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Memoirs of a centenarian

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MEMOIRS OF A CENTENARIAN



Arthur J. Brown in his 100th year

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MEMOIRS OF A
CENTENARIAN *by*
ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN

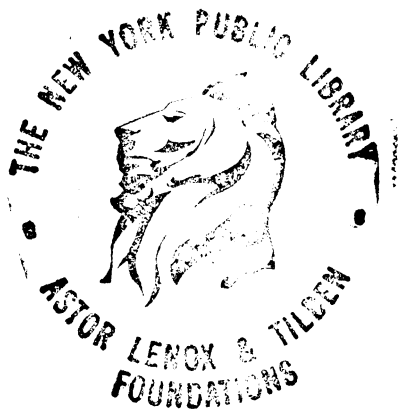
Edited by William N. Wysham

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To My Children

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FOREWORD

After my retirement from active service at the age of seventy-two, my family and several friends urged me to write my memoirs. I demurred. My life had been long and strenuous, and I did not feel like undertaking the labor that this would involve. Nor did I believe that my life was important enough to justify it. I had never kept a diary and would have to depend upon memory and a scattered mass of unarranged material in the files of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and other organizations in which I had served. Continued urging finally led to my acquiescence, subject to the understanding that my memoirs should not be considered as an autobiography for publication but simply an informal narrative for the information and record of my family. This purpose accounts for what would otherwise be the disproportionate space given in the following pages to my personal part in various movements and organizations, since those for whom the memoirs were written insisted that personal incidents and experiences were to them a proper and essential feature of the narrative.

The occasion for the present little book is explained in the following note by my former colleague and longtime friend, the Rev. William N. Wysham, D.D. The extracts from my memoirs were selected by him and edited with my approval. I deeply appreciate his painstaking labor in trying to make a readable book out of recollections and reflections which I had jotted down at various times and had not intended for publication. I am grateful to the Board of Foreign Missions for its kindness in making his services available and for sponsoring publication of the memoirs. This, however, does not imply the Board's endorsement of every opinion that I have expressed.

Arthur J. Brown

EDITOR'S NOTE

As the time drew near to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of Dr. Arthur J. Brown on December 3, 1956, I undertook to prepare a feature story about him for *Presbyterian Life*, a welcome assignment since Dr. Brown had been a friend and mentor to me as a young missionary and acting secretary thirty years before. In my talks with him about this article, I used as source material the informal narrative of which he writes in his Foreword. It seemed to me that much of this material should be made available in printed form, not only to his host of friends but to the general public. The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. enthusiastically endorsed this project in honor of its beloved secretary emeritus.

To share with Dr. Brown the editing of the original manuscript has been a privilege and delight. The keen mind, the unflagging energy and the world-wide vision of this centenarian have amazed me. As editor, I have added a "Postscript" and in that way include material necessary to fill out the picture of an eminently useful and, in some respects, unique life.

W. N. W.

MEMOIRS OF A CENTENARIAN

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Arthur J. Brown in his 50th year

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NEW ENGLAND ORIGIN AND WESTERN EDUCATION

I HAVE NEVER made a personal investigation of my ancestry. According to an uncle's record, the American branch of the family began with the son of a titled Englishman, John Brown, who came to New York about 1770. Whether the record is authentic and what kind of a man John Brown was, I have discreetly refrained from inquiring, lest some family skeleton be exposed. At any rate he got a job and had the wit to marry his employer's daughter, and so prospered. When the Revolution broke out in 1775, his position became difficult. Unwilling to fight his fatherland from which he had so recently come and equally unwilling to fight the people among whom he now lived, he moved to Nova Scotia. His case was not so exceptional as one might infer from popular histories and schoolbooks. There were thousands, including many business and professional men, who continued to adhere to the Crown and who had become so deeply involved in the controversies and tragedies of the war, some as active participants and some as helpless victims, that their position became insupportable.

One of John Brown's sons was my grandfather, Abraham,

who was born in 1784. The eleventh of his twelve sons and daughters was my father, Edwin Thompson Brown, who was born in December, 1831. He spent his early years in the Nova Scotia environment of refugees from war-torn New York. On January 29, 1854, he married Miss Elizabeth R. Marsh, daughter of a neighboring family. Through her mother, whose maiden name was Blackmore, she was a cousin of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of the novel *Lorna Doone*. Soon after the marriage of my parents, they decided to make a home in the United States. They went first to Holliston, Massachusetts, about twenty miles west of Boston. The records of the only church in the village at that time, Congregational, show that they joined it soon after their arrival. In 1858, my father accepted an offer of a better position in a factory in West Brookfield, Massachusetts.

I was one of two children born in Holliston. Two more were born in West Brookfield. Of the others, only one, Elliott Wilbur, born in 1859, lived beyond early childhood. He became a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church and lived to the age of eighty-one.

When the attack on Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861, precipitated the Civil War, my father was among the first New England men to respond to President Lincoln's call of April 15 for volunteers to put down the rebellion. He ignored advice to join in the scramble for commissions, and enlisted as a private in Company C, 21st Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. I was thrilled by the drums and fifes and waving flags as the column marched away; but, as a boy of four, I was too young to understand what it all meant. I saw him only once after that, when he returned two years afterward on a short furlough. He lives in my memory as a tall, handsome man. During his service of nearly three years, my father was engaged in twenty battles. His letters, hurriedly written at the end of strenuous days and during intervals of marching and fighting, graphically describe the varied experiences of a soldier's life, the nights on picket or patrol, the trenches knee-deep in mud and water, the long marches

with irregular and insufficient food, the camps, sometimes in pleasant weather, sometimes in winter storms, and then the desperate fighting amid dead and dying men. As time passed, he was made a corporal and then a sergeant. Later, for distinguished conduct in battle, his commanding officer recommended him for a captain's commission.

During a lull in the battle of Petersburg, July 23, 1864, he was sitting behind a breastwork writing to my mother when a shell inflicted a mortal wound. Four days later, I found my mother weeping over one of those yellow slips of paper from the War Department that saddened the lives of so many women all over the country. His body lies in the National Cemetery at Hopewell, a few miles from Petersburg, and his name is inscribed on the war memorial in the village green in West Brookfield. The war must have brought mourning into almost every home in that New England village, for there are 140 names on the monument.

My mother, widowed at 34, survived her husband 37 years. She was the oldest of thirteen children, seven boys and six girls, many of whom lived extremely useful lives. Three of the brothers became ministers, one an Episcopalian, one a Presbyterian, and one a Congregationalist. Another brother was a college professor and superintendent of schools. Two sisters were schoolteachers and one a Presbyterian missionary in Japan who later married an American Baptist missionary.

I was born December 3, 1856, in Holliston, Massachusetts, and baptized in the local Congregational church. In that typical New England village of the day, living was plain and discipline strict. I was early taught that if I wanted anything we could not afford, I should go without it; that if I desired the good things of life, I must work for them; that if I imagined that the world owed me anything, I would find it hard to collect; and that I should help others instead of expecting them to help me.

After my father's death, my mother with her two small boys, Elliott and myself, joined her sister and her husband in Neenah, Wisconsin. There I came under the ministry of a

man who deeply influenced me in my formative years, the Rev. John E. Chapin, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. When I was eleven he received me into the membership of his church and in my eighteenth year he advised me to study for the ministry. Dr. Chapin recommended his alma mater, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, and there I was enrolled in September, 1875. A year in the preparatory department was followed by the regular classical course of four years.

As a student in college and seminary, my record was uneven. I ranked well in branches that I liked, and just scraped through in branches that I did not like. I was awarded prizes for an essay in my Junior year and for an oration at commencement, but I had no linguistic aptitude and language study was drudgery. My major college interests were in history, sociology and political economy, which had minor places in the curricula of those days. But my kindly professor of Greek forgave my stumbling over its verbs when he learned that I had read Curtius' five-volume history of Greece and written a prize essay on Greek culture. The professor of Latin was equally forbearing when he found that I had read Mommsen's three-volume and Gibbon's six-volume histories of the Roman Empire. My dread of the examination in Hebrew for licensure was soothed when the chairman of the Presbytery committee wrote a week in advance that he would examine me in the Hebrew of the twenty-third Psalm. I boned up and all was well.

Another interest in my college years was outside of the required studies. Wabash then had an elective military department under a retired colonel of the regular army. He commissioned me a lieutenant in my freshman year, and the last two years of the college course I was senior captain and cadet commander of the battalion. Also among the pleasant remembrances of my Wabash course was the fellowship found in the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

My college years were not easy financially. The death of my father in the Civil War and the disastrous years that followed had left my mother in straitened circumstances. I

therefore did what many other students have done—worked at various jobs, mowing lawns, weeding gardens, picking apples, and in winter tending fires and shoveling snow. For several years I rose at five o'clock and studied two hours before breakfast so that the afternoon recreation periods could be devoted to earning money. In the latter part of the course, there was helpful compensation as soloist in a church choir and organist in the college chapel. I had no musical training, except a few lessons by a local teacher, but I loved music and was blessed with what he said was a "good baritone voice."

Two vacation walking trips were among the interesting incidents of those college years. A chance newspaper article about Wyandotte Cave in southern Indiana, 126 miles from Crawfordsville, led to an ardent desire to visit it which three fellow students shared. We couldn't afford to go by train or stay at hotels. Why not tramp it? So the first day of a vacation we sallied forth with only a knapsack containing a few socks, a change of underwear, towel, soap and toothbrush. We did not stop in towns, and seldom in villages. Once, as we rested on the outskirts of a village, a zealous constable took us for tramps, sneered at our story and ordered us to "move on and be quick about it or I'll run you in." We moved. When hungry, we usually went to a farmhouse, explained that we were students on a walking trip and inquired if we might buy some food. Almost invariably we were hospitably welcomed and our offered payment was refused. The farmers' wives mothered us and their boys and girls eagerly listened to accounts of our novel experiences. We spent the nights wherever we happened to be when darkness fell. If a barn was in sight, we asked permission to sleep in it. This was more or less readily given, except by one surly farmer who threatened to set his dog on us if we didn't get out immediately. As we didn't like the dog's looks, we promptly departed. Half a mile along the road we saw a haystack in a field. It was that or the wet ground, and we snuggled into it. The weather was chilly, but we were tired and soon slept. In the night I was vaguely conscious

of something warm beside me, and, on investigating, found that my bedfellow was a fat hog which had chosen the haystack for the same reason that I had.

That experience was so wonderful that the following year, in company with one classmate, I tramped to the famous Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The round trip to the caves covered about 650 miles, all on foot except for an occasional lift of a few miles by a passing farmer. Strong, roomy shoes, cold water and laundry soap at every opportunity kept our feet in good condition. Ignorant of germs, we drank whatever water was available when we were thirsty. Our food varied from a few cents worth of crackers and cheese or a can of sardines from a village grocery, to a dinner of corned beef, salt pork, vegetables and apple pie at a farmer's table. We washed our socks and underclothes in convenient streams and hung them on bushes to dry. Chilly nights and rain-soaked garments did not make us catch cold, and both trips ended with tanned faces, hardened muscles and a joyous conviction that open-air tramping is more fun than railroad trains.

I was graduated from college in June, 1880, and in September entered Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati. (It was later merged with McCormick Seminary, Chicago, on whose roll of alumni I have since been carried.) Lane had an able and scholarly faculty, and the professors took a personal interest in their students. I took the usual studies in the three-year course, served as chapel organist, had some practical work as student assistant in a city church, and preached occasionally in small churches which deemed my fledgling sermons adequately compensated by an honorarium of five dollars.

Among the pleasant memories of those years in Cincinnati was the opportunity to indulge my love for music. The city was famous as a musical center, and the concerts of its Festival Chorus, conducted by the celebrated Theodore Thomas, were events that attracted thousands of music lovers. Learning that auditions were to be given for a few additional baritones, I applied and had the good fortune to be

accepted. The training in rehearsals and the concert renditions of classical compositions, especially the great oratorios of Bach, Handel and Haydn, were inspiring. I can still follow *The Messiah* without a score.

My love for music once brought me the kindly but definite disapproval of the seminary professors. The famous Adeline Patti came to Cincinnati to sing in grand opera, and three of us went to hear her and revelled in her glorious voice. Two days later the matter was discussed in a faculty meeting, and one of its members was appointed to explain to us that public opinion, even among non-churchgoers, did not respect ministers who attended operas, theatres and played cards, and that we "mustn't do so any more." So we learned that the ministry, like some other professions and social classes, is limited by the conventional opinion of a given time, and that when no principle is involved, acts innocent in themselves may be inadvisable. "All things are lawful for me, but not all things are expedient," said Paul.

In the final examinations, my operatic lapse from grace was ignored, and I was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, May 14, 1883.

2

TWELVE YEARS AS A PASTOR

A MONTH after my graduation from the theological seminary, I was ordained by the Wisconsin Presbytery of Winnebago in which I had been enrolled as a student for the ministry and, at its request, took charge of the small, recently organized church in Ripon. On July 10, 1883, I married the woman I had long loved, Miss Jennie E. Thomas of Fond du Lac, with whom I was to have a happy wedded companionship of nearly 63 years.

The congregation was to pay me \$400 a year and the Board of Home Missions in New York was to add \$600. However, in those days five cents bought a vegetable for dinner, a dime bought a dozen eggs, fifteen cents a pound of steak, and ten dollars paid a month's rent for our cozy cottage of six rooms with a lawn, garden and barn. My congregation included a number of farmers scattered about the countryside, and we had a horse and buggy for pastoral work. The farmers and their wives always gave us a hospitable welcome and usually put into the buggy a bag of apples, a squash or a chicken. If an occasional farmer took the gift of a ham or turkey into account in determining the

amount of his contribution to the church, I pretended not to know it. The farmers had very little money and were accustomed to pay their bills "in kind."

The church treasurer and chairman of the trustees was a retired farmer. I had been warned that he was not an easy man to get along with and that he might be troublesome. At my first call, he was in the barn currying a splendid black stallion. I love a fine horse and enthusiastically shared his admiration. "Do you ride him?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, "no one has ever tried to do that."

On a sudden impulse I said: "Would you let me try some day?"

"Do you want to risk your neck?" he exclaimed.

I was already secretly repenting my rashness, but it was too late to back down. My fear proved groundless. He was an intelligent horse, and after bribery and corruption with sundry lumps of sugar had convinced him of my friendship, he allowed me to saddle and ride him with only slight protest at first. The delighted owner told me to take him out as often as I liked, and that trustee became the pastor's loyal supporter.

A privilege which meant much to a young minister was election by the Presbytery as a commissioner to the General Assembly of May, 1884, which met that year in Saratoga Springs, N. Y. It was a memorable experience, including a day at Niagara Falls en route and participation for ten days in sessions of the national judicatory of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

I was not satisfied with the situation in Ripon. About half of the population of 3,500 was composed of Roman Catholics and German Lutherans with their own churches. For the other half there had been three churches—Baptist, Congregational and Methodist. The pastor of the Methodist church had been deposed for stealing books. Thirty-five members of his congregation, believing him to be innocent, set up an independent church under his leadership. He soon left and the zealous state superintendent of Presbyterian Home Missions induced the thirty-five aggrieved ex-Meth-

odists to organize as a Presbyterian church, the historical difference between Arminian and Calvinistic theology troubling him and them not a whit. The congregation was worshipping in a rented building and its only possessions were a wheezy reed organ and a few second-hand hymn-books.

The enthusiasm with which I had entered the ministry was chilled by the thought that my opportunity to preach the Gospel had been created by a dispute in an already over-churched community. However, apparent success was speedy. The pastor of the large Congregational church began to advocate views which some of his flock deemed heretical, and the dissatisfied families turned to the Presbyterian services in such numbers that our place of worship was crowded. The town was not growing, and I concluded that building up a church by taking advantage of the troubles of other churches was not what I had gone into the ministry for. Therefore, when a call came to a more promising field, I accepted it. The congregation secured another minister who struggled along three years and when he left, the church died. There were no mourners, for it had become clear that the church never should have been born.

My call out of that unpromising situation was due to the unconscious influence of my wife. A friend wrote me that Dr. William Gray of Chicago, editor of *The Interior*, then one of the most influential religious newspapers in the country, was an ardent fisherman and would soon come to Ripon to try the bass fishing in Green Lake a few miles distant. Would I reserve a room for him at a hotel, meet him and give him any information he might need?

My wife said: "Don't take him to that poor hotel. We had better entertain him in our home."

We did, and had pleasant days and good fishing with the famous editor, then about sixty years of age. I learned long afterward that, following his return, he had said to Mrs. Gray: "I don't know what kind of a preacher young Arthur Brown is, but he has a mighty fine wife. Suppose you invite them to spend the Christmas holidays with us." The resul-

tant visit in their charming home in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, was a turning point in our lives.

After our arrival, Dr. Gray said that he wanted me to supply the pulpit of the recently organized Presbyterian church the following Sunday. Whatever the defects of my sermon, they were more than compensated for by the personality of my wife, and the outcome was a unanimous call to the pastorate of that fine young church.

The transition from a small town to a suburb of a great city brought us into a different environment. The congregation was almost wholly composed of Chicago business and professional men and their families. But they were wonderfully kind to their young and inexperienced pastor, only a year and a half out of the theological seminary. The population of the suburb was growing rapidly and Dr. Gray was like a father to us. The congregation steadily increased and an attractive edifice was erected and paid for.

