



Mrs. Anabel Major Nisbet

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### **"In Memoriam"**

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**Mrs. W. Moore Scott**

From the large place that biographies occupy in the Bible it is evident that many and valuable lessons are to be learned from the portrayal of the lives of those who have gone before us; besides honoring their memories, inspiration is gained by sitting in the picture galleries of the past and communing with those who lived the more abundant life.

Though several years my senior Miss Anabel and I were perhaps each other's nearest and dearest friends, this friendship extending back through our mothers and even grandparents. My very long and intimate association with her makes me feel the more deeply how inadequate I am to the writing of this brief sketch of one of the most beautiful and useful lives I have ever known, and I attempt it solely as an act of love toward her and a service to those who may gain inspiration from this brief glimpse into a life as rich in character and service as those that have been given undying memorials on the pages of holy writ.

Anabel Major Nisbet, the daughter of John Major and Marietta Sears Major, was born in Christian County, Kentucky, January 19, 1867, united with the Church September 23, 1876, educated at Clarksville Female Academy, married to Rev. J. S. Nisbet, June 13, 1899.

In her young ladyhood, and even girlhood, she was a great Church worker, going into the homes of rich and poor alike, and especially thoughtful of the neglected

slums of the city. She taught for many years in the public schools of Clarksville, where thousands in their formative years of life found life's purpose, gained inspiration, and strength from her brilliant mind, loving heart, and eloquent tongue, and are today reflecting her beautiful life in theirs.

For eight years she was a faithful and efficient pastor's wife in the home field, loved in this sphere as in her unmarried life, by all who knew her, and on February 11, 1907, with her faithful husband, turned her face toward the setting sun and sailed from Seattle on the "ill-starred" "Dakota," as they afterward cheerfully called the ship that went down and carried to the bottom of the sea all their earthly possessions, leaving them to spend the night in the lighthouse out from Yokohama, since the waves were so rough that life-savers would not risk coming out. How the people in Humboldt, the charge from which they went to the foreign field, loved them is seen by their ascertaining the exact pieces and duplicating all the silver lost at sea. In the letter which she wrote me on the "Dakota" and mailed on the "Minnesota" just before her ship went down, and which letter I regret that I have not the space to print in full, she speaks beautifully of past memories and future hopes, closes by a touching reference to her visit to our home just one month before she sailed, saying "You are so closely linked with the days of 'Auld Langsyne' that it is impossible to talk or think of the past without including you, for your friendship has never failed me yet in any hour of need."

Immediately on landing both Miss Anabel and Mr. Nisbet wrote us long letters filled with courage and hope that were undaunted even by their Pauline experience on the deep.

Of her thirteen years in Korea I need scarcely speak for it is common knowledge throughout the bounds of our Church. As teacher, soul-winner, business manager, she filled every place into which her Master called her

to serve and did it with a cheerfulness and efficiency unsurpassed by any of her long line of predecessors. I have never known a life of man or of woman, spent in a larger number and greater diversity of fields, and yet that filled better the place in which she was called to serve. "Day In and Day Out in Korea" may never gain half the circulation that it merits, but hundreds of thousands who may never see this little book that she gave as her last words to the Church and the world, will read from the open book of her large and beautiful life, hunger for higher and holier things, and thank God for the larger vision, purer motives, and nobler attainments gained by their knowledge and association with her.

In her last letter to me, though knowing of her critical condition and short stay on earth, she did not even mention it, but wrote of her book and her work and filled her lines with plans and prayers for the future of Korea and the Kingdom. Woman in Korea especially has been given a new vision of woman, and the Church at large has seen exemplified, "It matters not how long we live but how." It has been beautifully said, "We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow," so that her life here, though cut off in its prime, shall continue to multiply as the grain of wheat that falls into the ground. If "That life is long which answers life's great end," then we may not call hers a short life for she could say sincerely, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

Were I to stand beside her sacred resting place beneath the skies of far away Korea and give to both the land of her birth and the land of her death a brief message of her life, I know none more expressive than these lines,

"We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."