

MEN WHO WERE FOUND FAITHFUL

BY

ROBERT E. SPEER

Author of

"Some Great Leaders in the World Movement," "Young Men
Who Overcame," "A Memorial of a True Life," etc.



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PREFACE

THESE sketches of real men show that the same Power which worked upon life and character in the first Christian century is at work in the world to-day. The idea that Christ cannot do as much for us now as He used to do for men, and that He is not doing as much now as ever in the history of the world, is a mistaken idea. In each new generation He does more and better for men, and would do yet more and still better if we met Him with more trustful love. Why should we not so meet Him?

Of some of those of whom this book speaks there are no fuller biographies, but of others there are biographies which it is a pleasure here to commend to any who would walk more intimately with these men and women who have walked with God. Among these biographies may be named:

Mrs. Talbot's "Samuel Chapman Armstrong."

"The Vision of a Short Life,"—A Memorial of Warren Bartlett Seabury.

Wright's "A Life with a Purpose,"—A Memorial of John Lawrence Thurston.

Porter's "Henry Dickinson Smith."

Howard's "The Life Story of H. Clay Trumbull."

"Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God."

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I

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG .

MANY of the best Americans were not born in America. Sometimes they were born of foreign parents in Holland, or Germany, or Scotland, or Ireland. Sometimes their parents were Americans away from home in distant lands, as merchants or servants of the government, or as missionaries, and their children grew up under foreign flags, but with the American spirit strong in their hearts. Samuel Chapman Armstrong was one of these children. His parents were New Englanders who had gone to the Hawaiian Islands as missionaries. There Richard Armstrong was not only a missionary. At the time of his death, the reigning King, Kamehameha, wrote of him:

“ Doctor Armstrong has been spoken of as Minister of Public Instruction and subsequently President of the Board of Education, but we have only partly described the important offices which he filled. He was a member of the House of Nobles and of the King’s

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Privy Council, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Oahu College, Trustee of the Queen's Hospital, executive officer of the Bible and Tract Society, and deeply interested in developing the agricultural resources of the kingdom. No other government officer or missionary was brought into such close intimacy with the nation as a whole."

The father's energy appeared in even fuller measure in the son. His mother also was a worker. Her great characteristic was to do her work truthfully and well and to seize all opportunities. His boyhood home was stern and upright.

"In it," wrote his daughter, "justice, truth, and respect for duty were thoroughly inculcated. Both parents had been trained in other households, where right was put before pleasure, and both had encountered such stress in life that moral strength appeared to them the greatest need of the growing mind."

Little Samuel was a blond, slim boy, with long, shaggy hair, full of fun, and overflowing with life. What sort of time he had as a boy he once described:

"We had one real luxury—that of being barefooted all the year round, wearing shoes on Sunday only, and then under protest. The

Sunday morning cleaning-up and dressing was looked forward to with dread, as our sympathies were all with the natives, who, in the early days, took off their clothes when it rained, so that a shower as church was closing produced an extraordinary scene. The material of our usual garments was a blue denim of the cheapest kind, which, to allow for the growth of the wearer, was made with two or three tucks in the trousers legs. These being successively let out after many washings, made a series of humiliating bright blue bands about our ankles. I can remember wearing aprons, which I took every opportunity to discard, although I invariably came to grief from so doing, as the rod in those days was laid on freely. . . . Father's chief work was preaching, and I am sorry to say that, although we always attended the services, the part we took in them was sometimes far from creditable. We usually sat with mother, and were kept quiet by frequent gingerbread, but I remember that once father took us into the pulpit and was obliged to interrupt his sermon to settle a quarrel between us. But nothing disturbed the equanimity of the natives, not even the dog-fights, which were of frequent occurrence, for they doted on dogs, often bringing them to church in their arms, while the children toddled on behind.

"These dogs were a perpetual trial. I have seen deacons with long sticks probing after the wretched curs as they dodged under the seats, the preacher scolding roundly the while, and

not a smile in the congregation. . . . But the services were interesting. . . .

"Outside it was like an encampment; inside it was a sea of dusky faces. On one side was the King's pew, with scarlet hangings; the royal family always distinguishing themselves by coming in very late, with the loudest of squeaking shoes. The more the shoes squeaked the better was the wearer pleased, and often a man, after walking noisily in, would sit down and pass his shoes through the window for his wife to wear in, thus doubling the family glory. Non-musical shoes were hardly salable."

He never got over the fun of being a boy. Indeed, as his daughter says, and as all who knew him confirm, he was a boy all his life. As a boy he learned that the end of life is duty and service. As a man, he lived by this boyhood lesson.

After his father's death he came to the United States by way of Panama, and entered Williams College in 1860. A classmate has described what he was like:

"There was a quality in him that defied the ordinary English vocabulary. To use the Eastern Tennessee dialect, which alone could do him justice, he was 'plumb survigrouous.' . . . His 'plumb survigrouousness' gave him an eternal effervescence; in fact, his body was a kind of catapult for his mind; it was forever projecting his mental force in some direction,

so that he was continually carrying on intellectual 'high jinks'—going off into extravaganzas, throwing every subject into grotesque light; as a result, he was never serious, though always earnest. He took to Williams College as to a natural habitat; he lifted up his 'plumb survigrous' voice and made intellectual pandemonium at the dinner table.

"He was a trifle above middle height, broad-shouldered, with large, well-poised head, forehead high and wide, deep-set flashing eyes, a long mane of light-brown hair, his face very brown and sailor-like. He bore his head high and carried about an air of insolent good health. He was unconventional in his notions, Shakespearian in sympathy, and wished to see all sides of life, yet he never formed affiliations with the bad side. If he touched pitch, he got rid of it as soon as he could—pleasantly if possible, but at all events decidedly; he had a robust habit of will, and laid hold always of the best in his environment.

"Intellectually he was a leader. Spiritually he was religious, with a deep reverence for his father's life and work. . . . Yet all felt him to be under great terrestrial headway. Sometimes he seemed to have little respect for the spiritual; he shocked people by his levity and irreverence. Yet there was about him at all times a profound reverence of spirit for God, manhood, womanhood, and all sacred realities. Indeed, with him reverence and religion alike were matters not of form, but of inward principle, whose application he had not yet mas-

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tered. Other men were original in thought; he was original in character; but, above all, there was an immediacy of nature. His great tendency seemed to be to go ahead; he has, in fact, often reminded me of Harry Wadsworth, the hero of E. E. Hale's 'Ten Times One is Ten.' He was the most strenuous man I ever saw."

He paid two dollars a week for his board, and he thought his own thoughts and lived his own cheery life. "There is only one thing that will keep you up at home," he wrote home, "and that is cheerfulness; you must secure that at all events; if necessary, fill the house with cats from top to bottom, tie a dog to every lilac, and place monkeys in every tree; at any rate, keep cheerful. There is no use in melancholy, which is dangerous."

"In college," he wrote, "I belong to no secret society and must rely on my own merits for getting friends; when one joins a secret society all in it are sworn friends, right or wrong; this is childish." "I think I have become a better Christian than I used to be," he wrote in '61. "I look forward with joy to a life of doing good." The summer of 1861 he spent in a walking-trip in the Adirondacks, but he had poor luck as a sportsman. "It makes me feel riled, sarcastic, cruel, and al-

most like crying when I think of those pesky fish. . . . At times I felt furious; occasionally it seemed like a good joke, and now and then I would moralize as my neglected hook lay beneath the glassy waters. Did it indicate that suasion was not my forte? It certainly showed that fishing wasn't, and fishing is only an appeal to the highest faculties of fishes." He had as bad luck with deer. It turned out that he could catch men, however.

In 1862 he was graduated from Williams, very grateful for all that he had received there, especially through President Mark Hopkins, in whose home he had lived the last part of his course. As he faced life, his first duty seemed to be to take his part in the great struggle that had begun over slavery. He went to Troy, recruited a company of which he became captain, and set out for the war with the 125th Regiment of New York Volunteers. He had not been long in the field when he and his regiment and over ten thousand other Federal troops were captured by Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry and paroled. "We were most civilly treated by the rebels," he wrote, "whom we found to be in truth 'bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh'; men like ourselves; only the rebels were not nearly as profane as our men—in fact, they used no

profane language at all. They shamed us; they fought, they said, not for money, but for their homes, and wanted the war to cease. Our system of munificent bounties and fine clothing diverts us from the principle for which we are contending, and few of us really know what we are fighting for. I felt the want of a clear apprehension of it in the hour of danger."

The regiment was away two months, and then was returned for further duty, but for some time it took part in no engagement. It tasted battle enough, however, at Gettysburg, where it lost one-fifth of the men. "This was our first fight—my first," wrote Armstrong, "a long and great curiosity was satisfied. Men fell dead all around me. The sergeant who stands behind me when in line was killed, and heaps were wounded. In the charge after the rebels I was pleasantly, though, perhaps, dangerously, situated. I did not allow a man to get ahead of me. I felt no fear, though I never forgot that any moment I might fall. The responsibility and the high duty assigned me sustained me, and it was wonderful that my own men didn't shoot me; they were so excited and were behind me. . . . Don't be anxious for me. The God above does all things well. There are more battles to be

fought, and I must fight. My sensations in battle are not strange. I feel simply resolved to do my best, to lead my men, and to accept my fate like a man."

Some time after Gettysburg, he took command as colonel of the Ninth Regiment of United States coloured troops. He threw his whole soul into this new work, and soon got his soldiers into shape. "We expect to beat everything around in everything, and we are in a fair way to do it," he wrote. He had learned in his captaincy of white troops the lesson of responsibility, of the power of unselfish and fearless leadership. He had come to see clearly, too, the principle for which the war was being fought, and he was resolved to make men of *his* negroes, and he came to see the possibility and duty of the nation's making men of *its* negroes. He put reality into the song which the coloured soldiers sang:

"We want no cowards in our band
That will their colours fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men
Who're not afraid to die."

His men learned to die. And as he taught them this, he began to feel his way to the duty of teaching men to live.

He left the war with the title of Brigadier-

General, and was sent off with his regiment to Texas. "I find," he wrote from Ringgold Barracks, "that I am not polite and accomplished. I aim rather to be just and manly, and patiently seek to realize the higher, more heroic qualities. These are a guarantee of success, not what is commonly called so, but of that fulness and completeness in character that gives an inner and calm and rich assurance that one is a true man and makes one satisfied, no matter how circumstances may change. This inner strength is the thing, and it is completed, perfected, and made glorious by religion. Thus one, though poor and unnoticed, may be greater, grander, and far more beautiful than anything that is made of the costliest stone. . . . Good people try to do too much to dodge the devil and to build up a wall to keep him out. What does he do? He helps build the wall. Meet him squarely; fight the inner battle of self, and outward forms—moralities—will take care of themselves."

In the fall of 1865 he received his discharge from the army. This brought him face to face with the question of his life work. He was now twenty-six years of age. At first he thought of business. "I expect to begin at the bottom of the ladder," he wrote to his

mother, "and work along. Don't expect to study a profession. I think I shall get into the right place by and by." But his thoughts soon turned toward the great moral struggle of the nation, which was to succeed the physical strife. "There may be a place for me," he wrote, "in the struggle for right and wrong in this country. . . . My capabilities are of an executive nature, and I shall seek some chance of usefulness where I can use my talents to the most advantage and for the cause of humanity.

"My purpose is to serve the Great Master in some way as well as I can; to be of use to my fellow men; to give the life so marvelously spared and wonderfully blessed to the Source of all mercy and blessing. I shall probably not enter the ministry; am not made for a preacher. I should rather *minister* than be a minister."

He was not afraid of the uncertainty of the future. "There is something in this standing face to face with destiny," he said, "looking into its darkness, that is inspiring; it appeals to manhood; it is thrilling, like going into action."

He soon found his next work in the newly established Freedmen's Bureau, which was made a department of the Government by Con-

gress in 1865, and put in charge of General O. O. Howard. The ex-slaves had to be looked after, their relations to their former masters settled, land troubles arranged, hospitals, asylums, and schools established. What was to be done with the negro and for him, and how was he to be made into a capable and self-governing man? This was the nation's problem. It became the problem of Armstrong's life. He offered his services to the Freedmen's Bureau, and was sent into Virginia to take charge of a great company of contraband negroes, and to be superintendent of schools over a large area. He laid hold of his hard task with characteristic energy. "There is not much peace," he wrote; "work comes on all days of the week, Sunday not excepted. I like it—there is a large field and lots to do. . . . General Howard told me it was the hardest position to fill he had; there is such ill feeling between whites and blacks, so many paupers, so much idleness, and such an enormous population. Shine, ye lucky stars! . . . The work is splendid, and if God leads me as He has done, I shall have nothing to fear—all will be well."

Hampton was his headquarters, and the more he studied his problem, the more convinced he became that there was only one solu-

tion. He adjusted the land troubles. "Coloured squatters by thousands," he wrote, "and General Lee's disbanded soldiers returning to their families came together in my district on hundreds of 'abandoned' farms, which the Government had seized and allowed the freedmen to occupy. There was irritation, but both classes were ready to do the fair thing. It was about a two years' task to settle matters by making terms with the landowners, who employed many labourers on their restored homes. Swarms went back to the 'old plantation' on passes, with thirty days' rations.

"Hardest of all was to settle the ration question; about 2,000 having been fed for years were demoralized and seemed hopeless. Notice was given that in three months, on October 1, 1866, all rations would be stopped except to those in hospital, for whom full provision was made. Trouble was expected, but there was not a ripple of it, or a complaint that day. Their resource was surprising. The negro in a tight place is a genius."

But the adjustment of the land question dealt with only a superficial aspect of the problem. The negro must be educated. As he said, "The education of the freedmen is the great work of the day; it is their only hope, the only power that can lift them up as a people, and I think

every encouragement should be given to schools established for their benefit. . . . The North generally thinks that the great thing is to free the negro from his former owners; the real thing is to save him from himself. 'Gumption,' perception, guiding instincts, rather than a capacity to learn, are the advantages of our more favoured race."

The Freedmen's Bureau did not have a very long life, but Armstrong served it to the last. Before his salary from it ceased in 1872, however, he had begun to lay the foundation of the institute at Hampton which he built up into one of the most famous institutions in America, and left as his abiding monument. His idea, as he later expressed it, was this:

"To train selected negro youths who should go out and teach and lead their people, first by example, by getting land and homes; to give them not a dollar that they could earn for themselves; to teach respect for labour, to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands, and to those ends to build up an industrial system for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labour, but also for the sake of character."

The American Missionary Association provided the first money which, with a gift from the Avery estate, purchased the first ground and buildings. It was a great experiment on

which he launched out. "The ground is new," he wrote. "The enterprise is as full of bad possibilities as of good ones; most embarrassing conditions will occur from time to time; all is experiment, but all is hopeful. The success of this will be the guarantee of a dozen more like it in the South. I have to face the fact that a manual-labour school *never yet* succeeded in the North, but the powers of prayer and faith are strong—in these we will conquer.

"I am in the midst of the battle now. Worked very hard. Just about to open. Applicants are coming forward encouragingly. Truly the pillar of cloud is before us. Every serious difficulty seems to be removed. What can resist the pressure of steady, energetic pressure, the force of a single right idea pushed month after month in its natural development? If I succeed, it will be because of carefully selecting a thing to do and the doing of it. Few men comprehend the deep philosophy of *one-man* power. As a soldier, I would always fight on the principle of all great warriors, 'concentration and celerity.' As an educator, as anything, I would apply that same always sound principle, adding to it with reference to enemies or any other obstacle, 'Divide and be conquered.'"

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But though the problem was hard and the solution difficult, success was certain with such a moral engine as Armstrong back of it. "The great thing," he said, "is to be right and true. The second thing is to be transparent." And he was this. At first he took no salary. "Some of my friends don't like this," he said, "but they little know the way of successful leadership. The rebel officers fought without pay, and why should not I in a ten times better cause? I have so far had everything needed for personal comfort, yes, a jolly good time on the whole, with an occasional grind and sometimes an impecunious sensation."

He visited Boston and the North, but there came no waverings now as to his duty. He hungered for hard work. "I have been over the 'Athens,'" he wrote from Boston, "but wouldn't live here for anything. I am glad I'm on the outposts doing frontier duty and pioneer work, for the South is a heathen land, and Hampton is on the borders thereof. I see my whole nature calls me to the work that is done there—to lay foundations strong, and not do frescoes and fancy work."

His great object was to erect an institution which would make men and women, creating character in them, and thus show the way the negro problem could be coped with all over

the land. The education provided must be suited to the student, to the life he came from, and the life he was going to. The "heart of all his work," says his daughter, "was the arrangement of an effective, practical routine of hand and head work, the preservation of such an atmosphere of energy and devotion that no student could fail to be impressed by it."

"There is little mischief done," said General Armstrong, "where there is no time for it; activity is a purifier." He was alive with such sayings as these: "There is no place for the lazy man in this world or the next." "Human, therefore imperfect; human, therefore capable of improvement." "If we were not working for 200 years, then this [the failure of a promising pupil] might be discouraging." "Laughter makes sport of work." "Many people are good, but good for nothing; working together is as important as working at all." "Doing what can't be done is the glory of living." This was the spirit of his own life through and through. "Hopeless ones," he declared, "are only grave-diggers for themselves and the rest." He once sprang up at a meeting at Lake Mohonk, New York, when an objection was made that a certain course approved by him was "impossible." "What are Christians put into the world for but to

do the impossible in the strength of God?" he exclaimed. This sentiment he commonly expressed in the following story—for feeling and fun played twin parts in his conversation:

"Once there was a woodchuck. . . . Now, woodchucks can't climb trees. Well, this woodchuck was chased by a dog and came to a tree. He knew that if he could get up this tree the dog could not catch him. Now, woodchucks can't climb trees, but he had to, so he did."

It was the impossible which he had to do. The only way to get money for his work was to come North after it, and to go about seeking it. He had to contend against ignorance and indifference. "It is fearful," he wrote, "to throw one's self against the popular current, and it is the most exhausting thing I ever tried."

The old abolition spirit was satisfied with the destruction of slavery. The very night of the first public meeting in New England in behalf of his work, all that was left of the old Abolition Society met to lay down its arms and give up its organization, resolved that nothing remained for it to do. "It failed to see," as General Armstrong says, "that everything remained. Their work was just begin-

ning when slavery was abolished." But he was bound to succeed, whatever he had to overcome. His letters from year to year show the struggle and the confidence of victory. "I was forced to get money to pay the pressing way of the school or let it go to the wall, and at it I went with all my might and haven't had a day's rest for two months. It is hard—this begging; it takes all one's nervous and physical strength, even when people are kind and polite, as they generally are. . . . Am rushing about all the time, and necessity is after me sharp. . . . Am going to drive things while there's any life in me. I am well and think I can stand it; success is the best medicine and will cure me. . . . This is a rough and terrible fight with difficulties, but I think I'm on top. . . . The stake of my destiny is planted here, and I have never regretted it; this is part of the war on a higher plane, and with spiritual weapons; it will not soon end, and success is yet to be won. I cannot understand the prevailing views of the war among pious and intelligent Americans. It is simply barbaric—to whip the South and go home rejoicing; to build monuments of victory, leaving one-third of their countrymen in the depths of distress. The case is chiefly moral, and the duty sits very lightly on the general conscience."

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From 1878 to 1890 eighteen buildings costing \$423,400 were erected, more land was bought, the number of students grew from 300 to 678, and from \$50,000 to \$80,000 annually had to be raised for the support of the School. It was hard work, but it had to be done. As he said, "Once there was an old darky who could not be dissuaded from hunting in an empty 'possum hole. 'Ain't no 'possum in dat hole? Dey's just *got* to be, 'cause dey's nuffin' in de house fer supper!'" So he went at his task, rejoicing in the hardness of it.

"God's hand," he declared, "points to a steep and craggy height—it must be climbed—I will climb it." . . . "I have had a taste of blood," he said; "that is, I have had the taste of life and work—cannot live without the arena. I must be in it. Despair shakes his skinny hands and glares his hideous eyes on me to little purpose. I feel happy when all my powers of resistance are taxed."

From 1878 on, Indian students were taught with the negro students at Hampton. "The Indians," he said, "are grown-up children. We are a thousand years ahead of them in the line of development. Education is not progress, but is a means of it. A brain full of book knowledge, whose physical basis is the product of centuries of barbarism, is an ab-

surdity that we do not half realize, from our excessive traditional reverence for school and college training. We forget that knowledge is not power unless it is digested and assimilated. Savages have good memories; they acquire, but do not comprehend; they devour, but do not digest knowledge. They have no conception of mental discipline. A well-balanced mind is attained only after centuries of development."

