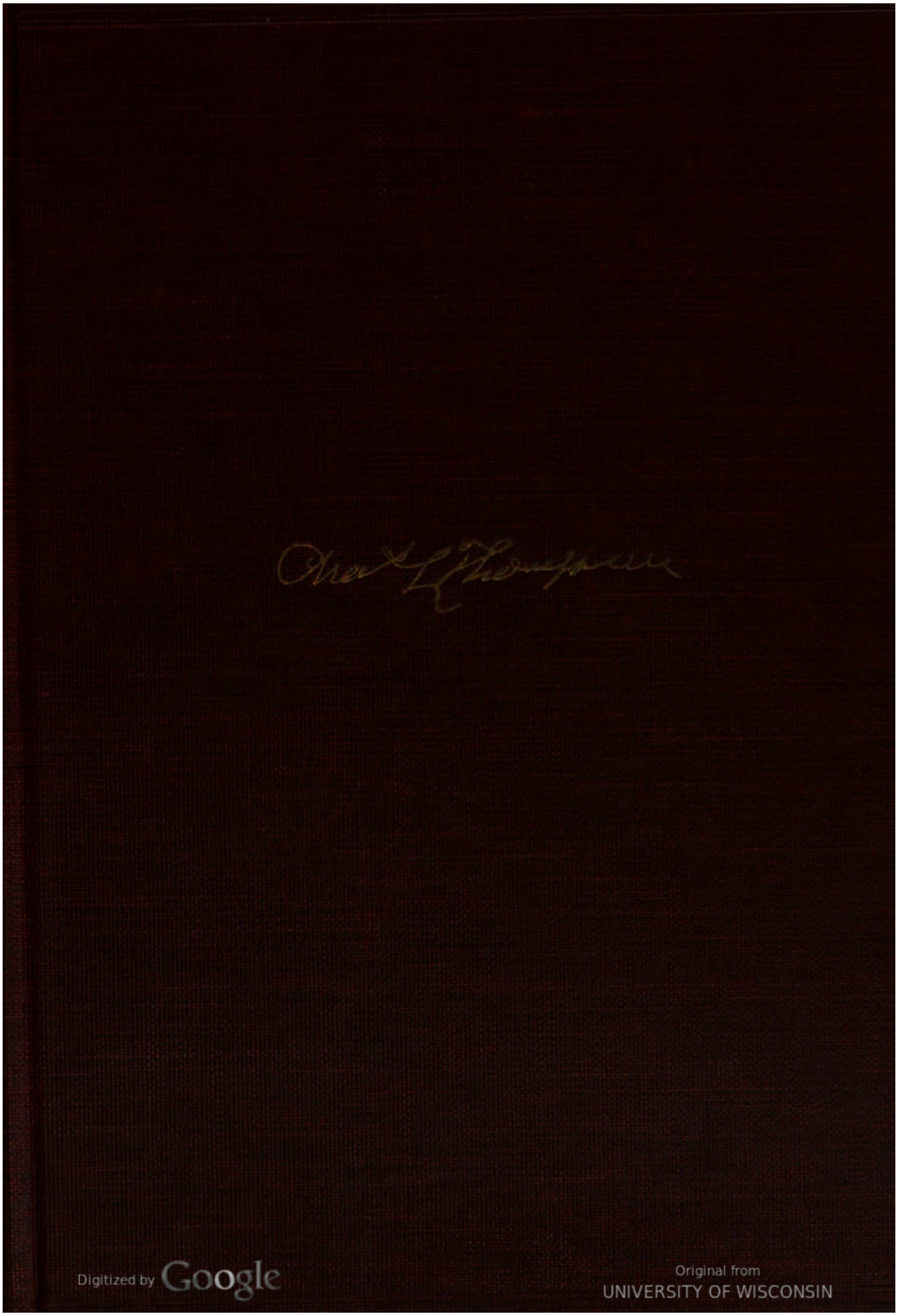

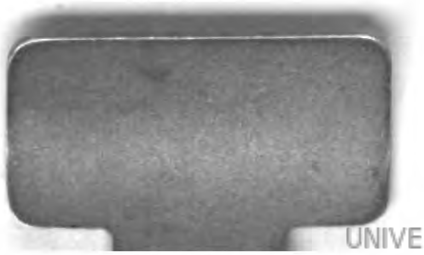

CHARLES LEMUEL THOMPSON

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BY

Charles L. Thompson, D.D.

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Charles Lemuel Thompson

An Autobiography

EDITED BY
ELIZABETH OSBORN THOMPSON

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN A. MARQUIS, D.D.
General Secretary, Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Printed in the United States of America

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

Introduction

THIS is earth's story of a soul that never grew old. Charles L. Thompson and decrepitude were strangers—as much when he was eighty as when he was twenty. During his five-and-eighty years he saw much of life,—more by far than falls to the lot of the average educated American. He touched life at a hundred angles and drank deep of both sides of its experience. Like Paul, he knew how to suffer and how to abound. As these pages reveal, he knew the bitterness of life's sorrows, as well as the sweetness of its joys and the thrill of its triumphs. He knew the weakness and limitations of sickness as well as the freedom and strength of abounding health. Yet the youthful radiance and buoyance of his soul remained unchanged. He was a poet, but he never sang the songs of gloom. Like all artistic natures he was emotional, and had a rare gift of expressing emotion in all its shades, but not a tinge of pessimism or unfaith or even depression appears in his life history.

This is one of the things that makes us glad he has left these memoirs. He tells them simply, modestly, and, as all who knew him would expect, delightfully. They can be recommended as a cure

for soured spirits. He took life in a big way and never allowed the meanness of petty opposition to pull him down from the heights or turn his gaze from the face of God. He had opposition, as all far-visioned men have, most of it because his ideals were too big for some people to understand, but when it was especially little and unreasonable he went home and wrote a song of radiant trust in God and glorious faith in his brethren. He was irrepressibly good-natured and great-hearted.

If this book were a biography instead of an autobiography, one would feel compelled to criticize it. Dr. Thompson does not do himself justice as a leader of men. Only between the lines do we get a hint of the vast service he rendered the Church of Christ and his fellow-men. The appreciations appended to the book, especially those of Dr. Warren H. Wilson and Rev. Hermann N. Morse, reveal something of this side of his life. He was one of the great spiritual statesmen of his day. He conceived and inaugurated more movements in the direction of interdenominational cooperation and unity than any other Christian leader of the last half-century. They were not flashes in the pan; they are living and serving today and growing stronger and more useful each year. He possessed that rare kind of insight which sees not only need but the right thing to meet it. It is not often that the Lord makes a poet, an orator and a practical leader in one man. When Dr. Thompson retired from

the General Secretaryship of the Board of Home Missions, the General Assembly, which was not always able to see the full length of his vision and sometimes feared to follow where he blazed new trails, put on record this witness to the value of his leadership:

"His prophetic vision and utterance, his inspiring leadership, his indomitable courage, his large-minded statesmanship, have combined to make his services to the Church such as can never be forgotten. The religious life of America will be forever different because of what he has seen and hoped and worked out. Nor is it only in our own branch of the Church that his service has had meaning and value. For under his leadership, the work has been such that other divisions of the Church have looked to the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church for their guidance and inspiration. We thank God, that if he must lay down his task, it can be with the glad consciousness that he has served the Church of God as it is given to few men to serve her."

Charles L. Thompson put his mark on the life of America in the period of her greatest expansion and the years will not efface it.

JOHN A. MARQUIS.

158 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note

THE writer of these memoirs did not live to complete them. He had written on them occasionally for several years, as his fancy moved him, but he had not arranged the material as he would have wished it to appear in its final form, nor had he put in the many little anecdotes and personal touches which would have brightened the pages, could he himself have completed the work. A few of his poems have been inserted in the book, because his deepest thought was frequently expressed in verse.

It is probable that there are many omissions, both as regards people he loved, and work which he performed, which he would have filled in if he had fully prepared the manuscript.

He took it with him to the seashore, for his hope was strong that the healing breezes would give him strength to finish the work, and to carry out yet other plans for his life here, but in a few days the summons came, and he fell asleep, and so slipped away without suffering, and with the peace that passeth understanding in his heart.

E. O. T.

New York.

Contents

I

EARLY LIFE

THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

To the beat of a million suns far-flung,
To the dance of systems wild,
To the dirge of the bells old Time has rung
Where the far dead worlds have filed.

To the throb of the summer flaming high,
To the tread of the muffled snows,
To the autumn dash on world and sky,
To the pulse of the opening rose.

To the banners of morning streaming far,
To the brimful cup of the noon,
To the sinking light of the evening star
And the midnight's shadowy swoon.

To the baby's cry—to the shout of the boy,
To the maiden's ripening grace,
To the strong man's grief or his conquering joy,
To the sigh of the upturned face.

It is march—march—march—no halt, no pause;
Eternity's regulars one by one;
As they doff their plumes to the changeless laws,
These years go marching on.

It is "Hail and Salute" as they bring our fate—
The wreath or the punitive rod;
For they swing—in their sovereign soldier state—
The guards of the Sovereign God.

I

EARLY LIFE

I WAS born near Cooperstown, Pennsylvania, on the eighteenth of August, 1839. At least so I have been told. Like a good deal of other knowledge this comes from testimony, but I have long accepted the truth of it. I know little of the place or its surroundings. I have often thought I would go back and try to find some footprints of the long-gone years. But I have been a busy man, and the good time has not come. I am sorry.

When I was less than ten years old my parents decided on the long and daring journey to Wisconsin. In those days it was an undertaking, a veritable exploration. But my father wearied of the hum-drum life in Lehigh County, and so we went. As our stage, en route to Allentown, passed the little red school house, the children gathered for a hearty salute. They thought me lost to them forever. And I was. There was a lump in my throat as the stage rolled on, and the school house faded from my sight. For years my mind held the names of some of my schoolmates, but now they are all gone.

In those days railroads were an innovation, but

at Allentown we found a little train that took us to Elizabethport. From there a steamer carried us up the bay to New York. I dimly recall our passage up Broadway on the way to the Hudson River boat which took us to Albany. The ride up the magnificent river was, of course, a wonderful experience. There were no trains west of Albany, but the Erie Canal served very well.

One incident remains in my memory. Boylike I delighted, in passing under a bridge, to reach up and swing for a moment, holding on to the bridge timbers. On one occasion I hung on too long, the boat passed from under me. It was cling or drop into the water. I clung—until some passer-by came to my rescue.

From Buffalo a steamer, the Sultana, (that name has lingered all these years) carried us, in about four days, to Milwaukee. It was a small town then, but full of wonders to my untrained eyes. For the summer my parents found a home on a farm a few miles out of town. I recall still the little house in the clearing in the forest, and the farm life, all so new and so fascinating. I have ever loved all farm animals. That was my introduction to them.

In the autumn (1849, I think) my parents decided to push up into the new state. I think Wisconsin had just emerged from territorial life and been admitted into the sisterhood of states. Our objective was Fort Winnebago, on the Fox River,

at the portage made famous by the journeys across it of Marquette, Joliet, probably La Salle and others of the French explorers. A friend of my father kept a hotel there, and that became our home for that winter.

I have no recollection of what was the determining factor in that move, but can easily recognize the Providence that was in it, and which appeared on the trip to the Fort, though it was not recognized till after years made it plain. A cloak, my cherished possession, fell out of the wagon. The loss was unnoticed by us until a young man on horseback overtook us and returned the cloak. That led to an acquaintance, for the young man was a Presbyterian missionary on his way to the portage. He took an interest in the lad whose cloak he had found. He became my friend and pastor and guide. To him, the Rev. W. W. McNair, a missionary sent out by the Board of Home Missions, I owe more than to any other man on earth. In his study in Portage, the new town just springing up on the banks of the Wisconsin River, I learned the rudiments of Latin, and there too, early came the thought of the ministry as my destined calling. This had long been my mother's hope and prayer. I was her only child and this was her cherished dream. I can never forget (this was at a later time) one cold winter night, in McNair's study when he presented Christ's claims on my heart and life in such earnest, loving man-

ner that I bowed with him in prayer, and yielded my life to my Lord. I went home under the tingling stars of that winter night, singing for happiness that I had found my life path. And the light on my mother's face showed that she had found the answer to her deepest prayer.

Before this time, however, the devoted missionary had seen the need of better school facilities, and with the help of some progressive people in the community, founded "The Classical Institute," securing for its principal the Rev. John Brittain from the state of New York. He was a scholar and a born teacher. In a very short time I found myself in the Institute, and there my great friend was John Carpenter. Together we had begun our night classes in the parsonage, together we entered the Institute when Mr. Brittain arrived, together we went to Carroll College, and then to Princeton, and in a friendship of more than sixty years, we have been together ever since. He is a few years older than I, and now, in his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, after sixty years of active service, still has the joy of preaching as opportunity offers.

The years of the preparatory school passed rapidly and happily. I have known, and had share in many schools and academies since then. I have not known of one in which there was more devotion to high ideals both for learning and for character building than in that pioneer school. But Mr. Brittain soon wore himself out and had to lay down

his work and, after a brief struggle, his life, but not until he had made a glorious record and started many a boy on a career made possible by his self-sacrificing labors.

In 1855, at the too early age of sixteen, I entered the Freshman class of Carroll College at Waukesha, half advanced. It was a small college but had at that time a rather remarkable faculty. Dr. John A. Savage, the President, was a man of culture, and of most gracious presence; these, rather than executive ability, gave him marked success. Among the professors should be named Sidney A. Bean, in the chair of Mathematics, a young man of splendid gifts and promise who gave his life to his country in the Civil War. Prof. Edward P. Evans, in the Chair of Modern Languages, gave at once distinct promise of the successful career that came to him later. He was best known as the editor of the works of Lessing. Germany was his home in his later years. Prof. C. B. Chapman, in the Chair of Natural Science, became my close personal friend as an elder in the First Church of Cincinnati during my pastorate there.

My class consisted of only four members. One of them, S. V. White, died soon after his graduation. John Story, a brilliant mathematician, became an officer in the United States army, and passed away only a few years ago. John Carpenter was painstaking and studious, and has been the beloved pastor of churches in the middle west.

During my pastorate in Cincinnati an incident occurred which rather truthfully described the difference between us. A clergyman from Europe in search of funds, for what cause I have forgotten, came to me for introductions to friends in the Northwest. When he returned he gave me an account of his trip. Among other things he said:

"Your friend in Michigan told me about you and a classmate of yours."

"Carpenter," I said.

"Yes, that was his name."

"And what did he say about us?"

"Well, he said the difference between Carpenter and Thompson was this—Carpenter never could tell half as much as he knew. And Thompson always could tell more than he knew."

I confessed that at least half of that discrimination was correct. Carpenter always made me think of a bottle that had more capacity than outlet.

Under the guidance of those fine men who at that time made up the faculty of Carroll, the college years passed swiftly and profitably. In my sophomore year I came under the influence of an upper classman, who gave me my first introduction to literature. Cushman K. Davis was a youth of extraordinary brilliancy. He was not much of a student, but an omnivorous reader. How far into the nights we luxuriated in the pages of Byron, Shelley, and the rest. Davis did not graduate at Carroll. He became ambitious for a larger insti-

tution and drifted away to Michigan University. In after years he became famous in the political world, was a Governor of Minnesota, and later United States senator from that state. In the Senate he achieved distinction for a brilliant style and forensic ability. As Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he prepared the indictment of Spain on the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, which was one of the most caustic papers ever presented by a similar committee.

I had another close friend in an upper class, a man of a very different personality. Andrew Watson had the steady going qualities of his Scottish race. Not brilliant, he was a devoted student, and an earnest Christian. He was looking forward to the ministry, as I was, and so a tie was formed between us which was life-long. We were together in Princeton, but not much after graduation there, because Watson went at once as a missionary to Cairo. To that work he gave his entire ministerial life. He was one of the founders of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt. His influence is being perpetuated in his son, Dr. Charles R. Watson, who is founding the University of Cairo, thus realizing one of his father's life-long dreams. Dr. Watson passed away a few years ago, full of years and honors.

There is little more worth saying of the routine of those college years. Part of one winter, to eke out my finances I taught a country school. It was

in a very primitive neighbourhood a few miles away. And I was a very primitive teacher. How they endured me is explained only by the fact that, little as I knew, it was a little more than they knew.

College days were enlivened, of course, by those inane (I use that word on a pretty long retrospect) pranks to which college boys are given. But they are scarce worth even an allusion. I suppose it is a sign that one is growing old, when one is no longer charmed by recalling nights when cocks were sacrificed to Esculapius, and fastened on the very top of the cupola, or when, after a hard chase, a farmer's steers were captured and forced into the recitation rooms to greet the professors in their bovine way in the morning. It is one of the penalties of the years that such nocturnal employments seem to lose their charm as we go on.

I recall one experience that was less amusing. It illustrates our poverty. My chum, John Carpenter, and I were bound for our home in Portage. When we had bought our railway tickets to Madison, we had just one five-dollar bill left. It was my bill. We were not worried, for that bill would pay for our hotel at Madison, and for the forty-mile coach ride the next day I had a pass for myself, and felt quite sure that I had influence enough with the coach to allow my chum to ride with me on the promise of payment when we reached home. At Madison we decided to treat ourselves to some refreshments. I presented my lone bill. It was

counterfeit! We held a hurried council of war, concluded to go without supper, but what about lodging? We wandered down to the station, found an empty freight car, and decided to occupy it. Far into the night we became conscious that our refuge was moving. A sudden exit, a walk back to town, a couple of chairs in a hotel. So we put in the rest of the night. Without breakfast we started on the long coach ride. Evening brought us home with appetites not often achieved, even by school boys.

Graduation brought a red-letter day. It was not without sadness. It never is, for boy friendships are deep and real, and graduation meant a surrender of some of the ties that had bound us. But it was also a day of distinction, one of the few that are underscored in a life of long memory. I was Salutatorian. I suppose that was intended to say that I was the second best scholar in the class or the second best boy, I am not sure which. I spoke on the "Genius of Poetry." The manuscript at least was beautiful. It was bound with a red ribbon, its cover illuminated by the skillful fingers of one of the Classical Institute girls. I am ashamed to say I have forgotten her name. The flood of years has swept the manuscript away. I wish I had it to try to convince myself that it was not as idiotic as I fear it must have been.

II

PRINCETON

A TEST.

Psyche and Love went out one day,
For a stroll to the end of the world;
To the end of the land and the ocean gray,
Where the banners of Time are furled.

And Psyche spake, "It is far and far—
Will you walk with me to the end?"
And Love replied: "Through flood and fire,
Steadfast I thee attend."

So on and on. But there was no flood,
No fiery baptism came;
Fair flowers rose from the velvet sod,
Their color the only flame.

Perfumes of Kashmir filled the vale,
The poppies of Ind outshone;
Till the drowsy god on the flowers fell,
And Psyche went on—alone.

II

PRINCETON

MY pastor was a graduate of Princeton. Of course that was the seminary for me to attend. To a country boy of barely nineteen, going East and to the historic institution was an event of prime importance. No wonder all the incidents of the journey are deeply engraved in my memory. But they are not worth a record.

The venerable names which at that time distinguished Princeton were not much known to the two Western boys, John Carpenter and I, who, in the autumn of 1858, sought those classic shades. Only a short time, however, was needed to impress us with the distinction of being in such company. There was Charles Hodge, recognized by all Princetonians as the greatest theologian of the century. There was Joseph Addison Alexander, the man whose voluble learning in the class room and whose torrential eloquence in the pulpit almost paralyzed us. There was William Henry Green, whose Hebrew learning silenced all our linguistic achievement, pretty much silenced us altogether, when summoned to our feet to explain daghesh-forte, or some other oriental mystery. And there

was that marvel of scriptural memory and of suave urbanity, Dr. Alexander T. McGill, whose cordial invitations to his house (which we dared not accept) gave a touch of humanness to our frigid surroundings.

On the long review I am grateful for two factors of the seminary life. First the sense of reverent scholarship which pervaded the atmosphere. It was earnest and profound, and gave to the student a sense of the worth-whileness of theological discipline. And secondly, I am grateful for the anchorage given me there in a very conservative theology. It is true I have long since grown away from some of it. It is solemnly true that if I had to preach in all its logical consequences the theology I was taught, I would not dare to preach at all. Nevertheless, Dr. Hodge gave me a grasp on fundamentals which perhaps has kept me from a far-away drift of thought, and which has sternly held me to those eternal verities from which no science or philosophy of life could ever detach me.

My Princeton years were formative years, and I look back on them with rejoicing that my path led me there, and that its traditions remain with me. I did not dream then as I struggled with Hebrew and theology that I would return one day to receive from the hands of the University the gorgeous hood of Doctor of Divinity.

Speaking of that hood recalls to my mind an episode of later years. It was on some important

occasion at New York University, when the great academic procession, in its many-colored hoods and robes was winding its way across the campus. As I looked at the varied hues, from the brilliant scarlet robe worn by Andrew Carnegie, as Rector of St. Andrew's, through all the colors of the rainbow to the plain black of the undergraduate, I said to my companion in the march, "Did you ever see anything like this?"

"I never did," he replied, "and I have had delirium tremens twice!"

But this is an interpolation.

The solemnity of a theological course was sometimes varied by excursions into the country, or into forbidden speculations on recondite things. One of the latter was in the holding of séances with spirits. Spiritualism was quite the vogue, so it was not strange that one evening a half dozen of us gathered about a rapping table. The table behaved well for awhile, but under cross examination the spirits in it got active, and set the table into queer performances that we could not understand. It surely did perform stunts. We all declared that we were not consciously moving the giddy thing, which stood now on four legs, then on two, and tried to stand on three. Dr. Joseph Addison Alexander had recently died. He could not be far away, so we called his spirit. He responded emphatically, as was his wont. He said he had a message for Taggart. Tag grew pale. Not being a very good

student he always was afraid of Dr. Alexander. He waited breathlessly. By that time we were all hypnotized, and ready to believe anything. This was the message:

"Study."

"Study what?" we inquired.

Slowly and emphatically the table pounded out the answer: "Study your Bible."

That was crushing, for Tag was not a proficient Bible student. Tag's face grew ashen. John Frame, with tears in his eyes and stuttering utterance, (John always stuttered when he was excited) broke forth:

"I say, T-Tag, d-d-don't you s-s-study your B-B-Bible?"

That was too much, and we gave way to unhallowed mirth. It seemed to offend the spirit of Joseph Addison Alexander, for he had nothing more to say.

It leaked out that there had been a spiritualistic séance in one of the rooms. But we all lay low, and the excitement died out. But no more were held.

It was during my second term at Princeton that the stringency of my personal times demanded that I should once more inflict my pedagogic immaturity on an unoffending country school. Carpenter, also on account of impecuniosity, had undertaken the principalship of an academy at Perrineville, New Jersey. That was proper enough, for John

was nearly four years my senior, even if he didn't knew much more than I knew. But when, in the middle of the term, he was willing to surrender to me the honors and emoluments of the academy for the remainder of the session, I was confronted with the dilemma of undertaking to be principal in a school of teachers and pupils as old or older than I. But necessity knows neither law nor prudence; I undertook the job. It was an experience both stimulating and dramatic. My home was at the manse, presided over by Dr. Charles Worrell, a man of heroic mould of the olden type, a stern man who ordered his house, and ordered it to get up to a before-daylight breakfast. It was good for me. It showed Princeton theology in its practical every day working. And it gave me inside knowledge of my undertaking, its difficulties and possibilities.

That my work did not more thoroughly alarm me I attribute to my dense pedagogic ignorance. I think my most serious alarm came when I felt constrained to discipline a youth about as old and as large as I. Pedagogy had not at that time outgrown its birch-rod period—at least it had not in my thought. The youth had defied my authority. I feared I should lose command of the situation. Being too crude to realize that there were other methods I fell back on the primitive way. When I summoned the stalwart country boy to receive punishment, there were two frightened boys on the floor. If he was as badly scared as I was, I pity

him. However we tried conclusions in the barbaric fashion, and my authority remained. I had no further trouble and was sincerely sorry when the end of the term took me away from the friendships formed there and back to the austere atmosphere of Princeton.

In the vacation between my first and second years, I became a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, to go out west and establish Sunday Schools. This for a double reason. That everlasting vacuity in my purse remained at its full (if such an absurd phrase be allowable) and then it was, as it yet is, the standing criticism of Princeton that it afforded no chance to practice what had been taught. Here was a chance to practice on any community I could find.

My field was Kane County, Illinois. It was a beautiful region. Prosperous farmers on every hand, their families ought to have Sunday Schools. I was there to impress this fact and gather them at the school houses to actualize their needs. To be sure, in many places there had been Sunday Schools. They had not been "established," only started by some youth as callow as I and as anxious to make a record, and the next year had promptly died. Very likely mine would experience the same fate. But what will the Seminaries do if they cannot give the boys a chance to practice. So I practiced and enjoyed it, and added quite a list to the Sunday Schools on the way to the next year's Sun-

day School cemeteries. No doubt they did good to the communities, certainly to the student who enjoyed the summer clinic.

At the end of my second year I was assailed by a double temptation to cut my seminary course short. The first was the fact that I had become engaged to Mary Boyd, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Boyd, a well known clergyman and the pastor of the Edina Place Baptist Church, of Chicago. The matrimonial fever that has so often interfered with a curriculum was laying hold on me. But a matrimonial fever with nothing to feed it would not easily conquer even an impulsive youth. However, the first temptation got a powerful reinforcement in a second. During the summer I was supplying my home church in Portage City. It was a good-sized, prosperous church. It offered me a call; the call was flattering; I could give no better reason for declining it than the fact that in that congregation I would always be "Charlie." As a matter of fact I was afraid, and probably not without reason. Such an experiment is not often a success. But now another temptation occurred which was not so easily put aside. I was called to the little Church at Juneau, Wisconsin. Thus doubly assailed I did the possibly unwise thing, and on the 18th of September, 1860, was married to Miss Boyd, in Chicago, and at once began my ministerial work in the pleasant country village. But I could not find it in my conscience wholly to

give up my seminary course. So we compromised, my conscience and I, and I arranged with the Theological Seminary of the North West, in Chicago, to allow me to pursue the course privately and to attend the classes the latter part of the term. So, while the regular pastor of the Juneau church, I became a member of the class of 1861 and graduated with it in May of that year. That this plan entailed some disadvantages goes without saying. I do not recommend it to other students.

That was a strenuous winter. I preached in the morning at Juneau, in the afternoon at Rolling Prairie, four miles away, and part of the time in the evening at Horicon, six miles away. Uncle James had given me a colt; I rode him to my appointments, though he was rather frisky. When it got so cold that I was in danger of freezing in the saddle, I would dismount, and "Lion" and I would race along side by side. Two experiences with that colt are worth mentioning. One was in the matter of diet. We had had a donation party. The community had a plethora of lard and buckwheat. So they unloaded on us. There wasn't room in the house for all the buckwheat, so I stored it in the barn. As we couldn't eat buckwheat cakes all the time, and as oats were high, the happy thought came to me to feed Lion on our store. He seemed to thrive on this diet. But after a while he began to turn gray; that was premature for a four-year-old. I puzzled in vain, then consulted a veterinary.

He knit his brows; had never seen a gray powder come out on a horse before.

"What have you been feeding him?"

"Buckwheat."

The mystery was solved, the colt was coated with unbaked buckwheat cakes.

My other experience was more serious. My organist offered me a his sulky, said it was a good thing in which to break a colt. Lion had never been in harness, I had never been in a sulky, but why not? So I hitched, mounted and gave the word. Lion was off like a shot; I began to think I had a trained horse, he went so beautifully. Suddenly one wheel struck a little stump. But that was enough; the high-wheeled thing went over. I was, of course, thrown out, and Lion, of course, wished to go elsewhere. He kicked till not much was left of the sulky. After I had persuaded him to quiet down, I led him home through the village, both of us crestfallen and sad. After that Lion was a bit uncertain.

My brief service in that village was probably the average of the service of young pastors at that time. But now reviewing it in the light of later experience I can painfully see my failures, not so much of the positive as of the negative kind. Mine was the only church in the place, there was every reason why I should feel charged with special responsibility for the whole community. It did not press upon me. I was the pastor of a definite little

company. To them I ministered. That is, I preached my sermons on Sunday (many of them of the vealy sort), conducted a prayer meeting, when the weather was favorable, and visited the people in their homes with occasional regularity. That was all. It was all I knew. If anyone had asked me to do more it would have surprised me. But in the light of present years I am wondering why some sense of obligation to the community did not dawn upon me. I would have had a great chance. Had I known enough I would have made a survey of the pleasant community, would have found out all the social as well as the religious conditions, and would have organized the village for self-help along a variety of lines. But it was fifty years too early. I missed my chance. I wish I had it now; I think I could give that county an object lesson.

The only noteworthy occurrence of that year was a supposititious Indian raid. But that was dramatic. It was the time of the Sioux massacre in Minnesota. The tidings inflamed our bucolic imaginations. The report spread that there were Indians in a neighboring town only six miles away, who were rising against the white people. Then as the news flew from mouth to mouth it became more exciting. The Indians were not only burning Horicon, they were marching on Juneau. We did not stop to consider that there were not enough Indians in the whole county to make a march. We

accepted the wild story. Every repetition of it further inflamed the imagination. The few conservatives who doubted were sent to the rear. Panic held the middle of the road. Probably the most picturesque figure in the village was the young parson, mounted on his half-trained colt, charging up and down the street getting fuel for the flame, and flinging out the brands, proposing to the women and children to seek refuge in the court house, and the men to sell their lives at the highest market price. This electric atmosphere held the village for an hour or two. The tidings had spread among the farmers, and they drove into town from every direction, armed with old shot guns, pitchforks and scythes. Grotesque and funny enough in review, it was dramatic and terrible at the time. But presently authentic tidings came from some conservative scout who had been brave enough to ride out on the road and learn the truth—that Horicon was not burned, that Indians were not marching on Juneau, but—that one drunken Indian had attacked the pony of a German neighbor for trespassing on his forty acres! Then "silence, like a poultice, came to heal the" discordant village noises. The excited groups scattered. The parson stabled his colt. Gradually the village settled to its normal quiet, broken only by an occasional reminiscent laughter as we realized the colossal magnitude of the village imagination.

In 1862 I was called to Janesville, a thriving

little city of ten thousand people, in southern Wisconsin. It seemed like a long step from the village to the town. I went with fear and trembling. They had had brilliant preachers. One of them had published a volume of sermons! So with great hesitation I accepted and entered on a delightful five years in that beautiful town. I have had a number of sessions, never one of finer metal than that Janesville session. My congregation was composed of unusually intelligent and cultured people. Altogether my job was one of special difficulty for an inexperienced and immature preacher. I have often wondered how they endured me. They were probably making generous allowance for my youth. I felt the necessity of doing the best that was in me, and as it was before the time when ministers were much called upon in civic and social affairs, I had nearly unbroken time for my study. I looked back in later years with much envy on those undisturbed days. They laid the foundation for much of the work of following years. Young preachers make a great, often fatal, mistake in fleeing from quiet days in rural life to the exactions of more prominent positions.

This was the time of the Civil War. I had a minute share in it. There was a loud call for sanitary measures. Mrs. Colt, a woman of great executive power and personal charm, was Chairman of the Sanitary Commission of the state. She and I arranged a speaking campaign in many Wis-

consin towns to stir up patriotic enthusiasm, and secure contributions for the Sanitary Commission. The campaign was warmly received and did some good toward the end in view. It also did me good. It gave me platform experience, of which I had had little, and somewhat prepared me for the extensive platform work of later years.

It was during my life in Janesville that I dropped into poetry, and began by publishing a number of poems in the *Janesville Gazette,* under the *nom de plume* of "T. Templeton Tibbs." At the close of the war, a prize of fifty dollars was offered for the best poem on the war. Mine took the prize and was read at the dedication of the Soldiers' Home in Milwaukee, but I seem to have lost it.

In addition to preaching in my own pulpit, I was in a sense a Chaplain of the Institute for the Blind, where I preached once a month. The interest to me in this service was the quick response in the animated faces of my audience. Their ears did double duty, and I have never had better pulpit reaction than from that alert little congregation.

An ever memorable event occurred in 1865. Early one morning one of my parishioners came to ask me to attend the funeral of his child. He was deeply agitated. I expressed my sympathy. "Yes," he replied, "but there is worse news, Lincoln was assassinated last night."

