

THE CONTINENT

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Fifty Years Hence

OTHER PAGES in this issue of The Continent look fifty years backward. May not this page look fifty years ahead? Is there anything which may today be said with assurance about the issue of The Continent which will celebrate its hundredth anniversary?

Probably the surest thing that can be said about it is that none of the hands that have contributed to the making of this semi-centennial number will serve in any way to produce the centennial number. No doubt there are eyes reading this issue which will be able fifty years hence to compare their memories of it with the probably handsomer typographical art which will grace the anniversary issue in 1970—just as there are readers who can today lay this copy of The Continent in vivid recollection alongside the very different first copy of The Interior.

But readers who will stand in that same relation to the centennial number of The Continent are now young folks, not yet come into responsible burden-bearing for the general institutions of the kingdom of God. When fifty years hence they open up their "favorite paper" coming to them as "Volume CI., Number 1," they will be far on the other side of their most active and most burdened years and will have laid up in heaven the great majority of the pages of their earthly record.

If in their time they have borne themselves as nobly as those veterans who today cast the backward glance of memory over the paper's first half century, the church journal which has the privilege of living contemporary with them will be fortunate in its epoch.

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Certainly no shadow of pessimism crosses the sight of The Continent as it essays such a look ahead. It does not for a moment believe that the young Christians who are to make Christian history in the fifty years to come are an inch less stalwart in manly and womanly stature than their Christian predecessors of fifty years gone.

Beyond all possibility of dispute the church of God in this land is immeasurably stronger today than it was in the year 1870. We dare not doubt that 1970 will see the church as far ahead of its present standing in respect to numbers, resources and power as it is today ahead of the position at which The Interior began its life and service.

Nay, rather, we should say farther ahead—for all God's movements are cumulative and the ratios of his progress geometrical, and the sharper intensity of American life must drive on to accelerated results as the decades roll by.

It seems safe to prophesy furthermore that ampler content as well as ampler achievements will crown the religion of the coming fifty years. It promises to be an age of splendid synthesis. While Christianity is vastly stronger in America now than half a century back, it is also true that some things have been lost by the way.

The church of today is immensely clearer than then in its thinking about God and man and about the practical consequences of truth, but it has not wholly retained the awe of the presence of God in the human soul nor the valuation of supernatural redemption for unregenerate man which were the two tremendous strengths of that day.

But the half century ahead—may we not say assuredly?—will regain those individual aspects of religion without forfeiting the social understandings which are the special enlightenment of the present day.

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Yet if this appears but speculation, there remains one thing for faith to declare with the positiveness of certainty:

Jesus Christ will be greater in 1970 than now.

The intervening years will discover no substitute for him. The progressing world will be nearer to him than now. The voice of mankind will be saying in that day still more emphatically than it does today that only in following his leadership and his doctrine of human brotherhood is there hope for a happy and worthy world. Theologians will be seeking broader and higher terms in which to exalt his being and his power. Gospel preachers will be trying for finer and tenderer words to tell his love and compassion.

The march of events may by that time have left behind much that seems great and superb in our times. There is nothing in civilization on which today a man may lay his finger and say: "This will not be surpassed before 1970 comes round."

But religion has a surety that civilization knows nothing of.

Jesus is unsurpassable.

On that rock is built his church.

Gray of The Interior

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH DR. GRAY began in Cincinnati in 1868. The occasion for it grew out of the ambition of three young preachers. They had planned a monthly magazine which, its lofty prospectus declared, should be "representative of the best culture of the Presbyterian Church." The promoters of the enterprise were Dr. A. A. E. Taylor of Mt. Auburn church, Dr. Oscar A. Hills of Central church and the present writer, pastor of First church.

We named the magazine *Our Monthly* and persuaded our leading church members to take stock enough to float the venture. Then we looked about for a publisher and fortunately lit upon William C. Gray, printer for *The Herald* and *Presbyter*. Having some literary views if not ambitions, he readily fell in with our scheme. With feverish anxiety we watched for the first printing. But when Mr. Gray pulled the first sheet off the form he was greeted with the remark that it was a dirty page, not fit for so grand a publication as was then about to be born. He countered, however, with the triumphant remark: "Thompson, you don't know printing when you see it. That is only a rough proof." The laugh was on the editors, not on the publisher.