A feature of our services, which drew large evening congregations, was a series of historical sermons. My interest in history, formed in college, had strengthened in the theological seminary and carried into the pastorate. Available hours each week were devoted to the study of a particular period in the history of the Church and the result was presented in a series of six or seven lectures, incarnating the subject in the person of its outstanding representative; for example, "Augustine—Christianity Comes to England," "Luther—the Reformation," etc. This practice was continued throughout the twelve years of my pastorates. The series dealt with all the principal periods of the Christian Church, from the apostolic age to the nineteenth century.

As Oak Park was then, as now, in the Presbytery of Chicago, my pastorate brought me into relations with the ministers and elders of its numerous churches and the professors of McCormick Theological Seminary. In the second year after my installation, I was appointed chairman of the committee of Presbytery on one of the boards of the Church, and the following year elected Moderator of the Presbytery.

The circumstances which led to my call from Oak Park again illustrated the unexpected incidents which have ordered my life. The First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco asked the Rev. Aaron L. Lindsley of San Francisco Theological Seminary to suggest a minister for its pastorate. Dr. Lindsley, having no one in mind, wrote to the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. He, without consulting me, recommended me. When his letter arrived, Dr. Lindsley, having learned that the San Francisco church had become interested in another man, did not mention Dr. Johnson's letter but sent it to the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, Oregon, of which he was formerly pastor. What further inquiry, if any, the church made I do not know, but "out of the blue" came a call to its pastorate, with a generous check for the expenses of a visit if I desired to look the field over before deciding. My first impulse was to decline. I knew nothing about the church and had no thought of leaving my happy pastorate in Oak Park. But one could not well refuse to visit the church which had so generously committed itself to a stranger.

So for the first time I made the long trip to the Pacific Coast. The ten days with the church convinced me that it was a field of greater importance than I had supposed. Whereas in San Francisco the leading families were outside of the Protestant churches, in Portland the principal bankers, merchants and lawyers were members of the First Presbyterian Church. It was the strongest congregation in the three northwestern states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and, at the time, on the whole Pacific Coast. Other large churches have developed since, but the First Church of Portland has also developed and is now one of the great churches of America.

After my second Sunday in Portland, I told the officers of the church that as the congregation had called me before they had heard or seen me, I deemed it wise to return their call and go home without committing myself, and that if they desired the matter to go further, they should have an-

other meeting of the congregation to ascertain whether the people were of the same mind. On the journey back, the train conductor brought me a telegram stating that the call had been unanimously ratified.

Thus it came about that after a pastorate of three years and a half in Oak Park, we began our life in Portland, Oregon, in May, 1888. A delegation from the church welcomed us at the station. The next morning an understanding woman took charge of our two lively boys for the day. Another aided us in making needed purchases, and two more in getting settled in the manse, an attractive residence of ten rooms. Two maids were on hand and we were quickly and comfortably established in our new home.

The church was then worshipping in a frame building in a downtown district, but within a year after our arrival, work was begun on the present stately stone edifice in a better location. Its cost, \$250,000, was a large sum in those days when labor and materials were much cheaper than now.

My heart is vibrant with memories of the seven years in Portland. They were strenuous years. In addition to the exacting pulpit and parish duties, the pastor of the leading church of the city and state was expected to make addresses on all sorts of occasions and to serve on numerous committees and organizations. This meant additional burdens, but I felt that a minister owes something to the community as well as to his local congregation and that efforts for social betterment and united Christian service have a right to expect his cooperation. Moreover, I believed that it is the duty of ministers not only to preach the Gospel but to aid in applying it to practical problems of life and society. So when I learned that there were gross abuses in some of the institutions for dependent and defective classes, I inaugurated a movement for a State Board of Charities to supervise them. Profiteers fought the bill, but the legislature passed it and the governor signed it.

My indignation was aroused, too, when a distressed mother told me that her son of fourteen, who was helping to support her and her younger children as a messenger boy,

was often sent to saloons where he was invited to drink and to brothels where the girls made advances to him. I got busy, and, with the backing of an influential committee and an aroused public sentiment, a municipal ordinance was secured forbidding under penalty the sending of minors into saloons, gambling dens and houses of ill fame.

The effort to prevent the sending of boys into evil resorts led to an effort to do something for their welfare. I presented the matter to a fine young Scotchman, a bank teller and a devoted member of our church. He responded with enthusiasm. A Boys' Brigade was organized and a spacious room in the basement of the church was fitted up for meetings, games, reading, etc. A large number of interested boys were soon enrolled, and the church room became a popular place. An event in the lives of many boys in poor families, as well as in some others, was a Thanksgiving Day dinner to which all the newsboys and messenger boys of the city were invited. More than 400 came. A trustee of the church, who was a bank president and former United States Senator, presided and paid the bill. Candy, apples and oranges were on the table when the delighted boys poured in. They dutifully bowed their heads when I invoked the blessing of God. But when I opened my eyes after the Amen, all the candy and fruit had disappeared.

My curiosity was aroused by the prices of ready-made boys' clothes. Inquiry disclosed that they were made in "sweat shops," crowded, unsanitary tenements, by pitifully underpaid women who, as in the time of Thomas Hood, toiled with fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red, in poverty, hunger and dirt. My sermon on the subject was published in full the next morning by the leading newspaper of the city and was widely reprinted.

These activities were not without opposition. Men whose financial interests were involved, and politicians whom they influenced, roundly denounced "the meddling parson." Even some friendly pastors shook their heads. One venerable minister kindly advised me to avoid such subjects and "stick to the Gospel." However, my congregation stood loyally with

me. Of course, such sermons were exceptional, but in all my ministry I held firmly to the conviction so clearly expressed in the New Testament, that the Gospel of Christ is for the whole man in his whole life and all its relationships.

Appointment as chaplain of the First Regiment of the Oregon National Guard, with the rank of captain, brought me into touch with hundreds of fine young men with whom I might not otherwise have come in contact. I attended their regimental drills, opened a reading room in the armory, accompanied them on their annual encampments and rode with them on parades and special occasions. It was an interesting experience to ride a restive horse in a Fourth of July parade, with blaring bands and mischievous boys throwing firecrackers at our horses to see them jump. I was more fortunate than some of my fellow staff officers, for a member of my church loaned me his thoroughbred mare, high-strung and prancing sometimes, but too intelligent to make trouble. Twice a year the regiment in full uniform marched to the church for Sunday evening services.

The population of the city rapidly increased and the membership of the church with it. Many young men from eastern states came to Oregon in the belief that it afforded better opportunities than the more static communities of their boyhood. Some were college graduates, and nearly all were active, ambitious youths. Most of them did not find it easy to get a start and were lonely in boarding houses. To help them in adjusting themselves to their new environment, I organized the young men of my congregation into a Brotherhood of Andrew under the presidency of a prominent young business man, and they did a fine work in looking up these strangers, aiding them in finding employment and welcoming them to the fellowship of the church. In dealing with these young men, as well as those in the regiment of the National Guard, we were careful to be fair to other churches. When inquiry developed that there was a membership or a family association with some other denomination, advice was always given to go to it and word was sent to the pastor and, in the case of Roman Catholics, to a priest.

After the completion of our large and beautiful new church edifice, the question arose: "Why not invite the Presbyterian General Assembly to meet in Portland?" As it would be too large an undertaking for a single congregation, the officers of the First Church invited representatives of other churches, the Chamber of Commerce and editors of the city newspapers to a conference. The result was enthusiastic concurrence, and I was asked to visit the denominational headquarters in Philadelphia and New York to set forth the advantages of Portland as a place of meeting, and then to present the invitation to the next General Assembly in Detroit. The Assembly had never met west of Omaha and the proposal to take it across the continent seemed formidable. Eastern ignorance of what was supposed to be a primitive frontier was illustrated by the kindly Pennsylvania woman who wrote that if we needed a piano for the meetings, she would secure one for us. However, in spite of some fathers in Israel who thought Oregon too far away, the Assembly voted to meet the following year in Portland.

Thus it was that in May, 1892, Presbyterian ministers and elders from every state in the country poured into Portland. With the commissioners came representatives of the boards, special committees, and delegates to the meetings of the women's boards of home and foreign missions. Many commissioners were accompanied by their wives. The total number of visitors was about 2,000. The weather was perfect throughout the ten days of the sessions. The famous Portland roses were in full bloom. Every morning little girls with baskets of them went down the aisles giving flowers to the pleased commissioners, who called the Assembly the "Rose Assembly." Expenses for rooms and meals as well as travel are borne by General Assemblies, but the generous people of Portland refused to accept compensation, and for the first and only time in the history of the denomination, the whole membership of the Portland Assembly was entertained without charge. The visitors carried back to their homes glowing reports that made Portland and the First Church favorably known throughout the country.

The church thoughtfully recognized the burdens that the meeting of the Assembly had brought upon its pastor by giving me a vacation of three months, during which my wife and I joined an excursion to Alaska. It was an unforgettable experience to journey along the island-studded coast amid scenes of beauty, sublimity and historic associations. We saw the birth of icebergs as a long glacier, moving imperceptibly but definitely down from a snowy mountain, reached the sea and, pushed out into deep water by the mighty mass behind, broke off with a thundering roar, throwing hundreds of tons of water high into the air and falling and rising several times before floating out to the ocean.

In 1894 the Presbytery of Portland elected me a commissioner to the General Assembly, which met that year in Saratoga, New York. Learning that there was a movement to elect me moderator, I endeavored to stop it. This was not mock modesty. It was a time of heated theological controversy and many people felt that the main business of the Assembly was to deal with the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., professor of Hebrew in my seminary days, and on trial for an interpretation of the Old Testament that is generally accepted now but was then deemed heretical. I, therefore, said that the Assembly surely would not elect as its presiding officer a former student and personal friend of the accused professor. Friends admitted this but urged that I should stand as the representative of the commissioners who, while deprecating the extreme views of Dr. Smith, felt that heresy trials were not the proper way to deal with questions of that kind, that they were injuring the peace of the Church and not promoting the purity of its faith. There was the expected result, but the opponents of heresy-hunting were gratified by a vote so close that a recount was ordered and the other nominee, a well-known Philadelphia conservative, won by a majority of only three. It was a strenuous Assembly for me, as I was chairman of the Committee on Home Missions. This meant a lot of work in reviewing the operations, finances and policies of that great Board, some of which were being sharply criticized.

An even greater task was the chairmanship of a joint committee of the Assembly's Committees on Home and Foreign Missions to deal with an overture to compel the two boards to abandon their plan to sell their old building at 53 Fifth Avenue, New York, and erect an adequate headquarters building at 156 Fifth Avenue. The case was argued by two prominent New York lawyers and long night sessions were necessary. The Committee's decision in favor of the new building was ratified by a large majority of the Assembly and "156 Fifth Avenue" has become known throughout the world as a great center of Christian activity.

I had accepted invitations to preach at a Sunday morning service and to make addresses at a popular meeting of the Assembly and also at a Memorial Day mass meeting under the auspices of the mayor and council of the city. As it was a city-sponsored occasion, it was preceded by a band and parade of military and civic organizations. About five thousand people crowded the convention hall. It was a trying hour for me—a vast audience, an auditorium of poor acoustics, no amplifier, stifling heat, and the noise of traffic and outside voices through open doors and windows. How many heard or cared what I said, I do not know, but if my alleged "oration" was not impressive, the close of the meeting was, as with a mighty roar the assembled thousands, led by the band and a large chorus choir, sang *The Star Spangled Banner*.

Portland was kind to me. No pastor could have had a more loyal people. The Presbytery of Portland and, in 1893, the Synod of Oregon elected me moderator. I received credit that I did not deserve for the growth and generosity of the church. The leading business and professional men in the city were in the church when I came to it. The city was growing rapidly and many of the newcomers were attracted by our beautiful building, fine music, and influential congregation. A pastor in such circumstances had every advantage. Although there were many additions by letter from other parts of the country, the statistical department of the General Assembly published a table in 1895 which showed that,

in the period 1888-1894, the proportion of new members received on confession of faith by the First Church of Portland was one of the highest in the country. Here, as in my former pastorates, the popularity of the church was greatly enhanced by my wife, who was beloved and welcomed everywhere. I suspect that people sometimes overlooked my shortcomings out of affection for her.

One morning in March, 1895, a telegram from the President of the Board of Foreign Missions, New York, announced my election as an Administrative Secretary of the Board. There had been no previous intimation. My activities outside of my church had been in the field of home missions and I had not supposed that anyone had ever thought of me in connection with foreign missions. Calls to other churches and to a theological seminary had not tempted me to leave my fine and growing church. But a month of hesitation and correspondence led to the conclusion that the call to New York should be accepted. Our kind parishioners showered us with farewell functions and presents, and on the first day of May we left the city which had been our home for seven busy, happy years, where three of our children were born, and from which our departure meant not only a change of residence but a change of the type of Christian service in which I had expected to spend my life.

I have a grateful memory of the congregations that I served in my three pastorates. Critics allege that ministers live in a restricted sphere and do not know real life. The fact is that few other men touch life at so many points. Although my parishioners were predominantly of the educated, well-to-do classes, they included families of all social and financial levels, from millionaires to day laborers. Anxiety, illness, bereavement come to rich and poor alike, and the minister deals with them all. In a single week in Portland, in addition to the preparation of two sermons, a midweek lecture and an after-dinner address, I counselled with a clerk who had lost his job, a mother worried about her son, a sick carpenter, workmen who were planning a strike, married two couples, baptized two babies and conducted the funerals

of a banker, a plumber's wife and a seduced girl who, finding herself pregnant and abandoned, had committed suicide. Life! The minister sees it in all its aspects and the tug upon his heartstrings is sometimes heavy. But the friendships formed and the knowledge that one is walking where the Master trod are high compensation. Following these varied relationships and privileges, other duties were now to be undertaken.

3

EXPERIENCES OF A FOREIGN MISSIONS EXECUTIVE

THE transcontinental journey from Oregon to New York then required nearly six days. Our five children found it tiresome to be cooped up so long, and when the twins (aged two) developed whooping cough, the mother had her hands full. However, after they had whooped as far as Chicago, the remainder of the journey was made in comparative quiet.

Before leaving Portland I had arranged through a friend to rent a home for us in East Orange. We remained in that community fourteen years, then lived for five years in the neighboring suburb of Montclair. In 1914 we moved into New York City where we have lived ever since.

I entered the offices of the Board of Foreign Missions June 1, 1895, at the age of thirty-eight. The personal transition from the pastorate proved to be easier than we had anticipated. Having lived so many years in the middle and far West, we had no acquaintances in New York except the few ministers we had met at meetings of the General Assembly. But we were soon made to feel that we were among friends. Our experience confirmed the remark of Secretary Emeritus John C. Lowry: "You will find that the supporters of foreign

missions are among the best people in the churches." Some of the prominent business and professional men of the city were actively interested in foreign missions, and their wives were attracted by the charm and culture of my wife, so that we had many invitations to their homes.

The official transition from a local congregation to the headquarters of a world-wide organization involved a great change in my work. In Portland, my major duties were pulpit and pastoral; in New York they were administrative and plat-form. The operations of the Board of Foreign Missions, which were greatly expanded in later years, were on a large scale even then. They were in sixteen different countries in Asia, Africa, Central and South America. The field force at that time consisted of 2,602 American missionaries and native workers. The work included evangelistic activities, churches, schools of all types from kindergartens to universities, hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, asylums for lepers and the insane, schools for the blind and deaf, translations of the Bible, books, tracts and periodicals in a score of languages, printing presses annually publishing hundreds of millions of pages. The investment in land, buildings and equipment, gradually acquired through many years, exceeded \$60,000,000 and the annual budget was then more than a million dollars. The expenditure of dollars in the fluctuating currencies of Asia, Africa and South America involved difficult problems in foreign exchange. Tons of supplies for missionaries and their work were purchased and shipped. An average of over a hundred legacies a year brought lands, buildings, bonds and stocks which had to be handled till sold and the proceeds expended or invested.

The executive staff of this vast and varied enterprise then consisted of four secretaries and a treasurer. As all decisions were made by them in joint council, each was supposed to be able to discuss every question and to vote intelligently upon it. Each one, too, had to do his share in developing the interest and contributions of the home churches, since the dependence of the Board was on the voluntary gifts of Presbyterians throughout the country. The enlargement of the

Board's operations in later years is indicated by the fact that its authorized budget for the year 1957 is \$9,112,398.

For administrative responsibilities in such an organization, it was clear that a secretary who, like myself, had never been outside of the United States, needed a personal knowledge of the foreign as well as the home field. There were, too, conditions in China which called for the personal presence of an officer of the Board. Accordingly, after making satisfactory arrangements for our children with relatives, my wife and I sailed from San Francisco, March 15, 1901, on a Japanese steamship. Its size, 6,000 tons, seems small in these later days of huge liners, but we had a comfortable voyage. A day in Honolulu gave us enjoyable drives about that beautiful city and short but interesting visits with hospitable friends.

We were a year and a half on this tour, visiting Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Siam, India, Egypt, Syria and Palestine. Except in India, there were few railroads in Asia in those days and we used a variety of conveyances: a chair between two bamboo poles on the shoulders of Korean porters; three weeks in the swaying seat of a Chinese litter borne by two mules of divergent ideas; a cumbersome houseboat for two hundred miles up the Menam River and then two weeks on elephants through the jungles of northern Siam. We slept in the comfort of missionaries' homes and in vermin-infested inns; amid cockroaches in small coasting vessels, red ants in a forest tent, and bedbugs in a quarantine station. But these were common experiences of itinerating missionaries and seemed trivial at the time. The greatest trial during the whole year and a half was the blinding heat in Chicago en route to San Francisco.