The grip of that great man on the hearts of

people everywhere was touchingly illustrated in the grief of my caller. The loss of his child was overwhelmed by the awful national calamity. A few days after that, I saw Lincoln for the first time. He was in his coffin in the Court House in Chicago, where a vast multitude bowed in the common sorrow of the nation.

In a variety of ways my Janesville pastorate was good training. I look back on it with unalloyed satisfaction. The sadness of it comes when, on revisiting the scene of labors fifty years ago, I am confronted with the desolations the years have wrought. Only a few remain to help me recall the blessed associations.

III

CINCINNATI

PAGANINI

He shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience swept a smile.

With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string. The audience tittered low.

Another stroke! Off flies another string!
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.

Once more! The third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.

He stands,—the while his genius, unbereft,
Is calm; one string and Paganini left!

He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against the storm, as if they sought the skies.

A silence falls—then awe; the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now.

And when the last note trembling died away,
Some shouted "Bravo!" some had learned to pray.

III

CINCINNATI

IN the spring of 1867, I was surprised by an invitation to preach in the Old First of Cincinnati. I knew little of Cincinnati, next to nothing of the church. Why should they go to Wisconsin to ask an unknown country preacher to occupy their historic pulpit, even for one Sunday. The manner of it leaked out later. Dr. Chapman had tried to beat a little chemistry into my head during his professorship at Carroll College. I was not aware that he knew me as a preacher. He knew I was a failure in chemistry. Only by the remotest flight of fancy could he from that failure even guess that possibly I could preach. At any rate, he took the risk. He was at that time a lecturer in the Miami Medical College, in Cincinnati, and an attendant at the First Church. So my invitation came about. It was a scared young preacher who stood, one bright Sunday morning, in the pulpit of that large auditorium and confronted what was left of the historic congregation. The War had divided the church. Dr. Samuel Wilson, their pastor, a man of great strength, was on the Southern side. He resigned and went to Ken-

tucky. Many of the congregation disappeared. But there was a remnant according to grace. The faithful few stood solidly by each other and by the church. They called me and I accepted. I look back on my temerity with astonishment. Only the rashness of youth could explain it. Had I been wiser and more calculating, I would have hesitated and declined, and so would have missed one of my greatest chances. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

It was hard for me to leave my Wisconsin home, but I went under the compulsion of the feeling that as I had had no hand in "the call," the great Master must have meant it. I can scarcely realize that it is fifty years ago when, little more than a boy, I undertook what seemed like a forlorn hope. But the handful of people rallied around me and the work grew beyond my hopes. However, in time it dawned upon me that the only chance of real success in such a field, and at such a time, was in a complete face-about. The church had been conservative to a degree. The people had been satisfied with themselves, and made of the church little more than a close corporation. Necessarily it was a diminishing corporation. The pressure of business was driving people to the beautiful hills above the city. There were still people enough, but of a migratory character, hotels and boarding houses abounded and were full. In this situation, becoming constantly more acute, two alternatives, only

two, were open to the church. One was to continue the shut-in policy, sit in comfortable pews, be content with comfortable preaching, and see the church gradually but surely disappear. The other was to make a radically new departure, to accept a new vision of church responsibility, to acknowledge that the church is not an end to itself, not a field of flowers and fruit, but a force to transform a desert. A sense of primary responsibility to the community around its doors must seize upon the people, and only such enjoyment of religious services be accepted as accords with that sense of responsibility.

The young preacher had not been a year in his pulpit before he saw what alternative he must accept. If his people would go with him, well and good. If not, he would have a decision to make. But this face-about could not be suddenly accomplished. Impatience must not wreck so important an enterprise. An educational campaign must be carried on. The preaching was often and steadily toward the missionary life of the church. Thus gradually a sense of stewardship was developed. The people began to feel uneasy in their pews. There were multitudes about them for whom they were not doing anything. Gradually, at first timidly, I broached ideas of a larger service to my more intimate friends. In some quarters I met doubts and questionings. But in others, to my great joy, I found response. So after many

months of seed sowing I concluded to bring the matter to an issue.

I called the officers together and outlined a carefully prepared plan of operations. It was radical enough. In substance I proposed first that all the families should surrender their pews. As some of the pews were owned this seemed a rather stiff proposition. But I insisted if they wanted the church to grow it must grow from the elements around it. High pew rents would make this wholly impossible, any pew rents would make it difficult. But the officers said, "We would have no assured income. Where would your salary come from?"

This gave me a chance for my next proposition, and I replied, "I will give up any stipulated salary. If you could pay pew rent, you can make an equal voluntary offering. I will depend on what you put on the plates from Sabbath to Sabbath. If you do not put enough on those plates to enable the preacher to live, he will understand the suggestion, and look elsewhere."

It should be said the church had some income from the rental of contiguous stores, enough to pay all expenses outside of salary, so we were in a favorable condition to try out the experiment I proposed.

The third part of my plan was a more thorough organization for service, made possible by the new program.

With some hesitation, but with hearty good will,

the whole program was accepted. The pew doors were thrown open widely. Through the city was circulated the fact that the conservative "Old First" had become a free church, and was inviting everybody to come, without money and without price. The effect was instantaneous. The congregation at once increased, but far more than that, a feeling was developed that the church members were in a campaign,—no longer merely recipients, but ministering servants to a community whose needs appealed on every hand. As enthusiasm pervaded the ranks, it was communicated to all the newcomers, and that year the preacher received more salary than ever before.

Early in my Cincinnati ministry I was seized with literary ambitions, and with three close friends, destined to be friends of a lifetime, entered on the doubtful experiment of launching a literary magazine. When I name my comrades in the enterprise it will be seen that it should have had good support. They were the Rev. Oscar A. Hills, D.D., pastor of the Central Church, the Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, D.D., of the Mt. Auburn Church, and Dr. William C. Gray, at that time a printer in Elm Street. Our scheme was ambitious,—no less than to give the West the best magazine it had ever had. We almost said as much in the prospectus. We named it "Our Monthly." Not that the title wholly pleased us, but we could think of nothing better. Our parishioners took the stock, because

we asked them to. I was the general editor, Dr. Taylor had "The Miscellany," and Dr. Hills, the profound theologian of the group, by an amusing assignment, had the "Children's Department." Dr. Gray was the publisher, and soon became one of the best contributors. His account of an incident at the beginning of our enterprise may be worth recording.

"When the first form of type (sixteen pages) of the first issue was sent to the press, a rough sheet was pulled and sent up to the office to see that the pages were properly imposed. Just then Dr. Taylor came in, and when he saw it, exclaimed, 'What is that?' I told him that it was the first sheet of 'Our Monthly.' He fairly blazed with indignation. 'You don't dare to say that that's the way you are going to print it! That's not printing, that's daubing! That's atrocious! We won't stand it!' I told him that the printing wasn't very good, but that it was a good deal better than the literature. He stamped off to the back of the building to collect his thoughts. The pressman had meantime been diligently at work and soon sent up a perfect sheet. Dr. Thompson came in just then, and seeing it said: 'Why that's beautiful—the type shines like diamonds'; and, seeing Taylor, started toward him. The two met halfway. Taylor spoke in suppressed tones of wrath.

"'Why, I don't think so,' replied Thompson cheerily, 'I think the printing is splendid.'

"'You think it is splendid,—think it is splendid!' said Taylor, looking at him in amazement. 'Thompson, you have not a bit more sense than Gray has.'"

Financially our venture was not a success. Indeed, we did not expect it to be. Our motive was altruistic. The west needed good literature. We would furnish it. The names of a few of our writers will show that at least we were on the right road. Thus William Cullen Bryant, John Hall, E. D. Morris, E. D. Mansfield, William Henry Green, Howard Crosby and David Swing are only a few stars out of a shining galaxy. Nevertheless, it was not a money maker. After a year and a half of delightful experience we sold out to the Martien Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, in whose unfortunate hands "Our Maggie" soon had a graceful and peaceful exit. As we looked back we consoled ourselves with the reflection that every professional man should have some side interest. We had ours. That it was good for our congregations I am not so certain. It monopolized a good deal of our time. The best asset, as I regard it on this long retrospect, was the enduring friendships there formed. "Our Quadrilateral," as we called it, was bound in the closest bonds. In after years, though widely separated, we met occasionally around a dinner table, and gave an evening to joyful reminiscences. Dr. Gray's swan song on the last of these occasions comes so near to being good

poetry that I fancy some of his many friends may enjoy the reading.

And thus, Oh! friends, we celebrate
With quip and jest
The wreck of plans and hopes that once
We deemed the best.

And as the gleaming palaces
We toiled to rear
With barbicans and cornices
Dissolve in air,

And corridor and bartizan
And springing rafter,
We blow away their falling dust
On gusts of laughter.

The residue is gems and gold
Untouched by time,
Mined in the bright eternal hills
By hands divine.

Friendship and troth and faithful love,
In crowns of bands—
These shall we wear here and above
In God-lit lands.

My work in Cincinnati was difficult but encouraging. The free church experiment was a marked success. It also gave me experience in a kind of preaching unknown to me before. I was after people; it meant a struggle. My sermons became less rhetorical (a temptation to which I had easily yielded) and were more practical and direct. In

illustration of directness, at a time of some religious interest, I was preaching one evening to a very large congregation from the text, "Thou art the man." Driving my points home as directly as I could, I exclaimed, throwing my hand out to the congregation, "Yes, thou art the man." The pause that followed was broken by a cry from a man near the rear of the congregation and a sobbing exclamation, "Yes, I am the man." He came out into the center aisle and up toward the pulpit, repeating, "I am the man." One of my elders gently drew him down beside him. He continued to sob for some time. It was moments before I could resume my sermon. After the service he remained for conference and prayer, his contrition was deep and apparently genuine. With a solemn promise to lead a new life, he left us, for he was in the city only for that night.

Alas, that threads of influence cannot be followed! The incident found its way into the newspapers, and I was called on for special services, among others to speak to the police force of the city in one of the theatres. It was a most unusual congregation, I have not seen one like it since. I spoke on the detective power of sin, from the text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." I never had better attention than from those men who wore the detective star on their breasts. Again we cannot follow the seed sowing to the harvest.

So the years passed happily, but they were draw-

ing on the young pastor's reserves. In addition to my parish work, and my literary work there were many calls for outside lectures and addresses. I was working so close to the margin of my strength that prolonged vacations became necessary. Gradually the need of change was forced upon me. I had a number of offers that would give me a change, only one of which made any strong appeal. That was a call to the principal church of Louisville. Its terms were very generous and its tones were enthusiastic. On my visit to the church, I was received with genuine southern welcome. For some relief from the exactions of my free church enterprise I was strongly inclined to accept. But as a northern man, I was not sure that I would be at home in the new environment. I therefore regretfully declined the call, and buckled on the armor for my exacting task.

Soon after that I came near to a nervous collapse. My work increased but my strength did not. Thus there are many entries in my journal like this: "Yesterday I preached for three-quarters of an hour with some freedom and without manuscript from the text, 'Against thee, thee only have I sinned.' Then went up to Orchard Street anniversary exercise, where I made an address. Returning, I went to the Fifth Church Sunday school and gave another address. Was much worn out, but went home, took an hour's rest and a cup of tea. Then went to my evening service and

preached for nearly an hour to the largest congregation I ever had." Had I had better "terminal facilities" perhaps I and the people had been less fatigued.

About this time my friend Dr. Gray had been called to Chicago to dig "The Interior" out of the ruins of the great fire. He was anxious that I should follow him. The Fifth Church of that city was vacant. He suggested my name. A committee came to Cincinnati and I was called. The northwest was more like home, I felt the pull of it, and after some hesitation, I accepted, though I loved my work in Cincinnati, and there I had ventured on a form of church work which was destined to have an important influence on after years.

IV

CHICAGO

THE KING OF GLORY.

Lift up, lift up your heads ye gates,
Ye everlasting doors,
The King of Glory cometh in
Across the star-strewn floors.

Lift up your heads ye lowly gates
Of toil and pain and sin,
Where heavy ages bound you fast,
And let the King come in.

"Who is the King?" Behold the marks,—
His face is scarred with pain;
The dews of night are on his locks
Where he has watched in vain.

"Who is the King?" Behold the crown
Of thorns that pierce his brow,
The sceptre of the broken reed,—
These are his symbols now.

But swing your gates, oh, hopeless ones;
Within your lowly door
The King of Glory cometh in,
Your King for evermore.

IV

CHICAGO

I CAME to my Chicago pastorate in 1872, the year following the great fire. It was a year of turmoil and changes. The church to which I went was not very strong. It worshipped in a frame building on Wabash Avenue. A short time after going there we bought a brick building on Indiana Avenue, a better location, but with a building still inferior, and it was uphill work. Just then a somewhat serious accident laid me aside for a time. My father was bringing my horse and a new carriage from Milwaukee by steamer and I went down to meet him. It was a dark and stormy night. Driving down Michigan Avenue an omnibus collided with my carriage and threw us all out on the pavement. I landed on my head and became unconscious, remaining flighty for a day or two. During that time Dr. Gray often called or sent to inquire regarding my condition. On recovering I went to his office to thank him for his kind attentions. He waived it all aside with the remark,

"Oh, it wasn't that at all."

"Wasn't what?" I asked.

"Wasn't love. You remember when you came

to Chicago you were hard up, and I divided my loaf with you. I knew if you died I should never see any of that again, so I was anxious."

Two important church events marked those years. The first was the great revival under Mr. Moody. The tabernacle seating ten thousand people was packed day and night. I have been in many revival movements since, but none has so impressed me with a sense of divine power at work on the hearts of people as did those meetings. Without clap-trap or nonsense, without stage tricks or undue appeal to the emotions, Mr. Moody remains to my mind the prince of evangelists. The results were deep, widespread, permanent and only good. There were many dramatic illustrations of the transforming power of God's spirit.

The following story is worth a mention: An Irish lady of fine bearing and culture had fled from her beautiful Irish home and her second husband, on learning with horror that her first husband, whom she had supposed dead in Africa, was alive and coming home. It was a genuine Enoch Arden case. She had a son in Chicago. She came to him. Unhappy, distressed, she sought the Moody meetings. Coming to me after one of the services she unburdened the whole story. Her son was in my congregation. Both were converted and with many others joined my church the same day. Then her one passion was to heal the hurt of her heart by doing good to others. She began as a Bible

reader in the city prison. With camp-stool and Bible she went from grated door to door opening to the poor inmates the joy she herself had found. Her work and her signal power attracted the notice of Frances Willard, who induced her to take the temperance platform. In this work she attracted wide attention as a lecturer of singular magnetism and persuasive power. She came to me one morning to say that she was on her way to Bay City to lecture, and then with striking seriousness she added, "I have a feeling that something is going to happen to me, and I came in to ask you, if my presentiment comes true, that you will keep an eye on Frank" (her son). I promised but made light of her fears. The next day I received a telegram from Bay City saying that Mrs. M. had been killed by a fall down stairs, and asking me to break the news to Frank. An impressive sight at her funeral was the presence of a number of men who had been prisoners at the city jail, to whom she had preached the gospel and who came to testify to their love and gratitude to one who had helped them over some of life's hard places.

Many similar incidents could be written down. One, the memory of which is always with me, was the case of a young man to whom Mr. Moody asked me to talk in the inquiry room, and who startled me by saying that he had robbed an Express Company in Cleveland and was a fugitive from justice. I refused to hear his confession till

we had called Mr. Moody. Together we prayed with him that he might have strength to do what was right. He appealed to us to tell him what he should do. Mr. Moody replied,

"I will not tell you what in a like case I would not be willing to do myself. Ask God."

With no urging from us, he made up his mind to take the next train to Cleveland and surrender himself to the authorities. For himself, he said, he cared little. But his mother—it would kill her. But he went. At the tabernacle that evening Mr. Moody handed me a telegram from the young man saying that he knew he was doing what God would have him do, and asking our prayers. He was sent to the penitentiary, but within those gloomy walls he lived a Christian life. He wrote me occasionally telling of his joys amid his sorrows. One day I received a letter, the first sheet written by himself, breathing an unshaken trust in God and rejoicing in the new life he would live when his time had expired. The last sheet was written by his sister, telling me that a sudden illness had taken her brother, but that he had died in peace and triumph. Such victories are the best apologetics.

The other historical occasion during my Chicago ministry was the trial of David Swing for heresy. Its effects were sad and far reaching, hastening, I trust, the end of such trials in the Presbyterian Church—in any Church. That it was the first of

several succeeding trials does not break the optimism of the preceding sentence. The more of such trials we have, the sooner the end of them will come.

As is known, Prof. Francis L. Patton prosecuted David Swing on several counts, the chief of which was that he denied the divinity of Christ. It was all a mistake. Swing was a poet, Dr. Patton was a theologian. Those two cannot be successfully hitched up together. It was difficult for Swing to affirm or deny any theological tenets. It was difficult for Patton to find any sound theology in Swing's poetic flights. So the fierce battle was joined in the Presbytery of Chicago. I have never heard a more brilliant and powerful forensic than the indictment by Professor Patton. When he fell back exhausted by his tremendous presentment we were nearly as ready to vote Professor Swing guilty of all misdemeanors as was the British House of Commons to so vote on Hastings when Sheridan, closing his indictment, fell into the arms of Burke, who (as Macaulay says) "hugged him with generous admiration." We were not quite ready to hug Professor Patton, but there could be no doubt of the generous admiration. We had not then heard Dr. George C. Noyes in his rejoinder. The indictment was all in vain so far as the Presbytery was concerned. It knew David Swing and made allowance for his beautiful vagaries, but on an appeal to synod he was condemned.

I had been brought up under conservative teaching. At Princeton I imbibed the theology of Dr. Hodge, one of the most godly men I ever knew. But gradually I veered away from the extreme conservative position and became a moderate liberal. I helped to defend Swing in his main contentions, though conscious that his poetic temperament led him often into vague statements which could easily be interpreted as heretical.

As a result of the Swing trial a large number of the Chicago pastors became so dissatisfied with the course of *The Interior,* of which Dr. Patton was editor, that they proposed to found a new paper which should express the sentiment of the liberal wing of the Church. The movement came to the knowledge of Cyrus McCormick, the owner of *The Interior,* who sent for Arthur Mitchell, the best beloved of our pastors, to see if something could not be done to avoid having two rival papers, when even one was not self-supporting. Dr. Mitchell maintained that the paper was needed.

Then Mr. McCormick asked, "Well, what will satisfy you?"

Mitchell replied, "An equal share in the management of the paper."

This seemed entirely fair to Mr. McCormick and he agreed to accept as co-editor with Dr. Patton any man whom the Chicago pastors might name. They named me, and I added this editorial work

to my church work in the hope of promoting harmony in the Presbytery.

When Professor Patton and I met to arrange details, we came to a block on the question of editorials. He desired that all editorials should be personal, and signed by the initials of the writer, saying, "You don't want to be responsible for my editorials, and I don't want to be responsible for yours."

This I declined to accept, and said in my reply, "Harmony is the purpose of the new plan. We must not advertise that we cannot trust one another."

As we were both equally determined, I notified Mr. McCormick that I could not accept the editorial position. On being informed of the reason, he decided in favor of the unsigned editorials. So the Professor sent me a note saying, "All right, Thompson. Let it be unsigned editorials, and we will not quarrel oftener than we can help."

On this basis he and I got along beautifully. I did not always agree with what he wrote. I have no doubt he often disagreed with what I wrote, probably had good reason to disagree. But we managed to keep our differences out of the paper, and on the whole those were happy days. Dr. Patton, however, did not long maintain an active interest in the paper. His editorials became increasingly infrequent. Often on Monday mornings Gray and I were obliged to rush in some

unexpected matter of our own. The astute Mr. McCormick, after a while, took cognizance of the situation. He issued a new order. Instead of the salary we had been paid, he ordered payment by space, so much a column. Then I had the advantage. The editorial columns had to be filled and perforce I made the money. Dr. Patton soon wearied of this plan and notified me that he had sent his resignation to Mr. McCormick. On my inquiring why, he replied, "I refuse further to write by the yard."

I worked on alone for a few months, then Mr. McCormick, that the conservatives might not be without a representative, named as my coadjutor another professor, Dr. Leroy J. Halsey. Until I left Chicago, we worked together in perfect harmony.

During all these years, Dr. Gray was the managing editor. He generally managed the editors as well as the contributors. My fellowship with Gray then, and afterward, constitutes one of the sweetest memories of my life. I have known many editors, religious and otherwise, but I have never known one who had such a combination of editorial qualities. His wit was genial and if need be sharp; his retort swift and keen, his advocacy of any cause he espoused fearless and uncompromising and his treatment of all his comrades generous and chivalric. To a fine scorn for sham and pretense he added a consideration for the feelings of others

which was tender as a woman's. He was equally at home handling a stiletto to prick the skin of an opponent, or a bludgeon to crush his skull. When he died, a prominent minister of our Church said to me, "Years ago Dr. Gray attacked me severely in *The Interior*, and then wrote me, 'You may have four columns for a reply and not a word from me afterward.'" How characteristic of the man!

During my Chicago residence I took up authorship. In addition to my editorial labors I wrote "Times of Refreshing," a history of American revivals. The book was called for by the religious activities following the Moody meetings. It was therefore temporal and had no extensive sale, rendered even less extensive by the failure of the publishers.

About this time I went into the lecture business. A few of us who were close friends formed a triumvirate. Dr. William Alvin Bartlett was the brilliant pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Chicago. Dr. Charles H. Richards was the popular pastor of the Congregational Church in Madison, Wisconsin. We three determined to replenish our purses and incidentally to enlighten literary audiences in Wisconsin and Minnesota. I have forgotten the themes on which my partners descanted. My favorite subject was "The Wives of Men of Genius," in which I traced the experi-

ences of the unfortunate wives from Xanthippe down to modern times. This lecture I have given a multitude of times both east and west. Our tours were fairly successful, though I had some peculiar experiences journeying in those northern states in a severe winter. On one trip our engine was stalled by a great snow storm, and landed me in Eau Clair just in time to see my audience, weary of waiting for hours, going home.

But the most amusing experience I ever had in the lecture line was when I yielded to the seductions of a gentleman of engaging address who came to me one day with the proposition that he should be my advance agent for a lecture tour. He offered flattering financial returns and incidentally a good deal of reputation. Our first city was to be Louisville, Kentucky. My agent went south ahead of the time, and I followed. When I reached the beautiful southern city I was nearly paralyzed to see the ways in which I had been advertised. Buffalo Bill could scarcely beat it. From show windows and from the backs and fronts of "sandwich-men," everywhere I turned I found myself placarded as "The Henry Ward Beecher" of the west, not to hear whom would be nearly a national calamity! I had some friends in Louisville; I was mortally afraid I should meet some of them. I got nervous under the ordeal and dodged down side streets whenever I saw the inevitable sandwich man. By the time of the lecture I was pretty near

a collapse, but I struggled through before a comfortable audience.

The next night was at Indianapolis. I avoided the sandwich man by arriving late. I might as well not have arrived at all. I was scheduled to appear in the Academy of Music with a three thousand capacity. I faced a beggarly audience, a mere corporal's guard, scattered around the auditorium. They listened patiently, perhaps pityingly, while my literary chariot wheels dragged their heavy rounds through the hour. The Indianapolis *Journal* prefaced a kindly mention of the lecture by the statement that the speaker had no occasion to be proud of his audience. I took the first train for Chicago, having broken promptly with my advertising agent. Poor fellow, it was not wholly his fault, nor poor me was it wholly mine. It was partly his fault for making a fool of me, and partly mine for consenting to be made a fool of. However let us accept such an experience as "normalcy" for ambitious young people. What a pity there is not some easier schoolroom than that in which Dame Experience presides.

My mind goes back to the Chicago of fifty years ago, and dwells upon some of the ministers of that day. Robert W. Patterson, D.D., was the Nestor of the group. I do not recall the length of his notable pastorate. It was long enough to make him the prime minister. He had all the gifts and

graces necessary for his leadership. A man of sound and strong convictions, of courtly presence and bearing, and of a mind so judicial that he easily led in the plans and policies of the Presbytery.

An amusing incident occurred one day when he invited my friend, Dr. Oscar A. Hills, of Cincinnati, to occupy his pulpit. Dr. Hills was a man of meek and apparently weak physique and of a very ladylike voice in conversation. Dr. Patterson began to be anxious lest he had made a mistake, whether his preacher could possibly be heard. After Hills had led in a very quiet and gentle prayer, Dr. Patterson leaned over to him and said, "Brother Hills, there is something peculiar in the acoustics of this building. It will perhaps be well if you raise your voice."

Dr. Hills thought there must be something unusually peculiar in the structure of that building, so he let his voice out. Now the gentleness of his voice was wholly a thing for personal conversation. It had tremendous capacity when he pulled out all the stops. On this occasion he pulled them all out. The solemn sound rolled and thundered and echoed around the arches. And the church had good echoing capacity. So, as the sermon rose, the thunders increased, Dr. Patterson was aghast. He regretted that he had admonished the preacher who was making so much noise that pastor and people scarce could hear him. Dr. Hills, however, with Dr. Patterson's admonition in mind, was anxious lest he

hadn't spoken loud enough, so after church he asked a friend whether the audience could hear him.

"Hear you," was the reply, "the dead heard you."

I have mentioned the name of a pastor who came a little later, Dr. Arthur Mitchell, of the First Church. He had all the qualifications for a happy pastorate and was universally beloved. He, too, was a man of convictions. With them was united a *suavitor in modo* which drew people to him and held them in the bonds of a great affection. He was, however, able to show a righteous indignation on occasion. He told me once of a time when it served him well. The First Church at that time had a heavy debt, which burdened the pastor's mind. One day, passing the church, he was surprised to see a stone cutter at work, carving a scroll on the brown stone coping. The thought of the debt set him on fire. He called up to the workman with one emphatic word, "Stop." The workman, surprised, looked down on the small man on the sidewalk who had ordered him to stop.

"And who are you that you should be ordering me to stop?"

"I am the pastor of this church, and I tell you to stop."

The tone was too imperious to be disregarded. The workman put up his tools and stopped his work. The result is still evident, or was a few years ago when I was passing by. The scroll was

unfinished; it stopped exactly where Mitchell said it should.

Another of the strong men of those days in the Chicago pulpit was Dr. Monroe Gibson. He was one of Mr. Moody's valued helpers in the great revival. A virile preacher and a great scholar, he was popular not only in the Second Church, but throughout the city. From Chicago he returned to his native land to assume the pastorate of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, of London. There in a long and fruitful pastorate he did a most notable work, and has passed recently to his reward.

Dr. Abbott E. Kittredge was a good preacher, but he was a great pastor. The old Third Church prospered steadily under his ministry. He knew the subtle art of winning people by revealing a deep and affectionate interest in them. When he went to New York his place in Chicago long remained vacant. The friendship formed when we were pastors together in the West was happily continued in the East when our churches were not far apart on Madison Avenue. Memory pleads for further recognition of these personalities. They cannot be written here, but they are written on tablets from which no lapse of years can erase them.

V

PITTSBURGH

PSALM CXXI.

The Lord is thy keeper and his shade
Attends thee on thy way.
The moon shall not thee make afraid,
Nor sun smite thee by day.

The Lord from evil shall keep thee,
Thy soul he watcheth o'er.
Coming and going he shall be
Thy keeper evermore.

V

PITTSBURGH

IN the spring of 1878, I received an invitation from the Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh to preach for them. I went, knowing little of the church, except that it was one of the leading churches of the city. That my old friend, Dr. Hills, was then a pastor in Allegheny made me more ready to go, and at least have a visit with him. I was warmly received and after returning home received a unanimous call. I was loath to leave the great city of the West. It was bound to me by many precious friendships and associations. The rush of its mighty life attracted me. But I had in various ways been diverted from my calling as a preacher, and the opportunity which seemed open in the Smoky City to give myself without distractions to the one business of minister of the gospel finally decided the case. So, though it pulled my heart strings, severing many close ties, and especially breaking my close friendship with Dr. Gray, the call was accepted. The week of my leaving he published a poem, the first lines of which ran thus:

God go with thee, C. L. T.
Bowling down the iron track,
Forty miles an hour from me,
And—I know it—looking back.

My welcome to Pittsburgh was all that could be desired, but I regarded my new task with a good deal of apprehension. The Third Church had had a notable history. Within its walls the union of the Old School and New School was consummated in 1871. Its pulpit had been adorned by famous preachers. Dr. Matthew B. Riddle, in his day, was a power not only in the Third Church, but throughout the city and western Pennsylvania. Dr. Henry Kendall, after a remarkable pastorate there, went to his yet greater work in the Board of Home Missions. Dr. Herrick Johnson, Dr. John De Witt, and Dr. Samuel H. Kellogg gave added luster to the historic pulpit. Was not the very mention of this galaxy enough to make a young preacher afraid—one who was still in his thirties.

In addition, the old Third was somewhat run down. Dr. Leonard Bacon, a brilliant Congregationalist, had been supplying them for half a year, but had done nothing more than preach. A previous pastor had alienated some of the members, chief among them that great philanthropist, William Thaw. When I went it was a question whether he would come back and renew his inter-

est. One of my first Sundays I sought an offering for Home Missions, and the session was greatly encouraged when his check for a thousand dollars was found in the plate. From that time he became one of my strongest helpers. I never appealed to him in vain, often getting more than I asked.

He was vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and supplied me liberally with passes. The general manager of the road, Mr. J. D. Layng, was similarly generous. For example, when my wife was ill and needed a change, Mr. Thaw sent me a note saying that Mr. Layng's private car would be attached to the night express, and would be at my disposal, with anybody I chose to invite. He added that we need make no provision for the journey, that Mr. Layng's cook would be on the car, and the larder would be well provided. And indeed it was. At Trenton the car was detached and made a special to Atlantic City. In fact the track was cleared and we were driven through on faster time. This is only one illustration of the many kindnesses shown me by these railroad magnates.

Our work prospered from the first. Although it was getting to be a down town church, there were still a great many strong men in it. The equipment was excellent, a goodly corps of workers was developed, the congregations grew, and the benevolent work was large.

My fellowship with other ministers was delight-

ful. Of course there was Hills, always my friend. Had he not met his wife at my house? My nearest ministerial neighbor was Dr. Sylvester F. Scovel, of the First Church. Against his protest we called him "doctor" because of his scholarship and his good fellowship. Up to that time he steadily refused the title, but later when he became president of Wooster it was forced upon him, though always worn under protest. He was a good comrade, at once the gentlest and the most unyielding of men. He could be stubborn with such Chesterfieldian grace that it almost seemed to be gracious pliability. I sometimes used to say to him that it would be money in his pocket if he didn't know so much. Which rather stupid remark meant that the very fullness of his knowledge somewhat deflected him from the directness of his aim. His fullness at times overflowed the banks of pulpit discourse and wandered far afield. It was always interesting, but sometimes after an hour's talk, he would give a startled glance at his watch, and remark that, not having compassed his theme, he would resume on the following Sabbath. He was a most self-forgetful student and reader. Coming into his study one morning I found him with a worn expression as if he had been out all night. On inquiry into the cause of his battered appearance, he confessed that the preceding evening he had become interested in looking over the back numbers of "The Christian Statesman," a publication of The

National Reform Association, had in fact, become so absorbed that he was unconscious of the flight of time till the morning bell struck six o'clock. When I expressed my admiration at such devotion to research, with only a bit of surprise at the type of literature that had such enthralling power, he stoutly maintained that the night had not been wasted.

He was a delightful neighbor. We became especially intimate when, as members of a committee of the trustees of the Western University of Pennsylvania, we went east in pursuit of a chancellor. It was a delightful experience, though we soon found it was no easy job. We visited Princeton, New York and New Haven, but all in vain. Our interview with Dr. McCosh, at Princeton, was especially interesting. He received us most graciously and we explained our errand. We must have a chancellor of uncommon gifts and varied capacity. Whom would he suggest? In his broad Scotch he expressed a very kind desire to help us, and after a pause for thought he said he would nominate two men. That was hopeful; we really wanted only one. His first nominee was the Rev. William C. Roberts, of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

"What are his qualifications?"

"Weel, he is chairman of my committee on the curriculum. He knows my ideas, and will be quite weel fitted to apply them to your Western University."

"But what about his administrative gifts?"

"Oh, I don't know about that, but he will be quite able to expound my ideas of education."

