Memories of Four-Score Years

SAMUEL HALL CHESTER

MEMORIES OF FOUR-SCORE YEARS

An Autobiography

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SAMUEL HALL CHESTER, D.D.

Memories *of* Four-Score Years

An Autobiography by

SAMUEL HALL CHESTER, D.D.

SECRETARY EMERITUS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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TO MY WIFE

In token of fifty years of comradeship
in a common life work, the blessedness of which has been such
as to inspire the hope of its continuance beyond
the bounds of time.

Foreword

READERS of this story will appreciate, the author hopes, the difficulty any one writing an autobiography must have in avoiding the appearance of egotism. One could scarcely find, however, a more effectual antidote to that unlovely characteristic than to subject one's self, as I have now done for over fifty years, to the experiences inseparable from the service of the public in Church or State. I can only say that it is at the insistence of many of those with whom I have been associated in this service that the task has been undertaken. It is just forty years since I entered on what has been my principal life work as Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church. In this period it has been my privilege to see a vast expansion of the foreign work of all the churches. The income of our own work in 1893, when I entered the office, was $143,000, and the number of our missionaries one hundred and thirty-five. In 1924 the income was $1,400,000 and the number of missionaries five hundred and seventeen. The work has passed through different stages, in which new problems have emerged and new difficulties have been encountered. The present is one of those stages in which problems and difficulties have multiplied beyond those of any former time. It is the author's hope that from some of the things recorded here, lessons may be drawn that will contribute toward the solution of some of these problems and difficulties. It is also hoped that from the earlier parts of the narrative, dealing with the author's experience as a pastor, some of our young ministers, especially those serving country churches, may find suggestions that will be helpful.

It remains only to make grateful acknowledgement of the indispensable help given both in preparation and criticism of the manuscript by my daughter, Elizabeth (Mrs. Wright) MacMillan, of Montclair, New Jersey; of helpful suggestions from Dr. Walter L. Lingle, President of Davidson College, and Dr. D. Clay Lillly, of Reynolda, North Carolina, who examined portions of the manuscription; and to thank my life-long friend, Dr. James I. Vance, the Chairman of the Foreign Mission Committee under which I served, for his gracious introduction printed on the following page.

S. H. CHESTER.

Montreat, North Carolina,
January 26, 1934.

Introduction

DR. CHESTER'S autobiography is a welcome contribution to the literature of the Southern Presbyterian Church. His useful life, spanning half a century in its public activities, and spent as it has been in intimate contact with some of the most challenging and heartening achievements of a significant era of missionary progress and expansion, will be long treasured by our Church, and will be a stimulating and inspiring example to preachers and missionaries of the next generation.

Because of the affection in which Dr. Chester is held by the membership of the Church he has served with such signal ability and devotion, this volume should be in every home. It is a human document, for Dr. Chester is a decidedly human man. He has passed through some stirring scenes. His has not always been a bed of roses. He has been the storm center of more than one acrimonious debate in the General Assembly, but somehow it has always been given to him what he should say, and controversy has ended with the winning of his opponents and the strengthening of the bonds that bound him to his friends. And this was the reason. He has lived close enough to the Master to be controlled in such hours, and there could never be any doubt that his heart rang true to the great commission.

I have read these sketches, but not with a critic's eye. Before I knew it I had been swept along by the fascinating story of my friend's life, and I had nothing to criticize.

I think the book reaches the high places in what the author tells us of his contacts with General Robert E. Lee and Dr. Walter W. Moore, two great souls who have enriched our beloved Southland with undying glory, both so gentle and chivalrous that those who knew them find it easy to think of them together.

JAMES I. VANCE.

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MEMORIES OF FOUR-SCORE YEARS

An Autobiography

I

Ancestry

THE American ancestor of my branch of the Chester family was Capt. Samuel Chester, a seafaring Welshman engaged in the West Indian trade, who came to New London, Connecticut, and settled there in 1670. He had four sons, Abraham, Jonathan, Samuel, and John, and two daughters, Susanna and Mercy. These names and the frequent recurrence of them and other scriptural names as we come down the line of his more than three hundred descendants listed on the genealogical chart in my possession, reveal very clearly the Puritan affiliations of the family. Whether or not this is something to be proud of depends upon one's point of view.

America's inheritance of civil and religious liberty comes to us through the Puritans. But those of the early days who won it for us wanted it only for themselves, and not for those who differed from them in politics or religion. Having won it for themselves, however, they could not prevent its ultimately becoming our common inheritance.

Seafaring Folk.

Captain Chester's son, John, who was my ancestor, was also a sea captain and seems to have transmitted his love of the sea to a number of his descendants. The name of Colby Mitchell Chester appears as ensign on the S. S. *Monocacy,* which was sent to Korea in 1872, under the command of Captain (afterward Admiral) Schley, on a punitive expedition after the murder of the crew of an American schooner wrecked on the

Korean coast. He commanded the gunboat *Cincinnati* in our war with Spain, retired with the rank of admiral in 1910 and died in 1932 at the age of eighty-seven. After his retirement, he figured as a volunteer diplomatist and secured for an American company an oil concession in Mesopotamia, known as the "Mosul Concession," which, however, in the shiftings of that branch of diplomacy finally went to the British.

There was a granddaughter, Rebecca Chester, who, at the close of the Revolutionary War, was sought in marriage by Lieutenant John Reid of the British navy. She made as the condition of her acceptance of his suit his renunciation of his British citizenship and becoming a naturalized American. She became the mother of Commodore Samuel Chester Reid, who was famed in the War of 1812 as commander of the brig *Armstrong*. He fought a successful battle with three ships of the British navy in the harbor of Fayal in the Azores, causing the delay of the entire British fleet on the way to the rescue of General Packenham in New Orleans, and resulting in the winning of that famous battle by General Andrew Jackson. This was General Jackson's first important step on the road that finally led him to the White House.

The family tradition is that it was Rebecca Chester who saved the beauty of the American flag by suggesting the preservation unchanged of the original thirteen stripes and the addition of stars to indicate the admission of new states.

Longevity.

My great-grandfather, Joseph Chester, was the son of John. The family record does not give the date of either his birth or death, but he lived long enough to have two wives and seventeen children. One of his sons, Levi, lived to the age of one hundred and nine. Two others lived to the ages of ninety-one and ninety-three; one daughter lived to be eighty-nine and

three others lived beyond the age of eighty. The combined age of the seventeen was nine hundred and seventy years.*

My grandfather, David Chester, died at Mobile, Alabama, in his ninety-fourth year, having voted for George Washington in 1793 and for Jefferson Davis in 1861. He had seven children. Two of his sons lived beyond the age of ninety and one son and four daughters beyond the age of eighty. The shortest lived of the seven, an unmarried daughter, died at the age of seventy-one. The average age of the seven was a little over eighty-five, and the sum total of the years they lived was five hundred and sixty-two.

There was a maternal ancestress of my father named Ruth Hall, of whom the tradition was that "she could climb a ten-rail fence when she was one hundred years old." After I had been married about a year, she was discovered to have also been an ancestress of my wife. She had a nephew, Samuel Hall, from whom my name came down, whose monument in the cemetery of Cheshire, Connecticut, bears the inscription:

"A friend to God, a guide in Christ,
Does here repose his peaceful dust,
To rest in darkness in the tomb
Till Gabriel's trumpet wakes the just."

Perhaps this phenomenal family longevity may account for the fact that two years ago I was able to celebrate my eighty-first birthday, which happened to be on Sunday, by driving with my son, Emerson, sixty miles across a prairie to preach in the church at Colorado, Texas, and shooting a wolf by the way. My son did the shooting, but I was an interested and approving spectator. This was an act of mercy, as we saved the life of a jack rabbit which the wolf was just in the act of picking up.

*If the conceit of George Adam Smith is correct, the ages of ante-diluvian patriarchs given in Genesis represent the combined age of the family, that would make my great-grandfather one year older than Methusaleh.

Coming South.

My father was born at Colchester, Connecticut, on August 21, 1810. At the age of twelve he went to Charleston, South Carolina, as clerk in the store of an older brother. My mother was Caroline Yemans, of Norwich, Vermont. She was a niece of Governor Paul Dillingham and a first cousin of Admiral George Dewey and of Hon. Matthew Hale Carpenter, who emigrated to Wisconsin and later came to Washington as senator from that state. In 1827 she came south as a member of the family of Rev. R. W. Bailey and taught in a military school which he established at Rice Creek Springs, near Columbia, South Carolina. One of the pupils in the school was Wade Hampton, known to fame as commander of the celebrated "Hampton's Legion" in our Civil War, and later as governor and senator from South Carolina. On account of the nullification excitement of 1833 public sentiment in South Carolina would not countenance a military school in charge of a northern man. On that account Dr. Bailey gave up the school and became pastor of the Presbyterian church in Sumpterville.

Marriage.

It was on a visit of my father to a sister then living in Sumpterville that he met my mother. She had a beautiful soprano voice which attracted his attention on hearing her sing in the church choir. He also had a fine bass voice and they became fond of singing hymns together. Through that bond of sympathy was developed the romance that ended in their marriage on January 30, 1833. Thereafter, through a long life, they were the leaders of the church music wherever they lived, and among the sweetest memories of my childhood and youth are the Sunday afternoon hymn singings in our home.

In 1831 my father moved to Jackson, Tennessee, and began there his career of sixty-two years as Sunday school superinten-

dent. He, with his two business partners, Edwin C. Estis and George Bigelow, all three young men from the north, started in the courthouse the first Sunday school ever organized in the town and began a prayer meeting which finally grew into a Presbyterian church. The following year he went to Clinton, Alabama, where, in his twenty-second year, he was made a ruling elder and also Sunday school superintendent. In the panic of 1837 his mercantile business was wrecked, and he decided to invest what he had left, as he said, "in things which commercial panics could not reach." So he studied medicine, graduating at the Medical College of New Orleans at the age of thirty-nine.

Pioneering in Arkansas.

In 1845 he responded to the call of his brother-in-law, Colin McRae, to become community physician of the pioneer colony he had founded, whose center was at Mount Holly in southwest Arkansas. Here my father also became superintendent of the Sunday school and one of the charter ruling elders of the church. When he died in 1893, his Sunday school had inscribed on his monument the words:

"The beloved physician; the friend of the needy; a lover of children and beloved by them; ruling elder of the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school superintendent for sixty-two years; servant of Christ from childhood and faithful unto death; his record is on high and his works do follow him."

Pioneer Surgery.

What my father lacked of the technical training of present-day graduates of our medical universities was, in a measure, compensated by a rich endowment of common sense, a seemingly intuitive gift of diagnosis, and a remarkable ingenuity in meeting emergencies with the medical and surgical facilities

available in that remote region at that early day. He made some discoveries of his own, which are now universally accepted, but which were long in coming to general recognition. The common method of treating pneumonia at that time was to keep the patient in a room as nearly hermetically sealed as possible. Called to see a pneumonia patient, he found the patient lying on a bed in a log cabin with cracks on every side which could not be closed. It was mid-winter, and on his return two days later he expected to find the patient dead. Instead he found him much improved. His diary for that date had the notation, "I learned from this case that plenty of fresh air is a good thing in the treatment of pneumonia." On one occasion, having to amputate a patient's leg, he performed the operation successfully with a knife made of a long file hammered to a double edge by a blacksmith and sharpened on a grindstone. Physicians of that time do not seem to have had to deal with such a variety and multiplicity of germs as do those of the present day, and their simple pharmacopoeia of quinine, bluemass, opium, castor oil, and epsom salts sufficed for the relief of practically all the ailments with which they came in contact.

As there were no roads for vehicles my father's practice for many years was done on horseback, and as there were no bridges he was often obliged in answering a call in times of high water to swim the creeks. This he never hesitated to do when necessary. Sometimes he had to go long distances, involving absences of two or three days. On such occasions my mother would gather the children around the fire in the evenings and tell them Bible stories to divert their attention from the howling of the wolves that would come up to the house in answer to the family watchdog's bark.

It was the educated and refined women who did not shrink from such experiences and who, as helpmeets to their husbands, made possible the winning of the west. Fortunately my

mother was a lover of books, and with her Bible, which she read regularly through seventy times, from her eleventh to eighty-first year, and with copies of the leading classic authors of her day which in some way or another, in spite of the remoteness from libraries and bookstores, she always found means to procure, she never lacked for congenial company. Fortunately, also, there were other members of the colony with similar tastes and accomplishments, and when they visited each other their fireside talk was hardly what one would have expected to hear in a log-cabin in the almost unbroken wilderness. Their English was that of King James' Bible, and the topics they discussed were those connected with the history and literature of their day.

II

Mount Holly

THE pioneer founder of our community came originally from the Gaelic-speaking clan of middle North Carolina and bore the good highland name of Colin McRae. His father and mother talked English with a strong Scotch brogue in conversing with other people, but conversed with each other in their native Gaelic. Within about two years after their arrival in 1843 they had been joined by about a dozen other members of the clan, giving to those of that name for many years a numerical preponderance and controlling influence in the colony. They were a sturdy tribe, noted for business sagacity, incorruptible integrity, old-fashioned piety and the absence of any fear complex in their psychological make-up.

On the border line of the counties of Union and Columbia, in southwest Arkansas, they purchased from the state several thousand acres of land which they held open to purchase only by those who impressed them on first appearance as being desirable citizens.

A prohibition clause was inserted in the title deed of all land sold within two miles of the community centre. Whether or not this clause would have stood the test of the courts, it was so unanimously supported by public sentiment as to prove entirely effective. In the only case of its attempted violation the offender received such warning as made it seem to him expedient to leave the community between dark and daylight, and he never returned.

The government gave them a post office, to which they gave the name of Mount Holly, suggested by the abundance of holly trees, whose dark green foliage and beautiful red berries were the most conspicuous feature of the landscape.

It was by the deliberate planning of its founders that our community never grew into a town. They wished to safeguard their children from the demoralizing influence of town life and especially from the temptations of a saloon. Around a central nucleus, including a post office, two stores and a building that served as both church and school, they lived on their plantations from one to five miles distant.

Owing to the manner of its selection it was a homogeneous community, the later arrivals having practically all come on the invitation of the earlier ones. Their common experiences of pioneer life drew them closely together and generated a strong spirit of solidarity and co-operation. One of the earlier additions to the McRae settlement was Samuel Strain, whose face with its gray beard and the sweet smile it always wore is one of the most vivid of my childhood recollections. He always claimed me as his namesake, and, as such, presented me with a piece of yellow Nankin cloth, out of which my first trousers were made. His daughter married one of the McRaes and I had the satisfaction many years later of bringing into our mission work his granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth McRae Ross, who has long been one of our most efficient workers in Mexico.

An interesting accession to the colony was Colonel Aylett Buckner, of Kentucky, father of Simon Bolivar Buckner, major-general in the Confederate army and later vice-presidential candidate on the Gold Party ticket with Judge Palmer, of New York. General Buckner never came to Arkansas, but an elder brother came and lived on the farm with his mother after the father's death, which occurred soon after their arrival. He had the eccentricity of thinking that eating bear meat was essential to his health, and spent much of his time hunting bear, which were still very plentiful at that time. On one occasion he had a personal encounter with a bear. After wounding the bear with a musket ball, he tried to dispatch it by thrusting a bayonet into

its side, but was himself seriously wounded by being bitten through the calf of the leg.

In their log-cabin homes in the almost unbroken wilderness our colonists found many compensations for the luxuries and comforts they had left behind. In spite of their primitive character and furnishings, these pioneer homes were not devoid of solid comfort. If one can sleep soundly on a well-made cotton or straw mattress, what more can he do on one of cotton felt on box springs? Their big open fires of hickory logs are now in the older states only to be found in homes of wealth as features of especial comfort, or for artistic purposes in high-priced hotels. Their split-bottom chairs were more comfortable and sanitary for that warm climate than those upholstered in plush or leather would have been. These chairs were especially adapted to leaning against the chimney wall in winter to read by the soft yellow light of blazing pine knots. In that way, before my twelfth birthday, I had read the entire set of the Waverly Novels and Goodrich's Pictorial History of the United States, besides many books of children's stories and the more thrilling selections of the McGuffey Readers.

One hesitates to tax the credulity of those living under present-day conditions by describing the table fare of our pioneers after their homes were established and organized, not only occasionally when company came, but all the time. Their Negro cooks and house servants, holding their positions by life tenure, and having a natural genius for things pertaining to their profession, were trained to a perfection only attained or attainable by those of their race in ante-bellum days in the South. Their gardens and orchards yielded in ample quantity all the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone. Poultry of every variety swarmed in their barnyards. Their flocks and herds multiplied and kept fat on the open range three-fourths of the year, and on stored-up provender the other fourth. In addition to these

sources of supply, the woods were full of game and the creeks were full of fish. When the cotton crop was harvested it was shipped to New Orleans and sold by the commission merchant, who purchased and sent back supplies of sugar and coffee and golden syrup and boxes of Dutch cheese and of nuts and raisins, and all the ingredients for making and seasoning the kind of mince pie that is now in law-abiding communities only a regretful memory.* The French *chef* of the New York hotels is not in the same class with the colored "Dinah," who handled these culinary materials, and with all his twentieth century appliances he can produce no such results as she produced with her pots and pans and skillets and bread ovens, heated top and bottom with coals from the open wood-fire.

The loneliness of plantation life was relieved by frequent interchanges of family visits, usually in the form of "spending the day." There were frequent night gatherings of the young people, at which they indulged in all varieties of amusements supposed to be not of a "worldly" character. Dancing was strictly tabu, but occasionally the floor of the wide passageway was utilized for a game of "twistification," which was not objected to, and which served to show how easily people of the strictest principles may sophisticate their consciences on the subject of worldly amusements. It seems now, in the restrospect of seventy years, a pity that the piety of the pioneers, which was sincere and unostentatious, did not allow and even encourage dancing among their young people, at least in the form of the beautiful and graceful cotillion and the old Virginia reel.

The following letter, which I find among the treasures of memory preserved in my scrap book, I here insert for the vivid picture it gives of what the social and religious atmosphere of Mt. Holly meant to those who were brought up in it. It is from the granddaughter of Samuel Strain, mentioned on a preceding

*This was written in Prohibition days.

page as one of our missionaries to Mexico and is dated December 14, 1918:

"Dear Friend:

I'm not writing you as a missionary nor addressing you as the Secretary of Foreign Missions. This is just a line of Christmas wellwishing to a fellow Mount Hollyan—two wanderers as we are, and whose lives have again crossed each other in the providence of the God of our fathers.

I visited it all last summer. Time passes over it with a light step as though loath to bring changes. But in all these years since you were there many things that you loved have become dust. I recall distinctly a visit you made to your home. You preached for us on Sunday. I was a young child, who had not cultivated the art of listening to sermons. They were classed in my mind with such disciplines as 'staying in' after school. But I remember that I listened to you. You preached from Joshua 3:14, 15, 16.

The hill where your home stood is almost bare, even of the trees which sheltered your youthful sports. The house has crumbled into dust as though it sought to keep company with those who once called it home and who have since wrapped the drapery of their couch about them and lain down to peaceful dreams. It was a fountain blessed of God, your home, giving back to Him without fear those whom He called into eternity and sending out joyfully those whom He called to service.

The academy building was burned some years ago, accidentally of course, a strange providence it would seem for a thing which had played such an important part in the lives of three generations. But perhaps it would have chosen cremation rather than a long, slow decline when it would have been pronounced unfit for its life-time mission of sheltering youth. But almost all the great oaks are standing, the same ones under which you in your day, and I in mine played cat-ball, base, and jumping-the-rope. Would you not like to visit again the woods which surround the sacred spot and hunt the Indian pipes

which hide their waxen heads under the brown pine needles in the flaming autumn or hunt wild honeysuckle and dog-wood in the radiant spring? I remember very vividly how insistently the woods used to call me as I sat just inside a great old window and droned to myself dismally: 'seven times seven are forty-nine.' I can imagine that the surrounding forest still calls to the children and wonders why it knows no more the ring of childish voices and the riot of heedless feet.

Most of those who started our steps on life's highway are sleeping in the burying ground, whose sentinel cedars as of old point toward heaven. Of most of those who sleep there it could not be said that life was a fitful fever. They lived calmly and righteously and with wholesome zest they laid down their life as a gift which had been worth having and entered the larger life with trust and expectancy.

The little church is almost as you saw it—only a little grayer and accumulating each year a larger horde of memories. From its favored vantage ground on the hill it commands as of old the social and religious life of the people. It was built in 1879, the year I was born, and has ever been the most sacred spot in the world to me. They were all carried there at the last, your father and mother and mine—not that there was anything that could be added to their blessed joy in the fulness of His presence, but that we who wept and sought their dear hands in the night of sorrows might be steadied by those solemn words: 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations,' and 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' I think the church will continue to send out those who will help to do the world's work. When I was there last summer a firm-lipped young mother stood up in Sunday school and repeated Romans 8:28. The tiny son who clung to her hand was named John Calvin and he, too, lisped his memory text. This giving of memory texts was a custom of your father during his long superintendency, which is still kept up.

If I were writing to the Secretary of Foreign Missions, I would not make the following admission. The first complaint I would

wish to make to him would be that I had lived so far short of the vision I had when I answered the call to the foreign field. But since I'm writing to a Mount Hollyan I don't mind saying that often, often I am homesick for Mount Holly. I long for its great trees with the grapevine swings, for Beech Creek, where the ferns and the bay trees run riot and the marsh birds answer each other in liquid notes. I want a drink of water from Aunt Anne Parker's spring out of a real sure enough *gourd* and all the scuppernongs I can eat from Uncle Jimmie McCall's vine. I long for houses with front porches covered with star jasmine vines, well scrubbed pine floors and glass windows with muslin curtains. I want a front yard with moss roses, larkspurs and honeysuckle in it—and a back yard with a smokehouse and a hickorynut tree. I long for a fireplace with a hickory log flaming in it and the ring on my front steps of a neighbor's foot who comes on the pure mission of *just a-neighboring*.

And it is in that spirit that I come to you this glad Christmastide—the old-time Mount Holly spirit of *just a-neighboring*.

With love and best wishes for you and yours,

Your friend,

Elizabeth McRae Ross."

III

Church and School

THERE were three institutions which dominated the life of our community throughout its history: the Church, the Sunday School, and the Old-Field School. They were so closely affiliated that it would be impossible to describe them separately. First of all, they occupied the same building. Like all our buildings it was of hewn logs. There were two doors and two windows with slat shutters on opposite sides. About the center of one side was the teacher's desk, which also served for the pulpit on Sunday, and at each end was an open fireplace. The cracks between the logs were left open in summer for ventilation and daubed with mud in winter to keep out the cold. The seats* were blocks sawn from pine logs with a notch, into which a plank was fixed for a back. Brackets with tallow candles in them hung around the walls and furnished a dim religious light for the Wednesday evening prayer meetings.

Our church as first organized included all the adult members of the colony, and as the children grew up they passed almost automatically in a body once a year from the Sunday school into the church. Until the beginning of the Civil War the church grew steadily in numbers and importance. Then the work of disintegration set in. All the able-bodied young men organized a company and marched off to join the army of northern Virginia. Almost one-third of them never returned, and many of those who did return were maimed in battle or broken in health from the exposure of camp life.

Then when the railroads penetrated the country after the war our village was left to one side, and the enterprising young men, as they grew up, went to points on the railroad, where

*One of these seats is on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

they built other towns, some of which have now become small cities, while our village still remains only a village. For the same reason the church never had a large membership, but owing to its character and the quality of its work and the stream of vigorous young life that continually went out from it, its influence on all the surrounding country has been and still continues to be out of all proportion to its numbers. A surprising number of the leaders and influential citizens in other communities that have grown up in that region are those who received their early training in our church and school.

The church's first regular supply was Rev. W. S. Lacy, father of Stonewall Jackson's famous chaplain, Beverly Tucker Lacy, and grandfather of several distinguished ministers of that name of the Presbyterian church of today. He was a man of striking personal appearance, elegant manners, and fine literary attainments. In his old age he lost his eyesight, but his memory was stored with literary treasures which made him independent of things in print. He could recite from memory the entire New Testament and many of the Psalms and other poetical parts of the Old Testament. He knew much of Shakespeare and Scott and all of Robert Burns by heart. He was not satisfied with the way Burns ended "John Anderson, My Jo" and composed a third stanza to the poem, expressing the anticipation of the old couple of the continuance of their happy association in the life to come.

"John Anderson, My Jo, John,
A joyful morn shall rise,
And we will baith ascind on hie,
To dwell abou' the skies,
To join a glorious throng, John,
Afar from sin and woe,
And sing t'gither the new song,
John Anderson, My Jo."

He lived beyond his ninetieth year, retaining his mental faculties unimpaired. To a friend who met him out walking, supported by a cane in each hand, and who inquired of his health, he replied, "Feeble, very feeble, but thank God I have begun to die at the bottom instead of at the top."

Like all the Lacys I have ever known, he was an interesting talker and also enjoyed good living. Among my earliest recollections were his visits to our home. He would come tired from his twenty-mile ride from his home in Eldorado and say to my mother, "Mrs. Chester, I am a little weary and think I would enjoy some refreshments. Please do not go to any trouble; a little cold turkey, or a piece of cold mince pie will answer." She usually knew when he was coming and enjoyed his visits so much that she was glad to take the trouble to have suitable refreshments on hand.

A "College" in the Wilderness.

In 1847 the church called a full-time resident pastor, Rev. Mr. Hoge, who also established the Mount Holly Academy, a classical school which drew patronage from all parts of southern Arkansas and northern Louisiana and Texas. It was a kind of "Log College" for all that region where the young people were cut off by their remoteness from the schools and colleges of the east. Its curriculum included all that was included in the usual college curriculum of that day, except modern languages and higher mathematics.

The pastor-teacher arrangement proved unfortunate for the reason that in those days when stress was laid on corporal punishment as a corrective for youthful misdemeanors and as an incentive to study it was always a point of honor among boys to hate the teacher. Except in the case of one's own parents, it is not in human nature to love a person by whom one has been thrashed. The thrashed boy hates the teacher on his own

account and the others hate him on their friend's and companions' account. This, of course, proved a sore handicap in the teacher's evangelistic approach to his pupils on Sunday. A requisition was, therefore, made to send out a pious layman for our school, for there was a "gentleman's agreement" that our teacher must at least be a college graduate and a member of the Presbyterian church.

The school was co-educational, only for the reason that the community was not sufficiently advanced to sustain two schools. But while of necessity housed in the same building, the boys and girls were strictly prohibited from speaking to each other or holding communication in any way whatsoever. To prevent intermingling after school hours the girls were dismissed fifteen minutes in advance of the boys. It seems unaccountable that the futility of this scheme did not occur to the teacher without his having to learn it by experience. All that the girls had to do was to regulate their walking so that within a quarter of a mile the boys would overtake them. In school hours, by various telepathic signs, they easily communicated to each other their personal attitudes, favorable or otherwise, so that every boy who had a sweetheart, as nearly all of them did, knew definitely whether or not his sentiments were reciprocated. After a while, these foolish restrictions were removed and the sexes mingled together in a comradeship which was as pleasant as it was wholesome and beneficial to both of them in every way. I can remember no time after I entered school at seven years of age that I was not desperately in love with some girl pupil, frequently one several years my senior in age and usually a different one at each recurring session. And the ambition to shine in class before the favored one, or to evoke her admiration of our reading of "Hohenlinden," or our declaiming Patrick Henry's great war speech, was one of our greatest incentives to study and effort.

In addition to the usual school games of that day—townball, bullpen, prisoner's base, marbles, leapfrog and the "half-hammered" jump—occasional fighting was also one of the school sports, mostly done by the small boys at the instigation of the larger ones. Some of the more civilized large boys inaugurated a movement to discourage fighting by having a rule adopted that any two boys who wished to fight must go off out of sight and have it out between themselves with no spectators and no bystanders to part them. The result was that the prospective combatants usually composed their differences before reaching the battle ground. Not always, however. It fell to my lot to have one fight under those conditions. As my athletic specialty was wrestling, I closed with my adversary and we began a tussle which lasted several minutes, with no result, except that both of us were getting short of breath. The situation was becoming critical for me when, to my intense relief, the proposition came from the other side to quit and call it a drawn battle. I answered "all right" with alacrity, whereupon we shook hands and rejoined our companions on the playground.

The days of the old-field school are no more. A public free-school system, supported by taxation, is an indispensable condition of the success of the democratic experiment in government. But, on the other hand, a public school system, from which the moral and religious teaching which was such a prominent feature of the old field parochial school are excluded, is being more and more found inadequate to insure peace and order and the public welfare in a democratic nation.

As for the good men and women who have gone out from the old church and school, during the ninety years of their existence, to help in making a better world, their name is legion. So far as the community itself is concerned, due largely, no doubt, to the same influence, the following facts in its history are to be noted. No permanent member of the community was

ever convicted of a felony. No whiskey has ever been sold in the community for beverage purposes. There was never a personal encounter between two grown white men in the community, except once during the Civil War. Finally, it is true today that among the descendants of our colonists of the third generations it is unusual to find those who are not characterized by a high moral earnestness and solidity of character.

IV

Boyhood Days

INTO the environment described in the preceding chapter I had the good fortune to be born, January 17, 1851, the youngest of a family of eight. This gave me ten years of pioneer experience before the Civil War and eight years of war time and reconstruction experience before going to college in 1869.

Childish Memories.

Just how long before an infant brain hardens sufficiently to retain impressions is a matter about which psychologists differ, but I have some recollections, too vivid and well defined to be imaginary, which I can not date earlier than the end of my second year. One is of the wooden cradle that was pushed under the bed in daytime and drawn out for my accommodation at night. Another is of a gown of green cloth figured with white gourds, in which I was rocked to sleep to a nursery tune of which I can only recall the fragment of something being done for my especial benefit "under the green berry tree." My brother William was one of the purest and best men I ever knew, but as a boy he was given to teasing the younger children. One of his pranks was to take me up in front of him on a very hard trotting gray horse and make him jolt me until I would cry to be put down. He left for college when I was three years old and I remember vividly how glad I was to see him go. I never became fully reconciled to him until he returned at the end of five years and became engaged to one of my teachers of whom I was very fond, and I was honored by being made their confidant and go-between.

At the age of four I had the unforgettable experience of my first serious love affair. The young lady was about twenty

and her name was "Alabama." She had come for a visit with my sister from the girls' college at Eldorado. She weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds, but was very charming for all that, and used to take me in her lap and rock me to sleep. She called me her sweetheart and I returned her supposed affection with enthusiasm, and was deeply distressed when I heard, not long after, that she was married. Similar experiences played a rather large part in my life. A quick and somewhat exaggerated susceptibility to female charms several times caused me some trouble, but without that weakness, if it is to be so considered, I should probably not have fallen in love at sight, and so missed permanent connection with the final one, without whose life companionship the work I was appointed to do in the world could not have been done. Of this, more anon.

My brother Edward, always known as Buddie, was a boy whom everybody loved. He and I were inseparable companions, and in spite of occasional episodes, in which conflicting interests resulted in friction, no interruption of our harmonious relations lasted over night. For instance, we had a habit of nearly always falling in love with the same girl. I can not remember that this ever disturbed our good fellowship, except once. Susie L_____ lived between our home and the church. One Sunday morning we made an amicable arrangement that he was to escort her to Sunday school and I was to escort her home. Unfortunately, I forgot my part of the arrangement when Sunday school adjourned and was standing at the church door listening to the talk of the elders when, on looking around, I saw the couple starting off home together. Enraged at his taking what I thought was an unfair advantage of my absent-mindedness I ran and overtook them, and proceeded at once by the fisticuff method to assert my rights in the premises. When the contest was still undecided, Susie interposed by reminding my brother of our previous arrangement, whereupon

he returned crestfallen to the crowd at the church door and I went on home with her as quietly as if nothing had happened.

This propensity to do things on a sudden impulse, without regard to consequences or the possible reaction on bystanders, is something I have had to contend with through life, and not always successfully.

Old Time "Religious Education."

Our Sunday-school curriculum was the memorizing of large portions of Scripture and all the old classic hymns and a complete outline of Bible history as set forth in "Smith's Scripture Question Book." The hymns were given out each Sunday to be recited the following Sunday, and one boy was selected and notified that he would be expected to "raise the tune" when the hymn was sung. My little cousin, Patty McRae, and I were the same age and made our hymn debut the same Sunday. I ran through the four verses of my hymn quite triumphantly. Patty was timid and became stagestruck. The hymn she had selected was:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

Finding herself unable to repeat the lines literally, she gave the sense as best she could, as follows:

"I love to steal and spend the day a-setting down."

Having our minds thus stored with the imperishable treasures of Holy Scripture and of the gospel truths enshrined in the hymns of Watts and Newton and Cowper and Charles Wesley, I am not sure that we lost a great deal by never being able to stay awake through the long theological sermons that were the rule of that day, nor through the long prayer meetings held "at

early candle lighting" on Wednesday evenings. One of the elders had a very long prayer, during which my brother Edward, who had kneeled down at one of the block seats in a dark corner of the room, went so fast asleep that he was not awakened by the dismissal of the congregation. About halfway home we missed him and two of us went back to find him. After a little, we met him coming down the road at top speed. Waking up and finding himself kneeling at his block seat all alone in the dark church, he rose and made a "Tam O'Shanter" run of it, and could not be stopped till he reached the main company going home.

At the age of seven I entered the Old-Field School. I had already learned to read fluently, and so was initiated at once into the mysteries of Murray's Grammar, McNally's Geography, Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and Goodrich's History of the United States. We had spelling contests of a page of Webster's Dictionary at the close of school each day and a review of the four pages of the preceding days on Friday. Whoever missed a word fell out of line, and by the time we reached the end of the fourth page, there would not often be more than two or three out of the forty or fifty left standing. It was an exciting game and I do not think has ever been improved upon as a method of training good spellers.

Beginning at seven-thirty A. M., and continuing, with two intervening recesses, till five in the afternoon, we had time to cover a good deal of ground in our sessions of eight months. In the eleven years before going to college I had completed a course in mathematics covering the college course up to calculus, brief courses in mental and moral philosophy and history, and in languages had read five books of Xenophon's "Anabasis," all the eleven books of Virgil's "Æneid," all of Horace, all of Cicero's "Orations," in fact, everything I found in the college course in Latin, except Tacitus. The method in Latin was

to translate long passages of the author without help, with the instruction, "Work on it till your translation makes good sense. When it makes sense, you are apt to have it right." In that way we gradually mastered the vocabulary and absorbed a knowledge of the idiom, and could give a good account in English of the author's meaning, while entirely innocent of technical knowledge of the mysteries of mood and tense and peculiarities of construction.

Relations With Our Slaves.

Before passing from these boyhood days I must say a word about the institution of slavery as I saw it first hand for the first fifteen years of my life. The institution as we knew it in the South was perhaps the mildest form of slavery the world has ever seen. Our slaves were the best fed and clothed and housed, and the least oppressed peasantry in the world, and the relation between good masters and good slaves was in many instances very happy and very beautiful. On small plantations like ours, where the owners were their own managers and the boys of the families worked on the farm with the slaves, the relation was patriarchal and there were often devoted personal attachments between the slaves and their owners. Only once do I remember to have seen my father strike one of his grown-up slaves. That was when one of them became enraged with the cook and went into the kitchen and seized her by the collar and the seat of her dress and pitched her out into the yard. In a case like this, chastisement was the thing in order, whether the perpetrator of the deed was white or black, bond or free. My special friend and playmate was a Negro boy of my own age, with whom I boxed and wrestled and roamed the fields in search of mischief and adventure, and shared the frequent castigation that followed our co-operation in various forms of misdemeanor.

"Uncle Berryman."

My mother's old gardener, "Uncle Berryman," who was very religious, and whose holdings-forth to us youngsters were usually on the terrors of the law, exerted on me, I am sure, a more restraining moral influence than many of the sermons I heard in the village church. One of his theological tenets was that up to nine years of age our parents were responsible for us, but after that if we died without being converted we would certainly be lost. Accepting his view without question, I looked forward with almost terror to the day when I would be nine years old. Old "Granny," as we called her, held that the age of responsibility was twelve years, and when my brother William said to her one morning, "Granny, I am twelve years old today," he was met with the devastating response, "Yes; jis ready now to die and go to hell!"

Between one of our slaves named Rob and our entire family there was a devoted attachment that survived the war and lasted until the day of his death. He was the companion of our coon hunts, and many a night sitting at the root of a tree up which a coon had taken refuge, waiting for daybreak to cut the tree, Rob entertained us with "Uncle Remus" stories, which his forbears had brought from Africa long before Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus" had been heard of. There were some variations in these stories, but they belonged to the same African folklore.

For several years after the war we had an "army of occupation" which ran true to form, marching over the country and taking what they wanted without consent or compensation. My father had a handsome black horse named "Rebel," which he rode in his medical practice and which was a great family pet. One day Rebel was standing hitched at the front gate when a company of soldiers passed by. Without asking any questions

they took him along with them. That afternoon Rob failed to report for his usual work about the house, and we wondered if he had at last forsaken us and gone over to the enemy. But next morning about sunrise he appeared on Rebel's back, the horse breathing heavily and being flecked with foam. Rob had followed the soldiers on foot for twenty miles, where they camped for the night. He concealed himself till everything was quiet and the lights were out, and then quietly unhitched the horse, sprung on his back and started on a gallop for home. There was a broad grin on his face when he arrived and the welcome he received was, of course, enthusiastic. This act of devotion to the family interest was done at the risk of his life, for if he had been discovered he would immediately have become the target for a fusillade of musket balls.

Demoralizing Effects.