He believed the negro, trained to labour, was stronger than the Indian, and that their education together, while novel, would be better for each. Later he felt that the Indian problem could be handled best on the reservations, although there would be a few young men and women who could wisely be brought East. His interest in the negro extended to all the needy races.

So the virile, tireless life was lived out. The end came in 1893, after a good struggle such as he had ever made against whatever opposed his work. While delivering a speech in Massachusetts in 1891, he was stricken with paralysis. He determined to get well, however, and was moved back to Hampton, where, wheeled about in a chair, he went on with his work, but the day the fleets of all nations, which had met at Old Point Comfort prepara-

tory to the Naval Review in New York Harbor in 1893, sailed for New York, he was stricken again, and on May 11th, saying simply, "My work is done, I must go," went out, as the ships had gone, to the haven where he would be. "I wish to be buried," he had written in some memoranda found among his private papers, "in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next.

"I wish no monument or fuss whatever over my grave; only a simple headstone, no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory—a soldier's funeral.

"I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifice for it, it cannot go on.

"A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources—the best investment of time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God."

Samuel Armstrong knew God. He was ac-

customed to spend a tenth of his busiest days in prayer. He conceived life to be a simple service of God in the consciousness of His presence. "The longer I live," he once wrote, "the less I think and fear about what the world calls success; the more I tremble for true success, for the perfection and beauty of the inner life, for the purity and sanctity of the soul, which is as a temple. As I grow older I feel the need of getting at the root of the matter—of being sure of the nearness of God, of being free from all the mistiness and doubts and of throwing the increasing cares of life on Him."

To the very roots of life he came. And he came to them early, not late. Therefore, while he lived, he lived; and when the end came it was a life, a strong, full life that ended—and began.

II

ARTHUR MANN

A CLEAN, true life, lived for Christ and for men, and a courageous death—what more could any man ask? The number of years of existence is of small consequence, if one fills such years as he has with duty.

Arthur Mann was born in Buffalo in 1879, in a useful and influential home. His father is one of the leading physicians not only of Buffalo, but of the country, and was one of those in charge of President McKinley's case during his last illness, after his assassination. Arthur grew up in Buffalo, receiving his early education at the Heathcote School. From early boyhood he was interested in the life and work of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Buffalo. When years afterwards the rector was told the tidings of Arthur's death in China, he replied:

“He was a young man of unblemished reputation. He was an active worker in our

church, a man of high ideals, who thought most of all how he might best serve God and his fellow-men. A splendid career was open to him in America, yet he chose to go to China, for he saw that there was the greater need. We felt when he went there that the church was sending its best to that field."

In 1895 he entered Yale University, where he made a fine record, and was graduated in 1899 with high honors, winning the university prize for the best poem. After being graduated from Yale he entered the General Theological Seminary in New York to prepare for the ministry. While a student there he heard Bishop Graves make an appeal to the students for volunteers for the China mission. He determined to offer himself. After being graduated in 1902, with the degree of B.D., he was anxious to start for the foreign field immediately, but was unable to do this, as the Bishop of Western New York desired him to spend his diaconate in work in the diocese where he had been a candidate.

After his year's work in connection with St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, New York, where he was in charge of a successful mission and made many friends, he was free to take up the work to which he had dedicated himself. He sailed, accordingly, for China, to take up work in St.

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John's College at Shanghai, of which F. L. Hawks Pott, D.D., is president. Dr. Pott says:

"Arriving in Shanghai the latter part of January, 1904, he entered into his new life with the greatest enthusiasm and zeal, and soon proved himself an invaluable helper. Having marked linguistic ability, he made good progress with the Chinese language, and laid the foundation of an accurate scholarship. He soon won the confidence of the students at the college by the faithful and painstaking work done in the classroom and by entering into all their interests. He encouraged them to come to him with all their difficulties, and frequently one would find them in his rooms talking with him, and getting his advice and help. He never begrudged his time to any one who wished to see him.

"A large part of the athletic successes of the students was due to the time he spent in training the young men, and in developing enthusiasm for manly sport. Whenever delinquent students had to be dealt with at the meetings of the faculty, one could count upon Arthur Mann's taking the most charitable view of the case, and putting in the plea for the greatest leniency possible.

"In order to make more rapid progress with the language, for a time he left the college compound and went off and lived by himself in a Chinese village, where he could hear no English spoken and where he had to depend

entirely on his Chinese associates for social intercourse. Owing to a vacancy in the faculty, caused by the retirement of one of the professors, we were soon obliged to call him back to the college to take up again the work of teaching.

“In the religious life of the college, as his knowledge of Chinese increased, he was beginning to take a greater part. He was able to read the services and to preach in Chinese, but his strongest influence was exerted in his personal dealings with the young men. In the theological department especially he was most stimulating to his students. He put before them the highest ideals, both in regard to the Christian character and the work of the minister of Christ. I think one of the greatest compliments ever uttered in regard to him was that of one of his Chinese associates, who said, ‘The Professor Mann, he has absolutely no bad traits of character.’ Many of the young men have told me how much they owe to him, because he first taught them to think for themselves and to see clearly what was necessary to make their country strong and prosperous.”

“I am here for work,” was his principle, as he wrote in a letter, “and I am going to make that tell.”

While busy in his work he was still always studying and preparing for better work and putting his mind to side employments which

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were worth while in themselves and which made it a better mind. About a year before his death he wrote a romantic tragedy in five acts entitled "Prince Ivo." The book was very favourably reviewed by the papers. The keynote of the drama is the sacrifice that a man will make for his friend. It glorifies friendship even to the height of complete self-sacrifice. In the drama friend dies with friend.

It was just so that Arthur Mann died. He was spending his vacation in China at Kuling in the mountains near Kiukiang, expecting to return to Shanghai for the month of August in order that others might go away. It was about the end of his vacation when he and three friends, Seabury, Hume, and Gage, who were all Yale men and teaching in the Yale school at Changsha, China, and a fourth friend, Kemp, who was teaching at Boone College, Wuchang, started off one rainy day for a tramp to an ancient Chinese institution, "The White Deer College," founded in the ninth century, about ten miles from Kuling. On the way they talked about books and the truth they were all seeking to serve, and reached the college about noon. Arthur Mann's knowledge of Chinese helped to open the treasures of the old place, and, after an interesting visit, they started home.

On the way home they decided to go in swimming in a pool in a mountain stream which they had to cross. Above this pool was another, deeper and with smooth, rocky walls about it, and above this a great, flat rock over which the stream dropped in a cascade. The road ran across this rock beside the stream. The rock was very slippery from the rain, and Seabury, who could not swim much and who evidently purposed simply taking a bath in the stream above the cascade, lost his footing on it and shot over the cascade into the deep pool with the precipitous sides. Mann at once went into the stream, swollen by the rain, below the pool and tried to swim up into it to rescue Seabury. At last he succeeded, but only to be himself carried around by the fierce current and drawn under, losing his own life in his vain effort to save his friend's.

"If he had lived," said Dr. Pott, "he would undoubtedly have become one of the most influential men in China. All who were associated with him, both teachers and pupils alike, felt his power, and will cherish the memory of his example as one of their most priceless possessions. In his noble act of sacrifice in the attempt to save the life of his friend, he manifested that he had entered into the comprehension of the love that is stronger than death."

III

WARREN BARTLETT SEABURY

WARREN BARTLETT SEABURY was born in Lowell, September 17, 1877, in the fifth generation from Ivory Hovey, an early Christian minister in Massachusetts, who had as a boy a strange adventure with a robber in which, without ever stopping to consider the ethical questions involved, young Ivory came off "first best." One spring morning, as the story is told,

"about the year 1729, a boy, then in his early teens, was riding horseback from Ipswich to Topsfield, Massachusetts, carrying nails in his saddlebags for use in building his father's barn. Suddenly he was confronted by a highwayman who, hearing the jingling of the nails and thinking they were silver dollars, ordered him to halt. The quick wit of this country lad caught his crafty intent, and with a swift swing of his right arm he hurled his saddlebags over a stone wall, nails and all. The robber, instantly dismounting, sprang for his booty, while the boy, seeing that the thief had

a better horse than he, mounted the fleetest animal and made a bold dash for the Topsfield farm. The sequel of this exciting adventure marks a crisis in his life. In the highwayman's saddlebags this boy, Ivory Hovey by name, found a goodly sum of money, with which he was enabled to carry out a long cherished ambition for an education. He entered Harvard College in 1731, graduating with honour in 1735, a college mate of Samuel Phillips, father of the projector and principal founder of Phillips Andover Academy and ancestor of Phillips Brooks; classmate of John Phillips, founder of Phillips Exeter Academy."

From this old colonial stock Warren Seabury was descended. His first complete sentence as a boy was "I see," and his short life was a life of seeing. As Mr. Stokes, the secretary of Yale University, said at the Memorial Service after Warren's death:

"Warren Seabury was a man of vision. When a youth he had the vision to see that the world and everybody in it needed the religion of Jesus Christ. He had the vision to realize especially what Christianity could do for China. He had the vision to see a small collegiate school developing there into a university, conducted by men who had had the experience of Yale life and work. He had the vision to see what such an institution could do in the building up of China. He saw how

his talents, such as they were, could be sacrificed to that service. Warren Seabury left Yale with a vision which was doubtless nurtured early in the home life."

While Warren was still a boy an intelligent Chinese who was accustomed to call at his home in Lowell remarked on one of his calls, "Warren, some day you will go to China and teach my countrymen about Jesus Christ."

He was a natural, faithful boy. Like many other children he tried his hand at preaching and one Sabbath gathered his family together and in the blessed unself-consciousness of childhood gave them a sermon on his own account on the text "God is love." He early showed a fondness for mechanics, bought a lathe with money he had earned, and did good work on it, and also put up a telephone between his room and that of a boy friend. His great game always was baseball. He spent six years at the Ames Grammar School. Mr. J. H. Burdett, the principal, writes:

"Warren was rather reserved, friendly to all, as is becoming in the democracy of a public school. I well remember his uniform bearing of modest self-respect and courtesy. He was instinctively a gentleman. I try to recall him as he appeared to me sixteen years ago, and not allow my picture of him to be clouded

by my knowledge of his devotion to high ideals and Christian heroism so conspicuous in his manhood."

He was a careful, deliberate boy and waited to join the church until the age of eighteen, when he had settled the question of his life work too and had resolved to be a minister. And into the fulfilment of his resolution he carried the qualities which, as an original boyish design which he drew to express his loyalty to his mother indicated, were the moral ideals he revered. On the right of the design was a sword, on the left bow and arrow, in the centre a cross, heavily pencilled, against which stood out the words he wished her especially to mark: "*Obedience. Honour. Chivalry. Love.*"

From the High School in Dedham Warren went away from home to the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Connecticut, then under the headmastership of Edward G. Coy, the former Greek master at Phillips Academy, Andover, a teacher of wonderful ability and a Christian personality of unusual power and simplicity. An accident to Warren's knee and the consequent disapproval by his parents of his participation in rough sport kept him from playing football, but baseball he deemed the finest of all games and revelled in it. At Hotchkiss

his religious character and experience unfolded in earnest naturalness. He referred to these things seldom in his home letters, but he did refer to them in just the ways that were genuine and right.

"I have been thinking of my own Christian life," he wrote. "I believe it will strengthen my faith and be advantageous to me in every way to do active work for Christ. I have a feeling that such work will help me to be a better Christian and to come into sympathy with Him. I must make my college life, now so near at hand, doubly profitable, once for the home friends and once for myself."

"I have made several good resolves of late," he wrote again, "but I think it is better not to speak of them, but to show what they are by their results." He had the natural disheartenings and questionings of all honest souls.

"I am almost *discouraged*," he wrote, "and yet I cannot explain it. I feel doubtful about religion. I don't know what to do. I must remember that religion is not emotion. I almost feel that in what I have been writing there were things which I could not have fully realized or things in which I was deceived. Don't mind what I say. I shall be all right soon. At any rate it will do me good to get home once more. I hope to get into college

without a condition, but am afraid of being over-confident."

He was always underestimating his own ability, and he passed all his examinations for admission to Yale without conditions, and entered the university in the autumn of 1896.

For two years the handicap of his injured knee had kept him from athletics, but at Yale he was able to come back to the track.

"I have been running nearly all the fall," he writes, "in preparation for the autumn contests. They took place yesterday and I am the happy possessor of two shining cups, one for second in the one-hundred-yard dash and one for first in the two-twenty. It was a source of genuine satisfaction to me, but I had to run all the way. As a result I was given a big dinner at the best restaurant in the city."

Writing later on the same subject, he says:

"The class games took place yesterday. I was not successful. It is a sort of belief of mine that there is a law of compensation among men; that if one cannot excel in one direction, he can in another. It only remains for him to find out what that direction is."

Warren was not prevented from finding what the direction was for him. Writing of

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the Sunday services in Battell Chapel he speaks of deep impressions made on him, and adds, "I am praying for guidance and the soul to follow God closely in my life's work." His life at Yale fell at a time of special religious interest in the university. Special evangelistic services conducted by Mr. Moody, Dr. George Adam Smith, and Mr. Mott deeply influenced the university and at the same time a tide of missionary interest was flowing through all the classes. As a result, at the Northfield Student Conference in the summer after his Junior year, he made a definite decision, and on returning home "he beckoned to his mother and father to come into a room by themselves, and there he told the story in a single sentence: 'I have made up my mind to be a missionary.'" He was naturally conservative and cautious and he would not act hastily. On returning to college he wrote:

"I want to consider with you the question of signing the Volunteer Card. If I decide to sign, I want to do it before I graduate, both for my own good and for the good of those about me. This is my last year, and oh! the thoughts that come when I reflect upon that fact! I will not let this fire go out if, by God's grace, it is possible to keep it burning."

And again a little later:

"During this Senior year I am trying to *live*. There is so much that I have not done, the danger is I will not do it in this my last chance. The fact is I don't know just where to begin."

At last, after long consideration, on March 1, 1900, he wrote:

"I signed the Volunteer Card yesterday. You know this is no sudden decision of mine. I have been thinking of it for a long time. Of late special influence has been brought to bear upon me through my friend, Brewer Eddy, and others. I have looked at the matter from every side, and while I do not claim to appreciate this step fully, I feel I have been divinely guided and do not fear self-accusation for over-hastiness. I am weak, but pray for increasing strength every day. I. H. N."

In April he attended the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York City.

"I am glad I attended," he wrote. "I was impressed with the fact that there is a great host of missionaries in the field; that the missionary enterprise is a mighty one, supported by the best element in the churches; that the missionary's calling is one of the greatest dignity, perhaps the nearest fulfilment of Christ's will on earth. One remark made near the end of the meeting is well worth remembering: 'The close of the Ecumenical Conference is

the beginning of the Ecumenical conquest.' The meetings as a whole were a great inspiration. I hope now to go on from strength to strength, without the interruption caused by lack of conviction, hesitancy, and other petty things that have foolishly hindered my growth."

And a little later he wrote of how the whole matter appeared to him:

"It seems to me that if God is at one end of this chain of fact, the need of man is at the other, and if I can be one to fill the need, that is one reason for my going. I tried to examine every foot of ground. I said, 'If God is not running any risk in this course, I am running none.' Medicine I do not care for; law seems less and less attractive as time goes on; journalism is not mine. On the ground of common sense my life seems to be directed towards serving Christ actively. If a minister, why not a missionary? So you see how practically I have gone into this matter. I do not feel that all is yet done. I lack deep faith, confident hope, Christian joy. If I ever needed your prayers it is now. I am face to face with the future; I must press on."

In 1900 he pressed on from Yale into his special preparation for his missionary calling. But the testimony of his roommate shows that he had been already preparing for it:

"As a friend and comrade he was ideal, loyal to the core, and dependable under all circumstances. Roommates for three years as we were, I do not recall the slightest act on his part which was unworthy of the highest traditions of the Christian gentleman.

"As a student, while far removed from the 'grind,' Warren was careful, painstaking, and thoroughly conscientious. He viewed his college studies as a preparation for usefulness in his after life, and possessed the quality of assimilating knowledge and making it a part of himself. It was natural that a man who threw himself with his whole soul into as great a variety of activities as Warren did, should attain a genuine popularity. His moral force and sound, practical wisdom soon made him a valued counsellor for many men who prized his friendship.

"The forcefulness of the man was illustrated in the way he announced to me his decision regarding his life's work. Although I knew he was deeply interested in the Student Volunteer Movement, I had no idea he contemplated going to China until he quietly told me one evening as we were sitting in our room. What most impressed me was his utter unselfishness. The only matter worthy of consideration appeared to him to be where his life would count the most for God and man.

"Warren's life was a life with a vision. During his college course those near him perceived that he was living in that atmosphere of souls where visions may be seen.

“ ‘Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; or who shall rise up in His holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart.’ ”

His special theological preparation for his work consisted of three years at Hartford Theological Seminary and an added year of post-graduate work at Yale, studying philosophy and comparative religion.

“ From the time he crossed the threshold of Hosmer Hall,” writes one of the professors at Hartford, “ he was a power, not only with his classmates, but with all those who made up the common fraternity of the student life. If it was athletics he was at its enthusiastic front; if it was the social life he was its natural gathering point; if it was study he gave others to see what was the honest, faithful spirit; if it was missions he stood for all the work of an interested learner and a devoted doer of all that missions offered to be done.”

And President Mackenzie writes of him :

“ He stands out from the crowd of students whom I picture as I recall them, for the sweetness and strength of his character. He seemed to be a man of singularly pure mind, of deep earnestness, of quiet dignity in his bearing. While his Christian zeal was apparent to every one, it was combined with a very hearty and

happy manner. He took an interest in the sports of his fellows, and was a leader in their baseball games. He looked forward to his life-work with intense delight, prepared for it with great diligence, entered upon it with high hopes. We must trust that the active life so soon cut short here was called away to some form of service in another sphere."

The Seminary offered to him the opportunity of studying methods of missionary instruction in England, Scotland, and Germany, and, on his return, of lecturing on the subject before the students. But he chose to return to New Haven for the completion of his preparation to go out to the foreign field.

Another idea also was working in his mind. With two other Yale men he conceived the idea of a mission of the university in some foreign mission field to be manned and supported by Yale men. His first thought, in consequence of having just read "Pilkington of Uganda," was of Africa, but the Boxer uprising in China and Pitkin's martyr death drew the thought of the little group to China. Seabury himself wrote down briefly the genesis of the idea:

"Under the inspiration of the great Ecumenical Conference in New York in the spring of 1900, the original project regarding a Yale

Foreign Mission became articulate. The enthusiasm for missions which throbbed in those great gatherings in Carnegie Hall did not suppress the enthusiasm which we as Yale men felt for our own college. Surely two such mighty forces would unite. If the great burden of the Church were missions, if the educated and enlightened people of Christendom were, under God, moving in invincible ranks against the forces of evil, surely the college of our choice would not do better than add its strength to the strong.

“And then we, who were planning to spend our lives in foreign service, felt that we could be more efficient having the inspiration of men at our side, not only stirred by the same great purpose, but with the interests common to young men, to college men, yes, to Yale men. It was our conviction that our lives would be stronger with the Yale spirit on the field and the old college behind us.

“This was all very well, but it was not so easy to plan the details of support and management. In fact, the constitution, as it now stands, shows but slight resemblance to its rude forerunner of two years ago. For after repeated consultations two or three of us were firmly convinced that the plan was practicable. The back room at the Graduates' Club witnessed some earnest attempts to collect arguments, arrange them in logical order, and present them with the most telling effect for our expected interviews with men of experience. Our own growing confidence was

greatly increased by talking with Mr. Beach, Dr. Barton, Dr. Capen, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Roberts, besides many in closest sympathy with the college and with deepest faith in her support.

“And so, as wiser heads than ours have taken the plan as we outlined it in general and have developed it, as we could not have done, we are content to stand by and see the college we love take a hand in the great cause that we love and wait until we are wanted.”