"Well, Dr. McCosh, who is the other?"

"It is the Reverend Dr. Simon J. McPherson, of Orange, New Jersey. He was a student here. I examined him for three hours on the Scottish philosophy, and two hours on the Kantian, and he stood it very weel, very weel indeed. I think he would do very weel. He is weel fitted to teach philosophy in your college."

"Which Orange does he live in? We understand there are several."

"Oh, I don't know which Orange. You will find that out."

We did not at once follow up either of those lines. Perhaps because it was the judgment of the trustees that our chancellor must have, among other qualifications, a strong capacity for getting money. We doubted whether familiarity with the Princeton curriculum, and with the Scottish and German philosophies would secure the necessary funds.

As chairman of the committee, I also approached Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary, who afterward became a dear personal friend, but he was averse to leaving his scholarly career for one of administration. In this he was wise.

The man we finally secured became, later, a prominent educator. One day when I was con-

ferring with William Thaw, who was a chief factor in the Western University, I said,

'I have a friend in the Ohio pastorate who, in my judgment, would be worth considering for the chancellorship, the Rev. Henry M. MacCracken, of Toledo."

After a few questions, Mr. Thaw said, "Send for him." An invitation to visit the University was sent to him. He came promptly, made a favorable impression, and was soon inducted into office. His term of service, however, was short. I was surprised one day by a letter from Dr. John Hall, of New York, making inquiry about our Dr. MacCracken. They wanted a vice-chancellor for New York University, and his name had been suggested. In reply I said a number of good things, and in a short time he was chosen to that office. He went to New York, where he made a distinct success as an educator. Dr. Howard Crosby was at that time the chancellor, but his other responsibilities were pressing hard, and on his resignation Dr. MacCracken was chosen to succeed him, and for about twenty-five years conducted the affairs of the University with marked success. He was especially fortunate in securing some large gifts and in establishing the University in its present commanding location. He originated the idea of the "Hall of Fame," and secured funds for its erection. If it shall ever come to be an American Pantheon of letters, his name always will be associated with it.

During my four years in Pittsburgh every thing was harmonious. There was never any division of sentiment, though many of my men, like General Moorhead and William Thaw, were accustomed to have their own way. The church counted in its membership many of the leading men of the city in business and professorial life. The man, who perhaps will be acclaimed as the leading spirit in the history of the church was William Thaw. He was a liberal giver to all good causes, one of the most generous I have ever known. Nor have I known a clearer headed and stronger business man. He would have made a fine secretary of state.

Talking with him one day about his many benefactions, I asked him how he was able to respond to such continuous calls. He tossed the question off easily, "Only habit, nothing else."

"But," I persisted, "how did you get the habit?"

"Well," he replied, "when my wife and I were married I was a clerk on a thousand dollars a year. We began then to tithe that income. Ever since the more I gave, the more I had. I have only been trying to keep up with the Lord."

Another man whose friendship I prized was Professor S. P. Langley, who died of a broken heart, because of his apparent failure as the inventor of aeronautics.

In 1882 I was elected a commissioner to the

General Assembly meeting in Springfield, Illinois, and was appointed one of the speakers at the popular meeting for Home Missions, the other principal speaker being my old friend, Dr. Samuel J. Nicholls, of St. Louis. I do not know how, but in some way my address attracted the attention of the Second Church of Kansas City, whose pulpit at that time was vacant. They asked me, before returning home, to give a lecture in Kansas City. With no knowledge of their purpose, I accepted and talked to a large audience on "Wives of Men of Genius."

They promptly pressed on me a call to their church. They were just completing a handsome new building. The city was on the eve of great prosperity. The congregation contained many of the most prominent men in the city; and the call was attractive. However, I saw no reason for leaving Pittsburgh, so without giving them any encouragement I went home and settled down to work. In a few weeks a committee of three, S. B. Armour, H. E. Holden, and Major J. K. Thatcher, appeared and announced that they had come to Pittsburgh to stay till they had my acceptance. They persuaded me that a large and effectual door was open for me in that western city, and after a struggle, I sent my acceptance.

Mr. Thaw, my friend and adviser in all important matters, was ill at the time, so I could have no conference with him, but later I went to his bed-

side to talk it over. He relieved my embarrassment by saying that he had heard I was behaving badly, and then went on to consider the matter so definitely from the side of personal friendship as quite to shake my decision. In answer to my remark that the Third Church was fast becoming a down town proposition, and that when he and a few other liberal men went away, the work would be under serious handicaps, he went so far as to say that if I would remain, he would personally relieve the pressure of such handicaps. But he was a large man and viewed the situation in the light of the Kingdom. He finally said, "If your duty seems clear to you, go and God bless you. We are working for the Kingdom, the locality is a minor consideration."

Not all the church officers took so kindly a view. I remember when I broached the subject to the session General Moorhead was unable to restrain his feelings. He abruptly left the room, slamming the door behind him. When I had preached my farewell sermon from the text, "Be ye therefore steadfast, unmovable," the General came forward, and with much heat and an emphatic gesture exclaimed, "Why were not you immovable?" It suddenly occurred to me that my text had been somewhat blunderingly chosen.

VI

KANSAS CITY

ISLAND LAKE CAMP-FIRE.

Red Mars is flaming overhead,
The camp-fire flames below,
The moon has pushed her silver barge
Into the sunset glow;
The shadows of the sounding pines
Sweep down the silent lake,
While 'gainst and over them the waves
Of firelight fall and break.

Closer the circle draws its lines
In this cathedral dim,
While down the nave the priestly pines
Chant soft their evening hymn.
No time is this for common speech,
No place for idle word,
Our spirits feel the holiness
By which the leaves are stirred.

This is the oldest house of God,
Star-tapers stately burn,
And whispers of the angels seem
To move each leaf and fern.
So lower sink our voices awed,
We talk not of to-day—
As the fire falls to a softer mood
Above the ashes gray—

But of olden days, and voices hushed,
Of burdens, cares and griefs,
Of hopes that rose as rise the sparks,
Of faith and faith's relief.
And there as swaying pines revealed
The steadfast stars above
We owned the light above the shade,
And whispered "God is love."

Red Mars hung low, the woods above,
The pines had ceased to sigh,
And Silence with her blessing closed
The Night's deep litany.
The fire sank to ashes gray,
The figures one by one
Slipped silent from the spent camp-fire,
And left the Night alone.

VI

KANSAS CITY

THE change from Pittsburgh to Kansas City was more than a change of locality. It was from a staid and settled community to one in the forming. It already had the snap and ginger characteristic of the West. It also had some of the inconveniences of newness. Dr. John Hall once told me of a visit he made to that city, some time before my going there. As he was about to leave the hotel on Sunday morning for a walk to the church in which he was to preach, a messenger came to him to say that it would be out of the question for him to walk, the mud was too deep. But they had provided a very docile and comfortable horse which the preacher must mount, and in that unusual style be carried to his service. The good doctor was wholly unused to that kind of conveyance. He was, moreover, of such ample proportions that he hesitated to impose himself on the animal. But the messenger, who indeed was one of the elders, was very insistent, the horse was waiting at the block, the church bell was ringing, there was no alternative. He felt as though he were heading a procession!

But was it not beautiful to see a city in the making, and to have a small share in that making? Under the inspiration of that thought inconveniences and difficulties disappeared and a very happy ministry was begun with enthusiasm. The first service was held in the new church, a fine building, seating a thousand people. Then and steadily thereafter it was full, often crowded. The prayer meetings were also large, many coming who had not often attended such a service. But the church was new and was not organized for work. Its resources were large, but had not been drawn upon. That, therefore, was my first care. The people were pliant and responsive. So in a very short time I was as much at home as I had been in any congregation.

In less than a year a great sorrow came upon me in the sudden death of my wife. Ill only a few days, an affliction of the heart, which had often threatened, carried her away. We took her to the family lot at Waukesha, where lie my father and mother and some of my children, and where I hope to rest, when the long journey ends. Even this sorrow bound me closer to my people. Their sympathy was generous and affectionate and greatly helped me during those trying years. My dear sister-in-law came to me and took charge of my house. In a short time she became engaged to and married one of my best church officers, Charles H. Doan. Their happi-

ness was brief. In less than a year, pneumonia took him away.

The next year the church sent me to Europe. It was my first touch upon the old world. There is nothing like a first trip to Europe, its "first careless rapture" cannot be repeated. My son, Robert, was not well, so he accompanied me. We took, of course, the ordinary well-beaten path of travel, but to me it was as if the road had never been traveled before. I have gone many times since in much more extended ways, but a certain vividness has never been repeated. On returning I took up my work with new courage and zeal. As in my other charges, various outside enterprises interested me. Among them was Park College, of which I became a trustee. I have known many educational institutions and have been connected with several, but none where the spirit of sacrifice and devotion to high ideals—educational and religious—were so conspicuous. Every visit to its halls, and the visits were many, sent me back to my work with renewed appreciation of the worth-whileness of a college where high ideals are of more account than high endowments. What a monument to the faith, courage and devotion of one man. The spirit of John A. McAfee still rules its destiny.

I also became interested in starting a college for young women at Independence, a suburb of the city. The generous gift of a friend made such an institution possible. A beautiful property was se-

cured and a creditable faculty. I was president of its board of trustees and for a while gave it a considerable portion of my time. It did much good, but its resources were insufficient, and when hard times came it passed into other hands. Of its recent history I am not informed.

While these and other like interests engaged me to a greater or less degree, I gave myself to careful pulpit preparation. At this time, as for years before, it was my habit to write the morning sermon and deliver it from the manuscript, but only after making myself familiar with it. My evening sermon was usually without notes, or with only a few guide posts to keep my preaching on the track. This habit held me to some precision in thought and diction as well as certain freedom of utterance which gives the firmest hold upon an audience. It is risky for a young preacher to throw away his manuscript, it is perilous to stick to it.

So generous was the cooperation of my people that we were able to do a great deal of work in church extension. The rapid growth of the city made it essential. We started mission work in new centers of population and had a large part in founding new churches. It was a great privilege to have had a little share in the early development of a city that now stands well up in the list of our great cities. Its location is one secret of its power. It is in the very center of the richest and most productive sections of our country. The progressive

character of its population yet further explains its standing. Its men of affairs have always been men of vision; they are planning a civic center which will be unsurpassed; and the environs of the city it were difficult to match in any other part of our country.

Many years ago Dr. Timothy Hill, the great home missionary, who had founded hundreds of churches in the Southwest, stood at a window looking out toward the rich prairies of Kansas. "How beautiful," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, and sank back into the arms of Death. Those who today would take an outlook on the future of that central city may well exclaim, "How beautiful!"

During one of my vacations, Dr. Gray telegraphed me to accompany him and a few friends to northern Wisconsin for a camping expedition. The decision was easily made. I had on several occasions camped in Wisconsin, an ideal state for that purpose. So my son and I were soon on the way. The spot selected was on the Brulè River among beautiful pine woods, trout streams and lakes. Others of the party were Harvey C. Olin, Captain Sanderson (Rev. Joseph W.) and his wife. Barring the mosquitoes we had a glorious time.

One day Mrs. Sanderson and I would go a fishing down the Brulè. The accommodating train took our boat on board, and several miles above camp let it down into the river. It was a winding

stream, so it turned out to be an unexpectedly long way to camp. We drifted, it seemed endlessly, noon came, but no sign of camp. We grew weary and hungry. As the thought of the distant camp came to me, I sang, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," which brought from Mrs. Sanderson the laconic remark: "Wings wouldn't satisfy me now. I want the whole dove." It was late in the evening when we drifted into camp, to be jeered for our appetites and our lack of piscatorial luck.

Another day, Gray and I decided on a hunt. Shouldering our guns we pushed for three miles down the Gothic aisles of the glorious pines and came on a beautiful lake. There we found our Indian guide, Edward, and soon were paddling down the lake. At its lower end we waited for the night. It came with showers, but we lit our bow-lantern and started. For hours we skirted the shores in utter silence. There was neither sound nor sign. At last, after midnight the monotony was startlingly varied. What seemed like coals of fire burned near the water's edge. Edward saw them, too, for though no word was spoken, the canoe veered toward the shore. Presently the coals of fire rose a few feet, and I knew them for the brilliant eyes of a deer. It was an exciting moment.

On starting out I had said to Gray, "You take the rifle" (we could use only one) "and I will hold the light."

"Oh, no, you take the gun, and I will hold the light," Gray replied politely.

He said afterward he knew at the time what would be the penalty of his politeness. But, to use a western phrase, by offering first, I had the drop on him. So the gun was in my hands. It seemed impossible to lift it to my shoulder. Hunter's paralysis had seized me, the weird beautiful sight entranced me. At length Edward whispered, "Shoot," and Gray stammered, "Shoot." In desperation, probably with closed eyes, I pulled the trigger. There was a splash in the water, and a crash among the bushes. The canoe shot to the bank, and Edward, turning to Gray, said, "Old man, you stay here."

Gray said it was the first time he was ever called "old man."

Edward and I had gone but a few steps when he paused, examined twigs and then pointed to drops of blood on the leaves. We had wounded the poor fellow. After a few rods more the guide seemed to lose the trail, looked perplexed and then said, "No find him. I come tomorrow, maybe find him."

I did not suspect Edward then. I thought he was a good Indian. So we paddled to the landing and Gray and I found camp toward morning. After a few hours of rest, I said:

"Gray, I am going back to the lake. I believe that deer can be found."

We went. At the cabin, Edward's wife said he

had gone down the lake. After waiting some time we saw Edward's canoe come into sight. It approached for a time then suddenly disappeared around a headland. We said, "What is the matter with Edward, why doesn't he come on?" Presently, however, his boat again appeared and soon he ran it up the sand.

"Where is the deer?" I asked. "No find him," was the only reply to my repeated questions.

So we had to be content. On the way back, Mrs. Sanderson, who had accompanied us, said, "Edward has your deer. He came into sight, saw us waiting, darted back into the woods to hide the deer, and came back empty handed."

The more we thought it over, the more sure we became that Edward had seen the deer where it fell, had suddenly decided that the booty were better than the money for his services, and so led me away. On breaking camp a few days later and coming out, we learned that Edward had recently been in the village and had sold a beautiful buck.

On June 30, 1887, I was married to Elizabeth Paget Osborn, daughter of Prof. Henry S. Osborn, of Miami University. I therefore took a vacation of unusual length, and our summer down the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Boston and Nantucket was a series of delights. On our return in September, I resumed my work, which continued increasingly prosperous.

VII

THE CENTENNIAL ASSEMBLY

NEARING HOME.

"He is rapidly failing,"—so smooth came the stroke
Down the telegraph line. Through the silence it broke
On a heart well-inured to such crashes ere now.
And yet, it was strange! That father whose brow
Was held clear toward Heaven and level to men
Through the storms that blew out of the threescore and ten,
Whose strength seemed perennial like that of the pine,—
"He is failing,"—strange words down the telegraph line.

Groans the train through the night, through city and land;
The race is with Death for the grasp of that hand.
"Nearing home—nearing home," sing the wheels as they fly;
Nearing home in the light of the fading sky.
I, swift to the home that has drawn me these years,
And he unto his, in the sphere beyond spheres:
To the father on earth, through the gloom gates of even;
To the Father above, through the pearl-gates of heaven.
Ah! which shall be first in the race for the home,
House below—house on high—which the sooner shall come?

It is done; thou art first. Take the crown, O, thou best
Of all fathers! I meekly salute thee at rest.

VII

THE CENTENNIAL ASSEMBLY

IN the spring of 1888, the Presbytery of Kansas City elected me a commissioner to the Centennial General Assembly, which was to meet in Philadelphia. My wife and I arrived late on the evening before the opening of the Assembly. The next morning Dr. Gray came to me at the Colonnade Hotel and said, "We are going to make you moderator today."

I did not believe him to be in earnest, and regarded it as an expression of friendship, with not much purpose behind it. So I smilingly replied, "No, thank you, not now."

Dr. Gray grew more serious and insisted that on the train from Chicago he and others had agreed on that plan.

"Why," I persisted, "Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, is going to be nominated. I cannot run against him. If I were disposed to it would be useless. I do not want an empty honor. There will be no chance for a western preacher."

He replied, "This thing has gone further than you think. Dr. Herrick Johnson has agreed to nominate you, and I only want to know who is the

best person to approach Dr. Howard Crosby, who, we desire, should second the nomination."

The whole thing was so sudden and unexpected that it was difficult to accept the situation. My reluctance was genuine. I doubted my ability and felt sure that the prestige of Dr. McCosh would carry him to the moderator's chair. I did not, however, seem to have much to do with it.

The morning service was held in the historic First Church. I fear my mind was not much on the fine sermon, given by that eloquent preacher, Dr. Joseph T. Smith, the retiring moderator. The session for organization was held that afternoon in Horticultural Hall, as were the subsequent meetings.

According to Dr. Gray's program, I was put in nomination by Dr. Johnson. The seconding speech was made by Dr. Crosby. One of them referred to the fact that my voice was powerful and there would be no difficulty in hearing it in that vast hall. Dr. McCosh was nominated by Dr. John R. Paxton, who, in the course of his speech, made mention of the fact that his candidate had other qualifications than his voice. Dr. Brownson, of Washington, Pennsylvania, was also nominated.

When the voting began and my name was called (as was then the custom) I voted for Dr. McCosh. He was called on and inquired of his neighbors for whom he should vote.

They said, "Vote for Thompson, he voted for you."

He did so and we all retired to an anteroom to await the result. I had no expectation of being elected. Why should a comparatively unknown western preacher be made moderator? Dr. McCosh was not only the head of a great university, but was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the greatest of modern philosophers. I was sincerely ashamed of making such a race. I went up to the doctor and said so, and added, "But it will come out all right; you will be elected, as you should be." In reply he merely remarked that he felt "quite fit."

When my long time friend, Dr. Joseph Vance, stepped into the room to tell me how the voting was going it gave me unaffected surprise. Presently Drs. Johnson and Crosby appeared at the door. Of course we then knew the result. They and Dr. Brownson congratulated me. Dr. McCosh was too much surprised to get out of his chair. I did not in the least blame him. Who was I that I should be preferred above our most distinguished philosopher?

In subsequent study of the result to get at its psychology, there appeared to be several elements that contributed. In the first place, as I said in my remarks responding to the welcome Dr. Smith and the Assembly gave me, I viewed it, not in any personal light, but as a tribute to the part of the coun-

try I represented. In addition there was some fear that Dr. McCosh could not be easily heard in that vast auditorium. Perhaps there was also some feeling that he was too great a man for the small affairs of parliamentary usage.

That was still the time when the standing committees were appointed by the moderator. I invited a dozen leading men of the Assembly, including, of course, Dr. Roberts, the stated clerk of the Assembly, to my rooms for consultation, and we had a strenuous evening, lasting far into the night. These modern moderators hardly realize what an easy time they are having!

This being the Centennial Assembly, it was one of the most outstanding in the history of the Church. Unusual preparations had been made for it. Two very notable events signalized it. One was a union meeting of our Assembly with that of the Southern Church, then holding its sessions in Baltimore. It was a feast of brotherly love and so to be highly regarded. But now on a review of thirty-four years I am wondering why there have been so many of these love feasts with nothing resulting. I recall that in the following year there was a joyous meeting of a joint committee of Northern and Southern Presbyterians in the palatial home of Colonel Elliot F. Shepard, on Fifth Avenue, in New York, to consider the question of reunion. The Colonel was at that time the owner of "The Mail and Express," so when resolutions

of thanks to our host were moved, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, the father of Woodrow Wilson, seconded them with the remark, "Let us mail and express them." Perhaps that has been the trouble. Our movements toward union have gotten no closer than mailing and expressing.

The other great occasion was the presence of Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States, who spoke to the two Assemblies at a reception given by Philadelphia Presbyterians in the Academy of Music, after which he and Mrs. Cleveland, with the two Moderators and their wives, went through an hour or two of hand-shaking with great fortitude, until some of the people began to come around a second time.

Of the numerous social functions, one at the beautiful home of Mrs. Morris, at Overbrook, was noteworthy. It was there that I had a long conference with President Cleveland on Indian affairs, which gave me a high opinion, not only of his ability and sound judgment, but of his kindly and real interest in the subject. When we separated he said, "I will write you my decision soon." In a very little while his letter came to me in Kansas City in his own handwriting, according to his habit in all important correspondence.

At the close of the sessions of the Assembly, which throughout had been harmonious, we started for the West, stopping for a day in Cincinnati,

where the Presbyterians had arranged a banquet and a reception. This was rendered especially pleasant by the fact that after an absence of nearly twenty years, there was still a goodly number of personal friends and co-labourers in various church and civic enterprises.

But the most important event (to me) connected with the Assembly has yet to be mentioned. I had been asked by Dr. Crosby to preach in his pulpit on Sunday morning, and by Dr. John Hall to preach in the Fifth Avenue Church in the afternoon. I had, one summer, supplied for Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, in Brooklyn, but I have now no recollection that I had ever preached in New York. So I went with much interest. We were entertained at the Buckingham, and that night had dinner at Colonel Shepard's. The next day I preached as arranged. That evening a messenger came to ask me to call at the home of Mr. VanNorden, only a block away. Quite mystified, I went and found a dozen or more men, the officers of the Madison Avenue Church, who had met to offer me a call to that pulpit, then vacant by the resignation of Dr. Charles S. Robinson. It took me by complete surprise. I learned afterward that two other churches had shared in the plot to have me preach in New York. One of them, through its committee, had prepared a call. Before it had been presented the Madison Avenue Church had taken its action.

I was, of course, unable to decide at that time, but went back to Philadelphia and took up my duties in the Assembly. When I had a chance I took Dr. Crosby aside and, telling him of my call, said, "Now, doctor, not as a New Yorker, as my friend, give me your counsel."

Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "New York is the most difficult place in the country in which to preach the gospel. You come to New York."

I had many occasions later to recall both his judgment and his counsel.

But the time of a great decision was upon me. When the formal call reached me in my home in Kansas City, I was thrown into much perplexity. My work there was wholly pleasant and successful. I thoroughly enjoyed the West. It had been my boyhood home, I liked its free life, its buoyant ambitions, its quenchless optimism, its pure Americanism. And I was afraid of New York, it was too big for me. Moreover I had serious doubts of being able to fit into its multiform life. How would such decided transplanting work? I loved the people in Kansas City, I did not love the strangers who were calling me. But very slowly there came over me the conviction that I might be in danger of seeking my own way, rather than a higher guidance. I had neither sought nor wanted a call to the East. From the day when my parents

took me, a little boy, to Wisconsin my heart had been in the West. I believed in its mighty possibilities. New York was little more than a name, and yet something not in me pointed thither. My people held a meeting of protest. So I wavered for days between my heart, and something else. The longer I reflected the clearer that something came out of the shadow, and stood revealed as the face of Providence. So one morning I burned my bridges, went to the telegraph office and sent my acceptance.

My father had died the year before, and I knew this decision would mean much to my mother. But her advice was "Go." She believed in her boy a good deal more than he believed in himself.

That was in June, 1888. A vacation in the Rocky Mountains followed. Then a packing of household goods, a farewell sermon, a visit to my mother in Wisconsin. She was not well. We remained with her a week, then, after a promise that she would visit us the next spring in New York, we said "Good-bye" and started East. We had only reached Waukesha when a telegram overtook us telling of her dangerous illness. We found her unconscious from a stroke of apoplexy, and in less than a week she passed peacefully to her rest, and we laid her beside my father in the cemetery at Waukesha. She was one of God's saints. I owe more to her than can ever be told. In my infancy

she dedicated me to the ministry, and her prayers held steadily to that one desire. She did not have an easy life. She had what was better, a life of unfaltering faith.

VIII

NEW YORK

THE DEVIL'S WHITE FLEET.

With roaring, grinding and crashing,
The Prince of the frosted air
Slid from their glittering ways a fleet
Of icebergs stately and fair.

He gave them the push of a mighty breath;
"Sail South," said he, "and wait
At the 'roaring forty' line for the ships
That are loaded with human freight,

"And sink them there to the soundless sea,
Hull—mast—and sail—and then
Trail back to the line to shout with me
Our victory over men."

The fair white fleet bore stately on,
And without sound or sign,
With batteries masked and pennants down,
Ranged at the "forty line."

And then—since hull and icy spar
Would show through the darkest night,
They breathed one breath and a mist swept low
And veiled them out of sight.

Silent and grim and deadly there,
They wait on the vessels' track;
Their allies—the crouching waves around—
Curl menacing and black.

* * * * *

Three sailor lads from the swinging bow
And three from the crow's nest peer,
While the captain stands the bridge—his hand
On the call to the engineer.

"Slow down—dead slow—halt—and reverse!"
Come the orders swift and clear;
While the great ship drifts on a drifting tide,
In a mystery of fear.

A volley from man's ally—the Sun—
And from God's wind a breath—
Shattered the mist! the fleet revealed
In its battle line of death!

Signals the captain, "Full ahead!"
The billows backward fly.
The good ship takes the broad sea road,—
"Fair kelpies of hell, good-bye!"

VIII

NEW YORK

MY ministry in New York began in September, 1888. A large congregation greeted my first sermon, which was on Paul's words, "So as much as lieth in me I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are in Rome also."

Our reception was very cordial, not only by the Madison Avenue people, but by ministers and people of other churches.

It was not long, however, before I discovered that the church was hemmed in by serious difficulties. The building was discouragingly capacious. The neighborhood was decidedly overchurched, and the uptown movement had already begun. We had a large and flourishing mission on the East Side. That gave an outlet for the activities of the people, and enabled us somewhat to reach a class which could not be attracted to the fashionably placed building, with high pew rents, on Madison Avenue. There was a gradual growth, but no such advance as I had been used to in the West. I soon learned, also, that a New York pastor must do a good many different things if he would succeed. Preaching and visiting were not sufficient.

The city was clamorous for all sorts of help, and all good men must take a hand.

After being at work only a short time, I was elected a member of the Board of Church Erection. A few months later, as a vacancy occurred in the Board of Home Missions, my membership was transferred to that body. This chiefly because my long ministry in the West gave me first hand knowledge of missionary needs and problems.

As I was still moderator of the General Assembly many calls came to me for special services outside of my own parish. In the spring the Assembly of 1889 met in Dr. Crosby's church. I preached the opening sermon, venturing to plead for a church life that was more than doctrine on the one hand, or ecclesiastical life on the other. It was a satisfaction to have so conservative a scholar, and acute a critic as Dr. W. G. T. Shedd say, "It was a noble sermon." I had the pleasure of passing the gavel to my successor, Dr. William C. Roberts, whom nine years later I followed in the Home Board.

About this time, the ecclesiastical air became cloudy over the liberal tendencies appearing in the Church. It may be proper here to say that for years my mind was somewhat veering away from the severe theology I had learned from my great teacher, Dr. Charles Hodge. By no means was I tempted to let go any of the fundamentals of the

Christian faith. Rather I seemed to see them in better perspective, in their wider relation to the times, and what I conceived to be their spiritual import. Many years before, I had taken the side of David Swing in his trial before the Chicago Presbytery. Gradually through the years I was conscious of reading the doctrines in a new light. So when the Briggs case came to the public attention, and soon to the church courts, while by no means in full sympathy with the professor's views, I definitely lined up with those who were opposed to the heresy trial.

When the General Assembly met in Portland, Oregon, in 1892, I was appointed by the Presbytery of New York as one of those to defend its action. To give an idea of my general attitude at that time, I here quote the concluding paragraph of my address:

"In our present preoccupation in the great contest against the world and the devil, forced upon us in New York, we may not have been quick enough to perceive the demands of ecclesiastical law, or the eminence of points of procedure. But we have tried to be true to the truth as it is in Jesus, and for this we demand acknowledgment. Perhaps we should have pursued Dr. Briggs with a holier alacrity. Perhaps in our love of liberty, and peace our orthodoxy has not been keen enough. . . . But when you tell us we have been slow to start a heresy trial, remember it has been only be-

cause we have given heed to the almost dying words of Henry Jackson van Dyke, 'If we cannot have liberty and orthodoxy, we choose liberty.' But the Presbyterian Church has never felt the necessity of such choice. Remote be the day when it shall."

The time was now approaching when it became evident that, for the success of our work, some changes of church service would be required. Under the pressure of populations and of business our constituency was rapidly changing. Many of our families were moving up town or out into the suburbs. A thoughtful prevision made it evident that if we were to maintain our work in full prosperity we must adapt ourselves to the new conditions.

It was about this time that movements looking to more democracy in church work, and more coöperation among churches began to appear. Institutional churches, as they were somewhat infelicitously called, were founded in Boston, Hartford and other cities. There was a growing feeling in many centers that new methods for reaching the unchurched masses must be devised, if we would not see indifference amounting to practical infidelity sweeping them away from all share in any form of Christianity.

I decided to take advantage of this movement to repeat the experiment that had been found so successful so many years ago in the First Church of

Cincinnati. Calling my church officers for a conference, together we considered the situation. On the East Side, only a few blocks from us, there was a large unchurched population. West of us, in the fashionable part of the city there was an abundance of churches following the old lines of work. Our chance lay in opening our church doors wide, and by multiplied agencies, seeking to bring into them some of the multitude who were sheep without a shepherd. Free pews were an essential part of this program.

I outlined a carefully prepared plan, calling for a large venture of faith and a good deal of money. While the officers hesitated to make the plunge, there was one man who was enthusiastic about the plan. Gideon Fountain offered five thousand dollars to start the work on the new lines. His enthusiasm was contagious and it was unanimously decided to surrender pew rents, and to open our pew doors to all comers.

To secure the finances, the weekly envelope system was adopted and was generously supported. Mr. Henry Southworth, one of our men who had leisure, undertook the supervision of it, and its success was largely due to his fidelity.

Our plans included not only free pews, but daily activity of various kinds in a genuine desire to fill the needs of the passing multitudes. We secured several assistants, among them the Rev. George W. Mead, a young man of decided ability and devo-

tion. The Rev. Robert Barbour, believing heartily in that form of church life, volunteered his service and for years was a valued helper.

The movement toward such methods in other cities acted favorably on our plans. Following the new lines, the Free Church experiment was a marked success, and received wide commendation in the city and throughout the country. In a few years after my resignation, the church reverted to the pew system. Recently, however, under the splendid leadership of Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, it has again become a free church and is now one of the strongest in the city.

As I was much interested in the Free Church movement, a brief account of its growth may be given here. In March, 1894, Dr. E. B. Sanford came to my study to confer on new lines of church work. As he was leaving, I called him back and asked him whether he would not give his time to such work. He was deeply interested. The result was a conference in my study at which were present Dr. Sanford, Dr. Frank Mason North, of the Methodist Church, the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, of Berkeley Temple in Boston, Dr. Josiah Strong, at that time secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, and a few others.

That meeting provisionally adopted the platform of "The Open and Institutional Church League." In October of the same year the organization was

completed at a meeting held in Berkeley Temple, in Boston. In the spring of 1895 another meeting was held in the Holland Memorial Church, of Philadelphia, when Dr. Sanford was elected secretary, and I became president. The name of one of our strong supporters should here be mentioned, Robert C. Ogden. He was an ardent advocate of the Free Church, and gave it constant support. We were brought into close relations later when he became a member of the Board of Home Missions, and so continued until his death.

In my address in Philadelphia, after stating my conviction that the platform we had adopted was in harmony with the New Testament principles in its aim to save all men by all means, abolishing so far as possible the distinction between the religious and the secular, and sanctifying all days and all means to the great end of saving the world for Christ, I closed with these words:

"Organic ecclesiastical unity we may hold as a dream of the future, or dismiss it with the interrogation, 'Is it desirable?' But Christian unity as a spiritual reality, and as a practical factor in bringing the denominations into federative relations through which they can work out the problems of Christian service in city and country, without the present waste of forces—who that loves the kingdom of our common Lord can but desire and long to see it consummated? It is coming, and in its

coming I believe the Open and Institutional Church League, seeking to exalt the work and the mission of Christ in the life of the Church, is destined by the favor of God to act an important part."

Presently the new organization felt the need of an organ to express and advance its ideas. So we began the publication of "The Open Church," a magazine of applied Christianity. Dr. Sanford was the editor. With him were associated Dr. North, Leighton Williams, Dr. John P. Peters and myself.