In spite of instances like these, which were to be found in abundance on many southern plantations, practically all intelligent southerners are now glad that the institution of slavery is seventy years behind us; even more for the slaveholders sake than for that of his former slaves. Only a small minority of mankind in any age or country have ever been good enough to be safely entrusted with the personal ownership of their fellow men. And in my opinion there is no sound reasoning and no sound interpretation of Scriptures that can justify an institution that makes it possible under the law for men of small minds and cruel hearts, of whom there is always an oversupply in the world, to wreak their bad temper on the naked back of a helpless and unresisting fellow man, whether he be black or white. I also think it beyond question that the total effect of African slavery in the South—economically, socially, and morally—was bad, and that it would have been so recognized and gotten rid of by the southern people themselves, but

for the sectional hatred generated by northern anti-slave writers like Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

At the ages of nine and eleven, my brother Edward and I were promoted from a pallet on our mother's bedroom floor to a bed in one of the detached cabins used by my father as an "office," where he kept medical and surgical supplies. Under the bed were two skeletons, one of an adult and one of a child. We often amused ourselves by taking these to pieces and puting them back together, and by extracting the teeth from the jaw of the adult and putting them carefully back in their sockets. These pranks gave us some valuable early lessons in anatomy, and also the opportunity of getting rid of our childish dread of skeletons. They were also very effective in terrifying any young pickaninnies who annoyed us with undesired visits.

This move opened a new chapter in the lives of both of us. It greatly enlarged our freedom of movement. It opened the way for night visits from our boy friends and for going out ourselves without disturbing the routine of the family. Our favorite place to go was to the "Quarter," to watch the young Negroes "cut the pigeon wing" to the tune of Alex's banjo, and to hear the old ones tell their folklore stories and relate their religious experiences. Uncle Berryman, especially, had a great many stories of his spiritual encounters with the Devil, told in such a realistic way as to make the Devil a very real character to me and to inspire me with a very wholesome fear of him. Some of these sank down into my subconscious mind, and sometimes to this day reproduce themselves in vivid and lifelike dreams. When the Negroes told these stories, it was understood at the time that they were talking in parables, and expressing in that way their experiences which could not be so realistically expressed in literal statements. I think that it is only those who have had this kind of association with the old-time Negroes

who can fully understand and appreciate the play, "Green Pastures," one of the most wonderful dramatic productions of our day. When I first heard about it, I thought it would be very shocking. But when I watched it for two hours in a New York theatre I spent most of the time weeping like a child. The closing scene, representing the suffering of God the Father in His Son for the redemption of mankind, brought home to me the real meaning of the Cross in a way I had never felt before. The whole play was the old-time Negro's conception of the Gospel, and it was orthodox to the core.

v

War Times, Reconstruction and the Ku-Klux

GENERAL SHERMAN'S famous definition of war was true of even so comparatively mild a specimen of it as our American Civil War. Since then the diabolical horrors of the World War have given it a meaning of which not even General Sherman ever dreamed.

Its ultimate cause was the conflict of commercial interests that arose between the industrial North and the agrarian South, leading to legislation which first one and then the other—as each successively gained control of the government—deemed unfair and oppressive.

Its immediate occasion was the assertion by several southern states of the right of secession from the Union.

Secession.

Arkansas was one of the last of the states to secede, and throughout the war it contained a predominating Union element north of the Arkansas River. Secessionists were in the majority in southern Arkansas, but there were many Union men up to the time of Lincoln's call for volunteers to coerce South Carolina. My father was one of these, believing we could maintain our rights more effectively in the Union than out of it. The secessionists were intolerant and aggressive, and there were heated discussions under the trees in the church yard on Sunday mornings before and after service, seriously threatening the hithereto unbroken harmony of our community. In the Old-Field School, the secession boys taunted those of us who would not wear the blue cockade with being "Yankees," thereby turning our playgrounds largely into fighting grounds.

But the outbreak of the war at once restored peace to our community. Very few Union men were left in southern Arkansas, and the sons of those who had been Union men were often the first to volunteer. My brother William served throughout the war with the rank of captain in Tappan's infantry brigade. My brother Joseph, who was a student at Washington College, Virginia, joined the Liberty Hall Volunteers and served with the Stonewall Brigade until killed in action at Spotsylvania in 1864. He had passed unscathed through about twenty battles on the second Winchester campaign. At Staunton, on the return, he was given a sick leave furlough, but on learning that his company was going into the battle he declined to leave till the battle was over. After the battle, we ceased to hear from him, and knew no more until about a year later my mother received a letter from Governor Letcher, who had known him personally, saying he had learned from one of my brother's comrades that he had been shot through the heart and buried in the trenches. Thirty years afterward, his first cousin, Charles Chester Yemans, of Vermont (named for my father), told me that he was in the same battle, in a brigade that was posted in a line exactly opposite that of the Stonewall Brigade. Incidents like this, which were numerous, serve now in the cold light of history to reveal the unspeakable wickedness of that fratricidal strife into which the nation was dragged by selfish politicians representing supposedly clashing interests on both sides, and by fanatical moral crusaders seeking to destroy what they regarded as a criminal institution by the perpetration of one of the greatest crimes of all history.

During the war no great battles were fought west of the Mississippi. Absence of railroads and bridges and the frequent impassability of the dirt roads would have made it impossible to maneuvre large bodies of troops or to keep them supplied with food or war materials. The few minor engagements

fought were all but one in northern Arkansas. The sufferings entailed by the war on our community were therefore chiefly mental. The anxiety of the mothers for their sons at the front; the days of mourning as word would come that one after another had fallen in battle, and the farewells as one after another of the younger ones reached the age of enlistment—these were the things that made the war, even for us, a sad and bitter experience.

The "Jayhawkers."

There were also bands of brigands known as "Jayhawkers" which made frequent raids, stealing horses and robbing those who had money and sometimes murdering those against whom they had a private grudge. They usually wore the Confederate uniform, and when asked to give an account of themselves claimed to belong to Joe Shelby's cavalry brigade. In that way that brigade, which was a band of gallant men led by one of our most gallant and efficient cavalry officers, became the target of the poetical humor of an infantryman, between whom and the cavalry there was always more or less jealously. He substituted for the first two lines of "Maryland, My Maryland":

"Joe Shelby's at your stable door!
Where's your mule? O where's your mule?"

Occasionally the Jayhawkers "came for wool and went home shorn." One day Captain Meek, an officer in Shelby's brigade, came on a short leave to see his family. While they were at dinner four men in uniform rode up, two on each side of the house, and opened fire through the dining-room windows. They proved bad marksmen, the only damage being that one ball hit a water pitcher and a fragment of the broken pitcher hit the captain in the chest. He at first thought that it was a bullet and that he would find himself mortally wounded, but rose and

ran out into an open passageway and took down from a rack over the door a loaded double-barrelled shotgun and emptied the contents into the body of one of the men on each side of the house, whereupon the other two precipitately fled. Seeing one of them fall to the ground, Captain Meek's little son, twelve years old, ran out and seized his army rifle and brought it to his father. He had no occasion to use it, however, as both the fallen men had twelve buckshot on the inside of them and the other two were gone.

As for our food supply during the war, as our country was not devastated by the marching to and fro of contending armies, we had an abundance of such things as we could raise at home. The Federal blockade cut us off from imported luxuries, such as sugar and coffee and the delicacies we had been accustomed to purchase from New Orleans. Our warm drink was a decoction of parched rye sweetned with a semi-acid syrup made from the sorghum cane.

My father, in his strenuous life, had always been very dependent upon his coffee, and after two years' experience of the blockade substitutes decided that he could endure them no longer. He hired a man to drive a wagon across the state of Texas into Mexico and bring back a load of coffee. After about two months, it was reported one morning that the coffee wagon would arrive the next morning. My mother had a pine plank table built across the yard and invited the entire neighborhood to come to a coffee drinking that afternoon. Though only thirteen years old, I remember vividly what a delicious flavor the "sure enough" coffee had. All drank freely of the unaccustomed beverage, some taking three or four cups. Next day inquiries were passed around the neighborhood, "Did you sleep last night?" It developed that practically the entire neighborhood had laid awake all night.

For clothing the men and boys wore gray jeans and the women and girls cotton dresses of many attractive patterns, spun and woven by themselves. We procured from South Carolina some seed of the long staple Sea Island cotton, from which they made a domestic almost as fine as linen. My brother and I had one Sunday suit not made of gray jeans. In one of our log-cabins there was a billiard table, about which nobody cared after all the men were gone to war. Finally, that it might come into some use the green top was taken off and made into two suits of boys' clothes. With their brass buttons given us by the soldiers, these suits created a sensation when we appeared in them at church and Sunday school.

Propaganda.

Propaganda was not a new discovery of the World War. We had an abundance of it in the sixties. It was used in 1861 to inflame the nationalistic, in that case sectionalistic, spirit and bring the people up to the fighting mood for the war the politicians had brought about. Great meetings addressed by flaming orators were held, at which all kinds of wild and foolish things were said, as, for instance, that one southern man could whip five Yankees anywhere on the public road. One of those who figured in this capacity in our community was John R. Fellows, afterwards famous as a New York lawyer and politician. He was known as the "boy orator," being then only nineteen years old. He once spent a night in our home, and I remember that he talked the entire time as though he were delivering a carefully prepared oration.

During the war our censored press published only such things as the authorities thought would keep up the people's morale, regardless of their truth or falsehood. Consequently, we of the trans-Mississippi department knew practically nothing of what was happening in the East, except what came to

us in private letters. The newspapers gave us, under flaming headlines, accounts of an unbroken series of victories of Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Beauregard. So completely were we kept in the dark that three days before Appomattox my father sold for Confederate money ten out of twenty bales of long-staple cotton that had accumulated during the war, and that on the day that Lee surrendered was worth $1.00 a pound in gold. That Lee could be defeated or surrender was something we had scarcely dreamed of as a possibility.

But Lee did surrender. An era in our country's history was closed, and it remained for our people to adjust themselves to the new one that was about to be ushered in.

The Racial Question.

The first problem confronting us after the collapse of the Confederacy, and with it of all of our state and county governments, was that of our relation with our former slaves. With people of communities like ours, who had won the affection of their slaves by just and kind treatment, the problem would have been easy if there had been no outside interference. Most of them at first remained with their former owners and began working under contract for wages instead of as before for their "victuals and clothes." The sons of the family went to the field and worked with the employed freedmen, maintaining the same kindly relations as before emancipation. During this period I ploughed, hoed and picked cotton as one of the regular field hands, helped to clear the primeval forest to provide more ground for raising the high-priced cotton, split rails for fencing, and drove the ox team that hauled our imported supplies from the river port twenty miles away. This experience had much to do in giving me the physical stamina that has carried me through my four-score and three years of somewhat strenuous living without anything that could be called a break down, and

which, barring accidents, should put me in the class of those nonogenarians mentioned in a previous chapter. Morally, however, the results were not so good. They were such as led me to resolve that no boy of mine in his early teens should be subjected to any such temptations to sins of the tongue as is involved in driving oxen or in ploughing a stubborn mule in new ground.

The first year after emancipation we employed ten Negro men who, under normal conditions, should have produced for us a minimum of fifty bales of cotton. But owing to an unfavorable season and to the impossibility of getting them to do more than a half day's work each day, the grass took our crop and their output was only eleven bales. As for corn, we made just enough to feed the ox team with which I hauled from the river landing what we had to buy.

Freedman's Bureau.

Our friendly relations with the Negroes continued until the reconstruction measures adopted under the lead of "that bad old man" (as some historian accurately characterized him), Thaddeus Stevens, came into operation. Then we had, first of all, the Freedman's Bureau. The officers of this institution were usually appointed on the nomination of congressmen of the Thaddeus Stevens type, and represented the views and ideals of that element of Congrss. They gave the Negroes to understand that they had come to "take care" of them, and encouraged them to report to the Bureau every grievance, large or small, which they might have against their former owners. One of our former slaves, whom my mother employed as a cook, and who had an ungovernable temper, one day got into a great passion and threatened to poison the family. On being dismissed she went to the Bureau and reported her grievance. Next day she returned with a note from the agent to my

father, reminding him that the bearer was a lady, and must be treated as one, and not "insulted" by any member of the family, on penalty of the arrest and prosecution of the offender. Her disappointment on being dismissed a second time instead of being restored to her position on the basis of the letter was pathetic. A short time afterwards, however, she returned deeply penitent and begged to be taken back into the good graces of the family, and remained with us several years without ever giving further trouble.

Regardless of the good or bad intentions of its agents, this incident illustrates their ignorance of the situation with which our men were attempting to deal, and explains why the operations of the Bureau were the reverse of helpful in solving the problem of the times.

The Carpet Bagger.

Then the Assyrian (bearing the accurately descriptive name of "Carpet Bagger") came down like a wolf on the fold. Not all of these were as bad as southern "prejudice" made them out to be. One of the best of them, Albion W. Tourgee, of Connecticut, who figured as Federal judge in North Carolina for several years and had many interesting experiences with the Ku-Klux Klan, wrote a very interesting book after his return to the North, entitled "A Fool's Errand by One of the Fools." But the great majority of them were irresponsible adventurers coming down from the North under the auspices of the reconstruction leaders of the Thaddeus Stevens and Ben Butler type. They took possession of the state and county offices, which they administered with a single eye to personal profit, drilling and arming the Negroes and inciting them to assert in the most offensive way their new civil and political rights, and destroying as far as they could all kindly relations with their former owners.

The best account of these things I know of is given in the fifth volume of Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People."

The Ku-Klux Klan.

The response to these measures all over the South was the Ku-Klux Klan, the Pale Faces, the Knights of the White Camelia, all of them secret oath-bound organizations, differing in minor features, but with the same general character and purpose. This was "to protect our people from indignity and wrongs; to succor the suffering, particularly the families of dead Confederate soldiers; and to protect the people from unlawful seizures and from trial otherwise than by jury." The courses run by these orders depended on the character of their leaders. Some of them had reckless men at their head and ran speedily into courses of violence and crime, which led ultimately and inevitably to their prosecution and extirpation by the Federal government. Many innocent men suffered with the guilty in these prosecutions, usually because of their refusal to give evidence against their comrades, whose conduct, however, they might wholly disapprove. Others of them remained under control of sane and responsible leaders who would not countenance criminal proceedings of any kind, and served an indespensable purpose of self-protection to the intelligent and respectable element among the disfranchised white people, against whom all the powers of the existing government seemed for a time to be directed to humiliate and ruin them.

Our community adopted the Knights of the White Camelia, and into that order I was initiated at the age of sixteen by the pastor of our church. When the ceremony of initiation was finished and my blindfold removed, I looked around and saw all the elders and deacons of the church and every important member of the community standing around the walls of the

room. Certain passwords and signs were adopted, but it was understood that no meetings were to be called, except to meet an emergency. There were no costumes and no raids were ever made because none were ever necessary. Messages were sent to leading Negroes assuring them that we were their friends as we had always been, and warning them against being deceived and led into any movement against the white people by their false friends, the carpet baggers. A few of those who made themselves especially obnoxious received messages posted on their doors to the effect that for a certain number of days they would not be disturbed, in order that they might have an opportunity to arrange their business affairs; but that after a fixed date they were likely to find living conditions in that part of the country neither pleasant nor safe. None of those thus singled out hesitated to heed the warning. One of them was our county treasurer, who left immediately, carrying with him all the money in the treasury, amounting to $20,000. Neither he nor the money were ever heard of again.

After this, things moved along with comparative quiet, with only an occasional visit from the soldiers, who contented themselves with taking whatever we had that they wanted, sometimes with compensation, and sometimes without.

Finally, President Hayes came on the scene and said, "Let us have peace," and withdrew the armies of occupation, and allowed the southern states once more to take charge of their own local affairs, with the result of a country finally made one in a higher sense than was ever true before the Civil War.

VI

College Days Under General Lee

DURING the excitement and demoralization of war and reconstruction times, religiously I had wandered far from the fold. But sometime in the year of 1867 a revival meeting was held in our church, at the close of which my brother Edward and I, along with nearly all the young people of the community, were received into the full communion of the church. I have had to learn by many bitter experiences that the overcoming of evil habits once contracted is a life-time business. It has been a great comfort to me to read the story of Jacob and see how the grace of God was able in the course of a long life to transform him from the scapegrace he was when we first make his acquaintance into the fine old Christian gentleman he was at the close of his life.

I had grown up in my father's office and had always been interested in reading his medical books and journals, and had thought, almost as a matter of course, that I would adopt medicine as a profession. But one day not long after I had united with the church, our pastor, Rev. G. E. Eagleton, who was a rather brusque mannered man, came up to where I was sitting on the counter in the village store and slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Have you ever considered whether or not you ought to preach the Gospel?" I had not, but from that time I thought of almost nothing else until the question was decided. My mother had never spoken to me on the subject, but when I spoke to her about it I learned that from my infancy that had been her hope for my life. I will not burden these pages with the story of how my purpose was every now and then shaken by relapses under sudden provocation into the infirmities of

temper and habit of those wicked war time days. Finally, however, I came to the settled conviction that I ought to preach the Gospel. Then, of course, the next thing was to get ready for it, and arrangements were made to send me to college. The only college to be thought of was, of ourse, Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, where my two brothers had been before me, and of which our great southern hero, Robert E. Lee, was then president.

And so in August, 1869, I left home for an absence of three years. My home ties were very strong and my school-boy and school-girl friendships were many and very ardent, and no more homesick youth than I was ever landed on a college campus for an absence from home of three years.

College Days.

I will give the itinerary of my journey from Mt. Holly, Arkansas, to Lexington, Virginia, as illustrative of the one thousand years, measured not by the almanac but by the rate of the world's progress previous to that time, which have intervened between that date and now. Leaving home on Monday morning I traveled one day by private conveyance to Camden; then two days by stage to a point on the Mississippi River; one day and night by steamer to Memphis; two days on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, the first I had ever seen, to Lynchburg, Virginia. Arriving there one hour late, we missed the Saturday evening Canal boat to Lexington, and had to wait till the following Wednesday for the next boat. The entire journey, which could be made now in ten hours by plane, consumed ten days.

The morning after my arrival, I had my first meeting with General Lee. Walking with my friend, Drake Haislip, another Arkansas boy who had been at college the year before, as we were passing the door of the College chapel the general was

coming up the steps from his office in the basement. My natural timidity was aggravated by having been recently placed in an unaccustomed environment, and I had looked forward with dread to the experience of meeting so great a man face to face. We had had several colonels and one brigadier-general in our home during the war times, but I had a feeling that if I should come face to face with the great General Lee, of whom I had thought as a kind of superman, which indeed he was, my reaction would be an impulse to run. But when I had a full view of his countenance my timidity vanished, and with no embarrassment whatever I responded to my friend's introduction by extending my hand and saying, "Good morning, General Lee." So far from any expression of forbiddingness in his countenance, what impressed me then and ever afterwards was that it was the ideal combination of dignity and benignity. Many of the pictures of him that we see in books have been copied from portraits in which the artists have evidently sought to give his countenance the sternness supposed to be appropriate to a military man. As I knew him there was no such expression in his face. I have a little faded photograph taken while I was at college which preserves the sweetness and gentleness, combined with strength and dignity, which impressed every member of the student body, and which characterized his relations with them, with the result that, practically without exception, their attitude toward him was one of reverence and love.

General Lee taught no classes, but confined his labors to the general direction of college affairs and the administration of discipline. His government of the college was entirely paternal. His first administrative act was to abolish all rules, except the general and comprehensive one that every student was expected to attend faithfully to his college duties and to conduct himself as a gentleman. His own character as the ideal gentleman was deeply impressed on all who were capable of being

impressed by it. What is known as the "Honor System" was not technically adopted, but the public sentiment of the student body always found a way promptly to eliminate any student who was guilty of any dishonorable conduct. Those whose reports showed remissness in class attendance were invited to a personal interview with the President in his office. At a first interview he would usually ask a few questions, as to when the student had heard from home, and if his parents were well, and how he was getting along in his classes. He would then dismiss a student with a polite, "Good morning." No student ever left any such interview with any doubt as to why he had been summoned, or with any desire to have the interview repeated. I quote the following from an article in the *Alumni Magazine* by my friend and classmate, "Jim" (Bishop James R.) Winchester:

"One impression that I retain of General Lee was his sobriety. Lexington was a 'wide-open' town in those days. He never touched ardent spirits, nor did he use tobacco. His breath was as immaculate as the clothes he wore; yet he had a way of reaching the boy who happened to drift into dissipation. It is said he went through the Mexican and Civil Wars without touching a drop of ardent spirits. I had a friend and fellow student who one day stepped out of a barroom and was conscious of staggering, as a result of the 'cups' he had imbibed. He saw General Lee passing, mounted on 'Traveler'; but Billy hoped the eagle eye of the President had not noticed his condition. There was a custom in Washington College to post the names of all students whom the President wished to see regarding any matter. It might be business, or news from the boy's home or about derelict duties in the classroom. Every one so posted reported at once to the office of the President. It was nearly a week before my friend's name appeared on the bulletin board. He went to the office in fear, with a conscience disturbed. General Lee greeted him by saying, 'Mr. B., I had occasion recently to write to your mother and it gave me pleasure to tell

her how well you were doing in your classes.' Such a statement surprised Billy, who answered, 'I hope I may always live worthy of your good opinion.' Then the wise President said, 'Did it ever occur to you, Mr. B., that when you reach middle life and old age, you will need stimulants, and if you get accustomed to them in your youth, it will take so much more to have the necessary effect?' Then Billy said, 'General, I did wrong; but I promise not to do so again.' On the wall in Billy's office, in later years, I saw the letter General Lee had written the mother. It controlled his business life."

But this was fifty years before the day of national prohibition, and while General Lee never touched ardent spirits, and I do not know that he even touched light wines, his home was not an exception to what was then the practically universal custom in the South of serving light wines with refreshments at entertainments. And this leads me to relate what I think was a somewhat remarkable incident, the place and the time being considered. It was General Lee's custom early in each college year to invite all the new students to an entertainment in his home, when he would talk with each one personally, and learn their names, which he would never afterward forget. At these gatherings we were introduced to the members of the family, and thereafter any student was welcomed as a visitor in the home, without any inquiry into his social or genealogical antecedents provided only that he knew how to conduct himself as a gentleman. It was a home in which true aristocracy and true democracy were shown to be entirely compatible.

At the entertainment referred to, among the refreshments served was some dilute sherry wine seasoned with spices and lemons. It was about the color of weak tea. Before going to Lexington I had never seen either sherry wine or cold tea. As it was being served, the sophisticated boys mischievously called it cold tea, which I innocently thought it was, only I thought it had a much more pleasant flavor than the cold tea

that was served at our boarding house, and I allowed my glass to be refilled several times. Presently I began to have a strange feeling of elation and found myself much more fluent in conversation than usual. Turning to the young lady I had been conversing with I asked her if she had observed that I could not stop talking. She said she had. I replied, "Well, I know what I am saying now, but I do not know how long that will be the case. I thought what I have been drinking was cold tea, as the boys called it, but whatever it was it has gone to my head and I seem to be losing my self-control." She replied, "You have been drinking what we call a sherry cobbler. I suggest that you and I go out for a few moments promenade in the fresh air." This we did, after which we returned with my equilibrium restored, and in this respect, at least, a wiser if not a better man.

The Lee family living in the home at Lexington as I knew them were General and Mrs. Lee, his son, George Washington Custis, who succeeded him as President of the College, and three daughters, Misses Mary, Agnes and Mildred. Miss Agnes was an invalid and was away from home on health trips most of the time, and I saw very little of her.

The oldest daughter, Miss Mary, was a person of strong but somewhat eccentric character. She was wholly devoid of fear and was fond of taking long walks in the country alone. On one of these walks, on the road leading to House Mountain, she came upon a mountaineer bringing a load of apples to town who was savagely beating his horse in trying to extricate his wagon from a mud hole. She walked up to him and said very calmly, "Stop beating your horse." He replied rather roughly, "Who are you?" She answered, "It does not matter who I am, but stop beating your horse and let me show you how to get out of the mud hole." Under her direction he finally succeeded in getting on firm ground.

On returning home, she told me of the incident, and after finding out the man's name and where he lived wrote me the following note:

Dear Mr. Chester:

The name of the vivid illustration of cruelty to animals is John Moodispaugh, and he lives near House Mountain on Carr's Creek. I saw him drive by this morning with a good team and he was driving carefully. So perhaps there are capabilities of improvement which might be developed. We might hunt him up on Sunday and persuade him to come to Sunday school or church [we had a college Y. M. C. A. Sunday school on House Mountain], though every one agrees in pronouncing him a hard case. I shall be much obliged if you will be kind enough to attend to this for me.

Very truly yours,

MARY C. LEE.

We did find him and persuaded him to come to our Sunday school and bring his family with him, and I do not think he missed a Sunday for the three years I remained at college. She always spoke to him when she saw him on the street and asked after his family and how he liked the Sunday school. We taught the whole family to read, and any one seeing them at the beginning and then at the end of the three years would scarcely have recognized them for the same people. I give this incident to show that along with the masterfulness of character for which she became somewhat widely known, she also had a kindly heart and a mind set on doing good.

One of the loveliest features of the Lee home was the motherly attitude of Mrs. Lee toward the student body. She took a special interest in those of us who were too far from home to return between sessions. She several times asked me to bring to her any article of clothing that might need mending, and

once gave me a little sewing case furnished with the facilities for sewing on buttons.

My acquaintance with the youngest daughter, Miss Mildred, developed into a warm personal friendship which lasted while she lived and while I live will abide with me as a precious memory. She inherited from her father a brilliant mind and true nobility of character, and from her mother a charming personality, and those whom she once accepted as friends were never forgotten. I saw her only once after leaving college, but we continued an exchange of letters while she lived. Like her sister, she was fond of walking and we had many long walks together. She was also fond of reading and we read a number of books together. Her first letter was in answer to one I had written from Union Seminary when her mother was reported as being very ill, and just after the death of my brother Edward, of whom I had talked to her. I insert it here with one or two others because I wish my children and grandchildren, and any others who may read this story, to have the revelation of the kind of woman she was, which these letters reveal, and which they probably would not know in any other way.

Lexington, Virginia,
December 5, 1872.

Dear Mr. Chester:

My own sorrow—almost greater than I can bear—makes me feel only the more for *you,* far from home, and among strangers. There is nothing I can say to comfort you. I can not help you bear your bitter grief, but I can most truly sympathize with you, tho' I know only too well how distant the very tenderest voices sound, how far any words are from reaching the depths that sorrow finds! The greatest bitterness is yours—that you were not *with* your darling brother—that all alone his spirit took flight—yet not alone—there is One who promises to be with us as we walk thro' the Valley of the Shadow of Death! Yet I

know your human craving to have been there—to have soothed his last moments on earth. Oh, Mr. Chester, my broken heart feels your sorrow, too—that is all that is left me now, to try to live for others, to help even in the faintest way my fellow creatures bear their heavy burden—for my own life—its brightness is gone forever.

I can not thank you enough for your truly kind letter to me. It came while I was watching beside my mother's dying bed, and those glorious words of Paul within it helped me and comforted me.

Believe me always, dear Mr. Chester—truly your friend—

MILDRED LEE.

There are several others I would like to insert, but I will give only the last one I received from her, dated October 20th, 1894, twenty-two years later. We were then living in Nashville, Tennessee, and Mrs. Chester invited her to visit us and attend a United Daughters of the Confederacy Convention that was expected to be held in Nashville, but which was later indefinitely postponed:

My dear Mr. Chester:

Thank you very much for your kind letter, and the photographs of yourself and the little girl. I don't think you have changed very much since the days we roamed the hills of Lexington together.

I see the Convention is not to be held at Nashville this year—so there will be no excuse for me to go—and I shall not be able to see that pretty little girl in the flesh—and her sisters and mother.

I have been in great trouble the last three weeks—during the illness and death of my brother Fitzhugh, and just now can think of nothing else—so you will excuse a very short and sad letter. I have not yet been able to take up my old life and

thoughts—for I was devoted to my brother, who was one of the noblest men that ever lived.

With kindest regards to your wife,

Yours ever sincerely,

MILDRED LEE.

The finest character sketch of General Lee was written by Gamaliel Bradford, of Massachusetts, entitled "Lee, the American." This typical "yankee" writer had the genius and breadth of mind to understand a great character and the courage and fairness to say what he thought. And so he describes General Lee very beautifully as being, in spite of his war record, the typical American.

Strange to say, the best life of General Lee was written by an Englishman, General Sir Frederick Maurice, chief of staff of the British army, entitled "Lee, the Soldier." Ranking him above Wellington as a general, he says of his attitude and influence after the war: "Splendid as was his career as a general in the field, nothing in his life became him more than his end. His resolute refusal, in circumstances of great difficulty and temptation, to take part in any of the controversies the war engendered, his devotion to his work of training the young men of the South to forget the quarrels of the past war and to be good Americans, all displayed, even more truly than the tests of the battlefield, high courage, sincerity of purpose, devotion to principle and nobility of soul."

The longer I live the deeper grows my appreciation of, and my gratitude for, the privilege that came to me as a student under this model leader of young men, "this courtliest and most gracious gentleman" I ever met.

When General Lee died in the fall of 1870, his body lay in state in the College chapel several days waiting for those who loved and honored him in all parts of the country who wished

to come and attend the funeral. A guard of honor of twenty-one students selected by the family was appointed by the faculty to watch by his bier. Of that guard only Bishop James R. Winchester and myself are now living. As Bishop Winchester said, "It would be impossible to describe the emotions we felt when removing the cloth from the casket to allow visitors to gaze on the face as calm in death as a summer lake, his battles over and his soul enjoying the rest which God gives the faithful soldier."

About five thousand people attended the funeral, which was conducted on the College campus by "General" W. H. Pendleton, who had been General Lee's chief of ordnance and was then rector of the church in Lexington in which General Lee had been a vestryman. A never-to-be-forgotten feature of the service was the singing of General Lee's favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," by the great crowd of friends and old Confederate soldiers present.

It is pleasant to know that, partly at least, through General Lee's influence and that of the men from both North and South whom he helped to train, the fires of sectional hate which burned so fiercely during the Civil War, and more fiercely still, if possible, during reconstruction days, have now almost entirely died out. Men of the North and of the South have fought side by side in two wars since those old unhappy far-off days when they fought each other, and our great country is now one and inseparable to a far greater extent than was ever the case before the Civil War.

VII

College Associations and Friendships

THERE was nothing spectacular about my college career. I won no medals, although I was able to graduate with "distinguished proficiency" in all subjects required for my A.B. degree, except mathematics, for which I had no taste and no ambition, except to make the "pass" required for my degree. In Latin I made a rather unfortunate beginning but wound up with quite a flourish, as follows: At my entrance examination, on announcing the amount of Latin I had read at school, I was assigned without further questioning to the "middle" (corresponding to sophomore) class. Our first lesson was a lecture on the subjunctive mood, about which, or about any other of the fine points of the grammar, I had heard very little at the Old-Field School. By so large an amount of reading we gradually mastered the vocabulary and absorbed a knowledge of the idiom, and could give a good account in English of what the author meant while knowing scarcely anything of the mysteries of mood and tense and construction in terms of the Latin grammar. And so, not appreciating the importance of the lecture on the subjunctive mood, I took no especial pains to remember it, and when surprised a week later by being called to recite on it my ignorance was humiliatingly exposed. At our next recitation a passage from Tacitus was written on the board to be translated at sight. The passage was a difficult one, written in Tacitus' elliptical style, describing a night attack of the Germans on Caesar's camp. I had to supply some words mentally, which I did, making it make sense, and wrote it off correctly, *currente calamo*. Next day I was accosted by the professor on the sidewalk and asked if I had gotten any help

on my translation the day before. I replied with visible indignation, "No, what do you mean?" He replied, "You did not know anything about the subjunctive mood?" "No," I said, "but I knew how to translate the passage of Tacitus and I can translate some more of it for you if you wish it." Convinced that his suspicion was unfounded, he turned away with the remark, "Well, get your grammar and study up the subjunctive mood, and you and I will get along all right," which we did until two years later, when, thanks to my training in the Old-Field School, I graduated as a distinguished proficient in his Latin course. By way of moral to the story, I may say that I would rather know what I learned at the Old-Field School, to read hard Latin at sight, and know very little of the subjunctive mood than to know all about the moods and tenses as taught in the grammar and not be able to read any Latin without the help of friendly notes and the dictionary. The combination of both accomplishments, however, would of course be better than either one of them alone. In a recent conversation with a Latin professor of Columbia University I learned that our Old-Field School method is to a large extent the one they are now using in the demonstration school of Teachers' College.

I have regretted seeing the disappearance of Latin as a required subject in our public-school and state-supported college curriculum. It means that we are to have a generation of college graduates who have no adequate appreciation of the beauties of Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson and Robert Browning.

Thomas Nelson Page was a member of our Latin class and usually stood near the bottom in his class marks. But even then he was beginning to show his literary gift and took the prize for the best essay published in the college paper in his senior year. And while not very socially inclined, he was respected

by every one for what he was—a fine specimen of the Virginia gentleman.

Being in training for a career of public speaking, I joined the Washington Society and began at once to take part in the Friday night debates. In my first effort I became so frightened I could not see, and after a few halting and hesitating sentences sat down in confusion. At the next meeting I repeated the effort, with not quite so humiliating a result, and finally by sheer persistence managed to overcome my timidity to the extent of being able to conceal it, but never to this day to the extent of looking forward without more or less of anxiety to any public appearance on the platform. In my third year I was chosen to deliver the anniversary oration at the Society's intermediate celebration. That was a very eloquent performance in places. Those places were where I quoted (for purposes of refutation) from Hume and Gibbon and Voltaire, and (for confirmation) from a volume of Coleridge's prose, which I found in the library, as follows: "From the great eras of national illumination we date the commencement of our national advantages. The narrow seas that form our boundaries, what were they in times of old? The convenient highway for Danish and Norman pirates. What are they now? Still but a span of water, yet they roll at the base of the in-isled Ararat, on which the ark of the hope of Europe and of civilization rested."

Possibly that quotation, spoken with considerable emphasis of voice and gesture, had something to do with my selection by the graduating classes of that year as their valedictorian. That was the only special college honor I received, but it was the one I would not have exchanged for any scholarship honor conferred by the faculty, expressing as it was supposed to do the estimate of me by my fellow students as their representative man. The delivery of the valedictory on commencement day, surrounded on the platform by faculty and trustees

and many distinguished visitors, and with all "the beauty and the chivalry" of the town beside the student body for an audience, was an occasion to test the nerve of a timid boy. I met it with a *sang froid* that was more apparent than real, and was being quite elated by the cards and flowers sent up by student and girl friends from the floor when the glory of the hour for me was rather sadly dimmed by what immediately followed. Our commencement speaker for that year was Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, one of the greatest orators of his day. His address followed my valedictory, and before he had spoken ten minutes his audience was hypnotized and all interest in me and my performance was obliterated. My seat on the platform happened to be between Commodore Maury and Hon. John Randolph Tucker. Dr. Palmer's face in repose was the reverse of handsome. When he rose to speak Commodore Maury spoke across me to Mr. Tucker and said, "He is the ugliest man I ever saw, sir." A few minutes later he spoke again and said, "He is getting better looking, sir." Finally, being fully magnetized by Dr. Palmer's eloquence, and also much pleased by the Jeffersonian doctrine he was proclaiming, he spoke to Mr. Tucker the third time and said, "He is the handsomest man I ever saw, sir."

On my way home I stopped in New Orleans, where my brother Edward was living. Arriving about five o'clock Sunday morning, after a very wearisome journey on the train without Pullmans, I decided that in spite of weariness I must go to hear our great commencement orator, Dr. Palmer, preach. Ushered up near the front to a comfortably cushioned seat I dropped to sleep about the time he announced his text and was awakened by the singing of the Doxology at the close of the service. Having been bitten by "gallinippers" all night on the train from Mobile, I doubt whether a brass band could have kept me awake for that service.

Personal Contacts.

More influential on my life than all I learned from textbooks were the personal contacts and friendships made while at college.

Our Presbyterian pastor, Dr. John W. Pratt, was a very brilliant preacher, and to sit for three years under his ministry was no small part of a liberal education. The majority of the students from both the college and the V. M. I. were drawn by his eloquence to the Presbyterian church. He had a very beautiful daughter, named Grace, who was very popular socially and whom the students were much given to looking down on in church from their seats in the gallery. Once at a meeting of the Episcopal vestry someone expressed a regret that Dr. Pratt's eloquence was drawing all the young people to the Presbyterian church. General Lee, who was a member of the vestry, quietly remarked, " I should not be surprised if Dr. Pratt's *Grace* had as much to do with it as his eloquence." She was the kind of girl friend that any college boy is very fortunate in having, and the time I spent visiting her and escorting her to her father's Wednesday evening prayer meetings I do not consider as having been by any means lost time.

She was the intimate friend of Miss Elizabeth Preston, stepdaughter of the poetess, Margaret J. Preston, with whom I formed a friendship that meant more to me than any other friendship of my life, maintained without a break over a period of sixty-four years, until her death on April 1, 1933. Just a suggestion of how it originated and what it meant to me is given in the following letter written to her daughter Janet (Mrs. W. J.) Bryan when she died.

Montreat, North Carolina,
April 5, 1933.

Dear Janet:

I have just seen the copy of the *Charlotte Observer* containing the notice of the passing of your dear mother on last Saturday, April 1st. I can not use the word death in connection with

my thought of her. It was in the last note I had from her that she sent me that little poem, of which I am sure you have a copy, entitled "Any Morning," which so beautifully pictures what I know must have been her own experiences in passing from earth to heaven.