The university welcomed and went forward with the idea in characteristic fashion, with steadfastness, careful deliberation, and resolute action. The first missionary was Lawrence Thurston, appointed June 6, 1902, who spent a little over a year in China, and was chiefly instrumental in fixing the location and character of the Mission, as an educational enterprise at Changsha. Brownell Gage, now the senior member of the Mission, was appointed next, and Seabury was the third appointee, on November 3, 1902. “From the day Warren received his appointment,” his father writes, “he gave himself to the business of personal preparation for his work. First came the further discipline of his mind in philosophical thinking, in ethics, and philology. He made no specific study of the Chinese language, believing that should be ac-

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quired on the field itself. He bent his energies to the fullest understanding of China's problems, especially her problem of education. Henceforth he was to be a citizen of China, which was to him more than a vast aggregation of souls, or a stupendous geographical area in Eastern Asia. China lived in him as a synonym of personal reality and manhood."

He left home in September, 1904. "It is somewhat hard to say 'good-bye,'" he wrote to a member of the Yale Committee, "but a man must play the game, and I expect the best of good things for all those who do their duty as they see it." And he left home with no complaints or lamentations but with good cheer. Two days after leaving, on his twenty-seventh birthday, he wrote home, "All's well and I am happy! Too beautiful to be sad!"

At Shanghai Warren visited St. John's College and met Arthur Mann, who three years later was to die with him and for him, and then went on up the Yangtse River to Hankow, where he spent the winter at work on the language. It was hard work. He wrote to Professor Reed:

"It sometimes becomes tiring to grub away at this interminable language, but I am glad you expect so much of us. It will keep us

hard at work in the recognition of the work we are bound to do. It is patience which we need in the acquisition of this reasonless, armless, footless, bottomless, endless language. One can't do much of anything out here in a hurry (unless it be to get sick) and first in the list of these impossibilities stands the language. We are hard at work and will remain as hard at it as we can consistently with the demands of health and efficiency."

In one of his letters home he humorously writes:

"Yesterday, after six hours' work on the language, I felt as if I never wanted to see another Chinese character. They all seemed like so many chocolate creams left out in the rain."

In February, 1905, Warren moved to Changsha, the capital of the province of Hunan, and a city of 192,000 people. After getting settled the great concern of the missionaries was to find an adequate and permanent site for the Mission, which had been invited by all the denominational societies in the province to do the higher educational work for all the missions. Meanwhile he accepted an invitation to teach English in a large native school of the Changsha Board of Education. It was a good way to acquire influence

and make friends, and it had its amusing compensations, as these essays by his pupils will indicate.

“WALE”

“The wale is the larger kind of the fish and his power is so highter that all the fish live in water are controled by him. But he difference all the fish for he no gills or fins for it is hard when he turns in the water and in a few very minutes he cannot appears in the air that he might died. As for his spout can he wrecks the smaller vessels and the fishing smacks, the people of the river's bank almost always distressed by him.”

“WHALE”

“Some animals in water are lived chiefly by the fish. The different kinds of fish are very much. As the whale is especially with other. If we catch a fish to lay down at the ground it will not take long that which is soon to die. Why? Because all fish cannot live on land to inspire the air. But the whale can be inspiring the air and drinking the water also. He often inspires the air going down to the bottom of water by and by rise up against to spit the air so high that almost thirty feet away. He has no gil but has a large mouse. When our traveled ship must take care and don't sail into his mouse. Thus the whale is a king of fish.”

He took advantage of opportunities, also, to make the acquaintance of the governor, and in due time the Yale Mission College was begun in rented property. Many problems beset the opening of the school, but these were faced with clear discernment and unbending principle by Gage and Seabury and the associates who soon joined them. Warren was resolved also to develop athletic life among the students, to teach them American games, and to fulfil a humorous prediction which he had made to a Hartford professor: "I shall coach the Chinese boys in athletics, then I shall become a Cochin (coach in) China."

In the spring of 1906 Changsha was devastated by a disastrous flood and Warren was busy in generous service of the community in its needs. This made more friends for the Mission, but it was still unable to get land of its own. He wrote of this to his mother:

"I am very anxious that you should not think of me as experiencing things that would cause you pain. There are times when I think of you with more than usual tenderness, but even the good letters and gifts from you do not bring about unhappy collapses. You must think of me as well and strong, contented, and satisfied with this work. It would not

be a good thing if our paths were all smooth. We have been very much tried by our failure to get land. It may be well for us if our hardest trials come at the first, so long as we weather them and find ourselves better for the storms. We rebel in word as we talk of it and the matter is often in our silent thoughts and we find it hard to see why we should be blocked, when every consideration seems to lay upon us the greatest haste. It must be for the best, if one must suffer, to suffer with others and in their interests. May we come out refined by the fire and welded into a mission of men and women who will remain inseparable to the last."

His two first summers in China in spite of the heat were spent in Changsha, but the summer of 1907 he was prevailed upon to go to Kuling, where the missionaries from the Yangtse Valley gather for rest and conference in the hot and unhealthful days, and where Warren had been for ten days in May of the preceding year in consultation over the plans of the Mission. He spent thirteen days in Kuling and then on July 29th went with a little company of friends on the visit to the ancient Chinese College in the mountains near Kuling from which he and Arthur Mann, as we have read in the sketch of Arthur Mann's life, never returned.

“ They two went down the hills through a
stormy dawn

With joyous comrades, laughing in the mist,
Cleaving the windy fog before their steps,
And holding converse as they downward fared.

“ The storm fog drenched their footing on the
stones,

The rains came roaring down the mountain
streams,

The torrent snatched them,—and they were
no more.

“ Their souls walked forth across the morning
heights,

And past the peaks and up beyond the clouds;
So, while their brethren sought their bodies
drowned,

That loving hands might tomb them in the
hills,

Christ met them all amazed—in Paradise.”

It was a clean, competent, well-rounded life that the torrent carried off from the service of China and the world, a man made ready for God's use here on earth and ready therefore for some great and urgent need which demanded him in the Kingdom of his Father. Mr. Gage, who had known him for many years, bore testimony to his full equipment for his work:

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“I should name as most prominent and important these characteristics in Warren which are essential to success: 1. Robust health and absence of ‘nerves.’ 2. Cheerfulness and a keen sense of humour. 3. Patience and perfect good nature with exasperating people and circumstances. 4. Enthusiasm, earnestness, and force of character. 5. Entire freedom from gossip and the tendency to talk over the weaknesses of others. 6. Good sense and willingness to learn, to change his mind and to take advice and receive suggestions, although they might oppose his previous views.”

But best and most of all, he lived in the Eternal Life. As he wrote in 1906 to one of his intimate friends, “I do not know what is before me, but I am ‘building my nest in the greatness of God.’”

“In the greatness of God.” This is the spring of heroism and fidelity. Here Mann and Seabury found it. And there now they are found.

IV

JOHN LAWRENCE THURSTON

JOHN LAWRENCE THURSTON was born at Whitinsville, Massachusetts, on August 4, 1874, and Whitinsville was home to him until he went out to find a new home in China. He came of an old line of New England ancestors who had dwelt in Massachusetts and Maine for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and he lived up to the family character and to the full meaning of the family name of Thurston, "God's rock" or "God's servant."

Lawrence had a severe illness as a child which left its effects upon him for years and kept him at home as a small boy, but when he grew older and went to school, as his mother says:

"It was found that he picked up more 'slang' in a week than his elder brother had in two years, and his friends of later years will remember his fondness for what we might call picturesque language. But his conscience

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was alert, and he never strayed, I think, into profanity."

He had a good, wholesome American boyhood.

"I remember my jig-saw Christmas," he wrote years afterwards. "If I remember correctly, I didn't do anything but saw all day, and oh, the woe that filled my soul when, within a day or two, I screwed it up too tight and broke off a great piece and wrecked it. . . . Do you remember when I came home with my *third* tin drum from the Sunday-school tree? I do anyway. And I never can feel that those Christmas delights are past even though I am no longer a child."

His happiest memories clustered around the old barn loft and the home pond.

At the age of fifteen he went away to Worcester Academy.

"His diary for the first year records the result of every baseball or football game, with ample justification for the team in defeat and a corresponding joy in victory. Writing home to the family on the occasion of a notable victory, he had happened to describe with much detail a banquet which the whole school had attended. 'I don't know but what you will think,' he concluded, 'that I cared more for the supper than for the game, but I didn't.'"

He made one noble effort in athletics, as his diary indicates, but it ended in disaster and he made no more:

- " May 6. I began to train for walking (the mile walk) this afternoon.
- " May 11. Went to gym to see about training.
- " May 12. Trained. I walked as far as the ruins of the house.
- " May 19. We trained. The cinder track is being laid.
- " May 20. We trained. The track was laid to-day.
- " May 21. We trained for the last time before the sports.
- " May 22. I got my gym clothes and put them in a bag for the races.
- " May 23. (The day of the games.) Williams walked the mile in eight minutes, twenty seconds. I walked and had 150 yards handicap and came in 150 yards behind."

He met with more success as a Nature student in the Agassiz Association, which he helped to found. Here is one of his letters to his sister about it:

" We took our walk Monday and were out about three hours. We all had a perfectly delightful time. We found fully thirty flowers in bloom. Rob Smith kept the list. I found one new flower, the dwarf ginseng or ground

nut. I see that you found it at Norton, but we haven't pressed it before. Rob brought home for the society meeting a black, poisonous water-snake, but we put him in a tin box so that he is perfectly safe, and a little puff adder about a foot long. We think we shall put both in alcohol. We found several common lizards and one black one with yellow spots. I have forgotten his name."

He was not a great student and was well aware of it. His first year in the academy he stood high, as he said, because his brother had stood high and he was not yet found out. But he had trouble in his entrance examinations for Yale and decided to go back and take an extra year at the academy in order to enter without conditions. During this extra year he debated with himself the claims of the different professions. In one letter he names and discusses them, closing, "Don't think I have mentioned these in any order, for I have put them down as they have come to me. What an opportunity a young man does have and how short a time there is to grasp it in!" A few weeks later he wrote home, still unaware of what he was ultimately to decide to do:

"This evening Mr. Davis presented the Chinese side of the Geary outrage. I never

realized before what a future there was before China. You know our great diplomatist believes that the Chinese are to be to America what the Goths and Huns were to Rome. Whether we believe it or not there is something to think about in it."

While he was at Worcester he united with the church. In many ways he began to look at the serious purpose of life, and before he left the academy he had decided to study for the Christian ministry. That was just the natural outcome of his true devotion and high ideals. How clean and high his ideals were is shown in a letter written home after some disclosures of school dishonesty:

"It has been quite lively here this week in more ways than one. First, three boys have been expelled or suspended. . . . They all deserved it and there are more like them. Friday Mr. A—— talked to us about the whole matter after chapel. The root of the evil is dishonesty, the very thing that I spoke of while at home. Lying and cheating are so easy for schoolboys to fall into. They don't do it intentionally, but gradually their consciences become blunted and before they know it a lie is as easy as a crib on the Xenophon margin was before. When you see class leaders in scholarship, school leaders in athletics stooping to little meannesses to gain a point or two

on the teacher's book, or in the estimation of their fellows, it makes you sick at heart. A high sense of honour, a very sensitive conscience are rare qualities. I wouldn't imply that there aren't many good fellows, but their standards are not high enough. Their ideals are either of a low order or are lacking altogether."

But he was full of gay spirits and playfulness, as the Class Historian pointed out at the Academy Commencement in June, 1893:

"Then there is John L. Thurston," the history reads, "a man with a perfectly rabid affection for Yale. With Mr. S—— (a Harvard man) he wrangles frequently on the subject and is often successful. He is the only man in the class that claims to grind and this he does incessantly. He has without doubt the most copious vocabulary of slang that has ever been put in constant use. For this reason Societies for Prevention of Slang have been frequently organized for his benefit but with indifferent success."

In Yale he set himself to do clean solid work. He knew his limitations and he was free from illusions. But every year, as he bent himself diligently to his duties, his power grew and he went steadily upward in his standing in his class. And he was equally steady and

ongoing in his Christian work and character. The great decision to be a missionary came in his first year, and in one of his home letters he tells about it. Various influences operated on him, and:

"When I came home at night," he says of the eventful day, "I prayed as I never had before. It was a fearful struggle and I slept undecided. I thought I was willing to go anywhere, but when it came to setting my face steadfastly towards the foreign field, it seemed a different thing. The next morning I prayed and it was decided. It was all over and only once or twice did a thought come of looking back."

This missionary purpose dominated all the rest of his college career. He deliberately concentrated his efforts on his Christian and missionary ideals. But his Christian single-mindedness and consecration did not make him gloomy or unhappy. "He was one of the most consistent Christians in '98," writes one of his classmates. "Perhaps he was narrow," says another, "but he was very lovable in his narrowness."

"He combined to an unusual degree," is the word of another, "the art of 'having a good time' with the science of 'being good.'"

He was always merry, yet he never had to call for pipe, bowl, or fiddlers to make him so. Although he had a sterner code of ethics than his classmates, none of them ever enjoyed life more thoroughly than he did. Willing to spend four hours over freshman Greek when necessary, he was just as willing to spend long hours preparing for our 'freshman fun' at the Glee Club 'Prom.' Concert. I never knew any one more truly reverent, yet his piety was never marred by any undue solemnity. With an ability to be tremendously earnest there went at the same time a keen sense of humour, which kept him out of the pitfall of taking himself too seriously. He always seemed to appreciate the other man's point of view. . . . It was this unique combination of qualities that made him so lovable, that made him for me the true Christian, full of faith and full of fun, always fired with religious devotion, yet never without that sweet reasonableness which was his peculiar charm."

In his habits and personal principles he was as clean as he was in his great missionary devotion.

"Times without number," writes a fellow-student, "we have discussed the questions that come before college men for decision, and I always used to insist with him that he drew lines of duty and principle too fine.

"He had never smoked in college. He

could see the good in a man who did, and never was willing to condemn a man harshly because he chose to be broader than Laurie thought right; but for himself and his own life smoking was wrong. Once having decided it there was no moving him. I remember one instance in particular. It came to the time of the class histories on the campus at the close of his college course and the class pipe went the rounds, but despite the pleadings of the committee he was unwilling to break what was to him a vital principle, even on such a justifiable occasion. He spoke about it afterwards with great regret, wishing that he might have avoided so open a break with the men who had urged it upon him; but he was sure in his own mind that he ought not to yield, and that settled the question for all time. He was narrow in the popular, careless sense of the word, and was so considered by many men in the class and even by his friends. But it seems to me as those incidents sweep before the memory that it was the narrowness of concentration and not of ignorance or of bigotry. His life had a fixed amount of energy to be invested, and he knew he must not spread it out too thin over unessential things. He used to bring the matter up in those talks in the winter evenings after the day's work was done or we had returned from some meeting, and always his breadth of view was in contrast to the concentration of his activity. He recognized the good in the time spent in all athletics, or at the fence making friendships that were

to last for life, but he definitely gave up some of those pleasantest elements of college life for the larger gain of character and usefulness. I would not commend his limitations any more than he would himself if he were writing this; but I do praise the consecration and courage of a man that could clearly follow a path that he had marked out in spite of criticism or of the pleadings of his friends. *Strength* was the cry of his ambition and not popularity or attractiveness. To do, as well as was possible for him, the things to which he committed his effort, was the quest of those years."

After he left college he and four other Yale men did a great work for a year among the young people of the country, travelling about as "The Yale Missionary Band." From Portland, Maine, to Milwaukee, they visited the important centres, addressing about 900 meetings with nearly 200,000 people in 95 cities, and reached between two and three thousand young people's societies in 364 conferences. It was a remarkable service for five lads, for they were little more, and it made a deep and enduring impression upon the Christian Church in America.

With the splendid fruitage and experience of this year, Lawrence went on into the Auburn and Hartford Theological Seminaries. In both seminaries he was the same unselfish,

pure-hearted, unconventional, clean-principled man he had been in college, doing his work loyally but with all his interest in the practical and living things.

“My mind is full of Biblical criticism,” he wrote, “and evolution and Negroes. I’d rather have it full of Negroes alone. I’d rather put it on the practical, the real, and the evidently necessary. I wonder if it is wrong to be practical. These other questions are interesting and important, but I get so tired of them and they seem so little related to the great needs of the day. For so many to spend so much time on them seems almost like a waste of human energy.”

His summer vacation was not complete without a time of camping out on Johnny’s Island in the pond at Whitinsville. For twelve successive summers the camp was maintained. Larry saw the beginning and the end of it. It was a real boys’ camp, with Larry as the life of it, and it had a grand ending in the summer of 1902 before he sailed for China to be one of the pioneers of the Yale Mission, in whose founding he was one of the prime movers. On September 29, 1902, he started with his wife, who had been Miss Calder of Mount Holyoke College. On reaching China he went first to Peking, as everything was still

to be decided with reference to the Mission. His first work was on the language, and at it he went with the same pertinacity which he had shown in college and seminary. From Peking he visited Shan-si province as a possible field for the Mission, but reported advising against it, urging that the Mission should be an educational mission, and suggesting Changsha, in the Province of Hunan, as the proper location.

But Lawrence was not to have a part in laying the foundations at Changsha, which was soon definitely selected as the centre of the Mission. He went to Kuling in the Yangtse Valley for the summer of 1903 in order that he might confer with the missionaries from Hunan and central China, and there to his amazement it was found that he had tuberculosis, and toward the end of the summer he was ordered home. He reached San Francisco on December 4th, and hoped, through a stay in California and careful attention to the doctor's orders, to regain his health and return to China; but it was not to be, and on May 10th he heard the call that was to take him on from China and California to a better country, even a heavenly.

But his work did not end. The testimony of one friend might be duplicated by the tes-

timony of many, for no such life as Lawrence Thurston's can be stopped:

"Sweet memories they are, as they rise before me—those recollections of Laurie; the long years in Yale on the top floor of Lawrence Hall; the journeys in the West in the intense days of our life, learning some of the deepest spiritual lessons that could come to a young man; those many times on the island when relaxation was justified and enjoyed; that wonderful year at Auburn when the broader thoughts of modern study gripped us both and we felt a cautious way into a position that should combine the strongest elements of both the old and the new. They are a precious and permanent memorial of as true a friend, as strong and courageous and useful a man as I will ever know. His death only increases the power he had over my life. For in the college days his was one of the strongest formative influences that came to me. And now that he has so soon finished his work here, I find the example of the dear friend still as potent for good as ever it was when we lived together."

HENRY DICKINSON SMITH

NO writer on China is better known than Dr. Arthur Smith, since 1872 a missionary of the American Board to the Chinese people. His alert mind, nimble wit, unceasing energy, and deep faith in God's great purpose for the Chinese nation have made him one of the best known missionaries and most widely loved friends of China. Henry Dickinson Smith was Dr. Smith's only son, a son after his father's own mind and heart, and a lad of such self-forgetfulness, and of such faithfulness to duty and to opportunity as won for him the crown which belongs to those who give up their lives for others.

Henry was born in Tientsin, China, January 22, 1861. The ordinary ways of childhood were marked in his case with a special distinction of mental originality and cleverness, but without any folly or self-conceit. Native good sense and wise home training balanced the boy's keen capacity and kept him natural

and true. At the age of fourteen he was left in America for his education while his parents returned to China. In the Oakland High School, where he began his home studies, he at once attracted attention by his quick intelligence and energetic enthusiasm, so that his schoolmates dubbed him "Freak Smith."

In vacation times he was not idle. He always had some work on hand. He began by doing errands. Passing a house, a woman who was a stranger called to him. She was alone with a sick baby. Would he be willing to go to the drug store for medicine? "Mother," he wrote, "she just chucked her whole pocketbook into my hand. I made change all right, and brought it back to her at once. When she tried to pay me I wouldn't take it, for you know I promised God if He'd give me a bicycle, I'd do errands for Him." This was illustrative of the boy's spirit. At another time he worked during the long hot days in a cannery and again as an elevator boy.

When the high-school course was completed he decided to go into business, at least until he could decide deliberately as to a college course, and for a year, and with great success, he worked in a San Francisco store. The energies and activities of his position suited

him, and the temptation was strong to forego a college training and go on in business, where attractive offers were made to him. In the end, and with his father's earnest counsel, he decided for college and entered Beloit College, Wisconsin, in the fall of 1898.

His freshman year was the least satisfactory of his course. Some careless ways of his business life were to be outgrown, and his mind had to pass through a time of unrestfulness before it settled down for itself and clearly on a firm personal religious faith. He at once displayed unusual power as a debater, participating in freshman year in the debate between Beloit and Ripon. In his sophomore year he was chosen in the preliminary contests to represent Beloit in the debate with Knox, but declined to accept, feeling that the upper-class man who would otherwise have had the place would strengthen the team, and that he himself had better wait. His reward came to him later.

