visits.

In November 1848 we heard that Dominie Klyn had been called to a church at Graafschap, Michigan. Rumor had it that if Mr. Klyn accepted the call, the whole family of the Boons with the exception of the oldest brother, Levinus, would also emigrate to America. This appeared to me to be the occasion when I must declare myself. I spoke first, therefore, with her brother Marinus, whose confidence I knew I had. A few days later at an evening gathering where only the younger sister was present I was invited to come. I had already sent a letter by the hand of her brother Marinus. When I made my proposal that evening on the

home, where they might find unhampered liberty and free scope for their activity.

"And thus many of the most sterling and pious children of the soil were forced to remove to America. When one of the emigrant ships, in which was also the dissenting minister, C. van der Meulen, was hailed by another ship at sea, and the captain was asked, what kind of cargo he had on board, the answer was: 'False coin, no longer current in Holland' an answer that only expressed the general feeling of the kind of Liberalism that prevailed in Holland at that time. In 1849 the new "Pilgrim Fathers" joined the Reformed Church of America."

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way home from the social gathering I found that she had the same feeling toward me as I had toward her. I visited her several times after that, but the burden of our hearts and our prayers was the decision of the question, whether we should go to America together or remain in the Netherlands. It appeared to me as if two worlds were held out before my imagination, with the choice; "where do you wish to spend your life?" It did not take me long to decide for America and I began immediately to learn the English language in a private school where seven or eight other young men met for the same purpose. The sons of Mr. Klyn were also studying English and I joined them every evening. Mother, however, had made her plans to remain in the Netherlands where all her relatives were, and she had a hesitation for a strange land when the prospects before her in her own Country seemed to be so attractive. In addition to this, the session of the Middelburg Church had proposed my name to the Classis of Zeeland as one who should be encouraged to study for the ministry. This was done entirely without my knowledge and I did not learn of it until we had decided to go to America. The friend who told me assured me that this was a proof that the proposed journey to America did not have the approval of God. Mother knew of this, as her brother was a member of the Session, but she did not tell me at the time. When I had decided to go to America with Mr. Klyn he said that he was willing to recommend me to the Theological School at Kampen and thought that a scholarship would be available. This naturally produced a struggle for me, but as the way was open I decided to join the party who were expecting to travel with Mr. Klyn. It seemed as if the whole Boon family were determined to go, except mother! Shortly afterwards in answer to prayer we came to the conclusion that we had both better go as members of Mr. Klyn's family and under his care. Strange to say, conditions became such in the Boon family that not any of them were able to take the journey. Stranger still, none of either of our families

has ever come to America until thirty years later when a cousin, John Boon, came over.⁵

We were thankful indeed that uncertainty was at an end. We were on our way to America, but this was not the end of our difficulties. We had sufficient means to secure our passage and the things needed for the long journey, as well as to begin life in a new land. The question that faced me was what work I would find in America. I was unfit for the farm and had no capital to begin as a small trader. Public office, which I had held in the Netherlands, was, of course, impossible in the near future. I spent sleepless nights thinking over this matter, but I had no one to consult or to advise me. Strangers might have accused me of folly to leave a good position and go to a strange land to make a home without knowing whether I had a place for work or means to support a family. In the midst of my perplexity and almost my despair, these words in the prophecy of Isaiah, (49:10) were a comfort to my heart: "He that hath mercy on them will lead them. Even by springs of water will He guide them."

When we had decided to go to America, Mother's family advised us to marry before my departure, but I thought it best to postpone marriage until our arrival to see what would be the way of God's guidance. Mr. Klyn promised the family that he would look after Mother as a daughter until her marriage. Some days were required for family visits and farewells. It was more difficult for those who remained behind than for us who took the journey. Mr. Klyn preached a farewell sermon to his congregation. After a simple meal he engaged in prayer, but was overcome by his feelings, so that an elder, Mr. Putte, continued the prayer and the result was that one after another followed, and the place became like Bochim. (Judges 2:5) Someone proposed a song and then, after the benediction, we went to the sailing boat wherein our goods were already deposited. We were to sail from Rotterdam.

⁵He married and now resides at Waupun, Wisconsin.

III

THE JOURNEY TO AMERICA

Everything was ready for our departure from Middelburg and the last stragglers stepped on board just as the boat put off. Soon we were out of the City along the canal and in the three-mile harbor. Then we rounded the island and the mouths of the Schelde, the Maas and the Rhine. We arrived at Rotterdam where our goods and all passengers were transferred to the ocean ship Leyla.

On the way from Middelburg to Rotterdam I wrote a poem entitled "Farewell." It is found on page 179 of my book *Harte Stemming en Leering*.⁶ When we arrived on board they were still busy carpentering, preparing the rude bedsteads for the steerage passengers. Soon we were ready to place our baggage and spread our blankets. We were allowed to eat and sleep on board, but you can imagine that the carpenters preferred to have us, especially the invalid wife of the clergyman, out of the way. The reason was that by some strange misunderstanding or miscalculation, we had arrived ten days before the sailing date! This gave us opportunity to see Rotterdam, and to attend Church on Sunday. Most of us considered it a privilege to have so long a time at Rotterdam. We were weary with the burden of departure; the constant visits of friends and relatives and especially the prolonged visits of those who only came to ask questions and pressed on us their advice robbed us of every bit of liberty because they felt that they owed us a farewell visit, so that they might relate to one and all their experiences with those who were leaving the Country.

The ten days in Rotterdam were a Passover visit, before the wilderness of the sea. The minister's wife went out with mother every day to old acquaintances and I went with Mr.

⁶See Bibliography.

Klyn for longer walks around about the City. Mr. Klyn's brother from the Hague paid him a visit at one of the hotels. He was a man-of-the-world with no religious convictions. I remember his words now: "Brother I have come to say good-bye to you as man to man, and I do not want to hear anything about our never seeing each other again, and no religious talk; I have just come to shake hands and be off." He ordered wine, cake and tobacco and prepared his pipe alone; spoke of the storms ahead of us, told us to have brave hearts and hoped that the dry climate of America might benefit his brother's invalid wife. "But," said he, "there are so many women who are invalids." Looking at his watch he said "It's time for me to go brother—good-bye Henry,—good-bye all of you." And so the two brothers parted. On the fifth or sixth of July, 1849, everything was ready and we went on board. Everything, included our personal baggage in boxes and bundles and also enough food and clothing for sixty days, if need be. A committee had been appointed and their restrictions regarding food supply were strictly followed. A sort of cabin and kitchen had been arranged on the poop deck where the immigrants cooked their food and every day they received an allowance of firewood; water was handed out to each passenger by measure. By patiently waiting and standing in line, everybody received his or her share, and the work in the kitchen went forward, but the water supply was very meager, and everyone carefully husbanded their store. There were one hundred and twenty-eight Hollanders in our party, all from the Province of Zeeland, and fifty Germans. Two of the sailors were Hollanders and the captain was said to have understood Dutch. One of the cabin passengers had lived in America and spoke Dutch, German and English. Just as we were leaving the harbor, Mr. Lankester climbed on the roof of the poop deck in order to see how the ship left its moorings. A steam tug was to tow us through the river to the outer harbor and there we remained from Sunday at three o'clock until Monday two o'clock at anchor. Everyone was on deck watching the loosening of the cables and the

gradual departure of the ship. Suddenly a cry was raised by those on the steam tug and the sailors on our ship. The reason was that one of the cables was crossing the roof of the poop deck where Lankester stood. Many cried, "jump off, jump off" but before he understood what they desired him to do, the cable caught him and threw him on the deck eight feet below, on his back. He was unconscious from the shock and was carried below, but by the care of the ship's doctor was able to be on deck again in a few days. The wife of Dominie Klyn suffered from nervous breakdown even before we started on the journey. The ship's doctor thought that she was too weak to cross the Atlantic and she spent thirty-eight days, the entire journey, in her berth. Mother took care of her day and night and I was, as it were, the personal servant of Mr. Klyn, as well as guardian of his two lively boys. The first four weeks of the journey we had a calm sea and scarcely any suffering from seasickness. Trouble, however, arose among the German passengers at the other end of the ship. There were loud words followed by blows. When the captain heard of the difficulty he sent the helmsman and one of the cabin passengers who could speak their language together with some of the sailors, to make an investigation. The cause of the trouble was that thirty German dollars had been stolen, and one man was accused of the theft. He said "I have taken nothing" and refused to have his baggage opened for a search. The helmsman, however, bade the sailors bring his chest out of the hold. The man refused to give up the key until they brought an axe. When the chest was opened they found the money at the very bottom wrapped in some socks. The whole amount was discovered. The man said it was his own money and wept, but the captain placed him in confinement for the rest of the voyage. He then confessed his theft. They bound his hands and feet and placed him on a large barrel and above him put the placard "Thief." In this way the man became ashamed and afterwards received his liberty.

During these four weeks of calm weather the sails hung

idle for many hours, but we slowly made progress. On Saturday, the 28th of July, there were indications not only of gathering clouds and wind, but the activity of the sailors proved they expected bad weather. When we asked whether storm was brooding, the only answer we received was "a little." Mother was preparing some rice-cakes for the invalid, when suddenly a wave dashed over the ship, put out the fire, and carried away the open hearth. Shortly after, all passengers were ordered below. The scattering of the fire-brands over the deck almost caused an alarm of fire. The ship continued to toss from side to side on the waves. Altho we were below deck the water leaked in profusely. There was no danger but it was disagreeable. When night came we were forbidden to light the four or five lanterns which were under the poop deck. This was to prevent the danger of fire. Most of the emigrants spent the night in prayer. When morning came the only light we had was through one of the port-holes near the gangway. So much water leaked in through the port-holes that on the lea side of the ship in the hold the water stood as high as the lower bunks. Some said the ship was sinking.

The following day Braam and I crawled up the gangway to see what was the significance of a peculiar noise we heard, like a child crying. It turned out that it was the captain's dog which was thrown from side to side by the violent movement of the ship. The sailors had now tied him fast and he was thoroughly unhappy. We went down the gangway and found, when we came below, that some of the barrels and boxes which had been fastened to spars, had become loose and were rolling and moving about striking the bed-posts of the berth. With some difficulty things were fastened again. It was a terrible day, but the following night, toward the morning, the wind grew less and some of us found sleep. Even the invalid wife of Mr. Klyn seemed to have suffered no more than the other passengers. Monday morning at eight o'clock we saw light, and breathed air again, for they opened the hold. The helmsman proclaimed that the storm was over; but the sea was still rough. Meanwhile the sailors

were bailing between decks and fastening the luggage. By noon the floors of our cabins were dry enough so we could walk on them. A few hours later the captain himself came to inquire after our welfare and late that afternoon the male passengers were allowed to come up on deck. The following day there was beautiful sunshine and the wind became favorable.

Because of the theft which had taken place, there was much suspicion and much unrest among the passengers. Our company resolved to ask permission to appoint a watch at night and request that some of the young men should in turn be on guard and that one light be allowed us for the guard. The captain agreed and Mr. Klyn and I were appointed the organizing committee and since I had been a soldier, it was proposed that I should be captain of the guard. Sixteen young men were selected and registered by name and number and appointed to the various night watches. Without any difficulty for us, this arrangement gave a sense of security to the women and children and was continued throughout the voyage. The guard was stationed near the gangway between the cabins of the Hollanders and the Germans.

It was easy for us to put up a guard against thieves but not against death. Seven little children of the Dutch emigrants died during the voyage and were buried at sea. Sickness, death and burial of dear children, these are always the bitterest domestic trials; but burial at sea means increase of sorrow and the cry of mothers when their treasures were consigned to the deep was sometimes too pitiful. Most of the children were between one and three years of age, but one was seven. The funerals were conducted in silence and the usual work on board the ship ceased. The body, properly weighted, lay on a board plank which rested on the bulwarks of the ship, and was held in balance by the sailors. After a short service the plank was lifted and the body slipped into the sea. Besides those already mentioned of our company, there was Elder Lankaster, and a school teacher named Huyssoon, who was married shortly before we set out from

Rotterdam. Most of the emigrants were from the Province of Zeeland and represented the families of Kotvis, De Pree, Moerdyk, Klyn and others. Concerning this company the Reverend J. Van der Meulen wrote many years later in *De Hope*—"No other ship of emigrants sailed which had so many future ministers of the Gospel as this ship, the Leyla." One of them was already in the ministry and seven of those who crossed over served the Gospel later on.

On the thirty-seventh day of the long voyage toward evening a sailor cried from the top mast, "land, land." Everyone looked out, but we could not see it. However, we lay down to sleep in hope that the voyage would soon be over and the following morning we were sailing along the coasts of Long Island. At ten o'clock the invalid wife of the Dominie was placed in an easy chair, through the kindness of the captain, and carried on deck. Our eyes were refreshed to see a beautiful coast with trees and grass and beautiful homes. It seemed almost that we were on the borders of Paradise. On the suggestion of the doctor, the invalid and mother, who was caring for her, remained on deck for the rest of the voyage. This was also to avoid quarantine, so that she herself might give evidence that she was able to land and was not seriously ill. All other passengers were examined and a bill of health given to our ship. We entered the great seaport of America and landed at the Battery. One of the passengers was required to answer the question whether we carried weapons or dutiable goods. As far as I could remember, all of us could answer in the negative and none of our baggage was examined. It was a strange sensation to leave the ship after thirty-eight days and actually be on *terra firma*. Our boxes and baggage were brought on shore, and there we stood, a group of emigrants surrounded by a miscellaneous collection of personal possessions, resembling a company of Franciscan monks. Pilgrims and strangers, we scarcely knew what to do, but kept saying to each other "this is a great country; now we are in America."

