

Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Patteson.

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BY THEIR SON WALTER L. PATTESON.

“No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened; no star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere; no life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be made purer and stronger thereby.”

VERY little history is written on tombstones or in books. In fact, we might even say that all of it that is worth saving is written in human hearts and lives. I might say in the beginning of this sketch that Jean Wood Lewis was born, married, died, and give the places and dates, or as far as any real interest attaches to the places and dates apart from their connection with other things, I might leave them out entirely. But there are those in the world to-day to whom that name is a talisman and to whom the memory of her life is a constant benediction. It is not my purpose here to enter into those matters that are categorical or purely biographical, but will append hereto what is far more interesting than anything I could myself write—a brief and characteristic autobiographical sketch which she wrote for one of her children, and with it also a similar one written by my father, both of which are priceless treasures to their children. It will rather be my task to attempt, as best I may, to tell of her as I knew her and try to convey some idea of those qualities in her which made