He faced for himself the question whether he should give athletics or scholarship the first place in his thought. Early in his course he wrote to his parents on the issue as it presented itself to him:

"Of course, a fine athlete may also be a fine scholar. I have known a few such. The

combination is not impossible, but improbable, and extremely rare. The reason is that training takes so much time and strength that few men have enough left to make good scholars, and, besides, an enthusiastic athlete is very apt to do this one thing and have very little interest in anything else. A good athlete must be careful in his diet, regular in his training, and must never sit up late. A good student is often obliged to study hard and long. A man may start out with the intention of doing both things well, but sooner or later they are most sure to conflict. He will find himself face to face with four or five hours of hard studying, which must be done before to-morrow. Then he has to make his choice. If athletics are uppermost in his mind, he will study what he can, and then go to bed. If this happens often, his scholarship will suffer. Then, since he has lost one ideal, he will devote himself more to the other. After this he may be a good athlete, but unless he stops training he will probably never be a good scholar. The extreme opposite of these are those whose whole existence is bound up in books. They seldom witness a baseball or football game, and never think of taking part in one. They take no interest in athletics or society, and if one of them joins a debating society it is with a view to studying rhetoric.

“A third class are interested in athletics and society, but not to the exclusion of studying. Though they may study hard, it is always with limits. They are moderately esteemed by the

professors, though they may never be brilliant in any line. An athlete may meet with continual disapproval of the faculty, and yet be a popular hero, while a hard student may have the profound admiration of every professor, and yet be disliked by his classmates and the college. I have settled for myself that I will not join the first class. I am passionately fond of football and moderately fond of baseball, but not fond enough of either to let them crowd out my studies, nor to give them the attention necessary to those who get on the team. Between the other two the choice is harder."

He worked hard in his class work, but the competitive excitement of the college debates, leading on to the intercollegiate contests, appealed to him most. In these contests he won his way to victory through defeat. In one of the first struggles of junior year he was defeated, after seven weeks of incessant preparation. "I have met defeat before," he wrote. "Never one quite like this. It came as a storm from the blue sky. It crushed the life out of me and took away all my energy. I can't seem to get up any interest in oratory now, although but a short time ago it was the principal ambition of my life." But later in the year he was chosen leader of the Beloit team of three in the debate with Knox College.

The question for debate was the value and influence of Labour Unions. Henry went to Chicago during his spring vacation to study union labour on the ground, and he and his associates made every preparation for the contest, and just before going to the hall met in Henry's room at the hotel in Galesburg, and, as he wrote home, "I said we were all three Y.M.C.A. men, and that it was a good time to keep our Christianity with us. Then, bowing our heads for a few minutes, we prayed that, whether we won or lost, we might not at any time forget that we were sons of Beloit and Christian gentlemen." It was an exciting contest, and Beloit lost. It was a terrible disappointment to him, but he was soon able to view it philosophically. As he wrote in a later letter: "I think I told you my college experience up to and including the Knox debate. Lucius Porter and I were very much disappointed at the result, and I felt exceedingly tired after four months of extremely strenuous work. There are some disadvantages about working on an intercollegiate debate, but I believe it is worth all it costs. Few men can have the privilege of taking part in such a contest, and no one who has not can understand how much it is worth. Last year's debate was of more use to me in teaching me

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how to face the world, how to deal with men, and how to enter the battles of life, than any other semester of study that I have spent in college. I have been asked to go in for it again, and am seriously considering the idea. I would like nothing better than to win one decisive victory for Old Beloit before I graduate. It would be worth all it cost."

He gathered lessons, also, from a defeat at Commencement time in the contest in extemporaneous speaking. Describing it, he wrote:

"No defeat is tolerable to me till I have learned some useful lesson from it. I have learned two things: I must improve my delivery, especially in learning to talk more slowly. It will be only by doing more work than others that I can rely on any superiority."

In the vacation between junior and senior years he attended the Student Summer Conference at Lake Geneva, and then decided that he would make foreign missions his life work, as it was his father's. "Have felt much better since," he wrote. "My doubts and troubles have lasted for several years, and are only just now beginning to get cleared up."

In the fall of 1901 he returned to Beloit for his last and best year. He went in for ath-

letics, and became captain of the second football team. He was interested, also, in all the general work of the college. He was on the editorial board of one of the college publications, president of the English Club, active in the oratorical contest (in which he won third place), and, most notable of all, the leader in the triumphant victory of Beloit over Knox in the debate between the two colleges. He also coached the freshman and sophomore debating teams to a successful issue in their contests with Ripon and Carleton Colleges, and he won the Hay prize for the best essay on a topic connected with American citizenship. Of the Knox debate Professor Collie of Beloit wrote: "Henry was a power in debate, and became, perhaps, the most famous of undergraduate debaters in our history. In this debate, 1902, Beloit had apparently lost, when Henry rose to make his argument in rebuttal. No one present will be likely to forget that speech. His generalship, his quick wit, with his eager, passionate argument, simply swept the Knox men from their feet, and Beloit won the decision. The ambition of the college youth was satisfied. Eager intensity and strength carried the day."

Beloit had done its best with the fine manhood material it had received in him, and he

went out grateful for what it had given him. His gratitude was deepest to the heroic invalid to whose character and courage he owed most. As he wrote to his family :

“ My most solemn farewell was to the college library, silent and deserted now. One spot in it is forever sacred to me. Professor Bacon’s wheelchair used to stand there, and he used to work there every day. For three years I watched him work there; for two years I worked and studied with him; for one year I was his right-hand man, and, after he had gone ‘ Over there,’ I still worked on that spot. There I had vowed to beat Ripon, if it were possible to overcome such odds as we freshmen fought against that year, and to that spot I returned forlorn and comfortless to gather fresh resolve. On that spot I had vowed, as a junior, to defeat Knox if it could be done. Here Professor Bacon had bidden me god-speed with his firm warm handclasp and his cheery voice, ‘ God bless you, Henry; go in and do your best.’ Two days later, when I returned beaten, but not conquered, his earnest, vibrant voice greeted me with, ‘ Well, Henry, there are three hundred and sixty-three days to the next Knox debate.’ His indomitable courage was contagious. On this very spot I had solemnly sworn that I would fight one more battle to the very end, and to this place I returned after the bonfire had burned out, and the shouts had died away, and the crowd had gone home, the night of the Knox debate, to

thank God for my first victory. On this same spot I lingered in farewell. The finest students I had ever known had worked here, and grown under Professor Bacon's care into splendid men. The place was consecrated by his heroic life and death.

“ ‘O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.’

I thought a moment, and prayed on that spot. No place has ever been associated, for me, with so much of the strenuous endeavour and purposeful resolve.”

The next two years he taught at Forest Grove, Oregon, entering into all the life of the students, helping them in their athletics and debates, and working a way deep into their hearts. In vacation times he turned his hand to business with his old success. He went on the road as a drummer for a hardware house. “The first customer upon whom I called said: ‘Why, there was a man around here yesterday trying to sell a lot of that stuff.’ To which I responded with cheerful recklessness, ‘I have no doubt of it. There will probably be another to-morrow, and I’m four weeks ahead of the man who will be here a month from now, but we’ve got the very thing you want, and at

the right price.' I stayed with the gentleman more than an hour, and returned with an order for more than four hundred dollars' worth of assorted hardware."

He came back from Tacoma to Forest Grove, one hundred and seventy-five miles, to vote for "No License." "I know a moral issue when I see one," he wrote, "and I don't believe there is any man in Oregon more anxious than I am to 'get in the game' when a hot fight is raging over a moral issue. We won by a majority of forty-one."

From Forest Grove he returned to Beloit. He had done good work in Oregon. As he wrote to his father: "I work hard from morning to night, and shall stoutly defend my right to do so. 'Idleness is the American Hell.' Of course, I work hard. I think the results justify me. The football team tied with the best in the State. The orator whom I trained won the State oratorical contest. Our debating team went one hundred and fifty miles and whipped the State University on their own grounds. When I came the college loyalty was low, athletics and debating were in a most discouraging condition. This year we have won everything. Of one thing I am sure: If I ever make a success of anything in

life, it will not be through talent or inspiration, but through hard work. I never expect to do less than the very best I can."

In this spirit he spent the next year working for Beloit College, making the institution and its influence better known throughout the Northwest, and drawing young men and women thither for a college training under the Christian principles which governed the institution. The result was the largest entering class ever known in the history of the college, 55 per cent. larger than the class of the preceding year. Of his work as secretary of the college, Professor Collie wrote:

"The Greater Beloit will come in the future, and it will be Henry Smith's credit that he gave it the first great impulse in the forward direction. His methods of advertising the college were models of their kind, and will set a standard at Beloit for years to come."

The time had now come, he felt, to go on with his theological preparation for missionary work, and the fall of 1905 found him at New Haven in the Yale Divinity School. "I mean to settle down quietly at Yale," he wrote, "live simply, study hard, think deeply, pray more, worry less, and sympathize always. It is not hard for me to do things, it is very hard

to live quietly and think deeply. The man who does not do so is shallow."

There were ten Beloit men in the Divinity School, and they entered into the life of the school and the university. Henry wrote to the Beloit College paper, of which he had once been editor:

"We have found Yale simply splendid. One can't help being enthusiastic about it. The Yale spirit is magnificent, and the opportunities tremendous. The Beloit delegation are trying to give an account of themselves here. Three of the four editors of the *Divinity Quarterly* are Beloit men, and the Divinity choir is made up entirely of Beloit men. The work is mighty hard here, and does not leave much time for fun."

And later he wrote to the paper an enthusiastic article on "The Yale-Princeton Game":

"To a Westerner one of the most attractive features of Yale life is the intense enthusiasm and loyalty of the students and alumni for their Alma Mater. A new student feels its influence at once, and finds it getting a stronger grip upon him as months and years pass. This spirit appears in many ways and places. In the fall the chief interest centers about the football games, and it is there that the greatest demonstrations of the Yale spirit may be seen. . . .

"After the game the Yale brass band led the way round the field, followed by two thousand Yale men, eight or ten abreast, arms locked, joyously dancing the serpentine. Before the cheering section of the orange and black they pause to give a long cheer for Princeton's men, which is heartily returned. One side is happy, and both are satisfied, for both have done their best, and there is no greater victory than that. As the happy throng moves homeward one cannot help catching a little of the Yale spirit from their chorus:

" 'In after years should trouble rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, through memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days.' "

In Yale he led the Divinity School debating team in a victory over the Law School, and was leader also of the Yale team in a debate with Harvard which Harvard won. His father came back from China this winter, and Henry met him in New York in January. "We went right up to my room at the hotel," he writes to his mother, "to talk it over, and then Pater said: 'Come, Honey Bee [his childhood nickname], let's have a prayer.' Isn't that just like him? Of course, we had a tremendous lot of back conversation to make up,

and I don't see when we are ever to catch up. He talks about two hundred and fifty words to the minute, and I do the same—that makes five hundred; but there aren't minutes enough."

Father and son found each in the other his satisfying joy, and they were together as much as the work of either would allow. Henry was called on to attempt in a small measure for the Divinity School what he had done for Beloit in the matter of drawing new students, and in the summer returned to Beloit to repeat for the college the work he had done before.

And it was in this summer that the brilliant life ended here on earth. In August he went to Lake Geneva for a rest. With two friends he went swimming on the morning of August 7th. One of the two friends had already gone into the lake, and was seen to be struggling in water too deep for her. Henry at once went in to her assistance, and was pulled down by her. Help came soon, and the bodies were rescued. With Miss Macumber life was extinct, but after many hours of work there was a faint flicker of life with Henry, and then a slow return to consciousness. "Then followed the delicate task of maintaining the life thus feebly restored. Un-

der ordinary circumstances there was a fair chance that the dear patient might be fully recovered. He had, it is true, greatly exhausted his nervous energy in the continuous effort of the summer. When he slowly opened his eyes and began to speak in a feeble way, he could not recall the situation, wondering where he might be. The night wore away, and a new morning dawned, while the effort to sustain his strength went on. At last it became evident that his vital force was slowly ebbing once more. At the end of twenty-one hours of this remarkable effort, due to the patient solicitude of Dr. and Mrs. Collie, the precious life succumbed to exhaustion."

The body was laid to rest in Beloit, where so much of his life had been richly lived. On the coffin Miss Macumber's parents laid a wreath with the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And far away in Kuling, in China, the word of the death of their only son, and the last of their three children, reached two aging lives which had given all to God, and which did not complain even now in the uttermost of human sorrow.

The Yale *Divinity Quarterly* gave restrained expression to its sense of loss in Henry's death:

“ Mr. Smith was characterized by a brilliant wit, a remarkable executive ability, and an unusual power of concentration. His enthusiasm for any work in which he was interested was almost unbounded, and he could put enthusiasm into others. He was most unselfish in his disposition, modest and retiring in manner, and had a deeply spiritual nature. The foreign mission service was to have been his life work, as he had already applied to the American Board for appointment, when he had completed his Divinity course. His promise for future usefulness was most unusual, and his loss is one that will be inestimable to the Divinity School, the mission field in China, and to all his friends East and West. The strong characteristics of his life will always be an inspiration to all who knew him.”

The intense, eager, hopeful, unresting life is busy still, we may be sure, in the work of that Kingdom in which it served on earth. And the gift of such lives to God is not too great a gift, remembering His gift once to men.

“ Why callest Thou the stainless knight,
 With sword scarce proved against the foe,
Why leavest us, with many a fight,
 Wearied and scarred, and fain to go?

“ Yet this we dimly understand,
 That Life Eternal is our own,
And that the unseen Other Land
 Is ours, and not this Land alone.

“Once Thou didst lose Thy Son awhile,
On a strange errand, full of pain,
Yet with a Father’s welcoming smile
Didst proudly take Him home again.

“So now we say: If life be one
And Thou of Life the Ruler be,
Dear God, Who gavest us Thy Son,
Behold we give our sons to Thee.”

VI

THREE FAITHFUL MEN OF PRAYER

IN 1801 an eighteen-year-old boy had a talk with his mother just as he was about to leave home to enter the Morris Academy, South Farms, Litchfield, Connecticut. The boy was burdened of soul, and even after his mother's loving counsel he set off with a heavy heart. The mother went to her room and prayed as only a mother can pray. As she prayed and Samuel Mills went on his way, there came to him a great new sense of God, and there and then he stopped in the woods by the roadside to pray for himself and to give himself over to the God who had so clearly come to him.

Five years later the boy was in Williams College, and kneeling with four companions under the haystack, where Mills had summoned them with the words, "Come, let us make it a subject of prayer under the haystack, while the dark clouds are going and the clear sky is coming." There they knelt to pray that the churches might awake to

send out missionaries to the heathen. And there and in the impulse which grew out of these prayers American foreign missions were born. The work did not begin for some years, but it may be safely said that it was Mills who prayed it into existence.

The man of prayer could not be content with small unprayerful schemes. "Though you and I are very little beings," he wrote to Elias Cornelius, "we must not rest satisfied till we have made our influence extend to the remotest corner of this ruined world." "I intend, God willing," he wrote in a letter declining to settle in the Western Reserve, "that the little influence I have shall be felt in every State in the Union."

So he moved out on great home mission tours through the Louisiana Purchase, and, as a result, prayed and planned the American Bible Society into existence. "That Society," says Mills's last biographer, "was the child of his efforts and prayers." New York City, however, to which he had returned, was too small for him. "I am pestered in this pin-hole," he wrote. The vision of prayer led him out to Africa. He put himself and his prayers into the Colonization Society Movement, and then, in 1817, set off himself for the Dark Continent. The natives, who had

seen a different kind of white man, "were greatly surprised at the devotion of Mills and Burgess, and one said that he never knew before that white men prayed." On his way home from Africa, in June, 1818, he died at sea, having gently closed his hands on his heart as if in prayer.

"Like every true man of God," says Mr. Richards, "he was a man of prayer. His plans were all prayed out. Upon his knees he fought out the battles of his life. To his Father he went with all his doubts and difficulties. It was his custom to go alone or with a comrade for long walks in the woods round about Williams and Andover, to pray and meditate. Much of the time in the student meetings was taken with prayer. Contrary to the usual custom, these prayers were short. But they were deeply reverent, and filled with impassioned utterance. He was never selfish in his prayer; he seldom prayed aloud for himself, but ardently for others. One peculiar form he often used was, 'We praise Thee that we belong to a race of beings who were made by Jesus Christ, and who have been redeemed by His blood.'

"Not only did he have his usual devotional periods every day, but when some special burden rested upon him, or when some new plan was working out, or when the way was dark, he would also set apart a day of fasting and prayer, and wrestle with the Almighty,

until he felt the assurance that his prayer was heard.

“If he prayed as though all depended on God, he worked as though everything depended on his own labours. He not only expected great things from God, he attempted great things for God.”

Do we only expect or do we also attempt by prayer?

In August, 1865, the ship *Wild Rover*, owned by Alpheus Hardy & Co. of Boston, returned to the home port from China, bringing a young Japanese who had run away from Japan in order to learn the English language, so that he might be able to translate the Bible into his own tongue for the benefit of his countrymen. He knew only what words he had picked up on the ship, and when Mr. Hardy questioned him he answered only in monosyllables. Within a few days, however, he gave Mr. Hardy a quaint statement, telling his whole history.

“A day I visited my friend, and I found out small Holy Bible in his library that was written by some American minister with China language, and had shown only the most remarkable events of it. I lend it from him and read it at night, because I was afraid the sav-

age country's law, which if I read the Bible, Government will cross whole my family. I understood God at first, and He separated the earth from firmament, made light upon the earth, made grass, trees, creatures, fowls, fishes. And He created a man in His own image, and made up a woman, cutting a man's side bone. After He made up all things of universe He took a rest. That day we must call Sunday or Sabbath Day. I understand that Jesus Christ was Son of Holy Ghost, and He was crossed for the sins of all the world; therefore we must call Him our Saviour. Then I put down the book and looked around me, saying that: Who made me? My parents? No, God. Who made my table? A carpenter? No, my God. God let trees grow upon the earth, and although God let a carpenter made up my table, it indeed came from some tree. Then I must be thankful to God, I must believe Him, and I must be upright against Him. From that time my mind was fulfilled to read English Bible, and purposed to go to Hakodate to get English or American teacher of it. Therefore I asked of my prince and parents to go thither. But they had not allowed to me for it, and were alarmed at it. But my stableness would not destroy by my expostulations, and I kept such thoughts, praying only to God: Please! let me reach my aim."

So Neesima began his great career in prayer. Mr. Hardy sent him to Phillips Academy at Andover, then to Amherst College, then to An-

dover Theological Seminary. His letters show that, earnest as he was in all his studies, he was not less earnest in his inner life of prayer. He felt the burden of his mission, and knew that his only help for himself and for all that he longed to see done was in God.

"I have a plough on my hands," he wrote to Mrs. Hardy from Andover. "I must work for my Lord. It is my earnest prayer for my parents that God should spare their lives until the light of truth and life be preached to them. I thank God for what He has done for me always."

In 1872 the Iwakura Embassy came from Japan to America and Europe to investigate all things and to report to its own country what ought to be adopted by Japan. On reaching Washington the Embassy summoned Neesima to inform it about the system of American education.

"So I have been studying it since last week," writes Neesima. "It gives me plenty to do. I will go to Washington as soon as the Japanese Embassy arrive there. I expect to *stand up for Christ* before the heathen Embassy. I think it is a good opportunity for me to speak Christ. I wish you would make special prayer for me, and also for the Embassy."

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He was invited to join the Embassy in its work, and accompanied it to Europe, praying ever and asking others to pray for these men of great influence with whom he was associated, that they might become disciples of the Saviour.

“I wish you would offer special prayer for that one who has just begun to study with me,” he writes from Berlin of a Japanese friend, “that the thick unbelieving scales may fall from his eyes and he may see the gentle Saviour standing by him.”

When his preparation was done he went back and founded the great Christian college at Kyoto. He founded and maintained it in prayer. While on a sea voyage his journal reads:

“April 7. Prayer for theological students. We passed through the Straits of Shimonoseki at 5.30. The weather was fair, and I was not sick at all.

“April 8. Prayer for the fifth year class.”

This was the man as he lived and as he died—dwelling near to God, and knowing Him as the hearer and answerer of prayer.

On April 8, 1901, on Goaribari Island in the South Seas, the man for whom Robert

Louis Stevenson, as his biographer tells us, "felt a kind of hero worship, a greater admiration, probably, than he felt for any man of modern times, except Charles Gordon," was killed and eaten by cannibals. James Chalmers was his name in Great Britain. "Tamate of New Guinea," he was known in the South Seas. "Christmas I go to Auckland," wrote Stevenson in December, 1890, "to meet Tamate, the New Guinea missionary, a man I love."