IV LIFE HISTORY

Dominie Klyn, Mr. Lankester and Mr. Kotvis had the address of a Mr. d'Ooge who had opened an office to help emigrants on their way. A servant of Mr. d'Ooge's came to the ship to welcome us even before we had landed. A carriage was hired in which Dominie Klyn, the *juffrouw*,¹ Mother and Mr. Kotvis and Mr. Lankester were taken to Mr. d'Ooge's home.

I was left on board ship to guard our goods; these were being unloaded and I had to look after them so that they would not be confused with those of the Germans. Their goods were destined for Pennsylvania, ours for Michigan. The unloading and the placing went forward in so orderly a fashion that there seemed no need of my keeping watch.

In Rotterdam I had bought a little English hymn book at "the old book market." I had started reading these hymns in order to learn the language. As far as I could make out they were more evangelical and expressive of devotion than the evangelical hymns which were in use at that time in the churches of the Netherlands. However my feelings in the matter were doubtless based more on preference than on knowledge.

While I was sitting on a chest reading this book a woman glanced over my shoulder and doubtless thought the book was a Roman Catholic litany. From her rapid and earnest conversation I gathered that she was praising the book and the reader. I asked her as well as I could if she knew and loved the Lord Jesus. Vigorously she threw open her cloak and showed me a fairly large crucifix hanging on a chain. I had seen these crosses worn in Maastricht at least a thousand times. Now I recognized the church to which the woman belonged as well as her religion. I told her that we

¹Colloquial Dutch for the wife of a pastor.

must have Christ in our hearts and not only on the outside. At that she smote her breast with satisfaction. Again I said that our heart must be made new,—that Christ must be in our heart, not only on the outside. The woman now understood to what church I belonged for her only answer was “Protestant,” and she turned away from me as quickly as if I had chased her away. This was my first sermon in America.

The committee aforementioned had made an arrangement that we be carried with our baggage to Albany on a river boat and from there to Buffalo on a canal boat, for seven or eight dollars per adult. (This amount is my guess; it was not recorded). Moreover Mr. d'Ooge's clerk, Mr. Hofma, who had formerly served as a member of Dominie Klyn's consistory in Netherlands, would travel with us as adviser and interpreter. That afternoon I also went to Mr. d'Ooge's home. There, for the first time, I saw a large map of the United States with all the states, rivers and places marked on it,—among them the forests in western Michigan where our former pastor Dominie van der Meulen lived with his people and other Hollanders. Indeed it made us feel proud to become citizens of such a land!

On the map they pointed out the way that we must travel, up the Hudson river by steamboat, along the canal to Buffalo, and then the journey through the lakes to Detroit or Milwaukee. The fare for this long journey seemed so little that we all rejoiced. On the way across, the more I had thought of the coming journey over land and the possible mishaps, the more I had valued the few dollars left us as our little capital with which to make a beginning in a strange land. The contract was closed and the sum paid by the representatives, Lankester and Kotvis. Concerning the unloading which I had been left to look after, Mr. d'Ooge said we did not have to trouble ourselves as the men could do that better than we could. This was indeed so.

It was now time for the boat so we rode to the dock. Our fellow passengers were already there waiting for the arrival of Lankester and Kotvis. We got on the boat, Mr.

Hofma with us. A large open space on an almost entirely enclosed deck was assigned us. They gave us to understand that we must spend the night there. Hofma disappeared from sight and we could find him nowhere. We all ate supper; there was bread, cheese and smoked-beef enough for all, and I managed to buy a cup of tea for the juffrouw with the help of a kitchen boy, after much asking, running about and waiting. In a place which we thought most suitable Mr. Braam and I made a sort of bedstead out of chests, and a bed out of coats and shawls. The juffrouw was helped to bed by Mother and other women but she could not lie down. The excitement of the day made her ready to collapse.

Once again some-one called a doctor. He asked us if we hadn't money enough to secure a bed for the sick woman. That was not lacking, so a double berth was engaged and paid for. Now we all thought that the dominie would go to bed with the juffrouw. I went along with the dominie to do the interpreting and Mother went along to help the juffrouw. A young man showed us the salon and a lady opened the door and motioned us to go in. The dominie wanted to go along into the stateroom but was refused admission and no explanation of the matter could be secured. The juffrouw did not dare to sleep alone and was trembling with weakness. "For two persons," said the maid-servant who was helping the juffrouw on one side while Mother was on the other,—and the door was locked. We, Dominie and I, remained standing in front of the door thinking that Mother would come out and the dominie could go in. But soon we were called away and showed to our former place. So Mother spent her first night in America in a very fine room. The dominie was displeased. At that time the sleeping quarters of men and women were apart whether or not they were married.

Each sought and found, somewhere, a place to lie down. I was tired and slept restfully between two oak-chests, my first night in America; and though the dominie was somewhat displeased, I rejoiced that Mother could sleep in such fine state.

The next morning the men and young people awakened early, at break of day. They went out on deck while the mothers dressed the children. Out on deck we marveled at the beautiful country. We came from a fruitful land yet it is flat as a sheet of water. Except for the sand-dunes at the sea-side most of us had never seen a hill. Was this the land where we were to live? For the first few weeks the emigrant is only a stranger and a sojourner; it takes some time to feel at home in a strange land. How much farther must we journey? When would we reach Albany? These questions could be answered only by our guide, Hofma. Kotvis sent me to find him but he was nowhere to be found.

When we had almost reached Albany Mr. Hofma come to ask politely how Dominie Klyn had slept and why he had not gone to the salon for men. Kotvis administered a polite and friendly reproof and asked the reason why he had disappeared just when we so needed his services. The reason he gave was so mysterious that no one understood him and brother Hofma seemed confused.

At the appointed time we reached Albany. Chests and barrels and trunks were set out on the wharf. Everyone looked after his own belongings. Kotvis ordered a couple of young men to set his things apart and so did the others. Soon a number of workmen approached who piled up all the baggage without any regard for name or order, but mixed them all together on a large platform scale in order to weigh them. Mr. Hofma was sought and called but not found. I had to ask the reason for the weighing of our goods; it was already paid for, but if we must pay more (which we had never dreamed of) why could not the baggage of each family be weighed separately? I could hardly make them understand this although they seemed to grasp my meaning. The officials, however, had no care for family divisions but concerned themselves only with the sum to be collected for the whole lot.

Four or five of us rushed angrily back to the boat to find Mr. Hofma. He was running around and excused himself by reason of his being interested in the activities on the

river. He had not thought that the weighing was to be done so soon. The canal boat would not leave before evening. In spite of these excuses we made him come along with us to the scales. There he became interpreter for the officials and told us how much must be paid for the whole amount which could *easily* be arranged between us. Mr. Kotvis said that this charge was not in the agreement with Mr. d'Ooge. Hofma answered that that was a misunderstanding; for the small sum paid Mr. d'Ooge no one could expect to travel with his goods for a distance of 300 miles. This was undoubtedly true, but the arrangements at the office had been such that the committee had understood that everything was paid for as far as Buffalo.

Some angry words were spoken at this turn of affairs. Mr. Hofma looked at his watch. We heard the steam-whistle on the boat bound for New York. "I must go," exclaimed Hofma. "God be with you, my dear brother Klyn," and so he left us.

I was sent after him to ask when he would come back to interpret for us and to lead us farther. His answer was "Brother, I knew that you had misunderstood that the fare was the full sum for the trip to Buffalo; no one could travel so far for such a small sum; but I'm not going along to Buffalo. You misunderstood that too, although I had no right to say it; I am only a servant of d'Ooge's and now I must go back immediately to New York. I must go. Farewell, brother!" With these words he stepped on the boat. Dominie Klyn stood looking after his friend in astonishment; the day before he had greeted him on the street with kisses and with tears.

In the afternoon we were taken over to the canal boat. The baggage and chests were stowed away in the hold; the men sat on top, the women sought a place below between the baggage. Again we made a sort of bedstead for the juffrouw, between the chests. There she spent the night groaning, all the way to Troy, and then declared that she couldn't live any longer if she had to travel further in that fashion.

Meanwhile Lankester had decided to travel by train as far as Buffalo. He tried to persuade Dominie Klyn to do the same but though the dominie generally had an inclination to help his feeble wife he didn't feel that he could stand the extra expense of taking us both along as the canal fare was already paid. If we had traveled with Lankester to Buffalo, as Mother and I really wished to do, we should not have seen Rochester, and our history would possibly have taken another turn.

Dominie Klyn had the next best sleeping place that night. About twenty-five persons were aboard the canal boat. The old people and the children first found a place below; the little ones crept between the chests and the older ones lay on top. There were thirteen adults left standing on the deck, when all the places were taken. We were still at Albany when it grew dark. Before the boat left shore the captain motioned to us to lie down. There were two groups: seven young men and six young women, among them Mother. The captain himself secured two sailcloths and spread them over us. We all slept well.

The following morning we reached Troy, seven miles from Albany. The boat lay at dock so there seemed no need for haste. Mr. de Naaye also was on board. He had heard the juffrouw groaning and said, "This won't do! If no other arrangement can be made I will go back to Albany and take the train as Lankester did yesterday. By now he must be in Buffalo." Dominie Klyn could not be persuaded to adopt this plan. I had to go to the captain to tell him about the weak state of the juffrouw and to ask his advice. The friendly man said that his boat was not made for passengers, only for freight, but that perhaps we could hire a cabin suited for eight or ten persons at a moderate price. However we had to make haste. The captain himself went to see about it. A bargain was made and we were transferred to a boat which came alongside.

There was a double cabin on the upper deck. On both sides were two double beds one above the other,—eight beds in all,—just as many as there were in the party. An arm-

chair was brought in for the juffrouw; the rest of us had camp stools, while the two boys sat on little boxes. We were a party of eight; de Naaye and his wife, the Dominie and the juffrouw, and their two sons, besides Mother and myself.

The juffrouw grew stronger from sheer happiness. The following day when the boat stopped at a village the Dominie noticed a bakery; after being assured that the boat would remain for a half hour I went out to buy some fresh bread and cakes. The dominie gave me a ten guilder gold piece; the captain changed it for four dollars, and from this fund I had to buy daily whatever Mother thought suitable for the juffrouw, if it was approved by her.

This journey through the beautiful Mohawk valley, during which the juffrouw often sat out on the deck in her arm-chair, gave us fresh hope and promoted the health of this really tender and godly woman. From a tree along the way I cut off a branch with twigs which I made into a frame for a fan. Mother covered it with cloth and the present was accepted as if it were a princely gift.

Thus we traveled by canal boat to Buffalo; from that point our journey would lie by way of the lakes to Michigan. Letters written by earlier emigrants to that locality, some of which had been read in church, gave us the impression that the western part of Michigan was like another Canaan: a land full of pious people and so far in the western part of the world that evil had not yet penetrated there; while Graafschap, where Dominie Klyn had been called and where the dominie knew several good people, was to be the end of our journey and the hope of our longing hearts. Yet God had destined another dwelling place for us. We did not know it. At present we were journeying to Rochester. Five years later we reached the colony and twenty-seven years later we went to Graafschap.

We stopped at Rochester just after noon. Several men were standing about watching the unhitching of the tired horses. Our dock was in front of a canal-hotel and the town lay before us. Dominie Klyn said: "In this town lives Mr. Wykhuisen, but where can we find him?" A man who

was standing at the side of the canal said, "I can tell you that. Are you Dominie Klyn? Mr. Wykhuisen said that Dominie Klyn was going west with some of his church people and that they would have to travel this way." At that the dominie made himself known to the man and he showed us the neighborhood in which Mr. Wykhuisen's house was located.

When we learned that the boat would stay at dock for a short hour more, we went to visit Mr. Wykhuisen. His only word of advice was that we should not go west but remain in Rochester. We could go there later if we so desired.

Some obscure influence made us decide, in that short time, to change our plans for the future. Our aim had been this: shut off from the restless world, in the woods of Michigan to help in the upbuilding of a colony where the kingdom of God was valued above the affairs of the world, and where there was a livelihood to be won by honest labor. That was the expressed aim of the first leaders of the emigration; that was the original plan, and now we were to live in a *city!*

We hastened back to the boat to take leave of the very much astonished juffrouw and to tell the captain of our plan and to ask him if the two chests with our goods could not be sent back from Buffalo to Rochester. With only a little bundle in our hands we stepped off the boat. The boat receded toward the west and we turned back to the home of Mr. Wykhuisen scarcely knowing *why* and, still less, *to what end* we had so suddenly changed our original plan. God alone knew both.

If I remember correctly it was the 18th day of August, 1849, when we went to the home of Wykhuisen. That was the beginning of our residence in America. We had landed in New York about a week earlier. We remained with the Wykhuisens until Monday, the 24th day of September. The day before that we were married "in church" by Rev. A. B. Veenhuizen; this church was a hired room on Hen Street, a by-street of State Street, and was often used for public meetings. It seated an audience of about two hundred or

more. On Sundays it was rented for the purpose of Dutch services by Dominie Veenhuizen. That was why the building was named "Our Church" by the Hollanders.