Then came the idea of a national federation of churches, and a letter suggesting that was sent to leading ministers throughout the country. The response was hearty. The Open Church League and the city Federation united in a call to a conference in New York on December 3, 1899. William E. Dodge, then president of the Evangelical Alliance, presided. In 1901, the plans matured in the organization of the National Federation of Churches, in Philadelphia. In the preceding year a committee was formed in New York, of which I was chairman, to present, in Philadelphia, a plan for the national organization. This report was put in the hands of a special and widely representative committee, of which also I was chairman. On it were such men as Dr. H. H. Stebbins, of Rochester; Dr. Frank Mason North, of New York; Dr. W. D. Hulbert, of Cleveland, and J. Cleveland Cady, of

New York. The adoption of the final report of this committee completed the organization. My friend, Dr. Sanford, was made general secretary, as was proper, for he had more to do with the formation of the plans then consummated than any other man.

Requests were sent out from the Federation to denominational bodies to appoint delegates to a national conference, and so came about the great Inter-Church Conference on Federation which was held in New York in November, 1905.

I count it one of the honors of my life that with eleven others of various denominations, I had the privilege of signing that call. It was also my privilege to welcome the delegates on behalf of the National Federation of Churches, before one of the most representative Christian bodies that ever convened in this country. As it was accounted an important message, I give the closing paragraphs:

"The world may discount our ethics, as long it has. It may sneer at our brotherhood, and call it our 'closed shop.' But it will bow before the majesty of hearts fused together in the glow of a common passion for a living and conquering Redeemer, the inspiration of a common service for humanity. Christ said, 'When My disciples are together the world will believe.' His first disciples proved it. They got together in the deepest

places of their souls, and the world, awed and consenting, believed. Now what the world needs is faith in God, not primarily a balm for its sorrows, a healing for its sores. It needs a faith which shall make it triumph over sorrows and pains, a hope which shall open the way through human storms, as the sun at eventide transforms the clouds to opening curtains. What union in prayer did for the first disciples it will do till the last syllable of recorded time.

"Behold a path of Federation that will answer Christ's prayer! Then all the rest will come as an inevitable sequence. We will know then how to hold our denominational pride in proper subjection to the welfare of the Kingdom. We will know how to realize brotherhood in a social and missionary service whose only horizon is the rim of the world. Then will come a campaign of world-conquest at whose summit there may even be a complete reconstruction of all the denominationalism of the present—such a blending of banners that only an omniscent eye can discern the original constituents.

"You remember the story of the battle of Lookout Mountain? As the regiments from widely-sundered states pressed toward the top they steadily and unconsciously approached each other. The boys from New England, from New York, from Ohio and Wisconsin forced their way up the perilous heights under their own flags—but—all

federated for the common cause—under one plan and one commander. Heart beat with heart though they could neither see each other's colors nor hear each other's drums. When the clouds of battle lifted at the top, it was apparent that they were shoulder to shoulder, and their banners fluttered in intermingling folds in the light of a common victory.

"And do you not hear it—the tramp of gathering hosts? They do not quite discern each other. But a common necessity binds them—a common commission urges them—a common hope inspires them. That their steps are accordant does not matter—or their uniforms the same, is of no account. They love the one Lord—cherish the one faith—bow to the one baptism. And the day of their victory is coming! They will know it when shoulder presses shoulder, and banner twines with banner. They will know it, and the world will know it—know it—and believe!"

Following the organization of the National Federation, there arose in the minds of the Church everywhere a desire for a more authorized body of Christian workers through whom the cause of federation might find more adequate expression. So gradually came about the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. It was organized in Philadelphia, December 2-8, 1908. This Council has so largely passed into the history of our coun-

try as an expression of the larger, broader thought of our common Christianity that I need not dwell upon it in detail. Only a few years old, it gives promise of uniting Christian forces as they have never been united before. I have watched its growth with profound interest, and am serving on several of its committees.

Perhaps now while I am talking of the closer relations of Christians and churches with one another, is a good time to speak of the evolution of my religious and theological thought, for the former has had a good deal to do with the latter.

The mingling with many denominations has widened my thoughts. Theological changes, however, antedated this wider fellowship. I was brought up in the strictest Presbyterian doctrines. In Pennsylvania, my mother was a member of the very conservative German Reformed Church. In Wisconsin she, and later my father, became members of the Presbyterian Church. I have spoken of those pioneer missionaries who laid the foundations of our Church in the new state. They were noble men, and as was almost inevitable in those early days, they were all conservative men. Any other than conservative thought had scarce touched the Church in the later fifties. Then I went to Princeton and sat at the feet of the Hodges. I accepted their theology, and when I left the seminary I preached it. I am not conscious of feeling any

reaction against it for a decade or more. But, as gradual as the approach of daylight, there came across my mind the feeling that I could not fully preach that theology. As, however, I was never a doctrinal preacher it troubled me but little. I simply put Hodge and Shedd further back on my shelves, and gave myself to practical sermonizing, where their presence was not felt.

I cannot now recall any time when I could say, "I now no longer accept the logic of predestination, limited atonement, and the other doctrines bound into a system with steel bands of logic." And yet gradually there arose within me a protest against many of the views I had once accepted without hesitation. The new-school theology was much to my liking. In Pittsburgh I had become the pastor of a new-school church. I also came to a more brotherly view of other denominations. More than that, I was not sure that all of Calvinism was sound, and all of Arminianism was unsound. More than that, while I held, and hold firmly to the divinity of our Lord and all that it implies, I was not quite so sure that all Unitarians were going to be damned.

As I became intimate with many good people of denominations which were theologically remote from Presbyterianism, I conceived and attained a liking for likable people somewhat irrespective of their theology. I am reminded here (in illustration) of the experience of my friend, Dr. Henry

M. Field, who, when his paper, "The Evangelist," got into deep water, appealed for help to a wealthy man, who, however, was not a professing Christian. The help was given in such unexpected largeness that Dr. Field was moved to throw his arms around his benefactor, and to say,

"Mr. Blank, I don't know where you are going when you die, but I want to go where you go."

If any one should care to ask me today, "What is your theology now?" I am afraid I should be obliged to answer, It is not a well articulated system at all. If I think of it as a chain, there are missing links. Further, I do not know as much about the mysteries of divine revelation as once I knew. I have sometimes tried to elucidate the prophecies of the Old Testament, have even tried to explore the revelation of St. John. I do so no longer. I get gleams and flashes of light from all parts of the Bible, but there are many dark stretches. And I am content to wait. "I stretch lame hands of faith."

But faith abides. I am surer every day of the Fatherhood of God, of the sufficient and efficient sacrifice of Christ, of the value of Christian character, the power of the Gospel to save men, the final award and the blessedness eternal of all who believe. For much that is beyond and between—I wait.

IX

THE SECRETARYSHIP

SUNRISE ON THE BAY.

The last white star has slipped its ray
Within its tent of blue;
The great sun sends the level day
Along the world anew;
So, Lord, within Thy larger will
My trembling will would hide,
And in Thy glory, deep and still,
Invisible abide.

See Sunrise lay her freshened face
Across the ropes and spars,
As Hope each day with fairer face
Lights up her prison bars.
Creep the white sands to bending waves,
That shake their plumes of spray;
So, Lord, my life before Thee craves
For baptisms day by day.

Laughs the great ocean round the keel,
Busy the yards and deck;
The landlocked crafts the tide-wave feel,
White wings the blue fields fleck;
So, Lord, my spirit waits for Thee,
Oh, wave of glory, come!
One throb of love shall set me free,
One breath shall waft me home.

IX

THE SECRETARYSHIP

DURING the years of my pastorate in New York I was twice approached to consider educational work as president of western colleges, but I felt constrained to decline. I felt my work in Madison Avenue was not done, and that whatever gifts I had lay rather in the line of pulpit and pastoral work. At any rate I had no such experience as would justify me in thinking I would be a success in educational lines.

I had written a few books, and published a volume of verse, but that did not seem to fit me to be a college president. It did, however, bring me into the membership of the Authors' Club, with its pleasant associations, and its famous Thursday night dinners, held in their rooms in Carnegie Hall.

Authors as a rule are too poor to afford club rooms in so expensive a location, but Mr. Carnegie was an honored member of the club, and he not only gave them the rooms during his lifetime but has generously provided for them since his death.

I recall an amusing incident at the club on one of

their reception days. I was introduced to someone as Mr. Murray, but in the crowd it did not seem necessary that I should correct the mistake, so after an exchange of courtesies, I moved away, but the stranger kept bringing up people, and introducing me as Mr. Murray, till I went in disgust to an old club member, and said, " Who on earth is Murray? There's a fellow here who keeps calling me Murray, and bringing people up all the time."

He looked at me, and said, " Why, it's true."

" What's true? " I persisted.

" Why it's David Christie Murray, the celebrated Englishman. You do look like him."

Just then I saw my tormentor approaching with more people in tow. I promptly fled, without waiting for refreshments or anything else.

Which incident shows that it is not well to go under an assumed name, even at a crowded reception.

After ten years of service in my church, a call came to me which interested me profoundly. This brings me to what I have ventured to think is my most important service in the Kingdom of God. As already intimated, I had been a member of the Board of Home Missions since 1888. During that time the Board had two, sometimes three, secretaries. For sufficient reasons, in 1898, it decided on a radical change of administration, namely, instead of several secretaries, to have only one, in

whose hands the responsibility for administration should be lodged. Dr. W. C. Roberts and Dr. D. J. McMillan therefore resigned.

One evening as we were going out to dinner, I was surprised to receive a letter from John E. Parsons, Esq., chairman of the committee to select a secretary, inquiring whether I would consider an election to the vacant place. I pocketed the letter, and after meditating for the following day, wrote declining the proffered position. I carried that letter around for a few hours, however, and during those few hours I meditated. Was I flying in the face of Providence? I was a western man, was it for this I had come East? The longer I thought the more uncertain I became. We talked it over in the family with the result that I destroyed that letter and wrote another, asking for time that I might give it calm and full consideration.

On many accounts I was loath to give up my church, and especially its new form of work. On the other hand, I saw in the Home Board a chance for national work. It was a wider sphere than I had dreamed of. I knew its technique, having served on it for ten years. I also knew the field, from my long residence in the West. So at last, after much thought and prayer, I accepted the election. I continued as supply for my pulpit for a few months, but began my Home Board duties on the first of March, 1898.

I confess that from the first the proposition that

I should undertake the reorganization of the Board appealed to me very strongly. I was myself the child of Home Missions. When I began to preach, I was first of all a home missionary. It was, therefore, natural that after more than a quarter of a century, I should feel the drawing toward that service.

I began my task, not without a realization of its difficulties. The Board had a debt of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. But far more serious than that was the fact that the Briggs trial had drawn lines which had not been obliterated. There were many Presbyterians who had not forgotten the fact that in that trial, I had stood for a larger liberty than the conservative wing of the Church was willing to concede.

Two of the church papers were in doubt of me. One of them said, "Never before had the election of any secretary for any board created such surprise or been the subject of such general condemnation by pastors and private members of the church." Another paper from the same city quoted the remark, and added that it had examined the leading Presbyterian journals of the country and had found no adverse criticism in any of them. It then made several quotations to sustain its contention. As a matter of fact some forty papers, secular and religious, gave it large publicity, and in every case favorable, with but two or three unimportant exceptions.

My difficulties were manifest and manifold, but I went at my work with energy and some courage. The Board having given me a free hand, I was conscious of strong backing. The membership of the Board consisted of able men. John S. Kennedy, John Crosby Brown, John E. Parsons, and Robert C. Ogden were among the laymen. They and pastors of the leading churches, with Dr. John Hall as president, constituted a body that could be relied upon.

The meeting of the General Assembly was near; my first endeavor, therefore, was to prepare for that important occasion. It was intimated that some of the conservatives would oppose my confirmation. At the Assembly, there were evidences of such a plan. My first address, therefore, was awaited with peculiar interest. I prepared it carefully. When I rose to speak a suggestive hush came over the great audience in the auditorium at Winona. Friends and foes were waiting. The Lord gave me unusual freedom. I was conscious after the first few sentences that the audience was with me. So I went on joyfully. When I closed, the response was so hearty that if there were any there who opposed me they decided that silence was the better policy. I heard no more of the criticism, and went home to my task, conscious that I had made no mistake in entering upon it.

I quote a few sentences from my address as the keynote to the great cause:

"The work is definite and easily stated. Our country for Christ! It appeals at once to our patriotism and our religion. If ever divine Providence set a land apart for high uses and a noble destiny, this land has been so set apart. It belongs to God. Its origin contains its manifest destiny. Into its beginnings were put the faith and struggles of those who, in every country, fought for freedom. The Genevese Republic is incarnated fully first not in Switzerland but in the United States. The fight for liberty begun in brave little Holland has been continued here. The Huguenots, who three centuries ago fled from France, found homes along our eastern coast. John Knox's cry for the salvation of Scotland is repeated on behalf of our country by the Scotch and the Irish, who from the Carolinas to the Tennessee mountains are keeping their faith sternly "with their covenant and with their country." So into the iron of our blood has passed the inheritance of the truth which has flushed the centuries of the old world, and will give vigor and tone to the new centuries of the new world."

I came home from the Assembly in company with Dr. John Dixon, pastor of the First Church of Trenton. He had been chairman of the committee of the Assembly before which came the matters connected with the Board, and was therefore fully cognizant of its affairs. Some of the criticisms of the Board came before him and were very skilfully handled. It was, therefore, a pleasure to

have the opportunity of getting acquainted with him. I found him to be a gentleman of the finest type, pure-minded and high-minded. It was evident from the very beginning of my labors that there must be at least one assistant secretary. On this journey home I conferred with Dr. Dixon on this matter, and asked him to think over his acquaintances if perchance he might light on some one whom he could commend to me as fitted for the place that was waiting.

A few weeks later I asked him to come to my office, and then suggested that in my judgment, he was the man I was seeking. Somewhat humorously, I continued: "Frankly, I have two objections to you. First, I was looking for a young man, and you are not so very far below my own age. Second, you have long been at the head of an important organization. Unfortunately, the Board has decided that there should be but one head to the work of the Board. I fear the adjustment might not be readily made."

His reply was characteristic of the man. Pleading guilty to the matter of years which admitted no discussion, after some reflection and a few questions, he said, "I know exactly what is implied in this position, if you want me I am at your service."

Expressing my intense gratification, I added: "There are many reasons why I am happy in your willingness to join me. You have a certain fitness

which you may not have suspected. I am accused of being a liberal, you are known to be a moss-back, so between the two there may be a balance to keep the thing from tipping over."

So it was arranged that I should present his name to the Board, and he was unanimously elected. When I asked him what salary he would expect, his characteristic reply was, "Anything that is less than yours."

After twenty-four years I can joyfully testify that there never was a more harmonious partnership. And the praise for it is chiefly due to John Dixon, whom I have delighted to name the "Apostle John." This harmony is the more remarkable because of the sharp differences between us. He is an iron-clad conservative, (though in these latter days, I think he has often and seriously questioned his company). As I am increasingly a liberal, the harmony is due to most unusually amiable qualities on his part. He knows how to hold doggedly to his convictions, while giving the other fellow the same privilege. So we achieved a rare friendship which has survived differences of temperament and mental attitudes, and of relations to each other, not always easily kept serene. Many a time I would have liked to fight him, but his sweetness forbade it. I have no doubt that his calm and judicial mind saved me from many mistakes to which my more emotional temperament rendered me liable.

The treasurer of the Board, Harvey Church

Olin, was also a valued officer. When Mr. Eaton, who had been a faithful treasurer for many years, was called to his reward, I suggested the name of my brother-in-law, Mr. Olin, who was at that time auditor of the Chicago Stock Yard Company. This was in 1897, a year before I became secretary. He accepted the position and until his final illness, in 1918, was accounted an ideal treasurer—competent, devoted and popular alike in the Board and on the field.

Miss Edith Grier Long was another strong helper in my work. She had been my assistant in the Madison Avenue Church, and when elected to my new position I asked her to be my personal secretary. She accepted my call, and for all the time of my secretaryship was an invaluable helper. She not only had charge of my correspondence, conducting much of it with rare tact and wisdom, but also kept the minutes of the office conferences, and so was in full knowledge of all phases of the work, and able to be an intelligent counsellor. When I resigned, she was chosen as general secretary of the Woman's Board.

When I assumed charge of the work and was confronted by the debt which for those days was staggeringly large, $167,839, my first concern was to get that debt out of the way. Dr. Dixon was placed in special charge of this endeavor. By many letters and by personal appeals nearly $100,000 was

raised. About $80,000 remained, which we felt must be secured before the Assembly of 1899.

Dr. Richard S. Holmes, of Pittsburgh, took a keen interest in the movement, and suggested that the larger cities be approached for individuals or churches agreeing to give one hundred dollars each. To set the ball rolling a meeting of representatives from many cities was called at the home of our president, Dr. D. Stuart Dodge. As the home of his honored father, William E. Dodge, it had been the center where many noble philanthropic and religious enterprises were launched. Though the night was the stormiest of the winter, our gathering was large and readily caught the spirit of the place, and the enthusiasm of the cause. When we separated we felt that the work was practically done. And so it proved to be. Dr. Holmes threw himself into the task with his usual vigor, giving much time to it, and with his splendid cooperation before the Assembly convened the entire debt was paid. The Home Board did not have another debt for fifteen years.

A little later than this, to create interest in certain expansions of the work, we decided on a great public meeting in Carnegie Hall, and to make sure of much interest, to invite Theodore Roosevelt, at that time President of the United States. Dr. Dodge and I called on him at the White House and urged our invitation. He gave us his hearty " De-

lighted-to-see-you," and then a prompt dismissal. He had no time to go to New York to make a speech. Still determined on governmental representation at our meeting, we sought the Secretary of State, John Hay. He drew up chairs and gave the impression of having plenty of time, but he, too, begged to be excused.

"I am not the orator of the administration," he said. "The President should go, and I will personally bring the matter to his attention."

We went home and were followed in a few days by a letter from Mr. Hay telling us that his intercession on our behalf had been in vain.

I meditated a few days, and then took the train for Washington to try again. A committee of our Assembly was in session there. I went to them and said I was going to the White House and wanted their backing. They adjourned the committee meeting, and soon we were again inviting the President.

Again he said, "I have no time."

I said, "Mr. President, you can leave here after lunch and be back here to breakfast."

"That is not much time, but I should have to prepare."

I replied that we would like to hear him for an hour, but that ten minutes would suffice, knowing very well that if we got him for ten minutes we would be sure of half an hour at least. At this point, Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls said, "Mr. President,

when Mr. Cleveland was President, he went to Carnegie Hall for such an occasion, and the result was he was elected for a second term."

That nearly broke up the meeting. Mr. Roosevelt was shaken with laughter, and had evidently weakened.

"Well," he said, "send me a note giving date and subject and I will see."

He did see, and gave a magnetic address which made the occasion a pronounced success.

X

EXPANSION

SENTINEL ROCKS.

Oh! sentinel rocks of the Yellowstone,
Shattered and splintered and splendid still,
Decked in the robes ye have caught from the sun,
Colors the painter had ne'er looked upon,
What are the secrets within you that thrill,
Oh! Sentinel rocks of the Yellowstone?

Oh! royal-robed rocks of the Yellowstone—
Warders of ages, that come and go—
When the glacier's plowshare tossed you high
In fanciful battlements far to the sky,
What artist followed to garnish you so,
Oh! royal-robed rocks of the Yellowstone?

Oh! lonely rocks of the Yellowstone,
Catching the centuries' solar fire,
Basking in beams of the solemn night,
Palls ever the flash of the eagle's flight?
Does the roar of the cataract ever tire,
Oh! lonely rocks of the Yellowstone?

Oh! prophet rocks of the Yellowstone,
With your wild prismatic light aglow,
Ye hint the walls of eternal days
Where onyx and jasper and gold will blaze,
And the river of life will flow—
Oh! prophet rocks of the Yellowstone!

X

EXPANSION

FROM this time on new phases of our work developed rapidly. The first was the occupation of Porto Rico by the American Army in 1899, and by the advance line of our missionary service for the beautiful island. It was in that same year that secretaries of four Boards (Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian) met in my office to outline plans for co-operative advance, which, by the way, has been the glory of our Porto Rican work. We agreed to moderate denominational zeal, to go into the island as a band of brethren to prove to the million Roman Catholics the essential unity of the Protestant forces. We divided the island into four sections, each Board assuming responsibility for one of the sections. That given to the Presbyterians was the western end of the island, the city of San Juan being open to all. We sent a declaration of our principles and policy to Porto Rico. It was widely distributed and gave us easy access to people who half-consciously were longing for freedom from the Spanish rule and all that it implied.

Since that first year several other denominations have gone to the island. But the ideals of comity

and cooperation set by those early missionaries have never been forgotten. Porto Rico is still the home of united Protestantism.

Our work in Cuba was begun in 1901. To open it we called Dr. J. Milton Greene from Porto Rico, where he had made a good beginning, having organized a church and gathered a large congregation in a building erected by the Home Board. He soon established a center for his work in a favorable location in Havana. In February, 1902, he called a conference of evangelical workers which laid the basis for that fine cooperation which has characterized Cuba as it has Porto Rico.

Conditions in Alaska had been changing somewhat since the rush for its gold mines had brought in an ever increasing white population. New opportunities were opening on every hand, so in the summer of 1900 in order to familiarize myself somewhat with that country, I made the voyage to Alaska. My wife accompanied me, and I was fortunate in finding several young missionaries to go with us, and to dedicate their lives to that far off frozen region. I have since many times suggested to people longing for a vacation at once stimulating and restful to take ship for Alaska. As to scenery, there is nothing in North America to compare with it. High mountains, wooded to the water's edge, waterfalls tumbling down their sides, occasional glaciers with tiny icebergs blue as

sapphire floating in the bays at their feet make the trip a constant delight. The boat winds its way through the islands in an inland passage nearly all the way, which makes it ideal for poor sailors (of whom at that time I was one). Two of our number, the Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Kirk, were destined to open a new station far down the banks of the Yukon. We went with them from Skagway on the new railway up over the famous White Pass.

On the summit the party had to separate, we to return, they to go on to their lonely station. Then for the first time, Mrs. Kirk, who had been all bravery and good cheer, broke down. With tears she turned from us and with her husband faced the unknown land and future. Her term of service was brief. She had time to make her home a center for the boys from the mines. They gathered around her piano in the log cabin and sang the songs that carried them back to the Sunday schools and homes far away. In a few years Mr. and Mrs. Kirk were compelled to return to the States for a time, and while there she was called to the home above. When letters came from the camp, from the boys whose hearts she had touched, it was evident her life there had not been in vain. They told of what she had been to the boys. Many of them in heart-moving terms declared life was a better and sweeter thing since she had been with them. Such are the often unknown rewards of missionary service.

We visited nearly all the stations in Southeastern Alaska. Our voyage to Sitka had one thrilling experience. We went to see the great Muir Glacier, one of the wonders of that western world. It was a still, foggy day. The captain decided to take us nearer than usual. As the day was so quiet, he thought there would be no danger. So he pushed the boat to within perhaps a quarter of a mile of the gigantic wall of ice—a mile wide and three hundred feet high. As we were enjoying the sight, there came a sudden volley as of musketry firing along the entire line. Then an awful crash and a large part of that glittering wall came crashing into the sea. It sank, and when it rose it seemed as if a glorious cathedral with domes and spires were rising out of the waves. We were appalled by the grandeur. But other feelings seized the captain, who rang for full speed and swung the boat around. Then we saw the danger. A towering wave fifty feet high was racing toward us. It was a question whether we could outspeed it or whether it would crush against us. It was carrying blocks of ice as big as a skiff, any one of which had momentum and power enough to sink our ship. Panic prevailed for a minute, then it became plain that the ship had swung around and was driving for safety with all speed. The captain said to me, "If one of those chunks of ice had struck us the Indians would be telling this story, not we."

We were sorry to learn on reaching Seattle that

the company had cashiered the captain because he had taken us too close to danger.

The Alaskan work was very dear to me on account of the lonely and desolate conditions in which the people were living and on account of the heroic band of missionaries who went up there rejoicing in their trials, doing yeoman service for the Kingdom. The work there has had many vicissitudes because of climatic conditions and changes of population. The Point Barrow mission, the one farthest north of any in America, if not in the world, has severely tried the brave men and women who dared the Arctic solitude—so shut in that only once a year, and not always even then, can they get any message from home.

The Alaskan field will not for many years, if ever, produce the results which Alaskan enthusiasts have predicted, but the labors and examples of men like Sheldon Jackson and S. Hall Young will ever remain a testimony to the power of the gospel to lift men above physical conditions, making them glad of the chance to endure hardships like good soldiers.

When I entered upon my work, I found there George F. McAfee, D.D., as superintendent of schools conducted by the Woman's Board, which at that time, (and indeed till 1915) was a department of the Board of Home Missions. He was a man

of rare spirit and admirably fitted for his office. Ill health caused him to resign in 1905, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Robert M. Craig. To the end of his life Dr. McAfee was an example to us all in his gentleness, patience, charity and devotion. In one of the magazines I indited the following poem to his memory:

A man—Nathaniel-like—sincere,
  With conscience tender, pure and true,
  Whose thoughts like homing-pigeons flew
To find elsewhere their native sphere.

A friend—who knew not how to swerve
  From him he once had called his friend,
  Unchanging—firm—he sought no end
Beyond the chance to love and serve.

A saint—content in lowly ways
  To find the steps the Master trod,
  To walk like Enoch with his God:
His duty done—all needed praise—

Man, friend, and saint—our only requiem bell
This lingering note—we loved and love thee well.

In 1902, after a good deal of searching, I found an ideal assistant in the person of John Willis Baer, at that time general secretary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. He remained with us for four fruitful years, when he yielded to the blandishments of Occidental College, in California. He soon became so popular on the western

coast that one of the California ministers said to me: "Baer can have anything he wants on this coast. He can go to Congress if he wants to."

In a few years something better came to him. He was made moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly!

After Dr. Baer's resignation, Joseph Ernest McAfee, of Park College, succeeded to his office, and gave to the Board years of valuable and constructive service.

In 1905 Thomas C. Moffett, D.D., was appointed by the Board as Indian Representative, and in 1907 an Indian Department was created with Dr. Moffett in charge. His varied and constructive efforts have been effective in handling the interests of our Board and the constituent Boards of the Home Mission Council, with which also he has been associated.

In 1912 the Mexican work was put into the charge of Robert McLean, D.D., and continues as a department of the Board under the care of his son.

In 1907 the Board erected a new department called a Field Secretaryship, and elected to that office the Rev. Baxter P. Fullerton, of St. Louis. He had been a close friend of mine from the Kansas City days, when he was one of the Kansas City pastors. He maintained his office in St. Louis and had general supervision of the field work through-

out the West. But the work still grew, so that in 1908 the Board deemed it wise to extend field supervision by the appointment of three additional superintendents. Dr. Fullerton was given charge of the Southwest; the Rev. Robert N. Adams, D.D., of Minnesota, was given the Northwest; the Rev. Robert M. Donaldson, D.D., the Rocky Mountain District, and the Rev. William S. Holt, D.D., of Portland, the Pacific Coast. Thus was my office kept in close touch with the whole field. Dr. Adams, pressed by years, resigned in 1910, and the Rev. William H. Kearns, D.D., was elected in his place. Dr. Adams only of that faithful band has been called home. He was in every way a large man, a general in the Civil War and an efficient administrator in various fields of missionary service.

XI

GROWTH OF DEPARTMENTS

TO THE ABSENT.

Some—in the orange gardens
Where the rosy mountains gleam,
And the sunset clouds are floating
Like visions in a dream.

And some—in the upper gardens
Where the starry lilies bloom,
Where the light of God suffusing
Has blotted out the tomb.

And across the sweep of deserts
And down through the heavens gray,
The loved we love and treasure
Are thinking of us today.

So some in the dear Christ's presence,
And some on the various way—
It is heart to heart o'er the distance,
And the absent are with us today.

XI

GROWTH OF DEPARTMENTS

I HAVE now reached a point in my story where it is proper to give some account of what I regard as the most significant part of my administration. The trend of events is best set forth in a previous book,* and I therefore quote:

"Since the beginning of the century home missions have tended strongly toward specialization, following in this the general trend of accepted scientific thought. In past generations the evangelization of the country has been an aim expressed chiefly in terms of the occupation of territory. It has been an endeavor to catch up with the moving western frontier. Now that the geographical frontier has been drowned in the Pacific Ocean the missionary thought has turned toward congestions of populations far this side of the frontier.

"The wave of missionary interest has swung back over fields that had been occupied but not conquered, new fields emerging with startling rapidity out of changed conditions.

"*New Conditions.* The old form of home missions, in which the salvation of individuals and the

* "The Soul of America."

organization of new churches bulked preeminent, still obtains, for still there are new and unchurched communities. A survey of western conditions conducted in 1910 by the Home Missions Council made this startlingly evident. In the very near future frontier life will come to new demands on church forces for two reasons.

"First, the return of millions of soldiers for whom new opportunities of industrial life will be demanded. The Government is already making plans for more intensive rural life which will throw back the frontier into central regions of the country. Plans for irrigation far beyond anything we have known will yield rich returns for new settlers, and forests and mines will disclose their bounties to a hardy population. The home missions of a generation ago is coming to the front again.

"Second, clear missionary insight shows us new phases of the Christian adventure in both city and country. Specific fields call for specific treatment. To neglect them were to imperil much of the missionary work of the past century. They have risen out of the new movements of populations and the new conditions around them. Problems have emerged, considered in this and following chapters, for the solution of which early forms of the home mission service may be inadequate.

"*Specialists.* And a new form of leadership is demanded. "The general practitioner" still is

needed in missions as in medicine. But besides, the country calls for men trained and fitted by natural endowments for special and perhaps untried service. For example, the evangelist who can gather a church on the prairies may not be fitted to solve the immigration problem or the country life problem in its modern relations, or the city problem in its complicated reactions. The schools of the prophets now must train men to the specialties of missionary service. Of course, the specialist must have many of the qualifications of the general practitioner. Certain elements are common to all missionary work. A personal message and personal service are fundamental and common.

"But conditions may so vary as to constitute a demand for a practically new enterprise. Under certain circumstances the enterprise becomes a problem. Dry farming in the West differed from surface farming chiefly in going deeper down. Intensive farming differs from extensive farming in recognizing certain scientific factors not so readily discerned. The home missions which shall be adequate to meet the needs of a complex national life must go deeper than the surface and must match new and dangerous, or inviting, conditions by newer and more scientific Christian expedients. Hence, new departments have been added to the equipment of mission Boards to enable them to do this work—more difficult, but yielding abundant fruit."

The Board of Home Missions in 1903 recognized the new occasions which teach the new duties and began to organize departments for lines of work which had not up to that time challenged serious attention.

Its attention was first directed toward the working classes of congested centers, and a "Working Men's Department" was organized. A few years later the name was changed to "The Department of Church and Labor."

We called to this work, from his church in St. Louis, Rev. Charles Stelzle, a product of the New York's East Side, a young man of special gifts and training. His headquarters were first in Chicago, as being nearer the center of his field, over which he travelled extensively, but the rapid growth of the work made it necessary that he should move to New York to be in closer touch with the Board.

Out of this department came gradually the other branches of social service work. Surveys became necessary, and Mr. G. B. St. John was given charge of that work.

Some years later, when Mr. John S. Kennedy's notable gift of millions to the Home Board and to the Church Extension Committee of the Presbytery, opened the way for advance movements, one of the first of these was the founding of the Labor Temple at Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, and Charles Stelzle was put in charge of it; by sympathies, training and experience he was spe-

cially fitted for that work. It is not important here to go into details of that enterprise. It challenged much attention, called forth much criticism from those who had no vision, but it proved a success in gathering a polyglot population to hear the gospel. An international church was soon organized, and it is still meeting the religious claims of that part of the city, and is a demonstration widely observed of the need and power of new methods adapted to new conditions.

By 1911 so much progress had been made that the subject came before the General Assembly, which adopted the report of a special committee, and instructed the Board to establish a "Bureau of Social Service," in which the Department of Church and Labor was merged. The principles then announced are much the same as those adopted by the Federal Council and later by church assemblies of many communions in America.