I am not sure I ever told you how my acquaintance with her began. When I went to college in 1869, I carried a note from my mother to your grandmother, describing an incident of a little orphan child who waked one morning and seeing the ground covered with snow, the first she had ever seen, thought she was in heaven and exclaimed, "Oh, we are in heaven, take me to my mother"—suggesting it as a theme for a poem. You will find the poem in her volume of poems under the title "The Child and the Snow."

That note led to my being invited to the home where, on my first visit, your mother thought she saw something in me that was worth while, and gave me her friendship, which proved a safeguarding and inspirational influence throughout my college days, and for all the subsequent sixty-three years has been a source of blessing and strength and helpfulness. I have two letters from her in my memory book, one written in December, 1872, when I went to the Seminary, which closes with these words: "I do not want you to be a great preacher at all. I do not want you to be famous, until that day when those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in our Father's kingdom."

The other letter was written in December, 1924, fifty-two years later, when I was retiring from active service after thirty-one years in our foreign mission office. Through all those years, of the many for whose friendship I owe thanks to our heavenly Father, she was the one whose friendship kept the closest and the warmest and most helpful to the very end.

One more thing I think I must put in this letter of which you may have heard your mother speak. After I was married, I, of course, always wanted her and my wife to know each other. The opportunity for this came when she invited us to come and

be her guests at the meeting of the Assembly in Lexington. Mrs. Chester went on with the commissioners, while I had to go by Staunton and was a day late getting to Lexington. On my arrival at the station your mother and Mrs. Chester were there in the surrey to meet me. After our salutation, I said to your mother, "Don't you love her?" She replied, "Yesterday when we reached home I took her to her room and stood her in the center of the floor and took a good look at her; then I went and put my arms around her." And from that day they were devoted friends. And in that last letter I found this sentence, "Indeed, I sometimes think I love you more for your wife's sake than even for your own."

If it could be that a lifelong friendship like that could be finally terminated by what we call death, then this inhabited planet of ours and all its history of which we think it so important to keep a record would be nothing but a most pathetic futility.

I can not tell you how deeply Mrs. Chester and I sympathize with you all in your great bereavement.

Affectionately yours,

S. H. Chester.

Of the more than one hundred who graduated with me in 1872 only twenty-two were reported as still living at the commencement of 1933. There are many of these whose names and my association with them I would like to make a part of this record, but the limitation of space forbids. Of a very few of them I must say a word. Two of these are my first-year roommate, Ernest Benjamin Kruttschnitt, and his younger brother, Julius. Ernest was a fine character and easily won the "Cincinnati Oration," the highest scholarship honor of the college. He began a brilliant career in the law in New Orleans and before he was thirty was being mentioned as the Democratic nominee for the U. S. Senate. His career was cut short by an early death. His brother was an engineering graduate

of the following year. They were Jewish on their mother's side and cousins of the famous Judah P. Benjamin, of the Confederate cabinet. But they were both great admirers and regular attendants on the preaching of Dr. Pratt. I am satisfied that Julius was converted under his ministry. At any rate, on one of his first surveying expeditions in one of the swamps of lower Louisiana he gave an example of one of the finest acts of Christian heroism in the history of our country in peace or war. The story is told by Dr. R. F. Campbell in his book "Freedom and Restraint," quoted from *The Manufacturers Record:*

"Soon after graduation young Kruttschnitt accepted a position with Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railway Company. He reported in New Orleans for duty and was put in charge of a small surveying party. The work to be done was distant from the city in a sparsely inhabited district, hardly more than a swampy wilderness.

"The party had been at work but a short time when one of them was stricken with yellow fever. Every man in the squad fled for his life. What was the young engineer to do? He was in his early twenties, brilliant and well prepared and with the certainty of success before him. Whatever questionings may have stirred in his mind he decided to stay with his man.

"To obtain necessaries he erected a board fence on the highway and wrote on it what he needed from day to day.

"The sick man lingered for weeks and then died. But young Kruttschnitt thought his duty not yet done. He made requisition on the board for a coffin, a spade and a Bible. Alone he dug the grave, placed the body in the coffin and lowered it to its last resting place. He then read a passage of Scripture and offered a prayer. Then he went home and to bed himself stricken with yellow fever. But God spared his life, and this was the Julius Kruttschnitt who was afterward (should we be surprised?) vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific Railway, and one of the highest paid railroad officials in America."

But the honor of such self-sacrifice and devotion and Christian delicacy cannot be measured or rewarded by position or money. I am sure that when he died a few years ago he found it all recorded in heaven and was assigned to some great task worthy of the character which that record revealed. I am proud that I knew and loved him as a college boy and that his brother was my roommate.

Another very warm college friendship that was also life long was with Harry St. George Tucker, who succeeded his father, John Randolph Tucker, both as professor of law in the university and as representative in Congress for many years. I was fond of going with him to visit the home of Colonel William Preston Johnston, whose daughter he married. On one of those visits I met a daughter of Jefferson Davis, who seemed to have inherited from her father the meticulous regard for conventions and proprieties that sometimes interfered with the working of common sense in his appointment and dismissal of generals in the conduct of the Civil War. For instance, when I was turning the leaves of the music she was playing, although not dressed *decolleté,* she would not allow me to stand even at her side, but required me to come entirely around in front of her.

As I was not studying law, I did not come in contact with John Randolph Tucker in the classroom, but I attended some wonderful lecture courses he gave us in Sunday school, one especially on the Ten Commandments and one on Hume's argument against miracles. Sometimes the faculty would very considerately excuse from classes those who were studying public speaking to hear him argue cases in court. On one occasion there was a case in which a father was suing to break the will of his son who had died leaving his entire estate to the widow, on the plea of *non compos.* The counsel for the plaintiff was Judge John B. Baldwin, formerly attorney-general in the Con-

federate cabinet and one of the greatest advocates of the Virginia bar. Public sentiment was strongly for the widow, but there was much anxiety lest she should lose her case on legal grounds. As I listened to Judge Baldwin's argument, it appeared to me so unanswerable that it seemed hardly worth while for the other side to respond at all, and that, apparently, was the general impression. Mr. Tucker began his reply in a quiet and rather unimpressive way. But before he was half through his face was aglow, his voice rang like a trumpet and every one seemed to realize at once that he had won his case. When he sat down, there was a moment of silence, and then the entire audience, including the jury—every one except the judge and the sheriff—rose and cheered. Never before or since have I seen such an effect produced by a burst of inspired eloquence. His speech was not mere eloquence, but was reasoned like a mathematical proposition. It was logic set on fire.

The Lexington bar, composed of men like Mr. Tucker and Judge Baldwin and Governor Letcher and Judge Sheffey, of Staunton, was one of the finest in the country, and it was no small privilege to be brought in touch with such men in the formative years of one's life.

After graduation, I went home for a visit of two months, and then returned for another three years' absence at the Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sydney, Virginia. Of this I will tell in the following chapter.

VIII

Seminary Days

IN the fall of 1872 I entered Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sydney, Virginia, which was also the seat of Hampden-Sydney College. The two institutions had many points of common interest, many of the College students being prospective students of the Seminary. They also had one point, to be mentioned later, of somewhat strenuous rivalry. The numbers on the College and Seminary rolls, respectively, were about ninety and sixty-five. Hampden-Sydney was seven miles from Farmville on the Norfolk and Western Railway, over a road that was always rough and difficult and that was sometimes impassable for vehicles in winter. The Seminary had, therefore, almost the isolation of a monastery.

Our professor of Hebrew and Old Testament literature was Dr. B. M. Smith, who was a master in his department, and who combined with his professional ability a capacity for business that more than once came to the financial rescue of the Seminary and saved it from bankruptcy. He had been a popular preacher in the days when long sermons were in vogue, and seemed rather to take pleasure in showing his disregard of the modern demand for extreme brevity. One night in the Seminary chapel, after preaching an hour and ten minutes, he gave out the hymn, "Long have I sat beneath the sound of Thy salvation, Lord." Nellie Peck (now Mrs. Alexander Sprunt), with whom I was sitting on the front bench, cut her eye at me with a humorous twinkle, whereupon I was taken suddenly ill (apparently) and was unable to rise for the closing prayer. Dr. Smith himself would have enjoyed the humor of the incident if some one had had the impudence to call his attention to it.

One of Dr. Smith's greatest contributions to our Seminary life was the hospitality of his lovely home, graced by five beautiful daughters, four of whom were married to Seminary students.

The member of the faculty who perhaps made the deepest impression on the student body for pure goodness and holiness of character was Dr. Thomas E. Peck, our professor of church history. He was also our favorite faculty preacher. On the tablets of his marvelously trained mind he wrote his sermons and could deliver them *verbatim* as composed, with all the fire and earnestness of *ex tempore* oratory. But on one occasion his memory "slipped a cog" and he found himself in the middle of his sermon with nothing more to say.

He was almost the most solemn-looking man I ever saw, but had a keen sense of humor which sometimes broke out in uncontrollable laughter, as when a member of our class answered his question as to what finally happened to King Saul as the outcome of all his crimes,—"*I believe he was drawn and quartered,* sir."

No nobler Christian gentleman ever lived than Dr. Henry C. Alexander, our professor of New Testament literature. He was unmarried and had ample means which he used in helping many who needed help, without ever letting them know where the help came from. He was especially generous to students whom he suspected of being in need. He had great scholarship and learning, but owing to a certain discursiveness of thought and speech did not shine especially either in the classroom or in the pulpit. But I got fully as much from him as from any other member of the faculty, visiting him in his room at night, where students were always welcome, and talking with him about the books in his great library covering every branch of literature, which he had mastered as thoroughly as any one could master such a collection. I owe it to him

that my theological education was kept from being narrow and lopsided, by being mixed with a generous infusion of what was thought and written on other than theological lines.

Dr. Dabney, our professor of theology, had such insatiable curiosity on all subjects, both sacred and secular, and such a phenomenal memory that he came to know more things and to know them more thoroughly than any man I ever knew. I am satisfied he could have filled a chair in history or chemistry or biology or English literature in any university. He planned and largely built his own houses. He played no mean part in the Civil War as Stonewall Jackson's chief of staff, serving much of the time also as brigade chaplain. He filled successively several of the chairs in Union Seminary. His great work, however, was done in the Chair of Theology. His contemporary, Dr. Wm. G. T. Shedd, of Union Seminary, New York, once told me that he regarded Dr. Dabney as the greatest of our American theologians. His theological views on some of the higher points of Calvinism were broader and more liberal than those of Dr. Hodge or Dr. Warfield.

A Premature Obituary.

In one matter only did he finally become narrow and, one might say, implacable. During the war and its aftermath of reconstruction, he became so embittered by the ruthless methods of Federal officers like Sheridan and Sherman, and the efforts of Congress to impose Negro rule on the South that he almost went off his mental balance. Being once taken to task for the violence of his denunciation of these leaders, he made no reply, but preached the following Sunday on the text, "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee?" But there was another and very different side to his character. In February, 1890, there was a rumor of his death. Without waiting for confirmation of the rumor, Dr. Peyton Hoge, of Wilmington,

published that week in the *North Carolina Presbyterian,* a two-column obituary of his old teacher, in which, after speaking enthusiastically of him as a scholar and teacher, he goes on to say, "I wish to bear testimony to the fact that will be recognized as true by all his students, that there could never have been any teacher more considerate to ignorance, more patient with dullness and more gentle in reproof than this great man. Those who knew him only in the arena of polemical debate could have no conception of the fatherly tenderness that made his students feel sure of personal sympathy and friendly counsel in every trouble and perplexity they brought to him." Dr. Dabney's comment on this tribute was, "There should have been more of censure and less of praise." He lived eight years after that, and did some of his greatest work as author and lecturer and as professor of philosophy in the University of Texas.

Foreign Missions in the Seminary.

In the years 1872-75 the foreign missionary work of our church had hardly more than made a beginning, and the missionary spirit was largely undeveloped. Since the close of the war our people's attention had been too much taken up with carpet-baggers and Freedman's Bureau agents and armies of occupation to give much thought to things in foreign lands. There were two missionary volunteers in the senior class of 1872. There were none in either the middle or junior classes of that year. Our course in church history, under which the study of missions would have fallen, was largely concerned with questions of creed and church polity and the ancient heresies that had vexed the church. Missionary interest among the students was represented by a band of about a dozen of our student body of sixty-five, which we called "The Society of Missionary Inquiry," which met every two weeks at nine o'clock Saturday

night, when it could not possibly conflict with any other engagement the members of the Society might have. I am satisfied that the members of my class would have responded to the missionary call as readily as those of later years, but the call was not made with much urgency because the church at that time would not have been ready to send them to the field.

Dr. Dabney became deeply interested in the opening of our mission to Brazil, and was instrumental in raising a special fund for sending Rev. Edward Lane and Rev. G. Nash Morton as our first missionaries to that field. Mission work had made a small beginning in Greece and in Mexico, but it was not until years afterward that our great missions to Japan, Korea and Africa were opened.

Social Life at Hampden-Sydney.

Our community, made up of College and Seminary faculties and their families, was a very delightful one, but had a character and atmosphere all its own. Our entertainments were afternoon walks with the professors' daughters and their visiting friends, a reading club, the "Rhetorical"—a debating society—and the Wednesday evening preaching performances of the students. There were about a dozen of these profssors' daughters to meet the social demands of sixty-five Seminary students and about ninety College boys. This is where the rivalry between College and Seminary came in. In this situation "dates" could not be very frequent for any one student, unless one could be so fortunate as to become "engaged," in which case a daily visit at the hour of three p. m. was the established custom. Love affairs that survived that test were thereby proven to be genuine and dependable. Each professor's daughter being subjected to the combined attack of an average of five Seminary students was practically shut up to the fate of being a minister's wife. Some of them fared well in that ca-

pacity and others not so well. I was told in confidence by one of them that having become engaged to her future husband before hearing him preach the first time she did hear him she went home and cried all night. Under her careful training, however, he finally developed into a very acceptable preacher.

There were twenty-six members in our junior class of 1872, only three of whom in this year of 1933 are still living, and those three, of course, have long been on the retired list.

The great man of our class was Edward O. Guerrant, the mountain evangelist. With an eloquence that could have commanded what are considered the highest positions in the church, he chose to give his life to the hardest kind of mission work in the mountains of Kentucky and North Carolina. With his horse and a pair of saddle bags for equipment he carried on his work with no help and scant encouragement from the "regular" agencies, until he built it up into the great "American Inland Mission."

Dr. Guerrant was an officer in the Independent Regiment of the famous John Morgan and had a part in many of the thrilling experiences of that regiment. At the close of the war, he studied medicine and practiced successfully for about five years, when he was taken down with what was thought to be a hopeless attack of typhoid fever. He told the physicians from the beginning that they were mistaken in prophesying his death; that he intended to get well and enter the gospel ministry, which he did. As soon as he was able to travel he left home for Union Seminary, where he remained three years. On graduation he served for a few years as pastor of the church at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, his former home, and then of the First Presbyterian Church at Louisville, which he served for about a year and then resigned to begin his mountain work.

The hero of our class, as we all agreed, was the one who gave up the ministry. After leaving the Seminary, he took charge of

a small mission church, but after an experiment of a few weeks discovered that he just simply could not preach. Courageously facing the fact, he announced one Sunday morning to his congregation that he had decided to give up his charge and to do something he knew he could do, and that he had already engaged to begin work on the farm of one of his parishoners. Subsequently, he went to Texas and purchased a farm, became a ruling elder in the church and superintendent of a Sunday school, and lived out a highly respected and useful life. This was a much more satisfactory career, it seems to me, than that of a minister who, because he can not preach acceptably, is compelled to be constantly appealing to his friends or the "Bureau of Supply" to find him a place.

Experimental Preaching.

An interesting (and more or less amusing) feature of our Seminary course was the preaching of trial sermons on Wednesday evenings to be criticised by the faculty. My first sermon was all written out according to the pattern shown in Dabney's "Sacred Rhetoric," with its five divisions of introduction, exposition, proposition, argument and conclusion, all carefully noted at the proper places in the margin of the manuscript. I made full notes of the outline and took them with me into the pulpit and got through fairly well in spite of the formidable array of critics before me. It had been the custom of the Seminary students in preaching these trial sermons, when they came to the place for making an appeal to "our impenitent friends" to turn and address themselves to any college students who might be present. My classmate, Alfred Morrison, and I formed a deliberate conspiracy that when we came to that point in our sermons we would turn and address ourselves with as much vigor as possible to the Seminary faculty. The result in my case was that

Dr. Peck, who had a regular appointment at a country church in the neighborhood, complimented me by asking me to go out and fill his appointment the following Sunday. A new church building was being occupied that day for the first time and I was much elated at the idea of preaching my first sermon in a church which no one had preached in before. I took my notes, written in bold hand, so as to be seen at a distance, and spread them before me on the pulpit. But only one side of the roof had been put on, and just then a shower of rain came up and everybody had to move over to the dry side of the house, and I with them, leaving my notes behind. After exactly eight minutes I found myself through, having preached my text, my introduction, my proposition and my conclusion, but having entirely omitted the main body of the sermon. I do not think the congregation ever knew just what happened. One of the elders was very kind and said, "What you said was all right, but you got through rather sooner than we expected."

In the olden times it was thought that an isolated community like Hampden-Sydney was the ideal place for theological students to secure the training for their life work. The difficulty was that living three years in such a unique community (where there was such a scarcity of "sinners") one lost touch with the common run of mankind and failed of a proper understanding of their point of view. Almost inevitably our preaching would be directed to the establishment of the truth, rather than to meeting the needs and problems of ordinary people. The revolution in the style of preaching from the elaborate theological discourse to the more practical style of the present day is doubtless due, in part at least, to the fact that all our Seminaries are now in cities where students come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and have the opportunity of subjecting to clinical experiment the theories learned in the classroom.

City Mission Work.

Fortunately, I had the opportunity of supplying a country church twice a month during my last year at the Seminary. More fortunately still, I spent my second summer doing mission work as assistant to that noble old Roman of a pastor, Dr. William T. Hall, of the First Presbyterian Church of Lynchburg, Virginia. One of my preaching points was down in a bend of the river inhabited by some of the worst characters in the city. Its dominating character was the keeper of the neighborhood saloon. He was a man whom no one, not even himself, expected could ever come to any good end. But one day he became concerned about the number of children playing around his saloon doors with no one to care for them. He went and found two of the teachers of the Presbyterian Sunday school and asked them to come and open a Sunday school in the neighborhood, offering them a vacant store for their work. Their first Sunday happened to be on a snowy day, and when they alighted from their buggy the old saloon keeper walked in front and made tracks for them in the snow to walk in, up to the room where he had gathered the children. That was the beginning that had been made in that mission enterprise when I entered on my work. Soon after my arrival the saloon keeper was taken desperately ill. When I went to see him, he talked incessantly, with the evident purpose of shutting off the subject of religion. One day I tried to find an approach by quoting a text of Scripture. As he was describing his various symptoms, I remarked, "Yes, the Bible says we are fearfully and wonderfully made." He answered quickly, "Yes, we are fearfully made and we are carefully made, too, otherwise we would be in a bad condition." Finally I persuaded him to let me sing him a gospel song. Next day he asked me to sing to him again and this was repeated every day for about two weeks, when he died with a gospel song on his lips and in the triumphs of faith.

And so, the thought of the poor wretch, apparently past all hope, of doing something to help some poor neglected children, not dreaming of being benefited by it himself, was the occasion of himself being found by the Good Shepherd that seeks and saves the lost. One of my great helpers in this mission work was Major Thomas J. Kirkpatrick, elder and Sunday-school superintendent in the Presbyterian church, with whom, and his lovely family, I formed one of the great friendships of my life. I might have much to say on that subject but for lack of space.

My other preaching point was on Daniel's Hill in the suburbs. There was no one in the first crowd we gathered there that could "raise the tune," but there was one man who sang vociferously, and always a different tune from the one I was trying to sing. There was another man who was never heard to sing or to say a word to any one, but who never missed a service. Years afterward when I visited Rivermont Church that had grown out of our Daniel's Hill Mission, this man was present and the record was that he had still never missed a service. In spite of his unbreakable silence, he had been made ruling elder in consideration of his unheard of faithfulness and goodness.

My friend, Ben Kirkpatrick, who had something of a genius for picturesque expression, once asked his pastor, Dr. Paxton, whether he believed the fire spoken of in Scripture as being in the lower regions was literal fire. Dr. Paxton replied, "Why do you ask me that question?" Ben replied, "Because if I believed it was, the life that J. H. (my Daniel's Hill friend) lives is profligacy compared to the life I would try to live to keep out of it."

It is a satisfaction to me to feel assured that many have escaped those penal fires, whatever they may represent, as the result of the work that was begun in such an humble way on Daniel's Hill and which is now being carried on in the beautiful Rivermont Church in Lynchburg.

IX

First Pastorate

IN June, 1875, at a meeting of Ouachita Presbytery, in the old home church of Mount Holly, I was licensed as a probationer for the gospel ministry. Faced by a congregation of my old schoolmates and the people of the neighborhood, who had known me only too well in my unreconstructed "reconstruction" days, my "trial sermon" was a trial indeed. But I forgot all that when I saw the expression on my mother's face as she sat on the front seat and watched the fulfilment of her hopes and prayers for twenty-five years.

On my way home from the Seminary I had stopped for a visit with my classmate, Alfred Morrison, at his home in Lincoln county, North Carolina. His father, Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, one of the founders and a former president of Davidson College, had retired to his country home and become pastor of two small country churches, Unity and Castanea Grove. Being now past seventy-five he was still a brilliant preacher; but being too infirm to do the pastoral work the field required, he had determined to give up his charge. When I happened on the scene he had me to preach at both churches, and soon after I reached home I received a call to come and be his successor. I accepted the call and spent seven very happy years in this, my first pastorate.

My home, selected for me before I came, was with a retired physician, Dr. Wm. B. McLean, a very fine specimen of the old-time country gentleman. The family consisted of himself and wife, an unmarried daughter, "Sister Jennie" as I always called her, and a son, Dr. Robert McLean, who had just taken up his father's work as community physician. The home always

reminded me of the one Tennyson describes as "a haunt of ancient peace." I was taken in and made a member of it, and no suggestion of any change was made for the entire seven years I remained in that field.

The majority of my congregation were plain country farmers, though they were above the average in intelligence of most country congregations in that part of the state. Formerly the community had been the home of many distinguished families: the Davidsons, the Brevards, the Johnstons, the Burtons, the Grahams, and others whose names were listed among the signers of the famous Mecklenburg Declaration. Most of these had removed to the growing town of Charlotte, but a few representatives of them still remained, and the absent ones were frequent visitors at the old country homesteads. I was thus brought in contact with a great many interesting people. Dr. Morrison himself was an exceedingly interesting character. Tall, straight, with a flashing black eye and black hair that never turned gray, he always presented a picturesque appearance. No retiring pastor was ever more considerate of a young successor. He held up my inexperienced hands in every way he could. He would fill the pulpit when I had to be away, but never preached for me when I was at home. He positively declined to perform any marriage ceremonies or conduct any funerals. Occasionally he would follow my sermon with a brief exhortation and a closing prayer. He gave me the free use of his library. His home, presided over by a lovely daughter-in-law, was always open to me. Her little daughter, two years old, became my pet. She always called me "Chester" without any prefix. From her I had one of my best lessons in sermon delivery. Being prone to vociferate much more than was necessary, she one day cried out in the midst of my sermon, "Mamma, Chester's a-hollerin." I took the hint and tried to cultivate a less noisy style.

Five of Dr. Morrison's six daughters married officers of the Confederate army. One was married to Major (after Lieutenant-General) D. H. Hill while he was professor of engineering in Washington College. Another daughter, while visiting her sister in Lexington, met and afterward married Major Thomas J. (afterward General) "Stonewall" Jackson. A third married Brigadier-General Rufus Barringer. Another married Colonel John E. Brown, and still another married Major Alphonso Avery.

After the war General Hill moved to Charlotte and became editor of the *Southern Magazine,* a periodical devoted to the defense of the South on the field of opinion, as he had previously tried to defend it on the field of battle. Like his famous brother-in-law, he was a man of devoted piety, and again like him was the conductor of a mission Sunday school, in which every teacher took a solemn pledge to seek and pray daily for the conversion of the members of his class. The McLeans with whom I lived were cousins of the Hills and Morrisons, and there were frequent exchanges of visits in which I as a member of the McLean family shared. The oldest daughter, Eugenia, became my intimate friend, and I had the honor of being her groomsman when she was married to Colonel Thomas Jackson Arnold, a nephew of Stonewall Jackson.

The drink habit was very prevalent at that time in that part of North Carolina, especially among the young men of the "best families." One of the first problems I encountered was a flourishing saloon in each congregation. One of them was kept by an apparently otherwise good man (a member of the church) in the back end of his grocery store, hidden from the highway by a latticed screen. I learned that both his father and his grandfather had kept one in the same place. After visiting him a few times and getting on quite friendly terms, I said to him one day, "Mr. C., I am a friend of yours and I do not like for a friend

of mine to have anything in his store hidden behind screen. I am going to ask if you will not remove the screen and let your friends see what is behind it." He answered, "Well, I believe I will." About two weeks later I passed by and found the screen and all that was behind it gone. I asked him what had happened. He said, "When I took the screen away, I myself did not like the looks of what was left, so I have taken it all away." From that time on he became a regular attendant at church and finally developed into a very efficient deacon. I came to the conclusion that that was a better method of handling such problems than the method of Carrie Nation's hatchet.

An Old Time Revival.

The other saloon disappeared along with a good many other objectionable things as the result of a very gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit in our Unity Church. I was assisted in protracted services by my friend, Rev. Geo. L. Cook, who preached for me morning and night for ten days. We used no "revival measures" of any kind; no mourner's bench, no responding to "propositions," no after meetings, no shaking of hands and no signing of cards. Mr. Cook preached and I gave myself to personal work, seeking out at the church and at their homes, and talking personally with every non-church member that I could reach in the community. The first person I approached was David Cherry, a rather fast-living young man with a wife and two little boys. I asked him if he did not think he needed Christ to help him take care of his little family. He replied quite brusquely, "Well, I suppose you know how to attend to your business, and I think I know how to attend to mine." The following Sunday morning he appeared before the session and asked to be received into the church. From that day on he was a faithful member and worker. Twenty-five years later, when I was attending a meeting of the General Assembly in Charlotte,

he came to take me out to spend Sunday in the old church and to visit his home. The two little boys had grown up and were just home from the trenches in France, and one of them was the fine teacher that Sunday of a large men's Bible class. I was not sorry then, and have never had occasion since to be sorry for a personal word spoken on the subject of religion, no matter how improbable of a favorable result it might have seemed at the time.

One of the cases of conversion in that meeting was an entire family, including the grandfather, aged ninety; the son and son's wife, aged over sixty; the grandson and wife with three children, all of whom, except the grandfather (who wished to join the Methodist Church) were baptized together. There was another family in which the father had not attended church for many years. Two of his daughters attended our meeting and finally persuaded the father on the last night to go with them. He was brought under such deep conviction that the family and neighbors thought he had lost his mind. I was sent for to go to see him, and as I rode down the road leading to his house, he saw me and came some distance to meet me. As soon as I saw his face, I knew something wonderful had happened. I said, "You do not look like the same man you were when I last saw you." He said, "I am not"; and he went on to tell me how green the leaves on the trees looked that morning when he went out for a walk before breakfast, and how much whiter the cloth on the breakfast table looked than he had ever seen it before, and how much better flavor the food seemed to have than usual. And then he said he picked up an old hymn book and read some of the old hymns his mother used to sing and felt that he wanted to begin singing them right away. I said, "In other words, my dear brother, it has happened to you as the Apostle said, 'Old things are passed away; all thing have become new.' And so it had. As long as I remained with that church, he

never missed another service. One Sunday, when the mercury was zero and the snow ten inches deep, he and I were the only ones that came to church. The ingathering of the family included himself and wife, the two daughters, the son and son's wife, and the baptism of three grandchildren.

As the result of this revival, the membership of the church was about doubled, and there was no reaction such as often follows revival meetings in which machine and high pressure methods are used.

The congregation of Castanea Church was smaller and contained very few non- church members. It contained, however, a large proportion of the old wealthy and aristocratic families, who helped generously with our financial enterprises and whose homes were delightful resting places after a hard day of pastoral work on horseback.

A Factory Mission.

Altogether, I enjoyed my work in this country charge and had more time and opportunity for the general reading that all young preachers need than if I had been under the pressure of two sermons and a prayer meeting lecture every week.

An interesting feature of the work at Castanea was a mission at a cotton factory a few miles way at which no religious services had ever been held. The owners of the factory were a family named Tate, who were not church people, and had never encouraged any religious work among their employees. But the oldest son, George Tate, had married a lovely Christian woman, a member of Dr. Jacob Henry Smith's church of Greensboro, who influenced him to attend our services at Castanea. After a few months, he united with the church and became an earnest Christian worker and one of my most devoted friends. On their invitation I went home with them from church and held a service in the afternoon every two weeks

under a grove of trees near the factory village. Mr. Tate went around visiting with me in the homes of the people, and finally became so interested that he built a nice little church which we always had packed at every service. This was one of the rare communities that no Methodist evangelist had ever penetrated. But on the next Sunday after the new church was opened, when I appeared at the appointed hour for my service, I found a Methodist minister in the pulpit conducting a service. I fear it was not altogether a pious motive that prompted my action, but I did not altogether appreciate having a stranger come and without leave or license appropriate what I had gathered by several months of hard labor. What I did was to sit quietly until my self-appointed substitute had finished and pronounced the benediction. I then walked into the pulpit and conducted my own service as if nothing had happened. The people understood my manoeuver, with the result that the next time the Methodist brother appeared he had no congregation to preach to. At one of our services in the grove, the wife of another of the Tate brothers (whose name was Mary) was present. Without knowing her name I preached on the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part that shall not be taken away from her," with the result that she at once made the personal application and chose it for herself.

Dr. J. Henry Smith and His Boys.

It was in connection with this work that I became acquainted with Dr. Jacob Henry Smith, of Greensboro, North Carolina, one of the greatest of our Southern Presbyterian preachers. He was one of the few men I have known who could deliver a sermon word for word from a manuscript and lose nothing of oratorical power thereby. He came on a visit to his former parishioners and preached for a week in the open grove by torch light to a crowd that gathered from the neighborhood for miles

around. I was associated with him in Orange Presbytery, years after that, but some of the greatest evangelistic sermons I ever heard from him or any other man were preached at that meeting.

Dr. Smith had five sons, three of whom became equally, if not more brilliant preachers than their father. One son was president, first of Davidson College and then of Washington and Lee University. The fourth, most brilliant of them all, was professor of English in the University of Virginia, and served one term as American Exchange Professor in the University of Berlin. The youngest son, Egbert W. Smith, was associated with me for many years in the Secretaryship of Foreign Missions, and succeeded me as Executive Secretary on my retirement from that position.

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The Presbytery of Mecklenburg

MY two churches were in the Presbytery of Mecklenburg, the territory of which at that time extended from below Charlotte, in middle North Carolina, to the Tennessee line. It included only three towns of more than two thousand population—Charlotte, Lincolnton, and Asheville. Charlotte had no paved streets and was dimly lighted with gas lamps. Even then it had some beautiful homes and some of the finest oaks in America, but its approaches were over red clay roads which in winter after a freeze had no discoverable bottom. It is now a thriving up to date city of about eighty thousand people.

Asheville, with about two thousand population, had recently been written up in Frances Fisher's "Land of the Sky" and was just beginning to function as a health resort. My first visit there was on a stage coach pulled by two mules. The stage was mired to the axles in front of the principal hotel on the square, and the mules broke the tongue out trying to extricate it. My companion and I were directed to a new boarding house built by a man from the country, we being his first guests. When we went to leave next morning and asked for our bills, he said, "Why, I thought you would wish to stay a week, I do not feel like charging you just for spending the night." We finally induced him to accept fifty cents for both of us. That was Asheville fifty years ago, now a city of thirty-five thousand people, and one of the most celebrated pleasure and health resorts in America, home of many northern millionaires, of the Biltmore Estate, and the famous Grove Park Inn and Battery Park Hotel.

In the personnel of our Presbytery there was a rather unusual number of the kind of men we speak of as "characters." There was Rev. S. Taylor Martin, a most lovable man, generous, courageous, a fine preacher, but who had to give up regular preaching on account of a throat affection, and for that reason had taken up the work of teaching. He was very active in the work of the Presbytery and became the leader and champion of a movement for revolutionizing the entire administrative machinery of the church in the supposed interest of economy. Influenced by my own personal friendship for him and by his eloquent advocacy of the movement, and by my own ecclesiastical immaturity and greenness, I entered with him into the campaign for what we called "Retrenchment and Reform." I was sent with him to present the matter to the General Assembly meeting at Knoxville, Tennessee, as an overture from our Presbytery. We succeeded in getting an *ad-interim* committee appointed, which carried the question over to the next two assemblies, and led to much learned discussion on points of church history and government, consuming the time of our church courts, creating some loss of confidence and thereby diminishing the contributions to our church causes. I look back now with mingled amusement and remorse to the part I had in the movement; amusement at the exaggerated sense of responsibility I felt in what I was doing, and remorse for the added burden imposed on the men who were conducting our work as best they could in those trying times, and who needed sympathy and encouragement rather than criticism to help them do it better. In after years when, in a position similar to theirs, I suffered at the hands of the "reforming" critics, I sometimes felt that I was undergoing a just retribution for my part in the movement for "Retrenchment and Reform." If our movement had succeeded, it would probably have wrecked our Home and Foreign Missionary work for many years to come. And I say

this without meaning any reflection on the leader of the movement, who was honest and conscientious in what he did, whose warm friendship I enjoyed while he lived and whose memory I revere.

Another one of our "characters" was Rev. William MacDonald, a full blooded Scotchman, who had something of a genius for finding a text of Scripture to fit some especial occasion he had to meet, without much regard to what the sacred writer had in mind when he wrote it. Wishing once to give his congregation a sort of miscellaneous exhortation on a large number of things he thought needed correction, he gave them a rather variegated discourse on the text: "Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Dr. —— was a brilliant and scholarly man, and a great preacher, but held what in those days were considered advanced views on evolution. He was also a man of quick and fiery temper. To avoid trouble he gave up preaching and became principal of a school. Once when he presented a tuition bill to one of his patrons, the man became angered and struck him, whereupon a lively fisticuff ensued. The police interposed and took both parties to the mayor's office. After hearing the case, the mayor said, "Gentlemen, I regret very much the necessity of imposing on each of you a fine of ten dollars." Dr. —— replied, "All right, sir, I'll gladly give you a hundred dollars if you will lock me in a room with Mr. —— for ten minutes." In spite of his temper, Dr. —— was fundamentally a good man. He died when still a young man and died in the triumphs of faith.

Dr. Arnold W. Miller, of the First Presbyterian Church of Charlotte, was another great and good man with overdeveloped faculty of disliking those of whose opinions and conduct he disapproved. He preached sermons made up of elaborate discussions of questions of scholastic theology, quoting largely from John Owen and Turretin and especially the Puritan di-

vines, but interspersed with flashes of ornate and fiery eloquence, all delivered with such tremendous earnestness as always to make a profound impression. He was unsurpassed in his ministrations in the sick room and to people in trouble. But for those who disagreed with him in what he regarded as a matter of importance he had little toleration and would sometimes go the length of not recognizing them on the street. At almost every meeting of Presbytery he would present some drastic criticism of the General Assembly. Another member of the Presbytery, a man of great amiability, nearly always opposed him in these measures and thereby acquired his strenuous dislike. On one occasion, when this brother happened to agree and vote with him, thinking it a good opportunity to establish more friendly relations, he approached Dr. Miller and said, "Brother Miller, you and I voted the same way on that proposition." "Yes," said the Doctor, "and on entirely different grounds."

He had an elder who left his church and became an Episcopalian, thereby acquiring his very great disrespect. Later the elder entered the Episcopal ministry and became rector of a church in Charlotte. One winter he preached a series of sermons on "The Historical Church," meaning of course the Episcopal Church, and published the outlines in the morning paper. When the series was concluded, Dr. Miller announced that he would preach the next Sunday on "The Historical Church." A great crowd assembled, including many Episcopalians, knowing there would be fireworks. Taking up the Episcopal Church, he traced it back to Henry the Eighth, and could find no trace of it beyond that date. Then taking up the Presbyterian Church he traced it back to Abraham. "And now," he said, with tremendous emphasis, "it ill becomes this mushroom of a night to vaunt itself in the presence of the cedars of Lebanon."

I related this incident once in a conference of the "Faith and Order" movement at which six bishops were present, making the application that the impossibility of such an occurrence in any respectable non-Episcopal church of the present day indicates the progress in development of the spiritual unity of the Church in the last fifty years.

Our meeting of Presbytery usually lasted three days, and the coming together of so many able men of such varied types always meant an interesting time. In 1875 the Church was just entering into its twenty-year campaign of revising its constitution, on the lines drawn by Dr. Thornwell, following the ideas of Calhoun in the state, safeguarding the right of the individual and the smaller units, sessions and presbyteries, as against the possible encroachment of the general government. And so we had great debates over constitutional points, speeches of from one to two hours length being not uncommon. Thornwell succeeded in the Church (not happily in my unimportant opinion), while Calhoun failed in the State, in giving us a thoroughly decentralized government. I cannot in the retrospect attach any great importance to those debates, but at least they kept us together in enjoyable fellowship long enough to form many personal friendships that enriched our after lives.

I will close this chapter with a few paragraphs relating to two of these friendships, regretting that necessary limits of space make it impossible to write of several more of them.

