

IN MEMORIAM

DEATH HAS CLAIMED

MISS E. A. LEHMAN

For Fifty - Two Years She Was Teacher in Salem College—She Was 81 Years Old.

The large number of friends of Miss Emma Lehman will be grieved to learn of her death which occurred at the Sisters' House in Salem last Monday night at 10:30 o'clock. Although she had not been in her usual health for several days, her condition was not considered serious. Death was quite unexpected. Miss Lehman was for 52 years a teacher in Salem College and was known and loved throughout the South.

The deceased is survived by one sister, Mrs. Sallie E. Kapp, who was with her when the end came, and one brother, Mr. O. J. Lehman of Bethania.

Miss Lehman, who for the past few years had been senior retired teacher at the college, was known and loved by thousands who for the last sixty years had come under her influence as a teacher and leader.

Miss Lehman was born in Bethania on August 28, 1841. When quite a child she gave promise of being a brilliant woman and made good that promise. She was sent to the Academy at the age of 13 and finished the course at 16. In August following, at the earnest solicitation of an old friend, Dr. Beverly Jones, who recognized her intelligence and ability she took charge of a public school near Bethania, where she taught boys almost as old as herself. The wisdom of this selection was soon apparent in the way she conducted her school. Afterwards she taught at the home of her uncle near Pilot Mountain. In 1864 she entered the Academy as a teacher and from that time until she retired Miss Lehman taught continuously in the college. From the year 1878 she had charge of the senior class.

Easily mastering any branch of study she chose to teach, Miss Lehman did

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NOW.

(E. A. Lehman.)

Golden days are swiftly fleeting;
Make them tell.
Heart-throbs now for you are beating;
Prize them well.
Youth is here but for a moment,
Soon to go;
All its precious, genial tokens,
Ebb and flow.

Can you do a kindly deed?
Do it now!
Do not wait till direr need
Seams the brow.
If you know a tortured soul,
Do not stand
Till the awful surges roll
On the eternal strand;
Till the pale hands nerveless lie,
And you've closed the tear-stained eye,
Do it now!

NOTICE.

A twilight vesper service will be held on Sunday afternoon at 6:15 o'clock in Memorial Hall in commemoration of the life and service of Miss Lehman. Selection from her Book of Poems will be read, and several organ compositions will be rendered by Dean Shirley.



EMMA AUGUSTA LEHMAN
1841 - 1922

MEMOIR OF EMMA AUGUSTA LEHMAN.

Emma Augusta Lehman was the daughter of Eugene Christian Lehman and Amanda Sophia Lehman, m. n. Butner.

She was born at Bethania, North Carolina, on August 28, 1841, and she passed away from this earth on the night of November 6, 1922, aged 81 years, 2 months and 8 days.

She was baptized in infancy and on August 14, 1864, she was confirmed in the Bethania Congregation.

Miss Lehman was one of a family of four children, two boys and two girls, one of whom, John Henry Lehman, died in infancy, while a brother and sister, survive her, in the persons of Oliver J. Lehman and Mrs. Sallie E. Kapp.

Very early in life Miss Lehman gave great promise of an unusually brilliant mentality and after her schooling in Bethania, was in consequence sent away from home to Salem Academy, which she entered at the age of thirteen and completed the course in three years.

In the following August at the earnest solicitation of an old friend, Dr. Beverly Jones, who recognized her unusual ability, she, although but sixteen years of age, took charge of the public school located near Bethania, teaching pupils in some cases as old as herself and very rapidly winning the unlimited confidence of the entire community and neighborhood in her leadership and ability.

This experience was followed by a second school near Pilot Mountain and in 1864 when she was twenty-three years of age she entered Salem Academy as a teacher continuing with unbroken and active service in this institution for fifty-two years.

In all this time, Miss Lehman was most diligent in her devotion to the life

of the institution which she so deeply loved and she saw its transition and shared its experiences through a portion of the Civil War and in the still more difficult days of the Reconstruction and then through all the changing years into the present modern experience of a new and greatly altered century.

Her leadership was very evident as were her distinct and vigorous gifts as a well trained teacher. In accordance with the methods in vogue during her own school days, her education covered, and with thoroughness, a wide range of subjects and she herself delighted in the further pursuit of widely distinct fields of knowledge.

Her chosen professional field was that of English Literature but she had what is unusual along with these tastes and discernments in the field of literature, a great delight in Natural Science, particularly in the subject of Botany. Here her work was original, thorough and gained for her some reputation, she having been a discoverer of a hitherto unidentified variety of plant which was officially named by the State Botanist of New York in her honor, the *Monotropis Lehmania*.

In the fifty-two years of service given Salem Academy and Salem College, Miss Lehman came into large and influential contact with great numbers of young lives and her name has become almost a family term throughout exceptionally wide domestic circles.

Her discipline was instinctive, it was firm, it was indeed that sort of personal discipline which students instinctively recognize and unfaillingly honor. With the high respect which her students entertained for her as a teacher, it was combined a love for her sense of fairness and a devotion to her personal leadership which it is right that a successive generation of pupils to

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REMAINS OF MISS EMMA

A. LEHMAN LAID TO REST

In Village of Bethania—Services Held Both in Salem and Bethania.

In commemoration of Miss Emma A. Lehman, who died Monday night, services were held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, at the door of the Sisters' House. Grouped about the door step of this venerable building were Bishop Rondthaler, Rev. J. Kenneth Pfohl, Dr. Rondthaler, and Rev. Edmund Schwarze, pastor of the Calvary Moravian church, who conducted the ceremonies, while the Senior Class in their senior robes, and the entire student body, as well as the faculty, formed in a semi-circle about the steps.

The opening hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was led by Dr. Pfohl, after which a responsive reading was conducted by Bishop Rondthaler and Dr. Pfohl. At the conclusion of this, a prayer was offered by the Rev. Schwarze, which was followed by the reading of "Memoirs of Miss Lehman" by Dr. Rondthaler. In this, Dr. Rondthaler ever touched upon the acts of service which have distinguished her life throughout eighty-one years.

As a concluding hymn, all joined in singing "Jesus Makes Our Hearts Rejoice," after which a procession formed in front of the Sisters' House, which proceeded to Bethania, Miss Lehman's childhood home, where the final services were held.

As Mrs. J. K. Pfohl played an organ prelude, the procession and congregation gathered in the little church at Bethania. The service here opened with a song, after which Rev. Grabbs, pastor of the church, lead in prayer and read the twenty-third Psalm. Rev. E. J. Heath then read passages of Scripture from the fourteenth and twenty-third chapters of the Gospel of St. John.

The Memoir was read by Dr. Rond-

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THE SNOW.

(E. A. Lehman.)

Silently, patiently, steadily down,
Covering the roofs of the gray old town—
Down from the leaden, exhaustless sky,
Feathery, filmy, the soft flakes fly,
Clothing with ermine each unsightly stone,
While the wind dies out in a sobbing moan.

Vistas and arches of marble abound,
Cherubs and statues seem hovering around,
Bushes are bordered inch-deep with pearl,
While faster and faster the soft flakes whirl.
The brown old earth lies quiet and still
While bridal robes deck each far-off hill.

The virgin snow! how pure it lies,
Icy and chaste as it fell from the skies!
No earth-born stain disfigures the sight,
Emblem of purity—stainless as light,
Wrapping the earth in its mantle deep,
Whence the gentle snowdrops will coyly creep.