The specialized study of country church conditions and of conditions of work among foreigners were transferred at that time respectively to the direction of Warren H. Wilson, D.D., and of William Payne Shriver, D.D., who are continuing to have charge of these vital phases of home mission service. Specialized city work, having increasingly to do with congested immigrant populations, has also been placed in Dr. Shriver's care under the heading the "Department of City Work." Many cities have called upon this department for help in

forming new plans of work. A notable illustration was in San Francisco. After the fire which devastated that city there was a great shifting of population. Multitudes crossed the Bay to the east side. After a thorough survey, all the Presbyterian forces around the Bay were united in a co-operative plan for city evangelization. It was an instant and continuous success.

The immigration of foreigners from an increasing number of countries called for attention. It was home mission work of the most urgent character. Under Dr. Shriver's direction, in addition to the regular work for foreigners, a new line of approach to these many millions was devised. The Board inaugurated several Immigration Fellowships, by which theological students on graduation were enabled to go to some source of immigration in Europe, study the language, and the national characteristics, returning in a couple of years thoroughly equipped to reach the people from those nations when they came to our shores. This has been a marked success and has advanced our work among foreigners very rapidly. Churches were formed in many parts of the country, and evangelical agencies established widely by which the best ideals of American Christian life were interpreted to the people.

Our Board also led the way in cooperative service to foreigners. Its arm of service in this was and is the Home Missions Council. This

agency, in 1917, made several surveys of racial groups and distributed much valuable literature among the immigrants.

A little earlier, through the same agency, a missionary work was undertaken through the ports of entry. They were visited from Boston to Galveston, their moral and religious conditions examined, and ways devised for giving the newcomers some idea of the Christian character of the country, even before landing.

The other great branch of the Bureau of Social Service, the Country Church Department, was made necessary by revelations that began to appear concerning the religious decline of country regions. Young people were leaving the country, teachers of country schools were often inefficient and very migratory, and many ministers despaired of the country church. Under this pressure the Home Board instituted the movement for moral and religious reconstruction of country life.

The Government also saw the need and the opportunity. In 1909 President Roosevelt had founded the "Country Life Commission." Other agencies supported by the Government followed, so that a decade showed better farms, better homes and generally better living conditions in the country.

The work of Dr. Wilson for the Home Board in this respect found swift response in the country regions. Demands from rural Presbyteries and in-

vitations from country churches flowed in on the Board.

By investigation we were soon able to show to the Church the desperate country-church problem, and then by administration in many presbyteries we were able to show swift and splendid results. There is no occasion here to go into details. They have been published elsewhere. But two general results are to be noted:

First, our example was promptly followed by other denominations. The Methodist Church created a department similar to our own. The Northern Baptist Convention took the same course; so also the Disciples, the Moravians and others. Indeed I know of few communions that are not giving special attention to the rural work.

Second, the Home Missions Council and the Federal Council have established Rural Fields Commissions.

As a result of the activities named a spirit of federation has taken hold of the country churches. One of its earliest phases was in Maine, where the rural population is decreasing. Under the guidance of President W. DeWitt Hyde and Dr. Alfred Williams Anthony, later the secretary of the Home Missions Council, great progress was achieved. Other New England states caught the spirit. Then it moved westward. The Federal Council, under its Commission of Federation, covered the country, and now there are permanent

Federations in many states whose aim is to bring the churches into a practical unity.

It is not too much to say that the great results in the work of the moral and religious reconstruction of the country are in large measure due to the leadership of our Board of Home Missions. I quote again: *

"The work of the Board's Bureau of Social Service is chiefly educational—assisting ministers and laymen to meet the problems arising in their own parishes. While the Presbyterian Church has the distinction of being the first denomination in this country to establish and carry on such a department other denominations in the United States, Canada and Europe have now inaugurated similar movements. These bodies have not been slow to acknowledge their indebtedness to the leadership of our Church. *The Boston Herald* some years ago remarked editorially:

"'When the Presbyterian Church in this country a few years ago established its Department of Church and Labor in connection with the Home Missionary Society, it established a precedent among American Protestant Churches and did the most statesmanlike thing to be chronicled in the history of American Protestantism during the past decade. The results have justified the innovation.'

"The essential features of the Bureau of Social Service are still maintained. Its educational propaganda has been taken up by presbyteries and churches and the social interpretation and application of the gospel are being steadily advanced. In many centers

* "The Soul of America."

the community life, inspired by the community church, is proving the gospel's power to bind people into the close and helpful bonds of the Kingdom of God."

The Board, in heeding the calls above described, did not forget the call of its original charter. It has continued to follow the steps of the pioneer. The Home Mission opportunities have increased not only with the increase of acreage of land, but with the development of new capacities for sustaining populations. Agriculture is more intensive. The treasures under the soil have given employment to millions. So Home Missions must still go west. But a refluent wave also calls it back east, to the great capitals where life is intense, fierce, perilous, more difficult to control than in the solitude of the desert. The departments which one by one had come into being, were organized to answer those calls. Of course country work had been older than the Board, but the different rural populations and conditions of today called for special treatment. Also, work among foreigners had been as old as the incoming of the first European migrations. But radical immigration changes demanded new forms of Christian activity. The American city—its marvellous growth, and far above all, its cosmopolitan character—cosmopolitan in a sense and to an extent which to thoughtful people spelled a national peril—challenged attention. So we began City Work.

The creation of these new departments in which educational, social and reformatory work was done, as well as that which is strictly evangelical, awakened a good deal of criticism among men of limited vision, who had not yet learned what the Church should do under the new conditions to christianize our nation. Thus our Country Life Department was attacked because it advocated better farming as an adjunct to better living. Our City Work was criticized because it took social and housing conditions into the account in taking the gospel to crowded populations. Even our Immigration Work was spoken against because we took note of various bad conditions, and asked the Government to provide remedies. That was interfering with secular and political matters which must not be tolerated. For a number of years we were feeling our way toward this new yet old interpretation of the gospel. But the work of these new departments went on, other communions following our leadership, helping thus to bring in the new day of the larger conception of the home mission task.

In our first steps along these new lines it soon became apparent that we must correct some impressions that stood in the way. There was even some opposition based on the assumption that somehow these lines of work antagonized personal salvation. We endeavored to make it plain that what we sought was quite in harmony with the most conservative views of the gospel, that we were not

bringing in an innovation but only stating in modern terms what dated back to the days of the Apostles. Social service was only the moral and religious care of the community. It finds its beginning in the Acts of the Apostles. The infant church in Jerusalem did not have a branch of social service. Itself was an institution of such service. In later times when the chief emphasis was placed on personal salvation, social service almost went out of the recognition of the Church.

Another cause for disturbance in the conservative wing of the Presbyterian Church was my attitude toward other communions. I had long been an advocate of closer relations with the entire body of Christ. I had worked for a Federation of Churches long before I became secretary. A closer acquaintance with home mission problems persuaded me that radical changes must be made in the missionary field. Cooperation must take the place of rivalry. We had remained too long in denominational valleys. The denominations must yield to the larger view of what is best for the Kingdom of God. These ideas I advocated through the Home Missions Council, and through the plans of the Home Board.

When they came to be worked out on the field much opposition was manifested. Where would Presbyterianism come out if we must always be thinking in the large terms of the Kingdom? Efforts to unite small churches and to eliminate

competition met with a good deal of resistance, especially in certain sections of the great West. The Board, however, steadfastly adhered to its policy and cooperated fully with the Home Missions Council to bring about a better day. And the day came. Comity prevailed and far more than comity. The denominations were not only trying to keep out of each other's way. They were getting close together and joining hands in a common crusade.

XII

THE HOME MISSIONS COUNCIL

THE HARP OF THE AGES.

America's genius—faith-lifted, far-eyed—
Over mountains and deserts, prophetic she cried:

I will build me a harp for the world's last song
To sound forth the triumph o'er passion and wrong;
To summon the nations to ultimate peace,
To give a world's sorrow its final surcease.
Over far-away seas I will summon its wires
That are tempered to fineness by liberty's fires.

One drawn from the hills of Italian vines,
And one from the crags of the Apennines;
A quivering thread from the Slavic lands,
And one from the North sea's wintry strands;
A heavy string from the heights of the Rhine,
And one where the flowers of France entwine.

From the Grampians far to the hills of Nippon
I will gather the wires—one by one.
From Appalachian heights I will string them far
To the mountains pricked by the evening star.
And then I will wait—with the patience of God—
Till the ages their glittering pathways have trod.

Then—then as the winds of the centuries play
Through the dawning sheen of earth's ultimate day—
At last shall our national anthem arise
With the notes that broke down the Bethlehem skies—
A world's peace and glory and Heaven's "Amen"
By the blending of chords from the lands of All Men.

XII

THE HOME MISSIONS COUNCIL

I HAVE alluded to the work of the Home Missions Council. It has become so large a factor in church life that it is proper here to give a somewhat fuller account of it. It was organized in 1908 by a few who believed the time had come to give organic expression to the desire for closer cooperation among the evangelical denominations. A brief Constitution was adopted which has remained practically unchanged. Its aim was declared to be "to promote fellowship, conference and cooperation among Christian organizations doing missionary work in the United States and their dependencies." Later the scope of the work was made to include Canada.

I was elected the first president of the Council and have been re-elected at each annual meeting since. The affairs of the Council have been in the hands of an executive committee, which has held frequent meetings. At first the services were purely voluntary. As the duties increased it became necessary to have permanent office quarters

and paid executives. The funds came chiefly by an accepted apportionment from the cooperating societies, numbering now about forty and representing twenty-seven denominations.

Its budget has increased as its usefulness has increased, under the able Secretaryship of Dr. Alfred Williams Anthony, who was its Secretary for five years and has only just resigned to take up another form of work. He found a valuable helper in the Rev. R. W. Roundy, who has recently listened to the call of a New England church.

The new Secretary, the Rev. C. E. Vermilya, has just entered upon his work.

Associated with the Council is the Council of Women for Home Missions, also having an executive staff and occupying adjoining quarters. The work of these two has grown steadily till now it is recognized as an aid to the home mission enterprise which is effective and indispensable. It has been the means of putting into operation Home Missions Councils in a number of western states, in stimulating cooperation throughout the country, in minimizing the overlapping of missionary agencies and in putting to work a statesmanlike program by which the many organizations shall increasingly function as one great missionary army for the conquest of our country. It has brought into its fellowship the strongest leaders of all the evangelical bodies. The Federal Council regards it as its agent in the entire field of home missions.

During these years that I have given much time to its affairs I have been amply rewarded in its expansion and fruitfulness. Among the men most closely associated with me in these formative years I may mention such dear friends as Dr. Hubert C. Herring, of the Congregational Church; Dr. Frank Mason North, of the Methodist Church; Dr. E. B. Sanford, who helped to organize the Federal Council; Dr. H. C. Morehouse, a veteran in Baptist missions, and his successor, Dr. Charles L. White; Bishop Lloyd, of the Episcopal Church, and that choice spirit of the Reformed Church, Rev. John Brownlee Voorhees, who was our first Secretary and who gave his life for humanity in the World War. I must not forget Dr. Josiah Strong, that great leader in federative work, one of the first to see its importance and to give it his strong aid. He passed away after a long illness in the maturity of his powers and left a rich legacy not only in the books which gave a new vision to home missions, but also in his personal leadership which this generation at least will hold in grateful memory. At the time of this writing the Home Missions Council may be said to have become firmly established as one of the great agencies in bringing into American history a new day in cooperative Christianity.

From the organization of the Council, in 1908, to 1914, my home mission energies were given outlet through both the Home Board and the Council. At the latter date the time came when it seemed

best (I was seventy-five years old) that so far as the Presbyterian Board was concerned I should give my place to a younger man and should give what strength remained for coming years to the interdenominational work represented by the Home Missions Council.

My work for the Home Board had covered sixteen years of a very formative character. As I have already noted, they were the years when home missions took in a wider and a deeper range. It considered the denomination less and the common interests of the Kingdom more. It regarded not only, nor mainly, the geographic extension of the missionary work, its latitude and longitude, but more its depth in getting a grasp on those problems of social and moral and educational conditions which were rising to eminence all over the country and threatening, unless checked, the very foundations of American society. Questions of race brought out by class relations rising through our industrial system, of moral decline and intellectual decay manifest in increasing illiteracy and in moral degeneracy in many sections of the country, the effect on the popular life of unsettled economic conditions because of which a perilous unrest was manifesting itself, breaking out often into violence and even into savagery,—these and kindred questions demanded a reshaping of missionary plans, a broader and more philosophic attitude toward the entire range of moral and religious endeavors.

As I have intimated, these new visions and plans could not be taken up without opposition from conservatives tied down to stereotyped ways and methods. These criticisms, together with my announcement to resign in March, 1914, raised somewhat of a tempest in certain quarters, but the General Assembly stood firmly by the policies which had been adopted by the Board and at its session in Chicago, in that year, adopted the following generous resolution:

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A., MAY 27, 1914.

"The General Assembly desires to place upon record its profound and hearty appreciation of the long, faithful and successful services of the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., who has filled the office of General Secretary for sixteen years. His prophetic vision and utterance, his inspiring leadership, his indomitable courage, his large-minded statesmanship, have combined to make his services to the Church such as can never be forgotten. The religious life of America will be forever different because of what he has seen and hoped and worked out. Nor is it only in our own branch of the Church that his service has had meaning and value. For under his leadership, the work has been such that other divisions of the Church have looked to the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church for their guidance and inspiration. We thank God, that if he must lay down his task, it can be with the glad consciousness that

he has served the Church of God as it is given to few men to serve her."

During those sixteen years I traveled extensively and wrote largely in the interest of the work. My journeys took me into every state in the Union save one or two. I was present at every meeting of the General Assembly save one, when I was ill. I spoke at every meeting, my addresses were published and may be found among my papers. They were received with a generous appreciation.

Of my various journeys, a few to our more remote possessions may be worth a passing mention. I have already referred to my trip to Alaska in 1900.

I made a number of trips to our various Indian reservations, the most interesting of which was a journey to the Pima Mission, made illustrious by the heroic and fruitful service of the Rev. Charles H. Cook. This mission has had an eventful work for more than fifty years.

I recall with keen pleasure a visit we made there nearly twenty years ago. Leaving the railroad at Casa Grande we drove behind a team of fairly gentle horses for sixteen miles over the desert, with its sage brush and its rattlesnakes, till midnight brought us to the missionary's home. The light in the window as we approached told us that the veteran missionary awaited our coming. It was a lonely home. His wife, who had been his strong

and devoted helper, had gone to her rest. His children were among friends in the East. He was standing guard alone. Yet in his solitude his work was his companion. No man ever gave himself more devotedly to his mission than Cook gave himself to his Pima children.

A preaching service had been arranged for the day following our arrival. It was in the middle of the week. On our query whether the Indians would come to a service at high noon of a week day Cook quietly remarked, "You will see." And we did see. An hour before the appointed time the audience began to assemble. They came in many cases from long distances; some of them on a journey of ten or fifteen miles over the desert. They came on ponies, in carts, on foot, parents and papooses, till before the hour for service, the church holding four hundred was full from the pulpit to the door. I am accustomed to all kinds of audiences, but never before nor since have I found one more intent on the message and its claims. And this from a people who a dozen years before had been sunk in a dreary and hopeless paganism. And all this the reward of one humble and unknown missionary. Here was indeed the power of the gospel. One could not help drawing a contrast between this simple reality and the show of religion in stately cathedrals among people with whom the "simplicity that is in Christ" is often obscured by the vain show of many inventions.

After the service the Indians gathered around us to shake hands, and it was some hours later before the last of them went off to their desert homes.

I made several visits to our islands in the Caribbean. The first visit was to Porto Rico the year after the opening of our work there. That visit was full of interest and inspiration. My wife was with me, and under Dr. Greene's kind guidance we had a fairly complete view of the island. I should mention that when Drs. Greene and Caldwell, our first missionaries, went to the island they took with them two important documents. The first was the agreement entered into between four mission Boards as they were about to begin work in Porto Rico, that we would divide responsibility for different sections of the island (the Presbyterians taking the western section), that we avoid all competition and would so work together as to demonstrate to those who had been crushed by a false church unity that there is one that is living and life giving.

The second document was a proclamation to the people of Porto Rico, giving the spirit in which we entered on the work and seeking their cooperation.

It was my privilege to preach the first Thanksgiving sermon that ever had been given there. It was in Mayaguez, a beautiful city on the western coast. The audience was more than the hall could hold. Many hung around the doors and the long French windows. Indeed everywhere we went the

size of the audience was determined by the size of the building. Part of this, of course, was curiosity. But a part of it one could see was the longing for something other than the Catholic Church had given them. The growth of mission work on the island steadily demonstrated this.

A few years after this first visit, we went there again. The mission stations that had been opened in many places, the schools that had attracted numerous and earnest students, the personal testimonials that came to us on every hand, told eloquently of the appreciation of a gospel that revealed the "simplicity that is in Christ." The work of all the denominations now engaged in Porto Rico is a marvel of cooperation, looking forward to ever closer union. The spirit in which it was begun has been steadily maintained.

In 1910 a somewhat different form of work was undertaken by the Rev. John William Harris, who opened an industrial school at San German, a beautifully situated town twelve miles from Mayaguez. Two years later the name was changed to the Polytechnic Institute, and as such it has had a remarkable growth. That it has commended itself to the people of Porto Rico is evidenced by the fact that there are yearly hundreds more applicants than it is able to receive.

Its great value lies in the fact that in Porto Rico, as in all Latin countries, work is generally considered as below the dignity of an educated individ-

ual. To teach its students to feel the dignity of work and how work can be efficiently and economically performed, both by men and women, is therefore the no mean purpose of this Institute.

I have a peculiar interest in this work, for it is there that a building is to be erected which shall bear my name, the Board having with great consideration so decreed.

Twice I have visited Cuba. The first visit was in 1902, soon after the inception of our work on the Island, and there, as in Porto Rico earlier, Dr. Green was my guide. We traveled the length of the island (and it seemed long enough in those uncomfortable trains), and made tentative plans for the church and school work, which has since developed beyond our early hopes.

A second visit occurred as we were returning home after the Panama conference, of which I shall speak more fully later. A number of us stopped off at Havana for a three days' regional conference.

My time was taken up by this meeting and I did not, therefore, go to many of our stations outside of the city, though I met many of our missionaries at the conference.

A rather amusing incident occurred at the Sunday night service at the Methodist church. Dr. King, of Oberlin, was announced to preach. As we went in, we found the minister anxiously looking up and down the street. Dr. King, he ex-

plained, had not come, nor did he even know that he was in Havana.

"He is here," we said. "He came up from Panama in the boat with us. He probably has lost his way. Don't wait for him, begin your service and he will turn up."

After a few more agitated minutes of waiting, the worried preacher strode up the aisle to the pulpit, took up a hymn book, and said, "We will commence our service by singing the six hundred and seventieth hymn, 'Come, Thou Almighty King.'"

Needless to say, Dr. King did come, and was much amused later to learn what hymn the minister had chosen.

The days in Havana, which is a beautiful city, were made all the more beautiful by the kind attentions of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Snare, of New York. They spent much time in Havana because of his business interests there. Their car, and we might say themselves, were at our call, so that we saw much of the city and its surroundings. They not only entertained us royally, but followed us on our departure by a telegram to our hotel at Key West instructing it to refuse to give us any bill.

Indeed that good fortune followed us through the South, where I was meeting various missionary engagements. At Miami, Palm Beach, Eustis, St. Augustine and Charleston we met with the same kind attentions. So that we came home quite full of southern hospitality.

XIII

OVERSEAS

"THE SEA IS HIS."

Man claims the land, but his domain
Stops at the shore.
God's wandering acres of the main
Roll on before.

I look this vast expanse abroad,
My rest is this:
This is the blue-veined palm of God,
"The sea is His."

Far from the world men walk upon,
Why should I fear?
Across this Galilee the Son
Of God draws near.

I lie within His hand. Above
Benignant bends
The blue eye of His boundless love,
And that defends.

XIII

OVERSEAS

A NUMBER of times I have crossed the seas. A brief account of some of these trips is here given.

As stated in a previous chapter, my first European trip in 1885 was with my son Robert, whose health had become impaired by his studies in college and seminary. He had been licensed to preach, and had spent a summer preaching to a congregation in Minnesota, when it became evident that his nervous condition was threatening his health. It was hoped that a complete change might restore him. He had a brilliant career ahead of him. His classmates considered him their outstanding man. But the foreign trip did not do for him what we had hoped. After a few years of struggle with his failing health, he and I were in a skiff, on Lake Mendota, which capsized and he was drowned. So ended what at one time had promised to be a great career as a minister of the gospel.

In the journey undertaken for his benefit there was nothing worthy of special mention. It was the itinerary usual with those who go abroad for the

first time, and it ended with a sore disappointment on my part.

The year after our coming to New York my wife and I spent three months in Europe, taking the ordinary route to England, France, Switzerland, and Holland. It was a delightful tour, but with no occasions calling for an extended remark.

In 1895 there came an occasion of great significance. *The Evangelist,* of New York, organized a party of Presbyterians to visit in a historic study the headquarters of the Reformed Movements in Europe. It was to be more than a junketing trip. It was to get in sympathetic touch with the Presbyterianism of the old world. Arrangements had been made for receptions at the various centers and for such guidance by leaders there as would give us "close up" knowledge of our European forbears. Henry R. Elliot, manager of *The Evangelist* and organizer of the tour, invited us to go with the party at only the cost of my giving addresses and responses on behalf of our pilgrims. Of course we gladly accepted the generous invitation. It was a very congenial company that set sail. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of *The Evangelist,* and Mr. Elliot did everything to make the trip both delightful and memorable.

We were to be expected guests at the various Presbyterian headquarters in Europe. What more could Presbyterian travelers desire? At Queenstown we were met by the man who was to be our

guide in the British Isles, Dr. William Carruthers, late curator of the Botanical section of the British Museum, a man of rare accomplishments and of charming personality. The welcome we received from him was a forecast of what we had to expect.

Our first point of contact with our historic Church was at Belfast. As our train slowed down at the station we were surprised to see awaiting us a large committee headed by the Lord Mayor in all the regalia of his office, his dignified mace-bearer at his side. One or two ministers made addresses of welcome to which I replied. We were driven to a large hall where an important public reception had been staged. The learning and beauty of Belfast were on hand. Scholarly papers of profuse length were presented by eminent leaders of the Church, addresses of welcome and responses were given and a bountiful collation crowned the occasion. On Sunday I preached in the Rosemary Church. We dined at the manse of one of the great men of Belfast, Rev. Dr. Lind, an ex-Moderator of the Irish Assembly, and in the evening heard him preach an excellent sermon. But greater than his sermon was his voice. I have seldom been so moved with Scripture reading as by his. Would that our seminaries impressed on our young ministers the value of training in that line.

After a few days in the old town full of cordiality and of information, in which we learned much of America's indebtedness to Scotch-Irish leaders

who had dared and suffered for a free Church, we crossed the Irish Sea, en route to the land and city of John Knox. Edinburgh, even to the tourist, is a fascinating city. To the student of history it is far more. There is no place where the origins of American Presbyterianism stand out so dramatically. The great service in St. Giles carried us back to the Reformation. There is the spot where Jennie Geddes stood when she flung her three-legged argument at the head of a too subservient minister of "the things as they were." There were the arches that had echoed the thunders of the preacher who "never feared the face of man." And there down High Street was the house where were forged the thunderbolts that shattered ecclesiastical tyranny. And down in the valley was the old Greyfriars Church, where the National Covenant was signed in 1638 by men who knew it was their death warrant and who went joyfully to martyrdom for the faith once delivered to the saints. There, also, was Cowgate, where the first General Assembly convened.

In the Antiquarian Museum we saw the very stool that Jennie Geddes flung at the minister, and we saw also those other persuaders of recalcitrant minds—the thumb screw and gag and stone balls, and other diabolical inventions. In these later days we have discarded those stone and iron arguments. Now we are content to cast people out of the synagogue.

Free thought in Scotland has had a thorny road to travel. It was there in the venerable Church of St. Andrews, on May 18, 1843, that Dr. Welsh laid his protest on the table, the last argument for a free church, and with his brave little company marched out, not knowing whither they went—knowing only that freedom was better than "a living."

One evening we had tea in John Knox's house on High Street. Mr. Guthrie, a distinguished barrister and the son of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, the great preacher, gave a delightful historical address which the surroundings made vivific. The widow of Dr. Guthrie received us, hale and vigorous in spite of her eighty-six years. In that room we seemed to be in the presence of the man of whom Thomas Randolph said to Sir William Cecil, "He put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."

Not long ago a friend said to me, "Edinboro' is the most beautiful city in the world."

It were easy to dispute that statement. But sure it is that no other city except Geneva has in it so much to fascinate a Presbyterian.

One evening we were given a memorable reception in the Free Church College Library. About two hundred of the leaders of the several Presbyterian bodies were present. I say several Presbyterian bodies. It is somewhat a matter of common knowledge that Scotchmen have independent con-

victions, and that when those convictions have crystallized, it is hard to combine them with other crystals, and that there are, therefore, a good many divisions in the Presbyterian Church.

On this occasion Dr. Blackie presided and gave a most felicitous opening address of welcome. Other addresses were given by Dr. McGregor, an eminent preacher of the Established Church, Dr. Wilson, Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, Dr. Orr, of the United Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Sharrock, of the "Auld Lichts." Thus all the "Split Peas" were well represented. I made response and was followed by Henry R. Elliot and the Rev. Dr. Niven (another of our Pilgrims). We met many interesting people—Sir Thomas Clark, the well known publisher; Sir Grange Stewart, physician to the Queen; Lady Ferguson (Ann Guinnes), and many others. Of course we had tea, and to make sure we had enough, the speeches were sandwiched in between tea at the beginning of the exercises and tea at the close.

On Sunday I preached in the Morningside Free Church for Dr. Charles A. Salmond. That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. We were his guests in his pleasant home and discovered we had mutual friends on this side of the sea, for he had been a student at Princeton, brought there by his desire to study under Dr. Hodge. Among other books he gave me was his "Princetoniana," sketches of Princeton people and history and ways.

In the evening we had a beautiful service in historic St. Giles. It was a communion service, peculiar but very solemn and effective. The wine was not in "individual cups," but in great bowls centuries old, and requiring strong and steady hands to keep the wine in proper bounds. Mr. Guthrie, the attorney, a Free Church elder, aided in the service. It was the first time a Free Church elder had ever been invited to assist at anything in the Established Church. He attributed it to our presence, for whom the communion had been arranged. Those were rare days in Edinboro'.

The next morning we said good-bye to the beautiful old town. Many new friends were at the station to speed the parting guests. Among them were Messrs. Anderson and Ferrier, the publishers, who presented me with a photographed copy of Burns' manuscript of "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled."

Mr. Moffat, a member as I recall of the same firm, was also there to put in our care his daughter for the European part of our trip. She was a very pleasant Scotch lassie whom twenty years after we found in her own beautiful home, the wife of a prosperous Edinburgh business man.

On our way south we visited Melrose Abbey, and that great literary shrine, Abbotsford, where for an hour we surrendered ourselves to the memories and associations of that wizard of Scottish romance. Historical novels have been much the fash-

ion in recent years, but the "Waverlies" still retain their charm as the best historical novels ever written.

At Dumfries we were taken to the house and then the grave of Burns. What a hold on Scottish people has that man who sang the songs of the heart! So much in him that was not lovable, is there any poet who commands a deeper love? A drive over the moors took us successively to Cameron's monument and the grave of John Brown, the Christian carrier of Priesthill, cruelly shot by Claverhouse. We lived over again the days of the Covenanters. I wonder whether in these more placid days we would find men who for the faith once delivered to the saints would withstand Claverhouse and his cohorts.

Stirling had for me a special interest because there was the little church where my father-in-law, Dr. Robert Boyd, had preached. Of course, the historic castle was full of memorials. There was the room where Earl Douglas was slain by the king. And there was the pulpit from which John Knox thundered that Gospel which dethroned kings and queens and established religious liberty. Our guide was Hay Fleming, who threw some doubts on some of the memorials. But the traveler prefers the things that are to the erudition of the antiquarian.

Nobody goes to England on a pleasure tour without a stop at Chester. The cathedral associated

with the name of Dean Howson was full of interest. Much of its present charm is due to restorations made by him. Our social functions there were first a luncheon with the Lord Bishop, where we met the Bishop of Calcutta, the Misses Wimburton and other interesting people, and then a tea with the Misses Howson, the cultivated and friendly daughters of the Dean. Miss Howson gave me a photograph of her distinguished father.

In the evening we returned from these devious by-paths of Episcopacy to the plainer Presbyterian highways. We were called to the Presbyterian church to a meeting arranged in our honor. On the way thither we stopped at the Welsh Church at the request of the minister and had a rather long address from the said minister, with the penalty that we were late at the Presbyterian church. The minister was much put out because the Mayor's deputy, who had come to give us official welcome, was kept waiting. However, the atmosphere cleared up. We were decorated with roses and listened to four addresses, by the Presbyterian minister, by a Welsh pastor, by the Moderator of the Presbytery of Liverpool, and by the Mayor's deputy. I replied, followed by Mr. Elliot and by Dr. Landon, President of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and one of our party. A record I made of the occasion at the time says, "It was a fairly stupid evening." I suppose the seven addresses were too much for me.

The next morning, after going to Matthew Henry's house, having our pictures taken there, and to his monument, we made the tour of the famous "Walls" and then went into an ancient crypt with very fine Gothic roof of manifestly very early date. Alas, it had become a wine cellar!

Then through beautiful scenery down the line to Oxford. There we were glad to meet two of our New York friends, Dr. Francis Brown and Dr. Charles A. Briggs, of Union Seminary. Our stay in Oxford was short, but we visited a number of the colleges—St. Johns, Christ Church, Trinity, Oriel and Magdalen.

After a glance at the Bodleian Library we slid down to London, or *up* to London, as a Briton would say. Soon after our arrival a notable reception was given us. I think it was in King's Hall. Many eminent men were there. The Moderator of the London Presbytery presided. Addresses were given by Dr. J. Monro Gibson, John Watson (Ian Maclaren), who had come from Liverpool especially for that occasion; the American Ambassador, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard; Dr. Henry M. Field (who after leaving us at Queenstown had joined us in London) and myself. After a social hour Dr. Carruthers made a few remarks, and a most scholarly paper was read by Principal Dykes. When the Moderator took Dr. Field and me by the hand the entire audience rose in cordial greeting. It was an occasion long to be remembered by us all.

The next day after a drive through the city we went to a reception by the Dean of Westminster. He gave us a long address (over an hour) in the Jerusalem Chamber, on the Abbey and its chambers. Of course the address was full of history, most of it new to us. He then conducted us through a part of the Abbey not usually open to the public.

The evening of that day in the parlors of our hotel was rendered delightful by the presence of American friends, my old friend Dr. Oscar A. Hills and Major and Mrs. Thatcher from my church in Kansas City. The next morning Dr. Carruthers, who had already done so much for us, took us to the British Museum. Of course that meant a charming forenoon. Mr. Murray, the head and supreme authority on Classical Antiquities, took us through that department. Dr. Budge, also an authority, took us through the Assyrian rooms. His explanations of the Assurbanipal tablets and cylinders was intensely interesting. Would I had more record of that forenoon, for of course memory cannot hold much after all these years. I remember asking him in regard to the relations of Moses and the early Assyrian records. He said they both came, or radiated, from an earlier tradition. That sounded as if Dr. Budge belonged to the modern critical school. Dr. Garnett, the head of the Library, took us through that huge department with its nearly two million books and its im-

mense reading room, whose dome is as wide as St. Peters. He also carried us through the history of printing and through departments not open to the public. We held in our hands the Bible which Anne Boleyn took with her as she mounted the scaffold. To have a half day within those historic walls under conduct of those experts was indeed a privilege.

One of the pleasant features of our London visit was a tea at the home of my old Chicago friend and neighbor, Dr. J. Monro Gibson. He had a very successful pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago in the seventies, then was called to the St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church in London, and had many years of service there when we met at his home. He easily became one of the leaders of the English Presbyterian Church, active in all good works and venerated alike for his intellectual power and his spiritual influence. A few years ago he retired from active service, and almost as I write these words, he entered on the immortal life.

Of course our trip took us to Canterbury. Aside from our appreciation of the beautiful Cathedral, the event of our visit was our reception by the French pastor of the Huguenot Church, who read us an address in the crypt where for three hundred years this exiled little church has worshipped.