In the spring of 1881 I had the privilege of taking part in the ordination of Walter W. Moore as evangelist of our Presbytery. His field was in the region around Asheville with the little church of Swannanoa as its centre. I spent part of that summer in Asheville and preached in some of the churches in his evangelistic territory. It was during that time that our acquaintance ripened into the friendship that endured without break or abatement to the end of his life. One bond of sympathy that

drew us together was our mutual admiration for and enjoyment of Rev. James Polk Gammon, who was the pastor of the Asheville church. Dr. Gammon was one of the raciest personalities and one of the loveliest characters I ever knew. He had an inexhaustible fund of humor and wit which bubbled up spontaneously without effort, and which therefore never grew tiresome. This quality, together with his bright mind and his great loving heart, made him one of our most interesting and effective preachers.

As long as Dr. Moore lived, he and I seldom met that we did not recall some of Dr. Gammon's bright sayings, over which we could have a hearty laugh. I love now to think that these two have been having some happy times together as they sit under the trees on the banks of the River of Life, and I would be happy to be assured that I might one day renew my fellowship with them in that happy place.

When I became Foreign Mission Secretary in 1893, Dr. Moore had become professor of Hebrew in Union Theological Seminary. My work required frequent visits to the Seminary, and from the beginning of these visits Dr. and Mrs. Moore always made me, while at the Seminary, a member of their household. My recollections of these associations are summed up in the following letter written on the occasion of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his professorship in the Seminary:

"May 13th, 1923.

My dear Dr. Moore:

It gives me much pleasure to join with those of your friends who are at this time extending to you their congratulations on the completion of your forty years of service in the work of training our young men for the gospel ministry. No man could have a nobler mission than that and I think it is the unanimous judgment of those who have observed your career that you have fulfilled this mission in a very noble way.

As my course at Union Seminary antedated somewhat the beginning of your term of service there, I did not enjoy the privilege of sitting under your instruction in the classroom, but in my thirty years of public service in our Church's Foreign Mission work I have probably come into personal contact with as many of those who did have that privilege as any other man has done. And in all that time I have never heard one of them speak of you otherwise than in terms of appreciation and affection.

I did have the privilege, as you will remember, of taking part in your ordination, and have been somewhat closely associated with you ever since in the work of the kingdom. As I look back over the years, this association is one of the things for which today I am most thankful to God.

Among my happiest recollections are those 'wakes' in which we have indulged on my annual visits to the Seminary (which have almost uniformly been visits to your home), one of which, as you will doubtless remember, lasted until we were somewhat startled by the crowing of the cock and the unexpected appearance of the sun on the eastern horizon.

In these congratulations we must surely include the good wife who, through all these years, has stood so loyally and lovingly and helpfully by your side. Those of us who know her love her also, for your sake and for her own, and wish to associate her with you in this tribute of our affection, in which my wife also asks that she may be allowed to join.

Most cordially your friend,

S. H. Chester."

In January, 1925, when I retired from active service in the Foreign Mission office, I received the following letter from Dr. Moore for my memory book presented by friends and associates in the work:

"My dear Dr. Chester:

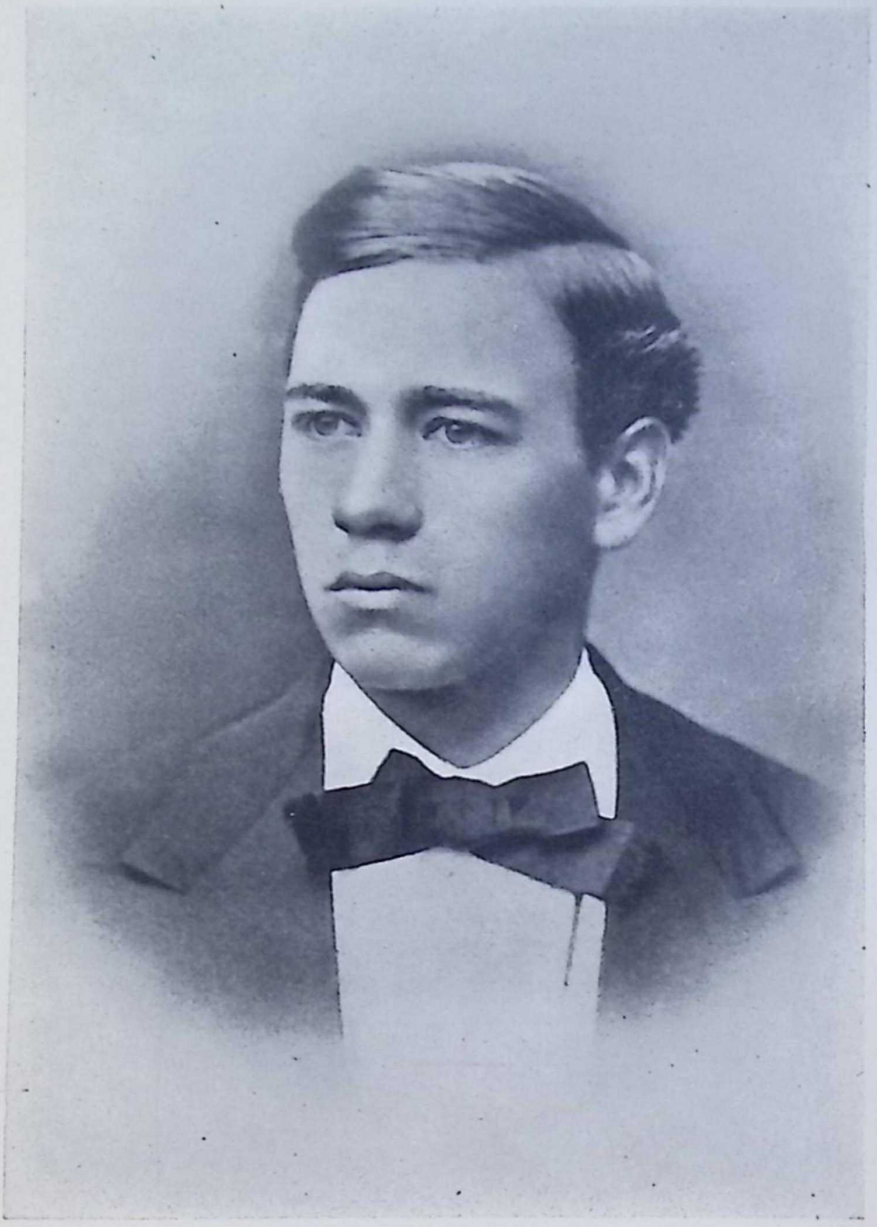
You remember that our beloved Dr. Henry C. Alexander in conversation with you once referred to himself as one of your 'adherents.' You have often told me of it with a smile, as though it was a jest. But it is the very word that describes my own relation to you ever since those far-off days in old Mecklenburg Presbytery when I first began to admire your character and gifts, your penetrating intellect and independent judgment, your original and striking way of seeing things and putting things—an admiration that soon flowered into a warm affection and a deep and abiding friendship, which has never wavered for an instant in these more than forty years.

It, therefore, gives me peculiar pleasure to express to you again in this memory book, as I have often done before in personal letters and in other ways, my sincere and hearty congratulations on the long and fruitful service which you have rendered the Church in the last three decades as Secretary of Foreign Missions. You have had the satisfaction of seeing the work develop under the blessing of God during your administration in a way never before known in our Church. You have directed it through difficult and trying years with signal wisdom, patience and tact. I have had no personal knowledge of the proceedings of the Committee and your methods as the leader of its deliberations, but I have known a great deal of your skill as a counselor with your pen, and it seems to me that in the handling of delicate and difficult questions in this way you are in a class by yourself. I rejoice in all that the Lord has done through you for our Foreign Mission work, and his blessing upon your ministry in many other ways.

But what I wish to say to you especially at this time is that your personal friendship through all these years has been to me a delight, an inspiration, and in every way a blessing, and that my gratitude to you and my love for you will never know change.

Affectionately and faithfully yours,

WALTER W. MOORE."



DR. CHESTER AT AGE OF TWENTY-ONE

XI

Elocution and Romance

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and take no thought
Each of the others being, and no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death, and all
Unconsciously shape every act to this one end, that
One day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow path of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with longing eyes that never meet,
And groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—And this is Fate?"—or Providence?

THE relevancy of this quotation will appear when I have related the succession of incidents that led up to the one it illustrates. When I think of what a narrow escape I made of exemplifying the second verse, I hardly know which to feel the most—scared or thankful.

After seven years of life in a remote country pastorate I felt the need, if I were not to settle down into just an easy and pleasant, but also a narrow sphere of life, to see and study what was going on in another kind of world. So in the summer of 1882 I resigned my charge and went to New York City.

My first main objective was to do some postgraduate study in Union Theological Seminary, specializing in Biblical theology as taught by Dr. Charles A. Briggs. I have now the pencil notes of the lectures he afterwards published in the book on which he was tried and convicted of heresy by the General Assembly. I found the lectures very interesting, and Dr. Briggs himself by far the most interesting man in the faculty. He had not then publicly announced his adherence to the critical views on which he was later tried and condemned. But I had read Robertson Smith's book on that subject and thought I could discern whither Dr. Briggs was tending and where he would finally land. On all other points, except the higher criticism, Dr. Briggs, if he were living today, would be ranked theologically among the strong conservatives, and in the developments of fifty years it has come to pass that one can hold the higher critical views which he held with entire ecclesiastical impunity in both the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches. It amounted to little more than the documentary theory of the Pentateuch.

Another objective of my New York trip was to try to get rid of certain elocutionary bad habits I had contracted, of which I was painfully conscious but seemed unable by unaided effort to overcome. So I applied for help to Dr. Charles Roberts, who was one of the great elocution teachers of his day and who had classes in the Seminary, paying him in advance a tuition fee of twenty dollars. One evening when I went for my lesson he handed me back ten dollars, saying, "Mr. Chester, I am sorry, but I can not conscientiously take your money. So far, instead of my doing you any good you seem to get worse and worse."

So that part of my plan seemed to end in complete failure. But it did not. What it did for me was to cause me to abandon forever all thought of trying to speak in an "elocution-

ary" manner, and to adopt a simple talking style, in the use of which I have been able to make intelligible any message I have had to deliver, to be heard in any kind of auditorium, good or bad, and to command attention to any thing I have had to say that was worth listening to, without attracting attention to my delivery so as to raise the question whether it was good or bad. My general conclusion on this question is that there are comparatively very few people who naturally have the oratorical gift; that it is all right for those who have it to try to be orators; but that the only sensible policy for those who have it not is to cultivate the art of being just plain talkers.

It was in New York that I first came in touch with the Salvation Army. On the corner of a street I saw a poster advertising "knee drill." I asked the young lassie why she advertised a prayer meeting that way. She said, "Because we wanted the people to come." They did come, and that was one of the best prayer meetings I attended in New York. The time is long past when any one can afford to criticize even the *outré* methods of the Salvation Army. In my opinion it has been from the beginning, and is still, doing more effectively than any other religious organization in the world one of the chief things the church was put into the world to do—the preaching of the gospel to the poor. I especially admire the work of the "American Volunteers" under the Ballington Booths, and it is still my pleasure to make a small contribution each year to Mrs. Booth's great work for the children of prisoners.

I think that I also got what was more valuable as a preparation for my own life work by taking some part in the slum work in such places as the Water Street Mission than from anything I learned in Dr. Briggs' classroom. Better than all possible courses in apologetics for the confirmation of one's

faith is to witness the miracles of grace that are constantly being wrought among desperadoes and outcasts of that kind.

I, of course, went to hear most of the famous New York preachers—Beecher and Talmage and Parkhurst and Taylor and John Hall; but heard none that seemed to me to be quite the equal of our southern Moses Hoge and B. M. Palmer. Beecher was very brilliant, but not particularly edifying. The pulpit bouffe of Talmage never appealed to me. Dr. Hall, with his simple earnestness and rich Irish accent was always impressive, though never very eloquent. Visiting New York after his death, my attention was arrested by the stone tablet near the door of the Fifth Avenue Church, bearing the inscription, "John Hall, born in Ireland on July 31, 1829; became pastor of this church on August 31, 1869; died on September 17, 1893: 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God'." I know no finer illustration of Scotch-Irish stubborness than the fact that the congregation, which evidently did not see the unintentional humor of the inscription at the time it was made, have never to this day allowed it to be changed.

This brings me to the real purpose, referred to in the little poem at the beginning of this chapter, of my visit to New York. Not my own conscious purpose, but, as I firmly believe, the great Divine purpose that overrules all our individual plans and purposes and "Shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may."

One Sunday morning late in November I received a letter from my friend, Dr. W. A. Wood, of Statesville, North Carolina, telling me that Miss Bessie Willard, of Wilmington, North Carolina, a friend and former parishioner of his, was spending the winter at Cooper Institute in New York and staying at the St. Stephen's Hotel on University Place, near by our Seminary building. He enclosed a note of introduction and suggested that it might be pleasant for two North Carolinians sojourning

in the city to know each other. I took the letter and went over to the hotel that evening, thinking I would propose to escort her to church. I found her sitting by an open fire in the little hotel sitting-room, but as it was a cold and snowy evening we decided to stay by the fire and not go to church. We talked together very pleasantly the whole evening. Meanwhile, I noticed another young lady just across the fireplace talking to two young gentlemen. I had no idea who she was, but her face attracted my attention and I kept turning furtive glances in her direction and saying to myself, "That girl's face has a marvelously sweet expression." Presently the tones of her voice caught my ear, and I said, "She also has a marvelously sweet voice." I then began clandestinely to eavesdrop the conversation and found she was talking to the young men about the Bible in a very sensible way, and I said, "She also has evidently a lot of good sense." I still had no idea who she was.

Finally, when I got up to leave, seeing me talking to her sister, and having learned from one of the young men that I was a minister, and having been trained by her mother to have a higher regard for ministers than they sometimes deserve, she came over and introduced herself to me, and asked me a question about something that had come up in her conversation with the young man. Then I looked her full in the face and thought I read there intelligence, humor, womanly dignity and general loveliness of character. I answered her question, said "Good evening," and went as far as the front steps. Then I stopped and thought, "Well, there is something about that girl that I cannot get away from, and I must see something more of her." So I went back to inquire how long she would be in the city, and learned she would be there only one more day. I then asked if I might cut my Seminary classes and call the next morning, to which she graciously assented. I called early and proposed a sight-seeing trip, telling her sister we would

probably return by noon, but we found so many interesting places to go that we barely returned in time for six o'clock dinner. As for me, I was, before the end of that day, absolutely committed to the purpose of making her my own if possible. However, she left next morning and I did not see her again for about five months. Our only communications were a little note I wrote, dated December 5th, referring to our day together and closing with the words, "Hoping to renew our acquaintance some day, with very pleasant recollections of its beginnings, Very truly yours . . ." To this she replied very pleasantly. I then sent her a Christmas card and she returned me a New Year's card. (About a year after our marriage I found my little note carefully preserved among her treasures, indicating that she might have had some mysterious intimation that our meeting had been something other than an accident.)

As I then had no charge and no home to take any one to, I was not in a position to pursue the matter to a practical end, immediately. But in April I received a call to the church at Maysville, Kentucky, which, after visiting the church, I decided to accept. The church had been for some time vacant, and the session were anxious for me to take up the work at once. I told them there was a little matter of business in North Carolina which I would be obliged to attend to personally, but that I would try to finish it up and return as soon as possible. Next morning I took the train for Wilmington, North Carolina. All I knew was that Wilmington was Miss Willard's home, and if I did not find her there my purpose was to go on to wherever she might be.

But I did find her, and after a visit of three days I started back to Maysville engaged. I had scarcely hoped for such an expeditious consummation of things, but she had had a pretty thorough demonstration of my sincerity and earnestness, and, however unaccountable it might seem, my appeal had awak-

ened the appropriate response in her heart. She was an honest-hearted girl, and when I asked her if she thought she could venture to share my life work with me she answered very simply, "Yes, I think I can."

What happened then was like what happened when the girl in "Kismet" said to the man who caught her when she was falling overboard into the Nile that, "She did not know how to express her gratitude." He asked if he might show her how, and she said nothing; but a bystander heard a sound as though some one had bitten a peach.

All this occurred about sundown on the 17th of May, 1883, and I had to take an eight o'clock train to reach Maysville for my Sunday appointment. I did not have time, therefore, to see her father as he would not return from his business before my train time. I had to communicate with him by letter, which was fortunate, as it gave me opportunity to tell my story to the mother first. I did it with fear and trembling, but after a few moments hesitation she put her arms around me and said, "I have many times prayed that one of my boys would preach the gospel. I had about given up hope of that. Maybe this is the answer to my prayers." Thereafter, in all discussions of the matter among family and friends, I had her as my loyal friend and advocate. After about six weeks of waiting and investigation, the father, who was a very cautious man, answered my letter favorably. I also had a loyal friend in her pastor, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, father of Woodrow Wilson, who said when I told him what had happened, "Brother Chester, that is just one of the sweetest girls that ever was."

Complications and Obstructions.

Soon after reaching Maysville I had a letter from her saying that her most intimate friend thought she was very foolish to rush so suddenly into matrimony without having had more than a year to enjoy her young ladyhood, and likened me to a

hawk seeing a young pigeon sitting quietly in the nest and swooping down and carrying it off before it was fully grown. To which I replied, "As to the hawk and the pigeon I should say it was this way; the pigeon was sitting happily and unsuspectingly in the maternal nest, when something that looked like a hawk did swoop down and carry it away; not with cruel talons, but gently bearing it along, and which turned out after all to be not a hawk, but a messenger of Providence, sent to take it out of the home nest, and teach it to fly on its own account, and to fulfill its mission, which was not as it had thought to keep warm in a nest, but to become a *carrier pigeon* and fly about on errands of mercy and love to the sorrowing children of men."

But this was only the beginning of trouble. There was quite a numerous company of aunts and cousins and friends of the family who were more or less shocked by the apparent precipitancy with which our plans had been consummated, and who had other plans on which their hearts had been set. These came in relays to visit her to suggest delay and possible reconsideration of the whole matter. In our correspondence she had never mentioned this, but when I came back in September for a visit she told me of it. Then occured an episode which it seemed to me could only be accounted for as Providential. The Sunday before leaving Maysville I had preached a sermon on the text "By faith, Abraham when he was called to go out to a place which he should afterward receive as an inheritance, obeyed, and went out not knowing whither he went."

As soon as I learned what had been going on, it flashed on me that the outline of my sermon had a marvellous adaptation to the existing situation. Dr. Wilson had asked me to preach for him. I told him I would, provided he would give his approval to my preaching the same sermon I had preached the Sunday before in Maysville. I then told him of the situation

MRS. CHESTER AT AGE OF NINETEEN YEARS

mentioned above and gave him the outline of the sermon as follows: (1) Abraham's unexpected call to leave his home and friends and go on a mission for God. (2) His acceptance of the call, without taking any long time to consider it. (3) The probable consternation of his family and friends when he informed them of his purpose; their inability to see the matter from his spiritual point of view, and their efforts to induce him to reconsider and not go. (4) His decision to adhere to his purpose, and his going.

The questions: Did Abraham ever have occasion to regret this decision? What did he lose by it and what did he gain?

(1) He lost Haran, but gained Canaan. (2) He gained a world-wide and honorable fame. (3) He lost the companionship of his friends and kindred, but gained the abiding presence and friendship of God, which would have been lost by refusing to go on a mission to which God was calling him.

Dr. Wilson, being a remarkable man in many ways was, among other things, a good sport, and gave his cordial approval. There was a large congregation and a full line-up of all the interested parties. It was then up to me to make use of my only opportunity to meet those who were threatening my life plans. I was told by some who were not in the secret that I seemed to preach that day with unusual unction. Some of those who saw what I meant came to my fiancée and said, "You have been telling tales out of school. That sermon was preached directly at us." But realizing they had been fighting a hopeless battle none of them ever bothered her again.

Finally another serious complication arose, when after a few months at Maysville I developed a throat affection which made it necessary to resign that charge and seek a more genial climate. But after a short interval I found another charge in two fine old country churches, Hawfields and Cross Roads, covering a field of about twenty-five by fifteen miles, with the town of

Mebane, North Carolina, in the centre, where the famous Bingham school was then located. My fiancée had had no experience of country life, but she had a brave heart and believed that in going with me she was going on a mission in answer to a divine call, and, so, in spite of the adverse opinion of some friends, who would have persuaded her otherwise, she never wavered or hesitated, but was ready to go along with me as soon as I had made the necessary arrangements for our home. It will be fifty years ago the 15th of next April (1934) that we marched down the aisle of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, and were joined by her much-loved pastor, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, who also became my life-long friend, in the bonds of that comradeship in a common life work, which it will be the purpose of the remainder of this story to unfold.

XII

A Co-pastorate

I WILL record here for the benefit of my children that their mother was a lineal descendant of Major Simon Willard, founder of Concord, Massachusetts, whose monument bearing that record is in the public square of that city. On the roster of his descendants are the names of Josephus and Samuel Willard, both presidents of Harvard College, and of Elihu Root, regarded by some as America's greatest Secretary of State. Her mother was Mary Hannis Stevenson, a double first cousin of Hannis Taylor, Grover Cleveland's minister to Spain. Her grandmother was Hannah Emerson, a near relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With such genealogical antecedents it is not surprising that she should have been an unusually interesting person. Her remote ancestress, who was also mine, was Ruth Hall, a grandniece of Major Simon Willard.

May it not be that this previously unknown blood relationship had some mysterious connection with the spiritual affinity that was immediately recognized when, by a seeming accident, we met in the little parlor of the St. Stephen's Hotel, and, at a glance as it were, "read life's meaning in each other's eyes?"

When I first saw her mother, I repeated to myself the line of Horace's Ode to Phyllis, *"O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior."* Some one said of her that her face was a benediction. The same was true of the daughter, and in neither case did the faces misrepresent the character or the life. Once at family prayers, when I was reading Solomon's description of the virtuous woman, our little six-year-old boy interrupted to ask, "Papa, how did Solomon come to know about mother?"

Hawfields and Cross Roads.

The churches at Hawfields and Cross Roads, to which I came on leaving Maysville, were each distant, about five miles on opposite sides of the railroad, from Mebane, a village of about a dozen families of excellent, old-fashioned North Carolina people, where the church had provided a comfortable manse, into which I took my city-bred bride. We had a two-acre lot with fruit trees and room for a garden, and some splendid oaks in the front yard. The presence of the Bingham Military Academy with its faculty of young men added a pleasant feature to our social life. Major Robert Bingham represented the fourth generation of the family by which this famous boys' school had been conducted for more than a hundred years. What he did not know about boys and how to manage them, one might say was hardly worth knowing. He had fine literary culture and was a fluent talker both in conversation and in public speech. He was an able Bible scholar and frequently "preached" in my church when I had to be absent from home.

His son, "Rob," now our British Ambassador, was a beautiful boys of ten years, who grew up to be a worthy representative of his distinguished family and is in every way an honor to the position he now holds.

The leavening influence of this school raised the general average intelligence of the entire community much above that to be found in most country churches in North Carolina at that period. In our pastoral work we found many homes of comfort and refinement, but also some of a decidedly primitive character, in the visitation of which my wife was introduced to a wholly new kind of social experience.

One of these homes was that of an elderly man and a maiden sister, living within a half mile of the railroad, but neither of whom had ever been aboard the train. In our early pastoral visitation we aimed to give these humble homes the prefer-

ence, but in this case we had failed to make our visit quite as promptly as they thought we should. When we did go, the greeting Mrs. Chester received from the sister was, "Well, daggone you, I thought you were never coming to see us." The brother said to me, "I was over thar at the railroad this mornin', and when the train passed by, I saw a man settin' up by the car winder readin' a paper jes like he was at home."

Shortly after we settled in the manse one of my wife's bridesmaids, Hanna Allen, of Newbern, came to pay us a visit. Neither of them had ever seen anything of real country life and I decided to give them both a sample of it. So I harnessed up "Old John" and started out with them on a three-day pastoral tour. The first night about eight o'clock we reached the home of an old couple living in a house with three rooms, one in the basement, one on the level and one on the top floor. I said to our hostess, "Please do not go to any trouble giving us supper. I am sure you have some bread and butter which, with a cup of coffee or a glass of milk, will be all we need." With a sarcastic toss of her head, she replied, "Maybe a drink of water'll do you," and disappeared downstairs. After a good while, she rang a bell and the husband showed us down the stairs. The room had a sanded brick floor and was lighted by one dim tallow candle. It seems they had anticipated our visit and had killed a hog in honor of our coming, and we found a table loaded with everything that pertained to hog killing, with corn pone and hot biscuit and apple pies and several kinds of cakes. The supper was proceeding beautifully when, suddenly as such things have a way of happening, the cat and dog under the table began a furious battle. In trying to get out of the way the leg of Miss Allen's chair pushed down between two bricks and she rolled over on the floor. With some difficulty order was restored and the incident wound up pleasantly enough.

It was in homes like these that my young wife soon demonstrated the reality of her call to be a country pastor's wife. There were numbers of them which, at the end of the five years we lived among them, would not have been recognized as the same homes.

Protracted Meetings.

My experience convinced me that protracted meetings, held in the summer when the "crops are laid by" and the people have time to attend two services a day, are an indispensable feature in the program of a successful country pastorate. We held one in each of our churches (I use the word "our," because, as indicated at the head of this chapter, ours was strictly a co-pastorate) every summer, and in that way kept our spiritual harvest pretty thoroughly reaped all the time. I was assisted in several of these meetings by my young friend, Egbert Smith, who later became my colleague in the Foreign Mission office, and who, like his father before him, was one of the finest evangelistic preachers our church has produced. He afterwards assisted me in a remarkable meeting, lasting a month because there seemed no way of stopping it, in Franklin, Tennessee. In none of these meetings did we use any of the so-called "revival measures," but depended solely on preaching followed by individual personal work. It is now a great joy to remember that in this way almost the entire body of the young people eligible by age for church membership were gathered into the church every year, and that quite a number of these are now serving the church in the gospel ministry and some in foreign lands. I will mention here quite out of its chronological order, that the first infant I ever baptized, Chester Morrison Dellinger, named for me and Dr. Morrison, the former pastor of Castanea church, is now preaching somewhere in western Texas. Some years ago, when the Assembly met in San Antonio, I was asked to

come and baptize his oldest son, but was providentially prevented from going.

In 1889 I was sent by Orange Presbytery to the General Assembly meeting at Chattanooga, Tennessee. My churches fitted me out for the occasion with a new suit of clothes and a silk hat, the only one I ever owned. I did not own it long, for one day on the train in passing from one coach to another a gust of wind got under it, and when last seen it was floating top side down on a pond of water we were passing.

The Chattanooga Assembly.

The Chattanooga Assembly was one of the stormiest in our history. The irrepressible "Woodrow Case," which disturbed our Church for a longer time and resulted in more alienations between brethren than any other episode in our history, came up on two occasions. One was the nomination of Dr. Woodrow for the moderatorship, which was strenuously opposed by a young elder of the legal profession on the ground that Dr. Woodrow had *spoken disrespectfully of a previous Assembly* that had condemned his evolutionary teaching! The young elder's protest was squelched, but not before it had evoked some very acrimonious remarks on both sides of the question.

Then there was the famous debate between Dr. Girardeau and Dr. Thornton Whaling, who, it was said, had been Dr. Girardeau's favorite pupil at Columbia Seminary, on what became popularly known as "the Charleston Interdict." The General Assembly had judicially affirmed an action of the Synod of Georgia pronouncing certain teachings of Dr. Woodrow concerning the probable method of the creation of Adam's body as being contrary to the Scriptures as interpreted by our standards. Certain members of Charleston Presbytery had discussed that action of the Assembly adversely in *"The Southern*

Presbyterian," published at Columbia. Thereupon the presbytery took action, informing its ministers, elders and deacons of the Assembly's decision, and "forbidding the public contending" against it.

A Historical Debate.

The South Carolina Synod overruled this action of the presbytery and ordered it expunged from the records. The matter was then brought to the Chattanooga Assembly on appeal by Dr. Girardeau. When the matter came up, Dr. Girardeau defended his appeal in a speech of an hour's length, full of the bursts of dramatic eloquence of which he was a master, but also full of the technical phraseology with which only seminary professors and students are familiar, and which the latter usually soon forget after leaving the seminary classroom. He dwelt elaborately and at length on how the synod in its handling of the case had confounded the "diatactic" and the "diacritic" functions of the Church courts. Dr. Whaling, having only recently come from under Dr. Girardeau's instruction in Columbia Seminary was still familiar with these cryptic terms and answered at length in the same strain.

For my part, I had been long enough preoccupied with our North Carolina synodical evangelism to have forgotten them. Furthermore, I was unfortunately so constituted mentally as never to have been able properly to appreciate the superfine distinctions in questions of either theology or church government. And so the solemnity of this discussion reacted on me inversely, and when I was given my ten minutes to explain my vote I attempted to give the matter a humorous turn as follows: "Moderator, I have been observing for some time that the machinery of our church was not running smoothly in the grooves. There has been a good deal of jolting and lack of harmony and interruption of progress in our home and foreign

work. For a time I was disposed to account for it on the same theory that my Brother Whaling seems to hold, that it was because of our confounding the 'diatactic' and the 'diacritic' functions of the Church courts. I never had what might be called mental rest in this hypothesis until, one day, when I was reading the very able inaugural address of my brother Girardeau on assuming his chair in Columbia Seminary, I came upon the sentence: 'There is a perpetual tendency in our day to confound the cognizable and the cognoscible.' The light seemed to break on me right there. And may I not suggest that, in taking so much precious time here today discussing so many things about which so many of us know so little, we are involving ourselves in hopeless confusion by failing to observe the important distinction between the cognizable and the cognoscible."

Whether this little sally had anything to do with it or not I cannot tell, but at this point the discussion came to a full stop. A resolution was adopted sustaining Dr. Girardeau's appeal, on the ground that the presbytery's action "forbidding the public contending against the Assembly's decision," had not been intended to limit either the liberty of private judgment or the constitutional right of free discussion. Like the "blessed word Mesopotamia" that little word "constitutional" saved the day for Charleston Presbytery. It was to be henceforth permissible to contend, publicly or privately, against any church court deliverance, provided one does it in a "constitutional" manner.

Which reminds me of an incident at one of our meetings of synod where a young licentiate was called to account for failing to observe some provision of our Book of Church Order in his home mission work. He replied that he had been busy trying to save souls, and not possessing a Book of Church Order regretted that he had violated it inadvertently. Whereupon the brother who had called attention to his illegal conduct replied,

"Moderator, I believe in saving souls, but for heaven's sake let us save them *according to the constitution*."

I should be sorry if anything said in this story should be interpreted as indicating that I am lacking in veneration for the memory of that great and good man, Dr. John L. Girardeau. After what has been said, I think it proper to express my real estimate of him. As a man, he was noble, generous and brave. As to his outstanding ability, no reasonable person would ever think of questioning it. His supreme gift was that of dramatic eloquence, and as an evangelistic preacher, he had no superior and few equals in America. Personally I think it was little short of tragical when he turned aside from the pulpit, which was his throne, to deal with the subtleties of scholastic theology and the refinements of *jus divinum* Presbyterian Church government. In his theological thinking he reached what appears to me the *reductio ad absurdum* of holding that Adam had to have the self-determining power of the will to be morally responsible, but that when he fell he lost it for all his descendants. As to church government, I once heard him hold the synod of South Carolina spellbound for an hour in a speech, the logic of which seemed to be that our Church had not had the fullness of divine blessing on its work that it might have had because it had failed in arranging all its ecclesiastical machinery exactly according to "the pattern shown in the mount."

In those days General Assemblies always lasted a full week and sometimes more, and rarely failed to have before them some great constitutional question on which speeches of from one to two hours could be made. Since then I have attended about thirty-five of them and in not more than a half dozen have I heard speeches of more than an hour long. The old-fashioned ecclesiastical "war horse" is a tradition of the dim past, sleeping peacefully in some ancient cemetery, and may he continue, without a successor, as in the case of my ancestor

mentioned in a previous chapter, "there to repose his peaceful dust, till Gabriel's trumpet wakes the just."

Altogether we spent five years at Hawfields and Cross Roads, made happy by seeing our work blessed in the upbuilding of our churches and by the appreciation and affection of a devoted people.

Looking back over it all, I am glad that the first fourteen years of my ministry were passed in country churches rather than in a city.

XIII

Two More Pastorates

From North Carolina to Tennessee.

AFTER those five years of very pleasant but laborious country work at Hawfields and Cross Roads in North Carolina, I had three years of comparative rest as pastor of the church of Franklin Tennessee. I came very near losing my call to Franklin as the result of my indiscreet remarks and my vote on the "Charleston Interdict" at the Chattanooga Assembly. On the retirement of my friend, Dr. R. C. Reed, as pastor of the Franklin church I was invited at his suggestion to visit the church with a view to a call. I replied to this invitation in a letter to the session of the church expressing my appreciation of it, but stating that I had learned in some previous experience that in trying to preach a "trial sermon" of that kind I was unable to do justice to myself, or, what was of much more importance, to do justice to the gospel. It seems that word having gotten out of this prospective vacancy, the session had received a goodly number of requests, some through third parties and some direct, asking the privilege of coming to visit the church on trial. When my letter was read, one of the elders said, "Gentlemen, that is my man. I move we give him a call on Dr. Reed's recommendation and on his record in the Assembly minutes, which we have examined"; which they did. I then visited the church, and after returning home wrote again to the session that my acceptance of the call would depend on whether they were sufficiently interested to repeat it after my visit. The following Sunday I was again elected by the congregation with one dissenting vote. What had happened was that a certain very ardent anti-Woodrow man had written to

one of the elders saying, "Did you know you had called a Woodrow man to your church last Sunday?" If I had accepted the invitation for the visit, that warning would have been given and would have in all probability stirred up enough opposition to prevent the call ever being made.

Such were the lengths to which personal antagonisms were aroused in that famous controversy, just as they are being aroused today in the fundamentalist controversy in our sister Presbyterian Church, with most lamentable results in both cases. As a matter of fact, I had never had any connection with the Woodrow case, except to cast that one vote against the absurd "Charleston Interdict," and make that would-be humorous speech on the difference between the "cognoscible and the cognizable."

Franklin was a lovely little town of about fifteen hundred white inhabitants in the heart of the blue grass section of middle Tennessee. Our church roll, after it was purged, contained about one hundred and sixty names. The country was then in a highly prosperous condition. There were many beautiful homes in the town and a number of our church members lived in baronial homes in the surrounding country. The church had completed an attractive building and had a comfortable manse. We had not a large but a living salary. Our country members were so generous and thoughtful that we needed to spend very little for household supplies. As in our former charge, my wife soon won her way in the hearts of the people to such an extent that it seemed they could not do enough for us.

An Overchurched Town.

Our field was hardly large enough or difficult enough to satisfy the ambition of a strong young man in the vigor of his powers. For one thing there were six Protestant churches whose combined congregations might have been crowded into one

reasonably large building. The entire number of those who could conveniently attend night services could ordinarily be accommodated in any one of our six churches, so that when one of them put on some special attraction, as a song service, or baptizing by immersion, the others had only a corporal's guard in attendance.

This was rather discouraging, but there were some things that needed to be done, and we set ourselves to the task of doing them. The total contribution of our church to beneficences in the year before we came was $244.00. We introduced an every-member canvass for Foreign Missions and got pledges of $500.00 for the support of Dr. Thornton Sampson in his Greek mission. At the first meeting of synod I attended, I persuaded the synod to undertake a synodical evangelistic work such as we had begun in North Carolina, and one of our elders led the way with a personal gift of $500.00 for its support. It was astonishing how easy it was to start the church on a new career on these lines.

Remembering the good times we had had together in North Carolina, I invited Dr. Egbert Smith to come and assist me in a protracted meeting of the North Carolina type (Tennessee had been much given over to meetings of the professional evangelist type). He came and we held the meeting, lasting a month, referred to in a previous chapter, and in which we gathered in very nearly all our young pople, and some older ones, who had not already come into the church.

A City Mission Field.

After this, it began to seem to me that our work in Franklin was pretty nearly done. Every thing was very nice and pleasant. Our home blessed with three lovely children was very bright and happy. There was some work to be done at mission points in the country, but not much of that. Then it happened that the

Second Presbyterian Church of Nashville, a very difficult city mission field, became vacant, and I received a call to become its pastor. It had no manse and the salary was less than the one we received in Franklin. But the opportunity for hard work was unlimited and among a people that needed our help. When I presented the matter to my wife, she did not hesitate a moment but expressed her readiness to go with me and endure whatever hardships we might find in this new field for the sake of a larger opportunity for service.

I do not like to dwell on our experiences in this field. We found the need and the hard work we were looking for. My Sunday program was a Bible class in the Sunday school; a sermon at eleven o'clock; an afternoon mission; Christian endeavor at six-thirty, and another sermon at seven-thirty. Through the week we had some kind of service almost every night, except Saturday, and I found my choir would be disappointed if I did not attend their meeting on that night. We enjoyed the work while my strength lasted, but after a year, in spite of my iron constitution, I found it about gone.

Bereavement.