For many days after our decision to stay in Rochester we were not at peace with ourselves. We had abandoned a plan which had slowly come to a head through many months of prayerful preparation, and, as we believed, with God's approval and the knowledge of the whole company of travelers, so that when Dominie Klyn would reach the rest of the company at Buffalo it would be considered a break in the family, as we were numbered with them. Then how could we explain to our families in the Netherlands that we had followed Providence and not our own whim? We both felt this way, yet dared not tell each other our misgivings. Moreover we were at the home of acquaintances but we did not feel at home with them. That was the reason for our haste to be married and our desire for a home of our own. Yet it was only a beginning of a home, for our means for this venture were very slim.

There was one more trial in store. In the Netherlands I had ordered our village carpenter to make two chests, one for each of us. All our clothes, books and papers besides a good bed and bedding together with a few little household articles were packed in them. Now these chests were on their way with the others from Albany to Buffalo, without further address. We dared not tell each other how we feared they had been lost. The captain of the boat on which we had taken passage had indeed promised to look after them, but rash prophets in Rochester said, "They will go to Michigan and the people there are far too poor to send them back." If ever we prayed in earnest for worldly goods, it was then.

We had thought that our journey from the Netherlands would lead to the Colony in America, a name which, in the Netherlands at that time, was in the same class as the honored Brotherhood of the Moravians. The leaders of our company of emigrants, such as Kotvis and others, had no other conception and spoke of nothing else. In an earnest

discussion on the way over, about the aim of "The Emigration Movement under the Afscheiden Church" (in truth they had opened the door of emigration for the Hollanders and ten thousand had gone in) Kotvis said: "The time has come when the faithful of God's people must dwell in the waste places of the earth;" and at still another time; "If any desire to amass worldly goods or strive for pleasure, God will bring to naught all the plans of men."

In Rochester we were not in a Brotherhood; the great majority of the people were not acquainted with prayer-life. The church people were mostly members from the State Church and the barren-church corner of Zeeuwsch Vlaanderen, so many did not know the teachings of the gospel. We felt as if we were outside of our sphere, in the church as well as in the home of Mr. Wykhuisen.

After three weeks' waiting, we learned that God had given us back the two chests, our entire worldly store, (for we thought we saw God's hand in it) and *that is why we have kept these chests so many years*. When the goods were again in our hands we said that it was time for us to be married although we were advised against it as we had anticipated. People said, "How can you keep house without household goods?" and "For three months in winter there is no work obtainable except some wood to be cut and split."

These reasons had made us hesitate before but now led to a legitimate though unusual procedure. Friday, the 14th day of September, the consistory of the church was to meet. Our certificates had not arrived although Dominie Klyn had promised to send them. I went to the consistory meeting and told them how our plans had been changed, that we were yet strangers here, and asked if they would think us rash and improvident if we would marry at this time.

Dominie Veenhuizen asked one of the elders present to answer my question. This brother said, "We learned the conditions of your change of plan some time ago, and know what is your purpose. Now it's best for you that the dominie announce your intended marriage day after tomorrow, and the following Sunday he can marry you."

And that is what happened. On the 23rd day of September, 1849, we were united in marriage. The following Monday we went to our own hired dwelling, an upstairs back-room in the home of Mr. Eichhorn, a tailor on Goodman street. There we unpacked our two chests and were more thankful over the returned property than we had ever been before. We had to pay five dollars for storage and transportation.

Now we began to keep house. We set up one of the chests which was to serve as a clothes-press in a convenient corner of the little room, four feet from the wall. Between the chest and the wall our bed was spread on the floor. Our books were sorted and arranged in four low piles, and on these the other chest was set to serve as a table. The following day we bought a small, new stove, some kitchen utensils, three chairs, a wash-tub and a lamp, and with the cups, plates and dishes brought along from Netherlands we could keep house nicely.

Mother knew how to do that very economically. We had work and wages the whole winter long. We bought what need required and still had something to put away for future use, for there might be a time in midwinter when there would be no work, as the prophets of doom had warned us. Mother had her heart set on a house-clock. The 4th of March we bought one for four dollars. This was considered an unwarranted extravagance by our thrifty neighbors. Almost all the Hollanders had clocks of this kind but they cost only two dollars, and since ours was a little more fancy it was considered a mark of pride by the neighbors. I do not write this for public perusal. The criticism hurt us more than you can now understand.

Yet Mother came to feel at home in Rochester, and why not? There she became the mother of the first four of our dear children, and that makes any place a home for a mother. I began to feel at home, too, in city and later in church work, but never without blaming myself for changing our plans, although I still believed they met God's approval.

I did tailor's work until early in the spring of 1851; then

I began to work for a Dutch painter, and later for Mr. Lesley who had me work with his English paper-hanger as his assistant. Very soon I became efficient enough to do it alone, and after that paper-hanging and inside work became my sole occupation for I always disliked climbing up on high ladders. The last two years that I worked for Mr. Lesley he did not have a foreman. In the winter of 1853-54 his foreman had been the means of his losing a profitable job at the Round House, repair place of the railway company.

During the owner's absence from the office in his shop he always left someone to take orders for work. This job was given to me. I always had the keys of the shop with me. I had to open the shop in the morning and close it in the evening. Most of the time my work was in the shop where there was nothing locked from me, except my employer's small office.⁵

The church at Rochester belonged to the Presbyterian denomination. Her history had led to this. Just as in Albany, the emigrants of 1846-48 had remained here instead of moving farther west. Some years earlier, emigrants from Zeeuwsch-Vlaanderen had settled in western New York state and had become prosperous. These were the first of

⁵ Early in January 1851, my father became an American citizen.

The following is the text of the naturalization paper given him when he took the oath of allegiance. It is interesting to note that the clerk of the court thought that Ceylon was a province of the Netherlands or that he wrote Ceylon instead of Zeeland:

STATE OF NEW YORK }
 Monroe County } SS:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That Adrian Zwemer lately of Middleburgh in the province of Ceylon [sic] in the Kingdom of the Netherlands, an alien appeared in Monroe County Court, held at the Court House in the City of Rochester, in said County, on the Eleventh day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one (the said Court being a Court of Record, having common law jurisdiction, and a Clerk and Seal,) and declared, ON OATH, in Open Court, that it was bona fide his intention to become a CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, and to renounce for ever all allegiance and fidelity to any Foreign Prince, Power, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Sovereign of the State of which he is a natural-born subject or Citizen.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my Hand, and affixed the Seal of Monroe County Court, this Eleventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

JOHN T. LACEY CLERK

the Holland folk who went now to one, then to another eastern state until they had reached quite a considerable number. Dominie Cheesman of the Presbyterian Church in Rochester could speak Dutch and he began work among the Hollanders. Accordingly they were organized into a church belonging to the Presbyterian fellowship in Rochester. The exact date is not known to me. This dominie cared for the little flock and advised them to speedily call a minister. Their first minister was Reverend A. B. Veenhuizen who had been in that position for about a year or longer when we arrived.

After a couple of months' residence in Rochester our letters of church membership arrived and these we laid before the consistory. Our two oldest children are Presbyterians by birth and baptism.

Early in the spring of 1851 Dominie Veenhuizen moved to Pultneyville. In 1851 a division occurred over the unconstitutional expulsion of a quarrelsome elder which led to trouble. Some assented to the action; others deemed the way in which he had been expelled had not been according to church regulations. These last named were dropped from membership without any trial. Rev. A. K. Kasse informed this group of the existence of the Reformed Church in the East and in the state of New York and they decided to apply for admission to the Classis of Geneva. The classis sent us Mr. Whitbeck who could speak Dutch, together with Rev. A. K. Kasse of Williamsburg who, with the Hollanders then resident there, belonged to this classis.

Dominie Whitbeck asked particularly about the doctrine of the State Church of Holland, and wished to have one of us write an exposition of the doctrine of Election. Mr. de Jong and Mr. van Doren insisted that I should write it. I told Rev. Whitbeck that we, who did not belong to the State Church of Netherlands, heartily believed and acknowledged the doctrine just as it was found in the Formula of the Confession, and that we could not express it in better language than that form which was in the aforementioned confession.

He kept insisting however, until finally I wrote it all out, under his eyes. It was read aloud and recognized by Dominie Kasse, by de Jong and by van Doorn as the expression of our belief concerning this doctrine. Rev. Whitbeck translated my writing into English and read it for us in order to find out if that were exactly the meaning. A month later Dominie Whitbeck came to visit us again and we were organized into a church.

In the fall of 1852, after Dominie Veenhuizen had left, the consistory of the Presbyterian Dutch Church came to make a proposition to join us. In January of 1853, after some objection from those who had no desire for the meddling of the ministers of the western colony with our church affairs, I was permitted at last to ask Dominie van der Meulen of Zeeland, Michigan, to come to visit us in order to lead the Holland people in Rochester in this aforementioned union.

He came, preached for three Sundays, and wisely and dutifully corrected, admonished and encouraged us. He did not aim to make a new organization but to mend the breaks and strengthen the walls. The grateful church gave Dominie van der Meulen a new suit of clothes and a collection, which was not counted, but was a considerable sum. To the church at Zeeland was sent, from private contributions, a silver-plated communion set in recognition of the service to which they had lent their minister. The suit of clothes was also bought from private contributions, and his traveling expenses were paid besides.

By this time Rochester had quite a large congregation belonging to the Eastern branch of the Dutch Reformed Church. I had previously been made an elder and remained so, just as all others kept their places in the consistory. I was asked to give notification of these affairs in a letter to the Presbytery of Rochester.

Dominie van der Meulen had said at the time of the organization that "Zwemer must teach the catechism class for adults." I taught all the catechism classes as long as we lived there. I also conducted burial services, and was almost

always one of the two delegates to the Classis of Geneva so becoming familiar with the affairs of the Dutch Reformed Church and with the ministers of our Holland Church and its consistory.

In June of 1854 Dominie van Raalte and Dominie van der Meulen reached Rochester on their way home from General Synod. Dominie van der Meulen went on, but Dominie van Raalte remained for a few days in Rochester. He was lodged at Elder de Jong's home. One day he came to our house and said that I should write to the Rev. George J. van Nest, our Stated Clerk. To the question why I should write his answer was, "About your going to New Brunswick to study for the ministry." He asked me further what I thought about the plan. A long conversation followed and, after prayer, he departed.

A week later Dominie van Nest came to our home and advised me to go as a delegate of our church to a special gathering of the classis of Buffalo which was to be held in the middle of July. At that time he hoped to obtain a quorum of Dutch-speaking ministers and elders in order to receive Dominie Wust from the "Church under the Cross" in the Netherlands, and if everything were satisfactory to install him. The Classis could then examine me at the same time, in accordance with the rules of the Synod, for the purpose of recommending me for aid in my studies. He thought that the Classis could easily find the means for this.

Dominie Wust was received as a minister from the "Church under the Cross" in the Netherlands. The Classis voted unanimously for my recommendation.

Thus matters stood until the fall Session when there was much discussion about means, but no other decision made than that they should inquire from the churches whether they were willing to aid me with \$300 a year during my period of study. The following spring the matter would be concluded. Dominie van Nest wrote me: "Be sure to come; your presence will help matters for us, for there may be some difficulty."

I was appointed delegate together with Elder de Jong.

He told me on the day before the meeting that he was not going. I started out alone. When I reached his house he called me in; he was going along after all; he had still to dress. For that reason we were late and had to wait for the afternoon train. We could still make connection with the boat and be at Watkins overnight. From there an early morning train ride of 16 miles would take us to Ithaca where the Classis was meeting. A heavy thunderstorm and driving rain held us up on the way and we had to wait over in a hotel for a couple of hours.

It was twelve o'clock when we reached the church. The president, seeing us come in, said, "Here are our Dutch brethren; we will now have recess until two o'clock." A motion was made to read the minutes and adjourn the classis.

In the afternoon the classis named a committee, with Rev. van Nest as chairman, to acquaint me with the decision of the morning. This was that the classis cherished all good hopes and wishes for me, yet they had never done this before and could not consent to lay a burden of about \$300 on the churches. Mr. van Nest was very much disappointed over this decision of the classis and had fought it but could not win his way. If he had been able to do so the decision would have been more favorable. The president asked how I felt about this decision; my answer was: "I have prayed, but never sought to go into the ministry in any other way than through the door which God would open to me." The president gave his approval of this answer and with good wishes and friendly words he declared, "This affair has now been disposed of."

The disappointment was keen. All the Hollanders in Rochester knew of the matter and considered my going to study as a certainty. Mother felt very badly about it; talkative people came to gossip with her, and this almost caused her alienation from the city and from the house, our house, where she had felt so much at home. All that I could say was, "Wait on God." On the dunes of Walcheren's shores had been my place of withdrawal and wrestling in

prayer. That I might be led into the ministry, in the footsteps of Dominie van der Meulen, was the constant burden of that prayer.

While I was still living with my brother I held a weekly catechism class with his children. The struggle in my heart over this matter was very pressing at the time. One day when I had asked Borstius' question "How old was Jesus when he began to preach?" the answer came: "thirty years." Then it seemed as if a voice in my heart said, "And you must wait as long."