Like most travelers, we approached the Channel with some qualms—not of conscience! However,

the Calais crossing is short and the "neck of the bottle" was quiet. So we had a peaceful voyage, and were soon pleasantly housed in Paris, the most beautiful of cities.

One of the first events was, as usual, the reception—this time by the French Huguenot Society in their Library Hall. Baron De Shickler, President of the Society, gave an address. The Librarian gave a stereopticon lecture on the history of the persecutions in the time of Francis I. Père Hyacinthe followed in a beautiful address in French.

This recalls my first meeting with the Père. It was during my residence in Kansas City. We had arranged a reception for him by the ministers of the city. I was appointed to give an address of welcome. Not sure of my French—or rather very sure it would be bad—I gave it in good North American English. The Père responded in his eloquent way. At the close of his address he staggered me by taking me in his arms and kissing me on both cheeks! The brethren saw my embarrassment and rounded off the occasion with ringing applause.

Another occasion of interest in the French capital was the unveiling, in the Rue de Rivoli, of a statue of Coligny. Several addresses recalled the days of the Revolution—especially that night when in the palace directly opposite the statue, the French King could not sleep, but walked the gilded halls

in the consternation of a guilty conscience because he had given orders that on the morrow the great bell in San Germain l'Auxerrois should sound the death knell of the Huguenots.

It goes without saying that our visits to various McAll Mission halls were full of interest and of hope for the future of Protestantism. In the quarter of a century since that visit to Paris the signs have still more brightened, and though seen through smoke clouds of the World War, there is a vision of a new France delivered from the bondage of Romanism and rising to take her full part in the development of a Christian civilization.

We left Paris on a Saturday morning for the long ride to Geneva. That we might have comfort on the trip, we paid special fare for a first-class fast train. All went well till the approach of dinner time. At Macon the train was cut in two. The sharper grade up toward the Alps called for two sections. The dining car was attached to the second section and our section, minus a diner, pulled out for the mountains. So we nursed our appetites by thinking of what might have been and went on to Geneva. There we discovered that our luggage was also on the second section. We had to wait for that. By the time we reached our hotel we were fairly clamorous for food. The ways of the railroad company in providing food for passengers were, and continue to be, past finding out. This would be a good point at which to make

bromidic remarks anent the railways, but the good times I have had in Europe in spite of the railways halt my pen.

Repeated visits to Geneva have not dulled the fascination with which I first regarded the beautiful city. An illustration of the confiding character of the Swiss people came out when a member of our party was admiring a fine Swiss watch in one of the shops and expressed a desire that he might have it.

"Why not take it?" inquired the proprietor.

"I have not that much money in my pocket," was the reply.

"Why not give me your cheque?" persisted the proprietor. The American expressed surprise.

"I am a stranger from a far country. Do you mean you would take a cheque from a nameless man on a nameless bank? I would not do that in New York if a European stranger came in and proposed to give me a personal cheque."

"Ah!" replied the watch-man. "You did not offer me your cheque. I should have declined it. I asked you for it. You see the difference?"

So my surprised friend passed in his cheque and walked away with the very valuable watch.

In these notes I shall have occasion to refer again to Geneva, so for the present I pass on to Interlaken and thence to Grindelwald, where we had an invitation to the summer home of Mme. d'Aubigné, the widow of the celebrated writer of the "History

of the Reformation." It was a beautiful home looking out on the snow-covered mountains. And beautiful was the hospitality with which we were received. An address by a French minister, Mr. Berlier, and a response by me were followed by the usual tea, and that by an interesting lecture on the Glaciers by a distinguished geologist. Dr. Field took my wife for an excursion over the Wengern Alp while I returned to Interlaken. Our wanderings around the region of the Bernese Alps is ground so familiar that I pass without a mention our trip over the Brünig Pass on to Lucerne (where we had the only poor hotel in our travels), around the lake and up the Rigi, and so on to Heidelberg and Mainz and finally Cologne. But as we found no Presbyterian headquarters along that route there is nothing for our Pilgrims to record.

We found our next reception in dear old Holland. At Amsterdam we were received by a committee of ministers and proceeded to the "Old Church," where Dr. Field and I responded to the very friendly greetings of the Hollanders. Thence to the "New Church," more a cathedral than a church, full of beautiful carvings and monuments of Dutch heroes. It is the church where the Queen worships when in the city. Dr. Thompson, who for many years had been the pastor of the English Church, was our guide. On this historic spot, the persecuted Pilgrims worshipped during the dozen years of their exile.

After a day or two in Amsterdam we retraced our steps to Leyden. The old University attracted us first. How young we felt as we saw the towers and walls which were old when Columbus discovered America. John Robinson's house was not far away. There was the tablet placed there by the American Congregational Churches. Twenty-five years later (in 1920) I was in Leyden again. How few were the changes. From our mercurial American life to that which from age to age keeps the slow, serene and peaceful way, what a contrast! What questions the contrast raises! Is it well to drive through the world at the American pace? Or do the sleepy barges on the Leyden canals suggest a wiser and more restful use of time?

The homecoming had in it little worthy of notice, unless the sharpest gale I ever experienced may call for mention, or the farewell meeting in the cabin as we approached Sandy Hook. The friendships formed on such a voyage are not easily broken. Many of them remain to this day. They found some expression at the meeting in toasts, songs and speeches. Among them, these verses may find a place:

LYING AT THE BAR.

The exile has been long,
  And broad, too broad the sea,
Across the which my longing heart
  Has beaten heavily.

And now the sunset falls
  On western hills afar;
But the sails are down, the tide is out,
  We are lying at the bar.

And on beyond the sunset gates
  Another land I ween;
And for its friends my exiled heart
  Hath longings deep and keen.

Oh! silent tide, when comest thou
  Beyond yon evening star?
My thoughts, my hopes are flying on,—
  I am lying at the bar.

XIV

FURTHER WANDERINGS

WIRELESS.

Said Marconi: I will fling my word
Over the restless sea and the land;
And he who is in tune with me,
He only shall understand.

Said the poet: From my heart a throb
Beats o'er the waves to the farthest strand;
And he whose soul with my soul is one,
He only shall understand.

XIV

FURTHER WANDERINGS

ONE winter my wife and I joined a delightful company of people for a Mediterranean tour, taking with us our young daughter, Sydney. Our first stop was at the Island of Madeira, one of the quaintest of places. It has to me one unpleasant memory. That the tour might be pictorially preserved I had equipped myself with a fine camera. I left it for a few moments on some presumably safe resting place. When I returned it had been appropriated. How the blame is to be divided between the temptation too strong for a native and my own carelessness I have not tried to balance. A small compensation for my loss was the fun we had in sleighing without snow in sleds drawn by bullocks, and with runners well oiled to serve instead of snow, and also in riding down the mountain in similar sleds propelled at a rather alarming rate by gravity. Charles, the deposed monarch of the Austrian throne, found an enforced residence on that Island before his death. If one must be a prisoner, it were hard to find a more delightful spot.

This voyage gave us our only touch on Spain. Landing at Cadiz, a train ride to Seville, dight

with quaint buildings and quaint people, then to Granada for flying views of the Alhambra which, as with Washington Irving, should have had years, and then down through the middle of Spain to Gibraltar, constituted days not easily forgotten. Not in many parts of the world are romance and history so brilliantly blended.

A voyage on the Mediterranean is a perpetual luxury—on waters usually placid and under skies like those which hang over Italy. I do not forget that Paul had his troubles there—(not to forget Jonah who, whatever may be said of the whale, is an undoubted historic character); but such experiences may be classed with bad weather in California—*wholly exceptional.*

The approach to Constantinople is much more beautiful than the city. The general and distant views of its palaces, towers and minarets leave nothing to be desired. It is rather a pity the traveler cannot be content with the far and general view—steam up into the Black Sea past the towers of Europe and Asia and then swing back to "the many nationed sea." The inspection of the city brings many disenchantments. Squalor, yellow dogs (since shipped to an island to die), latticed windows where beautiful prisoners struggle for a glimpse of mankind, and general disrepair are the outstanding features which one carries in mind. And then one's unfortunate memory of centuries of oppression and cruelty combine to make one

willing to take ship again. But there are two beauty spots which no traveler should miss—Robert College on its stately eminence above the city, where hundreds of boys from many nationalities are having a chance, and the Constantinople Woman's College across the Bosphorus in Asia six miles from the city (now moved to the European side). Here fifty American teachers are interpreting to four or five hundred students from twenty different nationalities the ideals of Christian womanhood. These two beacon-lights give hope for the tortured East.

Our visit at Smyrna was rendered pleasant by the fact that the American Consul there was a friend of my wife. When our ship cast anchor a gorgeously uniformed official of the Consulate appeared with a special boat to take us ashore. Once there we were received with more than official cordiality. The Consul had married a Greek lady of that city, which gave us entrée into a beautiful native home—and views of the town not otherwise so easily seen. A train of camels passing slowly down the main street, laden with tapestries and spices from the far interior, was our first intimation that we had indeed come into the Orient.

Skillful rowing by Arabic boatmen between rocks on which Andromeda was supposed to have been chained, marked our entrance to the Holy Land at the venerable city of Joppa. We were ready to accept at face value all the historic tales

with which our guides regaled us. Why not? We had come there to get in vivific touch with memorable ages and why then take the edge off of the romance with foolish criticisms which any one could make! So that house yonder not far from the sea was the identical spot where Peter had the great dream which led him to call no man unclean.

An unspeakable thrill struck us when our train slowed down on the southern border of Jerusalem and we saw the age old towers rise before us. The dream of my life was being realized—we were passing through the Gate of David and were within the sacred walls. But the disenchantment came soon. It was the city over which Jesus wept, and which was sad and desolate enough still to draw the tears of any who had dreamed of its glory. There were many marks of a history which no degradation could wholly obscure and no destructive changes could wholly obliterate. There were the identical walls where Jews of all lands came to weep; there was the garden of the Master's agony and the hill of His sacrifice, and there above the city was the Bethany that gave Him who had no home the one welcome of love and sympathy. How often must He have gazed on the beautiful distant hills of Moab, with the Jordan like a silver thread gleaming in the valley. But the physical ruins and the mental gloom and despair were everywhere apparent. "How often," and she would not, and now indeed she is a city desolate. What is in

store for her since General Allenby's army has encamped around her and Christian powers have hoped for a new life for Palestine? Perhaps the day of her promised glory may sometime dawn.

An interesting experience waited us at Alexandria. The ship had barely anchored when quite a family of Greeks came in search of us. A Greek boy in elevator service in our Presbyterian Building in New York had notified an uncle in Alexandria that we were coming. In what exaggerated terms I do not know. But we were received in right royal fashion. The "uncle" to whom we were commended was evidently a man of affairs. We had a taste of the finest Greco-Egyptian hospitality. We were urged to stay for a month or a year and it was with difficulty we were able to decline an invitation to his country place somewhere up in Egypt. Conversation was, of course, through an interpreter, except that one of the sons was able to understand our halting French. Before we left I invited this young man some day to come to New York. I had no thought he would ever accept the invitation, but we had been home but a short time when he appeared. Though the son of a wealthy man, so strongly was he taken by New York that he accepted service in our building and became permanently an American. At Christmas time he appeared in my office with an inlaid box tied with a blue ribbon and containing two thousand Egyptian cigarettes, a present from his father. They would

have lasted me for indefinite years, but I had many friends. An increasing number indeed, and so the beautiful cigarettes disappeared.

I anticipated the approach to Cairo with peculiar pleasure. For there I was to meet my lifelong friend, Dr. Andrew Watson, of the United Presbyterian Mission. Though college mates in Carroll College and roommates in Princeton, we had not met for many years, as he was giving all his life to Egypt. So we had a good time. I preached to his Arabic congregation and greatly enjoyed seeing the evidences of the good work he had done. He has recently gone Home full of years and honors.

Very few go to Cairo without going up the great river. To Luxor we went by train—an English railway equipped about as it would be in England. From Luxor, with its mile of great columns declaring the glorious days of the Pharaohs, we went with donkeys over the desert to the tombs of the Kings at Thebes. I think that was the most astounding revelation of anything we encountered in our long journey. The long approach to the tombs, down decorated ramps, prepared one for the tremendous halls in which the Kings lie entombed. There they lie in plain view in their cerements of thousands of years—in vaults and catacombs brilliantly lit with electric lights. The lights were the last thing in modern science. The decorations they revealed were four thousand years old, the colors as fresh apparently as when first laid. There were no

electric lights to enable the artists to work. They could not have worked in the dark, nor yet with smoking torches. How did they do it? Science answers many questions. I think it has not answered that question.

An incident touching that ride over the desert is worth a mention. Several years ago, during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, I was preaching one summer Sunday in Oyster Bay. The President was at church and invited me to dine with him. In a moment's lull at the table, I turned to young Archie (at that time about twelve years old) and said, "Archie, I believe I will tell you a story." The table listened to the story I would tell the boy.

"A short time ago I was in Egypt," I said. "I had gone there to get in touch with ages long gone. Instead I was in the midst of a good deal of modern civilization—English hotels and railroads, and even electricity lighting up the mummies of Kings. But as we rode over the desert we seemed to be getting back where I longed to be—nothing but deserts and ruined temples. It seemed as if we might even see Moses somewhere among the ruins. Then I turned to the little Arab, who was driving my donkey, and said,

"'Boy, what is my donkey's name?'

"Quick as a flash he replied, 'Hish name ish Teddy.'"

The family burst into laughter in which the President joined heartily. When the laugh had

somewhat subsided Archie spoke up in a drawling voice, "Well, I guess in about two years that donkey will have another name."

The wife of the Episcopal rector seemed to feel that the President was getting it rather hard, so she remarked, "But I think Teddy is a name that will last."

"And *I* think Archie has the right of it," Mrs. Roosevelt said.

Our journey was continued up the Nile past the beautiful submerged temple of Philæ to the first cataract, and to the great dam, which English skill has built. The marvels of nature and of science there apparent made impressions never to be lost. There is little more of that trip to be recorded. A visit to my son Vance, then living in San Remo, and the homeward journey with several stops in Europe completed experiences of many kinds never to be effaced. Not the least of which were the friendships we formed. They have gone on into all subsequent years and constitute the best output of the long voyage.

My next touch on Europe was in 1910. The occasion was the great ecumenical Foreign Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, to which I had been chosen a delegate. It was the largest and most significant gathering of missionaries from all communions and from nearly all lands—a delegation of about two thousand. For ten days the great questions connected with missionary life and adminis-

tration were discussed by experts who had come prepared to give the best that was in them to the furthering of closer fellowship and more effective cooperation. It had no reference to a union of denominations, but rather to a union of plans and service.

At the close of the convention a Continuation Committee was appointed to gather up and organize the accumulations of knowledge and experience to the end that Foreign Missions might get a new and stronger grip on the consciousness and conscience of the Church at large. That Committee still functions and while it were difficult to try to measure its influence toward the ends it seeks there can be no doubt that the irenic spirit of that conference is still felt through all branches of the Christian Church.

After leaving the Conference, we went to Paris to visit my son Vance. I was scheduled to preach for several Sundays in the American Chapel there. I, however, signalized my arrival by slipping on the waxed stairs of my son's house and falling with a crash to the bottom. A doctor came promptly and discovered nothing more serious than a broken ligament in my side. It gave abundant pain and I was confined to the bed for several days, but this was Saturday night, and the question was how to get hold of a preacher for the next day. I did not know the address of anyone in Paris who could locate a minister, the only thing to do was to send

my wife and daughter to church early with the instructions to stand by the church doors and catch anyone who looked like a minister!

This they did with such success that they caught three—Drs. Burrell, Mendenhall and Swift, who each spoke for ten minutes. Fortunately it was the third of July, and no American is ever at a loss as to what to say as the Fourth approaches. But I always told those brothers that it took three of them to fill my place.

Somewhat later we wandered off into Germany, our objective being the Passion Play at Oberammergau. My notes say, "The play was great. Hard strain on mind and heart. The emotions are much stirred. It was reverently done, and the impression is good."

We found a comfortable home with one of the Pharisees. As we got out of our carriage, a fat and comely German maiden came to help us. I wished to greet her pleasantly, so I remarked with great distinctness,

"It-is-a-pleasant-day."

"Yes," she replied briskly, "but yesterday it rained to beat the band."

"Hello!" I exclaimed, "where did you get that?"

"Oh," she said, "I used to live in Hoboken."

There were many interesting days later in the haunts of Luther, of Goethe and Schiller, but nothing worth mentioning except that at Mainz,

after watching the Kaiser review thirty thousand troops, we waited on the corner of a street to see him come riding down, with his staff at a smart gallop. It was a fine sight, but after he had passed I missed my pocketbook. It had evidently been taken at the moment of highest excitement.

Fortunately it had only five dollars in it, (though there were other things of value in it) and considering all the Kaiser has done since, I incline to think he was cheap at that price.

I went abroad again in 1914 on a most significant mission. For years the international atmosphere had been charged with ominous signs of war. The diplomats of the old world were nervous. But there was no thought of immediate war. To find a firmer basis for international peace it was proposed by Church leaders in England and America to call together representatives from many nations to try to find a basis of world friendship. A Conference was called to meet in the venerable city of Constance, in Germany, on August first. I was again one of the delegates. My wife and daughter and I anticipated the meeting by a month in Switzerland. The month was spent mainly among the Bernese Alps and was enlivened by a visit from my son Vance, who was living in France. Specially fine was the automobile ride on which he took us from Grindelwald to Berne, the special object of which was to get my signature to a conveyance of title to a farm he had owned in Colebrook, Connecticut,

near my summer home. That errand was speedily accomplished, but the all day ride among those glorious scenes remains a permanent possession.

We reached Constance on the last day of July and were challenged for our passports as we stepped from the train. It was the first intimation of trouble. We knew, of course, of the assassinations in Serbia. But away up in the Alps we had learned little of the storm that was brewing. With eighty other delegates we were quartered in the hotel made famous by having been the monastery where John Huss, five hundred years before, had been tried and condemned. On Sunday we became conscious that the clouds had gathered. Final messages were passing back and forth between the Chancellaries of Europe. I remember it was on that morning that Dr. Thomas C. Hall, from New York, a member of the Conference, showed me a telegram from his wife at Göttingen begging him to come home, as several soldiers had been quartered on them. He took train at once. It was the last time I saw him. He is now a citizen of Germany and during the war was, of course, wholly committed to the German cause.

That Sunday evening we held the first formal meeting of the Conference. It was an hour of devotions. We were not sure of what was coming. The Assistant Court preacher from Berlin went down to police headquarters to get at the situation. At eleven o'clock he returned with the startling

news that we must leave at nine o'clock in the morning or we could not go at all. All trains would be in the hands of the army. Mobilization had begun. Then came our difficulty. We counted our money and found we hadn't enough to pay our hotel bills or to buy tickets to London. All banks were closed. We went to the proprietor of the hotel with our dilemma. He was a Swiss and very kind.

"You go," he said. "My servants are leaving. I must close the hotel. If you get money you can send it to me."

"But," we continued, "we have not money enough to buy our tickets. Our drafts are no good."

The good fellow went out into the town and borrowed enough to supplement our meager means, so that we could get away to London. In the morning that good friend sent eighty lunches and bottles of Apollinaris to the train that we might have something to eat and drink during the day. But we never got a bite of the one or a drink of the other. It was to follow us with our baggage on a second section. The soldiers took it all.

Our train was so crowded that we were full of discomfort and of course we were hungry. Now and then a friend who had a few pennies left brought in a loaf of bread and parcelled it out. The signs of the impending conflict were all about us—soldiers guarding every bridge and ordering train windows closed for fear we should throw out

bombs, and artillery wagons rattling through the towns, soldiers mounted thereon like stone images. We had been guaranteed protection to Cologne. What would happen there we did not know. Our German preacher (the only German at the Conference) had gone with us to Cologne to help us on. At the station he charged us to sit silent in our cars or, if ordered to get out, to sit silent on the platform while he went to headquarters to see what he could do. He came back cheerful. It was near midnight and our "protection" had expired, but he had succeeded in getting a special order to run us down to the border of Holland. At three o'clock in the night, in a driving storm, we changed to a Dutch train and in the morning were in Flushing, where a crowded and unlovely steamer took us on board, and after a perilous dodging of mines (with which the sea was already sown) landed us on English soil.

It was night when we reached Victoria Station. Trafalgar Square as far as one could see was a solid block of people. "What is all this?" we inquired, and were told England's ultimatum had gone to Berlin, and London was holding its breath. Would it be peace or war? Presently the great bells of the city struck the hour. The die was cast. The time set in the ultimatum had expired. England was at war with Germany.

There is little else to record of that trip. We were present in the House of Commons when a

famous decision was made concerning the Irish question. We had tea once or twice on the Parliament Terrace with some of the members, one of whom was J. Allen Baker, a well known Quaker, who had been prominent in the Peace Conference. Later we were with him in his beautiful home on the outskirts of London, and went with him to the Friends' Burying Ground, where lie Isaac Watts and Bunyan and others who have left their imprint on the world.

After some exciting days in London, we fled to the peace of Broadway, a picturesque old town where we had some friends. The Inn there, dating back three hundred years, is a veritable museum, with its beautiful old furniture. It is a rather exclusive place, too, and it was somewhat disturbing to the proprietor to have several Americans suddenly descend upon him without the formality of previous notice. His desire to fill up his vacant rooms forbade his turning us away, but his pride required that he should make very clear to us that his place always was full, and that if it had not been for the fact of war, causing his patrons to cancel their reservations, there would not have been the slightest chance for us.

In 1920, several occasions called me to Europe. After our flight from Germany, in 1914, those of us who could do so met in London to consummate the work we had intended to do in Constance, namely to organize the World Alliance for Interna-

tional Friendship, an organization made possible by Mr. Carnegie's large gifts toward the cause of peace. Then came the war and we could not hold another meeting so long as that world horror lasted. So we planned to meet for that purpose in St. Beatenberg, in Switzerland. The same year two other functions appeared. One was a Conference on Faith and Order, convening in Geneva. The other was the European celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620. I was appointed a delegate to both of these.

My wife and I sailed for England in July. A severe cold kept me housed in London for a week, making me miss a few appointments. I preached, however, in the Dulwich Church morning and evening early in August, and the next day we went on to Paris, by a prosaic channel steamer, while our friend, Hamilton Holt, who had come over to England on the same steamer with us, was flying over our heads in the clear blue sky of a lovely day. But I will wait for that till I get my own wings.

Unable to get a sleeping car to Geneva for several days, my wife spent one day on the battlefields. I missed that because my cold still lingered. However, we finally reached Geneva, where the first person to greet us was my son Vance, who had come up from Nice to have a week with us.

The Conference began the next day—a notable gathering of church dignitaries from many lands —called on motion of the Lambeth Conference to

consider ways and means of church union. The spirit of those days was all that could be desired. But some hurdles appeared which we found difficult to get over, notably the question of church orders. We could agree on a simple creed. We were all weary of the cumbersome creeds of the creed-making ages. We found no great difficulty in church sacraments. But when it came to a union in church orders, involving the validity of non-Episcopal ordination, then our troubles began. There is no need here of going into the discussions of those days. Enough to say that the Episcopal Church went farther than it had ever gone before, but yet not far enough to satisfy most of the Nonconformist brethren. The outcome was a set of resolutions expressing the importance of church union, the delightful spirit of Christian fellowship that had abounded and the purpose to keep on thinking and praying and hoping. Anyhow, some progress had been made and it seemed to be a precursor of better times.

Before the World Alliance meeting, we had a few days for recreation in the Alps. We had repeatedly been among the mountains around Interlaken but never up to Mürren. We had a delightful day and night on that summit of tremendous view. I know of nothing in the Alps or in other mountains I have visited comparable to the magnificence of the panorama spread out before the visitor to Mürren. There the whole Bernese Oberland

swings into view—a sort of revolving scene—as range after range is followed. The wonderful Sabbath amid those white-robed priests prepared us for the peaceful and beautiful days that followed at St. Beatenberg. There were church representatives from many lands, including Germany. We were so near the War, and its memories were still so painful, that the presence of French and German delegates in the same room came very near a clash. The French demanded, as a condition of their remaining, that the Germans should plead guilty to the war. The Germans declined, unless the French would also plead guilty. There came an impasse. It was finally evaded by the proposition of the French that they would meet the Germans in conference if we would enter their protest on our records. This was done and then at least a superficial peace reigned.

A most interesting phase of the discussions on a world in friendship was the presence with us of quite a delegation of the Greek Catholic Church. (Several of them had been also in Geneva.) Their desire for closer relations with Protestant Christianity was marked and emphatic. They declared they were much nearer to us than to the Roman Catholic Church. They even raised the question of union. This movement has made further progress in the last few years. During a recent summer the newly elected Patriarch of Constantinople, His Holiness Meletrios, visited our country on a mis-

sion of friendship and appeared in many Protestant congregations to plead for closer fellowship. Events in the Near East (into which I cannot go here) have inspired many forward-looking people with the hope that Divine Providence may be shaping a shaken world to bring His people into solider ranks to bring in the Kingdom.

The Mayflower celebrations were scheduled in Europe for Holland and England. Both had made elaborate preparations. The Dutch felt a fatherly interest in the Pilgrims. It was in their land that they imbibed the principles of Dutch freedom in church and state. So we had a warm welcome in Holland. Queen Wilhelmina invited the American and English delegates to her summer home. Our train was late, so we missed that function, but those who attended were loud in their praises of the very gracious and cordial ways in which Her Majesty welcomed her guests. There were three great religious meetings arranged in the three cathedral churches—in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Leyden. In each place the audiences were immense. The singing by well trained choruses was an inspiration. Although not all of the audience could understand our addresses, they were all aware of the significance of the great assemblies and entered with enthusiasm into all the services.

Several social functions were given us by the University of Leyden, and by the authorities of the town. There were also large and elegant ban-

quets in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. At the Hague we were given a luncheon by the American minister, Mr. Phillips, where we met many distinguished English and American people, among them Elihu Root, who was at the Hague for the purpose of helping to set up an international court.

We were present at two of the celebrations in England. The most spectacular one was at Plymouth, the port of Pilgrim departure. For several days there were pageants, speeches, dinners and motor tours. To us the most interesting occasion was at a tea given by Lady Astor on Lord Morley's magnificent estate a few miles out of Plymouth. There were a couple of hundred guests. A pleasant incident was our talk with Lady Astor, at whose table we happened to be seated. Earl Reading, then Lord Chief Justice, and Lady Reading were at the same little table. I was seated beside Lady Astor and soon discovered she was inclined to be very sociable, she being also an American. At one of the meetings she had occasion to defend her native state, Virginia, and to declare the celebration should not have been in honor of the Pilgrim Fathers so much as in honor of the earlier migration to Virginia. Was not Virginia the land of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson?—and so on. At the tea table I was bold enough to challenge her speech and to maintain the historic rights of Massachusetts. So the banter went back and forth. Vance had given me a new hat in Geneva. I gave

her the hat and my fountain pen and asked her to honor it and me with her autograph. This she very willingly did to the evident amusement of the Lord Chief Justice and others. When we came to say good-bye, she said, "Now that I know you I am a convert to Massachusetts."

An amusing sequence to this talk occurred when, on writing to my daughter, Sydney, I recounted the incident briefly, and wound up by saying I had "converted Lady Astor to Mass." On my return I was somewhat amused to find that my daughter had been mystified to know why I should have converted Lady Astor to Roman Catholicism! Later, when my daughter went to London for the purpose of giving a few recitals, Lady Astor entertained her at her home and at tea on the terrace of the House of Commons.

The other great Mayflower meeting we attended was in Albert Hall in London, where ten thousand people were gathered to do honor to the Pilgrims. I could not refrain from saying to a few Englishmen how very remarkable were the English demonstrations when one remembered that the Pilgrims fled from England because they could not endure the religious restrictions that were put upon them. The rejoinder to my ungracious remark was sufficient. "Ah, but that was three hundred years ago!" Almost anything can happen in three hundred years.

Among the choicest recollections of our sojourn

in England were the pleasant personal acquaintances we made. Especially did we enjoy renewing our fellowship with dear Dr. Jowett,* both in his church and in his home at Croyden. His bow then still abode in strength. I think his great heart sometimes longed for the fellowships he had in New York.

Our voyage home was also pleasant because of the agreeable people we met. Among them I became more intimately acquainted with Bishop Talbot, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania. We threshed over again the grist of the Lambeth Conference and agreed if Episcopal ordination was a pretty stiff hurdle we would do the best we could to get around it. We came home to finish the summer at our delightful Orchard Nook at Norfolk. As that holds so large a part of my heart I may speak of it later.

But while rambling along about overseas experiences, I may as well give a touch to my trip as delegate to the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America held in Panama, in February, 1916.

It was a memorable meeting of Christian forces from North and South America, called in the hope of making closer bonds between the peoples North and South, and for the purpose of forming more adequate and cooperative plans for Christian ad-

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* Dr. John Henry Jowett.

vance. Robert E. Speer was the Chairman, and the Executive Secretary was the Rev. S. G. Inman, whose name has been so closely associated with work among the Latin peoples to the south of us.

My work in this connection was as chairman of the Commission on Cooperation and the Promotion of Unity, which has so long been a theme of vital interest to me.

The Conference was a pronounced success both in the representative character of the delegates and in the spirit of unity which marked the utterances of the men and women gathered there from the twenty-one republics whose flags floated over us as we talked together.

We thoroughly enjoyed the fellowship, as of course we enjoyed the wonders of the Canal, our trip upon it, and our various views of the surroundings of that little strip of United States land that binds the two oceans.

On the return voyage our boat stopped for a day at Bocas del Toro, a rather busy little town (for the tropics), and then at Almarante, where we watched forty thousand bunches of bananas being loaded on the ship. We also went by train into the banana district, and over the river into Costa Rico, passing through miles of jungle largely filled with crocodiles, snakes and monkeys, but with many pretty clearings for the homes of the workers. After seeing more banana farms than I thought

existed, we returned to the boat and continued on our way north.

One morning there was much excitement on board—it takes so little to create excitement on board ship—because of mysterious signaling from a sail boat. We hove to and found that they were seventeen days out from Colon, no food or water. Our Captain supplied them bountifully from his stores, and gave them their reckoning.

A number of us stopped at Havana for a three days' conference to apply somewhat the projects for cooperative missionary service agreed upon at Panama. It was one of seven regional conferences to be held in various Latin-American countries.

My notes say—"We have had a great conference, one hundred and twenty in attendance, perfect harmony. I presided almost continuously, yet was not over tired, sleep well, and eat anything (I am allowed to!) It was a rare occasion."

Among the plans for united work in Cuba, the one which promised most immediate results was one for a common church in Havana for Americans of all denominations. I am sorry to say that after years of waiting, that fine dream is still in the clouds. Denominational hurdles are hard to get over. But they are getting lower. Several years ago Dr. Robert E. Speer and I were speaking at the centennial of one of the churches in Albany. In the course of his address Dr. Speer said: "Per-

haps in a hundred years from now there will not be any Presbyterians."

At Panama, in the course of an address on church union, I turned to Dr. Speer, who was presiding, and said, "A few years ago, Dr. Speer, I heard you say, 'Perhaps in a hundred years there will not be any Presbyterians.' Do you stand by that remark now?"

His reply was, "Yes, but now I will shorten the time."

Only a broad vision of the coming of the Kingdom could inspire such a remark.

XV

ORCHARD NOOK

THE HELP OF THE HILLS.

Heavy the shadows gird me round,
And a mist the valley fills—
But out of the dimness and the doubt
I lift mine eyes to the hills.

Benign they rise in their surpliced robes—
Those purpled priests of God—
And I firmly walk on the shaded road
Where falteringly I trod.

Their fronded brows speak majesty—
Their breasts with peace aglow—
Their streams are messages of life
To vales and fields below.

The harvests flash along the plain,
The land with plenty thrills,
So—thankful to the God of help—
I lift mine eyes to the hills.

O, fair and blessed hills of God,
To you our eyes are lift!
In you a grateful nation owns
Heaven's dateless, priceless gift.

So long ye rise above our plains,
So long your blessings fall,—
Our praise ascends to Him who reigns
In goodness over all.