Apart from the joy of the work, we look back on that year as a kind of nightmare experience in our lives. The house we rented proved unsanitary and our oldest child, little "May Chester," as every one called her, contracted diphtheria. There was no anti-toxin then and the treatment used of applying strong astringents was very painful. She lingered nineteen days and bore her sufferings heroically, but it was heartbreaking to have to witness them. When the doctor left on the last night, he told us he thought she would be able to begin sitting up on the next day. But when he came the next morning her lips were purple and he told us heart paralysis had set in and she had but a few moments to live. I kneeled down at her bed and

said, "Darling, you are going to see Jesus directly. I know you will be glad to see him." She answered, "Yes, I will." A few minutes later a beautiful smile came over her face. Her mother asked her if she saw anything. She said, "No, I was just dreaming a little." And then it seemed as if we could almost see the door of heaven opened as she passed within. From that moment her mother and I have had no more doubt that heaven is a reality and that she is there than we have doubted our own existence. For nineteen nights I had sung her to sleep with her favorite hymn, "Wonderful Words of Life." And we sometimes have our dream that when our time to go has come, and all earthly voices are fading out, we may hear first of all from the other side her voice coming down to us on the waves of the heavenly ether, singing "Wonderful Words of Life." Dr. Jere Witherspoon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding the absorbing demands of his great congregation, found time to visit her every day, and when the end came sent this lovely tribute to our city paper:

"The few years that measured out their length between the dates of August 9, 1885, and May 4, 1893, bounded a life that was replete with lessons and charm. Her characteristics from babyhood were truthfulness, conscientiousness and unselfishness. The covenant promises had signal fulfilment in her life and, for one so young, her insight into spiritual things was rare. The writer will not soon forget the lessons taught him at the couch of sickness. Before the end came a sweet smile overspread her face like the flush of the waning day. A moment more and the Shepherd claimed his own, and her loved ones knew that the dream that provoked the smile was not all a dream."

It is indeed a "wonderful word of life" that can thus transmute our sorrow into joy and cause our darkness to show us worlds of light we never saw by day.

About the first of July came the great financial panic of 1893. The majority of our congregation were workers in the cotton factory and other industrial plants of the city and my salary was dependent on their weekly wages. Our banks began to totter and one by one the industrial plants were closed, and they had no weekly wages and my salary was almost entirely cut off. As I had no other resources, it became necessary to look for support elsewhere. Through interested friends, my name was presented to the church in Tampa, Florida, and I was asked to supply that church for a year. I decided to go, and our household goods were on a car in the station yard ready to be shipped. My wife had already gone to visit her family in Wilmington *en route* to Tampa. These were the preliminary and, to me, somewhat mysterious, Providential steps by which I was ushered into my real life work, and in which, so far as my own plans and intentions were concerned, I was an entirely passive agent. The story of this transition and what came of it will be begun in the next chapter.

XIV

An Emergency Assignment

IT would be difficult to imagine anything less likely to occur than that the responsibility of conducting our foreign work should be thrust upon me as it was, most unexpectedly, at the meeting of the Executive Committee on the first Tuesday of October, 1893. It happened in this wise:

When the Committee assembled for its October meeting, I was present at what I supposed would be my farewell meeting before leaving for Tampa, Florida.

The Chairman presented a letter from Dr. H. M. Woods, whom the Assembly had elected as Dr. Houston's successor, declining the Assembly's call. Dr. Houston also insisted on being relieved of further service, in order that he enter on his mission work in China. The problem of filling the vacant chair under the existing circumstances was not an easy one. In the first place the Committee only had authority to elect a Secretary, *ad interim,* and could not give to any one it might call any guarantee that its choice would be confirmed by the next Assembly. The country was also in the throes of a great financial panic, banks were failing, industrial plants were closing down, financial chaos reigned, and one can scarcely imagine anything less enticing than a call to become responsible for any enterprise requiring financial support in such a situation.

And so the Committee's telegrams which were sent to a number of men in succession inquiring wether they could undertake the work were all answered in the negative. Finally, after two days of fruitless effort, *as a last resort,* and because no other solution of the problem seemed possible, the appeal

was made to me to take charge of the work and do the best I could with it until the next meeting of the Assembly.

I at first declined, not only because of my Florida engagement, but also because I had had no experience or special training for the work or, so far as I or any one else knew, any special aptitude for it. But after another day of fruitless effort to find someone to fill the breach, I was again appealed to go in and take charge of the office and do the best I could with it until the meeting of the Assembly in May. Under these circumstances I entered on the work with no expectation that the arrangement would be other than a temporary one.

My situation was not so forlorn as it would have been, but for the way my hands were upheld by our Executive Committee of that day, one of the noblest bodies of men that were ever organized as a Committee in the service of our Church. Let me call the roll of their names: Ministers—J. H. McNeilly, J. W. Bachman, J. H. Bryson, Angus McDonald, Jere Witherspoon, R. C. Reed, E. A. Ramsey and myself; Ruling Elders—C. A. R. Thompson, R. J. Gordon and W. H. Raymond. Of this list I am now the only survivor.

Dr. McNeilly, whose experience and knowledge of the work gained during several years of service as Chairman of the Committee made up largely for my ignorance and inexperience, and who had been chiefly responsible for placing the burden on my shoulders, gave me unstintedly of his time and effort in response to every call I made upon him. He was not only a man of commanding ability but also one whose clearness of judgment was never warped by any personal or selfish consideration.

Other members of the Committee helped by visiting presbyteries and synods and writing letters and doing all that a Committee could do to rally the Church to the support of the cause.

It also happened that some things in the general situation that threatened disaster were overruled to work the other way. The anxiety of some friends of the cause lest our missionaries might suffer because of the panic, and also because an inexperienced pilot was at the helm, led them to bestir themselves and was the occasion of many special contributions. There was also a large amount of good Presbyterian money for which, in the prevailing situation, no safe investment could be found. For this reason, as has happened several times since, some of it found its way into our treasury. And so, to the surprise of both the Executive Committee and the Church, at the close of the fiscal year it was found that we not only did not have to go into bankruptcy but that we had been able to take care of all our obligations and had actually made a considerable gain over the income of any previous year.

When the Assembly met and heard this unexpected report the conclusion seemed to be reached by common consent that it was not advisable under the circumstances to make the experiment of another change at that time, and without any other name being suggested I was nominated and elected as the Assembly's Secretary of Foreign Missions.

And so instead of my official connection with the work terminating in May, 1894, as was originally expected, it terminated at the Pensacola Assembly in May, 1926.

For the first ten of those thirty-two years I carried the responsibility alone, although I had invaluable assistance from members of the Committee, and especially from Dr. D. C. Rankin, who was then in the office as editor of *The Missionary*. He was an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile, having the wisdom that belongs to the pure in heart; and one of the cherished memories of those early days was my association with him as a companion and co-worker, until he was called to a higher service by the Master he loved.

But even with this good help those early years were hard and trying ones. I was both Office and Field Secretary, and had to be absent from home so much that my children thought that I did not live at home, but only came in occasionally as a visitor. On one occasion my little boy, three years old, was sick and his mother was attempting to give him a dose of oil which he did not wish to take. When I was called in to use my influence with him, not wishing to be influenced, as I entered the door he looked up and said, "Papa, I think you had better get your hat and go home."

All this, of course, meant an additional heavy burden for the "Silent Partner" in the business, who in this new work, as in our co-pastorates, was always by my side to help in every way she could. Her part was to bear all the burden of the home and to keep its doors wide open to every missionary that came to Nashville, and in that way to establish with them those relations of personal friendship that made it so much easier to deal with them in official relations. And it was seldom indeed that in these missionary visits we did not experience the fulfilment of the Bible saying concerning the reward of hospitality. As for hardship and self-denial for the work's sake, it is certain that hers were far beyond any that I had to endure. And no one ever heard her complain.

It is not practicable in this personal narrative to give any detailed history of the progress and development of our work. As a matter of fact, it was several years before there was any perceptible progress. The obstacles in the way seemed to be unsurmountable.

First of all, the only promotional measures employed were the visits of the Secretary to the churches and church courts, and the letters and literature that went out from the office. The only organized work was that of the old-fashioned Woman's Missionary Society, which existed in only about half the

churches and which usually included only a small proportion of the women of the Church. I was greatly handicapped by the small economies which outside sentiment in the Church forced on the Committee. I had to be content with a cheap stenographer and it was several years before we could afford to employ a real business man as treasurer. When at home, I had to open and record and acknowledge all remittances personally. When I went to the Far East in 1897, the Assembly approved the visit only if the expense of it were provided from private sources. The real nature of this kind of economy was revealed when I returned and went to the First Presbyterian Church of Savannah to tell my story. A member of the Baptist Church happened to be present and was so stirred by the account of the way our missionaries in Korea were living that he sent us a check for $600.00 to build one of them a home. The whole trip, by getting reduced rates on the steamer, only cost about $400.00. Then, as now, there were many who believed the way to secure funds for financing the work was by saving administration expense rather than by increasing income.

One brother wishing to encourage me wrote, saying, "All you need to get all the money you want is to let the Church know that everything is being conducted with the strictest economy in the home office." What he meant was that we must keep all salaries down to the lowest possible limit. His faith was beautiful, but his judgment was at fault. The fact that we were not spending enough to provide the right quantity and quality of help was one reason why our progress was so slow.

What Price Economy?

Finally, in 1899, the happy thought occurred to some one that we try to capitalize the sentiment connected with the incoming of the twentieth century by raising a "Twentieth Century Fund," to bring our annual income up to $200,000. A "drive,"

the first of our many drives, was put on for that purpose, and was continued for three consecutive years, with the result of raising about one-third of the required additional amount. The matter was so much on my mind that I began to dream about it. One night I had a Rip Van Winkle dream, imagining that I had gone to sleep and, on waking, was struck with the strangeness of my surroundings as Rip Van Winkle was. I asked someone how long I had been asleep. The answer was "twenty years." My reply was, "Well, have we raised that $200,000 for foreign missions yet?"

In our report to the Assembly in 1900, we told of these efforts and their result; and of the wide-open doors and tantalizing opportunities in all our fields; and of the thin line at the front waiting for reinforcement, sick at heart, with hope deferred. We hoped the Assembly would give earnest consideration to these matters, and would take some action that would help us arouse the Church to greater interest in the work.

How Assemblies Sometimes Help.

It happened, however, that a few weeks before the Assembly met, the Executive Committee had learned that the Secretary's salary was not quite sufficient to balance the family budget and had voted him a small increase. Some most excellent brethren on the outside felt deeply aggrieved when they learned of this unwarranted use, as they regarded it, of the trust funds of the Church, and as the result of their activities a number of simultaneous overtures were sent up, asking the Assembly to look carefully into the matter and to rectify the mistake if one had been made.

When the report of the standing committee was presented for consideration, a debate was immediately precipitated on the subject of these overtures and was continued for three days, in a very earnest and sometimes acrimonious manner, consum-

ing all the time that Assembly had for the consideration of Foreign Missions, and leaving everything we had presented concerning the needs of the work at home and abroad to wait for a more convenient season for a hearing.

The effort to overrule the Committee was defeated by a substantial majority. I declined, however, to receive the additional salary and went on for another year paying part of the family expenses out of a small patrimony we had inherited.

Our Twentieth Century Fund effort did not bring us in the $200,000, but it gave us a net gain for that year of $20,000, and the possibility of a forward movement was demonstrated.

The Forward Movement.

In 1902 the real "Forward Movement" was born. Three young missionary appointees, Leighton Stuart, Lacy Moffett and Fairman Preston, were the leaders of it. The method was the assumption by the churches, societies and individuals of responsibility for definite parts of the work, based on individual pledges in an every-member canvass. The result of their work in two years was the enlistment of three hundred churches and thirty individuals. Our income during that time advanced from $165,000 to $236,000.

What threatened to be a devastating ecclesiastical storm, but what proved in the end to be a teapot tempest, arose in connection with the Forward Movement at the Mobile Assembly in 1904. Being neither better nor wiser than my predecessors, I could not hope to escape some of the unpleasant experiences which they had to endure. In the ten years of my service some quite influential people had become dissatisfied with my way of conducting the work. The young leaders of the Forward Movement conceived the idea that I was not entirely sympathetic with some of their methods, which was true. They were largely what might be called Y. M. C. A. methods, which are all right

for the Y. M. C. A., but are not so well suited to such a widespread and complicated enterprise as our Foreign Mission work.

As soon as the Mobile Assembly was organized, representatives of this disaffection appeared before the Standing Committee on Foreign Missions and stated the case as they saw it. They succeeded in bringing the entire Committee, with one exception, to their point of view, and when the Committee's report was presented it contained the name of Dr. Egbert W. Smith instead of mine as its nomination for Secretary. The Chairman of the Committee explained in a brief statement the reasons for the action proposed. It seemed a foregone conclusion that the Committee's report would be adopted. But at this point someone suggested that it might be well for the Assembly to hear at first hand from those on whose representations the Committee's report was based, and they were given the floor for that purpose. In the statements that were made my traits of character and methods of work underwent quite a searching analysis.

A debate was then precipitated which monopolized the time of the Assembly for three entire days. I was ably defended, and especially, as was most gratifying to me, by the Chairman and other members of the Executive Committee who were present. But many things were also said that were severely critical, some no doubt justly, but some of which I felt to be very unjust.

Being a very human person, I found myself in quite a belligerent frame of mind, and had determined to ask for the floor and express my opinion of the way I was being treated, using great plainness of speech. Then something occurred by which, suddenly, and apparently by no one's premeditation, the whole situation was changed. I went down immediately from the breakfast table and took the platform of the Assembly without asking for it, and, instead of making the talk I had premeditated, spoke as follows:

"*Moderator and Brethren:* In the Christian home where I am entertained the beautiful custom is observed of repeating Scripture verses at the breakfast table. This morning my hostess, possibly observing the look of care on my face repeated the verse, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Instantly the verse occurred to me, which I uttered as an earnest prayer to God, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.'

"Let me say first of all, and let every thing else I say be understood in the light of this statement, that from the day when this work was most unexpectedly thrust upon me, ten years ago, I have never been, am not now, and never will be, in any sense of the word, a candidate for the office of Secretary of Foreign Missions.

"There are one or two wrong impressions which have somehow been made in regard to my relations with my office associates, which I feel it necessary to correct, because there is no one else who can correct them. With reference to the lamented Dr. Rankin, former editor of *The Missionary,* whom I have been charged with not treating with proper consideration, I wish to say that three years ago, when I was lying at the door of death, the sweetest prayers offered at my bedside were those which he offered in his daily visits to my sick room, and now that it is he, instead of myself, who has been called from his earthly labors to the higher work which God had for him to do, I mourn the loss of his brotherly companionship and sympathy with a mourning that refuses to be comforted.

"I feel greatly humiliated by, and deeply deplore, the discussion of which I have been made the subject in this connection. If I had anticipated it, I think I should have taken effectual measures not to allow it to occur. But I could not anticipate it for the reason that, through nearly two years of association with the young brethren who have felt it to be their conscientious duty to promote this agitation, not until last Wednesday

afernoon did I receive from them any direct intimation that I and my work were not satisfactory to them.

"The idea of giving universal satisfaction in my work is one that I never for a moment entertained. I am inclined to think that by the time a man is found who can do that the millennium will have come, and the work of Foreign Missions will have been accomplished. On the journey to Mobile, I was informed of a wide-spread dissatisfaction throughout the Church with my work, and a list of names was handed to me of those who had expressed such dissatisfaction. I have been much gratified, since reaching the Assembly, by one after another of the brethren thus named coming to me and voluntarily giving me to understand that their attitude on that matter had been misunderstood and inaccurately reported.

"I have only heard two speeches of this discussion. The first one I heard because I was notified by a friend that the speaker was discussing my Christian character and my faithfulness in the discharge of my trust. The other I heard because, as the first speaker closed, Dr. Lyons arose, and after having heard him once in this Assembly, I was unable to resist the temptation to hear him a second time when the opportunity occurred. Concerning the remarks of the first speaker on the type of my Christian character, I wish to say that I fear he was not greatly wrong. I am painfully aware, myself, not only that I have no piety to boast of, but that I have not nearly so much as I long for, nor as I need to enable me to meet the responsibilities of my position, and at the same time to keep always that degree of mental poise and cheerfulness of spirit that a man must have to do this work successfully. But if the Assembly feels that this is a matter which should really be looked into, then I ask that a hearing be given to the commissioner from Nashville Presbytery, a resident of Nashville, an elder in the church with which I and my family were connected for nearly ten years, whose pulpit and prayer meeting services I occasionally conducted, over whose official board I often presided during the vacancy of their pulpit, and whose people had a better oppor-

tunity than any other people in Nashville to observe my religious life. Testimony from this quarter would be worth more, I should think, than that of some young gentleman connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, whom I have only met a few times casually.

"Concerning the manner in which I have done my work, I will only say that I have tried to do it faithfully and have daily asked help from God to that end, well knowing that in that matter I have oftentimes come far short of what was rightly expected of me by the brethren and the God whom I serve. No one can have a keener sense than I have of the imperfections that have characterized my work, and of the personal limitations that have handicapped me in doing it. My mistakes have been many, some of them have been grievous. My only comfort has been to see the work, in spite of my mistakes and failures, steadily enlarging from year to year, until now it is nearly double what it was when first placed in my hands. And now, if the time has come when there is some one else known to this Assembly who can be secured to take the work and start it on a new era of progress and expansion, I stand here ready, as I have always stood, to lay down the burden of it and resign it into his hands, trusting my future and that of those whose future cannot be separated from mine, to Him concerning whom, referring both to my temporal and eternal interests, I here most humbly and rejoicingly say, 'I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' I trust you will believe me when I say that I hope the issue of this discussion will be that which shall express the will of God and which will most tend to promote the interests of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Dr. Chas. R. Hemphill, a member of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions happened to be present as a visitor to the Assembly and was given the floor and asked to make a statement, giving the Committee's point of view. It is a great

pity that a verbatim copy of his speech could not have been preserved. The first few sentences so impressed themselves on my memory that it is as though I were listening to them now, although they were spoken nearly forty years ago. He said:

"*Moderator and Brethren:* I recognize that I have the floor by your courtesy, for which I thank you and which I will try not to abuse. I am sure that that which I shall say will represent the views of the Executive Committee, with possibly one exception. I also recognize that what I have to say may be discounted by my well-known affection for the man we are discussing. I have to acknowledge that on that account I probably cannot speak to you as an unbiased witness. But I shall state a few facts which I will vouch for as things which cannot be questioned. Those who have been criticising Dr. Chester say that he does not present the cause of Foreign Missions effectively in the churches. I am willing to grant you that he is not the man to evoke the huzzahs of a Y. M. C. A. convention. I seriously doubt if he could give you the Chatauqua salute. But not very long ago he visited my congregation in Louisville for a week during a spell of very inclement weather, telling us of our work in the Far East which he had recently visited. The people came to hear him in spite of the cold and snow, and continued to come because he gave them the information about the work they wanted to hear."

He then closed with an appeal to the Assembly to give the Committee what it had long been asking for, an additional Secretary to divide the work in the office which had become too great for any one person to handle satisfactorily. A resolution was then adopted, naming Dr. Smith and myself as Coordinate Secretaries and appointing an *ad interim* committee with authority to fill the vacancy in case either or both should decline to serve.

Dr. Smith did decline, and it did not prove easy to fill the vacancy. My own experience and that of Dr. Houston and

Dr. Wilson before me made the office of Secretary of Foreign Missions rather unattractive to those who wished to do their life work in peace.

The problem was finally solved by the election and acceptance of Dr. James O. Reavis, then the young pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas. He was uniquely gifted for the work to which he was at first assigned of promoting the Forward Movement, and measured up superbly to the larger responsibilities of later years.

Beginning with January, 1905, he and I served together for six happy years, in perfect harmony, and with the result that when he retired in 1911, on account of broken health, the number of our missionaries had been increased from one hundred and thirteen to two hundred and ninety-seven, and our income from $236,000 to $452,000.

The explosion at Mobile seemed to clear the atmosphere for a long time to come, and it is with deepest satisfaction that I am able to record that within a comparatively short period my relations with every actor in that little drama, irrespective of the role he played, came to be those of warm personal friendship. And for this it is my belief that the same influence that brought about the sudden change in the spiritual atmosphere and the character of the discussion in the Mobile Assembly was responsible.

And it is also with the deepest gratitude and satisfaction that I am now able to say that among all those with whom I had to agree or disagree in the administration of our work during the thirty-three years I was connected with it, there is not one that I know of today who stands toward me, or toward whom I stand in a relation of personal hostility.

A friend to whom I once made this statement suggested that he was not sure whether in making it I was not paying myself a doubtful compliment. But I think he was wrong. My phi-

losophy of life has come to be that every true friend one can add to his list in a lifetime is a priceless asset, and every enemy, however insignificant, is a heavy liability. And I shall be happy if, at the close of my career, I can add as a codocil to my will the bequest that was found in the will of the late Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court: "My friendships, many and precious, I bequeath to my children in the hope that they will be cherished and perpetuated. I know of no enemies; but if such hereafter unhappily arise, let them be forgotten."

XV

A Visit to China

A Friend in Need.

ON July 26, 1897, I left home for a five months' visit to our missions in the Far East, leaving my wife to care as best she could for our family of five children, one of whom was just five weeks old. On this, as on all other occasions, she voted for me to do what the interest of our work required regardless of any additional burden-bearing on her part that might be involved. For one thing, she was just in the finishing stage of building a home. This was her enterprise almost exclusively. We were having to pay high rent for unsatisfactory houses, often in undesirable locations, and having to make frequent moves when our leases expired. A wealthy friend, General Thruston, an ex-Federal brigadier, visiting us one day asked, "Why do you not build you a house?" She replied, "Because I have no money." He said, "Madam, I'll lend you the money," which he did. At the time of my leaving, the house was nearly enough completed for us to move into it, but there was no paper on the walls and no rugs on the floors. Our borrowed money was about exhausted. But the Tennessee Centennial Exposition was then being held and rooms at almost any price one chose to ask were in great demand. When I left, she moved the family into the sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen and filled all her sleeping rooms with Centennial boarders. When I returned in December, she welcomed me into a furnished home, with the walls nicely papered and rugs on the floors. I looked around and said, "Where did you get the money for all this?" I knew it could not have come out of what was left of my salary after providing the family support.

She brought her account book, which showed that she had cleared $1,000.00 on her boarding enterprise. We had a much more comfortable home than the ones we had been renting for fifty dollars a month, which cost us for mortgage interest, taxes and insurance only thirty dollars a month. No wonder the children would look at their mother and smile when I read to them about Solomon's "virtuous woman."

The Voyage.

Sailing from San Francisco on August 5th, I reached Shanghai on September 1st, making a stop of four days at Honolulu, one of two days at Yokohama and one of one day at Nagasaki.

For one immune to seasickness, as I proved to be, it is doubtful whether, for purposes of absolute rest, human experience furnishes anything quite equal to a summer voyage across the Pacific. Our good ship was indeed a "lodge in a vast wilderness" of waters, where no rumor of business or business care could reach us; the sea was even monotonously placid, and we grew just weary enough of the "boundless contiguity" of sea and sky to experience the full effect of the vision of Fuji, visible far out at sea, and of the goodly islands and charming landscapes that greeted us in our passage through the Inland Sea. The vision of them left behind lingers with the traveller ever afterward, like the memory of a lovely dream.

The pure salt air of perfect temperature gave me a voracious appetite and a corresponding digestion, and I was in the finest of physical trim when I was greeted at the Shanghai wharf by the entire membership of the China mission, who were there to welcome me.

The case was different with a certain member of our Executive Committee, who used to take what is sometimes called "the hard-headed business man's" view of missionary expenditures, and who, in contending for the shortening of missionary

furloughs, mentioned as one of the compensations they had for any hardships in their lives, their frequent opportunities of enjoying "the delights of ocean travel." Some time afterwards, when he undertook the trans-Pacific journey, it was said that he had to make the entire trip in a prone position, living almost entirely on soups and broths, and not always retaining these long enough to digest them.

For me also the physical pleasure of the trip terminated at Shaighai. My first night there was spent in a room that had recently been treated with a coat of "Ningpo varnish," which is made from the sap of the lacquer tree which belongs to the poison-oak family, but the poison of which is more virulent. Next day an eruption appeared on my right hand and one of the little pimples on my wrist developed into a carbuncle. This was followed by nine others in succession, so that at every new station visited the first thing was to have one lanced. When I got over to Korea, the eleventh one developed on my hip-joint during a five-day pony ride across the country, and when opened by Dr. Drew was found to have five big cores in it. He said he was never able to understand how I escaped blood poisoning. As a matter of fact I did not develop a temperature with any of them and the only trouble they caused was the pain they gave. This little incident, however, should dispose of an objection some economical person in the Assembly offered to my going, that it meant "going on a pleasure jaunt at the church's expense."

A full account of this visit was published in my little book, "Modern Missions in the Far East," of which two editions were printed and widely distributed through the Church. I will not, therefore, burden this personal narrative with the contents of that book, much of which now belongs also to the realm of ancient history, but will conclude this chapter with some extracts from the report made to the Executive Committee on my

return and from a few letters describing things that were once conspicuous features of old China, but which, in the new order ushered in by Sun Yat Sen, have now disappeared or are rapidly disappearing.

In a letter written from Shanghai at the close of the two weeks mission meeting the statement given below, in my opinion, still holds good, in spite of the contrary statements and implications of the "Laymen's Inquiry Commission," supported by some published statements of our brilliant but erratic ex-missionary, Mrs. Pearl Buck:

"My observation convinces me that our effort to secure a body of picked men and women for the great work have not been in vain. Most of our presbyteries in this country contain a quota of men of commanding ability. But judging by the discussions of this meeting it is my deliberate judgment that *no one* of them will measure up in general average of ability to the standard of our China Mission. Another thing that has impressed me is the spirit in which our men, and especially our women, accept the work assigned to them, with utter disregard of the question of personal comfort or discomfort of conditions at the station to which they are sent."

The following description of our Hangchow station as it was thirty-six years ago might be interesting to some missionary of today, who knows it only as a remote tradition:

"There are between two hundred and three hundred miles of stone-paved streets in Hangchow, the main street being about ten feet wide and the others about eight feet. Our compound is about a half acre of ground, inclosed by a high mud wall, and on which are four dwelling houses and the building for the girls' school. Just outside is our church building, neat and comfortable, but very plain and simple, as churches should be here.

"Our work here has been built up on safe and conservative lines from the beginning, and the church, numbering about one hundred and forty members, is entirely self-supporting. The pastor, Mr. Dzen, is an able preacher, and, in manners and bearing, a polished Chinese gentleman, though coming from the humbler walks of life. When I called to see him, he greeted me cordially, remarking that such visits were 'hard to obtain'—that is *rare*. When he asked me to preach for him, I said I was afraid I would not know how to preach to his people. He replied, 'That is your politeness.' Whereupon, I agreed to try it, using Dr. Painter as interpreter. We have two other native preachers here, Mr. Yu, who preaches at a mission chapel at the 'Great Peace Bridge,' where he has gathered about thirty members, and Mr. Sang, said to be a very eloquent man, who preaches near the South Gate.

"Mr. Yu has had great success among the opium smokers. He presented me the pipe of one who had given it to him, together with about five dollars' worth of opium, after having been a smoker for over thirty years."

A Native Wedding.

"On Monday morning occurred the marriage of one of our girls' school pupils to a young man from Nanking. I had the rare and interesting experience of attending the wedding and the feast. The ceremony opened with a hymn sung to the tune 'The Year of Jubilee Is Come.' The minister then read lengthily from the Scriptures and preached a sermon of about twenty minutes. Then another hymn—said to deal very minutely with the reciprocal duties of husband and wife—and then the benediction.

"Then came the feast of the following courses, in about the order mentioned: (1) tea and parched watermelon seed; (2) fried fish, fried shrimps and roasted peanuts; (3) sponge cake, various pastries, fried raisins and candy; (4) stewed duck; (5) cabbage and bacon; (6) limed eggs, seaslug (jelly fish), and meat balls; (7) stewed pork; (8) rice, pickles and fruit.

"We had to taste every dish except one to be polite. The natives overwhelmed me with attention, fishing out dainty bits of every dish with their chopsticks, and piling up my one little saucer to overflowing.

"At the conclusion, they brought pieces of brown paper, in which we were expected to wrap up and carry home all the leavings! Instead of the paper napkins, which are my *bete noir,* they gave us towels wrung out in hot water. As a special courtesy, and on account of my lame wrist, our host took my towel and wiped my face for me."

My special "guide, philosopher and friend" in my China itineration was Dr. G. W. Painter, recently deceased in his ninety-second year. A more delightful and helpful one it would have been impossible to find.

From Hangchow we went to Kashing, where we saw Dr. Venable at work in one small room, which he called his hospital, where he was treating a poor fellow with a broken thigh. On our way home we saw the three-roomed mud hovel where Dr. Venable and Mr. Hudson spent one whole winter without kindling a fire, except under the dirt oven in which they cooked their meals. The air was so damp that on cold nights the icicles would gather on their beards, which they let grow for protection. Something equivalent to this was in the experience of all missionaries in opening interior stations in these early days.

Our next stop was at Sinchang, where Dr. P. F. Price, then a young man, was in charge. Now past seventy, after forty years of as distinguished service as any missionary in China has rendered, he is still at work as our member of the faculty of Nanking Theological Seminary. Here, in addition to his itinerating work, he was engaged in developing a Boys' Industrial School. Here in the medical work of Mrs. Price I witnessed what I had already seen at Kashing: the gentle hand of a refined Christian woman applied to dress the loathsome ulcers which afflicted

these toilers in the paddy fields. Surely these pioneer missionaries did not have a luxurious time. We also found here one of the archaic institutions of old China; an enormous oil mill, in which seventy-five water buffaloes were employed turning the treadmills in which the beans were ground and pressed. With this ante-diluvian machinery, they were producing a quantity and quality of oil with an economy of expenditure that our modern machine methods would find it difficult to surpass. Concerning this I wrote home as follows:

"There is a method in the Chinaman's madness in resisting the introduction of our material civilization; for, preserving as he has done, almost unchanged, the way of doing things inaugurated by Noah, the transition to our ways will involve a revolution that can scarcely be accomplished without the violent disruption of the present social order, in which, however much future generations may profit, the present one can only suffer."

This prognostication is just now in full tide of fulfilment.

After brief visits to Soochow, Changchow, Kiangyin and Nanking, I concluded the China itinerary at Chinkiang at three o'clock one morning, where I was met by Dr. Woodbridge, who had gone on the day before. At that hour of the morning, the only way we could get into the city was by partially breaking down an old wooden gate, which we did without molestation from the sleeping watchman whom we found it impossible to wake.

There I had the privilege of baptizing John Sylvester Woodbridge, the fifth of as fine a family of missionary children as could be found in all the Far East.

On Thursday afternoon my China tour wound up in what, so to speak, might be called a blaze of glory. After a typical Chinese church service, I was presented with two beautiful scrolls, on one of which was my Chinese name inscribed in

gilded letters, and which, literally translated read, "American Kingdom Southern Presbyterian Mission Secretary, *The Regulator Who Meditates On Virtue.*" The last two syllables, "szeter" were the nearest approach the written language afforded to my American name, and, by a singular coincidence, had the meaning given above. The other scroll was a complimentary poem based on what Dr. Woodbridge had told them, that we had missionary work in all parts of the world, and that I was the general director of the work. As translated by Dr. Woodbridge, it read:

"His effulgent light illuminates all lands:
He causeth the people of every country
To drink of the waters that flow from the Great Rock!"

Which goes to show that along with their marvellous practicality, the Chinese are a people not devoid of imagination nor a vein of poetic fancy.

Visit to Korea and Japan

Land of the Morning Calm.

IN the month of October, 1897, I watched a Korean sunset from the top of a hill on the southwestern coast. The sombre effect of the brown rocks of the coast cliffs and the brown grass on the hills only intensified the beauty of the golden clouds and the scarlet waters of the bay. On the crest of a ridge overlooking the bay, three Koreans were promenading back and forth, looking down with evident enjoyment on the beauty of the scene. They probably lived in straw-thatched hovels and owned a few bags of stored-up rice and had some pods of red pepper drying in the sun on their straw roofs, which they used for seasoning whatever kinds of food they might be able to procure. But God had mercifully endowed them with the sense of beauty, which gave them as they watched this sunset an exquisite enjoyment which no practically minded American business man could purchase with all his piled up gold.

At the time of my visit, our Korean work was only about five years old. For the first three years our missionaries remained at Seoul studying the language and co-operating as they could with the Northern Presbyterian Mission at that station. During the two succeeding years they had opened the three Southern Presbyterian stations of Chunja, Kunsan and Mokpo.

Arriving at Seoul on October 20th, I left the next morning by "pony express" to visit these stations. There were then no railroads and no highways, nor roads of any kind over which vehicles could travel. These ponies, though very small and always presenting a dilapidated appearance, were marvels of strength and endurance. Mr. Eugene Bell, of our mission, was

the companion of my journey. Mounted on them on top of two goods boxes of provisions swung over the pony's back by a rope, a folding cot and our bedding, our appearance was, to say the least, picturesque.

Korean Inns.

Our resting place at night was the Korean Inn. Its guest room was about six feet by eight, with a raised dirt floor heated hot by a flue under it and covered with a straw mat. There was no furniture at all, and no opening, except the small door by which we entered. Our alternative was to open the door to the crawling and hopping parasites and the dogs and chickens from without, or to close it and take our chances with the stifling air within. We unwisely chose the latter, with the result that after a brief nap I awoke in a nightmare dreaming I was buried alive. We then tried it with the door open, but the incoming odors were intolerable. We sent Semenge, our Korean servant, to see what was the matter. He found the yard full of earthenware jars, the receptacle of whatever was available to improve the fertility of the rice fields. Stumbling over one of these he called the inn "boy" and said, "Take these away and we'll live." Such was the romance and the luxury of missionary itinerating in Korea in those early days.

About noon of the fifth day we reached Chunju, where Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Tate were awaiting us. We found them living in the regulation mud and thatched huts of the natives, with three rooms, the central one nine by eleven feet, and the one at each end six by nine feet. All of them were rejoicing over the blessing of God on their work. There had already been six baptisms, besides a large number of inquirers and aherents, in connection with the work at this place. I never felt more delightfully at home, nor more enjoyed a rest,

than I did for one day with them in their little hut of mud and thatch.

The next day we all went over together to the mission meeting at Kunsan, thirty-five miles distant. This journey I made in a wicker chair carried by coolies, as the carbuncle developed on my hip-joint made further pony travel impossible.

At Kunsan we were enthusiastically received by the Drews and Junkins. They were also living in thatched mud huts, and also in the mud when it rained, for they were down in the valley, right among the natives, instead of on the hillside. Mr. Junkin had been in bed for three weeks, paying the penalty of trying to live on Korean food on one of his trips to the country. Dr. Drew was known from the capital to the point of the peninsula, and while I was there two patients came to be treated who had walked from their homes more than one hundred miles distant.

At the Sunday service about forty men, and as many women, were present. After the sermon, the collection was taken, and every man and woman of them put a string of cash in the collection box. Poor, simple folk, they did not know there was any other way to do. There was one man under discipline for some offense. After the service, he came up and spoke to me and said, "The presence of the headman makes me feel all the more how great a sinner I am."

The government of Korea was one of the worst of those corrupt depotisms that had been the immemorial curse of Asia, and as the result of it the people had been brought to the lowest possible depths of indigence and general misery. When our missionaries went to Korea, they had the experience of about a hundred years of the work in China to guide them, and were able to avoid many of the early mistakes made in that field. From the beginning they planned their work on the self-support basis and avoided spending their funds on costly build-

ings, such as the native church could never hope to rival and such as would make the impression of unlimited resources in the hands of the foreigners who built them. Nor did they find any such anti-foreign spirit as had made the work in China so difficult. For these reasons the work in Korea had a very rapid development. A fully organized native church was soon established, whose history belongs to the romance of modern missions. To write that history is not the purpose of this narrative, for it would stretch it out to an impossible length.

Visit to Japan.

After a sojourn of three weeks, I returned to Chemulpo and boarded a Japanese steamer for Japan. As most of the passengers were officers in the army and could speak English, I found the journey very interesting. Russia had been giving unmistakable indications of a purpose to seize Korea with the view of establishing a naval base at Port Lazareff, which the Japanese believed would put Japan at its mercy. The officers talked quite freely and said that as a matter of self-preservation they intended to attack Russia the moment they could have assurance that England and France would not interfere. Not long afterward a situation arose in European diplomacy that gave them this assurance, and immediately, without waiting for a declaration of war, they began torpedoing the Russian ships in Port Arthur.

The outcome of the matter was that Japan herself seized and annexed Korea, which she always claimed to have done as a matter of absolutely necessary self-defense.

Her first measure toward turning the Koreans into Japanese was to establish over them a military government and a reign of terror, in which our Korean church passed through the fires of a bitter persecution. The Japanese feared the church organization would furnish a rallying point of opposition to their

rule, of which the Korean ministers would be the leaders. They therefore, after the manner of military governments, arrested many of them on trumped-up charges and put them in prison.

An interesting episode in this connection was a conference of secretaries held in New York to discuss what could be done about the situation, to which Honorable Seth Low, Dr. Lyman Abbott and President Elliot, of Harvard, were invited as our advisers. We hoped President Elliot especially might give us some helpful advice as he had just returned from a visit to Japan, during which he had had personal interviews with the emperor and other leading officials. A request for an expression of opinion passed around the table, coming to me, as I remember, the last man. There seemed to me to be a remarkable parallel between the situation in Korea and the one we had during Reconstruction days in Arkansas, and I was irresistibly tempted to say:

"*Gentlemen:* I hope you will not turn me out of your meeting if I begin by telling you that I was initiated into the Ku-Klux Klan at the age of sixteen by the pastor of our church. The relevancy of this remark I hope will appear as I proceed. You will all remember that fifty years ago we had a situation in this country similar to the one Japan has in Korea today. One section of our country was alienated from the general government, and the problem was to restore it to loyal relations. And you will remember that the first measures adopted for that purpose were what were known as the 'Reconstruction measures,' which, in Arkansas where I lived, were military government and a reign of terror. You will also remember that that method proved a failure. The answer to it was the Ku-Klux Klan and a half dozen other secret self-defense organizations. Finally, President Hayes came on the scene and withdrew the armies of occupation and instituted a regime of kind treatment of the conquered southern states, the result of which, after a generation, is that they are more loyal to the general government than

they ever were before the Civil War. I, a southerner and an unrepentant Ku-Klux, am here today associating in this conference with men of the North like Dr. Brown and Dr. Speer and Dr. Barton, who are among the best friends I have on earth.