On my way home after the class that first Friday evening after my return my thoughts were led in this direction: "Tomorrow is your thirtieth birthday and you have begun to preach." Some time later I told this to Mother and her sensible answer was, "We can't count on wandering thoughts." Yet it left some impression on her. In the Netherlands she had known, before I did, about the Classis of Zeeland recommending me for study. She had told me of the plan at the time as a reason for staying in the Netherlands, and now I told her of my first class. For that reason my thirtieth birthday made a great impression on her although she appeared not to make much of it. I continued holding the catechism classes and serving as elder in Rochester until we moved to Holland, Michigan. Dominie van Vleck was superintendent of the Sunday School there and he gave me one of the student classes to teach.

The next fall our church was not represented at Classis. The reason I do not recall, but I am sure it was not on account of the Classis' refusal to support me. Some weeks later a special meeting of Classis was called to install a minister. Mr. van Nest wrote me: "Do not fail to go to this meeting of Classis as a delegate. I've received a letter from Mr. van Raalte saying that they wish you as a student in the Holland Academy in Michigan; but you must have a recommendation from this classis, supported by the Board of Education."

So I attended Classis. I had no part in the service of installation but after the sermon and before the benediction

Dominie van Nest, as stated clerk of the classis, announced that as there was still a bit of business to be transacted he would present the matter now. He knew that after the benediction the people would want to welcome their minister and this would hinder the work of the classis. The matter yet to be treated was very fitting to this occasion because a brother was about to take the first step leading to the ministry. The brother was asked to rise and to bring his circumstances to the attention of the classis.

At that time I always spoke English in my daily work, so it was more familiar to me then than now, and I had no fear on that score; but I did wonder what to say about the matter before such a large churchful of people. I stood up and, after a short introduction, proceeded as follows: Speaking on this occasion and about my own affairs was somewhat of an undertaking for me. Yet it was not too difficult for I had nothing to say beyond the expression of the desire of my heart, and my part in trying to obtain this desire. In a few words I told how, formerly, in the Netherlands, a door had been half opened for me to go in, that here again there had been indications that had reawakened in me this desire, but that both in the land of my birth and here in America lack of means had closed the door. Perhaps this hope could be realized by the recommendation of classis.

Dominie van Nest said, in addition, that the desire for the ministry had indeed come from the heart, but the request for help had come from others. He read a few lines from Dominie van Raalte's letter and then made the proposition that Mr. Z. be recommended to the Holland Academy for study leading to the ministry, which recommendation from the classis should be approved by the Board of Education.

The Classis of Geneva voted a unanimous "Yes." Several members of the church had voted with them. The newly installed minister noticed this and said, "As the minister of this church and also as a member of the classis I ask for the approval of my church as well in regard to this brother." The church again rang with "Yes." Then the people welcomed their pastor and led him to the parsonage. I went to

my lodging to rest and to sleep. The next day I journeyed home. Now I had the recommendation of the classis.

I went back to my daily work in the shop; the Board had yet to give me permission to be received in Holland, Michigan. So again we were bothered by questioners whom we could not answer. I wrote to Dominie van Raalte about the action of Classis, but the recommendation would be of no use as long as the Board did not lend its promise of support. Of that there was no sign nor notice. "Patience maketh perfect," says James.

Early in November, 1855, the General Synod met at New York to decide; "Whether the Classis of North Carolina, with nine churches, all of them slave-holding, could remain in the fellowship of our church in that condition." Dominie van Nest and Dominie See of Buffalo were going to attend. Dominie van Nest wrote me: "Get ready to go to New Brunswick and back. The professors there are ready to see you, and if everything is favorable will give you a recommendation to the Board of Education. Should this be obtained you must go as soon as possible with your family to Holland, Michigan, and once there Dominie van Raalte will tell you what to do further. Take the 9 o'clock morning train (I've forgotten the date) to New York City; you will find Mr. See of Buffalo on board, and I will board the train at Geneva. Then we can talk matters over together."

These plans all worked out as suggested. From New York City I traveled on to New Brunswick, and was announced to one of the Professors by a janitor. Dominie van Vranken and three other Professors spoke to me and asked the reason for my having waited so long with my studies. The reason lay in the act of Providence which had not opened the way earlier. Their decision was to recommend me for help although they did not know whether the Board could do this for the school in Michigan.

Dominie van Vranken asked me to stay for dinner and to talk Dutch with him. This dinner and conversation made me feel like Paul: "I took courage." They gave me a recom-

mentation to Dr. Hutton, Secretary of the Board of Education.

Late in the evening I reached New York. I knew the address of the church where the Synod was meeting and asked the way from a policeman. I found the church on 23rd Street and went in. The church was more than full; how could I find Dominie van Nest? He promised to take me with him to his lodging. I climbed to the gallery and as quietly as possible walked to the end above the pulpit. From that point I looked over pew after pew, and found Dominie van Nest in the thirteenth pew from the back. Quietly I went downstairs and in a pause between the speakers I took my place beside him.

That night I stayed with him in his lodgings. The following morning Dominie van Nest went with me to Dr. Hutton and the help of the Board was promised to the amount of \$150. The decision of the professors at New Brunswick was that I should study for four years at Holland, Michigan, and then, with a dispensation from the Synod, study theology for three years at New Brunswick.

Then I went home. There I found a letter from Dominie van Raalte saying that I must make haste to come. When I told Mother about the recommendation from the Board she said, "Now God has opened the way and we must make haste to go."

And we did make haste. We sold what we thought was not necessary and packed the rest. Our journey was prosperous, although Mother had not been well for some time. Some weeks later when we had to go to Dr. March for advice he said that Mother had become anaemic, and talkative women told us that the doctor meant that she had consumption. Sometimes Mother would say, "I'll never hear you preach." My overwhelmed heart often spoke more to me than my lips. Yet we could not but believe: "God has spoken in his holiness and he will not forget his promises." We reached Holland late in the evening. The driver who took us from Allegan to Holland did not know where Dominie van

Raalte's home was so we had him take us to the only hotel in the town where we might spend the night.

I went directly to look up Dominie van Raalte who gave me a letter of introduction to Labots, who was working in Plugger's store. When I reached the store Deacon Te Roller was also there and we were taken to the home of Mr. Kroes. They were holding an evening meeting there and were about to close with prayer. Brother Kroes asked me to do this, with the remark that we should be feeling grateful for our safe arrival after the fatiguing journey. This I did and speedily we were shown a place of rest.

As there was no house in all of Holland for rent at that time we were cared for at the home of Mr. Kroes for three weeks. The friendship and conversation of the kind, open-hearted elder then enjoyed, is gratefully recognized and has never been forgotten. After three weeks we were lodged in a house of Mr. Jonker which was situated in the depression north of Dominie van Raalte's dwelling, on the way to Zeeland.

The very first Monday after our arrival I started school. A Latin grammar was my first book and "Parts of Speech with Accidents of the Noun" was my first lesson. There was nothing new for me in this, other than the nomenclature in the English language. Later lessons in Latin and Greek were more difficult; and though the English and Dutch language study were less strange yet they were difficult enough, too. In my younger school-days a lesson was never too hard for me, but now I had grown older and studying was more difficult. In this respect as well, I was as one born out of due season.

Our income was very small, about \$4.50 a week. Mother was often ill and our family was growing. We lived through trying days in those years of study. Mother's faith and courage were always stronger than mine.

About two years before we left Rochester we had taken an orphan child eight years old to bring up. The recompense was a pittance of 75 cents a week for his support. (This child is still living. 1899) He had come with us to Michi-

gan, but now proved to be more of a burden than a help, a matter we had not anticipated when we were in Rochester. We were advised to send the boy back. The following summer came our opportunity. Mr. Rabber came to visit the colony and on his return took the boy with him. The consistory of Rochester was advised of this step and they were satisfied with the reason we gave.

Near this house of Jonker's were ten acres of land. They had not been cultivated for a few years; they were wild as a sandy moor, and barren as only sandy soil can be, yet I wanted to plant it early in the spring. Dominie van Vleck was not in favor of this plan but Dominie van Raalte agreed to it. Neighbors in the vicinity ploughed and harrowed the land, in order to help me. Dominie van Raalte, Elder Broek and my neighbor van Putten must be thanked for this. A good piece of the land I myself planted with potatoes and corn. Van Putten sowed several acres in oats, of which he promised to purchase the produce. He advised me to sow a piece of land of about an acre and a half in buckwheat for my own use. Student Broek (now Rev. D. Broek) helped me prepare the land for the buckwheat. Buckwheat seed must be sowed with an open hand, otherwise the seed falls in streaks. The good student Broek was very willing to help me, but though he was a farmer's son and I was not familiar with farm work it was noticeable that I was more handy than he was. So I myself did the planting in the late spring.

At first everything grew well enough, but a cold, dry spring dried up the oats and it was choked with weeds. The seed corn had been bought in a store and did not come up and the second planting grew to a height of two feet and then disappeared in the weeds. Of the potatoes I obtained about twenty bushels of small, second-rate kind. The last sowing of buckwheat grew very fast in the late summer season which was warm and damp. At the time of blossoming it was luxuriant. People on the way to church would look over the field and say that this would make a good crop for the poor student. In August came heavy frosts, and the blooming plants blackened and were laid low.

Our hearts were troubled and we asked: "Why does all this happen?" Dominie van der Meulen said, "A student must not, and can not do farming. He must get his support in some other way."

In Rochester we had never been dependent on any one but ourselves; moreover we had our own house and garden and could do something for the poor besides. Truly in our case, too, "Straight was the gate and narrow was the way" for us to enter the ministry.

Late in the fall of 1856 we could rent a house from Mr. Nagelkerk. We lived there through the bitter winter that followed. Mother remained sickly. In January, 1857, the cold was especially bitter and Mother was very ill. Day by day I had to go out into the nearest woods to get the firewood with my ax. I found blocks of dead wood from trees that had fallen, as heavy as I could carry on my back, and these I took home and chopped into small pieces.

On a certain Saturday I thought I had enough on hand to last until Monday. That Sunday was unusually cold and although I stoked the fire carefully, by nine o'clock in the evening the last stick of firewood had been burnt up. It was bed-time, however; a howling storm had set in. At midnight Mother's neuralgia in her head had become so painful that light and fire had to be made. I lighted the lamp; the thermometer registered four degrees below zero in the room. I went out to fetch some wood; Mother thought there was some in the back shed, but I knew better. I took the ax and went out to where the Park now is. I knew that there lay one or more condemned fence poles but I didn't know exactly where they were. The snow lay a foot deep and all about was the howling storm.

I trailed the sharp end of the ax along the ground and ploughed through the snow. God knew how I felt and what my heart was saying. I had hardly gone twenty steps backwards and forwards when the ax stuck fast. A block of wood lay half buried in the ground and frozen fast. I struck at it, hacked it and pounded it with the ax now on one end, then on the other. It seemed to move; I bent down, seized

it and it came loose. I threw the pole over my shoulder and thought of the words: "He shall give his angels charge over thee." And so I carried the load of wood home through the blinding snow-storm.

Then I took out the lantern, split the wood, chopped some kindling, made a fire and went in to Mother. She was sleeping, after the medicine we had given her which she used in a severe attack of the pain. Not until afterwards did she know anything of that night's adventure.

In February, 1857, Mr. Nagelkerk informed me we had to leave the house in May because he himself wanted to move in at that time. Nowhere was there a house to let. I had a plan in mind which would need the help of Dominie van Raalte. I talked it over with him and he said he would help me carry out the plan. It was this: From Dominie van Raalte I would buy a lot south of the city which was still partly wooded. I would pay for it at interest during the first five years after purchase but if I could not meet the payments the land would again be his. I would buy shingles and lumber from Mr. Plugger on these same terms and then I myself would build our house.

Dominie van Raalte agreed to this plan, but said that Mr. Plugger had need of money just then and so all his lumber would have to be paid for with cash. He referred me to Mr. Trimpe and since I was not acquainted with that wood-dealer Dominie van Raalte told me that I could say that he had sent me.

I had made a plan of a house 18 feet by 24 feet, with a lean-to at the back, and had reckoned out the amount of lumber needed. The prosperous lumberman laughed and asked if I must study as long as the house would last. He agreed to the terms on condition that he should be the first buyer if I should sell. He sold me doors and windows on the same terms with interest at five percent on the loaned capital and materials.

It was Easter vacation so Dominie van Vleck gave me two weeks additional. Between classes and by moonlight and in snowstorm I dug a cellar almost five feet deep and a

foot wider than the house was to be. When Caucus Day came all the voters had to go past our lot on the way to the school-house. It was bitterly cold and was snowing a little. Trimpe came along with others and said, "Student, this is no kind of weather for such work. You're sweating and if you get cold you'll become sick and then you won't be able to do anything."

Dominie van Raalte gave me permission to take trees out of his woods for any purpose that they might serve. I hired a man for three days to cut down small trees, split them lengthwise and help set up the cellar. Later, carpenter van Beek helped me with the roof; hanging doors and fitting of windows was done by student Pieters who was a carpenter, and sometimes the students lent a helping hand. When I was building the cellar Trimpe came past and said with a laugh, "Student, you haven't counted on spikes and locks. They will cost you a good deal." I had no idea where I should get them. "What will you do, then?" he asked. I thought that perhaps he would help me. But God made other provision.

Now came an interruption to my building. Dominie van Vleck asked me and student Brandt to come to his house. He had received a letter from the secretary of the Governor and wished to have the Proclamation of the Governor translated into the Dutch language for the many Hollanders in the state. He asked Dominie van Vleck to have this done by capable students of the Holland group; the work would be paid for. Dominie van Vleck thought that we two were most in need of earning a bit.