In 1909, I again visited China, Japan and Korea. Railroads then enabled us to cover ground more rapidly than in the former tour. In the province of Shantung we sped in a few hours a distance that our plodding mules had taken two weeks to cover eight years before.

These visits to the mission fields gave me an understanding of the work and workers which profoundly influenced all my subsequent activities as an administrative secretary.

My extensive reports were published by the Board in two volumes entitled "Report on a Tour of Asia" and "Report on a Second Tour of Asia." The publicity given to these tours brought numerous requests for addresses and conferences. Our return from the first tour in 1902 was at a time of widespread interest in the anti-foreign Boxer movement in China and in our country's recent acquisition of the Philippine Islands, but few had visited the Philippines or knew anything about them. A member of Congress stated that the inhabitants were the descendants of the people to whom St. Paul had written his epistle!

There was general uncertainty as to the responsibility that our government had incurred in taking the archipelago from Spain. President Theodore Roosevelt, who had been suddenly brought into office by the assassination of President McKinley, was seeking information from anyone who could give it. Hearing that I had recently returned from a tour of Asia which included the Philippines, he asked me to come to a luncheon conference on the subject at the White House. As the interview involved the policy of the mission boards in sending American missionaries to the Philippines, I am including here some extracts from my notes of our conversation.

The President asked whether the numerous Roman Catholic friars were likely to be a help or hindrance in establishing order under American rule. I replied that the hatred of the people for the friars was based on long and painful experience and that the ignorance and fanaticism of the friars, most of whom were Spanish peasants of the medieval type, gave small promise of a cooperative policy on their part. Inasmuch, however, as the Roman Catholic Church would certainly remain in the Philippines, and as forcible ejection of the friars would doubtless cause a hue and cry about religious persecution, it would be better if the Roman Catholic authorities would substitute the higher type of American priests and friars for the Spanish. (The Roman Catholic authorities afterwards did this on their own accord.)

Mr. Roosevelt inquired about our missionary policy. I re-

plied that in a country where for centuries the only Church the people had known was an organic and dominant part of the government, we deemed it important that the Filipinos should not get the impression that the Protestant missionaries were agents of the American Government or affiliated with it in any way. They neither expected nor desired special favors from the civil authorities. Nor did they intend to allow the Protestant mission to degenerate into a controversy with the Roman Catholic Church. Their purpose was constructive and distinctively religious, and they claimed only the independence and freedom in the Philippines that the Roman Catholic Church had in the United States. The President indicated his approval.

The general question of our relationship to Asiatic peoples was then discussed. The President expressed the conviction that Americans had now been brought into such close contact with them that our foreign policy should take it into account and that our relations with the Filipinos and all Asian peoples should be characterized by fairness and friendship.

The President spoke at length of the United States as a power in the Pacific and the Far East and concurred when I quoted Benjamin Kidd's statement that we should recognize the futility of any policy based on the assumption that we could keep out of the Pacific Area if we wanted to; that the question whether we ought to have gone into the Philippines was now academic; that we were there and could not withdraw, and that the real question was: In what spirit should we remain?

After our second visit to the missions in Asia, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, representing the boards of many denominations in the United States and Canada, appointed me chairman of a Committee on the Relations of Missions and Governments. The problems involved in this relationship were numerous, and sometimes difficult, and I had to deal with them many times during my chairmanship of this Committee for ten years. My duties took me to Washington several times for interviews, occasionally with Presidents, often with Secretaries of State and Chairmen of the

Senate and House Committees on Foreign Affairs. We were invariably received courteously. We were known to have no political or personal interest to serve and to be concerned only with matters affecting religious freedom and friendly international relations. So they talked freely with us.

The mission boards would prefer to have no relations with governments. It is their policy to avoid them as far as possible. They are loyal to the American principle of the separation of Church and State. They ask no favors of governments, no consideration for themselves or the missionaries on account of the religious nature of their work. Missionaries, however, are American citizens, otherwise they could not secure passports and visas to enter other countries. As citizens they come under the treaties between their own and other governments and the jurisdiction of legation and consular officials, whether they want to or not. Property to the value of many millions of dollars in schools, colleges, hospitals, orphanages, residences, etc. is regarded as American property and, if destroyed by mobs, American consuls deem it their duty to take up the matter with the local officials and to report to their own government. More than once, when I informed the State Department in Washington that the boards and missionaries did not desire indemnity for losses or to have military protection, the State Department replied that it must act upon its own responsibility in matters affecting American citizens in other countries and that it could not discriminate between them because of their occupation.

Problems of relationship with governments in other lands were often far more difficult than with our own government. Missionary work is conducted in nearly all the countries of Asia, Africa, Central and South America and among peoples of varying customs, religions, political and social traditions. There are nearly always problems and troubles somewhere. I had to deal with more of them than most officers of mission boards, partly because of my chairmanship of an interdenominational committee, and partly because the most serious difficulties were in the countries of eastern Asia which were in my department of the Presbyterian Board's work.

The most serious troubles have involved missionaries not because they were missionaries but because they were foreigners. The destruction of missionary life and property in the Boxer uprising of 1900 in China was by mobs who did not discriminate between foreigners of various occupations and nationalities, and who attacked traders, consuls, diplomats, missionaries, French, British, Germans and Americans alike. Several governments, corporations and mission boards were involved in the resultant lengthy and complicated negotiations, and my part in them added heavily to my work and anxieties for over two years.

Other serious and prolonged difficulties were involved in Japan's annexation of Korea in 1910. The Japanese at once adopted the policy of assimilating the Koreans as subjects of Japan and they resented the influence over the Koreans of the 400 foreign missionaries. They particularly objected to having Korean children educated by Americans in the numerous mission schools. They insisted that education is the exclusive function of the State and that private and church schools could not be permitted except under strict government regulations, which included prescribing textbooks, forbidding religious teaching, requiring worship of the Emperor, and other exactions.

My major responsibilities as Secretary of a large Board of Foreign Missions were administrative, but considerable public speaking was required. Annual meetings of the General Assembly in May and of the Synods in September and October usually involved absences of ten to twelve days. After my visits to the mission fields, invitations became more numerous and pressing. Interest in Asia and its peoples was growing, and returned travelers who had "seen them at first hand" were not as common then as now. The calls were for all sorts of occasions and from many parts of the country. The added tax upon time and strength was considerable, as my administrative work in the office had to be kept up. But this service, exacting as it was, kept me in touch with the home churches and enriched my life with the friendship of many fine people whom otherwise I might never have known.

One series of lectures which I gave in circumstances of special interest was under the auspices of the New York Board of Education. The Jewish director of the bureau advertised the courses as "Interesting and Instructive Lectures on Asia by a World Traveler." They were given evenings for four successive years, each course consisting of six lectures. The places were in different parts of the city—the Metropolitan Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Irving High School, and Cooper Union Institute. The audiences were large. Those that impressed me most deeply were in the auditorium of Cooper Union. Unlike the museums in the uptown residential districts, Cooper Institute is in a region of downtown tenements of the poorer classes. But it would be an error to assume that the so-called common people are not interested in serious subjects. Official reports state that public libraries in that section of the city have a higher percentage of calls for books on sociology, philosophy and science than the libraries in the prosperous sections. So I was not surprised when I faced audiences of over a thousand plainly dressed working men and women who poured in on wintry nights and listened intently to lectures of nearly an hour on the social, industrial and intellectual movements among the vast populations of Asia. At the close, a large number usually complied with the invitation to ask questions from the floor. It was a mentally strenuous but rewarding experience.

Comparatively few of the incidents in a long secretaryship have been mentioned in this chapter. Others will be referred to later in connection with the subjects to which they relate. The one that caused the most difficulty at the time was the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy a generation ago. It has happily subsided but it sharply divided the Church and the Missions then. Each party tried to secure the support of the Board in its opposition to the other and denounced Dr. Speer and me for our refusal. We insisted that, under our Presbyterian system, the Board is not an ecclesiastical body and has no judicial authority in matters of doctrine. It is an agency of the General Assembly for conducting the mission-

ary work of the whole Church and not for any party as against another party. Of course an evangelical faith is an essential qualification for a missionary but if there is any doubt about it in a given case, the presbytery and not the Board is the lawful judge. This position was approved by the Board and the following May by the General Assembly.

The subject of missionary administration is more fully discussed in my book, *The Foreign Missionary*. It was not a board secretary but an independent observer, Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the most widely circulated religious newspaper in the United States, who wrote of a Board of Foreign Missions:

To be conversant with its work is to have a liberal education on the subject of missions. The Committee is made up for the most part of leaders of the Church. It would be impossible to find a better place for study of national and international facts, tendencies and forces. Within the Committee's membership are men who can speak with definite personal knowledge concerning the conditions of life in every part of the inhabited world. Detailed information is given concerning each field both at home and abroad. Under the Committee's careful scrutiny from year to year passes the consideration of the important events that transpire upon the wide field upon which the Church is carrying forward her ministries of blessing. The significance of these events, especially their relationship to the growth of the kingdom of God, is taken into account and becomes the basis of the ever-watchful policy of the Society. Here are scholars, diplomats, statesmen; here are also wise, far-seeing business men of great good sense, of large and successful experience. Great world movements are discussed in the most intelligent and edifying manner by broad men of foresight, insight, and outlook. Provincialism has no bearing. Narrowness may not survive in an atmosphere like this.

In all the varied and extensive work of the Presbyterian Board, I had an active part for thirty-four years, 1895-1929. From its organization in 1837 to 1922, the secretaries were of coordinate rank, and the Woman's Board was a separate organization. In 1922, the General Assembly ordered the merging of the two boards. The consolidated Board was so much larger and its official staff so much more numerous that the

Board abandoned the former coordination of its officers. Dr. Robert E. Speer and I became general executive officers of the Board, charged with the supervision of its entire work at home and abroad; the other officers, and additional ones appointed from time to time, were assigned to the various subsidiary departmental and district positions. The rearrangement of duties enabled me to devolve some of the routine office work upon the departmental secretaries and to give more time to questions of policies and methods and to the increasing number of interdenominational and international movements to which the missionary enterprise was related.

My life is rich with grateful memories of the men and women with whom I was associated for the period of my official service. They were able, wise and devoted, as are their present successors. Since Robert E. Speer was the only one with whom I was associated during the entire thirty-four years of my secretaryship, perhaps it is natural that he should loom largest in my memory. He was a man of towering qualities, a magnetic Christian leader, one of the really great men I have known in a long life.

Of the missionaries I have written much in other books and could write much more. My records do not give the number I have personally known, but it is in the thousands. I thank God for my high privilege in cooperating with them through so many years.

4

CHURCH COOPERATION AND UNION

THE COOPERATION and union of Churches and their operating agencies have been one of the major interests of my life. I have described in a former chapter my early experience as the young pastor of a Presbyterian church organized by a zealous denominationalist in an already over-churched community. Similar conditions then prevailed throughout the United States. Today thousands of communities still have half a dozen or more churches where one or two would suffice. If several such churches would unite, the result would be a congregation exerting a commanding influence in a community. Separately, they are small and poorly equipped, and so occupied with the struggle for existence that little or nothing is done except to maintain Sunday services for the few people who attend them. The denominational divisions originated in former centuries and other countries. Some arose to emphasize doctrines that were not then adequately represented by existing Churches; others were due to controversies of various kinds. The reasons for those separations have long since ceased to exist. The essential truths of evangelical Christianity are now held

by all the major denominations. The chief differences today do not run perpendicularly between denominations, but horizontally through them. There are liberals and conservatives, high churchmen and low churchmen in Christian fellowship in each one.

The need of cooperation and union in missionary work in other lands was early apparent. When the home churches began to realize their duty to give the Gospel to the non-Christian world, they thought of it as an extension of their work at home. Each denominational board chose its own fields, and its missionaries naturally founded churches of the type in which they had been trained. No special harm resulted during the period when mission stations were few and widely separated. But as the interest of the home churches increased and the number of missionaries multiplied, contacts became numerous and questions of relationship pressing. So it came to pass that the sectarian divisions of America and Europe were being extended to Asia and Africa.

I returned from our first visit to the missions in Asia in 1901-1902 to say in hundreds of addresses and articles and a book, *Unity and Missions*, that union, desirable at home, is imperative abroad. A divided Church cannot save the world. The task is too great to be conducted effectively by scores of agencies operating independently, overlapping in some regions and neglecting others. Our missionary duty is not to press occidental denominational organizations into oriental lands but to give them our common evangelical Gospel without sectarian bias. So I gave wholehearted support to efforts to coordinate the activities of the numerous and unrelated missionary agencies and to promote united action.

In 1893 representatives of several denominational boards in the United States formed an organization which developed into the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. For several years it was little more than an annual meeting for informal discussion and fellowship. In 1906, a committee was appointed to consider a proposal for a more effective organization. The result was the appointment by the Conference of 1907 of the Committee of Reference and

Counsel on which I served as chairman till 1916. The Conference, now the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches, represents 77 mission boards and societies of the United States and is an indispensable and influential factor in the modern missionary movement.

It was a high privilege for me to have a part in several of the international conferences which will probably be regarded by future historians as outstanding events in the development of the Christian Church.

The first of these to attract world-wide attention was the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York in April, 1900. (More than half a century later, many are criticizing the growing use of the word "ecumenical" on the ground that it is strange and new!) The 2,300 delegates represented 115 missionary societies in 48 countries, and every Protestant denomination. I was a member of the executive committee and chairman of the hospitality committee which was charged with the duty of finding lodgings for the delegates and the program for the formal opening. The Conference had an impressive start. We had been fortunate in securing as speakers the President of the United States, William McKinley, the Governor of New York, Theodore Roosevelt, and a former President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison. Carnegie Hall with its 2,800 seats was packed. Hundreds stood and other hundreds were unable to gain admission. What was more significant, the Hall continued to be packed at the ensuing sessions, forenoon, afternoon and evening for nine days. The total attendance was over 163,000, an average of about 18,000 a day, and overflow meetings nightly crowded a large neighboring church. The newspapers, secular as well as religious, gave large space to reports of the proceedings. Former President Harrison declared that in all his public life he had never known a political convention which could have maintained intense interest in undiminished strength for so long a period.

Ten years afterward, June, 1910, another World Missionary Conference of equal interest and even greater influence was held in Edinburgh, Scotland. I was chairman of the

American Section of the International Committee on Arrangements, and of the executive committee of the Conference. It was of unique historical significance. Instead of a series of set addresses, it was a conference of free and intelligent discussion. Two years in advance of the meeting, the committee met in Oxford, England, and appointed commissions to make thorough studies of the assigned subjects. When the delegates convened in Edinburgh, the printed reports of these commissions were in their hands. The chairman of each commission was allowed only twenty minutes in presenting its report. Thereafter, neither he nor the other members of the commission were allowed to speak, except in answer to questions, and the remainder of the time was open to the delegates. The result was a series of remarkable discussions, and the reports as amended were valuable contributions to the literature of missions.

The Conference was the most broadly representative assemblage that the world had seen, its 1,200 delegates and 2,500 observers and visitors coming from all parts of the earth, and from every Christian communion, except the Roman Catholic. An English journalist wrote: "Never before had so representative a gathering of leaders of the world forces of Protestant missions been assembled, nor had any previous world conference attempted an intellectual as well as spiritual preparation so thorough-going and spacious." The sessions were attended by multitudes that crowded the largest auditorium in the city, and the proceedings were reported by the leading newspapers in Europe and America.

Former conferences had ended with their adjournment, but the Edinburgh Conference was carried on by a Continuation Committee of 39 members representing the leading communions in fourteen countries. I served as a member of this committee for eighteen years. The meetings of the committee were among the happy experiences of my life. Their interest was increased by the associations of the places where they were successively held, including the palaces of the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, England, and of the Archbishop of Sweden, and twice at The Hague, Holland.

The continuation conferences proved to be so useful in coordinating the missionary activities of the constituent denominational boards and in promoting interest in foreign missions that the question arose: Why not form an international agency representing all the national and denominational boards that are willing to join it? This question was pressed by a number of missionary executives under the leadership of Dr. John R. Mott. I was associated with the movement from its inception, and a member of the group which assembled at Lake Mohonk, New York, in August, 1921, and organized the International Missionary Council.

It is good to be able to add that our Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has been and continues to be a leader, others have said *the* leader, in the movement for cooperation and union. In May, 1900, the Board adopted the following declaration of policy which is now generally recognized as of historic importance:

Believing that the time has come for a yet larger measure of union and cooperation in missionary work, the Board would ask the General Assembly to approve its course recommending to its missions in various lands that they encourage as far as practicable the formation of union churches, in which the results of the mission work of all allied evangelical churches should be gathered, and that they observe everywhere the most generous principles of missionary comity. In the view of the Board, the object of the Foreign Missionary enterprise is not to perpetuate on the mission field the denominational distinctions of Christendom, but to build upon Scriptural lines, and according to Scriptural methods, the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Fellowship and union among native Christians of whatever name should be encouraged in every possible way, with a view to that unity of all disciples for which our Lord prayed and to which all mission effort should contribute.

This declaration was approved by the General Assembly the following month and thus became the authorized policy of the Presbyterian Church. We were gratified by a remark of a missionary in China: "When a proposal for some united effort is made, the missionaries of other denominations usually say that they must await the approval of their home

boards. We Presbyterians know that we don't have to wait, that we can take our board's approval for granted."