"And I think our Boards could well afford to finance another visit of President Elliot to the emperor of Japan, if he would go for us and lay these facts of our history before him, and suggest that he try the same experiment in Korea. I believe the result would be that in a generation or two Korea would become, what I think it ought ultimately to become, a loyal part of the Japanese Empire."

I have no idea that either Seth Low or Lyman Abbot or President Elliot had ever before seen a sure-enough live Ku-Klux. I think the closing sentences of my talk alleviated somewhat the shock my first sentence must have given them. At any rate, they did not turn me out of the meeting.

Also, Japan did a few years later substitute civil rulers for the military ones she first tried and, while her administration has had a good deal of exploitation in it, the country on the whole has fared much better than it did under its corrupt and oppressive Yangban government.

Dr. Myer's Discovery of Kagawa.

My visit to Japan was necessarily hurried and the best I could do was to see glimpses of the work, enough to be able to tell a little about it when I got home. My first visit was to Kobe, where our Theological Seminary was afterwards established, where under Harry Myers and "Charley" Logan, the now world famous Kagawa was found and trained. He is now in his great "Kingdom of God Movement" trying to do what the earlier missionaries could not do for lack of opportunity, putting the emphasis on preaching the gospel to the poor. When the feudal system was overthrown, the feudal retainers, known as "Samurai," found themselves out of a job. This event, hap-

pening just as the country was being opened to foreigners, furnished the early missionaries the opportunity of reaching this class, which proved readily accessible, and out of it the first membership of the churches was largely gathered. The evangelization of the lower classes was a work which, on account of the strong class spirit in Japan, a ministry drawn from the Samurai class was not found ready to push with the energy and sympathy necessary to success. Still the Samurai Church did contain many earnest, spiritual and praying men, and their spirit of independence and self-help has always been an encouraging feature of the Japanese church. I had a visit from Captain Hibiti, of the army garrison at Nagoya, an elder of the church, who came to urge that we should not diminish, but that we try to enlarge our work among them. He said, "We have prayed to God to give us churches in Japan, and he has given us many, most of which are still in the weakness of infancy. And now to abandon these infant churches and leave them to perish, would not, it seems to me, be treating God with proper politeness." Speaking reverently, as Captain Hibiti meant his expression, I thought so too.

At the time of my visit, Japan was still the old Japan. The industrial era had not arrived, except for one or two munition factories. Hand work in silk weaving and embroidery and the beautiful *cloisonnè* occupied the artisans, and farming the terraced hills the country people. They had one railroad linking together the coast cities. Ordinary transportation was by small wagons pulled by a horse in the lead and with surplus men pushing at the wheels, or by the jinriksha (man-pull-car). I took one jinriksha ride of one hundred and ten miles over a mountain pass, making forty-five miles the first day with only two changes of men. The second day's ride was sixty-five miles, the time being twenty-two hours with only two stops of an hour each for dinner and supper. Mr. Hope came up from Toku-

shima, fifty miles, the day before to meet us, and went back with us, the same 'riksha man making the whole journey both ways, charging for his services two and a half yen, equal to $1.25, each way. Once, when we were crossing a rapid mountain stream, about a fourth of a mile wide, on a small ferry boat which was crowded with our party and the two ferrymen, and it was pitch dark, and a hard rain was falling and a fierce wind blowing, I think we all felt a slight touch of despondency. When we reached Tokushima at four a. m., I do not think I was ever so cold but once, when I attempted the trip from Hampden-Sydney to Farmville in one of Walker Crawley's turnouts through a blizzard.

This will give some idea of the luxury and romance of missionary itinerating away from the railroad, in those early days, in the interior of beautiful and romantic Japan.

In spite of lameness from the effect of my Korean carbuncle, I managed to visit all our Japanese stations but one, winding up at Kochi, where we had then a church of six hundred members, which has now grown to about two thousand. Its pastor, Mr. Tada, was an eloquent preacher, a scholar and a gentleman. I preached to his congregation with him as interpreter, and with the understanding that if what I said in English did not seem to fit the occasion or in any way violated the Japanese proprieties he was to put something of his own in the place of it. That understanding gave me more liberty in speaking than I would otherwise have had.

Great changes have come over Japan since 1897. She has risen to be one of the great "powers" politically and commercially. But she has had to give up her position alongside of England and France in the League of Nations on account of her recent lapse into uncivilized ways in her dealings with China and Manchuria.

Leaving Yokohama on the S. S. *China*—the same one I came out on—on December 9th, I reached Nashville on December 28th. When I left the train at the Nashville station, the latest news I had received from home was two months old. I was in terror coming across the continent lest I should meet someone on the train who would tell me something I did not wish to hear. Our Treasurer, Erskine Reed, was waiting for me at the station gate. Seeing him through the bars of the gate I called out, "Are my people all alive?" When he answered, "Yes," I waved my hand and said, "Please do not stop to tell me anything! Let me get to them as soon as possible!" It was after dark when I reached home, and when our greetings were over, I went upstairs to see my six-months-old Emerson (five weeks old when I left), who was asleep. They said he was a timid child and usually afraid of strangers. I looked at him for about five minutes, when he opened his eyes and looked at me. I held my hands down to him and he held his hands up, and when I took him up, he clasped me around the neck. Let those explain it who can. And let those who can imagine the joy of such a homecoming. It seemed a sort of foretaste of what we look forward to when the sea of life is crossed, and the scattered loved ones come together again in the everlasting home.

XVII

A Visit to Brazil

IN June, 1901, I had my second "pleasure jaunt" in the form of a visit to our missions in Brazil. In those days the Munson British Line had a monopoly of the South American passenger service, and our government showed its consideration for our British friends by not requiring of them either sanitary conditions or safety in the vessels on which they transported our citizens. Our ship was the *Helvetius,* of two thousand and five hundred tons displacement, old and ramshackle and utterly unseaworthy. We were detained several days at New York trying to get rid of a knock in the engine before we started. We appeared to have gotten rid of it, but it reappeared before we got well out of sight of land and remained with us until we got to Rio, where the *Helvetius* went to the junk pile for good and all. If we had had any rough weather, which fortunately we did not, it would certainly have gone down with all on board, as its twin ship, the *Vestris,* did some years later with many Americans on board. Our cook, sensing the danger, escaped and fled just as we were leaving, too late to get another in his place. Our ice supply failed and all our meat spoiled before we reached the equator. They tried to feed us on tainted ox-tail soup, but the passengers struck and declined it. Our first port of call was Bahia, fourteen days out, where the whole crew made themselves sick eating the unaccustomed Brazilian food. Rats and cockroaches dominated the ship, running across our bunks at night; the rats often giving a squeal as we kicked them off on the floor. Not a kid glove, nor the kid top of a shoe that started from New York ever got to Rio; everything made of soft leather was eaten up by the rats.

Over against all this, our captain was a fine old Englishman of the cockney class, and did all he could to mitigate the horrors of a rotten ship for which he was not responsible. When some of our ladies complained of the stiff breezes in New York harbor for disarranging their headgear, he replied, "Ah, but you'll be *'ollering* for more *hair* before you reach the equator," and they were.

Rio de Janeiro.

Sidney, in Australia, Naples, and Rio de Janeiro are said to have the three most beautiful harbors in the world, and their rival claims to superior beauty have never been determined. Rio Bay is enclosed in a circuit of about sixty miles of coast line, along the edge of which, and running back in the gorges between the hills, are the lines of houses that make up the city. They are of the Latin style of architecture, with stucco walls and tiled roofs, and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. There are many beautiful gardens of tropical flowers, palms and grasses, and avenues of overarching bamboo.

By a cog-wheel railway we ascended the Corcovado mountain, from the top of which is to be seen a panorama of mountains, bay, and city of indescribable beauty. The mountains rise precipitously in all manner of quaint shapes, many of them being needle-pointed and others like a sugar loaf. These, with the crystal waters of the bay, the houses in their bright colors, the gardens in their tropical luxuriance of foliage, and, above all, the sky at sunset, with such brilliancy of varied and ever-changing hues, altogether make a scene to fill the soul of a painter with ecstasy and despair. In 1901 the residential part of the city was picturesque and attractive, but the business streets were narrow and ill smelling and showed a total lack of municipal care. Since then, however, they have been widened and paved and supplied with many ornamental features.

There was a Presbyterian church there of six hundred members, with a nice stone building, giving an ample support to its pastor, Rev. Alvaros Reis, a man who at our Panama Congress occupied the platform with our Dr. James I. Vance and did not suffer by the comparison. There were three brothers, members of his congregation, who, in the year of my visit, contributed $6,000 to the benevolent operations of the Brazilian church.

Campinas.

From Rio I went to Campinas to negotiate the transfer of our school property there to the native church, for use by them as a Theological Seminary. Our commercial transactions here are sometimes made troublesome by superfluous red tape, but the bales of it we had to get unwound and untangled before that transfer could be completed was a caution indeed. There had to be three separate *pro forma* auction sales before we could make a clear title to the property *we were giving away.*

While in Campinas, I visited the Hall family, who emigrated to Brazil from Georgia, as a good many southerners thought of doing, to escape the unpleasantness of Reconstruction times after the Civil War. They established a lovely home at a little place called "Villa Americana," in which five daughters grew up, who were conscripted as wives by five single missionaries we sent to that field. That was the only home I found in Brazil with a fireplace in it, which was immensely enjoyable when the temperature at night and early morning would sometimes come just to the ragged edge of frost. There also I witnessed the performance of a species of Brazilian ant that I am conscious of risking my reputation for veracity by describing. When we looked out in the early morning, we saw an orange tree in full leaf the night before, stripped entirely bare. The ants had an underground nest near by with small tunnels running into it.

They had come out during the night and with something like a pair of shears which they have attached to the proboscis had cut every leaf from the orange tree, and then cut the leaves up into pieces small enough to be handled by one ant, and when we discovered them they were marching in military order from the tree to the mouth of one of the tunnels, each ant carrying a small piece of leaf sticking up from his back like the sail of a little ship. These leaves were carried down into the den and chewed up into a soft pulp as food for their young. If this statement should be challenged, I would refer the challenger to Dr. Alva Hardie, former moderator of the General Assembly of the Brazilian church, who married one of the Hall daughters and knows all about it.

Lavras.

From Campinas I went to Sao Paulo by rail, and after a pleasant visit of a few days there with Dr. Horace Lane, of McKenzie College, I made a two-days' horseback journey to Lavras, where Dr. S. R. Gammon had established an Industrial Institute, which has played a large part in the subsequent development of southern Brazil, and where a girls' college was established, which was then and still is a large factor in promoting the development of our Brazilian church.

An interesting episode was my visit to the Methodist station at Juiz de Fora, in charge of a missionary couple named Lee. I spent Sunday with them and spoke at the morning service with Mr. Lee as interpreter, and then went home with them to dinner. I had no rembrance of having seen either of them before. But about the middle of the meal something in my subconscious memory came to the surface. I laid down my knife and fork and asked Mr. Lee if he remembered coming from Chapel Hill, where he was a student to the Bingham school at Mebane twenty-five years before, and making a talk to the

cadets on the Student Volunteer Movement, in which he said something about "where the smoke rises over Samoan watch towers"? He was then a flashy looking young man with pompadour hair and up-to-date clothing. Now he was a middle-aged missionary, bald on top and soberly attired. I had seen him only once and was impressed with his flowery speech and other things entirely foreign to his missionary calling. He was five thousand miles across the sea from where I first saw him. What could have brought to the surface that half of a sentence of his sophomoric speech and along with it the instantaneous recognition of his personality is a problem for the psychoanalist to deal with.

North Brazil.

My visit to the northern stations and association there with Dr. Henderlite and Miss Eliza Reed, the only ones of the northern Brazil mission on the field, was very delightful, although it was difficult to enjoy anything while waging a perpetual battle with the largest assortment and variety of insect life I encountered in all my travels at home or abroad. During the week spent at Pernambuco just before sailing for home I received from the malarial mosquito the dose of poison that developed soon after reaching home into the attack of fever that kept me in bed two months, and from which my recovery was in defiance of the doctor's announcement to my wife the day I went to bed that he felt obliged to tell her in kindness that he regarded my recovery as humanly impossible.

He also told her that her permission to enter my room must depend on her ability not to betray on her contenance any anxiety about my condition. This she did for ten days. But she had other hidden resources of which the doctor was not aware. And so did other friends all over the church who rallied to her support with prayers for my recovery. And I love to think

that that is why I am here today, thirty years afterward, able still to enjoy life, and to write these memoirs which I trust my children and grandchildren, and some of the friends who survive me, may find some pleasure and profit in reading after I am gone.

I cannot go into more detail in describing this journey, but will give my general impression of the country, the people and the mission work in the following quotation from a letter written from Pernambuco just before sailing for home:

Conditions Thirty Years Ago.

"Except along the coast and in the Amazon valley, there is nothing in Brazil north of the state of Pernambuco that gives much promise of future development. The interior of the country is well described by its name, 'Sertao,' which means 'backwoods,' and might be translated 'desert.' It is subject to long periods of drouth, during which the people have to go elsewhere to find sustenance. But from the northern boundary of Pernambuco southwards the country is one of great undeveloped resources. It is covered with a glacial drift of even thickness—averaging ten feet—on valley and on mountain top, of dark red color, and of inexhaustible fertility. It produces an abundant food supply for the present population, with practically no cultivation. I have seen only one plow in Brazil, and that was going begging for a purchaser in a store in Rio. Coffee and cane once planted, except for gathering and preparing for market, require very little subsequent care. Every variety of tropical fruit grows, unhurt by frost, as far south as Sao Paulo. The winter climate is not unpleasant anywhere near the coast, and in all southern Brazil it is ideal. Not less than twenty-five out of the thirty days spent in it reminded me of George Herbert's lines:

'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

"In many parts of the country the people find gold lying around loose on the surface of the ground, and can make good wages washing it from the sand in the streams. There is iron ore in some places good enough for shipping, but unfortunately there is a lack of coal with which to develop it on the ground. The present rural population is characterized by a great lack of industry and enterprise, and the present government seems to be engaged in a persistent and systematic effort to prevent the development of the country. There is no land tax that amounts to anything, to prevent the holding of large bodies of land by individuals, but a most exorbitant and vexatious system of customs—federal, state, and municipal—in restraint of every kind of trade and on all the results of industry. But other people representing the stronger European races will be coming to a country where the means of subsistence can be had with so little labor, and where the rewards of real enterprise would be so great, and where all the conditions of life (except for the great assortment of pestiferous insects) can be made so pleasant. With time and experience, the young Brazilian Republic will learn better how to realize the idea of a government of the people, by the people, for the people. Then Brazil will become, in a material way, a great, populous, and prosperous country.

"But what will that Brazil be intellectually, morally, socially and religiously? I think that any candid observer can see that that will depend on the continuance or the overthrow of the domination over the hearts and minds of the people of one of the worst forms of Jesuitism to be found on earth, and the establishment of a church that will teach them the gospel and the morality of the Bible. There is a small class of people here, wealthy, highly educated, who dress faultlessly and live in beautiful homes, and who are unsurpassed by any people of the world in the amenities of social life. Most of these conform outwardly to the rites of the prevalent religion, but, as a rule, they will not hesitate to tell you that they do not believe in them. They are positivists and materialists, unless they are spiritualists, of whom there are large numbers among them. The mid-

dle and lower classes are nearly all devout Romanists, and, while one finds many among them whom it is easy to love, the mass of them are religiously what they could not help from becoming under the tuition of a priesthood whose moral code is based on the maxim, 'the end justifies the means'; whose business with the sheep is to shear them, and whose defiance of true Christian morality is so brazen that they make almost no attempt to conceal it. Brazil, no matter what it may become materially, can have no good future until the dominion of this malign power over it is broken. In trying to give these people an open Bible and a pure gospel, we are doing well. In not pressing the work with more vigor and seeking more earnestly to hasten the day of their deliverance, we are doing very ill.

"There are still some places in Brazil where the gospel cannot be preached on account of persecution. Professional assasins in the employ of fanatical priests are ready to take the lives of those who attempt to preach it. But this is mostly in remote places, where the force of law cannot get enough public sentiment to make it effective. In the parts of the country where most of the people live, the door is open. And nearly all the Protestant work that I have seen is prospering, and large results are being obtained in proportion to the efforts made. Not very many more foreign missionaries are needed just now, but those in the field need much larger means placed at their disposal for the training and using of native leaders and a native ministry. In Brazil, as in other mission fields, the beginnings must come from without, but the development must come from within. The foundations are laid by the foreign worker, but the real evangelization must be by the native evangelist."

But that letter was written more than thirty years ago. Since then, influences generated at the Panama Congress have resulted in a great enlargement of all the Protestant work and strong self-supporting and self-governing churches of all the Protestant denominations have been organized and established. Of these I will speak in my chapter on "Comity and Co-operation."

Congo Troubles and Our State Department

Founding of the Congo State.

THE Congo Independent State, as organized and recognized by the United States and the principal European powers in the year 1885, was a monument to the organizing genius and enterprise and the towering ambition of Leopold II, King of the Belgians. Finding himself the ruler of the smallest of European kingdoms, as early as 1876 his restless spirit began to reach out for wider fields on which to exploit the political abilities of which he was the conscious possessor. His first move was to call a conference of geographical experts, whose deliberations resulted in the establishment of an "International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Africa. The Association first directed its attention to East Africa, but the report of Henry M. Stanley on returning from his great adventure of African exploration led to the selection of the Congo Basin as the sphere of its operations. Gradually the other members of the Association ceased to co-operate and it became a purely Belgian enterprise, and, ultimately, the exclusive personal enterprise of the Belgian king.

A working capital of $200,000 was raised, mostly from King Leopold's private purse. Stanley was employed as his agent and gave four years to visiting among the different tribes and making treaties for the establishment of trading posts throughout the country. Following this a series of diplomatic events led to the assembling of an International Congress at Berlin on the invitation of Prince Bismarck, at which the Congo Independent State was recognized as a Sovereign State and handed over to King Leopold as his personal domain, but under strict treaty

provisions guaranteeing "freedom of trade, the encouragement of missionary and philanthropic enterprises intended for the Christianization and civilization of the native people, the suppression of slavery and slave trading, and the guaranteeing to the natives protection in their rights as original owners of the land." Leopold accepted his "mandate" with unctuous professions of his purpose to administer it in accordance with these treaty stipulations, and with a view to the "material and moral regeneration of the native people."

Auspicious Beginnings.

For a while things moved along smoothly enough. Traders came in from several European countries, securing small individual concessions and carrying on a prosperous business in rubber and ivory, and paying the natives a living wage for their labor. Luebo, the headquarters of our mission, became a thriving town of several thousand inhabitants, and with its churches and schools and decent and comfortable homes was a striking object lesson of what Christian missions and a civilized government might do for the African people. In November, 1900, we presented a request to King Leopold for several additional concessions, addressing to him the following letter, which will indicate our friendly attitude and our charitable judgment of him at that time:

"To His Majesty, Leopold II, King of the Belgians:

"SIRE: Referring with pleasure to previous correspondence had with your Majesty concerning the work of our Southern Presbyterian Mission in the Congo Free State, we desire at this time to address you with reference to some contemplated enlargement of that work.

"First we take pleasure in pointing your Majesty to our station at Luebo, as an object lesson of what can be accomplished by the quiet religious and educational work of our missionaries

toward bettering the condition of the African people. The number of people at Luebo has largely increased in the past few years, owing to the advantages which they find there. Most of them are living after the ways of civilized men, in the peaceful and orderly pursuit of their various avocations. Some of them have been trained until they are able to teach others what they have learned of the blessings of Christian civilization. We are sure that if your majesty is aware of the facts you will look upon the town of Luebo in its present condition as what you would be glad to see in other parts of your Majesty's African Dominions.

"At the town of Ibanj, the work is progressing on the same lines, although it has not yet reached the same stage of development.

"It is now our desire to extend our work to some other places, and we most respectfully request that your Majesty's influence may be used for securing for us the enjoyment of our rights under the General Act of the Berlin Convention, in the matter of property concessions at these new points. The mission has made application to the State for these concessions, but so far the request has not been granted.

"Assuring your Majesty that in the future, as in the past, the lives of our missionaries in your Dominions will be devoted only to elevating and improving the character of the people among whom they labor, in which good work they are actuated only by the motive of love and loyalty to the King of Kings, and their desire to advance His kingdom of peace and truth and righteousness in Africa, and earnestly asking your Majesty's good offices in securing for us the opportunity of accomplishing this beneficent purpose, we remain

"Your Majesty's humble and obedient servants and well wishers,

"THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S.

"S. H. CHESTER, *Secretary*."

To this letter we received no reply.

A Suspicious Silence.

Shortly afterwards we had occasion to write him again, asking permission to place a transport steamer on the Congo river. To this letter we received a reply in due time granting our request and expressing his desire to be of service to us in carrying out our plans, and offering to donate us the services of his carpenters at Leopoldville in reconstructing our steamer, which had to be shipped in parts over the railroad from Matadi to Leopoldville. All he proposed to charge for this service was that the steamer should make three trips from Leopoldville to Luebo during each year in service to the State. This impressed us as a very generous proposition, until we found on investigation that these three trips *would about consume the entire navigable season* and leave us no use of our steamer at all for mission purposes.

It was not until the spring of 1903, when Dr. Morrison returned home on his first furlough, that we obtained full knowledge of the wholesale violation of all the pledges concerning freedom of trade and the humane treatment of the natives recorded in the Berlin treaty, and the setting up of perhaps the most cruel and brutal regime of exploitation to which any conquered people were ever subjected. The beginning of this regime was the issuing by King Leopold of a decree appropriating to the State, which was himself, all the land except that actually occupied by the villages and farms of the natives. The licenses of all the small concessionaires were revoked, and in their stead large monopolistic trading companies were given exclusive control of large areas, sometimes of several hundred square miles in extent. The government—that is to say, King Leopold—held fifty per cent. of the stock in all these companies. All competition was thus eliminated and the companies fixed their own price to be paid for the rubber and ivory the natives

brought in. The price fixed was five cents a pound for rubber, as against thirty cents a pound, which was the customary price under the earlier competitive system.

Exploitation and Atrocities.

The natives were slow in bringing in the rubber at the reduced price, and as rubber must be had to provide the government its revenue and trading companies their profit, resort was had to forced labor and punitive expeditions of the native soldiers to recalcitrant villages, in which occurred the inhuman slave-driving and murders and atrocities of every conceivable kind which make up practically the entire history of Leopold's administration of the Congro from the year 1898 to the day of his death in October, 1909. The details of this gruesome story were first given to the world in a report to the British Government of Mr. Roger Casement, at that time Consul-General to the Congo.

Dr. Morrison and Congo Reform.

But the man who finally became recognized as the foremost champion of the oppressed Congo people was Dr. W. M. Morrison, of our African mission. On his way home in 1903 on furlough he stopped in London, where he was already known through articles published in the London papers, and where he secured interviews with the Congo Reform leaders and also with some of the leading government officials and members of Parliament. His story awakened so much interest that he was invited to address a large public meeting in Whitehall, and, a few days later, the Houses of Parliament, on conditions in the Congo. After a discussion in the House of Commons a resolution was passed declaring that "King Leopold stood impeached before the bar of Christendom for high crimes and misdemeanors against humanity, and more especially for his

violation, wholesale and retail, of the provisions of the International Act drawn up at Berlin in the year 1884-85."

Shortly after his arrival home, I was sent by the Executive Committee with Dr. Morrison to Washington to lay the matter personally before President Roosevelt. As we entered his office, we noticed a copy of Mr. Morell's book, "Red Rubber," lying open on his desk. When we came in, he received us very cordially, and we soon discovered that he was already fully informed about the Congo situation and very properly indignant about it. He assured us of his sympathy with our mission, but stated that the government would not be in a position to take any direct action in the case unless there were some specific instances of personal mistreatment of one of our American missionaries. "Whenever that happens," he said, "then I want you to bring the matter straight to me and I will see that your wrongs are righted"; and then he added, "By George, that's what I'm here for!"

But neither the agitation of the matter in this country nor in England could put a stop to the abuses of Leopold's government, although it did cause some slight alleviation of them for a time. Dr. Morrison, of course, became a marked man and the king and the rubber companies set him down in their calendars as the object of their vengeance whenever a favorable opportunity might arise. In January, 1908, Dr. W. H. Sheppard wrote for the Kassai *Herald,* a magazine published by the mission of which Dr. Morrison was responsible editor, an account of a trip through the Bakuba country, describing the wretched condition to which the natives had been reduced by the robbery and oppression of the Kassai Rubber Company. In February, 1909, Dr. Morrison and Dr. Sheppard found themselves confronted with a suit for punitive damages to the amount of 80,000 francs ($16,000) for injury done to the business of the company by Dr. Sheppard's article, and also for libelling the government.

They were ordered to appear for trial at Leopoldville, and notified that on failure to appear, judgment would be given against them by default. As May 25th was during the dry season, when the mission steamer could not navigate the river, and as Leopoldville was nine hundred miles from Luebo and more than a thousand miles from the place from which native witnesses would have to be brought, the meeting of this summons was a physical impossibility and, as was evidently intended, the missionaries would be condemned without a hearing.

Meanwhile, immediately on hearing from Dr. Morrison, about the first of February, 1909, of the indictment and the complications of the trial, the Executive Committee instructed me to go at once to Washington and lay the matter before our Department of State. Mr. Robert Bacon was then Secretary, having succeeded Mr. Root, who had just resigned to enter the Senate. He received me very cordially and manifested the deepest interest in my statement, and when I had finished, asked what action we desired the government to take. I told him our first request was that he should request the Belgian government to order its Congo officials to arrange for a postponement of the trial until September. Meanwhile, we asked the Department to cable our American Consul to make a full investigation of all the facts, both with reference to the trial of the missionaries and to the facts alleged in Mr. Sheppard's article, on his own responsibility, and to report his findings directly to the Department. A cable message to that effect was immediately sent out.

Interview With Secretary Knox.

About the first of April I was again sent to Washington to make inquiry concerning the status of the case. A new administration had come into power in which Hon. Philander C. Knox was Secretary of State. Finding that no reply had been

received to our cable message sent in February, I addressed the following communication to Mr. Knox, mailing it to him on Saturday, in an envelope marked "Personal":

"Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State,
"Washington, D. C.

"SIR: In behalf of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, I desire to lay before you the facts and documents relating to a charge of criminal libel which has been brought against two of our missionaries in the Congo Independent State, Africa, Rev. William M. Morrison, D.D., and Rev. W. H. Sheppard, D.D., by certain officers of the Company Kassai, one of the concessionary rubber companies operating in the Kassai District in the same territory covered by the work of our mission.

"We are informed that the charge brought against these missionaries is founded on an article published in the Kassai *Herald,* a magazine published by our missionaries at Luebo, dated January, 1908. A copy of this article is sent herewith.

"We are constrained to ask the intervention of our Department of State for the protection of these missionaries in their rights as American citizens, for the following reason:

"That we have just reason to fear the failure on the part of the authorities of the Congo Independent State to give our missionaries a fair trial according to American ideas in this case seems to us evident from the manner in which the case has been conducted thus far. The alleged offence was committed nearly a year and a half ago. The acquittal of the missionaries will depend upon their being able to prove before the court the truth of the statements made in their publication. The witnesses by which these statements must be substantiated are members of the Bakuba tribe, which tribe has been terrorized by the agents of the Company Kassai, and they will for that reason be difficult to persuade to appear before the court under any circumstances. A most remarkable circumstance is that the place designated for the trial is Leopoldville, which is

about nine hundred miles distant from Luebo where the missionaries reside, and about a thousand miles distant from the place where the Bakuba witnesses must be found. Furthermore, the date of the hearing has been fixed for May 25th, by which time the low water in the Kassai river will in all probability make it impossible for the steamer owned by our mission to navigate the river higher up than Bena Makima, a distance of two hundred miles from Luebo. It will be necessary for our missionaries and the witnesses they must bring before the court for their defense to travel this two hundred miles of the journey by caravan. It will also be not less than five months before they will be able to return to Luebo by steamer. During these five months it will be necessary for them to remain at Leopoldville with their witnesses at a very heavy expense. Would such proceedings be tolerated in the trial of an American citizen at home? If not, must we submit to them in the trial of our citizens in the Congo Independent State?

"We feel assured that the mere statement of the above facts will be sufficient to show that we are justified in calling upon our Department of State to intervene in this case.

"We desire, in closing, to express our profound gratification at the stand taken by our government, in declining to recognize the transfer of the sovereignty of the Congo Independent State from King Leopold to Belgium, except upon the basis of satisfactory guarantees of the abolition of forced labor and the restoration to the natives of their rights in land and in the produce of the soil, of which rights they have been deprived by the legislation and procedure of the Congo State. This, together with our whole experience in such cases, leads us to feel the utmost confidence that nothing will be left undone that can properly be done by our Department of State to protect our missionaries from the present threatened injustice and to safeguard their treaty rights.

"In behalf of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions,

"Very respectfully yours,

"S. H. CHESTER, *Secretary*."

With considerable difficulty, and with the help of several senators, I secured an appointment for a personal interview with the Secretary on the following Tuesday morning. He received me politely, but not very cordially, and before I even sat down intimated that his time was very precious and he would appreciate my being as brief as possible in the statement I wished to make. When I mentioned the Congo, he replied, "Well, I find there are tons of stuff in the Department files about the Congo, but I have not had time yet to give them a moment's consideration." He then suggested that it might be as well for me to discuss the matter with one of the assistant secretaries. After the trouble I had experienced in reaching the Secretary, my reaction to his suggestion was the reverse of amiable, and I replied, "No, the matter I wish to present to you is one that involves the liberty, and possibly the lives of two American citizens. We have had occasion to bring it before the Department several times before, and your predecessors have always deemed it worthy of their personal attention." He replied, "Well, suppose you write the statement out and present it in a form that I can refer to when I have more time." I replied, "That is just what I have done. I wrote it out as carefully as I could and mailed it to you on Saturday in an envelope marked 'Personal,' hoping in that way it might reach you and receive some personal attention before being pigeon-holed by some clerk in your office." This was exactly what had been done. He then called his clerk and had the paper brought in. On looking it over hastily, he said, "Well, I congratulate you on having put the matter in a nutshell, and I see that you have a case the Department should consider. I now suggest that you see the Solicitor and have him frame a suitable message to be sent to the Belgian government, and then report to me again at three o'clock."

An Interesting Coincidence.

I found the Solicitor, Mr. James Brown Scott, who had come over from the previous administration, and who was well informed about the Congo situation, and deeply interested in it. When I entered his room he was reading a paper, and when my name was called, he said, "I remember your name in connection with some correspondence we had about the Congo during Mr. Roosevelt's administration, and I suspect that this document I am reading is one that will interest you. It is the report of Consul Handley in answer to the cable message sent him in regard to the Sheppard-Morrison case in February." I had in my hand the copy of the Kassai *Herald* containing Dr. Sheppard's article on which the indictment was based. Handing it to the Solicitor, I said, "Perhaps this document I have in my hand will be of interest to you." On comparing the two documents it was found that Dr. Sheppard's article was far less severe in its arraignment of the Kassai Company than the statements made in the Consul's report concerning the same conditions.

Trial of Morrison and Sheppard.

We then prepared in consultation a message to the Belgian government, demanding that it instruct its agents in the Congo to make such a change in the time set for the trial of the missionaries as would give them full opportunity to take all necessary measures for their defense. This message was approved and forwarded by the Secretary, and secured a postponement of the trial until September 25th. On that date the missionaries were tried and triumphantly acquitted.

In October, 1909, King Leopold died, and he was succeeded by his nephew, the present King Albert, a man of the highest and noblest character. Under his benign and just administration

the reforms that had previously been attempted in vain were gradually put into effect.*

The exploitation of the native people has finally ceased. Pleasant and sympathetic relations with the missionaries have been established. The government now welcomes the co-operation of the missions, especially in such matters as industrial education and public sanitation. Several of our missionaries have been decorated by the Belgian king for services regarded as valuable to the State.

*Since the above was written King Albert lost his life by accident and has been succeeded by his son who, so far, has been administering the Congo government on the same enlightened and humane policies as those pursued by his father.

Co-operation and the Panama Congress

OUR Church has from the beginning stood for interdenominational co-operation in missions, and has taken a sympathetic part in all the great co-operative movements of the last thirty-five years.

The agency through which these movements have functioned has been the Annual Conference of Mission Boards of the United States and Canada. The first meeting of this conference was called by the Council of the Presbyterian and Reformed Alliance, which met in Toronto in September, 1892. Twenty-three societies and boards responded and sent delegates to the first meeting, held in the Presbyterian Board rooms in New York in January, 1893.

My first attendance at these conferences was in January, 1895. The only persons besides myself now living whom I can remember as present at that meeting are Dr. James L. Barton, of the American Board, and Dr. Robert E. Speer, of the Presbyterian Board.

At the conference of 1896, in a paper on "The Discriminating Use of Mission Funds," I offered the suggestion that it might prove a measure of economy to assign to certain boards and societies special responsibility for certain fields.

So far as I can remember this was the first mention made in our conference discussions of the idea of a division of territorial responsibility in missions. I found the idea in an address of Dr. Alexander Duff, a great Scotch missionary in India, made on a visit to this country in 1854. At the next conference a paper was read by Dr. S. L. Baldwin, of the Methodist Episcopal Board on the "Economical Distribution of the Missionary

Force," taking very advanced ground for that day on the general subject of mission comity, and advocating as a principle to be recognized in mission administration the one announced by Dr. Duff, "that the effective occupation of any territory by one denominational mission should be regarded as a reason for excluding all others from that territory without the consent of the first occupying mission."

The classic example of what can be accomplished where the spirit of comity is fully developed is what was done in Mexico in the year 1919. At that time there were missions of the Southern Presbyterians, the Southern Methodists, the Church of the Disciples, and the Friends, congested and competing with each other in a territory in northern Mexico containing about a half million people.

As a result of two interdenominational conferences, the Southern Presbyterian Mission transferred its entire force to southern Mexico, the Disciples' Mission transferred theirs to one of the central states, leaving the Southern Methodists and the Friends' Mission, which was a very small one, in sole charge of the territory in the North. The Northern Methodists, whose territory was largely in the Federal District, generously made many adjustments with the other missions in the matter of boundaries and strategic locations.

Still more impressive as a revelation of the new co-operative spirit was what occurred between our Committee and the Southern Methodist Board in connection with our work in the Congo. Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, who was then Secretary of the Methodist Board, was a man of broad catholic spirit and lovely character, and in our association in the general work our relations had become personally close and intimate. At his invitation I appeared before several annual meetings of the Methodist Board, carrying an invitation to them from our Committee to join us in our Congo work by establishing a

mission in territory contiguous to ours. The invitation was finally accepted, and when Bishop Lambuth went out with his pioneer band of missionaries he went first to Luebo to consult with our mission there as to a suitable location and as to the best methods of work in that field. He spoke to a large congregation in our Luebo church and told them of his plans and asked for their prayers and sympathy. At the conclusion of his address, Dr. W. M. Morrison arose and asked for volunteers to go with Bishop Lambuth and help in establishing his work. Fifteen of our church members responded and said they would go if the church would take care of their families until they were settled and ready to send for them. Among these were three of our evangelists, who had been trained by our mission, and who could have recited the African translation of the Shorter Catechism backwards and forwards. This company went with Bishop Lambuth and were organized by him into the first Methodist church in the Congo, with the three Presbyterian trained men as the first native evangelists of the Methodist Mission.

Adoption of Our Missionary Platform.

The culmination of the idea of territorial division of responsibility in our Church was the adoption by the Assembly of 1907 of a *Missionary Platform,* which has been accepted since that date as defining our denominational task. It was drawn up in our office and adopted by the Executive Committee, and then taken as an overture from the Committee to the General Assembly as follows:

"The Executive Committee would respectfully overture the General Assembly to adopt a Missionary Platform for our Church, containing the following declarations:

"1. It is the judgment of the General Assembly that, according to the distribution of territory agreed upon by the different

boards and committees, the number of human beings in non-Christian countries for whose evangelization our Church is responsible is approximately 25,000,000 souls, being distributed as follows: Africa, 1,000,000; Brazil, 3,000,000; China, 12,000,000; Japan and Korea, 8,000,000; Mexico, 500,000; Cuba, 500,000."

Then followed a detailed description of the methods by which the carrying out of this program should be attempted.

We went to the Assembly scarcely hoping for the immediate adoption of this Platform, but thought it might be referred to an *ad interim* committee to be reported on the following year. But the Lord was better to us than our faith. That Assembly contained an unusual number of strong and forward-looking men. The chairman of the standing committee on Foreign Missions, Dr. Russel Cecil, of Richmond, Virginia, was one of these, and when the draft of the Platform was laid before him, it appealed to his missionary heart and he said, "Let us not wait another year, but incorporate it now in our report." The presentation of the report, and its adoption, after prayer for Divine guidance and without a word of discussion except a simple explanatory statement, by a unanimous rising vote, was the most impressive scene I witnessed in any of the thirty-three Assemblies I attended in the interest of our work.

I have always believed that our Lord was pleased when He looked down from heaven on this action of our Church, and that because of it His special blessing has rested on our work.