Prayer was always the very central power and vitality of his work. In August, 1891, he wrote to his friend, Mr. Searle of Kew, Victoria, Australia, a letter to be read to a class of young men. He told of the work and the new teachers sent out to new places. Then he broke forth:

"I want you to pray, just here, for these men and women. A special prayer, that they may soon know the language, and be made wise to turn souls, that their lives may be spared in holiness and honour to a real, good old age, without any looking back. I don't like the looking back."

And he closed his letter:

"I am anxious to visit all our stations before going to the Fly River. I feel sure you

are praying for us, and I know we shall not be forgotten by you in the future. Do not expect too much. Forced work is unhealthy, and manufactured converts do not last long. Let the work grow with our lives, and in God's own good time there will be a temple worthy of His praise."

To him to live was to pray. He wrote to an anxious friend, "Don't make plans till you have prayed about it or you will spoil it all."

He tells us himself how, as a small lad, the missionary call came to him and was sealed by prayer:

"I remember it well. Our Sunday-school class had been held in the vestry as usual. The lesson was finished, and we had marched back into the chapel to sing, answer questions, and to listen to a short address. I was sitting at the head of the seat, and can even now see Mr. Meikle taking from his breast pocket a copy of the *United Presbyterian Record*, and hear him say that he was going to read an interesting letter to us from a missionary in Fiji. The letter was read. It spoke of cannibalism and of the power of the gospel, and at the close of the reading, looking over his spectacles, and with wet eyes, he said, 'I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary, and by and by take the gospel to cannibals?' And the response of my heart was, 'Yes, God helping me, and I will.' So

impressed was I that I spoke to no one, but went right away towards home. The impression became greater the further I went, until I got to the bridge over the Aray above the mill and near to the Black Bull. There I went over the wall attached to the bridge, and, kneeling down, prayed God to accept of me, and to make me a missionary to the heathen."

As he began he lived. The boy who prayed was a boy and a boy who prayed always. "He fulfilled to the full," said a classmate, "the great thought of Joubert—'Let us be men with men, but always children with God; for in His eyes we are but children.' He carried the child's heart with him through life, as Baldwin Brown, in his ordination charge, advised me to do. And so he became 'The Great-heart of New Guinea,' as Robert Louis Stevenson called him."

"He was a Christian of the robust, healthy type," writes his associate, Mr. Lawes, "with instinctive hatred of all cant and sham. A man of great faith, mighty in prayer and full of the love of Christ. He realized to a greater degree than most men what it is to live *in* Christ, and to him His presence was very real and true and constant. And this spiritual power was the secret of his wonderful influence over men, and of his great success as

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a missionary : by it ' he being dead, yet speaketh.' The memory of his Christ life in its consecration and unselfishness, its large-heartedness, its childlike faith, its communion with God, its unwearied service, and in its bright hopefulness is the rich legacy he has left to us in New Guinea, and to all his missionary brethren wherever his name and fame may come."

VII

TWO SHORT GREAT LIVES OF FIDELITY

IN the fall of 1905 there died at Englewood, New Jersey, within a few weeks of one another, two members of the class of 1901 of Princeton University. Each died after a short and severe illness, and only a few weeks after his marriage, and each on the threshold of what gave promise of being a specially glorious life of faithful work and large usefulness.

One was John Leete Rogers, who was born in New Britain, Connecticut, June 11, 1880. There he spent his boyhood, and there he joined the South Congregational Church, when he was twelve years old. He entered Princeton in the autumn of 1897, and from the first day to the last he walked in honour, and purity, and strength. He took high rank as a scholar. He displayed such rare executive gifts that the most responsible duties of large organizations were laid upon him, and he followed

openly and courageously the Saviour whom as a little boy he had confessed before men.

“John was one of the very best we had in every way,” says the secretary of the class; “and no one was held in higher regard by the class as a whole. Every one knew him as a fine, pure, strong, able man, whose life always measured up to his Christian profession. Personally, I have never known a man who so successfully exemplified in his everyday life the principles and the ideals for which he stood. Always interested in and pushing the best things with all his strength, he came gradually stronger and stronger before his associates, until, as you know, after graduation, it was John that we turned to in any class affairs that we wanted attended to with care and conscientiousness. From the first, a thoroughly Christian gentleman, he gradually showed us all, that we could hold our principles and still retain the regard of our fellow-men, that it was better to be right than merely popular; and by this attitude he gained the highest degree of popularity.”

After graduation from college, he entered the office of the American Locomotive Company. He bore himself there also as a Christian man holding Christian principles, and fearlessly discharging Christian duties. The comptroller of the company wrote of him:

"It is a pleasure to write of the remarkable influence exerted by John Rogers during his brief business life of four years. He was in my employ for about two years and a half. With him were about sixty other men; some of them older and of longer business experience, and some younger. Quite a number were college men from Princeton, Yale, Williams, Dartmouth, and a number of other colleges. Quite a few were not collegians, and some were fellows from country homes, boarding in and about New York City.

"When the death of John Rogers was announced in my office the effect was simply stunning—our men were overwhelmed. We all felt as though a personal calamity had befallen us. Man after man came forward, either to me or to my assistant, and told what his association with John Rogers had meant to him.

"One of my leading men said that John came as near to furnishing a pattern and an ideal as any man he had ever met; another said with broken voice, 'You never could be near John Rogers for any length of time without feeling like a better man.' Several told us that he had been the means of considerable change in their personal habits. One young man said: 'I either had to give up swearing and drinking and other bad habits, or else get out of the office. Even though he did not say much about it, a fellow simply could not associate with John Rogers in close contact and keep up evil practices.' Several have said

to me that it was impossible not to feel a distinct impulse toward better things when one lived and worked with John, 'because he had such an inbred contempt for anything that was crooked or dirty.'"

Upon going to New York, John Rogers at once identified himself with the work of the Church. There is a leakage in the Christian life of our land between college and business life. Men who have been active in Christian work in college days drop out when they enter business, but John Rogers was not that kind. He joined the Fifth Avenue Church, and he joined as a worker. He became president of the Young People's Association and took up work among the boys on the East Side, nor was it perfunctory work. He took a real interest in the boys, following them up outside, and helping them to rise to higher lives.

From the American Locomotive Company, he went to a firm of bankers and brokers well known in the city. His work was so exceptionally faithful and efficient that he was rapidly advancing to a position of great responsibility and influence when he laid down all his work here and took up higher work in the land where work is no more laid down. He had married and gone to Englewood to set up his home; everything was perfect—love and

usefulness, friends and work were filling his life with the best and highest things—and then came the swift, tragic end.

“It was a divine going home,” said his former pastor, Dr. Davis, of New Britain. “Prayer was its spirit, and happiness was its watchword. It was all as fearless as the act by which a child would follow its father out for a walk together in the spring woods and the May sunshine. Truly the great preacher was right when he said that the proof of the faith of Christ was the way in which those who held it passed onward into the silent land. This is the glory and power of the modern saint. He lives in the world and in the very midst of men; but his spirit keeps its watch with Christ oftentimes on the mountains of devotion. The words keep coming back to me as I recall what has been told of the room where this brave young knight of Christ won his last battle. ‘Pray’ and ‘Be happy.’ Communion and joy! Do not these gather up the mightiest forces and richest experiences of our spiritual life, after all? Thank God for that last message from his lips.”

This picture is no unreal picture of an imagined life. What John Rogers appears to have been, he was. His college classmates were not deceived about him, and a committee of the class testified:

“For the second time in four months the Class of '01 mourns the loss of one of its strongest and ablest men. John Rogers represented from every standpoint the best that the class possessed. In him were united the qualities of strength and purity, coupled with great natural ability, in a degree and to an extent rarely existing in any one person. His strong principles, high ideals, and rugged honesty bespoke his Puritan ancestry and were an ever-present factor in his daily life. His love and enthusiasm for his university and his class were unbounded, and the labour he performed in countless ways on behalf of each can never be wholly reckoned. He never missed a class reunion, and frequently sacrificed other personal interests in order to attend, even though the greater part of his time on such occasions was taken up by labour of one kind or another on behalf of the class. His faithfulness and reliability rendered him constantly in demand for service of every character, and each task was invariably performed with an ability and thoroughness which left nothing to be desired. The class mourns him as one of its picked men whom it has delighted to regard as representative and whom, least of all, it could afford to lose.”

Nor could the world afford to lose such men, were it not that God has larger use for them elsewhere.

“For the second time,” said the class com-

mittee, regarding John Rogers' death. The first time was only four months before, and the other man was Harold Arthur Watres, the oldest son of Colonel Watres of Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was born in Scranton March 23, 1879. He went first to the public schools of Scranton, where he lived as a boy his high and irreproachable life. One of his classmates in those days, who knew the boy better than did most of his other friends, spoke after Harold's death of the schoolboy years, and of what he had been in them:

"It is a long time since Harold Watres and myself were sent by the public schools of Scranton to a neighboring city to meet the juvenile orators of that town in deadly debate. We occupied the same seat in school, and we took our diplomas together, he being salutatorian of my class; and from that day even to this hour, there has been no time that I did not enjoy the beneficent influence of his friendship and good will, and even while he lay dead in Englewood, there came to my desk from a distant city, a letter intrusting to me a legal task on the recommendation of Harold Watres.

"It requires no subtle analysis to depict the character of Harold A. Watres, for simplicity is always found among those virtues which make a man really great; and what, even casual, acquaintance of Harold Watres had

failed to note that the golden threads of honesty, loyalty, and charity were woven in the woof and fibre of his life? He deserved no particular credit for being a true gentleman, because it was natural and instinctive. His every act was clothed with a sub-conscious grace and courtesy that became the average person's initial impression of him. He was almost too gentle and reserved, and yet, where a principle was involved, he defended it with a flash and fire that stood out lurid against his usually calm and quiet disposition. I very well recall his spirited opposition, as a mere boy, to certain partisan doctrines set forth in a Political Economy then in use in the Scranton High School. And it was that very incident that immediately inspired the discussion of the subject in the public prints of this city and resulted in the textbook being supplanted by a non-partisan one. It was then that I learned that the gentle hand of Harold Watres could be a firm and heavy one."

From his earliest childhood he was a Christian boy and one of the most active members of a boys' missionary society in the Second Presbyterian Church of Scranton. The leader of this band loves to recall the impression he made when he first came as a winning, high-minded boy with a "power of thinking." He was one of the kind to be absolutely relied upon.

“To the spiritual side of the subject,” writes she, “his nature, with rare intuition, strongly responded. His felicitous utterance and his devout spirit united to make his prayer for the objects of the organization singularly impressive, while on the social side of the life of the Band—in our delightful banquets, for instance—his exquisite wit, his poetic fancy, and dramatic power were simply charming. With all his gifts, he was not in the least erratic, but thoroughly dependable, and from his earliest boyhood, he was always the thoughtful, considerate gentleman, a youthful Bayard, without fear and without reproach.”

In 1897 he went to Princeton University, in the class of 1901, and was graduated with honour. In college, he entered enthusiastically upon all its interests. He was president of the college dramatic association known as the “Triangle Club,” and, as the class testified after his death, he was one of its best-beloved and strongest members.

“He combined with many splendid characteristics a charm of personality and a warmth of interest which won for him the lasting affection of his friends. He was a man of strong principles, exemplary habits, and marked ability. Unfailingly enthusiastic in all matters affecting the class and the university, he was ever ready to perform any helpful service with characteristic efficiency.”

After graduation from college, he studied law in the Universities of Pennsylvania and Columbia, and travelled abroad. On January 4, 1904, he was admitted to the bar of Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania, and, immediately after, offered himself also for admission to practise before the Superior and Supreme Courts. One of the older members of the Lackawanna bar said at the memorial service after Harold's death:

"Being a member of the examining board at the time Mr. Watres was admitted to the bar, I happen to know that his papers attracted the attention of the committee for the clearness with which he stated his answers to the examination questions. After he had been admitted to the local bar he said to me that he did not desire to wait for two years, the time prescribed, before he was admitted to the Supreme Court, and asked me when the State Board of Examiners met for the next examination. I told him it was within ten days, and I asked him if he had made any immediate preparation for the examination, and he said he had not. I remarked that the examination was a little severe, and we talked the matter over in a general way, and I saw that he was strong in his desire to be admitted to the Supreme Court. While he realized the difficulty of the examination, he had every confidence in his ability to pass it. I think it is

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worthy of note that while there were eight applicants at Wilkes Barre at that time, for admission to the Supreme Court, Harold Watres was the only one who successfully passed."

The strong, upright life, so full of promise, so needed for the work it was able to do, had no long time to wait, however. On September 16, 1905, he passed away. None but his closest friends knew of the grave illness from which he had been suffering. No word of personal sorrow or pain passed his lips. With quiet and joyful courage he accepted God's will and laid down his work here for his greater work above.

Of how many young men can such statements be made as were made of him by various men at the memorial meeting of the Lackawanna bar on the day of his funeral?

"He depended upon no favourable circumstances; but, like many other of our young men, he was one of those who are willing to burn the midnight oil. He was persuasive; he was persevering; he studied with method; he studied carefully; and when he appeared before the Court he was always prepared. His briefs were models of clearness and fulness, and I know that I express the united admiration of the bench when I say that certainly there was no young man the superior of Har-

old A. Watres at the bar, when we consider the faithfulness with which he engaged in the arduous duties of his profession.

"He was in every relation of life a true Christian gentleman. He had a cast of mind eminently practical, but accurate with conclusions, and had he lived, I am sure he would have taken high rank in the legal fraternity of the Commonwealth. Quiet and unobtrusive in his manner, exceedingly affectionate, he was, indeed, a most loyal friend.

"He presumed nothing upon the prestige of his distinguished father's official and business career, but sought only to win success upon his own merits. Kind, considerate, and unassuming, he was universally liked and respected.

"Harold Watres was a man of lofty ideals, of great courage, and absolute integrity. When he came into our office there was no part of the work which was disdained by him; the examination of titles and the most minute details received his most careful attention, and in everything he undertook he was earnest, he was honest, and he was true.

"His well-trained mind, upright character, unfailing courtesy, and devotion to his profession, all bespoke for him the eminent position which he might have commanded had his life been spared."

"Personally," said the secretary of his college class, "I have never known a cleaner, purer, more lovable friend."

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Why are young men so foolish that often everything else is worth more to them than such characters as these two men possessed? Why will they acquire weak habits and do unworthy things when men can be such men as Harold Watres and John Rogers if they will?

VIII

WALLACE SOMERVILLE FARIS

IN 1907 a great famine in the province of Kiang-An in China brought suffering and death to thousands of Chinese country people. Floods had destroyed the crops, and, in many cases, the homes of the people. Hundreds of thousands fled southward or gathered about cities like Tsing-kiang-fu and, crowded together outside the city walls, awaited the slow but inevitable end. Christendom, as always, as soon as the facts were known, poured out great sums for relief of the starving. The only available and capable distributors of the relief were the missionaries, and from North and South men offered themselves for the work. Among those who came to the famine relief were the Rev. John Reese Jones, a young missionary from Nanking, and the Rev. Wallace S. Faris, who had been in China eleven years, from Ihsien station, in the province of Shantung, and both of these went home from the work of relief distribu-

tion with sicknesses contracted in the work, from which they did not recover. Like other missionaries before them in China and other lands, they quietly and uncomplainingly laid down their lives in the unadvertised performance of their duty.

Wallace Somerville Faris was born in Chicago, May 15, 1869. He was a frail and delicate baby, but a summer spent on an uncle's farm, named Sunnyside, in Illinois, brought strength and vigour to him. Later he came back to Sunnyside, when he was nine years old.

"The sterling traits of character which so distinguished his youth and manhood," says his uncle, "were noticeable then. He was not brilliant as a student, and he had to *dig* for what he got. I remember how faithful and painstaking he was in his studies, and how honest in his recitations. He was just as faithful and honest in doing the homely everyday tasks about the house. It was a matter of conscience with him to 'do with all his might whatsoever his hands found to do.' He didn't shirk and he didn't sulk, when things did not go his way. I could always rely upon him. He was by no means a 'goody good' boy. He often got into boyish scrapes, and he was duly and promptly punished therefor by his grandmother. But he never lied to save himself. I was in *The Talk* office when

Wallace began work there first as 'Devil,' and later while he was learning to set type. I saw him almost every day, and his work was characterized by the faithfulness of his earlier years. He did it with all his might. As I think of him at that time, the thing that impresses me most is his loyalty to his parents and obedience to their commands. At that age many boys think it manly to disobey now and then. Neither the example nor the persuasion nor the jibes of playmates moved Wallace to disobedience. If, when he went to a party, his father told him he must start home at nine o'clock, he started at that hour, whatever happened. . . . He had good red blood in his veins, and a goodly stock of strong passions, but these last he learned to control in his youth. I have known many boys, but it has never been my privilege to know one so clean and pure and courageous as Wallace. The helpful things in his life for young people are, it seems to me, his truthfulness, faithfulness, helpfulness, and obedience. This is stating it baldly and crudely. You ask me to mention incidents in his life. I cannot do it. I wish I could. But the truth is, that we who knew him intimately early learned to expect good things of Wallace, and the incidents that brought out his good qualities were unnoted. Like the everyday common mercies of God, we accepted them as a matter of course."

As a boy he taught himself the lesson of holding his speech. He was always perfectly

straightforward and outspoken when it was his duty to speak, but he would say nothing, even as a boy, to annoy others or hurt their feelings. He preferred to say what would encourage and cheer.

“All who knew of his life—men, women, and children—loved him. The common impression of him was voiced one day by an old lady, who, seeing him go by, said to a friend, ‘Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile!’ ‘Make every allowance for the other fellow, and none at all for yourself,’ was the advice given by him in after years to a friend who was resenting a slight put upon him by another. Thus, unwittingly, he put into words what had been from boyhood days one of the moving principles of his life.”

In the academy, in college, and in seminary he was an unobtrusive leader in religious work. At fifteen he was instrumental in organizing the Young Men’s Christian Association at Union Academy, Anna, Illinois, and if it had not been for his inspiring faithfulness, the society could not have been kept alive. Soon after, in the home church, the Christian Endeavour Society was organized, of which he was a charter member. His work in this society, backed by his life, is a tradition handed down to those who to-day make up the society. In the Sunday-school he was a teacher at six-

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teen. It was his habit to visit his pupils, urging them to become Christians. While at college and seminary, and after he went to China, he wrote letters to those who had not yet united with the Church, continuing the pleas that were blessed to the salvation of a number of them.

The Rev. J. W. Stephens, of Park College, co-principal of Union Academy, which Wallace attended from 1883 to 1888, writes his impression of the boy at that time:

“At this period of his life, he was not reckoned either by his father or by myself as a brilliant boy. He was one of those boys whose talents and abilities mature rather late in life. He was known as an industrious, plodding, faithful student, going steadily along from day to day, whether he succeeded or not. He may have been discouraged, but he never stopped or complained. No doubt, he noticed that some of his classmates surpassed him, but he didn't blame his teachers for that. He just went on faithfully plodding. He was a gentleman in school, on the playground, street—everywhere and always—never rude or cross or forgetful, though possessed of and properly maintaining a correct sense of his own personal dignity and knowledge of his rights. His face and manner were kind, conciliatory, and gracious. As a Christian, he understood that it was a part of his business to help build

up the Kingdom where he then was, that is, in school, among his classmates and other companions. He expected to be a preacher, but he didn't put off the time of active labours to some remote future time. In ways utterly unobtrusive, he finally interested young men of greater natural ability and power than he then possessed in Y.M.C.A. work, and then on into the Christian life. I remember being distinctly surprised at some of these results, not having been aware of the means used. He was certainly a peculiar example of reserve, of manliness, of gravity, while still young. He never played as much as I should have liked. He differed decidedly from most boys in that particular. Nevertheless, he was jolly, and very companionable, and friendly to a degree. Lastly, I set down this as a distinguishing feature of his life, at that period, and an impressive lesson to all boys and girls, men and women: He lived out in the highly attractive and influential fashion the simple Christian life—cheerful, polite, industrious, helpful, sympathetic, unobtrusive. He was a centre of attraction, but he blew no horns. Time and patience were given a chance to get in their work. If he never had become a preacher at home or abroad, in any walk of life, he would have persuaded boys and girls and people of any age or position to follow him to Christ. So can we all."