One day Gray handed me a manuscript, saying a friend of his had written it and wanted to know whether it was good enough for "Maggie," the affectionate pseudonym of *Our Monthly*. The article was sensationally styled "The Wicked Doctor of Divinity." It was first-class stuff, and we were glad to have it. But the author was unknown. It got so much praise that in the course of weeks Mr. Gray handed in another manuscript from his "friend." By that time we grew suspicious and charged him with being the criminal. Evasion was played out; he confessed and thenceforward began to be a literary man.

After a few years, our supporting church friends growing weary, we sold "Maggie" to Martien in Philadelphia. But it was too much for even that experienced publisher, and it went down into those placid depths where, secure from any resurrection, so many magazines of promise in earlier days are sleeping now.

Something remained, nevertheless, that was better than a magazine—a time-defying friendship. The editors and publisher formed an association of friendship and named it the "O. M. Q." which meant "Our Monthly Quadrilateral." For years we had at our homes in turn an annual meeting, which was the occasion of more scintillations of genius than ever got into the pages of our defunct pet. There, around the festive board, we recounted in "deep iambic lines" or in the "rolling anapaestic" events and experiences which needed only a Boswell to secure their immortal place in all literature.

Ah, well! the quips and merriment have been silenced by the tomb, and he who is left alone to recall them can still see the gleam of rare enjoyment in Gray's black eyes as Hills recited funny poetry in his funereal voice, and Archies Taylor mixed puns and poetry in a delightful melange. But when Gray rolled off lines in which there was that blending of wit and pathos of which he alone was capable, we all laughed and cried. Somewhere among my "disjunct members" are records of those nights of frolic and friendship which, if I could find them, would illumine this narrative like the pictures of some old missal.

In 1871 Chicago burned. Buildings and libraries went to a common destruction. When Professor David Swing was gathering up some crumbs of comfort for the destruction of his valuable library he said to me, with fine stoicism: "Anyhow, my old arithmetics and algebras are gone. There is some comfort in that." *The Interior*, founded the preceding year, shared the common destruction. The proprietors, looking about for some one who should dig

it out of the ruins, turned toward Cincinnati, famous for its great editors, its Mansfield and Watterson and Murat Halstead. Dr. Gray was drafted, and *The Interior* entered on its new career. Phoenix-like, it sprang out of the ashes and with new plumage and vitality. Other pens will tell the story of that resurrection; it is mine to tell of more personal relations. Gray got lonesome in Chicago and prevailed on Fifth church there to call me to its pastorate. There we resumed the fellowship of other years.

It was at this time that theological discussion grew fierce, centering about the person of David Swing. Dr. Francis L. Patton, his prosecutor before the Presbytery of Chicago, was also editor of *The Interior*. Quite naturally the tone of the paper was not acceptable to those who voted for Swing's acquittal. They presented their views to Cyrus H. McCormick, the proprietor of the paper and even spoke of starting another periodical which should better present their views. Mr. McCormick, with characteristic acuteness, said one paper was enough and inquired whether a compromise could not be arranged—as, for example, an additional editor. The ministers concerned agreed to the suggestion and named the writer as the man who would be acceptable to them. Accordingly, Dr. Patton and I became co-editors, with Dr. Gray as managing editor. He "managed," in fact as well as in form; managed the editors as well as the printer's devil. The chief business of the editors was to write the long editorials. As I look over the files in my office, I marvel that the paper lived, considering the length of those editorials.

Of course Dr. Patton and I viewed things theologic and ecclesiastical from a somewhat different angle, but he and I had privately agreed that we would not quarrel, and we never did. He, I suppose, did not believe in some of the things I said, as surely as I had my doubts on some of his brilliant diatribes; but we smiled and passed peacefully on. We had taken the job of being amiable, and we stuck to it.

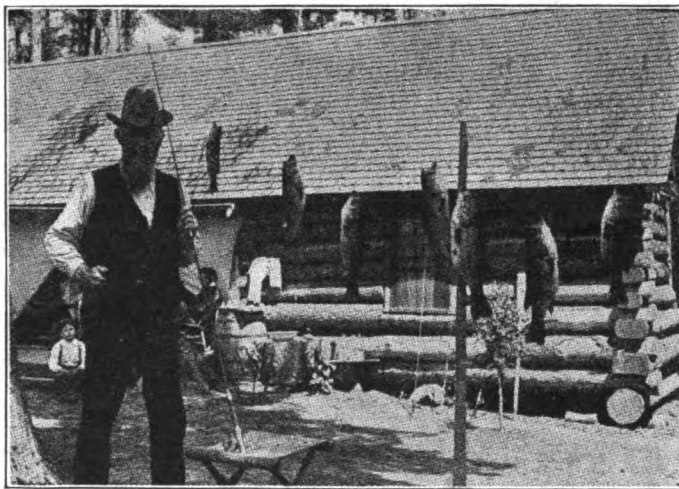
There came a time when Mr. McCormick decided, instead of paying us a salary, to recompense us by the column. Every week the yard stick was invoked, and month by month we received our checks according to the number of our columns. Professor Patton, thoroughbred that he was, grew restive in that kind of harness. He declared he would trot no more or, as he expressed it to me, "I am tired of writing by the yard." He thereupon re-