The figures in the Platform very soon required revision. Investigation revealed that our territory contained a population of about 32,000,000 instead of 25,000,000. We also did not foresee the economic conditions that reduced the commodity value of the gold dollar in 1907 to less than sixty cents in 1920 and increased the cost of our work proportionately. The cost of transportation and travel was more than doubled, and the cost of building in our Eastern field was about trebled. And so,

while our income passed the million dollar mark in 1923, our work is still inadequately financed, and heavy deficits have for several years featured our annual reports.

Nevertheless, the Platform has remained with us in its aim and spirit. As a business proposition, it stabilized our work by giving us a definite goal to work for, and has immensely strengthened our appeal by adding to all other considerations the force of an acknowledged responsibility.

At the New York Conference in 1909, twenty-five other boards reported the assumption of a definite world responsibility. But the honor of leadership in this great forward step in our Protestant missionary enterprise belongs to our Church.

Comity and co-operation, of course, had a large place in the deliberations both of New York Ecumenical Conference of 1900 and the Edinburgh Conference of 1910, and as the result of plans and machinery set up by those conferences, co-operative schools and hospitals and other forms of institutional work are being conducted in almost every mission field in a large and efficient way that could only have been conducted in a small way or not at all denominationally.

But in deference to the views of a certain element in the Church of England, no consideration was given at Edinburgh to missions in Catholic countries. In the outcome this proved a fortunate thing for Latin America, for the occasion was thus given for the subsequent holding of two great Latin-American conferences, one at Panama in 1916 and one in Montevideo in 1925, at each of which ten days were given to the problem of the Latin-American field, which could scarcely have had more than one day of the time of the Edinburgh Conference.

Our Southern Presbyterian delegation to the Panama Congress was the Chairman of our Executive Committee, Dr. James I. Vance and his wife, Dr. Juan Ortz Gonzales, and Mrs. Chester and myself. At last here was a missionary trip that was a

pleasure trip indeed. First, because for the first time I was able to take my wife along. Second, because the entire personnel of the Congress was composed of interesting and enjoyable people. Third, because the entire proceedings were of absorbing interest.

The Anglo-Catholic party in the Episcopal Church opposed the sending of delegates, but were outvoted in their Convention and we had five Episcopal bishops present who were among our most valuable members. Two of them, Bishops Brown and Kinsolving, had been missionaries to Brazil. While students at the Seminary in Alexandria, they came in touch with the daughter of Dr. Chamberlain, a Presbyterian missionary at Sao Paulo, and through her became interested in that field. When they went to Sao Paulo, they conferred with Dr. Chamberlain as to a suitable location. He told them of a place in Rio Grande do Sul where a small Presbyterian church had been gathered, but which had been without a missionary for some time, and offered to turn over the work to them if they would take it. They did take it and in a few years built up a strong Episcopal church on this Presbyterian foundation. It could hardly be expected that men of that experience could hold any narrow view on comity and co-operation.

The cleaning up of the Isthmus of Panama by General Gorgas and turning it from the worst pest hole in the Western Hemisphere to a health resort was one of the modern miracles of sanitation. Those miasmatic tropical swamps that once breeded the myriads of stegomyia mosquitoes that drove De Lesseps and his French engineers out of Panama were in 1916 beautiful green pastures covered with highly bred cattle. In a sojourn of two weeks we saw not a single house-fly and heard only one mosquito sing. The temperature in February was delightful in the shade. Our hotel accommodations were all

that could be desired, and, with such a company as we had, any thing but a delightful time was unthinkable.

Our welcome to Panama was a counterblast from the Archbishop warning his flock against this formidable pack of Protestant wolves that had come down on the fold, and against the sin of showing them any favors. Disregarding the warning, Judge Moira, a prominent Catholic layman from Porto Rico, made an eloquent speech from our platform, expressing his appreciation of what Protestant missionaries had done in stirring the Catholic Church in that island to renewed activity to meet the Protestant competition and expressing the hope that we might do the same for all Latin America. The paper containing theArchbishop's warning also contained the announcement of a lottery drawing, over which he presided, and from the proceeds of which it was reported that he had received about $7,000.00 for the benefit of his cathedral.

The proceedings of the Congress were published in five volumes, but a brief synopsis of the results of them is as follows:

*"The Congress appointed a co-operation committee on Latin America, which was furnished by the co-operating churches with an annual budget of about $30,000. This budget has been administered by the committee under the guidance and leadership of its wise and gifted secretary, Dr. S. G. Inman, in the promotion of all kinds of co-operative arrangements, and in awakening in the home Church a greatly increased interest in that field. As the result of this work, the Latin-American work has had a development both in relative extent and in efficiency, probably surpassing that of any other mission field during the same period. In several of the larger republics the extent of the work and the appropriations for its support by the home churches have more than doubled.

"Multitudes of specific instances might be cited, going to show that the phenomenal progress of the Protestant work in Latin

*Quoted from my book "Behind the Scenes."

America in the past decade is to be accounted for by our co-operative study of the task, our co-operative program of action, and our presentation through co-operation of a united front to all opposing forces.

"But interdenominational co-operation, desirable and necessary as it is at this stage of the Church's development if we are to make any satisfactory progress toward overtaking our missionary task, is not the goal of the great movement for Christian unity, which is the outstanding feature of the church life of our time. That goal, as I see it, is the establishment of one Evangelical Church in each separate country; one organically in the smaller and homogeneous countries like Sweden and Denmark, and one in the form of a close federation in large countries like the United States, China, and Brazil, containing populations of heterogeneous groups not yet fully assimilated; and preaching a whole gospel, with all its implications, both individual and social; and, while adhering to the great cardinal doctrines of the historic creeds, enriched by a merger of the various aspects of the truth which the separate denominations have especially emphasized in their teaching and in their church life.

"Under the influence of such churches, the Catholic Church, if it should still survive, might gradually eliminate its sacramentarian and sacerdotal superstitions, the 'wood, hay and stubble,' which the fathers of the third and fourth centuries built into its structure, and which are reserved for the time when 'the day shall declare them, for they shall be revealed by fire'."

These national churches would, of course, hold occasional world gatherings like those of Stockholm and Lausanne, at which their respresentatives would formulate their united plans for world conquest, and would speak as with one voice their testimony on great questions of national and international morality; and would find themselves prepared, not only to repeat

the Creed and the Lord's Prayer together, but also, *all of them without exception*, to sit or kneel together at the Lord's table.

The idea of developing out of the present situation, by any possible plan or program, and within any measurable period of time, any such exhibition of the real oneness of the Church of Christ, might seem at first blush to be hopeless. It will not seem quite so hopeless, however, if we take a backward look long enough to get some historical perspective into our view. We shall find that a long distance has already been traveled toward our goal since the break-up following the Reformation.

In the pioneer days of our Home Mission work a visitor in a certain village, which had four churches of different denominations and adequately supported none, asked a pillar of one congregation: "How is your church getting on now?" and received the reply: "Not very well, but we are thankful that none of the others are doing any better."

In a little village in Scotland in 1750 there was a stonemason who, though a Presbyterian, condescended to do some work on the home of an Episcopal rector. For this he was called to account by the church session. His sin was considered "at least equal to that of *building the high places* mentioned in the Old Testament," and he was declared to be "highly censurable and not deserving of admission to the seals of the Covenant until he professed sorrow for his sin and the resulting scandal."

Our Protestant churches today stand at a greater distance from this attitude than they do from the goal of the united church.

It is within the last half century that the greatest progress in the direction of unity has been made, due largely to the foreign mission enterprise, which has necessarily brought the churches closer together, and has revealed to them the impossibility of world conquest by a divided church.

xx

Administrative Changes

DURING the six years from 1905 to 1911, when Dr. Reavis and I served as Co-ordinate Secretaries, our work had a rapid development. Both our income and the number of missionaries were doubled. "Over the dead bodies," metaphorically speaking, of many strong men of the conservative type our woman's work had been developed to the point where it was ready to come under the organizing genius of Mrs. W. C. Winsborough, and be transformed into the finest specimen of administrative machinery for the conduct of woman's work to be found in any Amerian church. Dr. Egbert W. Smith, a man preeminently gifted for secretarial work, had taken Dr. Reavis' place as Co-ordinate Secretary on his retirement. One would think that such a situation would not have furnished a favorable opportunity for a small contingent of professional "reformers" to introduce revolutionary changes in our administrative machinery.

But about three years before this the Assembly itself had set up a new agency called a "Committee on Systematic Beneficence," with supervisory powers over all the Executive Committees, which, following the natural promptings of human nature, gradually gained for itself practically entire control of all our church work, issuing "orders in council" to the Executive Committees and nominating all officers to be elected by the Assembly. This Committee had become a convenient receptacle for all criticism of the work of the Executive Committees and of the Secretaries. Since the days of the Mobile Assembly there had been a small contingent of those who were dissatisfied with the settlement of the troubles that came to a head in

that Assembly, and who hoped, through the instrumentality of the new Committee on Systematic Beneficence to secure my elimination from the work. They were able to convince all the members of that Committee except Dr. J. W. Bachman, its chairman, and Mr. W. T. Hardie, of New Orleans, that the Foreign Mission work should be "unified" by having only one Secretary, who should have authoritative responsibility for directing the entire work. And, so, at the Bristol Assembly of 1912 it brought in its report nominating Dr. Smith as Executive Secretary, and making no mention of my name as having any future connection with the work. Through friends I had learned of the "campaign" that had been conducted to bring about this result. One feature of the "campaign" had been to induce a missionary at home on furlough to write letters to all the members of our China and Japan missions, expecting in that way to reveal a state of dissatisfaction with my work in the mission field. The result of that correspondence was disappointing, as only three letters of the kind they hoped to get were received, while more than a hundred of the kind they did not want were received. Nevertheless, the effort to induce this hitherto all-powerful supervisory committee to do as they wished was successful, with only the two exceptions mentioned above.

Meanwhile, our Foreign Missions Committee had sent to the Assembly, through its chairman, Dr. James I. Vance, who was a commissioner, a paper several pages in length, setting forth the reasons for asking the Assembly to make no change in the office as then organized. I had taken for granted that the report of the Committee on Systematic Beneficence would be adopted, and had no thought of making any contention for the retention of my place; but I had determined to give the Assembly my valedictory, in which I would express very frankly my

sense of the injustice and unfairness of which I had been made the victim.

But as I walked up the steps to the platform something seemed to say to me, "Do not make the speech you have premeditated. It would be gratifying to your own feelings at the expense of the cause of Foreign Missions." I then spoke a few minutes in a quiet conversational tone as follows (the words were indelibly impressed on my memory):

"*Moderator and Brethren:* I have listened to the report of your Committee, omitting any mention of my name in connection with our Foreign Mission work for the future, without the slightest feeling of humiliation. I do not suppose that in making that report they had any purpose of humiliating me. They were doing, of course, what they conscientiously believed the good of the work required. But if they did have any such purpose it would not have been in their power to do it. Nor would it be in the power of this Assembly to do it. For I now have behind me a record of eighteen years of service in this work. And I know that when posterity comes to pass judgment on what I have done it will not look at any resolution this Assembly may pass, but the question will be concerning my record, was it good or was it bad? I am far from being here this morning to boast of that record. But neither am I ashamed of it. I am not ashamed to hand it down to my children and grandchildren as their inheritance, and as the only inheritance they will ever receive from me.

"As for our Foreign Mission work, my life has been in it these eighteen years and my heart is still in it, and I expect to devote the rest of my days to helping it along in every way I can, and I wish you to believe what I say to you this morning, that whether I do this officially or unofficially is, as I feel at this moment, a matter of supreme and absolute indifference. I learned long ago that my life is in the hands of the Master I am trying to serve, and He will find the place for me to work for Him where He wants me to work."

Dr. James I. Vance, representing the Committee of Foreign Missions, then took the floor, and spoke substantially as follows:

"I am sure we have all been impressed by Dr. Chester's speech. I have in my pocket a paper several pages in length in which our Executive Committee has set forth its reasons for wishing to retain Dr. Chester as our Foreign Secretary. If necessary, I will read that paper, and will have a good deal more to say besides. The railroads have a custom of putting gold braid on their servants according to the years of service; but now you propose to tear the braid from the sleeve of this faithful servant. In the interest of harmony and the cause of missions, I will move the adoption of the Committee report provided you will first adopt an amendment I have to offer. My amendment is that, after providing one Executive Secretary for each Executive Committee, you then give each Committee the right to elect other secretaries and assistants in the work as may be needed. We do not wish to deceive any one as to what this means. It means for us that at the first meeting of our Executive Committee, after the Assembly adjourns, we will elect Dr. Chester as our Secretary of Foreign Correspondence. We want him for that work, and whether you give him to us in this way or by the way of a direct Assembly election is a matter of indifference to us."

Somone rose and said, "I move we do that by a rising vote," and the whole Assembly stood up, with not more than three or four exceptions.

I could only be amazed at this outcome of what had threatened to put an end to a life work which I so loved, and also at the emotional effect that seemed to be produced by my simple little talk. Some of my most cordial congratulations came from those who had taken the lead in the effort for my removal.

At the first meeting of the Executive Committee after the Bristol Assembly, as authorized by the Assembly, I was chosen by the Committee as its Secretary of Foreign Correspondence.

A subsequent Assembly returned to the plan of having all secretaries elected by the Assembly, and the nomination of secretaries was taken from the Committee of Systematic Beneficence and restored to the Executive Committees. The three-years term was also inaugurated, with the general effect of discouraging organized attacks on secretaries which the one-year term invited. The result in my case was eleven happy years of work in the office, of the kind most congenial to me, with relief from responsibilities previously borne which did not properly belong to me. At the Montreat Assembly of 1923, I was given three years more of optional work as "Advisory Secretary," and then in 1926, at the age of seventy-five, I was retired as "Secretary Emeritus."

Neither am I ready yet at the age of eighty-three to say *nunc dimittis,* for I am still blessed with physical strength beyond what is usual in persons of my years and still have many opportunities living here at Montreat, our great promotional centre and gathering place for missionaries and missionary workers, of lending a hand toward giving a knowledge of Christ and His gospel to the world.

On the following day the Assembly took action instructing the Committee on Systematic Beneficence to try to carry out the purpose for which it had been set up of stimulating the benevolences of the church, but "in such a manner and by such methods as not to embarrass the Executive Committees in the work entrusted to them, and not to lay on them any orders or requirements." About half the membership of this Committee took this as a rebuke and resigned.

There has been a vast amount of setting up and pulling down of our administrative machinery since then, but no committee has ever been clothed with the arbitrary powers that led to the successful revolt of the Executive Committees at the Bristol Assembly.

Several times during absences of Dr. Smith on visitation work I was called to take his place as Executive Secretary; once during nearly a whole year while he was absent in China, Japan, and Korea. But my work as Secretary of Foreign Correspondence and as Editor of the *Survey,* which I greatly enjoyed, kept me fully occupied, and I had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with my family and of impressing on them the fact that I really did live at home.

After our children had attained the perfect number of seven and were much hampered for room on the crowded city street, their mother kept saying, "I wish we could get them out into the country." One day a gray-haired gentleman, driving along the street, and seeing her on the front porch, stopped and said, "Madam, I am looking for a house in town, and I like the looks of your house. I am wondering if you would sell it to me." She was rather amused and surprised at being thus accosted by a stranger, but the man looked like a gentleman, so she replied, "No, I do not care to sell my house, but I would like to trade it for a place in the country." He replied, "Madam, I have a place in the country. Possibly we might make a trade."

She then at his suggestion drove out with him to see the place. (This was before our modern kidnapping had been invented.) It was three miles from the city square, about a mile from the end of a car line. It had a well-built old-fashioned brick house, with barn and all necessary outhouses. There were twenty acres of land with about two acres of yard around the house covered with fine oaks and cedars. She then asked for his proposition. He said, "Madam, I'll give you my place for yours." She answered, "All right, your proposition is accepted." I was absent visiting one of the synods. When I returned everything had been arranged and they were waiting for me to sign the papers, which I did without hesitation or further inquiry. For I had learned that my wife had a marvellous way of know-

ing what she wanted and of knowing how to get it. She wanted this place that she might have an opportunity to rear her children in the way she wanted to rear them.

This is the way we got our home on the Gallatin Road, and if ever a home was given to any one directly from the hand of Providence it was so that this home was given to us. The trade was made in May, and we had to wait till October to get posession. Meanwhile, the street car line was extended to our front gate and on September 29th we rode out on it to take possession. It not only proved ideal for the children, but made a lovely resting place for the missionaries when they came to Nashville, for whom we delighted always to keep its doors wide open. There were very few of the several hundred who were on our roll during the nine years we lived in it whom we did not entertain, thereby making personal friends of them, which made it so much easier and more pleasant to deal with them in official relations. One slight disadvantage it had for me. On going out to it the first time there was a curve in the street car track which caused me to get the points of the compass reversed, and during the whole nine years I could never seem to see it otherwise than that the sun rose directly in the west and set in the east.

XXI

Friendly Visitor to Europe, 1920

THIS time it was a real "pleasure jaunt," because, although it was on church business as before, it was among people of our own race, and the conditions of travel were generally pleasant. But as in the case of our trip to Panama, most of all it was because I did not have to leave my wife behind.

At the meeting of the Western Section of the Presbyterian Alliance in January, 1920, Dr. Arthur Brown, of the Mission Board in New York, and myself were appointed as "friendly visitors" to the Protestant churches of continental Europe, to carry the greetings of the Presbyterians of America, and to study and report on their condition and needs, with the view of securing help toward their rehabilitation from the devastation of the World War.

I inherited from my sea-faring ancestors a love of the ocean, and my wife proved a fairly good sailor, so that we were able to enjoy our six days on the *Kaiser Augusta Victoria,* one of the interned German ships, to the fullest extent. One of our table mates was a young stamp collector from Boston, bright and intelligent and a polished gentleman, fond of talking about religion, although he knew nothing about it, and very critical of what he had heard about the Bible, although he had never read it. He followed Mrs. Chester around to talk with her about the Bible, with the result that when we separated at the dock in London his last words to us were, "I am going to a book store as soon as I reach my hotel and buy me a Bible."

Among our best "steamer" friends were a Mr. and Mrs. Harwood from Australia and a Mr. Melton from Prague, whom we met again under a peculiar circumstance, which might as well

be mentioned here. When we arrived at Prague in our travels, it was late in the afternoon and we did not know a soul in the place. The people to whom we had letters of introduction were out of the city. Our taxi man drove us to a half dozen hotels but we could find no vacant room. Our prospect was that we should have to spend the night on the street. Then we happened to remember the Y. W. C. A., whose address we had secured in London. We drove to their headquarters as quickly as possible. We met two of the secretaries at the door as they were closing for the night and leaving for their homes. One of them told us she had the record in her office of one vacant room in a hotel, and offered to go with us to see if it was still vacant. We found that it was, and as we were signing for it at the desk, in walked our steamer friend, Mr. Melton from Prague, escorting Mr. and Mrs. Harwood to take the only other vacant room which he had secured for them. And so instead of being in a strange city alone and sleeping on the sidewalk, we had a comfortable room in a nice hotel and pleasant friends to keep us company. Next morning I went down into the breakfast room and saw a lady sitting at one of the tables alone, reading the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. I spoke to her and said, "Seeing you reading the New York *Herald,* I assume you are an American. There is another American lady upstairs who is rather lonely. Will you allow me to bring her down and introduce her?" She graciously assented, and that was the rather curious beginning of a real friendship which still exists. She was the widow of the former Governor and Senator John R. Shafroth, of Colorado, who was in Europe with her son, who was engaged with the relief work of the American Friends under Mr. Hoover. She joined our party and went with us to Vienna and we were together for about three weeks. Three years ago we had a lovely visit to her home in Denver. What I did was certainly unconventional, but

"all's well that ends well," as that breach of propriety certainly did.

As our mission was to the churches on the continent, we spent only four days in London, which were taken up in making arrangements through our embassy for getting over the post-war barriers to travel on the continent, under the provision of that political, economical and moral monstrosity, the treaty of Versailles, which Clemenceau and Lloyd George succeeded in imposing, not on Germany only, but on the whole of Europe. I prophesy that there will never be "peace on earth and good will among men" until the whole treaty has been wiped out and something reasonable and just put in place of it. Woodrow Wilson submitted to the wicked features of it because he could not get them eliminated without sacrificing his League of Nations which, fondly, but now apparently vainly, he hoped would ultimately eliminate them.

We met some lovely people in London, however, among them Mr. Robert Whyte, whose business firm had long been the agency through which we transacted the supply business of our African Mission, and whose hospitable home had always kept open doors for our missionaries going and returning from their field. Through the courtesy of Honorable James D. Kiley, then head of the house of Whyte, Ridsdale and Company, and also member of Parliament for West London, we secured admittance to the House of Commons, and heard an animated debate on the question whether a proposed bill permitting the sale of "refreshments" after closing hours should *include or exclude chocolate ice cream*. And this while the nation was almost in the throes of revolution over the labor question and the question of home rule for Ireland. Our American Senate, therefore, is not the only parliamentary body that can "fiddle while Rome burns."

We also had only four days in Paris and could only see a few of the historical and artistic wonders of the world of that world capital. As it would be impossible for me to say anything new about them, I will not say anything. One thing that most deeply impressed us there, as in London as we walked about the streets was that at least two out of every three women we met were in deep mourning. This was the real devastation wrought by the war; not the material damage done in northern France, but the bringing of sorrow and bereavement to practically every woman in the land. One could not look on that spectacle without a feeling of intense moral indignation at the course of the non-combatant diplomats, representing the conflicting material interests of all the nations involved, who, for the sake of these interests, brought all this woe not only in France but on the whole western world.

The allies forced the Germans in the peace treaty to acknowledge that they were solely responsible for the war. They signed this acknowledgement, of course, under indignant protest. Subsequent revelations have shown that none of the principal nations engaged were free of some responsibility for it. Every one of them hoped to gain some coveted territorial or commercial advantage by it. What the Germans gained was almost total national ruin. What Austria gained was to become a mendicant nation. What France gained was the ruin of her industrial equipment and the loss of the flower of her young manhood. What England gained was not the German colonies and her profitable trade, but national bankruptcy and the dole. What the world at large gained was the worst business depression known in history.

From Paris we went to Lausanne, Switzerland, where a preliminary conference of British, Italian and American delegates was held to prepare for a general conference to be held at Geneva, which was to prepare for the World Conference on the

Life and Work of the Church to be held at a later date. This World Conference was the one held at Stockholm in the summer of 1925.

There were some very interesting episodes at this Geneva Conference. It was the first time since the war that representatives of the warring nations had come together in a religious conference. A tense situation arose when the French and Belgian delegates presented a manifesto demanding some kind of official action by the German delegates acknowledging their primary responsibility for the war, as a condition of their conferring with them. This preposterous demand was, of course, indignantly refused. For a time the episode threatened to wreck the Conference, but in the end it led to a clearing of the atmosphere. After a number of vehement speeches had been made, I ventured to tell the story of the negotiations on fraternal relations between our Northern and Southern Presbyterians after the Civil War. The Southern Committee said we would be willing to have fraternal relations with the Northern Church if their Committee "would say, in a few plain words, that certain objectionable things had been said and done in times of high excitement and were to be regretted." These few plain words were never spoken. But our northern friends kept coming with overtures of peace until at last we decided they must love us, although they would not speak the few plain words, and we agreed to have the fraternal relations on that basis. I told our French and German delegates that for over forty years we had found that arrangement to work very happily, and recommended that they try the same method with their differences. Next morning both parties came in with statements of their point of view which, they said, if the conference would permit them to be recorded on its minutes as a matter of history, they would close the incident on that basis. On the Committee of Arrangements for the Ecumenical Conference, ap-

pointed at the close of this conference, both the French and the Germans were represented. Of course, we could not very well have an Ecumenical Conference without them.

Two of our especially interesting delegates were Rev. Merle D'Aubigne, the most prominent leader of the French Evangelical Church, and "Sister" Emma Von Bunsen, a Deaconess of the Lutheran Church and matron of a large hospital for aged women in Berlin. Sister Emma sat next to Mrs. Chester at the lunch table and quite a friendship grew up between them. One day I asked Dr. D'Aubigne to exchange seats with me so that I might introduce him to Mrs. Chester. She, of course, introduced him to Sister Emma, after which he seemed embarrassed and had little more to say. After lunch, he took Mrs. Chester aside and said, "Madam, I cannot tell you how I felt when you introduced me to your friend. That is the first German I have spoken to since the war." And these were two representative Christians of their respective countries, come together at a missionary conference to talk about "peace on earth and good will among men."

Our time was so taken up with these conferences that we were able to see but little of the many objects of interest with which Switzerland, and especially Geneva, abounds. We saw none of the great mountains, except a glimpse of Mont Blanc in the remote distance. Of course, we saw the great monument to Calvin, Beza and Knox on the University grounds, and the pulpit chair, most suggestive for its straightness and plainness, in which Calvin sat and preached. One object of exceeding interest was a monument erected by the modern followers of Calvin, on which was inscribed the regret they now feel for any part his earlier followers may have had in the burning of Servetus. Calvin did not burn Servetus but, metaphorically speaking, he "stood by and held the clothes" of those who did burn him. For this there is no excuse except that, since the time

Rome took over from the Mohammedans the idea of religious propagation by violence, the idea of religious toleration had not been rediscovered.

Another object of exceeding interest was the surburban village of Ferney, where Voltaire spent the last twenty years of his stormy life. From here he issued those terrible fulminations against the corrupt Romish hierachy of his day, which caused them to dub him an atheist, and which broke their power and in that way helped to make possible the success of the Protestant Reformation in France. Voltaire's ferocity against the church of his day was caused by some incidents that occurred at the city of Toulouse, which was near Ferney, a place where the Catholic clergy enjoyed absolute sovereignty, and where a Protestant named John Calas had been arrested on a false charge and subjected to torture, from the effects of which he died. Another young Protestant, aged sixteen, charged with mutilating crucifixes, had his head cut off and his body flung into the flames while the fanatical crowd applauded. Things like these happening so near to his peaceful retreat at Ferney aroused Voltaire to fury. "It was now," says Will Durant, "that he adopted his famous motto, 'Crush the infamy,' and poured forth such intellectual fire and brimstone as melted mitres and sceptres and broke the power of the priesthood in France."

No wonder they called him an atheist. But was he? He did and said many wicked things, but what we saw at Ferney completely refutes the charge of atheism. In the front yard of his chateau is a beautiful stone chapel with the inscription chiseled over the door, *Deo erexit Voltaire.* It is said to be the only church in that part of Europe erected in honor of God. All the others are in honor of the Virgin Mary or some saint. Down in the village is his monument erected by the villagers bearing the legend: "He built more than a hundred houses for the people of our village; he loaned us money without interest; he fed

us in the famine of 1771; he gave us a *church,* a school, a hospital, a reservoir and a fountain." His last words were, "I die adoring God, forgiving my enemies and hating superstition."

I must run rapidly over the remaining part of this lovely tour. From Geneva we went to Mayen, Germany, a beautiful town about thirty miles from the headquarters of our army of occupation at Coblenz, where the 50th Infantry, to which our son Martin belonged, was stationed. We found him billeted with two other young lieutenants in a nice German home, with whose occupants they had established very cordial relations. The treatment of the people by our American army, under General Allen, who was a high-class Christian gentleman, was so kindly and free from oppressive features, and so in contrast with that of the French army of occupation, that they almost fell in love with our soldiers. The lady of the house showed the three boys every courtesy and soon began to speak of them as "my boys." Just before leaving home we had received a letter from our son on which was a postscript from his German landlady saying, "I have asked the privilege of writing a few lines in your son's letter to tell you that he is well and that we all love him. We enjoy the evenings when he comes in and sits with us and plays for us on his guitar, and tells us about his dear sweet mother in America. We want you to know that he is well taken care of; so do not worry about him."

The morning after our arrival she appeared at the door of our hotel in a two-horse vehicle and drove us around to an old castle and monastery and other places of interest, and repeated this several times during our stay. She also had us over for an evening in her home. After a day or two, I said to our son, "I find I can not hate this kind of a German." He replied, "We do not hate them; we like them." After their return home, when the German monetary debacle occurred and this family who had plenty of money, such as it was, were unable to buy

food with it, these three American boys sent them regularly boxes of food while that condition lasted.

Every one who reads knows of the beauty and general interestingness of the Rhine country. No wonder Clemenceau, whose political philosophy was, "let him take who has the power and let him keep who can," wanted to take all of that part of it that lay on his side of the river, and would have done so but for the foolish stubbornness, as he considered it, of Woodrow Wilson.

But our mission was calling us away, and after ten days with our soldier boys at Mayen, and very brief visits to Cologne and Wiesbaden and Coblenz, we went to Berlin for a visit to Sister Emma and the Protestant churches of that city and its environs. Before going we had written to Sister Emma for information about the Berlin hotels. She wrote us not to go to a hotel but to come to her hospital, where she would be glad to entertain us. She gave us our meals, not at the common table, but in our room. They were very nice, except that the bread was made of the only kind of flour to be had at that time, which seemed to be a mixture of bran, potatoes and saw dust. After several days, we learned that their dinner menu at the common table was of this bran bread, potatoes and cabbage, with a very small piece of meat on Sunday. She would accept no pay for our entertainment, but as we were leaving we met a Rhodes scholar who was just finishing his summer study at the University and had left over a considerable supply of white flour, sugar, coffee, and canned meats, and we bought him out and shipped it over to Sister Emma's hospital.

Sister Emma was familiar with the church situation and was very kind in putting us in touch with the people we wished to see. One thing that impressed us was that the churches we visited anywhere in Germany had crowded congregations of

both men and women, with fine congregational singing and an apparently fine spirit of worship in the services. The sermons we could not understand, but the people seemed to listen to them with eager interest.

We closed this visit with a day at the royal palace of Sans Souci. It is much smaller than Versailles, but its parks and gardens are far more beautiful and its living-rooms far more comfortable looking and attractive. In its beautiful church the mortal remains of Frederick the Great and William the First lie quietly in their simple coffins, and the vacant chair of Kaiser Wilhelm, upholstered in crimson and gold, sits in its curtained box, waiting for the day that was never to come when he would return from his exile to occupy it again.

At Wiesbaden we saw some of the yellow Algerian and black Moroccan troops which France used in her army of occupation. They were nasty looking fellows and lived up to their looks in their treatment of the people. One of them spoke insultingly to Mrs. Chester as we passed by where they were drawn up, and I said something to him in English which it was probably fortunate he did not understand.

I have already mentioned our visit to Prague, "the city of a hundred spires" and capital of the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia, where we found a very interesting religious situation, which, however, has changed so much since then that there is no occasion to describe it here.

From there we went, in company with the Harwoods and the Shafroths, to Vienna, in its day the most beautiful city in Europe and the most interesting, with the possible exception of Rome. At the time of our visit it was the most forlorn and wretched. The break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire left its two million inhabitants in a country without coal or iron or agricultural resources, with its minority of proud, high-spirited and formerly wealthy intelligentsia impoverished by the

war, robbed by their proletarian government and starved by the British blockade. It was there we saw the most pitiful exhibition of children with rickets from undernourishment, and babies whose mothers were too starved to nurse them, being fed one meal of chocolate soup a day by the American Friends Society, acting as agents of the Relief Work of which Mr. Hoover was then in charge. There were several millions of these starved children in Germany and Austria together.

The feeding station in Vienna was a large hospital in charge of a Jewish physician. We were present one day when he came to the hospital. The children flocked around him and he took as many of them as he could in his arms and on his shoulders, and they put their arms around his neck. I spoke to him and said, "You seem to know how to make them love you." He said, "Yes, I find if I can make them love me and keep them happy they digest their food better." I said to Mrs. Chester, "They say he is a Jew, but it is my opinion that if the lightning should strike him right now, the angels would carry him straight to Abraham's bosom."

The House of Hapsburg, by its cruelly exploiting and persecuting methods, made bitter enemies of the conquered countries out of which its "ramshackle" empire was built up, so that when it fell to pieces at the close of the war, poor, impoverished and starving Austria had little sympathy from its neighboring states, and for many a day yet will be paying the bitter penalty of its national sins.

Starting from Vienna, which was the terminating point of our official mission, we began our homeward journey, stopping a few days at Brussels and one day at Antwerp, where we took passage on the U. S. Transport *Pocahontas,* expecting to reach New York in about ten days. Instead of that, after getting aboard, we found our steamer had orders to sail around the coast of France, stopping at every port to gather up the bodies

of our dead soldiers. Thirteen days was occupied on this errand, and when we really started home we had twenty-five hundred of them on board, in wooden coffins, around every one of which was wrapped an American flag.

It is possible that less comfortably appointed ships than the *Pocahontas* have sailed the ocean in modern times, but I doubt it. In addition to the dead soldiers, it was crowded from bottom to top with members of our army of occupation returning home. All the cabins were occupied by the officers, the steerage being thought good enough for the privates, many of whom had fought in the Argonne and at Chateau Thiery. As my son, through whose influence we obtained half-fare passage on the transport, was a lieutenant, I was assigned a very small state-room with three young lieutenants, who spent considerable time after retiring at night talking over their luck at the roulette table. Mrs. Chester was given a little better state room with only two roommates. At Bordeau a Congressman was taken on board and the plan was made to change the three ladies to a less desirable room in order to give their room to the Congressman. When I heard this, I went to the purser and made such a commotion about it that he decided to leave them alone. If he had not done so, I was determined to appeal to the Congressman himself to show himself a gentleman by himself taking the less desirable room.

The floors of the corridors were dirty, the bathrooms were sloppy with no fastenings to the doors, and the food was atrocious. In spite of all this, after twenty-four days on the transport, we found ourselves back in New York in reasonably good condition.

Dr. Brown and I made our reports to the Western Section of the Alliance, which were printed and used in the campaign for funds for Protestant Relief in Europe.

The Austrian Consul at Prague charged $15.00 for our two passports to Vienna. I told him I would offer no objection to paying it as that was the amount our government at that time was charging for passports. "But," I said, "it seems to me rather curious that when I am going to Vienna for information that I can use at home in raising funds to feed your starving people, I should have to pay your government that much for the privilege of doing it." Without another word he called his clerk to bring him the $15.00 and handed it back to me. Soon after returning home I spoke in one of the churches in Richmond and described to them the situation as we found it in Vienna. Someone said at the close of the service, "We must do something about that," and at the night service they raised a subscription of $500.00 to help feed the starving Austrians. One can imagine the satisfaction with which I was able to report this fact to my friend, the Consul at Prague.

XXII

The Stockholm Conference, 1925

IN 1910 the American Episcopal Church inaugurated the movement for a "World Conference on the Faith and Order of the Church," as a first step looking to the reunion of Christendom. In a short time more than eighty of the separate Protestant denominations had joined the movement and a conference of their representatives was held at Geneva in 1920 under the presidency of Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the American Episcopal Church. I was present at that meeting and was appointed as the representative of our Church on its "Continuation Committee." This Committee held a meeting at Stockholm in 1925 in connection with the meeting of "The World Conference on the Life and Work of the Church," both conferences celebrating the 1600th anniversary of the Council of Nice, held under the presidency of the Emperor Constantine in 325 A. D.

I had also been a member of the Committee of Arrangements of the Life and Work Conference, of which Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, of New York, was Chairman, and in that way became a beneficiary of the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who authorized Dr. Atkinson to draw on him for an amount sufficient to secure the attendance of the members of his committee at the Conference.

When our three boys who were then in business heard that I was to go, they at once made the necessary arrangements for their mother to go also. And so came about our second journey together across the seas under as delightful conditions as could easily be imagined. We sailed from New York on the Swedish steamer *Stockholm,* having as traveling companions our former pastor, Dr. B. E. Wallace and his wife, of Nashville; Dr. S. L.

Morris, our Home Mission Secretary, and Mr. Thompson, a magazine writer, and his niece, with whom we afterwards traveled in Norway, and have known ever since as "Uncle Bill and Ida."

Our route lay through the North Sea Channel, in sight of the Shetland Islands and the coast of Scotland, to the city of Gothenburg, Sweden's principal port of entry from the west. There we became the guests of the Swedish government and were taken in a government train to Stockholm. Although it was the month of August, the air was cool and the grass on the pasture grounds was of a brilliant emerald green. The farm houses were small but neat and fresh looking, with flower beds in the yards and boxes of flowers in the windows. There was nowhere the sign of an impoverished peasantry living in hovels. We saw no slums in any of the cities of either Sweden, Denmark, or Norway. We were the less surprised at this appearance of general prosperity when we learned that the government of all three countries maintained a splendid system of public schools which had entirely banished illiteracy, and, that the first required subject in the curriculum, from the primary schools to the national universities, was instruction in the Christian religion. It is possible for them to carry out a policy of this kind for the reason that they are not troubled, as we are in this country by such a multiplicity of denominational divisions in the Church, and have not been importing, as we have, representatives of every variety of religion and no religion from all ends of the earth, whose views and prejudices have to be consulted in the conduct of our public schools.

About ninety per cent. of the population are connected with the established church, which has enough variety in its make-up to accomodate a great variety of people. It is Lutheran in doctrine, Episcopal in its form of government, and very nearly Roman Catholic in its liturgy. While thoroughly Protestant,

and even Fundamentalist to a considerable degree, in doctrine, it claims never to have broken its historic connection with the ancient Church, and retains the forms and ceremonies of the medieval Church almost unchanged, only eliminating those which Protestants regard as idolatrous, such as the elevation and worship of the host in the sacrament and the invocation of the Virgin Mary and the saints.

Along with many other good orthodox Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Episcopalians, we participated in the celebration of "High Mass" in the Englebrekt Church in Stockholm on Sunday morning. That is what they call their communion service, bringing the name over from pre-reformation days. Except for some rather spectacular calisthenic performances with crozier and candles by way of introduction, and the rather gorgeous medieval vestments worn by the officiating clergyman, it did not differ much from the communion service in our Episcopal and Methodist churches. The communion sermon was a good old-fashioned gospel sermon preached by Dr. Arthur Brown, of New York. The congregational singing, translated into four languages in the conference hymnal so as to enable every one to take part, was the finest I ever heard. The people sang as people only could sing who had first been musically trained, and then had gotten the inspiration of true religion in their hearts.