Wallace took the first part of his college course at Lake Forest College, near Chicago.

"I always think of him as a boy who commanded the respect and regard of everybody," wrote Professor John J. Halsey of his early college days. "His purpose was high and noble, his work in Lake Forest was conscientious and of a high grade, and he won my regard and esteem as few boys do. He seemed a consecrated spirit from the very first." He made no noise or bluster, but did all things with steady and dependable strength. "As I knew Wallace at Lake Forest," wrote a classmate, "the greatest impression of his character upon me was through his quiet industry. Whether it was studying Greek or whatever it might be, there was, as I remember him, a quiet sort of reserve that was yet stirring always below the surface." For the last two years of his college course Wallace went to Leland Stanford, Jr., University. It was at the very beginning of the university's existence. A member of the same fraternity with him there writes of the kind of man he showed himself to be:

"This procrastination in letter writing of which I am guilty, recalls, by contrast, one of Wallace's characteristics, i.e., his faithfulness to duty and to his friends. Wallace met every engagement, and did his full duty on time. In our Fraternity, Phi Delta Theta, he was

frequently assigned special missions, and never failed to make a satisfactory report at the appointed time. His friends frequently appealed to him for help or advice. His own work was immediately set aside, until the friend could be cared for. He was faithful in school-day affairs, small wonder that he later met larger responsibilities. My associations with Wallace were in the home, the Chapter house, and not in the classroom, so I testify to his manhood, not to his scholarship, which, however, I have reason to believe was of a very high order. The two years that Wallace attended Leland Stanford, Jr., University, he having entered as an upper classman, were the first two years of the institution's existence, and also the first two years of our Fraternity's chapter-house experience. Hence they were years of organizing and of precedent setting. Wallace was a power for good in the different councils and committees. His sanity, his conservatism, and his high ideals prevented many a childish error. Most of his co-labourers were impetuous, all-wise, all-powerful freshmen and sophomores (as the lower classes in a brand-new college were naturally the larger), thus making his task more trying; but amid the trials of construction under such conditions, Wallace was never known to have lost his equipoise, never swerved from the right course as he saw it, but accepted temporary defeat with the same grace that he accepted victory, apparently believing that all would be well in the end. He was one of the chief organizers

of the Christian Association at Stanford, and was probably the most faithful and consistent member, devoting to the association and its branches almost as much time and attention as to his classroom work.

“He lived his Christianity. His Fraternity brothers who saw him in his work and in his recreation, who knew him when he was tired and worn as well as when refreshed and in light spirits, his Fraternity brothers who tempted him, who joked him, who ate and slept with him, these men who knew him in sickness and in health, could find no fault in his Christianity, though some of them were inclined to scoff, and hence watched carefully. He was never found wanting. His consistency gave many of his well-meaning but weaker friends unpleasant experiences with their conscience, but Wallace never seemed conscious of his virtues, and never assumed the ‘holier than thou’ attitude. Wallace Faris was respected and loved by every Stanford man who knew him. Many a life was made more useful and better because of his influence.”

Wallace took his theological course at Princeton Theological Seminary, where he was graduated in 1896, offering himself at once to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for appointment as a missionary to Mexico, South America, or China. “In this order,” he wrote. “However, I stand ready

to go to any field to which the Board may see fit to assign me."

"I realize the pressing needs of the foreign field," he said in explanation of his motive for going, "and appreciate the fact that many of those who would go are unavoidably detained; whereas, so far as I now see, there is no such hindrance in my case. It, therefore, seems to be my duty to offer myself for this work. I am not a ready extemporaneous speaker, nor am I gifted in the acquisition of a strange language, but I habitually have robust health, and I am not averse to hard work."

In writing to the Board regarding his qualifications, his father said: "I have met few if any others who so readily adapt themselves to assigned tasks." "He is a very uncommon young man," wrote one of his seminary professors. "He is an indefatigable worker, a thorough scholar, a great favourite with the students, a man of fine tact and good executive ability, and one who has to no unusual degree the gift of getting along with people and doing his work without friction." This was the enthusiastic way of putting it. Another professor wrote more quietly: "He has shown all good fidelity, and while not the leading man of his class in scholarship, is well above the average. He is well balanced, his

piety and learning being both of good order. He commands the respect of his classmates."

The Board at once appointed him, rejoiced to get so good and humble and skilled a man, and he sailed with his wife for China in the fall of 1896, arriving in the province of Shantung in November.

"It fell to my lot," wrote the Rev. W. P. Chalfant of Ichowfu, China, "to act as escort to him and his wife when they arrived in Shantung in November, 1896. I well remember when I first saw them at the small city of T'ai Erh Chwang, the nearest point on the Grand Canal to Ichowfu. Up to that point they had been escorted by Mr. R. H. Bent and his wife. It was a dismal, cold, rainy day when we set foot upon the slimy steps of the stone stairway at the landing, and, running the gauntlet of the curious gazers upon the street, took refuge in a semi-foreign house that had recently been deserted by a sister Mission. We had sixty miles to traverse, and our means of travel was the two-man barrow. Having loaded the barrows, and disposed the newcomers one upon each side of their vehicle, we set out upon the exceedingly muddy pathway which stands for a road. We were nearly all that day making ten miles, and then we brought up in what I can truthfully say was about the worst inn I have ever attempted to put up in. The full force of that statement can only be felt by those who know southern Shantung. A large

part of the small court was an open cesspool, and the remainder was an expanse of black mud mixed with manure. The room had no door, and the floor was damp, not to say *wet*, earth. There was not a vestige of chair, table, bed, or any other article of native furniture. In a word, it was, to use the picturesque language of the day, 'the limit.' In that hovel I was compelled to ask this young gentleman and lady, fresh from the amenities of home life, and used only to the comparative comforts of boat travel, to spend the night. I was struck, then, with a salient characteristic of Mr. Faris's character, namely, with his capacity to endure hardship without losing his equanimity. He seems to have early learned the lesson to be content with 'whatever lot' fell to him. On the second day, as we were toiling along through the mud, I saw that Mrs. Faris was nervous lest the barrow, balanced upon its single wheel, should upset. I hastened to assure her that such an accident never happened, and that she could rest easy upon that point. Not long after I heard a noise behind me, and turned just in time to see my unfortunate guests hurled into the mud from the overturned barrow!"

Though hardships came, they were mere irrelevant details in his eyes.

"When Wallace wrote from China," says his brother, "we looked in vain for references to hardship. Others might write of those

things—he said nothing. A reader of his letters would infer that China was the most delightful place of residence in the world. We wrote questions, asking of some of the hard conditions of which we had heard; the questions remained unanswered. When he was at home on furlough we tried again. Invariably, however, he would turn the conversation as soon as possible, giving us no satisfaction as to the subject of inquiry. But we had the greater satisfaction of seeing that he was so devoted to his Master's service that he was blind to the petty difficulties incident to his life of a missionary in a city far from the railway or the canal."

For the next eight years Mr. and Mrs. Faris worked at Ichowfu, but not uninterruptedly. At the time he reached China the Boxer storm was already gathering, and in 1900 it broke in all its fury. The Farises and all the other missionaries in Shantung were ordered out by the Consul-General at Chefoo. The ports were crowded with the refugees, and Wallace and his wife went over to Japan, until the storm was past. As soon as possible after the reestablishment of order, they returned to Ichowfu, arriving May 4, 1901. "The entire responsibility of the work of the station, and that at a time when everything was seething with excitement and change, fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Faris. He bore up nobly

under it, and the wisdom and thoroughness with which he dealt with the trying situation are in evidence to-day. In fact, it was the ability with which he met that situation that pointed him out as the logical candidate for the position as 'leader' in the new station at Ihsien."

Before these new responsibilities came, however, he returned for a year's furlough in America, coming by way of Europe, and reaching New York in January. While at home the plans for opening the new station at Ihsien were developed, and new men were picked out to be associated with him in it. Meanwhile, however, the massacre at Lien Chow, in South China, had alarmed many friends at home, and no one could be sure of what the future would bring forth. In his cautious way he was seriously thoughtful as to his duty.

"What do you think about the present agitation in China?" he wrote to the Board. "As far as I myself am concerned, it makes little difference whether China is disturbed or not, whether she is anxious to kill all foreigners or not; my work is there, and I am anxious to get back to it as soon as possible. At the same time, I do not like to take Mrs. Faris into a dangerous country, although she is not alone willing, but also anxious to go at

once. However, there is the question of our relatives—is it fair to them to have us go toward what they consider as the gravest danger? It is for this reason especially that I should like to know your own opinion of the situation. Does the Board deem it grave enough to make it go slow about any extension of existing work? As you may imagine, I have not spoken of this without first thinking of it much and praying over it. But the accounts which come to us daily are so disquieting that I have felt impelled at last to write you in this strain."

In less than three weeks, however, he wrote of his purpose to go back at once to China, leaving Mrs. Faris, whose mother was ill, to follow a little later. "It is not easy," he added, "for either one of us to do as I have indicated we are doing. But God never requires anything of us for which He does not give the strength."

On April 4 he reached Ichowfu.

"In China," he wrote, "things seem much as when Mrs. Faris and I left eighteen months ago. There has been comparatively little change in the things which belong to the church. But as regards temporal things, the case is different. China is truly awakening from the sleep of ages. She is adopting foreign things with a rapidity that makes one's head swim. Her haste in this matter is, per-

haps, what gives many observers (on the other side of the water!) an idea that China is on the eve of a bloody revolution, when an attempt will be made to drive out the foreigner. In five days I start on my initial trip to Ihsien."

This same year the new station was occupied. Mr. Faris wrote the first report in September.

"Prescott tells us," he writes, "of the wonder and amazement of Hernando Cortez as from a neighbouring mountain-top he gazed on the City of Mexico and the adjacent country. The beauty of the scene enthralled him. It was as though a bit of Switzerland were transplanted in America. In like manner, he who surveys the city of Ihsien from the top of the surrounding mountain heights cannot but remark on the surpassing beauty of the situation. Take your stand on the neighbouring Coal Mountain, and you get an excellent bird's-eye view of the city. As it lies four-square in a setting of the eternal hills, it reminds one of a gem of more than ordinary brilliance. Closer inspection, however, somewhat dispels the illusion. For Ihsien is nothing more nor less than a Chinese city. In it there are some good brick business houses; yet the majority of the buildings are of mud, each with its roof of straw. The city is distinguished by an unusually large number of memorial arches, and by the aloofness of many of its inhabitants. For the most part, these

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people would be happier if the foreigner remained away. It is a noteworthy fact that some of the finest buildings of the Ihsien district are found outside the city. There are a number of rich farmers in the region, and, as a rule, they occupy strong, castle-like structures. The natural beauty of the country, with mountain and valley and stream in picturesque confusion, is enhanced by these buildings. At the same time, their fortress-like appearance reminds one that thieves and highwaymen abound, and that the rich are safest when behind strong walls. The situation of the city compares very favourably with that of any other mission station in the province. The line of the hymn comes unbidden to one's thoughts, 'Where every prospect pleases.' It is not long, however, before the realization comes home that the second phrase is also applicable: 'and only man is vile.' Opium-smoking and attendant evils are found in Ihsien. As to that, indeed, in what Chinese city is such not the case?"

Mr. Faris was not to live to share in the fuller harvest. In the winter and spring of 1906-07 a great famine prevailed in the region south of Ihsien, and Mr. Faris went down to help in the distribution of famine relief. There the pressure of work was so great that he literally took no time so much as to eat. After four weeks of ceaseless toil, he began to suffer from severe abdominal pain, and rode back

to Ihsien in almost unbearable agony. The doctors did all they could do for him, but the intestinal stricture from which he was suffering was beyond their reach, and he was too weak for an operation. When he was told that the end was near, he recited the Twenty-third Psalm with his wife, and quietly added, "I would like to repeat other Psalms, but the time is too short." Then he sent his mother a message, "and tell each member of the family that though I had not time to send an individual message I thought of each one." Then he fell asleep and passed beyond all pain. "It was the most triumphant death I ever witnessed," said one of the attending physicians. "He seemed to think no more of the change than would have been the case if he had received a transfer to another station."

The Chinese mourned him sincerely. The head of the Mohammedans at T'ai Ehr Chwang, a place twenty miles south on the Grand Canal, sent word that he would like to erect the tablet at the grave, or he would erect one just north of T'ai Ehr Chwang. The Governor of the province at Tsinanfu was deeply impressed by the fact that four people gave up their lives in the relief work and ordered the Ihsien magistrate to put up a "per" or memorial to Mr. Faris.

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But his memorial was already set up in the hearts of those who had known him, and who recall still the qualities of his service, modest, humble-spirited, painstaking, and unselfish spirit.

“I feel like mentioning two chief characteristics,” writes Mr. Chalfant, “his conscientiousness and his earnestness. If he thought that he ought to do a thing he straightway proceeded to do it at whatever cost to himself. It is this characteristic that enables God to repose confidence in men. They stand, morally, upon their own bottom. They will not betray their trust. Mr. Faris would take no end of trouble over every little affair that came up in his work, so much so that I confess that I used to advise him to take things just a little bit easier! I have not the least doubt that this characteristic partly accounts for his collapse in the famine work. Closely allied to this conscientiousness was his earnestness. He had a keen sense of humour, but he took a very serious view of his work. He was entirely in earnest in doing it, and the result was seen in many ways. He was a man of deep feeling, and I have often seen his eyes fill with tears as he told of the efforts to keep erring Christians on the right track that had proved abortive. He was exceedingly humble withal. He often said that he felt that ‘some one else might have done it better.’ He had a naturally hot temper, and one of the pleas-

ing things about him was the way in which he held it in check."

"He was a pure, manly, and modest Christian," writes the Rev. R. M. Mateer. "He had a lofty, fragrant, and ever-abiding purpose to glorify his Lord, which was easily manifested in his daily life. This consecration was rooted in and nourished by strong convictions concerning the great truths of the Bible that were handed down from a godly ancestry. This famine, from which he was taken, was simply an illustration of his whole missionary life, which merited the Master's 'I was hungry and ye fed Me.' " "I have never seen one look or word," says the Rev. H. W. Luce, "which seemed to indicate that he was not fitted for the Kingdom of God, not only in its earthly form, but in its purer form above." "All the experiences of missionary life he went through without disturbing, so far as we could see," writes another, "the native sweetness of his disposition or leading him to forget the command to 'honour all men and love the brethren.' "

"No one ever thought of asking," says another friend, "how Faris stood on any question of honour, purity, love for Christ and His cause, and for his fellow-students, and for-

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bearance and charity in view of their faults. So stainless was his character that it might well have been said of him, 'Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!' I am sure that Jesus might have said that of Wallace as truly as of Nathanael. Yet withal he was humble, and never dreamed of putting himself on a pedestal above his fellows. He had no harsh judgment for their shortcomings. Although these were often glaring enough, I have sometimes wondered whether he saw them. Suspicion was foreign to his nature."

"He was a man whom I very much esteemed," says Mr. Fowler, the American Consul-General at Chefoo, "and I was proud of his friendship for me. I always remembered his kindly manner, his intense devotion to his calling, and the many, many courtesies I have received from him."

"His whole life," wrote the pastor of the church at Anna, Illinois, where he spent his boyhood, "has been one tremendous witness for Jesus, and I have heard expressions from men to-day showing that even a boy's consistency impresses itself upon older people. I do not say it because he has gone from us, but because it is true,—he is the only man I have heard talked of in this community about whom I have not heard a single word of criticism or censure. I am not speaking of the conversations of yesterday and to-day, but the dozens

of informal chats I have had with all kinds of people in the past. I do not mean to say he was perfect, but I really think he was as near perfection as we may find here on earth. He has left a great heritage to this community in his influence for righteousness."

What life can be richer or more joyful than such a life? The struggle was there, the conflict with sin and the effort for achievement. And the peace was there, the deep peace of selfless love of God and men, the calm peace of the lowly and ministering heart. What is there in life better or more blessed than this struggle and this peace?

IX

PETER CARTER—"SON OF CONSOLATION"

OUTSIDE of the circle of his own friends and acquaintances, few were aware how great a soul had passed in the death of Peter Carter at Bloomfield, New Jersey, on Monday, March 19, 1900. But those who knew him, and who loved the dear old man with his radiant face and his overflowing heart, were sensible of a great loss, and knew that his home-coming was greeted with joy by the angels. He was the kind of man who is the best proof of the truth of Christianity and the power of Christ. No one ever saw an inconsistency or insincerity or misdeed in him, and he could not be with any one without soon bubbling over in his beaming love of Christ and his unselfish love of men.

Seventy years ago Peter Carter was an office boy in the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, when its offices were at 23 Centre Street, New York City. He had come over to the United States from Scotland with his parents and brothers and sisters in 1832. The

family settled in Saratoga County, New York, and Peter soon began work in New York City, where his brother Robert was already in the publishing business. In Scotland they had been weavers in Earlston, their cottage having six looms worked by the father, his two eldest sons, and hired helpers. It was a true Christian home of the best sort found in Scotland. "The minister went from house to house duly examining the children in their knowledge of the Scriptures and the Catechism, and it has been said that if, at nine o'clock at night, one had gone through the village, he would have heard the sound of psalm singing, and prayer, and reading of the Word of God in every house, so general was the custom of family worship."

Thomas Carter, the father, was an active Christian man in his new home in America, as he had been in his old in Scotland, and was an earnest advocate of total abstinence and a strong anti-slavery man. In the days of the Fugitive Slave Law, he was a conductor on the Underground Railroad. He had eleven children, and over fifty grandchildren, and as many great-grandchildren, and it is believed that not one of the members of the family ever used intoxicating drink. He took great interest in the publications of his sons.

"On one occasion," as we read in the life of Robert Carter, his oldest son, which all young people, and old people too, should read, "he came to New York for his annual visit just after his son had published 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' by Professor John Wilson, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Christopher North. The old gentleman said to his son, 'I am sorry to hear you've been publishing a novel,' accenting, in his Scottish dialect, the last syllable. Mr. Carter in vain tried to defend himself by speaking of the purity and elegant style of what was indeed a classic work, but his father would not be mollified, insisting that novels were very dangerous reading.

"That night, after tea, Mr. Carter took a book, saying, 'Father, here is something I want to read to you,' and read aloud the story of 'The Elder's Death-bed.' The old man listened with tears rolling down his cheeks.

"'Eh, Robert, that's a graund buik. Where did ye get it?'

"Mr. Carter told him that he had been reading from the novel that had been so severely denounced in the morning.

"'I didna ken it was such a buik as yon. Ye maun gie me some for the neebors at hame.'"

In due time Peter and his brother Walter were taken into the publishing business by Robert. When the partnership was formed, the brothers signed a written paper, pledging

themselves never to "go security." Their father had done this once, and been burdened greatly by the obligation it entailed until Robert paid off all the indebtedness for him. It was another of their principles never to engage in a lawsuit. They preferred to suffer wrong rather than violate their principles of peace.

The love of books was born in these Scotch boys. Peter Carter loved to tell a story of Robert's about his first venture in book-buying.

"When I was about seven years old," said Robert, "there was an auction sale of old furniture, which, as it was a rare occurrence in the village, I attended with great interest. Towards the close of the sale, a copy of Josephus's works in folio, much dilapidated, and minus one of the boards of the cover, was held up by the auctioneer, and, as no one seemed to bid, I called out, 'Fourpence.' 'It is yours,' cried he, 'my little fellow; you're the youngest bidder we've had to-day.' This fourpence had been collecting for some time previously, and was probably the largest sum I had ever possessed. When I got the book in my arms, it was with no small difficulty I carried it home. With an apple I hired a playmate to help me, and we carried it between us, and when we got tired we laid the book down on the roadside and rested, each sitting on an end. But oh, what a treasure it proved

while I eagerly devoured its contents! I used to lay it down upon the cottage floor, and myself beside or upon it, and travel slowly down the long page until I reached the bottom, and then tackle the next page. I had read the Bible through twice in order, and I was eager to get all the additional information I could about the Jews. I was greatly puzzled by the word 'Greeting,' which occurred so often as a salutation at the beginning of letters. That was our Scottish word for 'crying,' and I could not understand its relation to letters bearing good tidings."