The movement for cooperation in church work was so powerfully accelerated by the great missionary conferences in New York and Edinburgh that they prepared the way for the memorable Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work in Stockholm, Sweden, in August, 1925. It was an occasion of epoch-making significance. The great Councils of the early and middle centuries represented the Churches of only a small part of the world, chiefly the regions around the Mediterranean Sea, and their major purpose was to define and proclaim sound doctrine. The conferences of 1900 in New York and 1910 in Edinburgh were distinctively missionary. Other church conferences were limited in area or consideration of particular subjects. The purpose of the Stockholm Conference, however, was not to deal with problems of theology or ecclesiastical organization or denominational convictions, but to survey, evaluate and emphasize the practical work and duty of the Churches of various types, whatever their differences on other questions. It was a formidable undertaking. Preparation for it began long in advance and my part in it bulked large in my activities for several years.

At the initial meeting of representatives of the American Churches, in New York in 1919, I was elected chairman of the American Section of the International Committee on Arrangements. This involved not only considerable correspondence and many meetings of the Section, but several meetings of the international group in Europe.

The first of these was held in Geneva in the summer of 1920. The atmosphere was tense. The bitterness engendered by World War I and the Versailles Treaty had strained the relations of the French, German and British delegates. A speech by Dr. Julius Richter of Berlin criticizing the Churches in the Allied nations for their failure to protest against the "injustice" of the treaty, and the suffering caused by the postwar food blockade of Germany precipitated a tumult of protest. As chairman of the session, I had a difficult task. The historian of the Conference, Dr. Bell, Dean of

Canterbury, later Bishop of Chicester, wrote: "The discussion must rank amongst the most critical and dramatic incidents in the history of the movement." The decision to proceed with the plans for the Conference was a victory for cooperation.

The next meeting was held in Halsingborg, Sweden in 1922 and was preceded by travel that was of special personal interest. My wife and our daughter Eleanor sailed several weeks before I could leave and I joined them later in Cologne. From there we went to Oberammergau to attend the world famous Passion Play. It was a period of wild inflation and the Government was flooding the country with depreciated paper currency. Our railway fare for that long journey from Cologne had required a formidable number of marks, but their value in terms of our gold-based travelers' checks was only 95 cents for each person. At the Passion Play, our reserved seats in the best section of the open-air theatre cost several hundred marks, which were worth only fifteen cents apiece in American money. Fortunately, the bundles of marks meant more to these villagers than to foreigners. We were told that charity would be resented, but we felt uncomfortable, nevertheless. That marvelously impressive performance has been so often described that it need not be dwelt upon here. It was all that we had expected it to be and more. The visit lives in my memory as a profoundly moving experience.

At the Halsingborg meeting of the International Committee, four joint presidents were appointed for the Stockholm Conference. They are designated in the record as the Archbishop of Canterbury, representing the Churches of the British Empire, the Archbishop of Uppsala, Sweden, representing the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the Continent, the Patriarch of Constantinople representing the Holy Orthodox Churches of Eastern Europe, and myself, representing the Churches of the United States. At the Conference in Stockholm three years later, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Patriarch of Constantinople were unable to be present and their places were taken by the English Bishop of Win-

chester and the Greek Metropolitan of Thyateira, Archbishop of Germanos.

The summer of 1925 was made notable by the long-planned Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work in Stockholm in August. We left New York in June to attend some prior meetings. The first was the final meeting of the International Committee on Arrangements, in Farnham Castle, England, the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, Chairman of the British Section. Those were memorable days in the venerable building, associated with the names of Wolsey and the bishops who in former centuries were great lords, living in princely state, advising kings and influencing national as well as ecclesiastical affairs.

Late in June we proceeded to Cardiff, Wales, for the quadrennial ten-day meeting of the General Council of the World Alliance of Presbyterian and Reformed Churches. The word "World" is a proper part of the name of the Alliance, for the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches are of the same faith and order. They represent one of the largest and most widely distributed of the Protestant denominations. The total constituency was officially reported at the meeting of the World Alliance in 1956 as 41,000,000. There were delegates at Cardiff from many countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America. My part was a report and an address at a mass meeting in the city.

Early in July we sailed from Newcastle for Norway and, after a disagreeable voyage across the North Sea, we landed at Bergen. Having a fortnight at our disposal before proceeding to Stockholm, we journeyed leisurely by automobile along roads bordered by majestic mountains and then by motorboats up winding fjords to beautiful Balholm far up Sogne fjord, where we had an enjoyable stay of ten days. Then we returned by steamer to Bergen, where we took an express train for Stockholm.

On our arrival at the Grand Hotel, we found an invitation from the Crown Prince and Crown Princess (now King and Queen) to be their guests at Ulriksdahl, their palace, for the period of the conference. The other guests were the chairman

of the British delegation, the Bishop of Winchester and his wife, and Colonel DeWitt-Guizot, chairman of the French delegation. Those two weeks in that circle are an abiding memory. The Crown Prince was a princely man in person and character as well as in rank, and the Crown Princess a charmingly gracious hostess. The King came twice to tea while we were at Ulriksdahl, a tall, distinguished looking man then nearing 70, but erect, active, a famous tennis player, a charming conversationalist and a wise and beloved sovereign. The Crown Prince was Honorary Chairman of the Conference and he and the Crown Princess attended every session, always taking us with them in their car.

As one of the Presidents of the Conference, it fell on me to make one of the official responses to the King's address of welcome in the throne room of the palace. I also took my turn in rotation with the three other Joint Presidents in presiding at the sessions and was preacher at the Conference service on the second Sunday morning. The vast congregation included city and national officials, diplomats, bishops, archbishops, and other delegates from many lands. Translations of my sermon in Swedish, French and German had been printed in advance by direction of Archbishop Soderblom and placed in the pews. How many worshippers took the trouble to use them, I do not know, but European congregations are accustomed to preserve reverent attention whether they are interested or not. During the hymn preceding the sermon, assistants had arrayed me in a white robe. After the service, an incorrigible American remarked that it was the first time I had been arrayed in white and he hoped it wouldn't be the last.

The sessions of the Conference were remarkably interesting. The large assembly hall was always filled to capacity. There were many distinguished men among the delegates, and visitors usually included several members of the royal family, government officials and churchmen of many types. At a typical session, the chairman was the Greek Archbishop of Germanos, the opening prayer was by an Australian minister, the addresses were by a French professor, a Hungarian

college president, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Germany, and a Norwegian bishop, and the closing prayer was by an American pastor. The historic importance of this Conference becomes increasingly clear as the years pass. The full official record fills eight volumes.

The Conference appointed a broadly representative Continuation Committee of 67 members "to perpetuate and strengthen the spirit of fellowship which this Conference so happily exemplifies; to carry on the work of the Conference, and to consider how far and in what ways its principles may be made to operate." This committee held two meetings immediately after the close of the Conference, one in Stockholm and the other in the cathedral city of Uppsala, where we were guests of the Archbishop and Mrs. Soderblom in their palace. He was a remarkable man. It was largely due to his leadership that the Government and people of Sweden welcomed the Conference with such notable hospitality.

The Continuation Committee had been given power to appoint its own officers, and it promptly voted that the four presidents of the conference be elected presidents of the Continuation Committee, each for one year in rotation in office. Interesting and important as was the work of this committee, I felt that I could not continue to give it the time and strength expected of a chairman. Accordingly, I presented my resignation at the meeting of the Committee in August, 1926, in Bern, Switzerland. On my recommendation, that prince of preachers, the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, was chosen my successor as chairman and I served as a member of the Committee till I retired at the age of eighty from this and several other organizations.

The attainment of organic union at either the local or national level is a slow process, but Christians of different communions are being led to know and understand one another and to act together in matters that do not involve disputed questions of theology and church government. Encouraging progress has been made in the last fifty years. City, state, national and international councils and federations have been formed and are functioning harmoniously and effec-

tively. The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. is a successful merger of several former cooperative organizations and the movement in this and other lands is represented by the World Council of Churches.

The major obstacle to union now is typified by the friends who tell us that they hope and pray for union but that the time is not ripe and that we must wait till God makes His will clear. The first time I heard that was seventy-three years ago at the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1884. Union with the Southern Presbyterian Church was on the agenda. Every speaker favored it. A venerable minister said in closing the discussion: "We may well thank God for this unanimity. But let us be patient. The time is not ripe. When it is, God will make his will known." So nothing was done. During my Portland pastorate, I attended the General Assemblies of 1891, 1892 and 1894. At each one, church union was discussed, applauded and ended with "but let us be patient, brethren. The time is not ripe. When God sees that it is, He will show us the way." In my service of thirty-four years as Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, it was often my official duty to attend the annual meetings of the General Assembly and I also attended several interdenominational committees and conferences on the subject of church union. In almost every one, definite action by a majority was blocked by the familiar refrain: "Yes, we believe in union, but the time is not ripe. We must await God's leading." Those early objectors are dead, but their successors are with us. At the meeting of the World Council of Churches in Evanston in 1954, the spirit of union was high, and in the closing session a revered bishop thanked God for it but, according to the press report, added "the time is not ripe. We should await the will of God. We cannot hurry Him." Fortunately, I was not present or I would have been tempted to shout: "The time has been ripe for fifty years. The will of God is written across the sky. 'Rise up, O men of God, the Church for *you* doth wait.'"

5

MOVEMENTS FOR HUMAN WELFARE AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

THE development of movements for human welfare is one of the notable features of the last one hundred years. The teaching and example of Christ as recorded in the New Testament are so plain that it is surprising that they were so late in developing. There had been philanthropic individuals in every generation, but they were voices in the wilderness and often unheeded. Some charitable institutions and welfare work were conducted by local churches, religious orders and groups of individuals, but they were islets in an ocean of human misery. Slavery, the sweat shop, unfair labor conditions and corruption were rife. More than half the babies died in infancy. Sanitation was ignored. Preventable diseases decimated whole populations and hungry, ragged children were everywhere. Early in the nineteenth century, the hitherto feeble humanitarian movements began to gather strength.

As an administrative secretary of a board of foreign missions, I was in one of the great welfare organizations of the world. The four major phases of the missionary work of the Presbyterian and other Churches are evangelization, educa-

tion, literature and social service, and the last named is not the least in importance. At the home base, the basic missionary conception of man as man, irrespective of race, color or position, of human brotherhood and Divine compassion, proclaimed every year in thousands of missionary addresses and in millions of printed pages, has been one of the influential factors in developing humanitarian sentiment in America and Europe.

A significant illustration of this phase of foreign missions was provided by the first act of Mr. Thomas J. Lamont, an eminent banker, when in 1920 he was made chairman of a national committee for famine relief in China. He convened a meeting of officers of the mission boards and said to us: "Most of the Americans who are intelligent enough and philanthropic enough to be concerned for the welfare of people on the other side of the world are the supporters of your missionary work. You have more influence with them than anybody else, and if our committee is to succeed in getting the funds which President Wilson has asked us to secure, we must rely upon your cooperation. Moreover, we must depend upon your missionaries in China for the wise and trustworthy distribution of the money we receive."

Mission boards and missionaries from the beginning have concerned themselves with the problems of poverty, disease, malnutrition, child welfare and other social conditions. The first hospital in China was built by a missionary, the first orphanage, the first schools for the blind and the deaf and dumb, the first asylum for leprosy and the first for the insane. Missionaries were the first to oppose the killing or abandonment of girl babies, to teach ignorant mothers the proper care of children, and to advocate such measures of public health as screening windows, draining stagnant pools, and sanitary disposal of refuse. The typical mission station has not only churches and schools, but various institutions of social welfare. Appointees for medical missionary service are charged to regard themselves not merely as ambulance surgeons at the bottom of a precipice to care for those who have fallen over, but as health officers active in preventive

measures at the top. Missionary literature and medical reports abound in accounts of the extent and value of this form of foreign missions. All this is deemed not simply an adjunct or a by-product of missionary work, but an integral part of it, a work inspired by a conviction that the Gospel should be expressed as Christ himself expressed it, in humanitarian deeds as well as in spoken words. When a Chinese official visited a refuge which missionaries had opened in Shanghai for girls who had been sold to brothels and had managed to escape, he said to his wife: "No one but Jesus' people would care for these outcasts."

In addition to my official relation to the beneficent work of Presbyterian foreign missions, I have had a part in several other agencies of large humanitarian interest.

When, in 1917, the Rockefeller Foundation decided to establish a medical college, hospital and nurses' training school in Peking, China, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. asked me to serve as a member on the board of trustees and its executive committee. There were scores of missionary general hospitals in China, but the mission boards could not supply enough foreign physicians to give them adequate staffs and equipment. Sound policy called for an associated Chinese staff, a qualified medical profession for the country, and an institution which could produce men fitted to train their own countrymen. The few medical colleges maintained by the missions did not have the specialized faculty and facilities for the type of training needed. Mr. Rockefeller's plan was to provide qualified American specialists and to give them the best equipment that money could buy. The scale on which the new institution was constructed and operated is indicated by the fact that, down to the Japanese occupation of Peking in 1937, the appropriations of the board of trustees (from funds supplied by the Foundation) for land, buildings, staff, equipment and maintenance, aggregated approximately \$35,000,000.

The institution became famous the world over. A faculty of experts was secured from the United States and a fine student body of selected graduates of the colleges and univer-

sities in China. The affiliated hospital provided ample clinical and research material, and the Nurses' Training School not only supplied the necessary nursing staff but educated Chinese nurses to train and superintend nurses for other hospitals. The value and influence of the college was soon manifest as the scantily staffed mission hospitals and colleges in China began to be reinforced by Chinese specialists in medicine and surgery.

The New York board of trustees actively functioned as the controlling administrative body until 1929, when a regulation of the Chinese government required that the control of all institutions in the country be vested in trustees in China, with a majority of Chinese members. The New York board thereupon appointed seven of its members, of whom I was one, as an Advisory Committee to keep in touch with the new board in China for a transition period of a few years. The institution continued to prosper till the Japanese seized it in 1937. After their surrender at the close of World War II in 1945, the plant was found to be in bad condition and in January, 1947, the Rockefeller Foundation made a supplementary grant of \$10,000,000 for reconstruction and rehabilitation, making a total grant of \$44,947,325, the largest contribution that the Foundation has ever made to a single project. When the Communists took over in China, the Peking Union Medical College, along with other similar institutions, became a part of the state system of hospitals and medical education.

Near East Relief was another agency on which I had the privilege of serving as a member of the board of trustees. It was one of the greatest humanitarian movements in history. My connection with it began in September, 1915, with an invitation from Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, president of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, to join a few men in his office to consider a cable from the Hon. Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador in Constantinople, regarding the distressing plight of the Armenians in Turkey. The group who met on that historic occasion unanimously decided to undertake the proposed task and to invite several additional men to join them.

None of us then anticipated the extraordinary magnitude which the movement was to attain. The original proposal was to secure \$100,000 for emergency relief. Some friends of the cause deemed even that goal visionary at a time when public attention was concentrated on the World War, especially as most Americans knew little or nothing about the distant people who were to be helped. But when the Committee made the appalling fact known that a historic Christian people were in imminent danger of extermination and tens of thousands of homeless children were dying of starvation, money began to pour in. Within four years, the operations of the Committee had extended so widely throughout the peoples of the Near East and had become so important nationally and internationally that it was changed from a voluntary Committee to an incorporated board of trustees under a charter granted by the Congress of the United States in August, 1919. In 1930, the emergency for which the agency was founded having passed and the further work needed being of a different type, the trustees made their final report to Congress, conferred on its senior members the medal of the Near East Relief for faithful and unselfish service to humanity and dissolved the organization. Fifteen years from that first meeting in 1915, \$116,146,211 (\$91,146,211 in cash and \$25,000,000 in food and other supplies) had been received and administered. Former President Calvin Coolidge declared that "Near East Relief carried through a vast system of child care and practical training over a period of years, unprecedented in this or any other country. The operations affected 1,500,000 wandering, scattered refugees, most of them children and women, and the training of 150,000 waifs for constructive service among their own people."

I was led into the effort to help the war-stricken children of Europe by a man whom I learned to admire and who was destined to become President of the United States, Herbert C. Hoover. My subsequent relations with him and my impression of the man are described in a later chapter. Reference is made here only to the relief movement which he in-

augurated in 1915. He was then known as an expert mining engineer with a remarkable talent for organization and a broad humanitarian spirit. When public sympathy was aroused by the pitiful plight of multitudes of children in Belgium who had been made homeless or neglected by the ravages of the war, he was asked to head a movement for their relief. Acceptance meant giving up his lucrative profession, but when his associates protested, he said: "Let fortune go to hell!" He invited a small group, including me, to convene in his office to devise ways and means for the undertaking. An organization was affected and I served as a member of its executive committee under his leadership for the four years of its existence.

After the special effort for Belgium, he invited my wife and me to be his guests at a dinner that he, General Pershing and Franklin Lane were to give in the Hotel Commodore (December 29, 1920) "to consider the continued need of the 350,000 starving and diseased children of central and eastern Europe." All the world knows the remarkable beneficent work of these "Hoover Relief Committees." The account of it forms an inspiring chapter in the history of philanthropy. It was organized and conducted on a vast scale. It mobilized and directed the humanitarian resources of millions of people, collected and administered huge amounts of money, food, clothing and medicines, and saved the lives of myriads of children. To say that this stupendous task was performed under Mr. Hoover's leadership is an understatement. He concentrated his splendid abilities upon it. He was a veritable dynamo of energy. He knew exactly what should be done and exactly how to do it. He formulated all measures, brought them to our meeting in typewritten form, and explained them so lucidly and convincingly that all the other members of the Committee needed to do was to give them formal ratification.