signed, and my running mate became Dr. Leroy J. Halsey, one of the sweetest saints the Lord ever made. That arrangement continued until I left Chicago in 1878, when I became editorial contributor, and such I remained for a number of years.

I recall but one occasion during all those years on which Dr. Gray and I had any serious difference. I have forgotten what it all was about, but it was so serious that one of us remarked: "Mr. McCormick must settle this." The other replied: "He shall; come on!" We went down in the elevator together, too furious to speak. Fortunately, Mr. McCormick was engaged; we must wait. So we sat in the outer office, cooling our heels. Again, fortunately, the proprietor was long engaged; tempers were having a chance. At last the fun of the situation broke the scoriac crust. We smiled. That was fatal to a fight; we went up in the same elevator and forgot to "be mad" and forgot what the potter had been. How blessed some things can be forgotten!



Dr. Thompson



Dr. Gray at Island Lake

In 1878 I went to Pittsburgh, and the close relationship which had existed for ten years ceased. I recall the poem with which Dr. Gray sent me off, the first verse running thus:

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

Dr. Gray's one place of recreation was at Island Lake, in the woods of northern Wisconsin, the charms of which he celebrated in two books. He was an ideal woods companion. Here he threw off all burdens of responsibility and surrendered himself with total abandon to the fishing boat and the woodland ways. His supreme happiness was to invite close friends to share with him the delights of such a vacation. And what a trumper he was! He could tire out an athlete. On one occasion, after hours of wandering through the Gothic aisles, carpeted with pine fronds, our pursuit of partridges separated us. I had the uncomfortable feeling of being lost in the woods. It was I who was lost; Gray's woodland sense was too keen to be lost in any jungle. I put my voice to its utmost capacity, but no answer came. I contemplated the probability of having to camp all night under a pine. Gray was restless too. Had he not inveigled a tenderfoot into those lonely wilds? Despairing of help from the voice I let my gun speak, and then to my joy, far off, I heard the answering call of Gray's gun.

Coming back to camp as the shadows slanted across the lake, it was a merry account he gave of the man from the city who couldn't tell which way he was going in the woods. But, as with the Indian, it was not I who was lost. It was the wigwam.

On occasions Dr. Gray would invite quite a company of friends to share the ideal hospitality of the camp. One summer he gathered there nearly a dozen choice spirits, among them Cyrus McCormick, John V. Farwell, Charles Hutchinson, Mr. Mitchell, a New York banker, and others. His particular friend, Lawton Parker the artist, was one of them. After a silence of more than twenty years Parker and I crossed paths and renewed the friendship of other days. At this time he recalled some of the incidents of that memorable summer. He told how the city chaps longed above all else to see a deer outside of a menagerie; how they tramped the woods in noisy groups and failed to find any; how Mr. M. appeared one morning fully accoutred in corduroy breeches and creaking hunting boots, toggery which would give the deer notice a mile away that some fully equipped hunters were after them, and demanded that Mr. Parker take them out and show them the game. They tramped all day, and the conscious deer tramped miles ahead of them. Finally Parker, disgusted with that city-bred way of hunting, said bluntly: "Never this way. Sit down here in the barn door and keep still till the shadows fall, and you will see them." And they did.

These city chaps had a way of getting lost that was exasperating. One day three of them started out without a guide in their mad pursuit of deer. There were no numbered streets, and of course they got lost. Night came; no sign of the wanderers. The camp got anxious. Then they got out the guns and fired as if from a park of artillery. The lost ones heard and at last appeared, with thrilling stories of how they crashed through the bushes and stumbled over the hills and called to each other. Strange, they never saw a deer. Again Parker said to them: "If you will take off

your big boots, put on woolen socks and moccasins and sit down most anywhere and hold your peace, you will see deer; but never while you go after them with fife and drum."