Peter took great delight in his business, as he did in all that was true and good, but he took most delight in speaking of his Saviour and in trying to show people by his loving kindness and gracious speech how precious the Saviour is. He had always a special interest in negroes. He told me once how frightened he had been in New York when he saw a negro for the first time. He was walking on the street with his mother, and clung to her skirts in terror at the sight of the black face. When he grew up and was working in New York, he had a mission school for negro children, away down town. He was very fond of the little ones, and they were devoted to him. Once a visitor was examining the children, and asked them, "Children, do you know who the

Good Shepherd is?" "Oh, yes!" they replied. "Mr. Peter Carter." And he was to them truly the representative of that Good Shepherd who took the little lambs up into His bosom.

And indeed how can those who do not know Christ and our Father's home in heaven form any idea of them save from what they see in us and our homes? That is the way the heathen learn of Christ and heaven. In Hangchow, China, Mrs. Mattox has been accustomed to invite the little children to her home and make them happy there. Once a Chinese teacher was talking to some of them, and asked, "Where do you want to go when you die—to heaven?" "No," they answered. "To hell?" "No." "Where, then, do you want to go?" "To Mrs. Mattox's house," they replied. They could not imagine anything more heavenly than that.

In these children of the other side of the world Mr. Carter was always intensely interested. One of his daughters is a missionary in Turkey, and two grand-nephews in China, and he always read about missions, talked about missions, and prayed about missions. On his death-bed, when he was not conscious of those who were about him, they heard him praying for China. It had become

a part of his real nature to pray for the heathen world and the work of Christ there, and, when the conscious control of the life was released, it naturally glided off into loving prayer for the needy.

Mr. Carter was one of the most sympathetic, appreciative men I ever met. He would laugh at humorous and pleasant stories until the tears ran down his cheeks, and the tears were as ready to flow with sympathy for sorrow or suffering. His face was always lighted up from within by the light of Christ. The last Sunday evening on which he was able to attend church, he went up, at the close of the meeting, to his new pastor, with his eyes ablaze with joy at the satisfaction he felt in his sermon and in him, to welcome him with all the enthusiasm of his boyish heart. He always saw and exulted in the good in men, and had no eye toward the evil. His judgments were sure to be always sweet, kindly judgments.

And he never lost his simplicity and gladness. He was the jolliest playmate his grandchildren had, and they could not think of him as gone not to return. "Mother," said one of them, after his death, "I know grandfather has gone to heaven to get a new body, but will he not come back on the next train?" I used to meet him constantly on the ferry-

boats and street-cars, and he was the merriest companion in the world. All the people about visibly brightened up with the contagious good humour and sweetness of the old man. And he was not at all conscious of himself. In the street-car he would talk of Jesus just as naturally as in his own home, and with no attempt to conceal the subject nor any half-apologetic glance around to see if any one was listening.

I think I have scarcely known any man who better represented the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, or more deserved the name "The Son of Consolation." His very presence was comfort, and all cares and mean things sank away before the visible composure and peace of his life. He had those qualities of honest compassion and natural unselfishness, and tender, mature experience of God, which fitted him to comfort those that mourn. And he was so perfectly true and transparent that he was at home anywhere. He was a gentleman by right of divine descent and heavenly breeding, for he was a true son of God.

And he had the priceless discipline of his own sorrow. Some years ago his wife went on before him, and he was but waiting the call to come home to her. When he first became ill, he told his daughter that he felt so

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different from other times. When she suggested that this might mean that he would never be ill again, but would soon be going home, "Oh, that would be delightful!" he replied, and he hailed the prospect of meeting her and the Saviour he loved with exceeding joy. During his last days he was often heard murmuring, "My dear Lord Jesus, my dear Lord Jesus." And we may be sure they were very dear each to the other.

Of money I suppose he had little when he died, but there was no richer man in New York in all the best wealth of life,—a character less blemished than the sun, a heart of solid gold, the perfect love and trust of friends, the absolute devotion of little children, and the image in his face and his life of the blessed Saviour whom he adored. If all the reasoned arguments in support of Christianity were destroyed, Peter Carter and the two or three men like him whom I have known would remain for me as its impregnable basis and defence.

X

ARTHUR TAPPAN PIERSON

ARTHUR TAPPAN PIERSON was one of the great seers of the world vision. Early in his ministry he lifted up his eyes and looked upon the field, and as he looked he saw that it extended far beyond his successive parishes in Binghamton, Waterford, Detroit, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, London—that it embraced the whole world. There are many still who do not see this or who, thinking they see it, are nevertheless dominated by preferences which split up the world and postpone the claims of parts of it until other parts have been first supplied, or condition the offer of the gospel to some for whom Christ died upon its prior acceptance by others for whom He died no more. But Dr. Pierson saw the world whole, and thenceforward he lived and wrought for the evangelization of it all, America and England, France and Russia equally with China, India, and Africa, and these equally with those. This world view profoundly affected his conception

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of the gospel and of Christ. It gave him a gospel as great as all humanity and a Christ greater than humanity. The view which men take of Christ is determined largely by the work they expect of Him. If all that is expected is an ethical example, the person of Christ contracts to that expectation. When men have had a deep sense of sin and realized that the work which must be done for them is a work which only the Eternal in the flesh could do, then the person of Christ has expanded and men have seen in Him their glorious God. Dr. Pierson had the great view of Christ which a profound sense of sin and of sin's awfulness and of the wonder of sin's forgiveness and defeat gives to a man. But he had an even greater view of Christ, for to the immensity of the work which he saw Christ doing in a single soul in dealing with sin, was added the immensity of the work which he saw Christ was to do for the world in destroying its sin, and by His own promises and in His own time, bringing in His world Kingdom.

These views of the world as the object of Christ's love and redeeming grace, and as the field of the Church's mission, gave him a gospel adequate to the needs of each human soul and of our home lands. He early per-

ceived that an English gospel cannot save England or a single Englishman, that the only gospel which is adequate to any local need is the universal gospel, and that the sooner and the more fully we offer it to every creature, the richer and more massive will be its appeal and its ministry to each creature. A gospel which is as busy saving China as it is in saving Scotland will the sooner and more effectively save both. He saw this, and his evangelistic message, which was ever fresh and effective, was indissolubly bound to his missionary message. And conversely, he realized that the gospel which is to be able to cross wide seas and make an impact on heathen lands must have an enormous momentum, which can only be given to it at home, and which must be given to it here, if it is not to arrive with spent vitality.

In the second place, Dr. Pierson was one of the first to bring back into the missionary idea the conception of immediacy. The early Church felt the pressure of this conception in full power. It was looking and hoping for the second coming of Christ, and that great expectation filled it with the earnestness and eagerness and intensity which came from its conviction that its enterprise was practicable and that it might and must make ready for

the coming of the Son of Man. Dr. Pierson held in this regard the Apostolic expectation. He did not fix the time of our Lord's return, just as the New Testament writers did not, but he knew that the Christian's proper attitude, if he is to be faithful to his Lord, is the attitude of vigilant preparedness. "Watch, therefore, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." But it was not from the Apostolic hope alone that he drew this spirit, although the connection between Christ's second coming and world evangelization, was to him, as it is to many, a Scriptural principle; it was also from his study of the world's need of the gospel, from the New Testament representation of the salvation of Christ as the only salvation, from the rapid movements of the world's life, from the opening of all doors, from the challenging successes of mission work, from the peril of spiritual declension and poverty at home, if the primary duty of the Church was neglected. All these and other considerations combined to fill him with an eager energy for immediate efforts to carry the gospel to the whole world. The founders of the modern missionary enterprise struck this same note of immediacy. The evangelization of the world in their generation was the noble dream of the early mis-

sionaries to the Sandwich Islands. But for a generation or more the note of urgency had died low. Now it has sounded forth again loud and clear. It was the dominant note at the Edinburgh Missionary Conference, and to many that rich and almost ecumenical reassertion of the immediacy of our missionary duty was but the full and rounded utterance of the message of which Dr. Pierson and a few others were the lonely voices in the wilderness, a quarter of a century ago.

“The Crisis of Missions” was the book in which Dr. Pierson put his appeal—crisp, sharp, arousing. Hundreds of present-day advocates of missions got their first inspiration from that book. Some mission boards distributed it gratuitously to all ministers of their denomination who would promise to preach sermons on it. There are many situations which are called “crises” which turn out very ordinary, and there are situations carelessly passed over by the Church which are real crises, but the world conditions which were beginning when Dr. Pierson wrote this little book, and the new missionary call which was presented to the Church, did truly constitute a crisis, and this trumpet blast helped as much as any single influence to awaken the Church to realize the significance of the new day.

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A third great missionary service rendered by Dr. Pierson was his part in the creation of a new type of missionary apologetic. He was one of a little group, of which no one accomplished more than he, which produced a new sort of missionary literature. This new type laid as much emphasis as the old upon Scripture principles and the general grounds of appeal, but it was marked by a tingle, a warmth, a penetration, an imagination which were new, and it was filled with incident and anecdote and fact. It ranged the whole world of life and all literature for its material, and it fused all the material into a red and contagious glow. There was always the peril in such an apologetic of overstrain, of seeing things in disproportion, of startling the reader by taking hidden aspects and setting them in too brilliant a light, but these are the perils of all propagandas, and if there was room for differences of spiritual interpretation, nevertheless, the effort was always made to present facts and to be sure that they were facts. In public speech no men excelled Dr. Pierson, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and Dr. F. F. Ellinwood in presenting the new apologetic for missions, and in work with his pen Dr. Pierson probably did more than any other one person to popularize missionary information

and appeal. His books on "The Miracles of Missions," his "New Acts of the Apostles," his missionary biographies such as of Muller and Johnson, and his articles in the *Missionary Review* were read by multitudes who began to see that missions was one of the most interesting and fascinating of themes. The "New Acts of the Apostles" constituted the Duff Missionary Lectures, delivered in Scotland in 1893. He and Dr. Gordon had gone through Scotland together after the World Missionary Conference in London in 1888, and had kindled missionary fires wherever they had gone. In consequence, Dr. Pierson was called back in 1893 for the Duff Lectures, of which Dr. Andrew Thomson, one of the older missionary authorities, wrote:

"The fourth and most recent Duff Lecturer was the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., of Philadelphia, U. S. A., whose name is pleasantly familiar to the Churches of Christ on both sides of the Atlantic. The title of his lectures, which form the contents of the present volume, is 'The New Acts of the Apostles; or, The Marvels of Modern Missions,' and their design was to compare the Christian Church in the nineteenth century with the Church in the first century, especially in their missionary aspects, and to bring out the features of resemblance and of contrast

between them. They were addressed in the early months of 1893, to crowded audiences, not only in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but in Aberdeen, Dundee, and St. Andrew's, and some individual lectures were also delivered in other places, as in Arbroath. They were as new and fragrant as the flowers of spring. His vigour and originality of thought, his extraordinary knowledge of all subjects connected with Christian missions, his ingenuity and skill in the exposition of Scripture, and in extracting from familiar texts new and unexpected stores of instruction, his inexhaustible command of anecdotes which helped to enrich and enliven his addresses, his power of making external nature pay tribute to spiritual instruction, as well as the flowing fervour of his appeals—made multitudes listen unwearied for hours in silence."

Dr. Pierson early learned to view the missionary task as the task of the whole Church. Much was said in the Edinburgh Missionary Conference and in the preparation for the Conference there of the opportunity which the Conference was to present for the first time to the Church of viewing her undertaking as a whole—the whole Church facing her whole task in the whole world. This conception, though it was only limitedly possible at Edinburgh, gave its greatness to that memorable conference. But for a genera-

tion Dr. Pierson had been preaching this idea. At Northfield, I think, in 1887, he set forth a plan of world missionary activity which involved the united effort of the Church to compass her whole task, and such a plan, I believe, was printed as a supplement in some editions of "The Crisis of Missions." To be sure, this was not a new idea with him. Alexander Duff had cherished it, and no later missionary leader was more zealous than Carey in planning for the occupation of the whole earth, but it was deemed novel enough to be scouted by many when Dr. Pierson renewed the proposal of an organized, co-operative effort to occupy and evangelize the whole world.

In his eagerness to make missions popular and to win for them the interest and support of the Church, he did not make the mistake of secularizing the missionary presentation, of lowering the spiritual quality of the missionary motive, of withdrawing the Cross. He put the missionary appeal upon the highest spiritual plane, and no one ever heard him present the cause without being made aware of the sacrificial shadow that lay upon it. It is interesting to note how free the foreign missionary appeal still is from secondary and inferior elements. They do creep in, and they have

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their legitimate place, but while some other causes have become practically dominated by these considerations, foreign missions remain a spiritual enterprise, resting upon spiritual arguments and cleaving close still to the person and Cross of Christ. It was no small achievement of the Spirit of Christ to save so ardent an advocate as Dr. Pierson from the perils of overpopularizing his cause, and of resting it upon motives which have in them the elements, at least, of self-interest, of a racial or national glory. His cause was Christ's alone, and Christ's name and Christ's Cross and Christ's glory were the only things to be thought about or spoken of in its advocacy.

Lastly, we may mention the tirelessness of his toil for missions and the intensity of his appeal. To him it was a great *cause*, and as the preservation of the Union, the abolition of slavery, the maintenance of States' rights or political loyalty had set men ablaze and kept the fires glowing during the Civil War, so the great campaign of a world's evangelization influenced him and made him restive and eager. It is hard to keep up such intensity in an age-long campaign, but he held that the age need not be as long as lethargy and disobedience may make it, and that now is the appointed

time, and not to-morrow. Therefore he remembered his Lord's words: "We must work the works of Him that sent us while it is day, before the night cometh, when no man can work." May we also remember them!

XI

HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL

HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, who died in Philadelphia in December, 1903, was one of the great chaplains of the Civil War. After the war he was one of the foremost leaders in the Sunday-school work of North America and one of the most original, fertile, and influential religious editors in our country. He was also a genius in Bible study and Bible teaching, an Oriental scholar and discoverer, the writer of a score of notable books, and a Christian who presented in his own life the immovable evidence of the literal truth of the New Testament representation of the gospel of the Son of God. His life story is told in the admirable biography by his son-in-law, Mr. Philip E. Howard. As one who knew him as a son and who was also grateful to be his friend, I wish to speak here of his influence and character, in behalf of the multitudes of young men who knew his voice, and who trace gratefully to him to-day the unsealing and illumination of their lives.

He taught us three great lessons, the greatest lessons that man can teach to men. He showed us the supremacy of truth. Where everything he wrote and said was so evidently only the unveiling of himself, a sort of fragrant moral exhalation, it would not be true to single out any one of his books and say, "This was the distinctive expression of his teaching and of himself," yet I think that one of the three or four of which this might most truthfully be said is his little book in defence of the absolute inviolability of truth. With truth compromised he felt the foundations were gone. Life might be sacrificed. He had risked his in battle without fear, and he has written with noble love of his dearest friend, who, choosing the post of danger, died in battle a hero's death. Christ Himself had said, "No man taketh my life from me. I lay it down of myself. I have the right to lay it down." And God, he held, was taking life daily, even as His Son had laid down His own. What God could do he could authorize man to do, but God could not lie, and what was impossible to the nature of God was intolerable in the character and ways of men. The truth was to him a holy thing, and he abhorred with all his stern soldier soul all falsehood and every lie. We learned this from

him. May God grant that we shall not forget!

He taught us the glory of love. He thought himself, when he had finished it, that "Friendship the Master Passion," as he called it, was his great book, and he believed that he had demonstrated that there is no power in the world like unselfish love. He told me once that when he had finished his book and given it to his friend, Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Warner said to him, referring to the theme of the book: "Trumbull, you can't prove that proposition." But when he had read it through he said: "Well, Trumbull, you have made your case." It was he who taught us what friendship is,—a love that asks for nothing again, that many waters cannot quench, serene, eternal. No teacher of our generation saw as he saw the nature of that love which St. John tells us is God. Beside his conception all other ideals and all books on friendship seem tawdry and of a lower world. We who were in his school know how to love. He taught us, and we see now that, next to truth, the most wondrous thing in life is love, unselfish, unchangeable.

He taught us what life is. This was what he was dealing with in his covenant books, on the covenants of blood, of the threshold, and

of salt. Institutions, he held, were the symbols of life. The covenant of blood, the atonement, was an atonement of life. He taught the reality of such a mingling. The mysticism of the Gospel lay like the veil and the unveiling of immortality across our mortal life. He made real and clear to us, he set forth in the language of our own day, the living truth of the Saviour's words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood ye have not life in yourselves. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life." He held to the truth of a divine intercourse. This was what life was to be, a fellowship with the divine life, a union of our souls with the great life of our Father, who is God.

And what he taught he was. No discord severed the message from the man. What we heard from his lips we saw in his life. We came near to him, and we knew him, and we knew him to embody in himself the doctrine which he taught to the world. He loved the truth. No shadow of insincerity tinged him. The light of a great honour was in him, and the air where he was was pure, and it purified. He was one of the men of whom the Psalmist says: "They looked unto Him, and were radiant." He exemplified in himself

his ideals of friendship. He would go anywhere for his friends, and no service could be a sacrifice for one he loved. I have known him to make long journeys simply to make some truth which he thought it was important for a friend to have clear to that friend's mind. He stopped the press on his paper, and held up an entire issue to cut out of a review of a friend's book a single phrase, which he had just discovered, which might be misunderstood and grieve his friend. We may have many more friends, we shall have, for to-day all of us who were friends of his are become friends also of one another; but we shall never have a greater friend than he was, and is, and all our friendships have now, and will have forever, a divine glory, an infinite security, since he taught us by his words and by his life how to love with a friendship love. We love others more, and more truly, because he loved us. And how athrill with life he was! No one could come near him and not feel the tingle and deliverance of it. Stagnation fell off the soul at the touch of the exhilaration of life in him. The lines about his eyes spoke with an irresistible eloquence of delight. The nervous, alert form trembled in response to the quick movings of the mind and heart. He was all alive in his body. And

the mind was even more quick and vital. It shrank from anything commonplace and mediocre. It leaped at the living aspects of truth. It sprang past the inadequacy of systems to the infinite life that cannot be codified. And the spirit that was back of all, that came from God and has now returned whence it came,—oh, friends! shall we feel upon our lives another spirit like it on the earth again? The life of God was in it. It lived in God. This we shall see often. This we may experience ourselves. But the buoyancy, the intensity, the unassailable certainty of that life equally hid and exposed with Christ in God, the naturalness in the supernaturalness, the assurance, the humility, the living, eager joy of it all—what irrefutable, what positively convincing, what tenderly persuasive, evidence this bore to the reality of his doctrine,—that it was all so incarnate in his own dear life.

And this was the great characteristic of it all. It was so generous. It gave itself out without reserve or weariness. There are in the world to-day thousands upon thousands upon thousands—I speak with soberness and care—upon whose lives is the impress of his. For nearly two generations he has been addressing multitudes on the platform or by the pen, but he counted truly that all the immense influence ex-

erted in this way was less than what God had done through him by personal contact with individuals, men and women, and also, I thank God, with many who were but little more than boys and girls, to win them to Christ, to truth, to love, to life. He found individuals everywhere. He loved the possibilities in them, and he sought with a tact that was unfailing and a courage that always, as he confessed, was needed before he could conquer the instinct of hesitation, but that never failed, to make those possibilities real, and to recover life to itself and to the Saviour. His influence upon students and upon the Christian Church in awakening and stimulating the spirit of personal work by individuals for individuals to win men to Christ has been greater than that of any Christian worker in the last fifty years, perhaps not even excepting Mr. Moody, between whom and himself, diverse types as they were, there existed the warmest friendship—a friendship full of mutual admiration and love. “When he had by himself purged our sins,” we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews, “he sat down on the right hand of God.” This is the law of all highest service. It was even so with him whom we loved, and love and honour here to-day. He wrought by the outgoing of himself. And he has taught multitudes of

Christian men that such outgoing of their lives into other lives is the law of the service of Christ.

But we are seeking not so much to analyze his character as to give utterance to our gratitude for what in the goodness of God he was to our lives. How boundlessly appreciative and generous he was—seeing good where there was no good except in his seeing. He loved his own ideals which he dreamed he saw in others, and then by his sheer love he began to create them in others. He had the divine blindness of love which saw past the evil that can be expelled from life. He had the divine vision of love which beheld the invisible capacities for good and beauty. It was both our humiliation and our glory that he was ever finding in us nobleness which we did not know was possible for us, until he loved it into being in us. He was ever recognizing what he owed to others, living and dead. He traced his life and work to four religious teachers, two of them almost forgotten. Bushnell he exalted with a unique love. For many of us he created Bushnell anew. What generosity was this? Was he not an apostle? Had he not see Christ? Paul not more. Yet his unselfish heart was ever tracing to others with gratitude what he felt he owed to them,

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what we felt was native and sovereign in his own soul. How warm and tender were his affections and sympathies! One of his sweetest essays was on "Tenderness," and he quoted in it the sonnet,

"We long for tenderness, like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast."