The territorial readjustments in the Treaty of Versailles after World War I left large groups of various creeds—Protestant, Jewish and Roman Catholic, under governments which restricted their freedom of faith and worship, and in

some countries oppressed and persecuted them. Appeals for help began to come to America. In April, 1920, a group of interested men held a conference in New York on the subject. The outcome was the organization of The American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, of which I served as chairman. Invitations to join the movement were sent to a number of prominent men, all of whom accepted. The personnel of the Committee became so remarkable that it was given considerable publicity in newspapers in this and other countries. Its influence in promoting religious liberty was widely acknowledged. Two former Presidents of the United States have served as members—William Howard Taft, who joined the Committee after his term as President, and Herbert Hoover, who resigned from this and other organizations when he became President, but accepted our invitation to resume his membership after his return to private life. A former Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, became a member of the Committee after his retirement from that office and until his appointment as Chief Justice of the United States. The membership included other well-known men—ambassadors, senators, judges, university presidents, etc.

Information soon began to pour in to the Committee regarding the Jews in Poland, the Ukraine, Lithuania, Galicia and Hungary, and as to minority problems in Transylvania, Czechoslovakia, Serbia, Alsace-Lorraine and the Walloons in Belgium. Nowhere in Europe were religious minorities satisfied and nearly everywhere they were in vocal revolt. It was a complicated situation.

The Committee studied conditions affecting religious rights and minorities in these and other lands by correspondence, collection of documents, personal interviews, reports of members of the Committee who had visited post-war Europe, and in four cases by deputations to countries in which problems were acute. The publications of the Committee, which were characterized by one who examined them as "of permanent value," included many pamphlets, newspaper articles and voluminous reports on Hungary,

Rumania, Russia, Germany, Mexico and Poland. The volumes and pamphlets are preserved in the library of The Church Peace Union. A full account of the activities of the Committee would require a separate volume. Only a few examples are given here.

Soon after the Committee's organization, we began to collect and publish information on the persecution of Jews in Germany, one of the most shocking tragedies of all history. Hitler's ferocious purpose was nothing less than extermination of the millions of German Jews. The following excerpts are from two of my reports which were widely circulated:

It is a grievous thing that, at a time when the world was struggling to emerge from a period of racial hatreds and national jealousies, from which Germany itself has suffered, this outburst should have occurred against a people whose ancestors have been in Germany for a thousand years, who have fought for their native land in many wars and who, in language, loyalty and culture are as thoroughly German as their persecutors.

We note, too, that the Christian churches of Germany are involved. It is startling to read that pastors and church officers have been deprived of their posts in the Church or made to feel that they are outcasts or inferiors simply because they are of Jewish birth or descent. We are concerned also by the apparent determination of the Government to make the German churches subordinate to and the instrument of the State in carrying out a political policy: dispossessing pastors and professors who do not yield the right to liberty in the exercise of their religious duties, and destroying the freedom and integrity of the Christian youth movements in Germany. Knowing, as we do, the high Christian character of many German pastors and university professors, we were gratified, but not surprised, when we learned that thousands of them had courageously made public protest.

. . . .

The Committee earnestly appeals to public opinion throughout the nation, and especially to the Christian churches, to express their sympathy with their oppressed brethren in Germany and those in exile from Germany, to voice their protest against the wrongs to which they are being subjected, and to develop everywhere a stronger moral consciousness of the inestimable value of political, economic and religious freedom and the

urgent necessity of emphasizing it in these days when the maintenance of this inalienable right is being seriously jeopardized.

Each of the four deputations that our Committee sent to other lands had interesting experiences. The situation which led to the deputation to Mexico illustrated a curious phase of the problem of religious liberty. In the other lands where persecution had been investigated by our Committee, the restrictions were upon minorities. In Mexico they were upon a majority. For centuries, the Roman Catholic Church had been established by law as the national Church, and it dominated government and people. Revolt had been smoldering for several years. Finally its leaders gained ascendancy and enacted laws separating Church and State, confiscating some of the vast estates of the Church, curtailing the powers of foreign bishops and clergy, and forbidding others from entering the country. The laws applied to all churches, but several officials told the Protestant foreign missionaries that the Government did not have them in mind, since they confined themselves to their religious work and did not interfere in political matters.

The Roman Catholic archbishop and bishops denounced the laws, and letters from Roman Catholics in the United States urged our Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities to aid an effort to secure relief from these restrictions on religious liberty. Some Americans remarked that it seemed inconsistent in Roman Catholics to demand religious liberty for themselves which they had denied to Protestants when they had the power. "Not at all," was the smiling reply. "The Catholic Church in Mexico as everywhere stands for full liberty for the true religion. But this does not mean that we should advocate liberty for heretical sects."

However, it was clear that the Mexican laws went far beyond the just separation of Church and State, and our Committee asked three of its lay members to go to Mexico and make an independent study of the situation. The ability and judicial quality of the chosen men could not be challenged. They were a Roman Catholic, William Franklin Sands, pro-

fessor in the School of Foreign Service, Washington, and former diplomat; a Protestant, Philip Marshall Brown, professor emeritus of international law in Princeton University; and a Jew, the Hon. Carl Sherman, former Attorney General of the State of New York. These men went to Mexico and their painstaking investigation included conferences with representatives of all parties to the controversy, official and non-official, religious and anti-religious. Harmonious agreement could not have been expected. A proud hierarchy in Mexico or elsewhere is not easily persuaded that it should be deprived of power and emoluments that it has long held. And an equally proud government does not meekly admit injustice and repeal a law on the advice of a few visitors from another country. But the report of the Commission clarified the issue, exposed wrongs, pointed out the right course, and powerfully influenced public opinion.

The deputation to Hungary in 1920 was of special interest to me as I was a member of it and its chairman. The Hungarians, ruined by World War I, deprived of a large part of their territory by the Treaty of Versailles, their churches disrupted and, in several areas, persecuted, craved the sympathy and counsel of their friends in America. The Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities thereupon appointed a deputation to go to Hungary and study the situation on the ground. Two of the five members, Dr. Henry A. Atkinson and I, were accompanied by our wives, who were to be of great assistance in contacts with groups of women.

Our route to Hungary led through Austria and as transportation difficulties delayed us in Vienna, we had a week in that famous city. We found pitiable conditions. The once gay center of wealth and fashion was dreary and depressing. Shops had few goods and those at fabulous prices of depreciated currency. Food was scarce and costly. Hungry looking, shabbily clothed people drifted aimlessly about the streets. A long line of emaciated women and children stood waiting their turn at a public soup kitchen on the lawn of the Emperor's palace, empty except for a few rooms occupied by offices.

We spent one whole day in Vienna in conference with the available pastors and members of the Protestant churches. They were a feeble folk, for Austria is a Roman Catholic country and most of the people who are outside of the national Church are Jews. Some of these Protestants had been persecuted, some had lost husbands or sons in the war, and all were in straitened circumstances. We did what we could to comfort and cheer them, but with a painful feeling that the situation was beyond words. However, they seemed to be wonderfully gladdened and encouraged just to know that their fellow Christians in America were thinking of them and eager to know what we could do to help them.

We traveled from Vienna to Budapest on a Danube River steamer. A deputation was awaiting us on the dock, headed by Bishops Raffay and Ravasz of the Reformed Church, and Count Teleky, a prominent layman. Then followed days of conferences, luncheons, dinners, and addresses at public meetings and a reception by the Regent, Admiral Horthy.

The problems were quite different from those in Austria. There was, indeed, the same economic paralysis. But whereas Protestants in Austria are a small minority without official or social position, in Hungary they were the dominant element in the population. The Reformed Church of Hungary was the third largest in the world of the Reformed and Presbyterian faith and order, and its membership included the most influential families in the country.

The political and religious problems were inextricably intertwined in the minds of the people. They were not dejected like the Austrians, but indignant and resentful. The Hungarians had been dragged into the World War against their wishes by the pro-German Austrian government, and as Hungary was a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, they were forced to obey. The Allies, in the Treaty of Versailles, refused to consider this and, in order to reward Rumania for supporting the Allies in the war and to strengthen it against Germany and Russia, they literally dismembered Hungary. In the distribution of the sundered ter-

ritories, the large province of Transylvania, which had been a part of Hungary for a thousand years, was given to Rumania. The established state Church in that country is the "Holy Orthodox." The king is its head, and members of other Churches are deemed unpatriotic as well as heretical. The government officials thereupon cut the ties between the numerous Protestant churches of Transylvania and Hungary, subjected the former to restrictions which deprived them of the revenues from their properties, and closed many of their institutions.

The leading men in Hungary were eager to explain their wrongs and problems to us as friendly visitors who, they hoped, would make them known in the United States. We tried to make them understand that we had no official status or authority to deal with political questions. But to no avail. We were from America, and that was enough. So every possible consideration was shown us. Throngs crowded the churches when we spoke. People cheered us when we drove through the streets. The Regent gave a garden party in our honor at his palace and a private audience of over an hour. A banquet in our honor on the eve of our departure was a really brilliant affair. The manager of the hotel refused to accept pay for our luxurious rooms. The driver of the carriage which was placed at our disposal every day said that he was under orders not to accept any money from us. We came away with grateful and kindly feelings for the Hungarian people.

The report of our deputation was published and widely circulated. The Rumanian government instructed its ambassador in Washington to go to New York and confer with our Committee. He spent two hours with us and promised religious liberty and correction of abuses. Our American Committee kept in touch with the situation and, finding that the persecutions were continuing, we sent further deputations in 1922 and 1924. They were hospitably received by high officials of the government and heard bland assurances of a benevolent policy in dealing with their Hungarian subjects. The members of the deputations found ways of get-

ting beneath diplomatic courtesies and the publicity given to their reports brought considerable improvement for a time. But it was still true that the Rumanian government deemed Protestant and Roman Catholic churches undesirable and that local officials often invented specious pretexts for crippling them.

I was the chairman of the Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities for seventeen years. Then I resigned and became honorary chairman and a permanent member of its executive committee. As most of the minorities that the Committee was trying to help were in Europe, its efforts were stopped by World War II, and the international situation has not yet permitted their resumption.

The agencies for welfare and religious liberty that have been mentioned in this chapter are only a few of the notable ones in the first half of the twentieth century. It is sadly true that there were hatreds, cruelties and the savage aftermath of great wars. "Man's inhumanity to man" often "makes countless thousands mourn." But it is also true that there is a deep reservoir of compassion and tolerance in the world. Never before have there been so many large-hearted men and women and such quick and generous response for the relief of suffering men and their release from religious tyranny. The Jericho road of life is still beset by robbers, and famines, pestilences and earthquakes, as well as persecutions and indignities, often in the name of religion. But the spirit of the Good Samaritan is abroad and, slowly perhaps but steadily and surely, winning its way.

6

PROMOTION OF INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

AN invitation to dinner February 10, 1914, from the philanthropist Andrew Carnegie, brought me into a movement of historic significance. On arriving at his home I found a group of well-known men. After dinner, Mr. Carnegie stated that he was deeply concerned by the increasing international tension, that he had endowed organizations for other purposes and felt that there was need for a body whose special effort would be to interest peoples of all religious faiths in developing world-wide friendship and the means for preventing the scourge of war; that he had decided to invite twenty-five religious leaders, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish, to undertake the administration of two million dollars, the income to be used as in their judgment would most successfully advance the cause of peace through arbitration of international disputes; that his present guests had been chosen as that group, and that he hoped that they would accept the trust and organize as a board of trustees under the name "The Church Peace Union."

This summary of Mr. Carnegie's address is taken from the

official record of the meeting. An interesting discussion followed. There was warm appreciation of his proposal and unanimous acceptance of it. An organization was effected and officers were elected. The following statement of purpose was adopted, and subsequently included in the Act of Incorporation by the Legislature of the State of New York:

To diffuse information and to promote and educate public opinion regarding the causes, nature and effect of war, and the means for its prevention and avoidance.

To promote the general cause and interest of peace through the education of ministers and members of the several churches and of other religious leaders, and of those professing religious faith and belief.

To induce the professors of any and all forms of religious faith and belief to cooperate in the cause of international peace; to extend public knowledge as to the general doctrine of treaties of arbitration and of the substitution of moral law for war; and to make such doctrine a distinctive issue and part of religious effort.

To use and to encourage the use of churches and of any and all forms of organized religious faith as agencies to further the general cause of international peace.

In a closing address that evening, Mr. Carnegie said:

We meet today under wholly exceptional conditions, for never in the history of man has such a body assembled for such a purpose; no less than twelve of the chief religious bodies of the civilized world being here represented by their prominent official leaders . . . to cooperate as one body in the holy task of abolishing war. Yours is a divine mission. You are making history.

This was stating the matter rather rhetorically but Mr. Carnegie spoke with deep emotion and it was evident that the promotion of world peace lay close to his heart.

The trustees at once began a nation-wide effort to enlist the cooperation of interested members of all denominations in a movement for international friendship and the settlement of disputes by peaceable means. The story is told in

detail by one of the trustees, Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, in his book, *Pioneers for Peace Through Religion*. I have been a member of the Executive Committee from the beginning, a member of the Finance Committee since 1930, and Treasurer since 1936. I have also served on many of its committees and represented it on several organizations more or less directly affiliated with it. As there is no retirement age for members, and as the trustees refused to accept my proposal that one be fixed, my membership has continued for forty-three years.

The fellowship of that fine group of trustees has been an enriching experience. I am the only survivor of the original group chosen by Mr. Carnegie, but the places of those who have passed on have been filled by men of like caliber. Differing widely in other relationships, Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews, Republicans and Democrats have worked harmoniously together with single-hearted devotion to the cause of world peace. The Union is not a "pacifist" organization, as that term is popularly understood. It believes that there are times when force must be used to protect society against aggressors. There was no peaceable method for restraining a Hitler. The Union has to do with the causes of war, the settlement of international disputes by peaceable means, and the establishment of a world organization with adequate authority to deal with conditions that jeopardize peace.

The scope of the Union's activities is wide. Its influence in developing and shaping public opinion has been recognized by many public officials, including members of Congress and officials in the State Department. It has inaugurated several important movements and given them executive and financial assistance.

Mr. Carnegie had given the trustees freedom to adopt their own plans and methods, but when asked for suggestions, he expressed the opinion that "as the first act they should link up the European churches and religious leaders with the movement by bringing them together in some European city." The trustees were in full accord with this sug-

gestion and invited leading churchmen in Europe to a conference in August, 1914, in Constance, Germany. The pressure of other duties that summer prevented my attendance. Ninety delegates from twelve countries assembled. The outbreak of World War I broke up the conference at the outset and the delegates could only appoint a continuation committee and obey a military order to leave Germany at once or be interned. Most of the members managed to reach London and on August 6 formally instituted the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches. Its purpose was declared to be the promotion of international friendship and peace, the avoidance of war, and the mobilization into a conscious force for international goodwill of all men and women who share in the great hope of a world in which war will have been abolished, whatever may be their religious faiths, political affiliations or diversified views as to instruments or forms for the attainment of the universal brotherhood of peace.

Of course, little could be done during World War I, but as soon as it was over, national sections were organized until there were branches in thirty-three countries with headquarters in Geneva. World War II broke up several of the European and Asiatic sections.

The American Section continued to function actively during and following both wars. It emphasized the vital importance of the issues at stake, but it warned that in World War I the Allies had won the war and afterward lost the peace. The Alliance and The Church Peace Union, therefore, have conducted a nation-wide campaign of education during World War II and since with the slogan: "Win the War, Win the Peace!" A monthly bulletin and more than a million pages of leaflets and other printed matter are distributed in an average year. Material is sent to about 500 newspapers throughout the country. Occasional radio talks are given. A feature of special interest is a series of institutes in the principal cities of the country. After thorough advance preparation, a team of five or six speakers spends several days in each city, addressing churches, clubs and

schools, holding forums for free discussion and closing with a mass meeting in the largest auditorium available, with the mayor, or some other prominent resident, in the chair. The meetings are always generously reported in the newspapers and their influence is wide and great.

Although nominally a separate organization, the American Section of the Alliance was really an affiliate of The Church Peace Union. It was founded by trustees of the Union, was largely financed by it, had the same office and staff, and the president and several of the active members of its executive committee, including myself, were trustees of the Union.

The Church Peace Union's active cooperation with movements for the prevention of war and the settlement of international disputes by peaceable means did not imply non-resistance to aggression. Therefore, when our country found itself involved in World War I, the Union promptly complied with the request of the Speaker's Bureau of the Government's Committee on Public Information for assistance "in educating the people of the United States in the aims, messages and addresses of the President" (Wilson). These aims were declared to be "to end war," "to save democracy," "to preserve the rights of small nations," and "to promote the universal dominion of right by such concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all peoples." Several other organizations offered to join us and the outcome was the formation of the National Committee on the Moral Aims of the War, composed of representatives of The Church Peace Union, League to Enforce Peace, World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship Through the Churches, and the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The Church Peace Union contributed \$65,000 toward the expenses of the Committee and furnished its executive and office staff. I was one of the representatives of The Church Peace Union, a member of the executive committee and one of the appointed speakers at a number of public meetings.

It was a privilege to be a member of that group of notable men. Several were my long-time associates in The Church Peace Union. The representatives of the League to Enforce Peace included William H. Taft, former President of the United States, Alton B. Parker, judge and one-time Democratic nominee for President, A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University and Talcott Williams, Dean of the College of Journalism in Columbia University. Mr. Taft was chairman. He was deeply interested in its objectives. He presided at the numerous meetings and guided the deliberations with wisdom and the charm that characterized his remarkable personality.