Mother and I were almost sorry over the interruption to the building. The next morning Dominie van Vleck brought over the English copy. It was not as long as we had expected for a state paper. In the afternoon Brandt and I sat down to work. Each translated a half and then criticized and improved each other's work where it was necessary. After one more reading and rehearsing it was ready for the copying by eleven o'clock. After a cup of tea Brandt went home. Dominie van Vleck sent it up. I had made the copy for the

printer for though Brandt wrote a free hand it was somewhat straggling and often unintelligible, and it would be a strange language for the typesetter and the printer.

I went back busily to my building. The secretary asked what were the charges. Dominie van Vleck replied that no price had been set; two poor students had done the work and he knew that the translation was a good one. Whatever the secretary thought right to pay would be satisfactory. A few days later we each received fifteen dollars. I looked upon this man as if he were God's paymaster, and Mother thought it was as if the fifteen dollars had fallen directly out of God's hand.

At last the house was far enough built to be habitable. It was very plain,—upright boards on the outside of the frame, and for the first summer these were the only covering. But there was no mortgage on it; no other note than the estimate for the lumber which exacted six percent interest.

We moved in with happy hearts without knowing for how long a stay. Already more than two years had been spent at the Holland Academy, but how little more knowledge and how much more care had been our lot since we had left our home in Rochester! Blindly we went forward. Vacation came. Our practise in New Testament Greek continued on Friday afternoons because Dominie van Vleck was also spending his vacation in Holland in connection with the building of the Holland Academy (now Van Vleck Hall).

Dominie van Vleck had given me the contract for painting the Academy. The outside of the whole building was to have three coats of paint of which the last two were to be sanded. We had to do good work, no matter how long it took. Scaffolds and ladders of the carpenters were still on the grounds. Dominie van Vleck was to provide the brushes and the pay was to be a dollar a day. I figured out that it would take about thirty days. That would mean that much more income.⁶

About the middle of May Dominie van Raalte called me

⁶ This paint was still in good condition in 1890, thirty-two years later.

to his home. When I arrived I found Rev. C. van der Meulen and Rev. P. G. Oggel already there. Dominie van der Meulen was asked to give the professors' opinion of me I couldn't help believing they would say it was a waste of time for me to study any longer, and I had nothing to reply so far as the studies were concerned. Yet, considering the way in which God had so far led me this would have been a strange and shocking action. Their plan was to ask a dispensation for my further study from General Synod which would meet next June, but because it related to me especially I had to give my consent. For a few minutes I begged to be allowed to finish my studies in the next three or four years for now I had hoped I would fare better in the future. But their advice prevailed and I agreed to their plan and returned to my work.

The upright boards which formed the exterior of our house shrank so from the summer heat that in the evenings the swarms of mosquitoes came in through the cracks until we could not sleep at night. As the cellar was roomy, dry and cool we decided to sleep there. On a Tuesday morning, as I was taking the bedding down cellar, Dominie van Vleck came in. When I told him my purpose in carrying down the bedding and our reason for sleeping in the cellar he almost wanted to forbid it; he was sure that it would make Mrs. Zwemer ill. He went down cellar. There were two little windows opposite each other to let in the light. He felt to see how dry the sand floor was, and then said, "well, go on with your plan. I hope there will soon come an end to your struggles."

He had come to bring this message: I must not go on painting the Academy that week, a thing I had already decided upon. The third coat had still to go on and I wanted the first two coats to be not only dry but hard before I put on the third. The work he now had for me was this: I must write two sermons and let him read them. He was sure they would be good, but those were his orders. The following Sunday I must preach twice at Vriesland. I could go

along with student Karsten on Saturday and he would take me to the home of one of the elders.

The two sermons were written, and read by Mrs. van Vleck. (She could read Dutch better than the Professor). After the reading she pronounced them good. For each sermon I had made a short outline, just as I always did later,—a single sheet of paper written on both sides. What I wrote thus in my younger years, I could always remember by heart.

I had to preach in the old log-school; it was more than crowded. My heart was also almost too full to speak. First I had them sing Psalm 52:7, then I followed the accustomed order of service and could speak without difficulty. That evening I returned home with two or three dollars in my pocket. (At that time this was of much more commercial value than now). It was the last Sunday in June, 1857.

On Friday, July 10, Elder Zylstra brought me a call from Vriesland church. The salary was to be \$400 plus free living, free fire-wood and the use of ten acres of land. "You did very well, and must come to preach for us again, and often," said Zylstra. My answer was that my studies took all my time and I did not have the right to make the promise unless the professor gave his consent. He said, "That's true, but circumstances can change. Here, read this letter." And he gave it to me. I read it and did not know what to say. He said, "Let the juffrouw read it, too." Mother said, "I'm no juffrouw!" but she read the letter in amazement.

"What do you think of the call?" asked Zylstra, and then went right on. "Now don't say 'No,' but pray over it together and then talk to Dominie van Raalte. Send your answer to Yntema's address or else come to see us again." When Zylstra had gone Mother and I prayed together with grateful hearts, much wondering, and peculiar feelings. I went to see Professor van Vleck who said, "I have a message from Dominie van Raalte that a few weeks ago he had word that the Synod has granted you the dispensation, and given one to Nykerk and one to de Luyster as well. You now have the right to accept the call if it seems good to you.

In such a case the professors at New Brunswick always say: "A first call must not be lightly refused but rather looked upon as a sign from God."

When I talked to Dominie van Raalte he said: "You can promise to accept the call under the provision that Classis must first approve your examination. See here! Make the promise but ask the consistory to let you study one year longer, and meanwhile provide you some support for that year. It will do both you and the church good."

I accepted this suggestion joyfully and so did the church at Vriesland. The greatest poverty of our student years was at an end and during the next year we received an income of \$8.00 a week from the church. The last two years at Rochester I had earned \$9.00 a week, but without fire-wood and free lodging. There's an end to every beginning; so, too, came an end to this agreeable year, so full of hope. Yet there are always trials awaiting us even when we live at the doors of Paradise.

The following winter Mary came down, and the other children, with an attack of whooping-cough, and in January and February there seemed no hope of her recovery. Dominie and Mrs. van Vleck came often to see her. she looked like a skeleton, she was so thin. Yet she recovered and became well and strong.

The spring of 1858 arrived. I had to prepare myself for the examinations. Dominie van der Meulen would give us the text for our trial sermon; that was the old method of examination. Dominie Nykerk was given a text about Sanctification; mine was about Justification, namely Romans 5:1. These sermons had to be preached before the regular examinations began.

Dominie van Vleck had me read John 15:1-8 in the Greek. I should have prepared myself for that. It was the first examination that had ever been held by the Holland Classis in America. The church at Zeeland was crowded. So when Dominie P. J. Oggel said that I must now read out the same words that the Apostle had used in writing, several climbed up on the benches to hear it. After the reading in

the Greek I had to translate it word for word, thus: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," etc.; the people looked at one another in amazement.

Dominie Oggel conducted the examination in theology, Dominie C. van der Meulen that in church history, and Dominie van Raalte in pastoral care. We both took the oath against simony. This last has not been customary since.

Dominie Nykerk, J. de Luyster and I had studied a year of theology with Dominie van Vleck. This was our method: At the beginning of the week of study, Friday evening, I was given the "Thesis of Dr. van Vranken" as Dominie van Vleck himself had written it in his student years in English. This I translated into Dutch. This copy was handed to Dominie Nykerk and by him to de Luyster so they could study it and write it over if they wished, and then it was returned to Dominie van Vleck. He followed this plan so that he could have a copy of all these theses in the Holland language. For that reason he furnished me with paper, all of a kind. We had to learn these theses almost by heart and then he had a sort of catechetical class every Friday evening. The examination was approved by the Classis and the time for Dominie Nykerk's and my installation appointed.

On the 16th day of April, 1858, the new church at Vriesland was crowded. Dominie van der Meulen took for his text John 10:3a: "To him the Porter openeth." The installation blessing was pronounced with the big Bible held over my head by two of the elders.

My inaugural text was 2 Cor. 5:20: "And now are we ambassadors of Christ." I spoke on the influence that had led me to the ministry and the authority of the ministry. I have never felt uneasy over that sermon, but always over that text. It was too free and bold. This, then, was my first sermon as pastor and preacher, and the sermon was spoiled by a faulty text.

We bought some more household goods for the new parsonage, because there was a large living-room and then, so many more rooms, as the children said. The parsonage was

newly built, still unpainted and unpapered. The children thought it a palace; we thought of it as a gift. Besides there were a large garden, a big pasture, prospects of having a cow, a barn full of hay in which to play, and chickens to keep which would lay many eggs. Oh, how happy the children were in Vriesland and with Vriesland! Then in 1860 we bought a stiff, old horse for forty dollars, a wagon and later a sleigh and then the joys of a country pastorate were complete.¹

Vriesland also brought its trials. In the spring of 1860 our first Nellie became ill with chronic rheumatism. Her sufferings were great but her patience was still greater, and her faith unusually firm and strong. Early in her illness she said that she would not get better but would die and go to the Lord Jesus. The previous winter she had read and re-read Guthrie's "Examples of Early Conversion in Children." She also read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Often we had to persuade her to go out doors to play, and sometimes we were disquieted by her answer, "I would rather read than play." We do not know whether or not she was already indisposed and troubled with pain. Early one morning she began to complain about the pain in her arms, her

¹ My father once had a strong desire to go to Africa as a foreign missionary. But the way was closed. Even in his first country pastorate he helped to arouse foreign missionary interest among the Dutch colonists.

It is good to recall one particular episode of those early days, for it links together the winning of the West with the winning of the world for Christ. It is the story of a ship's keel that never kissed the sea, but was left to lie and rot where it had been hewn from the forest giants. Truth is stranger than fiction. About the year 1850 the Dutch Colony on the shores of Black Lake purchased a sail-boat which they named "The Knickerbocker." It carried supplies from Chicago to Holland, Michigan. They secured an appropriation from Congress for their harbor. And then their missionary enthusiasm suggested the building of a ship to carry the Gospel beyond the seas! As early as 1851 they had resolved "to use fifteen per cent of Church money for Foreign Missions and fifty per cent for Home Missions," and this while they were also establishing a college for the training of preachers!

The London Missionary Society had its "Morning Star" carrying the good tidings in the South Seas, and the American Board also used this agency. The idea therefore of the immigrants, among whom were artisans and sailors to build a ship, was not unique. Their faith was. They planned the very route for the ship that was to carry missionaries and missionary supplies to all parts of the world. On June 24, 1864 the keel was laid with elaborate exercises. The Rev. J. V. N. Talmage of Amoy, China gave the address; my father Adrian Zwemer was the Secretary for the occasion and a special poem was read by the Rev. Philip Phelps, afterwards president of Hope College.

The ship was never built, but the foreign missionary spirit of the Michigan Colony became proverbial and sixty-five graduates of the college at Holland Michigan went over-seas as missionaries.

legs and her back. This attack of pain lasted about half an hour. The following and the third day it came again, each time a little later.

Dr. van den Berg was called in. He thought at once that she was in a serious condition. Later the attacks came at shorter intervals, even to the last day when they came every hour. Cupping, rubbing, hot baths as well as medicine were applied but she only grew worse. She was unusually patient. Many came to see her between the attacks of pain. Her knowledge of the Scriptures and the expression of her faith and hope were beyond her years. Dominie van Raalte, who had gone in to see her, said, "Thank God for such a child and such suffering. It's a testing of God's gold."

Nellie soon entered the rest she had hoped for,—to be with Jesus. This saying was for her far more than hackneyed words. The date of her death is not recorded: possibly the 15th of September, 1860. She was the second child to be taken from us. In February, 1855, the first sacrifice was demanded, our Frederick James. We were still feeling the loss keenly when we moved to Michigan. In that November we were leaving one behind on "Mount Hope," the name of the cemetery in Rochester.

The third death in the family was that of Anna Levina, "born to die," said the doctor. She was thirteen days old. Our fourth loss was that of Hendrik, our last born. He died when almost a year old, after a life of suffering, at Milwaukee, April 8, 1872.

After ten years of service in Vriesland (eleven years after my first sermon in June, 1857) came a call from South Holland, Illinois, which we accepted. When we moved the oldest of our children was almost eighteen years old, and since that time you yourselves are acquainted with the history of our family. Accordingly your historian will now cease his tale.

Mother traveled with me, as did Sara with Abraham, as we journeyed through the length and breadth of the land, from Albany in the East to Middleburg in western Iowa. The farthest journey, into western Iowa we made with ach-

ing hearts. Mother was no longer with us. I can hardly think but that she still knows our happenings. But we do not speak of what has not been revealed. Yet even if the events of our lives here on earth are not known to those above, yet the beloved name of "Mother" remains always in my thoughts, and my heart says like David, "She will not return to me, but I shall go to her."

That time is approaching; when, no one knows but God "to whom all his works are known from eternity."

With this little history, as often as you read it go the lasting good wishes of your loving father.

November, 1898.