And such tenderness he lavished on those he loved. It was in his hand-clasp. It was in his voice. There are many hearts to which the memory of it comes back as of some mother's song long years ago. His loves never grew old and frail. There was about them a perennial childlikeness of joy and surprise and fresh delight. And his sympathies were as broad and charitable as they were tender. He has told me with satisfaction of the meeting of the Oriental Society in his home years ago, and the pleasure he had in arranging everything so as to be true to his own large life, and also just and considerate of others of other faiths who were present as his guests. He was bound to find good in men. I know of one man of rigid and unimaginative mind, to whom faith is a strait-jacket, who for years embodied to him ideals of intellectual method and theological opinion of which he utterly

disapproved. Once he and this man met at luncheon, and he found to his delight a better nature than he had believed could be there, and an unsuspected openness of spirit. Instantly his whole attitude changed. He often spoke to me with delight of this. He forgot all that was repugnant thereafter, and he thought and spoke of this man with the spirit of generous and loving sympathy which he longed to feel toward all men, and which nothing but opposition to the truth or a reluctance to follow after it fully ever availed to suppress in him toward any man. But if the truth was betrayed, how quick and intense was the surprise of the deep character in him! Let a man do service for falsehood or lay hands on the ark of truth, and the anger of the divine priesthood awoke in him. That man saw the flash of his indignant lightning and heard the rolling thunder of his wrath. It was this that led him to write with such fearless severity in his paper, years ago, an editorial criticism upon a book on ethics, in which he utterly and unhesitatingly repudiated as untrustworthy and un-Christian a book that made room for lies. But this was only the divine undertoning. The Saviour stood once with blazing eyes and a whip of cords in His hands. He was none the less—nay, He was all the more—the Shep-

herd true, lover of souls, lamb of God, meek and lowly in heart. This was his over harmony. Intense as he was in his love of truth, fiery in his abhorrence of falsehood and of wrong, his touch had yet the tenderness of a woman's hand. Toning down the Saviour's qualities of calm and comfort to the level of us men, was not to make Dr. Trumbull heavy and tame. He was all a-tingle. There was in his personality a perpetual charm and piquancy and zest. He saw everything in fresh forms. He loved paradox because it so well balanced the polarity of truth. His humour was sweet and irrepressible to the last. And with such a soul how tenderly he loved his dear Saviour! It was just so that he would speak of him: "The dear Saviour." And now he is with Him. Our master has been taken from our head. Yea, we know it, and our hearts have cried after him with Elisha's cry, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

He showed us what it is to be free. This blessing also he brought to us all,—I mean to us young men who loved him. Often we went to him for counsel. "What shall we do?" He would not answer that. "Shall I go here, or there?" He would not say. He would show us the principles which he believed

to be involved, and then he would say no more. "You must decide for yourself," was his word. He loved to tell of an old Connecticut farmer whose son was about to seek his fortune in the city. The evening before he was to go, the father took him for a last walk and talk over the place where the boy had spent his life. They went over the familiar paths in silence, all the memories of his past education in righteousness and purity of soul sweeping in wave after wave over the boy as he walked beside his father, until at last they returned to the garden gate again. Then the old man turned to his son, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said: "John, I have only one thing to say to you. Always do as you have a mind to." The boy needed no more. His only peril lay in doing as others had a mind for him. If he acted according to the integrity and honour of his own mind, schooled under the godly manliness of that old father, he was safe and free. It was so that he dealt with us. He strove to give us the mind of Christ, and then he bade us do as we had a mind to. He was free in Christ, and he would have us free. He held to the law, to be sure, but he saw even in the Ten Commandments a covenant of love. Love, he believed with the Apostle, was the fulfilling of the law, and that he was

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the freeman whom love and truth made free in Christ to render a full and joyous obedience.

He was full of large expectations of good. His faith was in God, and therefore his heart was stayed in hope. He was impatient with the easy talk of the day about the retrogression of religion, and the diminished study of the Bible. He knew that there was no peril of any retrogression except in the heart of the man who thinks it is in the world because it is within himself. And he was sure, and rightly so, that there never has been as much belief in the Bible, or study of it, or love for it, as at this day. God could not lose him. How could He lose the world? The faith of the Resurrection past and the hope of the Advent yet to come, bound for him the horizon of a world of the goodness and greatness of God, full of the assurance of the triumph of the Saviour.

He was a true prophet of God to our souls. He spoke forth the Infinite in the terms of our world, and the Eternal in the forms of our human life. God was near him, almost visible. His faith in prayer was one noble expression of his realization of the present power of his Father. I met a gentleman who knew him some years ago on a ferry boat, and I told him that when I had last seen Dr. Trumbull, a

fortnight before, he had spoken of him. "Oh, yes!" said my friend, "he was a great Christian, so real, so intense. He was at my home years ago, and we were talking about prayer. 'Why, Trumbull,' I said, 'you don't mean to say that if you lost a lead pencil you would pray about it, and ask God to help you find it.' 'Of course I would; of course I would!' was his instant and excited reply." How easy it is to reproduce the very sound of the voice, to see the flash of the eye and the trembling gesture of the hand. Of course he would. Was not his faith a real thing? Like the Saviour he put his doctrine strongly by taking an extreme illustration to embody his principle, but the principle was fundamental. He would trust God in everything. He did trust Him. And the Father honoured the trust of His child. And he always walked with God in Christ. Very near, very real, very precious, was the Lord Jesus to him, and into that loving intimacy he bore, faithful friend that he was, all the needs and names of his dear ones, speaking of us and of our children to his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

One of his favourite thoughts embodied long years ago in a historical address, and more than once in his writings and sermons, was expressed in the phrase which his son recalled

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in announcing his death in the paper with which his name has been so long associated as to make dissociation impossible: "Our duty to make the past a success." "Unless sons are better than their fathers," he used to say, "both fathers and sons are a failure." And he would quote the line: "He mourns the dead who lives as they desired." This would be his word to us if his lips could speak now. We are to go out to repeat, to expand what we have seen and known in him. May the grace of God go with us as we strive to show forth in our lives what we saw in him of that character which is divine, and of that love which is God!

XII

WILLIAM ROGERS RICHARDS

A STREAM of yellow sunlight on the sloping shoulder of a New England hill touching a mass of granite boulder with warmth and radiance! This is the memory of Dr. Richards which comes back to each of us who knew him, as a man opens his heart to his brother, who is his friend.

He was the granite boulder. To recall the broad, overhanging forehead, the steel flash from the grey and deep-set eyes, the firm set of the thin lips, the solid, resolute chin beneath, with the controlled muscular alertness of the lithe form; to recall the man as we saw him is to feel again the tense strength and firmness which he was. He came of old New England stock, and all his training had been in New England schools, and while for many years he had lived in mellowed climes, he never quite lost the New England accent. He embodied the Puritan tone and uprightness. It appeared in his neat carelessness as to dress, and in his loyalty to the old Puritan moral ideals. We

saw the granite in him in the clear and definite sharpness of his convictions, in the austerity of his sense of duty, and in the sternness of his judgment of character. In the best of all the biographies of Stonewall Jackson, his British admirer tells us that in his cadet days at West Point, Jackson dealt with a light hand with the conventional social ideals, choosing his companions quite as often from the class below him as from his own, "and in yet another way," adds Colonel Henderson, "his strength of character was shown. To one who was guilty of dishonourable conduct he was merciless almost to vindictiveness. He had his own standards of right and wrong and from one who infringed them he would accept neither apology nor excuse." No one could have said this about Dr. Richards. I doubt whether it is truly said of the great Christian soldier. But that steadfastness and ethical tenacity and rigid principle which gave Jackson his familiar name, were all in Dr. Richards too. He was no mincer of words; he was a fearless smiter of what needed to be smitten. We can ask of him as our Lord asked of His friend, "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which

are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts." Yes, thank God, there was granite in him. Therefore, men who were uncertain or aweary could rest on the boulder and rise strengthened and assured.

But he was also the golden sunlight. It played in his yellow hair. We saw it in the blue love-looks of the eyes that were not grey after all, and it sparkled in the music of his laughter. A good story was always twice as good heard in the echo of his boundless enjoyment of it. There was granite,—and there was also gentleness. We remember the quiz-zical twist of the head, the twitching of the thin lips before the jest broke, the maiden-like sensitiveness at suffering, and the shrinking hatred of giving pain; the boyish delight in teasing, the divine pleasure in small things and in every little human experience. Oh, rich indeed is our memory of the yellow light, a gleam upon his head, shining with candour over all his life!

The sunlight fell on a boulder on the hill-side beneath the open skies. The life we knew was open to all the winds that blew, bared to every smile and frown of God, not cloistered, but laid out upon all the plain, indisputable facts of life. "Creed or no creed, Bible or no Bible," he said once, "here are the facts,"—

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facts of spring flowers laughing on the hillside, facts of black, scudding storm clouds and of winter wrath. To deny the Christian solution is not to escape from the facts—both dark and bright. It was part of his open life to love the fresh air and the trout brooks and all clean and wholesome games. It has been a surprise to some who did not know him well and who were misled by the slightly stooping shoulders and the almost hectic flush upon his face, to learn that he was of such tough fibre and no mean competitor on many fields. Perhaps, looking back now, we who thought he could endure everything were the self-deceived. How joyfully we recall now the old and eager contests of which half the zest lay in his hatred of defeat! He was never built for vanquishment, and it is no disloyalty to his memory to admit that he was a poor loser. If, in the land where he has gone there is merriment, as our Lord has assured us there is also joy, we are confident that he is laughing gleefully now at the thought of our recollections of him in the games that he lost and hated to lose, which were not as many—we must be just—as the games that he won and took a boy's joy in winning. The greatest of all sports to him was mountain climbing over the hills we call the White Mountains and over

the higher peaks of Switzerland ; and in a land whose altitudes dwarf all these I have gone up the lower hills with him and listened to his lament, as he looked up on the great snow-clad peaks, that every-day duty forbade the heavenly delight of a climb further than any he had known, into the depthless skies of God.

This going to the very top or end of things was characteristic of him, and it made him the true scholar that he was. Scholarship for mere scholarship's sake was no lure to him. His interest was always in life, in living men and living women and most of all in living little children. But as a minister to the living and to life, he would not offer what he did not know, or give what he himself did not live. He had his own, firmly wrought out theology, thought cleanly through and reasoned, as God has always bade His children to reason through their thought of Him and man and duty. I was told once of the examination in the Elizabeth Presbytery when he came from New England to the church in Plainfield. It lasted the whole day through and at its close old Dr. Kempshall made an apology. "It was no ill will, Dr. Richards," said he, "no ill will toward you. It was just pleasure and self-indulgence for us to listen to the reasoned convictions of a man who had thought through his

truth for himself and knew what he believed." Yes, and Dr. Kempshall might have added "*Whom.*" He had his own original theories regarding Church organization, also. He had studied carefully the methods which the Apostolic and the sub-Apostolic Church had used in fitting Christianity to municipal life, and the convictions to which he came were embodied in his work in the Crescent Avenue Church, with its half-dozen affiliated chapels in Plainfield, New Jersey. And in religion, out of which theology and ecclesiastic polity grew and for which they exist, he would have nothing second-hand or unreal. For all holy living and divine experience in other souls he gave thanks to God, but he would bring to men not a thought which he had read in a book, which another man had thought, not a view of God and life prescribed by this or that authority, whether in philosophy or psychology. Religion, to him, had its rich rootage in the past, but it was a living and ever-expanding self-revealing of God in the soul. As such it must be worthy of God and inclusive of all that was worthy in human life. Perhaps this was the reason that he disliked Professor James' "*Varieties of Religious Experience.*" He did not care for some of these "*varieties.*" And also he took scant pleasure in Myers' great book

on "Human Personality," which draws to the support of our Christian conception of the human spirit and its destiny, the results of modern psychical research. "If these utterances represent," he told me once, "the intellectual quality of these spirits, I would fain spend my eternity in better company." Religion, to him, was not something abnormal, erratic. Was religion not the relation of the human soul and God, the ultimate ground of all personal and social life? Moreover, he was also not of those who think that the physical sciences alone can speak with clear and unquestioned tone. No theory of physical science could make to his view a more reasonable claim than was made by each one of those deep, spiritual realities of which, in the golden days that are gone, we heard him speak as God's prophet and our friend.

There was granite strength and stability in the whole cast of his character and method of his thought. His scholarship was positive and constructive and the work that he did was a creative work. In none of his utterances is this more clearly seen than in "God's Choice of Men," a series of sermons which he preached in half-contemptuous reply to a newspaper charge of insincerity against all those who professed to hold the Church's view on the

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character of God. I know no worthier or nobler vindication of all that is eternally true in Calvinism, with its fearless facing of the actual facts of the universe and its awful reverence for the sovereign God and its unflinching assertion of our human liberty. Nowhere was Dr. Richards more himself than in this large-minded, forward-reaching, loyal proclamation of truth that was only Calvin's because it ought to be every man's. Just as he would not turn lightly, and after the foolish fashion of our times, against the granite truth in Calvinism, so did he cling also with love to the old creedal symbols. I loved all things in him, but nothing more than his fierce refusal to cut out of the Apostles' Creed the noble assertion of the limitless love of God—"He descended into Hell." Where else? To the uttermost limit of the outer darkness would He not go seeking and saving that which was lost? He built steadfastly on the abiding truth of ancient symbols, because he was ever a builder and not a destroyer, whose supreme concern was in uplifting and not in pulling down.

Nothing that ever had been part of human life and no record of the deeds and experiences of men was fruitless to his thought. His fresh and original mind drew out from the

apparently driest record some living and life-giving truth. I know of no better illustration of this quality of his mind than the sermon which none who heard it will ever forget, on "The Monotony of Sin," from the oft-recurring phrase in the books of Kings and Chronicles—"He departed not from all the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, wherewith he made Israel to sin." For months after that sermon was preached in Battell Chapel, at Yale, phrases from it lingered in the college vernacular. There must have been few men who heard it who did not carry with them for many a day its restrained but terrible picture of sin's pitiless dulness and mockery.

It was in part, doubtless, his creative interest and instinct, in part, doubtless, the missionary temper of his family relationships bringing him into admiring intimacy with a great missionary character in Dr. Blodgett, but it was chiefly his own spiritual honesty and generosity and his contempt for the idea that the gospel is a personal perquisite instead of a heavenly trust for all humanity, which made him the ardent missionary spirit which we knew him to be. No man was more loyal to immediate local responsibilities. No one took up such responsibilities more adequately equipped to bear them by the world breadth

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of his sympathy and the world interpretation which the gospel bore to his thought. For twenty years he served as a member of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions—for a good part of this time as chairman of one of its most important committees, and his share in its work constituted one of his truest pleasures in life. And never was he happier in preaching than when pleading the missionary cause. In the sermon which he preached in his New York church on "The Upper Room," on the text—"The Master saith, Where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the Passover with my disciples? And he will show you a large upper room, furnished and prepared. There make ready," he said that he had once preached a foreign missionary sermon on this text and that just because it suggested thoughts so near to the heart of the gospel, therefore it lent itself to the missionary construction. "And I think," said he, "that there is no other kind of appeal that brings the tones of the Master Himself more distinctly to a Christian congregation." Every other cause, he felt, had something more to be said for it than could be said for Foreign Missions. The very strength of this cause lay in the fact that it was a pure appeal to unselfishness, and that it was a work for men and women whom we had

never seen and who could do nothing to recompense us; that it contained no element of self-interest or of compensation in any form, and that to plead this cause, accordingly, was to open to the Christian mind in its fullest and most unclouded glory the divine unselfishness of the Incarnation itself.

And nothing could surpass his ingenuity in the choice of missionary texts. Wherever he could find any truth, he could find a way to this richest and most Christlike of all truths. Many who heard it will never forget a striking missionary appeal which he drew once from the text—"And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not. The door is now shut and my children are with me in bed. I cannot arise and give thee." But I think the masterpiece of his genius in this matter was the missionary sermon which he preached from Judah's words to Joseph as he stood before the new Egyptian ruler, with his little brother Benjamin by his side, and thought of the lonely old man in Canaan, longing for his absent sons—"How shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?" That was a question that made room for the full flaming blaze of his conscience and all the yearning of his soul.

And the home-driving quality of these texts

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was truly illustrative of the man, who was no generalizationist in his teaching, no manipulator in his work, no theorizer or scheme builder. He was wont to go straight to the practical heart of all truth and duty. He was such a leader of others as he was because he was in himself a tireless worker. The principle that it is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men is a very much overdone principle, and it overlooks the simple fact that the only man who is likely to have about him inspiration enough to set ten other men to work must be a man in whom the energies of ten such lesser men as need this inspiration are concentrated.

But I turn from all these things to the personal flavour of his spirit and the quality of his friendships. Much of this flavour and quality sprang from the depth of the old New England reserve, which never left him. There were reticences which were yet revealings and withholdings which were the richest givings. It was this reserve, I am sure, which gave him much of his power. You never heard him speak with the full measure of his voice. There was always a louder tone that he might have used. The very power of his deepest and richest utterances lay in the feeling which he gave you that there were depths beneath these

depths. How well I remember the first sermon I ever heard him preach, in Marquand Chapel at Princeton, more than a quarter of a century ago. The sunlight was streaming in through the southern windows and fell in a pool of brightness on his yellow head and the clean, firm outlines of his face. He scarcely raised his eyes from the notes before him, but there was a tremor in the voice and a sense of checked and resolute power which held the young lives in front of him still but quivering. I am not sure whether it was his famous sermon on Samson or not, but it was a sermon which embodied the truth which he loved to draw from that pathetic hero of a far distant age, of the folly of strength without reserves of power, without the chains that bind it to achievement.

And it was this same reserve of temper and of thought which gave such tenderness to his sympathy. Many of us recall him best when he came to us as a comforter and gave gifts whose value came from their cost to the giver. It was a pain that was all joy to him to fulfil this ministry. He wept under it, but with that deepest weeping which is tearless. He was one of those to whom the richest spiritual expression is not easy. It was the difficulty that gave it its fragrance and its power. Mr. Pat-

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terson Du Bois, in his little book, "Beckonings of Little Hands," tells of a little child of his own who was never known in his short life to mention the name of God, and there were fears that the child's silence sprang from some spiritual atrophy or defect, until, after it had gone to join those other children singing round the Throne, a note-book was found in which the baby hand had written, in letters that sprawled up the page—"God is love. He loves lambs." It was not that the child lacked the thought of God; the thought lay too deep for the sensitive spirit to uncover.

His reserves were no check, however, on the enthusiasm of his loyalties. His friends knew they were his friends and the world knew it. And beyond his personal friendships there were three great fidelities in which he gave himself with fulness and without reserve. I have been speaking of his faithfulness as a minister of Christ; but he joined to this loyalty the other two of which he had often sung—"For God, for country, and for Yale."

And now and then, even in his spiritual utterances, he told us as much as man can tell. One such time at least many will recall, when in the Brick Church in New York City we had met together both to mourn and to rejoice

when that remarkable personality Mrs. Whitman, or Janet McCook as we knew her, had finished her brief and glorious life here, and we believed we could almost hear the trumpets sounding for her on the other side. Then in the prayer which expressed nothing which silence could best express and left unexpressed nothing which could be put in speech, he said to God for us and to us for God all God could give to be said, and in the completeness of his utterance of what we felt or wanted to feel, revealed himself without reserve and yet wholly concealed, and we knew that even then what had been so long growing before us was made well-nigh complete. Like the Upper Room of which he had delighted to preach, he, too, was prepared and furnished.

And now when we look out on the hillside where once he was, the boulder which we used to see and by which we were wont to rest is gone, and the sunlight that used to fall upon it is elsewhere shining, but we have still, and of this nothing can bereave us, "the beloved memory of a righteous man who loved God and truth above all things, a man of untarnished honour, loyal and chivalrous, tender and true, modest and humble, gentle and strong, pitiful to the weak, yearning after the erring, stern to all forms of wrong and of

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oppression, yet most stern to himself, who being angry yet sinned not, who lived unto God here, and passing through the grave and gate of death, now liveth unto God forevermore."

XIII

CONCLUSION

THESE all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar, and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own. And if indeed they had been mindful of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city. . . .

“And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.”

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