The scope of the Committee's operation was extensive. In the last year of the war, 1259 public meetings were organized and held in 521 cities and towns. More than 700,000 persons attended them, including city, state and national officials, representatives of churches, business, educational, women's and labor organizations. Among the speakers whom the Committee sent out were twelve bishops, eleven college presidents, five professors, sixty-one clergymen and twenty-eight laymen. The Committee distributed 269,809 pieces of literature, including a questionnaire regarding the League of Nations. The answers to the questionnaire were the basis of a report sent to the British churches through the Archbishop of Canterbury, asserting that the ministers of the United States were almost unanimous in favor of the establishment of an international league to guard peace and enforce justice.

An appointment during my service on this Committee brought me a deeply moving experience. The War Department had assembled the drafted men into vast camps for preparatory training before being sent to the fighting front in Europe. A startling proportion of those young men had vague or distorted ideas as to what the war was about. So a number of clergymen and laymen were asked to spend a week or two in each of the camps, explaining the real issues and aims of the war. As one of the speakers designated for this service, I spent ten days in each of three camps in Mas-

sachusetts and South Carolina. There were between 30,000 and 35,000 soldiers in each camp. The commanding officers placed guides and automobiles at my disposal. The soldiers were in tents and meetings were held in the Y.M.C.A. and recreation "huts" accommodating 200 or 300 at a time, so that I often spoke in several widely separated places in an evening. The huts were always crowded and the men were quiet and attentive during the address.

A condition at the camp near Spartanburg made me indignant. The time was in November and the evenings were so cool that I was glad that I had brought a heavy overcoat. By inexcusable ignorance or carelessness in the War Department, several of the regiments had been sent there in light summer underclothes and uniforms and without overcoats. The result was an epidemic of colds and coughs and many cases of a serious form of influenza. My son Elliott was among the shivering men. He had enlisted as a volunteer in the famous Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard and had been mustered with his regiment into the national army. When I saw his plight, I bought an overcoat for him. Some other soldiers were supplied by their relatives, but several weeks of chilly weather passed before most of the men were suitably clothed. I may add that Elliott was among the men whose health was so impaired that, in the final medical examination before the sailing date of the regiment, he was honorably discharged as "physically unfit for overseas service."

I have a vivid memory of my experiences as a member of the National Committee on the Moral Aims of the War. Little did any of us foresee that not one of its aims would be attained by that war, that the League of Nations would be killed in our own Senate, that President Wilson was to die a martyr to a lost cause, that the fall of Kaiser Wilhelm was to be followed by the rise of Adolf Hitler, and that the war would have to be fought all over again less than a generation later on a vaster scale and with more appalling tragedies.

Another important auxiliary of The Church Peace Union

was the Committee on International Exchange of Speakers, now under the aegis of the National Council of Churches. Membership on this committee brought me into closer association with some notable men of other lands whom I already knew and with others whom I had known only by reputation. The movement was initiated in 1918 by several British churchmen who were troubled by the lack of cordial understanding between Great Britain and America following World War I, and believed that the Churches could help in promoting better relations. They sent a representative to the United States with endorsing letters by Lord Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil. The conferences here resulted in the constitution of the "Committee on Interchange of Preachers and Speakers" in two sections, with offices in London and New York. The members of the Committee represented The Church Peace Union, World Alliance for International Friendship and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, but The Church Peace Union was the administrative agency and one of its officers executive secretary. Each summer the American Section sent nine or ten prominent ministers to speak in churches of various denominations in Great Britain, and the British Section sent a like number to the United States. In this way, many of the eminent ministers of the two countries were interchanged for several weeks every year. The American Section made like arrangements with the churches in Canada and Australia. In some years, speakers were interchanged with churches in France, Hungary, Norway, Sweden and New Zealand. The plan proved to be remarkably successful, and its influence in promoting mutual understanding and goodwill was widely recognized.

In 1924, The Church Peace Union inaugurated a movement of wide significance. Hitherto the trustees had concentrated their efforts on the Christian Churches of Europe and America. In December of that year, a committee of which I was a member met in New York to consider an attempt to mobilize the adherents of all the major religions in the promotion of international friendship. Moslems, Hindus

and Buddhists together outnumber Christians and there cannot be world peace without their cooperation. Differing irreconcilably in religion, they might be induced to join in an effort to settle international disputes by peaceable means instead of by wars from which they, too, would suffer. At any rate, the effort was worth trying. The object was not to discuss or compare religions, but to collate their teachings on the evils of war, and to devise ways and means by which their adherents might cooperate with the advocates of peace in other lands. The outcome of that meeting in New York was the inauguration of a movement under the title International Peace Through Religion. It was widely acclaimed, and an impressive number of influential men and women accepted invitations to become sponsors. Considerable time was required to get such a large undertaking organized and in working order, especially as the nationalistic suspicions and jealousies of World War I were still smoldering. But in September, 1928, 191 delegates from eighteen countries and eleven religions assembled in Geneva, Switzerland, and in a spirit of remarkable unity and solemnity adopted a constitution and program. I was appointed a member of the executive committee and the director of a commission "to suggest methods by which the resources gathered by other commissions may be set in motion, coordinated and directed to bear upon the causes of war." This was a larger task than I felt prepared to assume at the age of 72 and I did not accept it, but I continued to serve as a member of the commission and the executive committee.

Commissions met and through the years studied the general theme of "universal peace through religion," until World War II stopped this and all other peace movements. In January, 1947, the idea of a conference of religions in the interests of peace began to be discussed by the trustees of The Church Peace Union. Favorable response came from religious leaders in this and other lands and a representative assembly was held in New York in June, 1948. As controversies regarding the effectiveness of the United Nations were prominent in the public mind, the assembly was en-

titled: Conference of Religion for Moral and Spiritual Support of the United Nations. Having passed my 91st birthday, I asked to be excused from participation in the arrangements, but I accepted consultative membership on the executive committee and the commissions on "The United Nations and Its Task," and "A Practical Program of Action."

It is a vast undertaking to induce the religious peoples of the world to cooperate in the promotion of peace, but surely it is a worthy one. It may seem visionary in this time of tensions and tumults, but "where there is no vision the people perish." Surely we may pray for the blessing of God upon every effort for the promotion of international justice and goodwill and for a world order in which wars will no longer drench the earth with blood and tears.

7

WAR AND THE UNITED NATIONS

WAR has so tragically affected all human life in my time and brought such problems into my own work, that it is an inescapable subject in these memoirs. It is clear that some other than military preparation must be made if the havoc of war is not to be repeated until the human race destroys itself. It is impossible to have peace between scores of jealous independent nations as long as their relationship is that of individuals in the days of the Judges in ancient Israel when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." The world has reproduced on a global scale the conditions of a frontier mining camp when men settled their disputes with revolvers and there was no safety for life or property. The remedy for a lawless world is just what it has been for each nation and local community. Peace and order came, not when individuals went about armed and each was judge and executioner in his own case, but when they formed organizations with laws, courts and police.

There is no parallel between a national army and an international police. An army exists to fight another army, to kill as many men as possible, and to weaken the enemy's

ability to support its army by destroying its production and transportation facilities, no matter at what cost to non-combatants. A police force does not exist to fight another police force. It does not exist to kill anybody. It has no right to use force at all, unless a criminal resists arrest, and then only what is necessary to get him to court. The punishment is then determined and executed not by police but by civil authority.

Undoubtedly, governments must have the means to enforce their laws and protect their people from aggressors. It has been well said that we do not live in a Utopia and it would be suicidal to act as if we did. Equally suicidal, however, is the assumption that international disputes can be met solely on the level of force, or that mechanisms and dollars constitute the elements of solution. The past is littered with the wreckage of nations which tried to meet the crises of their times by physical means. After surveying the wars of many centuries and their results, the naval historian Admiral Mahan wrote in 1890: "All that force can do is to hold evil in check long enough for moral ideas to take root." President Eisenhower, with the record and aftermath of the two world wars before him, has echoed this judgment by stating that "military preparedness alone is an inadequate answer to the problem."

Mention has been made elsewhere of my active cooperation with efforts to secure a better international order. I was a member of the committee which conducted a nationwide campaign for the participation of our Government in the League of Nations. To the glory of our country, the movement originated in the United States and the League was framed by an American President, Woodrow Wilson. To the shame of our country, the League was crippled at the outset by the failure of our own Senate to ratify it. A majority of the Senate and the American people, as shown by polls of public opinion, favored membership in the League, but an isolationist minority, aided by partisan opponents of the President, managed to secure enough votes to prevent the two-thirds majority which the Constitution requires

for treaties. The crippled League did a surprising number of good things for several years, but the withdrawal of Japan and Germany and the outbreak of World War II completed its ruin.

The outcome of World War II proved again the futility of attempts to settle international disputes by armies and navies. Never in all history was the attempt made on such a vast scale and with such prodigal expenditure. According to official figures, the cost in money and property ran into the astronomical figure of \$1,116,991,463,084 and left debts that will burden posterity for generations. Gigantic as the material loss was, it paled in comparison with the loss of life—22,060,000 military and civilian dead, 34,400,000 wounded or injured, and an uncounted and uncountable number of civilians impoverished or bereaved.

Two years and a half after the end of the war, President Truman's Citizens Food Committee for European Relief declared: "It is not possible to convey adequately the utter destitution of Europe. Half of the children who have been born on the Continent since the war are already dead of malnutrition, and many of the survivors are on the verge of starvation." In both world wars, Americans spent hundreds of millions in helping to destroy Germany, and then spent hundreds of millions more to reconstruct it in a desperate realization that there would be no peace with 80,000,000 sullen and starving people in the heart of Europe. What Virgil, nearly 2,000 years ago, called "the criminal madness of war" was never more appallingly illustrated.

And yet, after World War II, all the major governments and some of the minor ones, though loudly professing their desire for peace, at once began preparing for war. A survey in 1948 showed that there were then nearly 19,000,000 men under arms in 40 countries which were spending \$27,000,000,000 a year for their military establishments. Since then the development of atomic weapons has brought about the expenditure of vast additional sums. According to an analysis in *The New York Times*, 81 cents of every tax dollar taken in by our own government goes to meet costs of war—

past, present and prospective. The labor, wealth and scientific knowledge thus withheld from productive activity constitute a heavy drag on the world's slow progress toward a more peaceful future. The naive assertion that these vast preparations for war would prevent war recalls the saying of the philosopher Hegel: "We learn from history that men never learn anything from history."

It is increasingly clear that the nations must organize for peace or perish. General MacArthur, after seeing all that war can do, has said: "We have had our last chance to win a new world by force. I pray that an omnipotent Providence may use this tragic expiation as a symbol to summon all persons of goodwill to realization of the utter futility of war—that most malignant scourge and greatest sin of mankind—and eventually to its renunciation by all nations."

The world's hope is now centered on the United Nations. When it was inaugurated at the Conference on International Organization in San Francisco in June, 1945, the Conference declared in the now famous Preamble:

We the peoples of the United Nations, determined

to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and

to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and

to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and

to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

and for these ends

to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors, and

to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security, and

to ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and

to employ international machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all peoples,

have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims.

The United Nations was handicapped from the beginning by its limited powers, the suspicions of some of the strong nations, and the demands of a dozen weak ones for an equality in voting out of all proportion to the responsibility they could assume. The new organization was further hampered, as many good causes have been, not only by its opponents but by its friends—perfectionists who fail to realize that a reform which depends on the supporting public sentiment of many people cannot be consummated overnight, that it is of slow growth, and that it is unwise to antagonize a practicable step forward because it does not go the whole way.

As early as June, 1946, The Church Peace Union was confronted with a request that it aid in securing a fund in support of a movement to discard the United Nations as hopelessly ineffective and to make an immediate effort to establish a World Government with the powers that the United Nations does not possess. As chairman of a special committee, I drafted the following reply, which The Church Peace Union unanimously adopted:

The Committee shares the hope that a World Government can be ultimately formed. It notes, however, that the present movement is associated in the public mind with several other groups which are actively promoting the movement through newspapers and pamphlets and which so strongly emphasize the weakness and inadequacy of the United Nations as to tend to undermine confidence in it, and in some instances, directly attack it. The movement as a whole has therefore come to be regarded, perhaps unjustly in some cases, as hostile to the United Nations.

It must be admitted that the United Nations does not have the power to deal effectively with some conditions that affect

world peace. This fact was frankly faced by the World Conference in San Francisco in April, 1945; but the conclusion was forced upon the delegates that the constitution of the United Nations goes as far as the governments of the world, including our own, are willing to go under present conditions. Experience thus far has confirmed this conclusion. We believe that the needed additions should be sought by amendments from time to time as world sentiment is prepared to accept them, and that the process should be by evolution of the United Nations rather than by an immediate effort to "transform" the United Nations and "reconstitute" the General Assembly into a world government, which, however, attractive as an ideal, cannot be secured for an indefinite period. It is clear that all that can be done now must be done through the United Nations. Whatever may become possible a decade or more hence, the present alternative is not between the United Nations and an ideally better organization, but between the United Nations and no world organization at all. The Committee, therefore, does not see its way clear, at this time, to recommend that The Church Peace Union identify itself with any of the groups for a world government movement, and the Committee recommends whole-hearted support of the United Nations as the only existing inter-government agency for the promotion of world peace.

In this tumultuous world, convulsed by the passions and tensions engendered by a war of unprecedented magnitude, the fact that an international peace agency, now representing 82 nations, could be formed and, against jealousy, suspicion and active opposition, manage to survive as "a going concern" is in itself highly encouraging. It is good to note the resolute determination of our own and several other governments to hold the ground that has been won in the United Nations, to build on it as a base, to work through it, and to seek the needed additional strength, not by starting something else, but by amendments as soon as participating peoples are prepared for them.

American critics of the United Nations might learn a lesson from the history of their own country. The desperate necessities of the Revolution urgently called for union, but the Continental Congress, which was constituted in 1774,

was denied power to function effectively. Three years of blundering impotence passed before the jealous colonies could agree on the Articles of Confederation in 1777. Although the weakness of the Confederation was soon as evident as the weakness of the United Nations today, it took ten years to get the Constitution on paper. Then there was strong opposition to its ratification. Jefferson and Patrick Henry opposed it in Virginia. New York and Massachusetts ratified it by narrow majorities, New York by only three votes. North Carolina and Rhode Island rejected it and reluctantly came in later only when they found themselves outside. It was not till Rhode Island's reconsideration in May, 1790, sixteen years after the formation of the Continental Congress, and thirteen after the Articles of Confederation, that unanimity was secured. All that time to induce people in thirteen states in one country, of the same race, language and religion to agree to a workable government! Even then, the issue of its supremacy was not finally settled until the close of the Civil War seventy-five years later. Why, then, should we expect 82 variant nations in Asia, Africa, Europe, North and South America, democratic and despotic, Moslem, Buddhist, Hindu and Christian, separated by age-old suspicions and jealousies, to unite in a world government in little more than a decade? World government is indeed the goal but it will take a long time to be practicable and, meantime, every consideration of statesmanship dictates the utmost use of the only international agency that we have.

This principle bears on the perplexing question whether Communist China should supersede the Chinese nationalist government on Formosa as the China member of the United Nations. Some of our country's allies are known to favor this. They have already recognized the People's Republic of China and entered into diplomatic and trade relations with it. Others would do so if they were not restrained by the United States. They do not like Communist China but they feel that membership in the United Nations does not imply approval; that the People's Republic is the de facto government in full control of continental China; and that it

is futile to imagine that there can be an effective United Nations or a permanent peace as long as a nation of 600,000,000 people is treated as an outlaw, especially as it is backed by the government of Russia's 216,000,000 and has the openly expressed sympathy of the government of India's 377,000,000 and a number of smaller but important peoples who know all the facts as well as Americans do and are as competent as we are to assess them.

The obstacles to world peace are certainly formidable. A disconcerting number of Americans advocate a "preventive war," as if the way to prevent a war is to start one. Others assume that the way to deal with the problem is to train more American young men to kill more Russian young men and in the effort be killed themselves. Popular just now are "massive retaliation" and "peace through strength"—methods which would concentrate our country's wealth and efforts on war and notify the seventy-odd other nations that haven't any strength that they must accept the United States as their protector and arbiter of existence.

There are only three ways to settle international disputes: victory, surrender, negotiation. As to the first, President Eisenhower has said that another war would not result in the victory of either belligerent but in the destruction of both. Surrender of either Russia or the United States is inconceivable. Rulers know that any suggestion of it would start a revolution at home. There remains only negotiation. Both Russians and Americans proclaim their readiness for it, but neither means negotiation in the true sense of the term. Each demands concessions that the other deems "unacceptable."

The obstacles to world peace are numerous and formidable. But in every time of crisis we may be sure that there will be, as there are now, men animated by the unfaltering faith and courage which led William of Orange to say in a dark hour of Holland's history: "You don't have to be hopeful of success before trying to do something nor do you have to be successful to keep on trying." And to this we may add the words of the great philosopher, Immanuel Kant: "Even if

the ideal of perpetual peace should remain only an aspiration, nevertheless we do not hesitate to adopt the plan of working for it without ceasing. For that is our duty.”

8

TRAVELS IN ASIA

LIKE Satan in the Book of Job, I have spent considerable time "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it." Travels for addresses, conferences, special duties and vacations took me to every section of the United States and Canada and involved many trips to Great Britain and the Continent and long visits to the Near and Far East. My wife accompanied me on both my round-the-world journeys, and to all but one of the conferences and committee meetings in Europe. We experienced all degrees of climate from Siberia's cold to India's heat. There are memories of unsurpassed scenic beauty and of experiences unforgettable.