A. ZWEMER.

V

FAMILY RECORD AND FIELDS OF LABOR

Our Children

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	PLACE OF BIRTH	DEATH
James Frederick	Sept. 1, 1850	Rochester, N. Y.	Oct. 5, 1921
Maatje	Aug. 15, 1851	Rochester, N. Y.	Aug. 19, 1928
Neeltje	Sept. 4, 1852	Rochester, N. Y.	Sept. 15, 1860
Frederick James	June 24, 1854	Rochester, N. Y.	Feb. 26, 1855
Maria Frederika	July 24, 1856	Holland, Mich.	
Frederick James	Jan. 24, 1858	Holland, Mich.	Aug. 19, 1903
Catharina Adriana	Feb. 16, 1859	Vriesland, Mich.	
Christina	Feb. 9, 1860	Vriesland, Mich.	
Adrian Peter	Jan. 31, 1861	Vriesland, Mich.	Feb. 25, 1895
Nellie	Dec. 16, 1862	Vriesland, Mich.	
Henrietta	Aug. 5, 1864	Vriesland, Mich.	
Anna Levina	Feb. 8, 1866	Vriesland, Mich.	Feb. 21, 1866
Samuel Marinus	April 12, 1867	Vriesland, Mich.	
Peter John	Sept. 2, 1868	South Holland, Ill.	Oct. 18, 1898
Hendrik Levinus	April 10, 1871	Milwaukee, Wis.	Apr. 8, 1872

Our Fields of Labor

CHURCHES	BEGINNING OF CHARGE
Vriesland, Michigan	April 16, 1858
South Holland, Illinois	May 2, 1868
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Nov. 6, 1870
Albany, New York	July 6, 1873
Graafschap, Michigan	July 3, 1876
Middleburg, Iowa	Sept. 18, 1886
Spring Lake, Michigan	Sept. 18, 1891

Moved from Spring Lake to Holland, Michigan April 26, 1898.

SERVED AS STATED CLERK

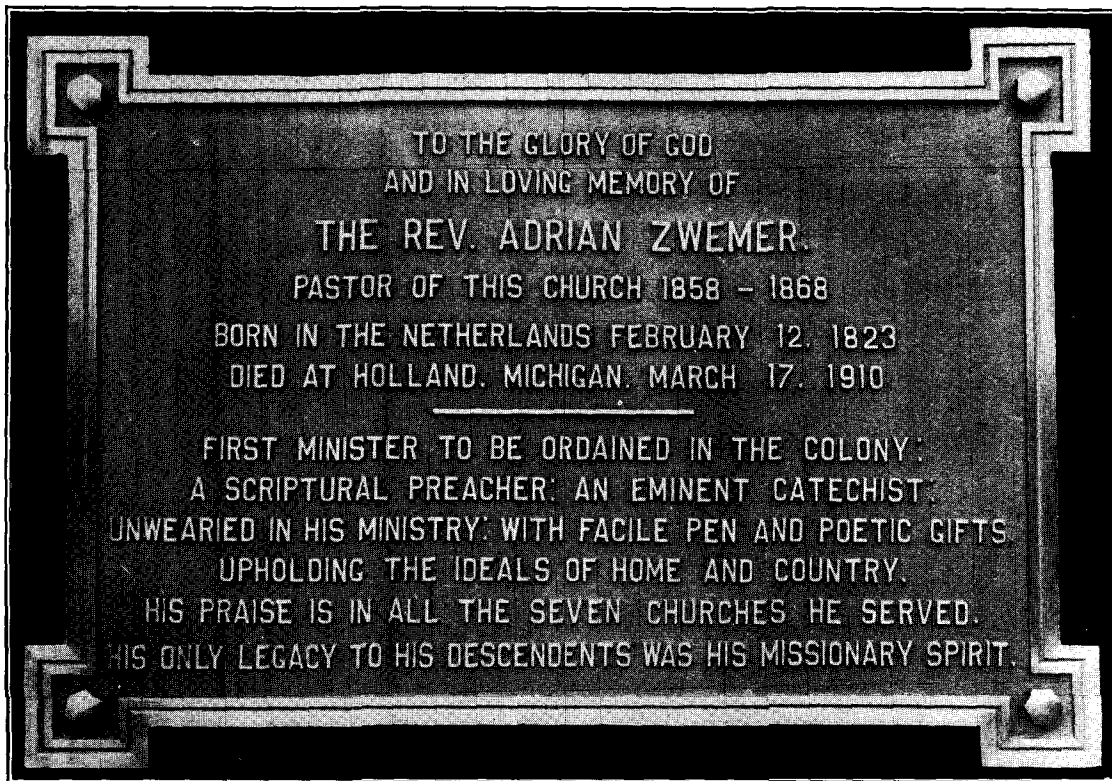
In Classis of Holland from April, 1860 to May, 1868.

In Classis of Wisconsin from Sept., 1868 to June, 1873.

In Classis of Holland from April, 1877 to March, 1882.

In Classis of Grand River from April, 1891 to April, 1894.

Delegate from the Classis of Holland and the General Synod to the Christian Reformed Church in the Netherlands, Europe, 1879.



Bronze Tablet to the Memory of Adrian Zwemer in the Reformed Church, Vriesland, Michigan

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF

THE REV. ADRIAN ZWEMER.

PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH 1858 - 1868

BORN IN THE NETHERLANDS FEBRUARY 12. 1823

DIED AT HOLLAND. MICHIGAN. MARCH 17. 1910

FIRST MINISTER TO BE ORDAINED IN THE COLONY:
A SCRIPTURAL PREACHER: AN EMINENT CATECHIST:
UNWEARIED IN HIS MINISTRY: WITH FACILE PEN AND POETIC GIFTS.
UPHOLDING THE IDEALS OF HOME AND COUNTRY.
HIS PRAISE IS IN ALL THE SEVEN CHURCHES HE SERVED.
HIS ONLY LEGACY TO HIS DESCENDENTS WAS HIS MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Aan Ds. A. Zwemer



Eerwaarde!—als zoo menigwerf geschiedde,
 (In Mozes', Barak's en Jesaja's dagen)
Toen onzes Heeren liefd'rijk oog bespiedde
 Hoe's Heeren volk een zwaren last moest dragen,
Dat hun ter hulp een dichter werd gegeven,
 —Ter hulp! om 't matte harte op te beuren;
In't duister, d' ochtends-hoop te doen herleven;
 Den vrede-boog op d' onweers-wolk te kleuren;
De ster van 't Heil-verbond te laten prijken—
 ... Zoo gaf ook God ons volk, in zijne wording,
Den zegen dat in 't woud hen mocht bereiken
 Een zanger, hun tot troost en ter aangording.

U komt, Eerwaard', in al de nageslachten
 De eere toe, dat gij, daartoe verkoren,
Het u tot plicht en voorrecht wildet achten
 Door 't lied de dapp're pelgrims aan te sporen.
In't schaduw-duister van het vorst'lijk loover,
 In't schaduw-duister van de volks-ervaring,
Hoe passend schoon voor den bedrukten slover
 Een nachtegaals gezang ter Gods-verklaring.
Het tokk'len van uw snaren deed herleven;—
 Men dacht zich zwervers, die aan 't kabb'lend water
Zich lavend, 't hoofd weêr heffen, voort weêr streven...
 O, zelfs de heug'nis laaft nog, uren later.

In zeker pelgrims-kluis, aan moeders voeten
 Ontwaard' ik blij hoe graag men 't trillen hoorde
Van uwe harp, die 't leven kon verzoeten,
 En door haar troost het hart tot danken spoorde.

't Is daarom dat, in naam der pelgrim-vaard'eren,
 Wie reeds al lang des hemels harpen streelen,
Ik thans, op 't feest, erkent'lijk poog te naad'eren
 Om in den lof der vrienden-schaar te deelen,
Een kransje rond de grijze kroon te vlechten,
 Een echo van uw eigen zang te galmen,
Een eere-teeken aan uw borst te hechten,
 Met dank aan God voor 't zoete van uw psalmen.

J. A. DE SPELDER.

✦ OTHERS WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE ✦

JAMES FREDERICK1850-1921.
MRS. JAMES ZWEMER1852-1923.
MAUD1851-1928.
FREDERICK JAMES1858-1903.
ADRIAN PETER1861-1895.
PETER JOHN1868-1898.
JOHN ADRIAN1885-1910.
RICHARD ADRIAN1894-1929.
THEODORE1894-1925.
SYE JOLDERSMA1856-1930.

“The infusion of Huguenot blood—the best in France—in a Dutch community has been poetically described by Sir Conan Doyle as a handful of the choicest seed sown to give a touch of grace and soul to the solid Teutonic stock. Again and again in the course of history, with the Normans, the Huguenots, the Emigrés, one can see the Great Hand dipping into that storehouse and sprinkling the nations with the same splendid seed.’”

—THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.



FOUR GENERATIONS
ADRIAN ZWEMER, JAMES F. ZWEMER, KATE ZWEMER NETTINGA
AND CORNELIA ZWEMER NETTINGA



JAMES FREDERICK ZWEMER

He was born at Rochester, New York on September 1, 1850, and died at Holland, Michigan, October 5, 1921. He was graduated from Hope College, 1870 and the Western Theological Seminary, 1873; was pastor in various charges, 1873-1886; financial agent of the Western Educational Institutions, 1886-1888; Principal, Northwestern Academy, 1890-1898; Pastor of the Seventh Church of Grand Rapids, 1898-1900; Financial agent, Professor and President of Western Theological Seminary, 1900-1921, and Editor of "The Leader" and "De Hope" for many years.

The following tribute was written by a life-long friend and colleague, the Reverend E. J. Blekkink, D. D.:

"For more than a score of years Reverend James F. Zwemer, D. D. was the best known man in the Western section of the Reformed Church, the Synods of Chicago and Iowa, and we are inclined to believe that he was this in the denomination. Through his annual attendance at General Synod for many years, now on account of an important committee of which he was a member, then as a delegate of the Western Seminary, again as a representative of the Church papers, all the ministers knew him personally, as also many of the elders in our influential churches, both East and West.

"Men were fond of him on account of his congenial spirit, conversational powers, and the new plans for the Lord's work which he had thought out and was ready to present. He preferred to advocate them before committees, but, if need be, he would speak on the floor of Synod. Little happened in Synod of significance with which he was not remotely, and frequently closely, connected. It would be difficult for any one to sum up his influence on that body during the past twenty-five years, and through it, on the Reformed Church and all her interests.

"Dr. Zwemer was a man intellectually alert. He finished his college and seminary courses early. He was ordained a minister of the gospel when he was twenty-one. He at once assumed the duties of a pastorate, and began preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was a busy man from the beginning. He sought the welfare of his people by giving the best he had on the Sabbath; by instructing and grounding the young in the fundamentals of the Christian faith; and by visiting the people in their homes. Faithfulness and efficiency characterized his ministry. In the five churches that he served, he still lives in the memory of some and in the lives of all. The influence of a real minister never dies.

“It is remarkable how widely read and well informed a man he was. In the midst of the multiplicity of duties he found time for reading extensively. He was fond of literature and theology and was well read in history, particularly in that of the Netherlands and of his own country. He kept up with the times. He was independent in his views. While he respected the learning of others and had regard for their opinions and conclusions, he maintained his independence. He was not an echo, but did his own thinking. He had but one object in life, whether he preached, taught, or collected money, one end toward which all his energies were bent, namely, the coming of the Kingdom of God. His efforts for its advancement were along different lines, but the end was single. Like Paul, he could say, “This one thing I do.”

“Dr. Zwemer was trained for the ministry and he delighted in the work. Nevertheless, of the forty-eight years, since his ordination, only seventeen were spent in the pastorate. While he did much preaching all through the years with the exception of those towards the end, the main stream of his energies flowed through other channels than the pulpit. He was more an educationalist than a preacher. He was this in a wide and peculiar sense. While he loved his Alma Mater, he was interested rather in the problem and movement of education than in a particular institution. He realized, as but few do, how essential education of the right type is for the efficiency of the Church, and, through her, the coming of the Kingdom of God. It was perpetually on his mind and in his heart. He wrote about it in the Church papers, sent pamphlets and tracts by the thousands to churches, societies and individuals; travelled far, submitted cheerfully to all kinds of hardships; dreamt of it by night, and labored for it by day, year in and year out, now in connection with one institution and then with another, and then again with all at the same time. His thought and effort, however, culminated as the crown of it all in the Western Theological Seminary. He was powerfully under the historic sense, that the primary object of our academies and colleges must always be, by the grace of God, the production of men for the ministry at home and to the ends of the earth. However desirable it is that law, medicine and the other learned professions be filled by men whose literary foundations are laid in Christian institutions, nevertheless, men for the ministry must be the first concern.

“It was in consequence of this ideal, which so gripped him, that he gave himself with such unparalleled zeal to our educational interests and in particular to the Seminary. For a number of years he taught with success both in Academy and Seminary, and when he became incapacitated on account of bodily infirmity, he gave his time

and effort to the financial needs of the institution, and proved how much a sick man, as he was in the habit of saying, is able to do.

“While liberal, broad minded and tolerant of believers from whom he differed, Dr. Zwemer was a man of profound convictions as to evangelical truth. He held firmly the great fundamentals of the Christian religion and was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. He was a man of faith and lived the prayer life. He measured up in his ideal of life, both in thought and deed, to the conception that Christ had of what real life is, when He summed up His own life by saying, ‘The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.’

“A life so useful in so many respects it is impossible to sum up in particulars. Instead of being like a summer shower that falls on one part of the field but fails to touch the other, or like a river with green banks but barrenness farther back, his life has been rather like the gentle dew that falls on vast acreages of grasses, flowers and grains, touching all, refreshing all, blessing all.”