XV

ORCHARD NOOK

I AM sitting on the side veranda. The vines have circled far out on the electric wire that reaches to the road. A robin full-red-breasted is hopping across the lawn, a red squirrel is practising his morning gymnastics up and down the great maples that shadow the lawn. A song sparrow is tuning up on an apple tree, the young leaves are out on the trees. All nature is up and doing for another riot of color and sound and beauty in the on-coming summer. Far down the valley to the north rises the stately summit of Mount Everett, the southern sentinel of the Berkshire range. Over my shoulder comes the prattling of the woodland brook, laughing for very joy of tumbling from rock to rock on the way to the valley. Beyond the brook deepen the woods in which once with a distinguished novelist I was lost—lost within rifle shot of the fairest village that slumbers among the New England hills.

This is the twenty-fourth summer that I have watched and rejoiced in this sight, have looked down across the meadow yellowing in dandelions, and up to Haystack mountain, slowly but grandly

putting on its robes of green, green of various shades in poplar, birch, chestnut and oak.

I am thinking back over the years. I will even recount some of the steps by which the scene and I have become such close companions.

How well I remember the day when, going into the office of my friend, Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, he inquired, "Where are you spending your vacation?"

My reply was, "Just now we are spending a few weeks in Stockbridge."

His next question was, "Why don't you come to Norfolk?"

Now Norfolk had become a somewhat familiar name, by the reports of friends who for years had been singing its praises, but I had never been there. So it came to pass that the next Monday we were dining in his home, a mile north of the village.

After dinner the Doctor said, "Now come with me. I want to show you something."

He took us to this place and said, "You must buy this farm. If you don't I will have to, and I don't want to, because I have too much land already."

I had about as much thought of buying a farm as I had of adventuring to the moon. But it would do no harm to look at a farm, even a small one. So we prowled around the place. The house was empty, the owner had moved to the village. But, like Indians, we peered into the windows. We

wandered to the orchard and the garden, considered the barn, in true New England style attached to the house, and the ice house, and all the buildings which the old time farmer thought necessary to his comfort.

Then the Doctor said, "Now we will go to the village and get the old lady's terms."

Like lambs to the slaughter we were led on. The terms were fascinating. It was a veritable bargain counter. But we were unconverted, and took the train back to Stockbridge.

But ever since Adam and Eve, human nature has been drawn to a garden. It is in the human blood. It has been in mine since the early days when I used to spend vacations on my father's farm in Wisconsin. So it was not strange that the next day we discussed Norfolk and the farm. The more we discussed the more excited we became—

"Yes, it was beautiful."

"Did you ever see a lovelier village, nestling among lovelier hills?"

"Never, and that library on the green, beautiful token of New England letters."

"And that old house, over a hundred years old. What fine colonial suggestions. It has possibilities."

And so on and on; all that day the spell was being wrought, with the result that the next morning I went to Norfolk and before noon had bought the farm.

Yes, it is twenty-four years ago, and what changes the years have brought. The old house stands as it was (and so solidly built, it is likely to stand another century), but it has been variously changed and enlarged both inside and out, till it is much too large for the small family we now are. The surroundings have also been changed. The picket-fence has been supplanted by a stone wall, the proper Connecticut symbol. The well with the old-fashioned windlass has become an artesian well, bored through a hundred and thirty-five feet of rock, supplying water enough for the village, and as cold as ice-water, brought into the house by an electric motor. On a rock platform, we have perched a summer house with a pleasant view of the village with its beautiful church spire. Many fruit trees have been set out, and give us abundant fruit.

My garden has been enlarged and is a source of perpetual delight. Since I have retired from my Home Board work I have been able to spend much time there. Of course, like all gardeners, even experts, I have come on many adversaries. Things don't turn out according to schedule.

My wife says, "Faith is that faculty which enables us to believe that our vegetables will look like the pictures in the celebrated gardener's catalogue." Nevertheless I keep up the everlasting experiment, and with results that help us through the winter. There are plenty of germs and insect pests to keep

me busy, but only two animal enemies—deer and woodchuck.

The former in the stilly night invade the beans and peas, the latter take everything that comes along. I would have just and legal cause to shoot the deer. But I cannot do it. I did it once on the shores of a Wisconsin lake. But those liquid eyes have followed and haunted me. So the deer and I divide the peas.

As for the woodchucks, they are beneath contempt, and remote from pity. For getting rid of them, I have tried all the means there are. But it is no use. One summer I borrowed a fierce Airedale dog from a neighbor, and tied him in the middle of the garden. He was worse than the woodchuck. His howling kept us awake all night. In the morning I cut him loose and sent him home. I preferred the woodchuck.

I have decided to let the inevitable come along, in whatever garb it likes. I remember that Adam had a snake in his garden. I would rather have woodchucks. He forfeited his title when the snake got busy. Anyhow my beasts don't drive me out. So, if necessary, I will let them stay and we will divide even.

But there are other charms than those of the garden. Norfolk is set in environs not only of beautiful scenery, but of a wonderful history. As I glance across the meadow, my eye catches the historic and graceful spire of the village church

and thoughts circle swiftly about it like doves to its belfry. The intellectual life of this country is written on its pulpits. In God's house across the meadow there was a pastor a hundred and fifty years ago who, in a ministry of more than half a century, not only expounded immortal truths to uplift and cheer the thinking of pioneers who fought sternly to subdue these rugged hills, but who, that the truth might not fail in coming generations, gathered in his study from decade to decade more than a hundred young men, and trained them to be thinkers. There was no accessible college. The preacher was the university. Only a few miles across the hills is the county seat. This, however, is not its chief fame. It was the home of the Beecher family. When did the light of a little country village shine so far? And from many a country church among these hills the light is still shining in lives of those whose inspiration came from that source.

As I thus meditate my mind comes out of the past and takes hold of the present. Are the old days better than these? Have we declined in moral and intellectual tone? As I glance up from the page I see the robin again. He has dared the electric wire, but he rests uneasily, with furtive side glances. His perch is a new thing under the sun. But he is getting used to it.

We, too, are getting used to wires and wheels and wings of which the fathers had no conception.

Are we therefore better than they? To be sure the spinning wheel is now found only in the antique shops. The ox-team is a curiosity at the county fair. The stream that laughs behind me is arrested in its dash to charge my electric wire, and the hill just below me has been sliced to make room for the express train. The other day above these hills an aeroplane sang its raucous song.

We certainly are further along. The fathers who subdued these hills were slow. Their farming implements are kept only in museums. But the characters developed here had a grit like the granite around them, and the light that shone out from their libraries that had only President Eliot's five-foot shelf has illumined all our thinking.

And now as the sun slants toward the west, I have a vision of many years full of varied experiences, but best of all, of opportunities for service, not always well rendered, but in which I have been sustained by royal friendships and by continued health and strength.

And as I swing my glass and turn toward the future it unrolls in colors of faith and hope.

With Whittier I can say:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

I rest my pen here. The sun has gone down, the

shadows shroud the hills, and a few great stars are shining down. So over these hills forever the great souls, who here sternly held their lives to the best and noblest things, shine down upon me—the very constellations of the Lord.

XVI

A FEW OF THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY LETTERS

WAITING.

I stand in the deepening shadow rim
Of the mountains left and right.
The sea before lies still and dim—
O'er-swept by a fading light.

I camp. The time to halt has come.
O'er the breadth of Tomorrow's sea,
There is no road to walk upon,—
And I wait, O, Lord, for Thee!

But Thine the olden signal yet,
The rod in Thy prophet's hand,
That waved the way of Thy holy will,
And showed Thy strong command.

I wait. Though the hills be yet more dim,
And more ominous the sea,
The open path will come to him
Who meekly waits for Thee.

XVI

A FEW OF THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY LETTERS

Alaska Steamship Company.

July 15th, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

I have been expecting to write you a birthday letter in Nome during our week of waiting there for the U. S. Cutter Bear to take us to Pt. Barrow. But the captain of the cutter wirelessed us an hour ago that he would start immediately on the arrival of our ship at Nome for a cruise around the end of Siberia before starting for Barrow, and invited us to go along, which we at once agreed to do. So we may not have a wait in Nome on our northward journey, and in order to be sure my greeting will reach you by August 18th, I am scratching it off as we are entering what would be the Nome harbor, if it had such a thing. The fog is so dense nobody knows where we are, except the water is getting shallower and the boat is creeping along hoping it will hit what is called the "Nome Roadstead" somehow. . . .

The deepest and biggest congratulations of my heart are yours, also the devoutest prayers for many more anniversaries with increasing joy to everyone of them. You have lived a great day, and deserve a great evening to it. Your mark is all over this vast empire up here, as well as all over the states below us, and no man can rub it out.

God bless you and add to your days and your

strength. Sarah joins me in congratulations and best wishes.

Sincerely, with warm remembrances to Mrs. and Miss Thompson,

JOHN A. MARQUIS.

P. S. Am not sure of your summer address, I only know it is where your potato patch is, so am sending this to 156 Fifth Avenue.

Pine Crest,
Keene Valley, N. Y.

Aug. 15th, 1919.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Greetings! Affection! Admiration! Congratulations upon four-score years of extraordinary usefulness and honor.

We never had a better Secretary in the Home Board. Your administration was the high-water mark of the Board's usefulness, and you have retired with the intense affection of all the Board and the gratitude of the entire Church for the wisdom, the splendid energy, the entire and unprecedented success of your administration. Blessings upon you, dear man, many added years of happiness, and the warm consciousness of the devotion of your friends.

Ever most cordially,

WILTON MERLE-SMITH.

The Board of Home Missions,
New York.

Aug. 15, 1919.

MY DEARLY BELOVED:

Hail and all good wishes! Your eightieth birthday calls forth heartiest congratulations, seeing it is

marked by perfect health of body and mind, and with your most lovable graces of character and disposition unimpaired. Ready for service, too, although if any man has fully earned entire freedom from care and responsibility, you are that man. For twenty-one years we have known and loved each other, and my admiration and affection have deepened and strengthened every passing year. Take good care of yourself, for you are my dearest friend, and as long as I am permitted to hold earthly converse I want you to be within reach.

Affectionate greetings to Mrs. Thompson and all your dear ones from both Mrs. Dixon, and your devoted friend, for Time and Eternity,

JOHN DIXON.

The Board of Home Missions,
St. Louis.

August 14th, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

The lives of most men are measured by their years —others by the good deeds they have done. It is the rare good fortune of only a few to have their lives measured by both. Those of us in the St. Louis office desire at this time to extend to you our congratulations on your eightieth birthday, measured by years, and on your four-hundredth, measured by the good you have done.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day, we are, as ever,

Faithfully yours,

B. P. FULLERTON.
ANDREW J. MONTGOMERY.
MARY K. YOST.

808 West End Ave., New York.

Aug. 16, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

A report has reached me that on the 18th of this month you are to celebrate your eightieth birthday. Of course I regard this report as an exaggeration. Somebody's arithmetic has gone wrong, or a defective calendar has been used. It gives, however, a cheerful opportunity for your friends to express their personal regard for you, and their conviction that the celebration should be deferred for at least ten years.

A great number of those in all parts of the country who know and love you, should have an opportunity to send their warm congratulations. You have long been known as one of the most prominent leaders in the work of Home Missions in America. The churches of every denomination have gladly recognized your service in this great cause. You have advocated its claims from the pulpit and platform with unceasing earnestness. Your writings on all phases of the subject have made a record of varied information and wise counsel that will be an invaluable treasury to workers in the same field. Your name will be inscribed on a tablet more lasting than anything made of brass.

I cannot tell you how constantly I have appreciated my long association with you on the Board of Home Missions,—it is one of the most highly prized memories of my life. I believe you will yet continue to add rich contributions to the cause so dear to your heart, and I pray that you may be spared to rejoice in seeing the ripe fruits of your long labors.

With sincerest congratulations,

Your affectionate friend,

D. STUART DODGE.

47 University Place, New York.

MY DEAR YOUNG OCTOGENARIAN FRIEND:

A fellow pilgrim only four years behind you in the march cries "All hail to thee!" Preacher, poet, potato-grower and prince of good fellows, hail to thee! It is a joy to know that you have so many of the pleasures of youth, while lacking naught "that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Few men have such a retrospect as yours. May the prospect brighten, "serene and lovely as a Lapland night."

The prayer of your friend,

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Camp Diamond, Colebrook, N. H.

August 13th, 1919.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wish you every blessing on your eightieth birthday. It has been a blessing to know you all these past years—not the whole eighty, but my part of them—and I rejoice in all that you have been and done in Christ's church and Christ's cause. And we are specially grateful for the strength and wisdom and courage of this last and ripest year. May they long continue, and may God's good grace make each one richer and more fruitful than any that have gone before.

Ever affectionately your friend,

ROBERT E. SPEER.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

August 11th, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

I am clearing my desk to leave for a short vacation

at Northfield, but before I go I want to send you a message of hearty congratulations and good wishes on your eightieth birthday, which I understand will be the eighteenth of this month. You know, I am sure, how deep is my personal affection for you, my dear brother. I well remember the day we first met in Dr. Gray's office in Chicago. Ever since I have followed your career with keen interest and with growing admiration for the breadth of your Christian statesmanship, and the splendid efficiency with which you have discharged the great responsibilities which the Church has laid upon you. May our Father in Heaven richly bless you during the coming days, and crowd them with evidence of His love.

I am sure that Mrs. Brown would wish to join me in this message if she were here, and in warm remembrance to Mrs. Thompson.

Affectionately yours,

ARTHUR J. BROWN.

158 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Aug. 17, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

Let me join with others who will be greeting you on this eightieth anniversary. For there must indeed be a goodly company who will be with you in spirit if they know of the day. What a splendid service has been yours to our country, and to the Church, and what a record to look back upon! The reflection of the years past will but add to the glory of the years to come, making the path bright and brighter until the Perfect Day.

May you be spared to us yet many years. Eighty is not necessarily old. We are only *growing* old.

Our good friend Mr. Aikman sets us a good example, active and at his desk almost daily at ninety-one, —so there is still work for us all, and great blessing in work! May your blessings be multiplied.

With warmest greetings, congratulations, and goodwill.

Sincerely,

FLEMING H. REVELL.

The Continent, New York City.

August 15th, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

I hear with great satisfaction that Monday will bring around your eightieth birthday. Orthodox as you are, I am sure you are happy—at least all your friends are happy for you—that you can come to this distinguished anniversary a living disproof of what the Psalmist said about fourscore years signifying labor and sorrow. In your case the pride of fourscore years is not only physical strength and bodily health, but a clear eye, a cheery heart, and a sound thinking apparatus to which all of us turn confidently for good counsel.

To defy age as you have is certainly an achievement worthy to be set beside all the other big things that force, determination and God's grace have enabled you to accomplish in your busy years. And I want you to count me among the friends who are depending on you to keep on living thus wholesomely and vigorously for many years yet, for certainly we all of us need you.

With warm, affectionate regards,

NOLAN R. BEST.

Union Theological Seminary,
Broadway at 120th St., New York.

West Falmouth, Mass.,
August 17, 1919.

DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

To my great astonishment I have learned from George Webster that you celebrate tomorrow your eightieth birthday, and I hasten with admiration and amaze to send you my greetings. To tell the truth I think Webster has made a mistake, and I am simply betraying my innocence in imagining, you have attained so venerable a dignity, but I suppose I must take his word for it, and throw the responsibility for undue gullibility upon him. If he is right, where have you put this big bundle of years? Certainly you are not carrying it either on your head or on your shoulders, so far as anyone can see. And your wisdom—sound and seasoned as I have always recognized it to be—I had thought was the accumulation of seventy rather than of eighty years! It is a wonderful thing thus to have deceived your juniors, and to have tempted them to think of you as a brother instead of a father in Israel. I confess that I have fallen before the temptation, but in ignorance I did it. But I am not repentant, and with your indulgence I shall go on as I have; for, after all, it is only a matter of words, and your "eighty" is but as the "seventy" of other and lesser men, and seventy doesn't seem so far away to some of us younger chaps!

You have, of course, my warmest and most affectionate regards, and my wishes for many more fruitful and youthful years such as you have learned the

secret of. May we all in Chi Alpha long enjoy the delight of your fellowship!

Faithfully and fraternally yours,
ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT.

Union Theological Seminary,
Broadway at 120th St., New York.

Silver Bay, N. Y.,
Aug. 16th, 1919.

DEAR BROTHER THOMPSON:

Hail to our octogenarian brother in Christ! Chi Alpha adds to its glory day after tomorrow, and we salute our latest addition to the number of those who have exceeded by a half score the three-score years and ten allotted of old to the span of man's life.

But what I especially rejoice in is the quality of life and friendship, not merely in its protraction according to the annual calendar. Most hearty admiration and salutations to you, who continue to possess so much of the vitality of youth, tempered with the wisdom and mellowness of age! You have delighted and inspired me as I have met you from week to week of a Saturday afternoon at our fraternal gatherings, and too as I have come across your tracks otherwise. For example, I see in the morning's paper that you are to preach in the metropolis tomorrow. A grand old man retaining the secret of youth! I desire to send my heartiest greetings to you for the day after tomorrow, when you will be demonstrating to your many friends the power and the joy of a sane, wholesome life, devoted in the spirit of Christ to the service of the Kingdom, ever renewing its vitality as you pass along life's broad highway.

You are one of the few of our number who have

been able to receive Chi Alpha into the hospitality of your home, a privilege which I have often recalled with special appreciation. Accordingly I desire to send salutations to your noble helpmeet, who has been enabling you to press on with your unwonted vigor.

Joyfully and faithfully,

ROBERT E. HUME.

Union Theological Seminary,
Broadway at 120th St., New York.

Sea Girt, N. J.,
August 13, 1919.

DEAR BROTHER LEMUEL:

And so you are about to pass your eightieth anniversary! I am lagging fifteen years behind you. I only hope if I ever catch up to you that I shall be as well off mentally, physically, materially, socially, retrospectively and prospectively as you are, which would be going some!

Blessings on your sandy head! (What luck, not even hoary!)

Mrs. Fagnani joins me in all this, and Mrs. Thompson is remembered, too.

Ever thine,

CHARLES P. FAGNANI.

You will be getting a cloud of these witnesses to your work and belovedness. Do not bother to acknowledge this.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

August 16th, 1919.

DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

With your other brothers in Chi Alpha, and I have

no doubt with a host of other friends, I send you my congratulations and best wishes for your birthday. I have no doubt it will be a day of devout thanksgiving for the long and useful career which has been vouchsafed you. Aside from the blessings of health and long life you have had opportunities of serving God and your fellow-men such as come to few. That you have improved these opportunities will be the evidence of those who know you best.

May the coming years be filled with good,—continued activity, the love of friends, congenial companionship with men of like minds and that firm faith which has guided you so far.

Mrs. Smith joins me in messages of congratulation and in cordial greetings to Mrs. Thompson and yourself.

Faithfully your friend,

HENRY PRESERVED SMITH.

Litchfield, Conn., August 16th, 1919.

DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

All hail! Monarch of the Norfolk wilds, Nestor of the Prohibition Bar of the New York Presbytery, the beloved of friends, the statesman of the church, the eloquent preacher, all hail on your birthday! You are the youngest old man I ever met. Please pass the prescription down the line.

It is my joy to extend these congratulations to you, and to let memory open its doors and bring back my first acquaintance with you away back in 1879. Dear me, forty years ago! You have been privileged to do a glorious work. Your name is writ large upon the

history of the church. You have had the vision for the years, and you have lived to see its realization.

May you come to your

"old age serene and bright,
And lovely as the Lapland night."

Sincerely,

H. G. MENDENHALL.

Ausable Club,
Essex County, N. Y.

August 14th, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

May I join your many friends in congratulating you on your eightieth birthday, and on the accomplishments on which you can look in retrospect?

I come across your footsteps in the church where you served, and where there are still families who owe you much. I know more of what you meant to the whole church through your superb leadership of the Home Board, broad, sane, courageous, eminently Christian. I can speak from personal gratitude of the constant help you are to us in Chi Alpha, always open-minded, usually far ahead of the procession in your thought and feeling, and with undaunted faith holding fast the vision of the Kingdom of God.

May your life be prolonged for our sake, and your strength kept vigorous. We love you, and that is not often felt in the come-and-go contacts of New York life. We thank God for what you have done, and for what you are.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.

Union Theological Seminary,
Broadway at 120th St., New York.

Orleans, Vt.,
Aug. 18th, 1919.

DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

Let me add my youthful voice to the chorus of congratulations on your eightieth birthday. I shall be forty-five in October, but eighty, which I aspire to reach, looks a long way ahead. You have seen a great deal in your eighty years, 1839-1919, the rapid spread of railroads, national expansion (Texas and all the rest), the Civil War, transcontinental railways, and all the rest that I have seen as well as you. You have not been merely a spectator, but have taken your part in the big movements of your time, as a writer, preacher and administrator. You are one of America's elder statesmen, and we boys who only rank forty-four plus in the scale of one hundred we *both* hope to reach, recognize your preeminence, rejoice in your councils, and love to be in your company.

Cordially yours,
WM. W. ROCKWELL.

Constableville, Lewis County, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHI ALPHA:

Our ever watchful secretary informs me that you are to pass the eightieth milestone in your journey on Monday, August 18th. It gives me great pleasure to send you brotherly greetings on this occasion, and also to thank God for keeping you so alive and well and useful and happy, all these years. As I have gone eight birthdays ahead of you on May 28th last, I may send you a word of advice. Keep up your poetic talent. It is a great help in a tight place now and

then. Trust your *old friends*. They love you and know your virtues and solid worth. Cling to Chi Alpha. It is a clever and helpful crowd. Keep on living as long as you can.

Your loving old friend,
CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD.

Newark, N. J.
September 23d, 1919.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

I write to congratulate you upon your eightieth birthday which I heard you had celebrated recently. I was indeed surprised that you had reached that age, for you look easily ten years younger, and I never dreamed that one of your energy and efficiency could be fourscore years. You are indeed worthy of very much more than any words of all your friends combined can bestow. What a splendid useful life you have lived! It is an example to us all. You have filled the years with good deeds and beneficent influences.

Your diversity of gifts has rounded out your life extraordinarily. How many lives combine the ministry and administrative service together with history-writing and poetry? You are indeed to be envied and loved for all you are, and for all you have so nobly achieved. May your great good life go on for years to come.

I think of you this evening as connected in many ways with my own life very tenderly and affectionately. . . .

I am sure you must realize how we of the Board remember and deeply appreciate all you have been to us—first as a director and then as a secretary. How often we have been proud of you as you have headed

our cause before Assemblies, and have graced our Board throughout the Church all over our country.

Your literary work will live on, and your ministry will live on year after year. You have been a blessing and an inspiration to us all. God bless you always.

Affectionately your friend,
LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

Union National Bank of Pasadena, California.
8/11/19.

DEAR FRIEND:

August 18th will soon be here! A big day for you, and for your friends, too. Eighty! That's fine. Just getting your second wind for a good pull up the hill, —not down.

Honestly, you ought to be a happy man as you look over your shoulder and back over the wonderful years of service. There is no other word adequate—wonderful it is!

I am so glad to have had those four years with you, side and side,—it was good for me,—you were so patient and thoughtful, and always helpful.

We want you to have many more years,—and you will.

Yours affectionately,
BRUIN (JOHN WILLIS BAER).

The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States.
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Sunapee, N. H., Aug. 16, 1919.

MY DEAR MAN:

They tell me you have arrived at a notable birthday. I have difficulty in believing it. None the less

here are my affectionate congratulations. On the long pathway of sunshine and shadow over which you have passed it has been yours to share an abundant degree of the fulness of living. May the days ahead be abundant in the gracious gifts of God. May you be sheltered from the strokes of trial, and dwell in peace under His shadow.

I hope to move to New York in November, and sometimes to have a sight of you.

Ever affectionately yours,

HUBERT C. HERRING.

MINUTE ADOPTED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, AUGUST 13TH, 1919.

The Board, having learned that on August 18th the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., LL.D., Secretary Emeritus of the Board of Home Missions, will celebrate his eightieth birthday, wishes to express to Dr. Thompson its fraternal, cordial and heartfelt greetings.

The Board, while recording its appreciation of the great debt which the whole church owes to Dr. Thompson for his efficient services for the cause of Home Missions, also gladly bears witness to the breadth of vision, the catholicity of spirit, and the largeness of purpose, which have enabled him to be of signal service to the cause of our common humanity throughout the whole world.

The Board, in company with hosts of his friends, wishes Dr. Thompson all the blessings that accompany a ripe old age, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" and "the blessing of Jehovah which maketh rich and he addeth no sorrow therewith."

GEORGE ALEXANDER, *President*.
A. W. HALSEY, *Secretary*.

XVII

A FEW GENERAL LETTERS

RETROSPECT.

I stood where the gold of the morning
Flashed over the eastern sea;
And I said, "How fair is the promise
Of the dawn on flower and tree."

I stood where a garden of poppies
Reflected the sun in the West;
And I said, "The gold of the evening
Shines farthest—and fairest—and best."

XVII

A FEW GENERAL LETTERS

Executive Mansion,
Washington.

June 12th, 1888.

REV. C. L. THOMPSON, D.D.

Dear Sir:

I send you, with this, a modified order in that matter of teaching in the Indian Schools. It has been delayed a little by the absence of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to whom I thought it but right that it should be submitted before promulgation. Copies will be at once sent to all parties charged with its execution.

You will see that the order is almost precisely copied from the proposition left with me by the committee.

I wish you would either send a copy to Dr. Herrick or tell me where to address him. I am in doubt whether the memorandum of his address which I have is correct or not.

Hoping that the conclusion reached as embodied in the paper herewith sent will settle this troublesome question, and pleased that I have been able to meet the views of the committee with whom you acted, I am,

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Please let me hear from you.—G. C.

The White House,
Washington.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
August 1, 1906.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

I thank you heartily, and let me say again how I enjoyed your sermon, and how I enjoyed having you here at lunch with me.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The White House,
Washington.

May 6, 1913.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

Thank you very much for your letter of May 3rd, in regard to the appointment of a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. I have noted it carefully, and shall give earnest consideration to the suggestions which you were good enough to make.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

New York, Feb. 12th, 1870.

REV. C. L. THOMPSON,

Dear Sir:

If you regard the extract from the second volume of my translation of the "Iliad" previous to its publication, as a contribution, you may put me down as an occasional contributor. In any other point of view I could not, with so many things claiming my attention, and at my advanced age, when the "grasshopper" begins to "be a burden" allow myself to be re-

garded as a contributor, since it is not likely that I could find time to write anything for your periodical. I can only congratulate you on the promise given by its early numbers.

I am, sir, truly yours,

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Brooklyn, Jan. 24, 1902.

BELOVED BROTHER THOMPSON:

I was sorry to miss seeing you at the Board rooms yesterday. I left a list of some of the papers that have published your splendid poem ["Our Captain"].

Last evening at the grand public dinner given to Park Commissioner Brower, at the Montauk Club, Hon. Oscar S. Straus was one of the speakers. Hon. Mr. Hendrix, President of the Bank of Commerce, presided and introduced me as one of the speakers. Before doing so he read your fine poem, and there was loud applause through the large dining hall.

Many people tell me that they have cut it out from the papers for preservation. You never made a greater poetical hit in all your long, blessed life.

With cordial salutations to the comely wife, who is proud of her husband.

Yours evermore to the core,

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

176 Oxford St., Brooklyn, Nov. 6th, 1903.

BROTHER BELOVED:

I had hoped to get over to Chi Alpha tomorrow evening, and mainly that I might get a grip of your right hand. But a cold shuts me in, and I cannot venture on the long journey.

A few days ago my bright daughter, Mrs. Dr. Cheesman, of Auburn, sent me a copy of your truly

magnificent missionary address at Los Angeles, which had been distributed in the pews of their church. I gladly informed her that I had already enjoyed the most powerful oration on Home Missions ever delivered in this country. Happy the man who finds his right place.

My eighty-third birthday will soon heave in sight, but I rejoiced on last Sabbath afternoon to address a great meeting of young men at an evangelistic service in the Majestic Theatre. I envy you younger brethren who have the unspeakable privilege of sounding the gospel bugle every Sunday.

As to the much advertised "*new evangelism*," I doubt whether it will be a great improvement on the methods and the messages of one Paul, or one Wesley, or one Spurgeon, or even one Moody (whom Henry Drummond pronounced the most "extraordinary human being he had ever known"). After all the great want is *new fire* put into *old truths*.

Hoping to be with Chi Alpha at the approaching anniversary meeting, and with love unfeigned and unfailing to them and to your own dear self, I remain,

Yours to the core,

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

P. S. My daughter has "Our Captain" framed on her parlor wall.

OUR CAPTAIN.

TO THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER—READ AT A CELEBRATION OF HIS EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Fill—fill up your glasses—with Croton!
Fill full to the brim I say,
For the dearest old boy among us,
Who is ten times eight to-day.

It is three times three and a tiger—
  It is hand to your caps, Oh, men!
For our Captain of Captains rejoices
  In his counting of eight times ten.

Foot square on the bridge, and gripping
  As steady as fate the wheel,
He has taken the storms to his forehead—
  And cheered in the tempest's reel.

He has seen the green sea monsters
  Go writhing down the gale,—
But never a hand to slacken,
  And never a heart to fail.

So it's—Ho! to our Captain dauntless,
  Trumpet-tongued and eagle-eyed,
With the spray of the voyage behind him,
  And the Pilot by his side.

Together they sail into sunset—
  Slow down for the harbor bell,
For the flash of the port, and the message
  " Well done "—It is well—It is well.

So its three times three and a tiger!
  Breathe deep for the man we love.
His heart is the heart of a lion,
  His soul is the soul of a dove.

It is—Ho! to the Captain we honor.
  Salute we the man and the day.
On his brow are the snows of December,
  In his heart are the bird-songs of May.

Columbus, Ohio, March 27, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

I have before me, as I lie here, the program for your great Presbyterian Day, and will follow the discussions from hour to hour until the day is over. Yours is primarily a process of education, and, much as has been done, the Church, its ministers and members, still need a world of instruction—such a review as shall help them to see what a continental task is before us, and what a continental opportunity—one as vast, interesting, solemn and full of promise as Christ ever offered to any of His churches since the apostolic century. So turn your large flash light over the entire field. Let the Church see the deep and pitiful city problems, the outlying rural needs, the mountain destitution, the broad plains beyond the Mississippi, and the unsanctified Pacific Coast. Show it the Negro, the Indian, the horde of European immigration, the claims of the Islanders and the Asiatic races. *Pour in the light:* let there be no dark corner unillustrated. And God bless you and all your associates, your strong Board and the whole Church in the gigantic task of Christianizing this elect continent in the interests of a converted world. But "Good-bye!"

Your friend for long years and forever,

E. D. MORRIS.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States of America, New York City.

Jan. 27th, 1898.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

When I saw the statement concerning you in the *Morning Tribune*, I said to myself, "The mistake of Dr. Thompson's life was in not being twins." You

are needed in both places. May the Lord bless you whether you stay or go.

As always, your brother,

JOSIAH STRONG.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York,

June 19, 1911.

MY DEAR DR. THOMPSON:

Just a line to congratulate you on the high honor which was conferred by dear Old Princeton upon you. I have tried to get down to see you, but have failed. I will endeavor to bring this by word of mouth, but lest I forget it I put in in imperishable or perishable type.

You have well earned the honor. It is time that Princeton recognized, a little more fully than she has done in recent years, the work of men in the ministry both at home and abroad.

I wish you would suggest a good man to them for President, they seem all at sea in this matter.

With most cordial greetings believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,

A. W. HALSEY.

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

December 26th, 1912.

MY DEAR HERO, ORATOR, PROPHET, POET:

May the benediction of every heart you have helped, quickened, cheered bring you all the fullness of divine blessing.

How sweet the song of Isaiah as chanted by you, how victorious!

Yes, you are the poet of intrepidity. I do thank you for the music of your Christmas song.

With appreciation and affection,

Yours,

JAMES A. WORDEN.

Lincoln, Nebraska, August 27, 1923.

DEAR CHARLIE:

Thanks for your letter, and many, many good wishes for your welfare—you are rather young yet, but you have a chance to get where I am. Yes, I was 88 yesterday. I preached at the Westminster Church. The arrangements were made before they knew of my birthday. I have been preaching all summer with few exceptions. . . .