The purpose of the two Asiatic tours, already referred to in Chapter 3, was to study the missionary work of the Presbyterian and other Churches, the social, economic, and political conditions affecting it, and the peoples among whom it is being done. The traveling was often hard and the days at mission stations were crowded with interviews, conferences, addresses, and visits to institutions. Memory teems with the events and impressions of those journeys. Some of our experiences seem rather trying in retrospect, but they did not trouble us much at the time. The American traveler in

Asia in the first decade of the century did not expect to find all the conveniences of home, and the few hardships were richly compensated for by what we saw and heard.

Only one unpleasant incident marred the pleasure of our weeks in the Philippines. The little coasting steamer from Dumaguete was on its way to Iloilo, where it was to be laid up for repairs. It had no cabins for passengers. The Spanish captain courteously gave my wife his tiny room and I slept on deck with a motley group who spent their time gambling and drinking. The trip usually was made in one night, but a typhoon blew us out of our course and we were buffeted by furious winds and heavy seas for three days. The tumult was terrific and for many hours we were in momentary expectation that the rickety old boat would be wrecked. But it finally managed to wobble into Iloilo, and my wife and I, somewhat the worse for wear, welcomed a bath and clean beds in a missionary's home.

An amusing incident occurred the following Sunday. Foreign visitors were then curiosities and a great audience assembled in response to announcements that a "Protestant bishop from America" was to speak.

"Why did you call me that?" I protested to the missionary who presided.

"Well," he replied, "these Filipinos have no idea what a board secretary is. All their notions of high rank in the Church are associated with bishops, and we want them to know that Protestants have officials of like dignity. But," he smilingly added, "If you try to boss us missionaries, we will show you that we are of Presbyterian stock!"

We formed pleasant impressions of the Filipinos. It is true that most of the common people of that period (1901) were ignorant and superstitious. What else could be expected after nearly four centuries of corrupt and oppressive Spanish rule? Subsequent developments have abundantly demonstrated their good qualities. In Manila and the larger towns, we met intelligent and attractive people who welcomed the American visitors with a social grace and charm of manner that quite won our hearts.

A journey in the interior of Korea in 1901 gave us an interesting opportunity to see village life before the era of railroads. We traveled part of the time in chairs suspended between two long poles carried on the shoulders of coolies; at other times on ponies. The Korean pony is not an attractive beast either in appearance or disposition. Ours were stallions, small but tough and vicious. Each was led by a Korean, but there were no saddles. Our bedding was strapped on and we then climbed on top. There was nothing to hold on to, and as our ponies were eager to fight every animal within reach, hazards were imminent. But in rough places they were sure-footed. When a flimsy bridge broke under us, their rage soothed us, for they gave appropriate expression to our common feeling.

In every Korean village my wife was the cynosure of all eyes. The people had occasionally seen a foreign man, but a foreign woman was rare at that time and aroused as much excitement as a circus in an American town. The women thronged about her, feeling of her shoes and dress, trying on her hat, asking her to undo her hair, endeavoring to take off her wedding ring, and rubbing her cheek to see whether the color would come off, all the while excitedly jabbering and laughing at so strange an object as a white woman. But they were good-natured, and my wise wife took their attentions with like good humor, though there must have been times when such personal liberties were rather irksome. Privacy was impossible, and she was obliged not only to eat but to retire at night and dress in the morning with the inquisitive eyes of Korean women at every chink. If there were none, the oiled paper on the windows was broken and the space quickly filled with the tousled heads of the curious.

In villages where there were Christians and the missionaries had told them of our coming, we were welcomed a mile or more out by groups of smiling people and escorted to rooms that had been hospitably prepared for us. Of course, the visitor was expected to make an address. Usually, the whole population seemed to assemble. I had to stop often for the missionary to put my English into Korean. I sympa-

thized with the traveler who, after an address in similar circumstances, ruefully said that an interpreter is an interrupter, and that the result is a compound dislocation of ideas with mortification immediately setting in.

Our two visits in China abounded in incidents and experiences which are recorded in my book *New Forces in Old China*. Only a few can be mentioned within the limits of this chapter. Our entrance to China in 1901 was by a small dirty tub of a vessel from Chemulpo, Korea, across the Yellow Sea to the port of Tientsin, and thence by train to Peking. On our second tour in 1901, we journeyed by railway from Seoul, Korea, crossing the Yalu River into the vast province of Manchuria, spending several days in Mukden, and then by railroad through an opening in the Great Wall of China to Peking.

One who has once seen that remarkable Oriental city can never forget it. The crowded myriads in the poorer sections are not exceptional. Like swarms may be seen in many other cities. But in Peking the visitor is impressed by the vast parks and numerous palaces of the "Purple Forbidden City," where for centuries the Emperor dwelt as the "Son of Heaven," the costly public and private buildings in other parts of the capital, and that miracle of architectural beauty, the Temple of Heaven.

To go from northern to central and southern China in 1901, we had to return to the coast and take a steamship to Shanghai and later another to Canton. But in 1909, we traveled by railroad, with several stops en route, from Peking to Hankow, a distance of 750 miles through a populous country. After several days in that important metropolis, we had a marvellously interesting river journey of a week down the Yang-tze to Shanghai.

During travel in the interior, the hospitality of the magistrates was an interesting but occasionally embarrassing feature of the journey. The lieutenant in command of the military escort that had been ordered to accompany me, sent word along the route that a visiting American under the Governor's protection was approaching. The hint of that

mighty potentate's interest led magistrates to welcome us with Oriental ceremony and to give feasts in our honor. A typical one began with a variety and abundance of cold edibles that would make a French hors-d'oeuvre and a Swedish smorgasbord trifles in comparison. Then followed shrimps served in vinegar, sea-slugs, chicken in various forms, bamboo sprouts, stewed fungus, rice, sweetened pork, minced pork dumplings, pork balls, pig's kidneys, bird's nest soup, egg soup, stewed fish stomachs, tarts, sugar dumplings, omelette with more sea-slugs, date pie, hot pudding, fruits, nuts, and various other delicacies.

A memorable day in that journey was devoted to the ascent of Tai-Shan, the sacred mountain of China. Its altitude is only about 4,000 feet, but it rises so abruptly from the surrounding plain that it appears majestic. A wide path paved with heavy stone steps leads from base to summit. Up that long steep stairway multitudes of pilgrims have toiled every year for many centuries, the wealthy in chairs borne by panting coolies, and the poor on weary feet after long traveling. All come to gain merit by worshiping in the venerable Buddhist temple on the summit, pitifully seeking help from a supernatural Being if "haply they might feel after Him and find Him," not knowing that "He is not far from each one of us." On our way back to the coast we stopped to visit the most revered place in China, the home and grave of Confucius at Ku-fu. The grave is in the spacious "Most Holy Cemetery" under a cone-shaped mound about 25 feet high and 250 feet in circumference. A stone monument bears no name but only Chinese characters which my missionary companion translated: "The Most Illustrious Sage and Princely Teacher." A feeling of awe came over me as I reflected that the man whose body lay there had probably influenced more human beings, with the possible exception of Buddha, than any other man in the world.

We journeyed from China to Siam via Singapore. Then we took an old tub of a freight steamer for Bangkok. We had an interesting week in the "Venice of Asia," admiring its splendid temples and royal palace, seeing the famous white elephants,

which were rather a dusky white, visiting the missionary schools and churches, and having an audience with the King that is described in another chapter.

Outstanding in the memory of our three months in Siam is our visit to the mission stations among the Lao people, 600 miles north of Bangkok. The railroad had not then (1902) been constructed, and we made the first half of the journey in a clumsy houseboat 25 feet long, laboriously poled up the Menam River by a crew of five, as it was too heavy to be rowed against the current. A footboard ran around the craft, and the boatmen starting at the stern, thrust long bamboo iron-tipped poles in the bottom of the river, and pushed with bent shoulders while they walked the entire length of the boat, returning on the other side. Progress was naturally very slow. The current was often strong and we usually grounded on sand bars several times a day. Then the bare-legged boatmen simply jumped overboard and pushed the boat off. They were good-natured and faithful, and we soon learned to like them. A six by eight bamboo frame thatched by palm leaves afforded a sleeping place. Our days were spent in reading and lazily enjoying the varying tropical scenery, the chattering monkeys and the occasional villages with their numerous children and huge water buffaloes.

At Utradit, 300 miles from Bangkok, we continued our journey on elephants. As a means of locomotion, the back of an elephant is romantic in retrospect only. Ours jogged along at the reckless rate of about two miles an hour, stopping occasionally to browse on tempting vegetation. When ascending steep places and crossing streams, our howdahs rocked and pitched like a ship in a storm. Sometimes night would bring us to a "sala," a platform on poles eight or ten feet high, roofed but with open sides, which is free to travelers. When no sala was available, we pitched our tents. One night we were awakened from sleep by what felt like scores of hot needles. A hurried investigation by candlelight showed that the tent was alive with swarms of red ants. There was nothing for it but to rise, free blankets and clothing as best we could from the nocturnal pests, and move the tent to another place.

We sailed from Bangkok back to Singapore, thence to Rangoon, Burma, and after a few days in that interesting city, on to Calcutta. We spent only a few weeks in India, as our major purpose was to study the missionary work and problems in China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and the Philippines, for which I had administrative responsibility. We came home through the Suez Canal, visiting Egypt, Syria, and Palestine en route.

Our second world tour in 1909, starting like the former from San Francisco, was devoted to China, Japan, and Korea, and our return was via Siberia and Russia. This gave us an opportunity to see something of a vast region not so well known then as now. Again traversing Manchuria, this time going north from Tientsin, China, we connected at Harbin with the through trans-Siberian train from Vladivostok to Moscow. The compartment sleeping car was luxuriously equipped, the dining car service excellent. Luggage, however, involved complications that made demands on the traveler's Christian spirit. We had bought through tickets from Shanghai to Berlin on the company's assurance that "holders of through tickets to points in Europe may have personal luggage checked to destination without customs examination en route." Experience in wandering about the earth had taught us that the prudent traveler will keep his eye on his luggage. So at a midnight arrival at a frontier station, I went out and found that our trunks had been taken from the train with all others. Expostulation was useless. Everything had to be opened and examined, and then a porter found to put them back on the train. Great was the wrath of several other passengers the next morning when they learned that, while they slept in reliance on the company's promise, their luggage had been taken off for inspection and, as they were not on hand to look after it, the train had gone on, leaving their belongings at the station several hundred miles behind.

Conditions have greatly changed since our visit to Russia in 1909. The world now thinks of that vast country as the heartland of Communism. But there are qualities in the Russian people that are not represented by their political leaders

and the Communist ideology. A great nation is groping its way out of the tyranny and superstition of centuries. It has not yet found the right road, and new tyrants are taking advantage of the period of transition. The Russia of today is a world menace. But I like to think that there is something in the Russian people that was voiced in the music of a cathedral service that we attended in Moscow. There was no organ and the large chorus was composed of men. The Russian sacred music is inexpressibly moving, at times soft and appealing, at others a weird minor strain, and then swelling into a volume of almost overpowering majesty. I have heard church music in many parts of the world, but such music nowhere else. It voices the sadness and suffering, the faith and mysticism of a great people. More truly than any other church music in the world, it is the expression of the soul of a nation, elemental in its moods of storm and tenderness, of half-barbarous passion and of sublime aspiration.

It is gratifying to record that in all our travels we found a general attitude of good will. Everywhere doors were open, people cordial. At a time when relations between the Japanese and American governments were strained, Japanese officials, readily gave courteous interviews. Strangers in cities and villages, when asked for directions, smilingly replied, and in some instances insisted on accompanying us to make sure that we understood aright.

In Siam, Buddhist monks hospitably welcomed us to their temple grounds. Toiling carriers in the far interior never complained and never deserted. From Bangkok we took with us ten thousand silver ticals for the mission treasurer in the north. That sum meant as much to these poor Siamese laborers as \$50,000 would mean to American workmen. There were sixty-five porters in our caravan, and there were only two of us white men and our wives. Our carriers knew that we had the money, for the united strength of two of them was required to hoist each of the heavy money boxes on to the elephants in the morning and to lower them and carry them into our tent at night. We traveled much of the time through a remote region, camping at night far from the

habitations of men. And yet we slept in perfect security, and we delivered that money to its intended treasurer without the loss of a tical.

In North China, the American consul told me before starting my tour of five weeks into the interior, just after the suppression of the Boxer Uprising of 1900, that my life would "not be safe beyond rifle shot" of my escort, and several foreigners said after my return that the profuse attentions that we received were mere pretence, that the very officials who welcomed us as honored guests probably cursed our race as soon as our backs were turned, and that if the people had not understood from the presence of troops and from the magistrates' personal attentions that we were not to be molested, we might have met with violence in several places. All I can say is that on these suppositions the Chinese are masters of the art of dissimulation, for in all our journeyings through the very heart of the region where the Boxers originated, and where the anti-foreign hatred was said to be bitterest, we saw not a sign of unfriendliness. The typical official received us with the courtesy of a "gentleman of the old school." The throngs that quickly assembled at every stopping place, while silent, were respectful. We tried to behave decently, to speak kindly, and to pay fair prices for what we bought. And every man to whom we smiled, smiled in return. Wherever we asked a civil question, we got a civil answer. Coolies would stop their barrows, farmers leave their fields to direct us aright. In all our traveling in the interior, amid a population so dense that we constantly marvelled, we never heard an offensive word or saw a hostile sign. We found it difficult to believe that those pleasant, obliging people would have killed us if they had not been restrained by their magistrates, and that the officials who exerted themselves to show us all possible honor would have gladly murdered us if they had dared.

One reason why we were so kindly received in all the countries in Asia that we visited was because we were known to be associated with missionaries. Contrary to the assertions of critics, they are everywhere respected and liked. The op-

position that pioneer missionaries encountered was usually anti-foreign rather than anti-missionary. The people of the countries of Asia have a bitter memory of foreign aggression, and of traders and travelers who have been arrogant and insolent.

"Who is master?", our Siamese cook was overheard asking about me.

"He is the father of the missionaries," was the reply, "and he is going up the river to see them."

"Oh, then," said the cook with a sigh of relief, "he won't kick me or curse me."

When we bade him good-bye a few weeks later, he confided to a friend: "Master must be a very holy man, for he has not beaten me nor thrown a bottle at me yet."

We felt ashamed as we reflected that ordinary decency in a foreign traveler could excite such surprise, but we felt gratified that the American missionaries in Siam had such a reputation for justice and humanity that any one who was known to be connected with them was presumed to be a gentleman.

Our travels in Asia were physically and mentally strenuous, sometimes taxing time and strength to the utmost. But they were educationally and spiritually enriching. They gave us a truer idea of peoples of other races as our fellow men, a clearer understanding of their need of the Gospel of Christ, a deeper conviction of the duty of Christians in America and Europe to communicate it to them, a thrilling evidence of its transforming power, a greater appreciation of the character and devotion of the missionaries as the ambassadors of God, and a deeper thankfulness that we had the high privilege of association with an enterprise so noble in conception and so fruitful in blessing to mankind.

9

SOME CROWNED AND UNCROWNED HEADS

IN A long life, much of which has been spent on the world's thoroughfares, I have seen something of what Walt Whitman called "the procession of souls along the great grand roads of the Universe." It is a procession of all sorts and conditions of men, vibrant with human interest. I mention some individuals in that procession whom I had opportunity to meet and observe.

The first President of the United States whom I knew was Grover Cleveland. Time, which has lowered the stature of some presidents, has heightened Cleveland's. He was not an affable politician, but he was a strong man, an executive in fact as well as in name. He defied a large section of his own party in enforcing the supremacy of the Federal Government in matters affecting the national welfare.

Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley were not among the great presidents in our national history, but they were good types of American character and culture, and they merited and received the respect of their countrymen. Both were men of religious faith. Harrison, whose term had expired in 1893, accepted the presidency of the Ecumenical

Missionary Conference in New York in 1900 referred to in Chapter 4. As chairman of a committee of the conference, I went to Washington and stated to President McKinley that as the conference was to be a broadly representative assemblage of delegates from many churches and lands, we would be grateful if he would make the opening address. He said that as President it would not be wise to share a program with strangers who might say something embarrassing. I replied that the only other speakers at the opening session would be former President Harrison and Governor Theodore Roosevelt of New York. He then cordially accepted. On the appointed day, in company with Governor Roosevelt, I met him at the railroad station. As we rode through the cheering crowds, I wondered what words of wisdom would come from those high and mighty men. I soon learned. They discussed what they would wear that evening. After solemn deliberation, the President said, "I think it is always a delicate compliment to a host to wear one's best, so let's wear tails and white ties."

When we assembled in the anteroom that evening, I found that each one intended to speak but ten minutes. I was dismayed as I had promised that no one else would speak. So I asked them to extend their addresses a little. The President and Mr. Harrison said that their remarks were written out and they could not very well change them. I then appealed to Roosevelt. He agreed to do what he could. He did. After a few words of welcome, he rambled all over the lot, told stories about hunting bears in the Rockies and talked about everything but foreign missions. But he filled the gap and all was well.