MRS. JAMES F. ZWEMER

Exactly fifteen months after her husband's death Mrs. Zwemer (Cornelia E. Nyland) fell asleep at Holland, Michigan. She was born at Buffalo, New York, and was the only daughter of Mr. Hendricus Nyland who enlisted in the Eighth Michigan Infantry on the outbreak of the Civil War. He was taken prisoner in the battle of the Wilderness and died in Andersonville prison, Georgia, in August 1864.

Cornelia was married to James F. Zwemer at Albany, New York, on the Silver Wedding Anniversary of his parents. A true helpmeet, a loving mother and a faithful co-laborer in all her husband's activities, she had a large circle of friends in every church, where Mr. Zwemer served as pastor and especially in Holland, Michigan which was her home for many years. She died at the age of seventy.

MAUD ZWEMER (MAATJE)

Maud, the eldest daughter of the Zwemer family, was born in Rochester, New York, August 15, 1851 and died very suddenly on the afternoon of Sunday, Aug. 19, 1928. She was a little over seventy-seven years at the time of her death. After attending the morning church service, she partook of a hearty luncheon, lay down to rest and quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Her sister Henrietta was the only one with her at the time.

Maud Zwemer spent her childhood at home in Rochester and afterwards in Holland and Vriesland, Michigan. In public school and by private study, she secured the necessary training as teacher, and for ten years taught in the public schools of Michigan with remarkable success. Upon the death of mother in 1886 she gave up her position as teacher and returned home to take charge of the family and household responsibilities. As far as she could, she sought to take the place of the mother who had passed away. In this relation she rendered a splendid, devoted service which is held in grateful remembrance by all her brothers and sisters. No sister ever sacrificed more, served more devotedly and gave more lavishly, in care and counsel and prayer, than she did for us all. In the providence of God other members of the family were led into various places of public missionary activity in the Kingdom of God at home and abroad. That was not her lot. Her missionary service was rendered in the home and in connection with the churches of which she was a member, before and after father's decease.

After the retirement of her father from the active ministry in 1898 she came with him to Holland, Michigan. Maud was always known for her great interest in the work of the Church at home and abroad. She labored together with others in every possible manner for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. She was very active in the women's organizations of the church. She was one of the prime movers in the reorganization of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Church of Holland, which had been languishing since the days following the ecclesiastical troubles of the early eighties. For a number of years she taught the infant class in the Sunday school until the condition of her health made it impossible for her to continue this work. A loyal, devoted, prayerful member of the Church she always manifested a keen interest in everything that pertained to vital Christianity.

Of sister Maud we could use the words of the Gospel: "Martha received Him into her house." The Mystic, Eckhart, in commenting on the story of Martha and Mary, those favorite types of activity and contemplation, surprises us by putting Martha first. "Mary hath chosen the good part," he says, "that is, she is striving to be as holy as her sister. Mary is still at school. Martha has learnt her lesson. It is better to feed the hungry than to see even such visions as St. Paul saw." "*Sollicita non turbata*," careful not troubled, these are the words on the simple monument at Tarascon, near Avignon, the supposed grave of Martha, the sister of Lazarus. "Now Jesus loved Martha."

FREDERICK J. ZWEMER

Frederick J. Zwemer was born at Holland, Michigan on January 24, 1858 and died there on August 19, 1903. He attended the Preparatory School, entered Hope College in 1876, and was graduated in 1880. He spent two years in teaching and then went to McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, where he was graduated in 1885. Licensed by the Classis of Wisconsin, he began his work as a missionary on the Western frontier in Charles Mix County, Dakota at Grand View and other centers. He was appointed Classical Missionary for North and South Dakota in November, 1887, and remained in this strenuous work until December, 1892. For four years he was pastor of the Reformed Church at Graafschap, Michigan, about four miles from Holland. At the end of that time the Classis of Illinois called him to be its missionary, when he moved to Pella, Iowa, as the most convenient center for his work. After two years spent in this work he accepted a call to the combined churches of Sheboygan Falls and Hingham, Wisconsin. Then the Classis of Wisconsin desired and secured his services to labor as its missionary within its bounds. He had but just entered upon his favorite work, when his Lord and Master called him to a life of suffering. His robust health was undermined by a malady which to those most intimately acquainted with the case gave cause of great anxiety, as to the outcome. A surgical operation, from which he recovered successfully, checked serious results due to the presence of a dangerous tumor. But when afterwards dropsy set in and uraemic poison vitiated the life blood and later on paralysis of the left side followed, it was evident that the end could not be far off. Until August 14, he lived with his wife and five young children in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. The family decided it was best to move to Holland, Michigan. It was doubtful whether he could stand the journey. Yet, resting on a cot and traveling by boat via Chicago, assisted by kind friends, he arrived in Holland on Saturday morning, August 15th. But his course was nearly run. On Wednesday he passed very quietly from his father's house on earth to the eternal mansions of his Father in heaven.

An unwavering faith in his God, combined with a buoyant spirit, always hoping, like his brother Peter, of Arabia, to go back to his work in the active ministry of the Gospel, gave inspiration to those at his bedside. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon from the First Reformed Church, after brief services at the house. The church was crowded with sympathizing friends. Many brethren took part in the exercises while ministers of the Classis of Holland acted as pallbearers. He left five children and a wife and mother with strong faith to guide them in the way of God's covenant.

His indomitable zeal, indefatigable energy and persistent efforts at evangelism gave Fred Zwemer in Dakota the nick-name of "*God's jachthond*" ("The Hound of God"). He easily adapted himself to circumstances, was, in a good sense of the word, jack-of-all-trades, fond of the outdoor life and a lover of horses; but far more a lover of men and a pioneer evangelist to seek out strangers and welcome them to the Church. Many stories of his devotion and heroism are told among the Hollanders in the prairies of the Dakotas. One of those adventures is related in "Scene Twelve" of the Tercentenary Pageant given by the Reformed Church in New York City in 1928: After enduring hardships of a blizzard, Frederick Zwemer stumbles on a small school-house and staggers in under the weight of a man whom he has rescued from the storm. Within are two children and a young girl the teacher, asleep and half frozen. He finds wood, makes a fire and lights a lamp. Then, when the horses are sheltered in the same room, and by another desperate effort, their little wood-pile is replenished, the storm rages without, but there is peace and joy within—"Yes," Zwemer said, "this country is a challenge to all that is in us, but it also has its benedictions. The sunsets over these prairies are like being in a cathedral in Europe when a glory shines through the colored windows. At sunset and sunrise the prairies are my cathedral and I ask no better—and on clear nights, when the sky is a deep blue-starred canopy, I think I can almost see afar the Holy City. Some day Dakota will know itself and then our labors for God and Christ will tell."

ADRIAN PETER ZWEMER

The third of the five brothers who grew to manhood, Adrian Peter Zwemer, did not enter the Christian ministry. His inclination and interests were in business and law, rather than in the pulpit or the school-room. He was born at Vriesland, Michigan, January 31, 1861 and died in Sioux Falls, South Dakota on February 25, 1895 at the age of thirty-four. In his youth he took partial courses at Hope Preparatory School. Already in Albany, New York, where he attended High School, he worked as clerk; and after graduation he became salesman in a general store at Graafschap, and later at Muskegon, Michigan. Later on he ventured a partnership in a country store at North Holland, Michigan where, in 1883, he married Jennie Ten Have. His wife died in February, the following year, shortly after the birth of a son, John. A year or two later Adrian went to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he was at first connected with the firm of Pettigrew and Tate and afterwards began business for himself as a real-estate broker in farm lands. His letters at this time,

when his home was broken up and he was left alone with a motherless child, reflect his faith and trust in his Saviour. At an earlier period in life he had joined the Church and at Sioux Falls he became one of the trustees of a Presbyterian Church.

On May 29, 1889 he married Cynthia Gleysteen of Alton, Iowa, and on November 19th, 1894 their son Richard was born. He was a kind husband and a loving father and wrote to Grandpa Zwemer, "You will be pleased to learn of another boy to add to your list of grandchildren. And I am sure that Johnie is happy to have a little brother. Tell him we will take good care of him so when he grows up he will be a great companion to him." But sorrow once more came into this happy home. In less than three months the strong man was laid low by pneumonia and left both of his boys fatherless. Honored in life and in death by the citizens and the church community where he lived and was loved, he was buried at Sioux Falls.

Of athletic build, strong constitution with an eager mind, the power of quick decision and rare business ability, he was on the threshold of success in his calling, when he was taken home. Richard grew up to manhood and honor in the very profession for which his father had early ambition, but died in like tragic circumstances. Cynthia Zwemer bore her double loss with noble fortitude and at first in Peking University, China, later in the American Mission Colleges at Assiut and Cairo, Egypt, engaged in missionary work as teacher, thus continuing the tradition of service for the Kingdom, in this branch of the family.

PETER JOHN ZWEMER

Peter John Zwemer was born at South Holland, Illinois, near Chicago, on September 2d, 1868. His childhood too, spent in a loving Christian home, was surrounded by gracious influences and prayers of godly parents. In 1880 he entered the Preparatory department of Hope College, Holland, Michigan, and was finally graduated from the college in 1888. He was the only one of his class to choose the foreign field, and for it he sought special preparation after graduation, by work as Bible colporteur in Western Pennsylvania and New York, and a year of teaching in Iowa. In 1892 he was graduated from the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and on September 14th, of the same year, was ordained at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and sailed for Arabia on October 19th. From the day of his arrival on the field to the day of his death his first thought was gospel work for the Arabs. He was of a practical turn of mind, and had no visionary ideas nor desire for martyrdom, but a sturdy, steady purpose to make his life tell. He was eager to meet men, keen to

grasp opportunities, a cosmopolitan in spirit always and everywhere. A student of character rather than of books, he preferred to make two difficult journeys rather than report one. He loved to teach and knew how to do it. Sympathy for the weak and suffering, and a hatred for all shams were prominent traits. He endeared himself even to those from whom he differed in opinion or conduct by his whole-hearted sincerity and earnest advocacy of his views. Arabia was to him a school of faith; his Christian character ripened into full fruitage through much suffering. Dr. Cantine wrote of him:

“Our personal relations were perhaps more intimate than those usually known by the missionaries of our scattered stations. I was at Busrah to welcome him when in 1892 he responded to our first call for volunteers, and was also the one to say good-bye a few months ago as he left behind him the rocks and hills of Muscat and Oman, among which the precious cruse of his strength had been broken for the Master’s service. His course was more trying than that of the others of our company, as he came among us when the impulse and enthusiasm which attach to the opening of a new work were beginning to fail, and before our experience had enabled us to lessen some of the trials and discomforts of a pioneer effort. A thorough American, appreciating and treasuring the memory of the civilization left behind, he yet readily adapted himself to the conditions here found. Of a sensitive nature he keenly felt any roughness from friend or foe, but I never knew him on that account to show any bitterness or to shirk the performance of any recognized duty.

“Of those qualities which make for success in our field he had not a few. His social instincts led him at once to make friends among the Arabs, and while his vocabulary was still very limited, he would spend hours in the coffee-shops and in the gathering-places of the town. His exceptional musical talents also attracted and made for him many acquaintances among those he was seeking to reach, besides proving a constant pleasure to his associates and a most important aid in all our public services. And many a difficulty was surmounted by his hopefulness and buoyancy of disposition, which even pain and sickness could not destroy.”

His short period of service in Arabia was longer than that of either Keith Falconer or Bishop French; and although their lives have perhaps exerted a much wider influence, his has left larger fruitage on Arabian soil. Of his sickness and death the Rev. H. N. Cobb, D. D., Secretary of the mission wrote:

“When the station at Muscat was opened in 1893 it was assigned to him. From that time until May of the present year Muscat was his home. There he remained alone most of the time. Frequent attacks of fever prostrated him, unsanitary and unpleasant condi-

tions surrounded him, the heat, constant and intense, often overwhelmed him; still he clung heroically to his post, uttering no word of complaint, and quitting it only when mission business made it necessary, or tours were to be undertaken along the coast or in the interior, or when prolonged attacks of fever and the preservation of life made a limited absence imperative. When one considers all that he endured, the wonder is not that he died, but that he lived as long as he did. No higher heroism fought, suffered and at last succumbed at Santiago. He had become so much reduced by repeated attacks of fever and rheumatism that it was thought wise last year that he should leave Arabia and come home. His desire was to remain until next year, 1899, but in the early part of this year it became evident that he must not remain. When in the latter part of May he left Arabia, his weakness was so great that he was carried on board the steamer. On the homeward way, though writing back cheerfully concerning his improvement to those whom he had left behind, he grew gradually worse, and when he arrived in this country on the evening of July 12, was taken immediately to the Presbyterian Hospital through the kind assistance of a student for orders in the Roman Catholic Church. Those who have visited him there, and they have been many, have been struck by his cheerfulness, his hopeful courage, his anxious desire to recover, that he might return to his field and work, and yet his willing submission to his Father's will."

He clung to life with a grip of steel and laughed at the idea the doctors had of his approaching death, because he could not believe that his work was done. "I have done nothing yet and when I go back this time I will be ready to begin work," were his words. Yet he had no fear of death. His eye never turned away from Arabia; he longed to plant the plough once more in the stony soil of Oman and to teach the most ignorant the way of life. From his dying bed he sent to the committee a report regarding changes necessary in the house at Muscat. His hand, almost too weak to hold a pen, wrote on October 7th: "Dear Father—I am slowly but surely improving and may be home soon. Now the Board has authorized me to complete the building-fund. I have just secured \$100. for a Muscat touring boat. Dr. and Mrs. Thoms sailed this morning for Arabia, *laus Deo!* I felt sorry I could not divide myself and go with them. . . . patiently longing I wait His time."