What stern ravages Father Time makes! It is many years since Gray heard and followed the voice of the great Pilot; many years since, when conscious that the call had been issued, he took Everett Sisson in his arms and bowed his head in acceptance of the summons. And only the other day Sisson followed the man he loved. I recall the day when, feeling that the end was not far away, he told me of a young man he had called from Ohio to take up the pen he soon would lay down. That young man had only a few months of the companionship which so many of us have rejoiced in, but the labors and memories into which he has entered must be to him, as to many of us, a solace and an inspiration.

It is nineteen years since Gray passed on, but somehow his strong personality remains and pervades all the circle of his friendship. He was a great editor, with a pen at once trenchant and kindly. But to those who knew him well the man overtops all his work. The fact that beams out on us through the mist of years is that of Great Heart—keen to see things in right perspective, fearless to set them forth and unselfish enough to put himself on the altar for any one whom he called his friend.

1870—1920

Recollections of One of the Founders

Thomas Dent, long a prominent attorney in Chicago and still a resident of that city, was one of the original guarantors of *The Interior*. His recollections have been drawn upon in verification of historical material in this issue. In 1869 he was a member of Third church, and was one of a committee appointed to persuade Dr. Swazey, the pastor, from resigning to become the first editor of *The Interior*. The Northwestern Presbyterian had been published in Chicago since 1867, and *The Interior* was in a sense its successor.

Mr. Dent in speaking of his subscription to stock says that "it was viewed by me as a contribution rather than an investment in the ordinary sense"; and his view was confirmed by experience.

1870—1920

The Cover of This Issue

The color design on this number of *The Continent* is from an original picture made for *The Interior* by Joseph C. Leyendecker, the well-known illustrator. Mr. Leyendecker's work first attracted public approval at the time when he was fulfilling engagements for this paper.

1870—1920

Can Any One Excel This?

Registration of *The Continent's* veteran subscribers developed the fact that Mrs. O. D. Ranney, 91 years old, has been a member of First church, Albion, Michigan, for seventy-six years. Does any one know of a longer continuous membership?

1870—1920

—The fact that God understands everybody and loves everybody ought to make men more anxious to understand men.

Some Who Have Written for The Continent

A list of the contributors to *The Continent* during its entire career would include a great array of notable clergymen and laymen, besides many who have won fame as writers in secular fields of literature. Among those appearing in the indexes during the last fifteen years are:

Alden, Raymond M.
Adam, John Douglas
Addams, Jane
Allen, Elizabeth Preston
Brown, Abbie Farwell
Butler, Ellis Parker
Black, Hugh
Babson, Roger W.
Bates, Katharine Lee
Barton, Bruce
Bryson, Charles Lee
Baird, Jean K.
Beard, Patten
Brown, Katharine Holland
Bryner, Mary Foster
Connor, Ralph

Curtis, Nettie Lounsbury
Dickson, Harris
Donnell, Annie Hamilton
Doubleday, Russell
Dawes, Charles G.
Duncan, Norman
Ellis, William T.
Forgan, David R.
Fosdick, Harry E.
Fox, Frances Margaret
Goss, Charles Frederic
Grenfell, Wilfred
Gunsaulus, Frank W.
Hughes, Rupert
Harland, Marion
Herrick, Christine Terhune

Hibben, John G.
Jenks, Tudor
Johnston, Julia H.
Johnson, Clifton
Jowett, John H.
Kelman, John
Knight, William Allen
Knobel, Elizabeth
Leonard, Priscilla
Lindsey, Ben B.
Laughlin, Clara E.
Merrill, William P.
Macdonald James A.
Marshall, Thomas R.
Markham, Edwin
McDowell, Mary E.
Montgomery, L. M.
Morgan, G. Campbell
Nesbit, Wilbur D.
Orr, James
Parkhurst, Charles H.
Perkins, Lucy Fitch
Patterson, Ada

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart
Riley, James Whitcomb
Repplier, Agnes
Spargo, John
Smith, Harriet Lummis
Sangster, Margaret E.
Steiner, Edward A.
Smith, Nora Archibald
Swett, Sophie
Stalker, James
Smith, David
Snell, R. J.
Stelzle, Charles
Tiplady, Thomas
Thurston, Mabel Nelson
Taylor, Graham
Van Dyke, Henry
Van de Water, Virginia Terhune
Watson, John (Ian Maclaren)
Wells, Amos R.
Wood, Mary Alden
Wilson, Woodrow
Zwemer, Samuel M.