I doubt if there ever was another program of international hospitality carried out on such an extensive and lavish scale. There were more than six hundred delegates, representing thirty-seven different nations. All the churches of Christendom were represented with the one exception of the Roman Catholic Church.

The city of Stockholm was simply turned over to us, for such use in a social way as we chose to make of it. We were assigned to various hotels, with an appropriation for each delegate sup-

posed to be sufficient to pay for room and breakfast. Most of the other meals were provided for in banquets, luncheons and teas.

The royal family manifested their interest in every possible way. The king delivered an address of welcome at the opening service in the cathedral and entertained us at an elaborate luncheon in the dining hall of the Palace. The crown prince was a regular delegate and the chairman of the local Committee of Arrangements, and was largely responsible as we learned for the unbounded hospitality we enjoyed as the guests of the government. He was perhaps the only delegate who attended every session of the conference, nearly always accompanied by his wife. He entertained several of the delegates at his country home, and made one of the most sensible and forcible addresses of the entire meeting at our closing session.

Of our varied assortment of delegates, the most picturesque contingent was that of the Eastern Orthodox Church, about twenty of whom represented seven different branches of that church. The following are a few of their names and titles: one of them was "His Holiness, the Patriarch and Pope of Alexandria." Back in the early days, when the Bishop of Rome began to set up his claim to the exclusive title of Pope, or Father of the church, his claim was disputed by the Bishop of Alexandria, and that church continues to this day to give its patriarch the title of Pope.

Another was "His Beatitude, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Malabar." I traveled with him going over to Stockholm and found him a very interesting and pleasant gentleman and a moderately good chess player.

Another delegate was "His Grace, the Metropolitan of Thyateira." I served with him on a sub-committee of the conference and was much pleased with the modesty and dignity and geniality with which he bore himself at the committee meetings.

Another was "His Magnificence, the Archbishop of Saxony," and still another "His Grace, the Archbishop of Nubia."

For most of them this was their first appearance in any Protestant gathering, and as they moved about among us with their long hair and flowing beards, and their long black robes and veils trailing behind them, and their heavy gold crosses suspended from gold chains around their necks, they seemed a decidedly incongruous element in a conference representing the ideals of Protestant simplicity. The question was asked why they were wanted, and why did the Committee on Arrangements invite them to come?

Well, for several reasons. In the first place, we learned that they were anxious to come; that they had grown weary of their long isolation and were anxious to establish contacts with other branches of the Christian church, and also that their preference was to establish these contacts with the Protestant rather than the Roman Catholic Church.

In the second place, we knew that they could not do us any harm, and we hoped we might do them some good. Undoubtedly it did do them good to mingle for ten days on terms of familiar equality with the untitled and undecorated representatives of ecclesiastical democracy, receiving always courteous treatment, but never any recognition of a claim to pre-eminence on account of their official dignities. I also think that our association with them did us some good, by enlarging the bounds of our charity, and broadening our views as to what Christianity really is, and how it is possible that even a high type of it may sometimes be found under a heavy overload of things we may regard as irrelevant and unessential.

Of the many "impressions" of the conference written to the home papers, I think the following is one of the best:

"IMPRESSIONS OF A NON-CLERICAL OBSERVER

By Mrs. S. H. Chester

"In the bosom of our Southern Presbyterian family, I wish to remark that my first impression of the Stockholm Conference was that of hoary age. Thirty thousand years would not be too liberal an estimate for the aggregate age of the assembly. Think of the wisdom stored up in that many years! It was indeed a gray-haired, long-bearded, bald-headed body, and I do not mean any disrespect by this statement. At a glance one could see that D.D.'s, Bishops, and Patriarchs were in a conspicuous majority. The Elihus were conspicuous by their fewness, and those who were present seemed afraid to 'show their opinion,' for I did not hear a single young man speak.

"Was it not singular that in selecting their delegates the thirty-one denominations represented should so uniformly have chosen old men? Some prophetic instinct must have warned them that this was a time when age should speak! I happened to hear some criticism along this line. The fact is that youth felt somewhat aggrieved at being slighted. But any sensitiveness or wounded feelings were surely healed by that earnest appeal made to young people in the final message. I quote a sentence: 'We turn to the young of all countries; with keen appreciation we have heard of their aspirations and efforts for a better social order as expressed in the youth movements of many lands, and we desire to enlist the ardor and energy of youth, the freshness and fulness of their life, in the service of the Kingdom, God and Humanity.'

"Who knows but that the next conference will call out a great gathering of the youth of the world, ready for action, who, themselves dreaming dreams of His glory that shall cover the earth, may in their youthful enthusiasm bring to pass these visions of their fathers; permanently substituting law for war, unity for division, confidence for suspicion, love for hate!

"Another interesting feature of the conference was its heterogeneous character. One might have imagined that, remember-

ing the thirty-seven nationalities present, but it was necessary to be seen to be fully appreciated. The march of the nations that morning of August 19th, from the old Stor-Kyrkan where the opening services were held to the palace, with the royal family in the lead, was a sight never to be forgotten. It was at least a strong suggestion of the fulfillment of the prophecy: 'And they shall come from the east and from the west and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God.' Another prophecy which seemed in process of fulfillment was: 'And the kings of the earth shall bring their glory into it.' If this has any reference to earthly glory, then the Swedish monarchy has taken the lead. For the royal family was most earnest in their interest and most faithful in their attendance on the sessions of the conference. The royal box was seldom empty, and their democratic simplicity so impressed us Americans that many of us came to feel that a royal family of the Swedish type might be a desirable aquisition for our own country. To be sure the feminine approach to royalty is always a curtsy, and some of us older ones might find difficulty in acquiring the facility of doing it gracefully, but that is a small matter.

"It may be of interest to some of our American mothers who occasionally (?) have to persuade restless boys to attend church services if I mention the behavior of the little Crown Prince No. 2 through a long service, beginning at nine o'clock, for our night services were always late. He seemed to be about fourteen years of age, was dressed in rather uncomfortable evening clothes, with that high stiff collar which boys young and old abhor, and holding a stiff derby hat in his clasped hands; yet he sat through that long service with evident interest. It would require much of motherly persuasion and much patient training to achieve this result with the modern American boy.

"As the conference neared its close, the question was often asked, 'What have you gotten from these discussions? What will you take home?' If there was nothing more accomplished than a diffusion of good will, a better understanding among the

churches, more of sympathetic friendship, it would have been worth while. But I think there was far more than this.

"On the last day, at the close, as we all rose to lift our hearts in praise to Him from whom all blessings flow, and as the voices of hundreds from all quarters of the globe united in that grand anthem, we felt that we were no longer strangers and foreigners, but that we were indeed fellow citizens with the saints and of the one household of God.

"May the conference in Stockholm be very fruitful in strengthening that unity of spirit in the bond of peace which shall finally enable the Church of God throughout the world to witness as with one voice for righteousness and truth and peace among all nations."

The conference on its adjournment appointed an international continuation committee to arrange at the proper time for another meeting. Perhaps there will be several other meetings, at intervals of ten or fifteen or twenty years, each one, it is to be hoped, marking some advance in the development of a common understanding and a common faith. And then, possibly one hundred years, or possibly a thousand years hence (what does it matter, for with the Lord one day is as a thousand years), there will be a great final one, to which delegates will come from all the ends of the earth, arriving by aviation, perhaps, as one of our delegates suggested, to herald the final triumph of the Kingdom.

After the conference, we made a brief visit to Copenhagen to see Thorwaldsden's fine statuary in the Cathedral, and then out to Elsinore to see Hamlet's grave. But the most interesting thing we saw on that visit was a country with no poor people in it. A partial explanation of that, I think, is because they ride on bicycles instead of in automobiles on which they would always be making instalment payments. People who are old

and without resources are taken care of in nice comfortable homes and not in the kind of institutions we call poor houses.

There is no doubt that the standard of living for the masses in both Sweden and Denmark is higher than that of the masses in the United States, which means that it is the highest to be found in the world. The standard in Norway has been lower because of the bleakness and sparseness of much of the country and the large amount of untillable land. But even in Norway, at least in the part of it that we saw, living conditions are better than among some of our mountain whites.

The fundamental reason for this is the character of the people, who are the purest extant specimen of the Nordic race, and who have evolved a social and economic order under which it has not been possible for a small minority of the people representing special interests, by organizing in separate units and swapping favors, to so manipulate natural resources as to secure for themselves a vast superabundance of wealth and leave the masses nothing but a bare subsistence. The resources of Norway, for instance, are principally fish and waterfalls. But the government does not allow all the fish to be "cornered" and exported for profit by a few fish magnates, leaving the masses to go hungry. It owns the waterfalls and turns them into electric power, which it then sells to the people at cost. A gentleman in the city of Bergen owning a large two-story home told me that under this system all the electric power he needed for light or heat or any other purpose about his premises cost him about three dollars (in our money) a month. Let us hope that Mr. Roosevelt may succeed in so managing Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam and Niagara as to do something like this for our electrically exploited country.

From Copenhagen we went to Oslo, the capital of Norway, and spent a few days sailing among the Fiords and riding over the mountains on what they call a "stool"—a little sulky pulled

by a kind of semi-Shetland pony, which I regret the lack of space properly to describe. We took ship at Bergen for New Castle on the Tyne, and then went for a brief visit to that most interesting of all European places, the ancient city of Edinburgh. We found a real home there for ten days with Misses Grace and Marion Johnston, daughters of a former professor in the University, who had recently died, leaving them a home which they were using for the entertainment of transient visitors. In their father's study they kept for me a "bonny little fire" as a place to read and write, and introduced us to scones and haggis and all the characteristically Scotch dishes, and "educated" us to all the things it would be most important and desirable to see in the few days at our disposal. They entertained us so charmingly that we became really attached to them and have kept up an occasional correspondence with them ever since.

I was sick on Sunday and could not attend church. We went to Grayfriar's to see the bronze bust of "Bobbie," and hear the old sexton tell his beautiful and impressive story. We, of course, went to St. Giles and heard the little girl trained for the purpose tell, for a small consideration, the story of Jenny Gedde's stool. We went also to Holy Rood, and saw the monuments, recalling the story of the unfortunate queen and her unfortunate (and unfortunately numerous) lovers; and saw the famous castle where we had the good (?) fortune to see a military funeral procession, marching to the weird strain of the bagpipes. Then we went to Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey, and down by Stirling to the Trossachs. But all this was not enough to see Edinburgh and Scotland, which an entire summer would be required to do as it should be done. It was a mere incident in our real tour, which was to the Scandinavian countries.

The same is true of another few days in London, where we were again most hospitably entertained by our old friend, Mr. Robert Whyte, who took us on a lovely excursion on the

Thames to Richmond and to Hampton Court, where the Great Vine is, planted in 1768, and supposed to be the largest in the world, whose enormous output of grapes was formerly reserved for the king's table at Windsor, but is now sold to the public and part of the proceeds applied to the support of the blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's Home.

On Sunday we went in the morning to hear Dr. Norwood preach a fairly good sermon at the City Temple, and in the afternoon to hear Maude Royden preach a very fine one to the immense congregation she has gathered of the "unchurched masses" at her Guild Hall tabernacle. Do I think that women ought to preach? I certainly do, if they can preach like Maude Royden, or like Mrs. Ballington Booth, or like one or two others of the Booth family I have heard.

From London we went to see Sulgrave Manor, in which, as a member of the Colonial Dames, who are responsible for its upkeep, Mrs. Chester was especially interested. The vicar of the little church there was very kind in showing us around. He asked us to stay to lunch with him and go in the afternoon to call on a sister of Sir Edward Grey who lived near by, which we were very sorry our limited time did not permit us to do. But he took the trouble to write us a note of introduction to the Canon of Chester Cathedral, with the result that the dean gave us a whole morning in showing us the many interesting features of that ancient and venerable pile. The present building dates from the eleventh century, but has undergone many alterations and additions from time to time.

The town of Chester dates from the Roman occupation. It was the "Castra" of the Twentieth Legion. There were many less important places with the word *castra* attached to their names, but this was the great central camp of that part of Roman Britain. The first Norman Earl of Chester was Hugh Lupus. I am glad to be assured that he was no blood relation of mine.

His ferocity (hence his name) was such that he is said to have ridden about over his territories and devastated them just for the fun of it. Like many of those old robber barons, however, he was very pious and a special friend of Bishop Anselm, the greatest saint of his age. Three days before he died he entered the cloisters of the Cathedral as a monk. When the line of his lineal descendents became extinct, the earldom reverted to the British crown and became the heritage of the Prince of Wales, who has ever since, through all changes of the dynasty, been the Earl of Chester.

Representatives of the real Chester tribe are still to be found in that part of Wales. So far as we know none of the name have ever dishonored it either there or in this country. They have a coat of arms but just what it stands for I am waiting for the Genealogical Society of America to figure out for me. After all a noble ancestry is something to be thankful for, but not something for any one to depend upon for his standing in the world. Said the great Dr. Palmer, in his commencement address referred to in my chapter on College Days, "It is better to be an integer in the social scale and be a noble man than to stand in the line of decimals into which a noble lineage must eventually thin out."

From Chester to Liverpool and thence by the beautiful new one-class steamer, *Aurania,* of the Cunard Line, into Quebec and Montreal, and thence by rail to our home in Nashville, where our children were waiting to welcome us, was a very pleasant journey of ten days.

In the Pensacola Assembly in 1926 I made my report in an address of an hour's length, which was responded to by a rising vote of appreciation, and I was then retired, at the age of seventy-five and after thirty-three years of service in our Foreign Mission office, with an appointment as Secretary Emeritus.

XXIII

Some More of Our Friends

"I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends."—Richard II.

ON January 17, 1931, I celebrated my eightieth birthday. Two weeks later the following communication concerning that event appeared in the *Christian Observer:*

"DR. CHESTER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

"I think you would like to know of, and perhaps to mention in the *Observer,* a very happy occasion Saturday evening, January 17th, in Passaic, New Jersey. It was the eightieth birthday of our dear friend, Dr. S. H. Chester, and we celebrated it with a dinner party at the home of Dr. Chester's daughter, Mrs. Wright MacMillan. There were present as guests Dr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. S. Guy Inman, and Mrs. Speer and myself. It is hard to believe that Dr. Chester could be eighty years old. He looked not a day over sixty-five, and Mrs. Chester, with her lovely white hair and pink cheeks and delightful wit, was as youthful as years ago and more charming. Dr. Chester had received more than a hundred letters and telegrams of congratulation from friends, including most beautiful letters from Dr. James I. Vance and President Walter L. Lingle. Surrounded by friends and children and grandchildren, and knowing that the thoughts of other children and grandchildren around the world were with them, these dear friends passed forward into the beauty of their old age surrounded only by affection and gratitude and trust and joy.

"ROBERT E. SPEER, New York City."

After dinner, Dr. Speer read selections from some of the messages, and there were other subsequent proceedings from which your humble servant emerged with strong symptoms of an exaggerated self-esteem. These soon began to disappear, however, as the facts of the case insisted on forcing themselves on my attention and by the time I had returned home in the early spring I had gotten entirely back to normal.

But there is one thing of which both my wife and I will never cease to be proud: that is of both the number of true and loyal friends we have been able to accumulate in our life's journey thus far, and especially of the kind of friends they are. In that most valuable of all assets we find ourselves today "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." We thank every one of them for their friendship, and we thank God for every one of them.

At the time of my optional retirement in 1923, my friend and colleague, Dr. Egbert Smith, presented me with a Memory Book, on the flyleaf of which is written the following little poem:

"Let me grow lovely growing old,
So many fine things do—
Ivory and lace and gold.
And silks need not be new.
There's healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold,
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?"

The book contains about three hundred letters called forth by the notice of my retirement given by Dr. Smith. I would love to make every one of them a part of this memoir, but that would, of course, be impracticable.

The following, however, from Dr. Smith's beautiful letter of introduction I must include:

"To give your friends the opportunity of expressing in this Memory Book their affectionate appreciation has been to me a labor of love. To every tribute it contains I herewith add my Amen. . . . May I record my conviction that the happiest achievement of that big heart and brain of yours was the winning of Miss Susie Willard to be your better nine-tenths.

None know her but to love her,
None name her but to praise."

A very precious part of the record to me are the following expressions of appreciation and affection from our missionaries on the field:

North Kiangsu Mission: "To most of us you have been all these years the living link with and representative of the home Church. Some of us were first interested in China by your personal representations, through you as a channel our applications passed, and best of all you have been pre-eminently the one from whom we could always expect a prompt and sympathetic reply to the troubles that so often loom large in our vision, but which must often seem trivial to one so far away. We want you to know that you still occupy a very warm corner of our hearts and that we are storing our memory of you in the place where we keep our most precious things. It is our glory to compare the warm personal friendship which exists between us and our governing committee with the strictly business and often times unsympathetic relations which we hear of between some other missions and boards. To this happy relation we believe you have been the chief contributor, and there is no achievement of which you could justly be more proud.

"(Signed) T. S. Grafton,
S. I. Woodbridge,
"Committee."

The Mid-China Mission: "We recall with gratitude your long years of conspicuous service to the Church and the Mission cause, and our happy association with you throughout these years. You sent forth as missionaries to the world fields many of us who are now counted as veterans in the service, and you have also given Godspeed on the same errand to numbers of our children. And by all you are held in affectionate esteem for your unfailing sympathy and kindness. You have indeed been a true friend to all missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

"We remember also your charming helpmeet and the delightful home touch that you and Mrs. Chester gave to not a few of us when passing through Nashville.

"Fraternally and affectionately yours,

"P. Frank Price,
"Lacy I. Moffett,
"J. Mercer Blain."

The Mexico Mission: "In view of the action of the last General Assembly in May, 1923, at Montreat, North Carolina, it was moved and carried that there be sent to Drs. Chester and Williams letters of greeting, expressing our gratitude individually and collectively for their long years of consecrated and devoted service, for their solicitude for the interests of Christ's Kingdom and welfare of the missionaries and for their wise counsel and patience with us in our short-comings; regards for them and the hope that, in God's providence, the Executive Committee and Secretaries may have the privilege of using the sound judgement and expert knowledge of these God-fearing men for many, many years to come.

"Assuring you of our joy in sending you this message of appreciation for your faithful services and wishing for you both many years of health and service in the Master's vineyard, I am,

"I. E. Lewis, *Secretary.*"

Congo Mission: "The Congo Mission now in session has allotted to the undersigned committee the pleasant privilege of expressing its high regard for you as a friend, and its warm appreciation of the great and lasting good you have done for the cause of Christ in foreign fields throughout the world.

"We recall that at the time of your accession to the secretaryship of Foreign Missions, the Congo Mission was only a struggling infant. During the succeeding thirty years you have fostered its development until today it stands out as one of the truly great missions, not only of Africa, but also of the world. To its rapid growth you have contributed no little share. We remember especially the days of stress and strain, during the Leopoldian regime, how your prompt and vigorous action on behalf of the mission resulted not only in the vindication of Dr. Morrison and Dr. Sheppard, but also in a change of attitude on the part of government officials and traders toward all missionaries in the Belgian Congo.

"When we consider the wonderful growth of our sister missions, the increase of gifts to Foreign Missions, and the increase in the number of missionaries during your incumbency, we feel that our Church has just reasons for pride in and gratitude to the one who, for three decades, has borne the major part of the burdens.

"On behalf of the Mission,
"R. D. Bedinger,
"C. L. Crane."

The Japan, Korea and Brazil Missions did not have formal meetings to pass resolutions, but I had personal letters from almost every member of those missions.

Some Friends Across the Seas.

At the Stockholm Conference in 1925, some of the German delegates proposed that the Conference take some action in regard to the article in the Treaty of Versailles asserting the sole responsibility of Germany for the World War. In the in-

terest of harmony the proposition was withdrawn. Later, at a conference held under the auspices of the International Committee of Missions in Philadelphia, the same question came up. Having had correspondence with Dr. Adolf Deismann, of the German Lutheran Church, during the war, and having served on committees with him at Stockholm, after consultation with Dr. Brown, of New York, I addressed to him the following communication:

"*My dear Dr. Deismann:* I am not sure that you will remember me as one of the delegates at the Stockholm Conference, but I remember you very well, and had the pleasure of serving on committees with a number of German representatives, and in that way made their personal acquaintance. I had quite a number of letters from you during the World War, setting forth the German point of view, which I always read with interest and with a certain degree of sympathy. My own personal sympathies at that time were, of course, very warmly on the side of the allies, and three of my sons were enlisted in the American army.

"One of these was for three years in the American army of occupation at Mayen. His mother and I visited him there in 1920 after the meeting of the Committee of Arrangements for the World Conference at Geneva. We found him in very friendly relations with the German family with whom he was billeted, and this family was so kind and attentive to us during our visit that we became personally very fond of them.

"I was profoundly impressed with the character of the German delegation at Stockholm and with the spirit which they manifested under the somewhat difficult circumstances of the situation there. I agree with my friend, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, in his estimate that in point of ability they represented a higher average than that exhibited by any other contingent.

"I have just been talking with our mutual friend, Dr. Arthur Brown, in regard to a communication received from some

members of the German delegation at Stockholm, expressing regret that nothing was said during the Conference in regard to the paragraph in the Versailles Treaty placing the entire responsibility for the war upon the German nation, and asking that something be done by the International Committee in regard to the matter. Dr. Brown has written a paper on the subject, which I have not read, but the substance of which he communicated to me, and with which I cordially agree.

"My personal view on the subject is that this is a question which we must leave to the historians to investigate and finally to decide, and that any resolutions on the subject that might have been passed at Stockholm or that might be passed here by the American Section of the International Committee, or by any other religious or ecclesiastical body, would do no good, but might do a great deal of harm, for the reason that it would be said with truth that none of these bodies is possessed of the information concerning the facts involved that would entitle them to speak with authoriy. The hisorians are engaged now with their investigations, and they have already brought to light a multitude of facts that were previously unknown, and are publishing them. I refer to such books as that of Judge Stewart, of Canada, and to the series of articles recently published in the *Christian Century* magazine by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, of Smith College. As the result of these publications, already there is a growing body of opinion in this country that the German nation was not by any means alone responsible for bringing on the war. I think that there are many of our American people who read history who have come to the conclusion that I have myself, that no one of the nations involved was entirely free from responsibility, but that every one of them, having been accustomed in international matters heretofore to use physical force to further its own supposed political and commercial interests, allowed considerations of that kind, at least to some extent, to dictate its policy; and that the clash of these conflicting interests, which was inevitable, is what was realized in the World War.

"But what I wish to present for your consideration in this letter is, not my own personal view of these things, but the point that the proper thing and the dignified thing and in every way the best thing for our German friends in the present situation of affairs is to leave their vindication, which will come in due time as far as it can be truly made, to the verdict of the historians. This verdict will be rendered as the result of investigations of historical scholars, who, as I said above, are now engaged in this matter, and their verdict will be accepted by the next generation and by a considerable part of the present generation.

"I have written with a great deal of candor, but I am sure you will appreciate my motive and be assured that for yourself and many other individual German people that I know personally I entertain the warmest feelings of friendship and good will. And I hope and pray that in due time justice will prevail and the truth will be made manifest, and that your nation will not be called upon to bear any more than its proper share of responsibility for this great world calamity through which we have just passed.

"Yours cordially and fraternally,

"S. H. CHESTER."

To this letter Dr. Deismann made the following reply:

"My dear Dr. Chester: I wish to thank you very much for your important letter of February 8, 1926, which has deeply impressed me. Of course, I know you and the high and influential position which you have in American church life. So I am appreciating very much the Christian open-heartedness and candor of your statement. Some months ago I read Professor Barnes' articles in the *Christian Century* and I fully agree with you that the problem of war guilt is principally a historical question to be solved by the historians. We have a great confidence in the progress of historical investigation: *Magna est vis veritatis et praevalebit!* Therefore, at Stockholm, the German delegation by an unanimous vote laid aside the thing that was

of prime importance to us, namely the discussion of the war guilt question in the public meetings of the Conference. We felt it more brotherly not to endanger our ecumenical gathering by such a delicate thing. But, of course, our brethren abroad should help to clear up this problem by a courageous investigation of all recently published new sources. You have done your best, dear Dr. Chester, and you have comforted my heart. Your letter was one of the most wonderful fruits of the Conference I have seen. My warmest thanks again!

"Yours cordially,

"ADOLF DEISMANN."

Dr. John Kelman.

In 1917 Dr. John Kelman, formerly pastor of Free St. George's Church in Edinburgh, but at that time chaplain in the British army, was sent by the British Government to this country on an errand of good will connected with our entrance into the war. At the time of his visit to Nashville, Dr. Vance was away and I was asked to introduce him to the churches and the Rotary Club. On Sunday he spoke to the Bible class and to the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church in the morning, to a large crowd in Centennial Park in the afternoon, and to the Moore Memorial Church at night. At the close of the night service, the congregation broke out in applause—the first and only time such a thing ever happened in that conservative church. After the morning service, we took him home to dinner and also to tea at night. He spent the entire time between services talking to the family and showing us pictures of life in the trenches. All our six children and several invited friends were at the dinner table, and I think he went away knowing the name of every one of them. We never had a more delightful guest, nor more delightful hosts than he and Mrs. Kelman were to us on our visit to London in 1925, and several times in

New York after he came to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Church.

This is an extract from his letter in my Memory Book:

"Of all the friends whom I met in America during the visits and residence of the last ten years, there is a small circle who occupy a very special place in my heart and memory, and Dr. and Mrs. Chester are in that number. I was their guest in that most hospitable, kindly and gracious home, where they are seen and known to perfection. It is a great privilege and honor, now that he is laying down the burden of his strenuous life work, to be permitted to add this personal note, recording in love, sincerity and affection what he has been and is to me."

Dr. John A. Hutton.

The opportunity of foreign travel is considered one of the enviable and desirable things in life. But the kind of travel a Foreign Secretary's life involves, those who have read my chapters on that subject will understand, is a different proposition. But more than a compensation for all the hardships of it, is the opportunity of enriching one's life by accumulating friendships like this, and like the one I shall mention next and last, although there are many others I would be glad to mention.

One of the most popular and appreciated of the Bible lecturers we have brought to our Montreat conferences from abroad is Dr. John A. Hutton, formerly pastor of Westminster Church, London, but who, on the death of Sir Robertson Nicoll, succeeded him as editor of *The British Weekly*. He has been one of the regular Northfield speakers and much in demand at our American Bible conferences. I had been meeting him from time to time at these conferences for more than twenty years and had formed a strong attachment for him personally. On his last visit to Montreat we entertained him and Mrs. Hutton one morning for breakfast. A few weeks later we received a

copy of *The British Weekly,* in which he had published the following account of his visit in our home. While a good deal of what he says of me in the article must be attributed to the prompting of a kindly heart, I am sure that those who know Mrs. Chester will agree with me that what he says of her is nothing but the literal truth:

Quoted from The British Weekly.

"We shall call him Dr. Crewe. That is not his name: but those who know him only need to spread out a map of England and observe the names of adjacent towns to agree that 'Crewe' is near enough.

"Our ways are far apart, so that only at long intervals have we hailed each other. At every meeting, however, he makes upon me the impression which I took away with me the first time I shook hands with him. If he were at all a self-conscious man, one would call it 'poise.' The fact is that it is simply sheer goodness behaving itself naturally. In a land where the human voice, influenced by climate it may be, has acquired a penetrating quality, my friend's voice is singularly and pleasantly soft and low. It is not the softness of age, though he is now well on the way to eighty; for twenty years ago it was precisely the same!

"No, I remember reading somewhere that a deep experience will lower the pitch of a voice a full tone and will give it a new resonance and color; and that by the same law working inversely a few petty successes, secretly cherished, will destroy, for listeners of the finer sort, a great gift in speech or song.

"I have come to the conclusion, which I ought much earlier to have arrived at, that my friend is one of those who contrive to live in constant touch with their own deepest thoughts about life.

"And yet there I shall have wholly misdescribed him if I have led my readers to suppose that he is a solemn person, whose 'Thoughts on fearful subjects roll.' Some of the best stories I

know of colored people I heard from him. I admit that they were without exception good stories, but not one of them was what you would call a goody-goody story. They were stories which tended to the credit of the human race and to the credit of the colored people, amongst whom his fathers had passed all their days and he his childhood and early manhood.

"For the rest he is a scholarly man; has travelled widely; knows by name and intimately several hundred Christian missionaries all over the world, particularly in China. If the Great Powers, indeed, had the courage to call him in, and let him decide what the western attitude to the east should be for the next twenty years, the sun might rise again upon the earth.

"And, to say one thing more when a hundred things are waiting in a queue, on the evening of the day, the morning of which I shall proceed to describe, I put my head into an immense auditorium, seated for three thousand people (and three thousand were there!), and saw my old friend standing on the platform holding one side of a musical score while a young lady held the other, singing a duet!

"Early as the hour was—on the right side of eight—we were in good time. The walk in the morning through pines to their home was one of those experiences which soften us within and make even ordinary people liable to events of the soul. Hence the proverb, *Solvitur ambulando.*

"They met us on the porch, Dr. and Mrs. Crewe. After a few minutes spent in the happy stir of greeting and inquiry, the colored man, arrayed in cotton jacket and apron as white as snow on Hermon, announced that breakfast awaited us.

"Once seated, some eight in all, there was a silence, I supposed for the blessing. 'Dr. Crewe' (Mrs. Crewe's bright voice it was), "does not see so well nowadays. No more do I. And so we usually, he or I, recite the Scripture portion. This is my morning. What shall it be? The ninety-first Psalm, 'He that dwelleth in the secret places of the most High—'? Or the eighth of Romans, beginning at verse thirty-one, 'What shall we say to these things?'' 'What about the fortieth of Isaiah?' said the

Doctor. 'Very well,' answered the bright voice of her who had walked with him for fifty years!

"Then followed some twenty seconds utter silence, in which our heads were bowed. And out of the quietness came a sweet voice, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people saith your God.' Without book or note, and without one moment's faltering for a word, we had it all—thirty-one verses. And with what a natural and understanding tone! 'Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord? Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard? They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.'

" 'We usually repeat together a Psalm'—it was the voice of Dr. Crewe—'Let us say together the twenty-third Psalm.'

"All through this act of worship the colored man and colored maid stood erect on either side of their mistress. And when we joined in the Psalm theirs were the richest voices, and no voices in that group sounded more gladly than did theirs.

"Half-way through I gave up and made a pretense of a cold. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,' I heard the colored pair declare in unison, 'and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

"Dr. Crewe rose from his seat and said, 'Amen.'

"And all the people, being eight souls—four Americans, two Scotch, and two whose skin was as black as coal and who hailed originally from West Africa—all the people said, 'Amen.'

"We live in a world where all sorts of things are happening at all times everywhere.

"There are some things which, if we must look at them at all, we ought hurriedly to pass away and forget. There are other things of such a kind that the whole art of life, as St. Paul told the Philippians, is to 'Keep thinking of them' (*logizesthe*), to make them the very foundation and principle of our minds.

"John A. Hutton."

XXIV

Retirement

"An aged man in an old arm chair:
A golden light from the western sky:
His wife by his side with her silvern hair,
And the open book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But clearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the land afar."
—Anonymous.

THE optional retirement given me at the Assembly of 1923, at the age of seventy-two, was intended to be availed of whenever the Executive Committee could find a suitable man to fill my place. What happened was that I went right on for the full three-years term conducting the foreign correspondence, and also filling Dr. Smith's place as Executive Secretary during his visit of nearly a year to our missions in the Far East. I did not take the proposed rest because I did not need it, and because it was not thought expedient to leave the work of the office in entirely new hands while such critical matters as the adjustment of our relations with other missions and with the native church during a transition period in the Chinese Government were pending.

But after the Pensacola Assembly of 1926, the Committee voted me a comfortable allowance and left me free to do nothing but rest, or to render such voluntary service as a man of seventy-five might find it practicable to do. The first question that confronted us was where to find a resting place.

A Home at Montreat.

That question was solved for us by that most gracious and loving Providence which issued our "assignment orders" (as the military people say) to Montreat, North Carolina.

Montreat is a religious and educational centre owned and controlled by our General Assembly, situated in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains, in the section known as the "Land of the Sky." It enjoys about the golden mean of latitude, between thirty-five and thirty-six degrees, and of altitude from 2,400 to 2,800 feet. Its thin, dry air, breathed and ozoned by the leaves on the densely wooded hills before we breathe it, gives us the *ne plus ultra* of a bracing and healthful climate.

Since 1908 we had owned a summer cottage there, which, in 1925, we exchanged for one that could be made into a winter home. This was done and it was ready for us in 1926, when we moved into it as our permanent home. Since then Mrs. Chester has been subjecting it to the manipulations of her architectural and horticultural genius, doing much of the work with her own hands, until now it is pronounced by good judges to be one of the most attractive homes in our community. Our grass plot under the trees in our front yard, bordered by flower beds, is our afternoon sitting-room in summer. At one side is another grass plot bordered by flower beds, used as a croquet ground for the grandchildren, some of whom are always with us. On the other side under the great oaks and poplars is the children's playhouse with a miniature cooking stove in it. The cottage has been turned into a "Mahomet's Tent" to accomodate all our six children and fourteen grandchildren and the seven "in-laws," if they should all visit us at once. Two years ago we had nineteen of them at a family reunion.

DR. AND MRS. CHESTER ON THEIR FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

"Bethany."

I will let a young friend of ours, a very lovely girl from Houston, Texas, describe the view from our front porch. Looking across the yard to the range of mountains in front she said, "I think this is the most resful view I ever beheld." A little later she said, "I believe if our Saviour should come to Black Mountain and be tired he would say, 'I think I will go out to the Chester Cottage and rest'." On leaving, she said, "Now I am going to name your cottage for you, without asking your permission." She went out and found a workman and had him put up, at her own charges, the sign which still stands, "The Chester Home," and underneath, the word, "Bethany."

We would not have presumed to do this of ourselves, but since it was so sweetly done for us by this Texas friend, that is what we have tried to make of it, a resting place, not only for ourselves, but for Him, as represented in any one of His "brethren," concerning whom He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Authorship.

Having found this lovely resting place, I soon discovered that after laying down the burden of labor and responsibility carried for thirty-three years in the Foreign Mission office, doing nothing was not a rest. So I proceeded to search the back of my head for things that had been stored there since childhood and boyhood days, and to put them on record in a little book, entitled "Pioneer Days in Arkansas," concerning which Dr. Vance was kind enough to say, "To those who have not the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the author, these sketches will serve to reveal the humanness of a preacher who is something of a boy, though past three-score years and ten." And I have a delightful consciousness that the same is still true, now that the four-score stadium is several years behind me.

Then I remembered that no one had written any account of the development of our Church's missionary policy at home and abroad, and I undertook to supply this need in a book entitled "Behind the Scenes," with the sub-title "An Administrative History of Our Foreign Mission Work." Concerning this, also, Dr. Vance was kind enough to say:

"Those who are disposed to be critical (of our missionary management) should read this book and exchange their hammer for a horn. Dr. Chester does not brag about it in his book. In fact, he seems so taken up with the difficulties he encountered that he gives the glory side of the campaign but a passing glance.

"There are others, however who do not forget, and who pray that the last years, quiet though they be in the beautiful groves of Montreat, may still be shot through with the accent of a life that has fought a good fight."

If I accomplished anything that deserves the kind expressions that have been so generously bestowed, it is because throughout the thirty-three years of active service I was surrounded by such friends and helpers as Dr. Vance, Dr. McNeilly, Dr. Bachman, Dr. Dobyns, Dr. Hemphill and Dr. Cannon, and others of the same type in later years, without whose sympathy and loyalty and never failing help my secretarial career would have ended long before it did, not in success but in failure. It was also because I had at my right hand as our Treasurer, Edwin F. Willis, the golden-hearted man and financial genius, who came to us when our finances were in all kinds of confusion, and so organized and administered them as to win for us unlimited credit at the bank, and to put a stop to the criticism that was meeting us at every meeting of the General Assembly.

And now, in my eighty-fourth year and our sixth year at Montreat, I am still escaping the burden of idleness by penning these memoirs by which I hope still to be of some service to my fellowmen and to the cause of Foreign Missions, in its condition

of distress and need, somewhat like that one it was in when I first became associated with it in the great depression year of 1893. I feel well assured that out of this depression, as out of that one, God will ultimately bring good to His church and to the world. His church is founded on the Rock of Ages, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

During the first six months of my connection with the work, I learned a lesson that was inavluable to me throughout the whole period of my service: that God has ways of taking care of His cause in times of stress and peril that are not dreamed of in our philosophy, and that it is simple folly to allow ourselves to be made pessimists as we look out on the future by any conjunction of circumstances whatsoever.

The history of the church, like the history of the world, because it is the unfolding of God's purpose, must necessarily be a history of progress.

Like the rising of the tide, this progress has always been by alternate advances and recessions. But by God's appointment the tide will continue to rise until it reaches the boundary that has been set for us by Him who rules the tide. No matter how much we may be discouraged, He shall not fail nor be discouraged until He has set judgment in the world and the isles shall wait for His law. If it should be given to me to live as long as my old grandfather, who voted for George Washington and Jeff Davis, not to say as my great uncle Levi Chester, who lived one hundred and nine years, I do not deem it extravagant to hope that I might be at the great World Conference of which Dr. Cadman spoke to us at Stockholm, to which the aviators shall come from the ends of the earth to herald the evangelization of the world.

Farewell.

THE END