Even later than this, when he could no longer write, he dictated letters regarding the work at home and in the field. On the evening of Tuesday, October 18th, 1898, six weeks after his thirtieth birthday he quietly fell asleep. "His time," had come. After a brief service, the body was taken by loving hands to Holland, Michigan,

and laid to rest in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. But his heart rests in Arabia and his memory will remain longest where he suffered most and where his fellowship was so blessed.

JOHN ADRIAN ZWEMER

John Adrian Zwemer, son of Adrian Peter Zwemer, was born in North Holland, Michigan, on January 28, 1885. Left motherless at an early age he was brought as a baby to his grandfather Zwemer's home in Holland where he was reared by his good aunts.

After completing the eight grammar grades John Zwemer took his preparatory course at Hope College, graduating from the Preparatory Department in 1902. A few years of local work were followed by his enrollment at Purdue University, Ind. in the engineering department. The period spent at this university prepared him for a government position which he accepted with the Arizona Forest Reserve.

He was married to Azina Beltman, also of Holland, shortly before leaving for that western state.

The work in Arizona proved congenial until the young man incurred an injury when he was thrown from his horse. With failing health he returned home. He went back to Arizona once more on advice of his doctors but, unable to carry on the work he attempted, was finally persuaded to settle near Holland. Here he died at the age of twenty-five, on the fifth day of November, 1910.

RICHARD A. ZWEMER

Richard, second son of Adrian P. Zwemer, was born in Sioux Falls, South Dakota on November 20th, 1894. He died at Sioux City, Iowa on July 18th, 1926. The "Chicago Bar Association Record" printed the following memorial, which is a true record of his life: "Soon after Mr. Zwemer's birth the family moved to Alton, Iowa, where he received his preliminary education in the public schools of that city. After his graduation from high school he attended the University of Wisconsin for a period of three years. He then entered Columbia University Law School. While attending this University he enlisted in the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York. Upon completing his training at Plattsburg he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, and was stationed at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, as chief instructor of military science and training. While at this camp Mr. Zwemer was promoted to First Lieutenantcy

and then to Captaincy. In July, 1918, he was transferred to France as Commanding Officer of Motor Transport Company No. 57. Because of meritorious services rendered in rescuing French villages from starvation, Mr. Zwemer was decorated by the French Government with the Order of the Black Star. Upon being discharged from service at the end of the war he began the practice of law in Sioux City, Iowa, and was associated with the law firm of Farr, Brackney and Farr of that city. In 1925 he came to Chicago to live and joined the law firm of Huff and Cook. He remained in this firm until 1927, when he formed a partnership with James W. Casey. This relationship continued until his death.

In practice, Mr. Zwemer specialized in interstate commerce law. He was identified with many of the major rate cases for many years, and was considered among traffic men as being especially well qualified in this particular field. In 1917 Mr. Zwemer married Suzanne Weare (Pearce.) He left surviving him, besides his widow, a son, Howard Adrian Zwemer and his mother, Mrs. Cynthia G. Zwemer. Mr. Zwemer was a careful and painstaking lawyer and justly earned the respect and admiration of the members, not only of the Bar, but of the community in which he lived."

Richard Zwemer made confession of his faith in his youth and became a member of the Episcopal church at Sioux City, where for a time he was a lay-reader.

THEODORE ZWEMER

Theodore Zwemer, oldest son of Frederick J. Zwemer, was born in the parsonage at Graafschap, Michigan, on October 10, 1894. Following a call to Classical missionary service the family soon moved to Pella, Iowa. Two years later they moved to Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, where Theodore received his early schooling. Upon the father's death in 1903 the family located in Holland, Michigan, where Theodore completed his grade school course.

Hope College Preparatory School years were followed by four years of college training also taken at Hope College. Theodore showed an early interest in forensic and editorial work. Frequently he represented his college in inter-collegiate oratory and debate, was elected editor-in-chief of the college paper and was a member of the Pi Kappa Delta chapter of the college. He also assumed leadership in various religious activities which were of prime interest to him.

Upon his graduation from Hope College in 1916, Theodore Zwemer accepted a position as instructor at the Northwestern Classical Academy in Orange City, Iowa. From there he went to Wisconsin

Memorial Academy as principal of the school. Here he gave three years of unremitting service in an effort to know the student body intimately, to raise the standards and adequately to finance this church school.

Early in his school years Theodore had decided to follow the family tradition and to enter the ministry. Before he had left college he was pledged to the foreign field. The first two years of theological training he took at New Brunswick, New Jersey, the last one at Western Theological Seminary, Holland, Michigan.

In June, 1923, Theodore Zwemer married Sara Winter, both young people being under appointment to the Reformed Church Mission in India. They sailed for India in the fall of that year.

The new missionaries were sent to Palmaner to spend their first year in intensive language study and in reading courses which would give a grip on Hindu thought. In November of 1924 both passed their examinations "with distinction." The Arcot Mission had voted that Zwemer should continue at Palmaner but the Indian Christian community would not agree to this. As evidence of the confidence they had already learned to place in him they insisted that he be assigned to oversee the experiment of a Christian boys' hostel for the contemplated high school at Vellore. The Mission yielded to this request.

Shortly after the meetings at which these decisions had been made Mr. Zwemer contracted typhoid fever and after a three weeks illness died in Madanapalle, where he had been removed, on February 6, 1925.

The Rev. John Warnshuis, his senior colleague in the Arcot Mission, spoke of him in a memorial address as follows:

"Thinking of the years of affectionate sacrifice, the unwavering purpose, the splendid equipment of mind and heart and spirit that terminated in a little mound of earth in the quiet, peaceful cemetery under the hill of Madanapalle two weeks ago, we cannot but be oppressed by a sense of tragedy and unutterable loss. Whatever way one looks at it, this impression abides. The feeling of personal loss and disappointment I am confident is shared by all the missionaries of the Mission. We didn't know him well. There was a reserve about him, a reserve we respected and counted to his credit. He was weighing us as we were measuring him, and we count it a virtue in a missionary to be slow in making his judgments. But we recognized that he was a man whose judgments once formed would be sure and firm. His loyalty once given would be intense. His intellectual gifts were quickly recognized. His piety and Christian devotion, his high sense of duty, his uncompromising code of conduct, his democratic fraternal attitude—these things we marked. He was

going to be an independent thinker, an active and effective worker, an honest, straight forward, above-board colleague.

“The first year on the field is an obscure year for the new missionary. Zwemer was sent to Palmaner, an isolated station. Here he settled down to study. In his characteristic way he made this his whole business and we saw little of him. . . . In November he sat for his language examinations, a stiff test which most of us are glad to pass even with a small margin. Ted came through with flying colors and gained the coveted title “Passed with distinction” which honor he shared with his wife.

“A first year missionary has another test,—to adapt himself to the people, understand them and gain their confidence and affection. This is the supreme test, and how often they fail. Let me give you an insight as to how Zwemer passed this test. One of his early munshis was Arthur John, a man of perception and judgment. This is the testimony he gave: ‘That man loves our people. He is going to be a good friend to the Indian.’” And he was.

SYE JOLDERSMA

Mr. Sye Joldersma, beloved husband of Christina Zwemer was born in the Netherlands on January 6th, 1856, and died April 13th, 1930. They were married at Graafschap, Michigan, where his parents were among the pioneer settlers. As teacher in the Sunday School, and later as deacon and elder he was identified with the Reformed Church as an active layman with a deep interest in Missions. Earnest and faithful as salesman and in business relations, he was beloved in a large circle of friends. After a long illness in which he was an example of patience and fortitude he died in the City Hospital at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

“For all the Saints who from their Labors Rest”

(Translated into Dutch by Adrian Zwemer)

DE RUST DIE OVERBLIJFT



Voor al het volk nu rustend' van hun werk,
Dat U beled in wereld en in Kerk:
Uw Naam, o! Jezus maakte daartoe sterk:
Halelujah!

Gij waart hun rots, hun sterkte en hun kracht,
Hun Leidsman in den strijd, zoowel doordacht:
Gij waart hun licht in 't duistre van den nacht:
Halelujah!

O! geef Uw krijgsvolk meer dien moed, dat vuur,
Dat oudtijds hen doordrong in 't strijdens uur.
En win met hen des strijders kroon, zoo duur:
Halelujah!

O! zalige gemeenschap: heil'g drift!
In zwakheid worstelen wij—zij zien Uw licht
Toch allen saam' tot U het oog gericht:
Halelujah!

En als den strijdt wordt heet en 't hart verstoord,
Klinkt in ons oor het veraf zoet akkoord
Der overwinning:—“*God deed naar Zijn Woord*:—
Halelujah!

De avondgloed die aan de westerkust,
Roept trouwe strijders tot de avonddrust,
Door kalmte die de wereldwoeling sust:
Halelujah!

O, ziet! daar komt de dag:—onnoembaar zoet:
De Heiligen staan op, gekleed in hemelgloed—
De Groote Koning komt met hemel-stoet:
Halelujah!

Van 't eind' der Aard' en verste kust der zee
Door parel-poort stroomt in de tallooze Armee:
Zingt Vader, Zoon en Geest den lof der vree:
Halelujah!

G E N E A L O G Y

ADRIAN ZWEMER CATHARINA BOON

<p>James Frederick, 1850-1921* Cornelia Nyland, d. 1923*</p>	<p><u>Katrina Maria, 1875</u> <u>Siebe Nettinga</u></p> <p>Maria Katrina, 1875</p> <p><u>Henrietta Adriana, 1878</u> <u>Gerrit Te Kolste, d. 1903*</u></p> <p><u>William A. Worthington</u></p>	<p><u>Cornelia Angeline, 1905</u> <u>Paul Cathrinus, 1907</u> <u>James Zwemer, 1912</u></p>
<p>Maud, 1851-1928*</p> <p>Neeltje, 1852-1860*</p> <p>Frederick James, 1854-1855*</p>	<p><u>Adrian John, 1880</u> <u>Mildred Fulcher</u></p> <p>Anna, 1882</p> <p><u>Katherine, 1885</u> <u>Henry C. Steketee</u></p> <p><u>Gertrude, 1892</u> <u>John L. Van Huis</u></p> <p><u>Henrietta Nella, 1895</u> <u>Willis J. Potts</u></p>	<p><u>Adrian John, 1919</u> <u>Richard Fulcher, 1924</u></p> <p><u>Evelyn Louise, 1909</u> <u>Margaret Ruth, 1912</u> <u>Marie Gertrude, 1923</u> <u>Katherine Jean, 1927</u></p> <p>(Leon Raymund John) <u>Marie Beatrice, 1925</u></p> <p><u>Willis John, 1926</u> <u>Edward Eugene, 1927</u></p>
<p>Mary Frederika, 1856 Benjamin Neerken</p>	<p><u>Theodore, 1894-1925*</u> <u>Sara Winter</u></p> <p>Evelyn, 1896</p> <p><u>Winifred Maud, 1898</u></p> <p><u>Amanda Ruth, 1900</u></p> <p><u>Adrian Frederick, 1902</u> <u>Mary Crouch</u></p>	<p><u>Theodore Winter, 1925</u></p> <p><u>Marian Katherine, 1931</u></p>
<p>Frederick James, 1858-1903* Johanna Klumper</p>	<p><u>Henry, 1888 (adopted)</u> <u>Margaret Kronemeyer</u></p>	<p><u>Charlotte Ruth, 1911</u> <u>Kenneth, 1913 (d. 1913)</u> <u>Alvin Henry, 1915</u> <u>Mildred Mae, 1917</u> <u>Dorothy Jean, 1919</u></p>
<p>Catharina Adriana, 1859 Albert H. Strabbing</p> <p>Christina, 1860 Sye Joldersma, d. 1930*</p> <p>Adrian Peter, 1861-1895* Jennie Ten Have, d. 1885*</p> <p><u>Cynthia Gleysteen</u></p>	<p><u>John Adrian, 1885-1910*</u> <u>Azina Beltman</u></p> <p><u>Richard, 1894-1929*</u> <u>Susanne Pearce</u></p>	<p><u>Howard Adrian, 1923</u></p>
<p>Nellie, 1862</p> <p>Henrietta, 1864</p> <p>Anna Levina, 1866-1866*</p>	<p><u>Amy Katharina Boon,</u> <u>1897-1904*</u></p> <p><u>Nellie Elizabeth, 1899</u> <u>Claude L. Pickens</u></p> <p>Ruth, 1900-1904*</p> <p><u>Raymund Lull, 1902</u> <u>Dorothy Bornn</u></p> <p><u>Amy Ruth, 1905</u> <u>Homer Violette</u></p> <p>Mary Moffat, 1907</p>	<p><u>Samuel Claude Zwemer, 1927</u> <u>Peter Entwistle, 1928</u> <u>Katharina Elizabeth, 1930</u> <u>Marjorie Mary, 1931</u></p> <p><u>Raymund Wilkes, 1931</u></p> <p><u>Homer Eugene, 1927</u> <u>Thomas Paul, 1929</u> <u>Amy Ruth, 1931</u></p>
<p>Peter John, 1868-1898*</p>		

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The Zwemer Family



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