You said a true thing when you said that time flies. Flying machines don't go so fast. When you and I were kids along the Wisconsin if I had told you that in about eighty years you would be lying off on your farm in Connecticut, and I would be raising cucumbers in the great American desert, in a region then unnamed, to be called Nebraska, you would have called me a dreamer. It does get hot here every summer. For weeks 90° and 100°, then for fun 110°, 113°. That gets to be too much if kept up for a week or two.

I would like to investigate your farm. I hope we may meet again on earth, and I have a strong hope and belief that we shall have a better meeting. Think of the old friends gone on. As I grow older I have fewer near friends. They are just as good, but not just the same.

Just interrupted to marry a couple.

Many regards to all of you.

Your old boy-friend,

JOHN H. CARPENTER.

East Orange, N. J.,
March 14th, 1924.

MY DEAR OLD PAL:

I appreciate your thoughtfulness in writing me while on your back. But I notice that your soul stands up on both feet with a big heart well-balanced at the center. I seldom get to New York nowadays. When my aeroplane arranges a landing in your neighborhood I will drop onto your roof.

Tomorrow will be my eighty-third birthday. I am given to reminiscing, as you know. Just think of it,—about twenty-four such lives as you and I have had would take us back to the time of Christ! Fifty to Tutankhamen's time—ancestors! And one hundred to our hairy-skinned forebears of the old Stone Age! I have just been reading over the second chapter of Genesis. What savages Adam and Eve were! No clothes, not even loin-cloths. No speech, perhaps, except of the "Bow-Wow" sort,—no conscience, only fear of consequences. No spiritual conceptions,—followed the snake's advice rather than that of *The Life* "walking in the Garden." Didn't know enough to avoid fetishism until it was beaten out of them by calamities. Well, I am grateful for having lived some millenniums after such ancestors. You and I haven't been "sich creatures," bad as we may have been. We've lived in good times, for all that there were some cloudy days. Your life has been among moral heroes the best of the species; so has mine, although I have sat more on the bleachers, while you have fought on the gridiron.

You have been much to me. I often recall the days when you helped me mightily as my parishioner. There are two kinds of good men,—the one, those who will do the helpful thing if you can persuade their judgment and convince their conscience, and stir

their emotion. The other sort are those who don't wait for such appeals, but whenever they see a chance of being helpful, just pitch in and do it. You are of this latter sort. I never felt very lonely, because I knew that you and a few other members of Gideon's Band were down at the water's edge moistening their tongues, and ready for a dash.

The trouble with this age is that there are so few *ready-minded*. Everybody is waiting for something to turn up, and not willing to turn it up. Say! Let's cast our skins, and crawl into the new generation as youngsters. I wonder if St. Peter will not let us out o' nights, just to go down into editorial rooms and jog the newspapers, or to buzz at the ears of congressmen and tell them to think of coming events, or to steer the pens of preachers into the line of experiential religion, or to box the ears of our theological disputants and make them stop their wood-pussying when the world's afire.

Would you like to get back into the melee? I sometimes get mad, and say I wish I were in the thick of the fight. Then I say, " No, if I were young again, I'd take a couple of years in the wilderness making up my mind about the real issue, then go in." After all, it is a comfort to sit still and watch the battle until one can see the drift of the campaign the Lord is directing. Big events are ahead, and imminent, too. I am inclined to believe in a new Reformation period.

But enough of such ravelled stuff. The Lord bless you and keep you, my dear fellow! And I know He will. Love to the Missus, and Sydney.

Affectionately as of old,

JAMES M. LUDLOW.

XVIII

APPRECIATIONS

A COMRADE.

TO REV. JOHN DIXON, D.D., AFTER HE HAD RETIRED FROM THE BOARD.

We have walked the decks together, dear John,
In stormy and starry weather, dear John,
When she walked on an even keel;
And again when the deck was tipping, dear John,
Our footsteps sometimes slipping, dear John,
In the surge of the tempest's reel.

We stood at the stern of the ship, dear John,
When western winds had their grip, dear John,
And we saw our track was white.
The good old boat was racing, dear John,
A new day she was facing, dear John,
In her phosphorescent light.

As we counted the knots she made, dear John,
Were we not unafraid, dear John,
As she twisted against the gale.
We steadily kept one eye, dear John,
On the sleepy stars in the sky, dear John,
And ran out an extra sail.

But now at the bow we stand, dear John,
In a look for a far-off land, dear John,
Another hand holds the wheel.
It is carefree sailors we are, dear John,
Our eyes to the evening star, dear John,
Let the old boat rock and reel.

When the hawsers grind and strain, dear John,
When on decks there is panic and pain, dear John,
We very well know what is done.
'Tis because they are tying together, dear John,
For pleasant or stormy weather, dear John,
Four ships to sail as one!

Ah, well! let them bump along, dear John,
As we watch for the evening star:
As we wait for the slow down bell, dear John,
And the Master's call "It is well," dear John,
And the lights of the harbor bar.

We stand at the bow together, dear John,
Arm in arm through the brightening weather, dear John,
On board the Pilot has come.
What light on the nearing lands? dear John,
'Tis the house not made with hands, dear John,
Our good ship is nearing home.

XVIII

APPRECIATIONS

(INCORPORATED IN THIS VOLUME AT THE SUGGESTION OF FRIENDS)

RECOGNITION OF DR. THOMPSON'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY WITH THE BOARD.

The Chairman called the attention of the Board to the fact that Dr. Charles L. Thompson began his service as General Secretary of the Board twenty-five years ago. Dr. Keigwin presented a resolution which was adopted, following remarks participated in by members of the Board and Staff, and during which the Board heard with great pleasure from Rev. John Dixon, D.D., and from Dr. Thompson. The resolution is as follows:

"In view of the fact that this annual meeting marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance of Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., LL.D., on his duties as General Secretary, which took place March 1, 1898, the Board records its gratitude to God for the signal service Dr. Thompson has rendered during this time, not only to the work of Presbyterian Home Missions, but to the whole cause of American evangelization.

"During his administration and under his leadership many of the departments that have been most effective in reaching exceptional populations and handling exceptional problems (such as, Church and Country Life, City and Immigrant Work, etc.) were inaugurated. We rejoice that he is still with us and we now assure him of our profound affection and admiration, and of our

prayer that we may long have the delight of fellowship and the inspiration of his presence with us.

"To signalize this quarter century of fruitful service, the Board expresses its intention to erect on one of its fields, as soon as it is able, a Charles L. Thompson Memorial Building."—*Extract from Minutes of the Board of Home Missions of meeting held April 26th, 1923.*

The Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

The Board of National Missions would hereby make recognition of the loss sustained in the very recent death of Secretary Charles L. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. His long and brilliant service to the cause of Home Missions is a most notable contribution to the church and the Kingdom. In him were happily combined the elements of character and accomplishment that constrained admiration, provoked confidence and made for acknowledged Christian statesmanship.

Whether as faithful Home Missionary pastor, brilliant preacher in great city pulpits, Moderator of Assembly, Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, organizer and President of the Home Missions Council (Interdenominational), or as representative to international ecclesiastical gatherings, in all places and at all times his one absorbing passion was for the setting forward the interests of the Kingdom through constructive missionary policies.

While deeply conscious of our loss of his fine fellowship, personal friendship, wise counsels and inspiring leadership, we appreciate the greater loss to the members of the charmed circle of his home. May the assurance of the "well-done-for-well-doing" accorded of the Master as welcome to the Heavenly

Home temper their sense of sorrow. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

We know that "there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." We would take new devotion to the things that commanded his every ambition and would here re-dedicate ourselves to the enlarging tasks committed to our hands that there may be afforded a consecration more worthy the name we bear and a little more adequate to the cause we serve.

Memorial to Charles Lemuel Thompson by the Home Missions Council.

One of the outstanding leaders in the field of Home Missions passed away in the death of Dr. Charles Lemuel Thompson, April 14th, 1924. At the time of his death Dr. Thompson was secretary-emeritus of the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America and was president of the Home Missions Council.

To Dr. Thompson, the Presbyterian church and the cause of Home Missions in America owe a large debt. He conceived of the missionary task of the church in large and generous terms. Not content to simply plan churches on the western frontier and in newly developing communities, he planned for and began to administer the tasks of his office in such forms as practically to create a New Home Missions.

At the same time Dr. Thompson entertained a broader conception of the Kingdom of Christ than to think of it as being embodied solely in one denomination. It was he who with others like the late Hubert C. Herring, conceived the idea of the Home Missions Council, which was organized in 1908. He became its first president and remained in that posi-

tion until the time of his death. With a wise and judicious hand he guided the development of the Home Missions Council until, having passed through the preliminary stages of being little more than an annual gathering in which a certain amount of goodwill was expressed and a measure of cooperative spirit was released, it became a real storehouse of information, a strong and effective agency for uniting forty-three different boards and societies of twenty-seven different denominations in common plans and real unity of purpose and action. Under his administration a wide sweep of fellowship, of contacts, of relations and of cooperations was made, which embrace subsidiary Home Missions Councils, under varying names, in many states of the central west and the northwest, and to no small extent in such distant places as Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, Cuba and Santo Domingo.

He was always large hearted and sympathetic. As a pacifier he was well-nigh incomparable. For many years past no clerical organization and no special church function seemed complete without his presence and without some utterance from his charming spirit.

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

The following memorial on the death of Dr. Charles L. Thompson, prepared by Dr. Anthony, was read and adopted by a rising vote. Dr. Speer expressed in prayer the thanksgiving of the Committee for the life and service of Dr. Thompson.

"Dr. Charles Lemuel Thompson, who died April 14, 1924, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, closed a career of efficient and eminent service, brilliant as

preacher, administrator and home mission expert, and leaves behind, in the minds of all who knew him, memories of affection and influence, lasting and inspiring.

"Serving in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, he had occupied many important pulpits, the last of which was that of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City, which he left in 1898 to become the General Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., an office which he held until 1914, and thereafter until his death, sustained as Secretary Emeritus.

"It was Dr. Thompson's distinction as a home mission administrator to conceive and carry into effect many of the policies which have since come to be regarded as the commonplaces of home mission administration. To him, the problems of home missions were not mainly those of territorial expansion; he saw the necessity of receiving and assimilating the impressive stream of immigrants to this country, of Christianizing and guiding the industrial enterprises of the nation and of bringing the messages of the gospel in intelligible and effective forms to the many groups and classes of people and to the followers of strange cults and strange religions in all parts of the country, in the cities and in the hamlets, in places where the lumberman went in partial isolation, where the miners were, and among the mountaineers. He was one of the earlier statesmen of American missions to see the task as a whole and to fit the agencies of the church for specialized and particular types of missionary endeavor.

"At the same time Dr. Thompson entertained a broader conception of the onward movement of the

kingdom of Christ than to think of it as being embodied solely in one denomination. He was singularly interdenominationally minded and sought fellowship with others who were working at similar tasks to his own. He, with others like the late Hubert C. Herring, conceived the idea of correlating and coördinating the home missionary activities of the different denominational boards in the Home Missions Council, which was organized in 1908. Dr. Charles L. Thompson became its first president, and remained in that position until his death.

"He was always large hearted, cordial, sympathetic, touching every task, no matter how serious or how grave and important, with a gentle element of mirth and pleasantry which helped to illuminate many an otherwise dark and perplexing problem and relieved the strain of nerve and weariness when he and his associates had struggled along in the midst of conflicting interests. His gentle spirit seemed to triumph over difficulties and obstacles.

"To Dr. Thompson was given in no small degree the poet's faculty of discerning beauty and of interpreting creative forces, both in nature and amongst men. His authorship included not simply historical accounts of his denomination and volumes upon the progress of the Kingdom of Christ in American life, but also the poetic products of an active imagination and interpretive genius. He was a member of the Author's Club and of other similar organizations which have been delighted to give him honor and share in his fellowship. One of his biographers has termed him 'A Poet in Bonds,' meaning thereby that the poetic vision which he so largely possessed was somewhat bound down and checked in its fuller expression by the duties of his administrative office.

"In comradeship and fellowship none surpassed him.

"We speak these few words as a tribute of affection and gratitude for his life and his achievements."

Charles L. Thompson—A Poet in Bonds

By Warren H. Wilson, Ph.D.

"A long life was this of Charles L. Thompson, who died at Atlantic City, April 14, 1924. He was born in August, 1839, before the tide of immigration began to flow from Europe, and he died in the year in which it is limited by law to a minute per cent. of the numbers to whom he gave the gospel. He was ordained to be a home missionary when those humble preachers faced westward in 1861, and before 1914 he had become the commander of the organized forces of the churches facing eastward to evangelize the millions of the cities. He was a preacher at twenty-two, calling sinners to repentance on the unbroken prairies. When he was seventy-five he entered Geneva as a delegate of the Peace Conference which was to call kings and emperors to repent of war. Who shall say that Wisconsin and Missouri farmers repented more sincerely than the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs? To both of them he was a romantic, a seer, and a prophet. They were practical men. But when the captains and the kings depart, and the long span of his life is viewed as a whole, one sees Wisconsin now peopled with churches and repentant, we may hope, of pioneer sins; while Europe is converted to the hatred of war.

"He saw with a man's eye the course of our two greatest wars—the one that made us a united nation, and the one that made us an international power.

This home missionary became the administrator of religion on a national scale and served as diplomat for Christ in world concerns of the spirit. He led American churches, through the Home Missions Council, in united acts for the peoples in jeopardy on the nation's margin, and he steadfastly looked over seas in the later years for world-peace and unity.

"If the poet is a divinely stirred man, and, as some believe, the one source of human improvement because of his faith, and stirs the imagination of others, then Dr. Thompson was a poet; for he stirred men to do what he never did himself. All his friends knew that he was a poet. His verses are few, but he greeted all seasons and holidays with a lyric voice. His oratory was the rhetoric of deep organ tones. But—more than all he said or wrote—was the poet's outlook on life. It characterized him. He was always a romantic.

"A suppressed poet, however, for he came at a prosaic time and spoke its language. What is a poet without language? The early Victorian period in which he acquired his vocabulary was austere and given to euphemisms. He had the urge. He was moved to music. But to his spirit the phrases of the sixties, when he learned to speak, were as inadequate as a melodeon would be in the hands of a great organist. No doubt the decorum of the pastorate restrained the expressions of his brilliant, many-flashing mind. He was not born to see Greenwich Village at twenty, or we might have had a rival to Vachel Lindsay. He was born to see Wisconsin at twenty and was ordained at twenty-two, after studying at Princeton when it was a fresh-water college town and at McCormick Seminary in Chicago before the fire. He learned oratory in the same school that trained Grady

and Bryan, but he needed the flexible medium of free verse to express his interest in all things that lived.

"It was the poetical quality in him that inspired so many different persons. His own family evidence the imprisoned genius of his spirit, which has flowed forth in their varied and brilliant careers. Think of the many men he made to sing and to march. Charles Stelzle, the mechanics' preacher, was inspired to be the master of crowds; and the Lumberjack Frank Higgins to be a friend of millionaires; John Dixon and Ernest McAfee to be his yoke-fellows in administration. The leaders of competing home mission boards he moved to abolish guerrila warfare of the religious frontier. Charles L. Thompson was like John Bunyan. But the prison in which his spirit burned was the conventional restraint of the nineteenth century.

"He was a great pastor. He served two churches in rural Wisconsin, one in Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, and New York, each in general longer than the preceding. He was a New York pastor in the last decade of the nineteenth century, when ministers still wore frock coats. He became a Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions when the office consisted in large part of dignity, but had behind it little of organization. Charles L. Thompson had at least four consecutive careers which he drove tandem, and he enjoyed three more on the side. He was a home missionary before Wisconsin had begun to be rich and intellectual, a pastor in New York when it was a fashionable, church-going island, a secretary during the infancy of Protestant church administration, and a Christian diplomat through the creative decades in which the churches formed their 'Holy Alliance.' Three months before his death he

sat at Atlantic City in the chair of greatest power this side of Rome, the Presidency of the Home Missions Council. He was its first President at its formation in 1908, and it was the one duty he held when he died.

"Only a few now living can recall 'Charlie Thompson,' the young home missionary in the 'Middle Border,' who was preaching in Wisconsin when Hamlin Garland, a dreamy lad, looked out from the farmhouse in the coulee. The career of his known to most men now living began when he was sixty. At that time he became Secretary of the Board of Home Missions. That service he laid down in 1914, when he was seventy-five. The members of that Board are mostly gone from this life. Their meetings with him now will not fail of a quorum. He came to the Board when it was at 53 Fifth Avenue, and his office had but one clerk. He left it in 1914 an elaborate organization for national service, with departments adapted to express the sympathy of Christians for Indians, Mexicans, wage earners, farmers, immigrants, Alaskans. His program of service was generously endowed by millionaires, enriched by a steady stream of legacies that evidence the confidence of lawyers, and it was sustained by an outflow of increasing contributions. His plans were challenged by many and attacked at one time by organized conservatism. But his program had irresistible power of growth and it has not been either halted or turned back. It forms now the present basis of organization of the Home Boards of all denominations. When some Presbyterians were hesitant about following Charles L. Thompson all other Protestants fell in line behind him as their obvious chief and beloved commander. After he ceased to command the Presbyterian organ-

ization he continued to preside for ten years over the Protestants.

"No languor of old age for this youthful spirit. His oratory was indeed that of Storrs and Beecher; his looks and bearing were of the statesmen like Gladstone and McKinley—and his leadership continued into the day in which ministers speak and look like business men—though his rhetorical methods were of them both. But he survived as a loving, gallant heart, tender to all women, with a wit suitable to every occasion, long after he had made his last great speech and moderated his last General Assembly. He kept a greatness of spirit with him, without pretense, always affable, merry, witty; yet unbending from the vision and the romance which held up his head to the last.

"He had the poet's tragic sufferings to bear. Some of the blows that crushed Job fell on him, but he seemed to rise calmly through trouble. He always faced adversity with gallant look and gentle manners. And if he had moments of depression he never appealed to his associates for sympathy by peevishness or punished the bystanders by resenting the acts of his associates. There must have been the conviction of God's goodness in Dr. Thompson's heart more deep and high than most men have, for nothing either bad or good, either hard or easy, disturbed his manner. His bearing had to his last year the debonair confidence of knight or prince who is sure of himself.

"Dr. Thompson had two great qualities that are not usually found in the romantic. He was a rare executive. During his years as Secretary of the Home Mission Board he surrounded himself with assistants until their offices filled nearly two floors. But he was their chief. All decisions of the office were his de-

cisions. His organization was that of a military staff. The Board members then resident in and near New York were equally obedient to his plans. Meetings of the Board during sixteen years consisted of the reading of his proposals from the desk and the unanimous support of them by the members. I have heard an old member say that he did not recall a single issue in which the Board refused to support the Secretary or passed a divided vote.

"A quality equally great was his sympathy with the marginal people. The great population movements found ready response in the mind of this clergyman. In his seventh decade, when organized labor became strong and aloof, he called Charles Stelzle to create a Labor Department. When immigrants thronged the gates of the land, ignorant of our ways and far from their own pastors, he called William P. Shriver to a Department of Immigration and sent brilliant students upon graduation, not to study the libraries, but the language and the ways of the peoples whose children were in need of Christian ministry here. Mexicans came across our borders and he sent the McLeans to shepherd them. Lumber camps appeared in the great woods and he was quick to send Frank Higgins as their apostle, to equip and reinforce him. Church and Country Life was his title for the work I was given to do. This responsiveness of Dr. Thompson's heart was perhaps greater, but no different, than the same quality in some other men. But it was practical in him and he had the executive ability to mobilize his growing forces, to find supplies, to equip and to inspire the leaders. One might come to Dr. Thompson from any part, with any plan, and he gave attentive hearing, swift decision and firm action. Let the same man come a year later, or two years, and

the matter stood clear in the mind of the great Secretary. It was reopened as a going interest, considered with unflagging buoyancy, and redirected for the new future. So that men got in the habit of bringing to him the needs of classes and groups of people to whom the gospel would be a comfort and a stay.

"Those great sympathies of his reorganized our whole Church work. When Charles Lemuel Thompson began to preach he was a Presbyterian, and I suppose he never revised radically his doctrinal outlook. But he transformed the doctrinal Presbyterianism of 1861 until at his death the work of his church is animated by a great pity, a love of the poor and the weak, a service as great as the nation and as manifold as there are men on the earth. He emerged by the pity and imagination that moved him from denominational service to a Christian sympathy and understanding in which the Protestant peoples are one. It is very fitting that he remained until his death the presiding officer of Protestant active service in America.

"It seems to me that Charles Lemuel Thompson was both in his faith, which was too great for prose, and in the bondage which kept him regular, a Christian. He had faith and sacrifice. The faith was the spirit of a great artist and the sacrifice fell only upon himself. Happy life to live so long, until we who knew him were the companions only of his old age!"

Charles L. Thompson

By Hermann N. Morse.

"Charles L. Thompson was many things in his time—home missionary, master of a great metropolitan pulpit, Moderator of the General Assembly, editor, poet, historian, board secretary. In any single

one of his many rôles he might have won a distinction great enough to make him long remembered and greatly honored. Taking them all together he stands out as one of the most influential and eminent churchmen of his time.

"It is his religious statesmanship that impresses one who knew him only in the closing years of his life, and then not intimately, but who *has* known intimately two institutions to which he gave his best years of service, the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions and the Home Missions Council. In them he gave form and substance to his vision and his ideals. They embody his two great passions—an America won for Christ, won in every phase and aspect of its life, and a Protestantism united in His service.

"In the nineties the Board of Home Missions had fallen upon evil days. The great impetus of the preceding decades had spent itself. Those had been glorious days in the annals of the church, when, following the Reunion, under the wise leadership of Henry Kendall and Cyrus Dickson, the Board set its face to the West and sent its missionaries along every homesteader's trail to the remotest settlements on the frontier. Dickson, the orator, and Kendall, the organizer, fanned the interest of the church into a flame and won the support that enabled the Board to keep abreast of its task in rapidly moving days. But there were no such leaders to take up what they, in due course, laid down. The Board became heavily involved in debt. It began to lose the confidence of the church. Then in 1897 the General Assembly reorganized the Board and authorized the selection of one general secretary to direct its policies. The position was offered to Dr. Thompson, then pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York

City. He accepted and began his duties in the following year. He remained as General Secretary until 1914 and thereafter, until his death, was Secretary Emeritus.

"It was Dr. Thompson's distinction that he conceived and carried into effect many of the policies which have since come to be regarded as the commonplaces of home mission administration, so much so that it is easy to overlook how great a debt we owe him. The contrast between 1898 and 1924 is startling. For a hundred years home missions had been concerned mainly with the problem of territorial expansion. The thought of the Church was absorbed with the fact that the country was growing, that new territory was opening up, that men were on the march seeking new homes, that a thousand new communities were calling for the Church. The program of home missions changed very little in a hundred years, except that as the itinerant missionary followed the moving frontier the settled pastor took his place. To be sure the Assembly, from time to time, debated the particular problems of the city or the country or the immigrant. Here and there peculiar situations insistently challenged attention. The Indian was from the first an object of concern. New Mexico was recognized to be different, and Utah, and Alaska. But it was largely an undifferentiated service, reaching usually the normal elements of the American population.

"Dr. Thompson saw that the single conception of home mission work was no longer tenable since the uniformity of circumstance which it presupposed no longer existed. We had become an intricately composite people. He saw that particular problems require particular methods and that a great central

purpose must modify its approach according to the circumstances which it faces. That idea, which was soon to become the new orthodoxy, was, when it was first put into operation, looked at askance by a church which had never consciously concerned itself with problems of adaptation. But its implications were inescapable when one saw what was being done to the Church by the tremendous growth of cities, the rapid influx of foreigners, the moving tides of migration from country to city, the rapid industrial expansion, the increasing tension between employer and worker and the many fundamental changes taking place in the industrial and social balance of our national life.

"Once the Board was freed from debt, which was soon accomplished, it was Dr. Thompson's task to shape an organization that could adapt its program to these many sided problems. Nineteen hundred and three saw two forward steps in the establishment of a 'Workingmen's Department' and the organization of the first distinctly Mountain Presbytery. In 1908 the Workingmen's Department became the Department of Church and Labor and, in 1911, the Bureau of Social Service. Galvanized by Charles Stelzle's dynamic personality it became a genuine national force. In 1908 the Department of Immigration was established, which later became the Department of City and Immigrant Work; and in the same year a Department of Indian Missions. A definite and distinctive work in the lumber camps was begun at this time. In 1910, after a year of preliminary study, a Department of Church and Country Life was created. When W. P. Shriver and W. H. Wilson were brought into the Board's service, adequate consideration began to be given to those two most characteristic and fundamental aspects of the church's problem,

the city and the country. Stelzle and Wilson adapted the methods of the social survey to the uses of the church. The demonstration idea was developed, the idea of selecting strategic places for experimentation in methods and demonstration of results. In 1914 a Department of Mexican Work was added.

"These new ideas did not have all clear sledding from the first. The church hailed them and then criticized them. Stelzle left under fire and one General Assembly abolished the Department of Church and Country Life, only to have the next Assembly reestablish it. But they were sound ideas and they won out and are today the commonplaces of all the larger mission boards, which have developed their organizations and programs in recognition of the composite nature of the home mission enterprise.

"The problem of inter-denominational comity was not really a very serious one until the days of rapid expansion following the Civil War. But from that time on it steadily became more grave and perplexing. Dr. Thompson gave enthusiastic and generous support to every movement toward comity and cooperation. The first important achievement in this direction was the zoning of Porto Rico in 1901, by which denominational over-lapping was completely prevented. In 1908 a step of the utmost importance was taken in the formation of the Home Missions Council. Dr. Thompson was one of the prime movers in its organization and was its first president, continuing in that office until his death. His wise judgment, patience and far-seeing leadership have contributed not a little to its steadily growing influence and effectiveness. His last public appearance was at the annual meeting of the Council in January last.

"Here is a man whom we know not how to praise

as he deserves. We cannot yet measure the effects of these things that he has achieved. There can be no doubt that a large measure of the present effectiveness of the church in the discharge of its mission task here in America is due to the new conception of that task for which he, more than any other man, is responsible. It is not, therefore, too high praise to speak of him as the outstanding religious statesman of this generation."

Charles Lemuel Thompson

Editorial in the Presbyterian Advance.

"After sixty-three years in the Presbyterian ministry, Charles Lemuel Thompson, the most widely known and honored Presbyterian of his generation, passed away on April 14 in his eighty-fifth year.

"Hearts are sad, a keen sense of personal loss oppresses people all over the United States, as the news travels that Dr. Chas. L. Thompson has been called home. His noble spirit, his statesmanlike vision, his powerful presentations of world need and Christian duty, his wise counsel, his warm fellowship, his genuine brotherliness toward high and low made him one of the best loved, most trusted and most inspiring and helpful leaders our great church—no, American Protestantism—ever possessed and honored and depended on. Absolutely dependable was Dr. Thompson, and many of us feel that one of the strong stays of life has been taken away in the passing of this father in Israel. But his had been a long life. The welcome home is richly deserved."

Gallant Soul—Statesman's Mind

Editorial in The Continent.

"A strong man's meed of honor belongs to the be-

loved memory of Dr. Charles L. Thompson, just now gone before. A strong man indeed—and yet one of the gentlest of souls. He served greatly, but he took no greatness to himself—always he was one among his brethren unconscious of distinction and ready with the openest heart to share anybody's burden.

"His denomination called on him in a time of bitter contention among home mission leaders to become the reconciling chief of its Home Board. Strength was required, and boldness too, to enter into that tense situation. Yet strength and boldness alone would not have made bad matters better. Added was Dr. Thompson's just and equable kindliness, which early commanded the trustful good will of all parties to former disagreements. So fortified, he moved steadily on to successes that must be historic. For almost two decades he was the inspiring leader of the greatest advance in this aspect of Christian service that the Presbyterian Church has yet made in any equal period.

"Within this time there came about the great change in American conditions which has been described as the "reversal of the American frontier." The old task of planting churches in new communities of the great west approached completion. At the same time the influx of aliens into the eastern and central states created other communities more needy religiously than the west's pioneer villages had ever been. Meanwhile, also, the oldtime country church, which had been the very fountain of the nation's piety, was discovered in grievous decay. Home missions perforce had to turn its face east to the original seat of Americanism.

"This altered face of his board's task Dr. Thompson recognized with direct and positive measures. The

creation of departments for the immigrants and for the country church was a radical acknowledgment of new duties in a new time. But these innovations were minor compared with what Dr. Thompson did when he invited Charles Stelzle from St. Louis to create within the board a 'department of labor.' This was the first extension of home missions into the realm of the social gospel, and the results that have flowed from it mark the act as epoch-making. All men of understanding today applaud it as notable statesmanship. But then quite naturally it was not wholly understood.

"Opposing reactions were intensified by the fact that at the same time Dr. Thompson was moving as boldly in another direction. His soul revolted at economic waste and unspiritual bigotry cursing towns where rival evangelical churches, kept up by home mission money, were fighting for possession of ground where only one or two could survive in strength. To secure a comity that would forestall this unchristian conflict, Dr. Thompson brought about the organization of the interdenominational Home Mission Council, of which he continued president till his death and through which has been wrought a vast diminution of rivalry which this great secretary hated."

A Home Missionary Statesman

From The Missionary Review of the World.

"Seventy-four years ago a pioneer home missionary riding horseback in Wisconsin discovered a boy's red cloak in the road. He pushed on and soon discovered the boy and won his lifelong friendship. Under the guidance of that home missionary and in answer to a mother's prayers, that boy was diligent in

his studies and finally went to Carroll College, where he was graduated at nineteen. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary and was graduated from Northwest Seminary (now McCormick). Years of effective pastoral work followed in Juneau and Janesville, Wisconsin, and in Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Kansas City and New York.

"In times of civil and ecclesiastical strife and in the equal perils of peace and plenty Charles L. Thompson thus served many kinds of churches from frontier to metropolitan, among rich and poor, downtown and on the avenues. He showed versatility and unusual ability as a preacher, orator, poet, editor and administrator. In 1888, when he was pastor of the Second Church in Kansas City, then the most influential church in the Central West, years before he became noted as an executive and missionary leader, he was elected Moderator of the Centennial General Assembly. He was called soon after to the Madison Avenue Church of New York City, and during his ten years' pastorate there, was a member of the Board of Home Missions, of which he became the General Secretary in 1898. In this capacity he served sixteen years and ten years more as Secretary Emeritus. Up to the end he continued to devote much of his time and energy to promotional work for the Board and for the Church at large as represented in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and in the Home Missions Council, which he founded in 1908, and of which he was President for sixteen years. His last public appearance was at its annual meeting in Atlantic City last January.

"Dr. Thompson's literary labors were varied and fruitful. He was one of the founders of 'Our Monthly,' which had a brief career in Cincinnati,

with a brilliant resurrection in 'The Interior' in Chicago, long edited by himself and Dr. W. C. Gray, and now continued in 'The Continent.' He published many poems, delved into the study of the beginnings of America and published volumes on 'Times of Refreshing' (a history of American Revivals), 'The Story of the Presbyterian Church,' 'Religious Foundations of America,' 'The Soul of America,' and 'Etchings in Verse.'

"Dr. Thompson was always intimately associated with strong men. Many of them were fighters, but his only fights were for righteousness and for the advancement and unity of the Church he loved, not a sectarian organization but the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

"Probably few realize how much Dr. Thompson did along educational lines. Long before he became Secretary of the Home Board and had to do officially with the Presbyterian mission schools, he had been active as a trustee of the Western University of Pennsylvania and of Park College, as well as of various academies. Probably his last interview on church work was with President J. Will Harris, head of the Polytechnic Institute of Porto Rico, which is to have a memorial building to testify to Dr. Thompson's interest in the Christian training of Latin America.

"No other man has contributed more to the Church's conception of the greatness and variety of its Home Mission task. To his leadership and far-seeing wisdom is chiefly due the great extension of the service of the Home Board during the opening years of the twentieth century.

"Men of smaller caliber or of weaker Christian character could not have stood the tests Dr. Thomp-

son stood. Under a mere fraction of the public difficulties and the private afflictions he suffered many a strong man has gone down, or at least has been so embittered as to lose for a time his hold on himself and on his God. Dr. Thompson's faith but grew sweet and strong with the years. His influence will be correspondingly more lasting.

. . . . . .

"One cannot yet measure the full results of his achievements, but a large measure of the present effectiveness of the Church in the discharge of its mission task in America is due to the conception of that task for which he is largely responsible.