

The world's great soul's visit earth awhile, then return to their native land "Heaven" enriched by the experiences of human life. We who remain often fail to appreciate the beauty they have brought to our lives and dismiss all their splendid work with a smile and a sigh.

But somewhere in the heart of some unhappy life, the influence lives on, like the dew in the heart of the rose, and fresh glory and beauty spring into existence constantly because it is there.

This is especially true of the subject of this sketch, Dr. Sarah J. M. Kline:

Born Copake, Columbia county, New York, she was of Holland and English descent, her parents being Albert S. Miller of New York and Caroline Blodgett of Massachusetts. Was educated in private and public schools. Her academic course was taken in Miss Baine's Select School, then attended Amenia Seminary for two years after which she finished her education in Hudson River College, Claverack, New York. During all this time of study she specialized in vocal music, and in her graduating recital, she gave a concert of piano and vocal music that charmed and delighted all in her audience. Her piano teacher, a fine artist, distinguished for work at home and abroad, declared Miss Miller was her finest piano student, and her clear, lyrical soprano voice was always remembered by those who listened to her songs.

She studied art with an artist of Parisian distinction, and she drew many lovely drawings and painted many beautiful pictures. But her versatility as a student did not prevent her taking up her life work.

She was graduated in 1898 as an Oculist from the Medical College and the Chicago College of Ophthalmology and Otology and her success in her profession was marked.

Miss Miller had removed from New York to Illinois with her parents, and on December 15, 1868, she married John B. Kline, a druggist of Eagle, Wisconsin, a member of a prominent pioneer family from Amsterdam, New York. Mr. Kline's father having laid out the town of Eagle.

They came to Topeka, Kansas, in 1880. They were the parents of three children. The oldest son died when only three years of age, George Albert Kline, Judge of the District court of Shawnee county, and Miss Maude Mary Kline, pianist and harpist, are the two living children. Mr. Kline died February 18, 1911, and Dr. Kline passed away March 22, 1932, at her home, 103 Western Avenue, Topeka.

But it is not her history in which her many friends alone are interested but in many other facts related to her life.

First her skill in her profession. Her knowledge of medical science, coupled with her deep sympathy for the suffering, made her most successful as a physician and especially in her own family, with her brothers and sisters and her own children, she constantly demonstrated her genius in her profession. Then her fine education, which enabled her to teach her children, all of the rudimentary knowledge which several years in the public schools require, before they attended school at all.

The splendid legal talent of Judge Kline, and the thorough musical knowledge of Miss Kline, bear witness to the fine foundations laid by her in their education.

There was her interest in public affairs set forth by her membership in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Good Government Club, and the Woman's Kansas Day Club. An ardent patriot, intensely loyal to her adopted state, Kansas, owes much to her brilliant mind and sympathetic heart.

As a friend, her home was open to people of all political and religious affiliations. She loved to gather congenial friends around her, and make them feel the welcome atmosphere in her home.

She was essentially religious, a member of the Swedenborgian church, much given to attempts to solve mysteries, she merged all faith and knowledge in the hope of Immortality, through Jesus Christ. Her sweet dignity, cultured conversation and quiet, yet deep interest in religion, brought new fascination to its many phrases.

But it was as the queen of the home, as wife and mother, that her life was particularly glorified. She entered into every childish sorrow, every youth problem, every question of maturity on the part of her children, with the keenest interest, the deepest joy. Her sweet voice in advice and counsel, her great love that bubbled up like a fountain each moment of her life, leaves a priceless heritage to those who mourn her loss.

Truly her whole life was like "an apple of gold in a picture of silver." We know that with her "Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might" and we can only say of her now "She has been promoted to a life of love and glory."

For although
"We know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

So we know she has been promoted to a higher school, where the music is sung by angel voices, the messages proclaimed by apostles and prophet, the picture's painted by hands of saints.

Listen — do you hear her voice among the countless voices around the rainbow-spanned throne of the universe.

If you do, I think you hear her say,
"God hath wiped away every tear
from mine eyes."

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