My next contact with Theodore Roosevelt was during his presidency when he invited me to Washington to tell him of my recent visit to the Philippines. At the White House I was ushered into an anteroom filled with people. Instead of these people being taken to the President's room one by one, the President bustled in and went the rounds, shaking hands with each one. I overheard such remarks as "How are you?", "Glad to see you," "That would take an Act of Congress," "See the Secretary of the Interior," etc. Not one of those

men got what he had come for, but all were smiling with gratified pride when they left. He then beckoned me to follow him to the dining room where luncheon was served, the only others present being Mrs. Roosevelt and his military aide. Afterwards he quizzed me for over an hour. I was impressed anew by the tremendous personality of the man, impetuous but masterful, a born leader of men.

I had an opportunity to see a good deal of President Taft, as I was a member of the Committee on the Moral Aims of the War (World War I), of which he was chairman, and he was a member of the American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, of which I was chairman. He was big in body and mind, bubbling over with good nature, but capable of explosions of indignation. I recall that at one meeting he spoke heatedly and pounded the table about something Germany had done. Then he relaxed with a grin and his inimitable chuckle as he said: "Excuse me. I am like the young lawyer who was excitedly presenting a case, and to whom the judge said, 'You do not need to shout.' 'Your Honor,' the lawyer replied, 'I cannot express my feelings unless I holler.'"

Woodrow Wilson was a great president, probably one of the five or six greatest in our country's history. I had known him when he was President of Princeton University. He was too imperious to work smoothly with others, but he was a man of towering intellectual stature, a scholar and a statesman. He awakened the American people to a realization of their international relations and duties. His plan for a League of Nations was defeated by partisan and personal opponents, and disputes over details. But the tragedies of a second world war have convinced both political parties that America is an integral part of "one world" and that we must accept our due share of its problems and burdens. During the controversy over the League of Nations, I was a member of a small deputation that called at the White House. The President was too feeble to walk and was wheeled into the room in an invalid chair. We were shocked by his worn appearance. His hands shook as he read his written response to the deputation's ad-

dress, but his voice was clear. We assured him that more people than he could perhaps realize kept him in their hearts and asked God's blessing upon him. His eyes were moist and his voice trembled as he thanked us and we quietly withdrew. It was a moving experience.

Previous mention has been made of my association with Herbert Hoover in 1913, long before he was thought of for the presidency. He did not have a happy time in the White House. He had trouble with party leaders who tried to guide him, and he was blamed by a fickle public for a financial crash for which he was not responsible. He was a notable example of an altruistic official. During all the years he gave full-time leadership to humanitarian movements, he refused to accept any compensation. He distributed his salary as Secretary of Commerce among his underpaid assistants and when he left the White House he sent a check for \$300,000, his entire salary as president, to the Treasurer of the United States. Ignored by his successor, Franklin Roosevelt, but frequently called upon by Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, he continues to give unselfish service to his fellowmen and is justly revered as our country's elder statesman.

The first foreign potentate whom I had opportunity to observe was the Emperor of Korea. On the last day of our visit to that country in 1901, the American Minister said, "His Imperial Majesty will receive you and Mrs. Brown in audience at six tomorrow."

"But," I said, "my steamer sails this evening, there will not be another for two weeks and the delay will upset all my appointments in China."

"Look here," was the reply, "you are not in democratic America now. When an Asiatic monarch says that he will receive a certain person at a certain time, that person is to be received at that time and a little matter like waiting a fortnight for another steamer is no excuse. Moreover, I have told him that you are the father of the missionaries and you mustn't make them lose face."

So we had to stay. On inquiring how we should approach the august Presence, we were told to bow low at the door,

take a step and bow low again, another step and another bow. Then stand and see what the Emperor is pleased to do. We did. Whereupon the Emperor gave me a slight nod and shook hands effusively with my wife.

He was a helpless pawn between contending powers for the mastery of Korea, but he was a kindly old man. He chatted affably a few minutes and then said that he had ordered dinner for us and the American Minister. The dinner, prepared by a French chef, was perfectly cooked and served and afterward forty dancing girls came in and entertained us.

The next morning, a messenger came to say that the captain of the steamer was holding it for us. I learned that someone had told him that His Majesty would be displeased if the steamer sailed without his guests, and that it would be prudent to wait for them. I suspected that he was inwardly furious, but he received us obsequiously and said that he had reserved his best stateroom for us. He had his revenge, for that stateroom swarmed with 417,963 bedbugs and cockroaches.

The world kaleidoscope has shifted so many times since the death of Prince Ito of Japan in 1909, that perhaps few Americans now realize that he was one of the great statesmen of his generation. Two of his youthful years in England had shown him the advantages of Western methods, and after his return to his native land he became the organizing genius who led his countrymen out of feudal isolation and gave them the equipment of modern civilization. He served at various times as Minister of Works in the Imperial Cabinet, framer of a new constitution, negotiator of revised treaties, President of the House of Peers, President of the Privy Council, Governor-General of Korea and several times as Premier.

As Premier he was the real ruler of Japan. In theory, all power was vested in the Emperor. In practice, it was exercised through Ito and in accordance with his advice. I had expected only a short formal interview but it lasted over an hour. He spoke in excellent English, and asked many ques-

tions about America and the attitude of American missionaries in Korea, which was then a Japanese "protectorate." He explained that his government was obliged to take that helpless country to keep it from Russian occupation and that his purpose was to give the Koreans a just and humane government. I was profoundly impressed by that enlightened and capable Japanese. His assassination by a Korean fanatic a few months later was an international calamity. I wonder whether the world would have been spared some appalling tragedies if the Japan of later decades had been governed by statesmen of his caliber and wisdom. It is difficult to believe that he would have permitted reckless militarists to invade China in 1935 and attack the United States in 1941.

Two Chinese potentates loom large in my memory. One was Viceroy Li Hung Chang. A former American Secretary of State, John W. Foster, characterized him as "not only the greatest man the Chinese race has produced in modern times, but, in a combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world. He was distinguished as a man of letters, as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a diplomat his achievements entitle him to a front rank in the international relations of all history." During his visit in New York in 1896, he received a deputation representing the boards having missionary work in China. He listened attentively to our brief address, asked questions, chatted informally and invited us to remain for tea. He amused some people and embarrassed others when, at a dinner in his honor, he contrasted the dress of Chinese and American women. In China the dress covers the body. Imagine the confusion of an American woman in "full evening dress" when, on being presented to the Viceroy, he asked, "Does your husband approve this exposure of your body in public?"

The other notable Chinese was Yuan Shih Kai, who was governor of the 38,000,000 people in the Province of Shantung when I visited China in 1901. This was just after the Boxer uprising, when the province was still seething with anti-foreign feeling and the Governor had forbidden en-

trance of any more foreigners. But he was friendly to the American missionaries, and when he was informed that I had not come to claim indemnity, but to plan the rehabilitation of our damaged work, he sent me a permit and ordered a troop of cavalry to accompany me as an "escort of honor." In expressing my appreciation of his kindness, I asked him not to send the soldiers as I was not an official and did not wish to have my visit associated with military force. But I was told that I was to pass through many towns that might not know the difference between Americans and the hated Germans. Of course, I knew that his concern was not for me, but for the trouble that another attack on a foreigner would bring upon him. So I traveled in state for five weeks in the interior of that historic province, and nothing unpleasant happened.

In Tsining, the capital of the province, Yuan Shi Kai received me with the fine courtesy of a Chinese gentleman, and we had an interesting interview. I rate him high on the list of the great men that I have known. He was a man of commanding personality, a capable ruler, strong and masterful, who would have risen to eminence in any country. He was afterward made Viceroy of the imperial province of Chih li and Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese army. He was virtually the dictator of China under the title of President, but not long after he announced that he would take the throne as Emperor, he died in mysterious circumstances. Rumor said that he was assisted in his departure.

In Bangkok, the American Minister arranged an audience with one of the remaining absolute monarchs of the world, and probably the best. My boyhood's imagination had pictured an oriental king seated on a golden throne, wearing a glittering crown and extending an ivory sceptre to kneeling supplicants. Instead, we saw in King Chulalongkorn of Siam a fine looking man in a simple white uniform, who shook hands with us and conversed freely and informally in excellent English. He had traveled in Europe, familiarized himself with modern movements, and was giving his country an efficient and progressive government. We did not see any

members of the royal family. We had been advised that it would be indiscreet to mention them as the number of wives, concubines and children was reputed to be about 3,000. King Chulalongkorn much later became well-known to the American people as the Crown Prince and pupil of Anna Leon-owens in Margaret Landon's book *Anna and the King of Siam*, which was adapted to the stage and screen as "The King and I."

The circumstances that made us guests of the Crown Prince of Sweden, the present King, have been described in Chapter 4. Two committee meetings in Holland included an audience and receptions by Queen Wilhelmina in her summer palace at Apeldoorn. What a fine type of a constitutional monarch she was: intelligent, wise, democratic, the embodiment of the sturdy qualities of Dutch character.

The name of Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, is associated with memories of our visit to that unhappy country in 1920. The tragedies of World War I had been intensified by the injustice of the "Peace." A tumultuous period followed under the notorious Bolshevik, Bela Kun. Then Horthy, a distinguished naval officer, emerged as the strong man of the decimated and bewildered nation. He was elected Governor of the Republic in 1919, and when the monarchy was established in 1920, was proclaimed Regent. In an afternoon conference with the Regent at the palace, we were impressed by the dignity of his bearing and the deep emotion with which he spoke of the suffering of his country. It is shameful that the people of Hungary have so long been treated as helpless pawns in the selfish game of international politics.

Eleutherios Venizelos, Premier of Greece from 1917-1920 and again in 1924, is high on the list of uncrowned men. I first met him during his visit in New York, and later at a private luncheon in Paris. He was a man of liberal views, large mind, and ardent devotion to the cause of peace. Observers at the conference of the Allies at the close of World War I ranked him as one of the ablest statesmen in that assembly of famous men. He had the checkered successes and reverses

common to progressive leaders in other lands, but I believe that he will stand in the history of Greece as an enlightened and patriotic statesman.

One of the finest men I have known was Walter Simons, whose position in Germany was analogous to that of an American Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and who was acting President of the Republic from the death of President Ebert in 1921 until the election of Marshal von Hindenburg. In view of the type of Germans represented by Hitler and his followers, it is good to recall that there were, and are now, Germans like Walter Simons. A man of strong Christian faith, he was one of the delegates of the German churches to the Conference on Life and Work in Stockholm in 1925. I sat with him in many committees and we spent several days together as guests of Swedish friends, cruising along the beautiful waterways near Stockholm. I learned to admire him as a man of great ability, Christian character, and wisdom in counsel.

James Bryce, author and British Ambassador to the United States, had influenced me by his books before I knew him personally. His two volumes on the American Commonwealth gave me a better understanding of my own country than I had received from any other writer. They are still unsurpassed in their description and analysis of American institutions. When I learned that he was to visit New York, I wrote him that a committee of which I was chairman would be grateful for his counsel. He cordially accepted and spent two hours with us in my apartment, freely discussing our problems and answering our questions with an alertness of mind, wealth of knowledge and soundness of judgment that captivated us.

Space permits reference to only a few other interesting Americans I have known. One of the unique characters was William Jennings Bryan. As Secretary of State, he would have been more at home in the Cabinet of Oliver Cromwell than in that of Woodrow Wilson. A political leader of long experience who received a plurality of votes in his first campaign, he would have been president of the United States if

it had not been for our peculiar electoral college. He was a deeply religious man of the type of a seventeenth century puritan, the only modern politician who opened a committee meeting at a national political convention with prayer for divine guidance. I knew him well as a fellow Presbyterian active in the affairs of the denomination. I differed with him theologically and politically, but I respected the character of the man and the moral courage that led him to resign as Secretary of State rather than acquiesce in a policy that he deemed wrong. His death in 1925 occurred during a desperate effort to stem the advance of scientific thought at the trial of a young schoolteacher who was accused of teaching evolution. "A reactionary," some said; "a martyr" said others.

I have had the privilege of association with some fine men outside of the ordinary contacts of a Protestant minister. It has meant much to me to serve in two organizations which gave me the friendship of several Roman Catholics and such Jews as Julian Mack, Henry Morgenthau, Sr., Julius Rosenwald, Oscar Straus, Rabbi Stephen Wise and others now living—"men of great hearts, strong minds and willing hands."

Samuel Gompers, with no educational or social advantages, rose from poverty and obscurity to be president of the American Federation of Labor and the organizing genius of the mighty labor movement in the United States. At a time when working men held their jobs at the mercy of corporations which paid them what they pleased and dismissed them at their pleasure, Gompers by masterful qualities of leadership fused myriads of helpless employees into a compact powerful body. He was rough in appearance and manner, positive in his convictions, imperious in expressing them, and tremendous in the force of his personality. I remember his wrath when, in a discussion of wages, a corporation president remarked that the American workman was the best paid laborer in the world. Gompers thundered, "Why shouldn't he be? Why should he be satisfied with a wage on which he cannot support his family decently, because it is a few cents more than the pitiful wage of an ignorant peasant?" Labor unions have since become so strong that they, instead of cor-

porations, now dominate the industrial life of the country and they are sometimes as ruthless as the feudal barons of the Middle Ages. But that is another story which would take this narrative too far afield.

One other great Jew whom I knew was that phenomenal genius, Albert Einstein. I have a vivid memory of my first meeting with him, an afternoon when he came from Princeton to New York for a conference on anti-Semitism with a small group in the apartment of a friend. It was interesting to see at close range the man whose theory of relativity was turning the scientific world upside down. His explanations of the universe, of space and time, are hopelessly unintelligible to me, but I was impressed by the man, his simplicity and kindness, his massiveness of mind, his tenderness of heart and deep distress as he spoke quietly, but with deep emotion, of the sufferings of his people.

The list of interesting people I have known includes several businessmen who were notable not only for ability and wealth, but for philanthropy. We hear much of the type of businessmen who are dominated by the "profit motive," seeking money for money's sake or the power that it gives them, and making the alleged law of supply and demand a smoke screen for taking greedy advantage of other men. But there are also men of great wealth who regard it as an obligation for service to their fellow men. I was brought into personal contact with several men of this type during my long residence in New York. The ones that I met most often were John S. Kennedy and Andrew Carnegie. They acquired great wealth but they gave most of it to humanitarian, educational and other causes. Kennedy was one of three men who risked all they had and all they could borrow in building a western railroad which opened a vast and isolated region to settlement and transformed it into prosperous farms and busy towns. He made millions for others for every dollar he made for himself. Andrew Carnegie is certainly on the roll of the world's great philanthropists. He declared that it was "disgraceful to die rich." His benefactions were numerous and bountiful. The one that brought me into special association

with him was The Church Peace Union, already described. He put huge endowments into Foundations for educational and scientific research, international friendship and the betterment of mankind.

The numerous conferences and committees, interdenominational and undenominational, with which I have been connected, enabled me to meet and know a considerable number of clergymen eminent not only in their own communions, but in the Church Universal. The list is so long that I can mention only a few.

Henry Ward Beecher impressed me as the most eloquent pulpit orator of his generation, Phillips Brooks the best preacher, Dwight Moody the greatest evangelist, Robert Speer the most inspiring advocate of foreign missions. Among church leaders in other countries, I may mention Bishop Charles Gore of England, a man of powerful intellect, a rigid conservative as a churchman but an advanced liberal in biblical interpretation and the application of the Gospel to the social order. Archbishop William Temple of Canterbury was a trusted leader and forceful personality in the modern ecumenical movement, a Christian statesman in the breadth of his mind and the nobleness of his conception of a united Church. Archbishop Nathan Soderblom of Sweden was a flaming apostle of church cooperation, the constructive genius of the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work in Stockholm. He was a scholar and linguist, as well as an executive. I have heard him give a half-hour address to a polyglot audience, first in Swedish and then repeat it in French, German, and English, all fluently and without manuscript. He could have done it in several other languages.

It was an enriching experience to be associated with distinguished representatives of the Eastern Orthodox (Greek Catholic) Church headed by "His Grace, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Thyateira, Germanos, Strinopoulos." Under that formidable title, I found a man of winsome manner, catholic spirit and wisdom in counsel. If there had been more prelates of that type in former centuries, there would have been fewer schisms.

One's estimate of prominent men may be affected by proximity or position. At close range a given individual may seem greater or smaller than in historical perspective. If, as Carlyle imagined, "by some enchanter's wand, the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps, every mother's son of them stand straddling, not a shirt on them," it might be difficult to distinguish kings from commoners. I have written of men widely known. The list of those who personally interested me also includes many unknown to fame, but their contribution to human welfare was real and enduring. Time makes many changes. Agrippa was a king famous in his day but he lives in history only because one of the accused men brought before him was a friendless missionary named Paul.

10

REFLECTIONS ON SOME RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS

IN THIS time of general confusion, when traditional beliefs are challenged and discordant 'isms' are loudly advocated, I have been led to re-examine my own faith. Upon what does it really rest? Are former affirmations now valid? I am not a theologian. The major part of my ministry was devoted to world-wide missionary work and its related problems. Often, however, I had to face fundamental questions of religious experience, not only for myself but for others. Since my retirement from active service, I have had opportunity to ponder them anew. I have written this and succeeding chapters, not as one who claims professional competence, but as an individual whose renewed quest for certainty throughout a longer-than-ordinary life has led to a strengthened conviction that "Christ is all, and in all," and that He alone has "the words of eternal life."

In the New England village of my boyhood, the prevailing type of religion was not lacking in certainty of a kind. The rules of faith and conduct were definite and inflexible. The "Puritan Sabbath" was strictly observed. No avoidable work was done on that day. Shoes were cleaned, clothes brushed

and most of the Sunday food was cooked on Saturday. Reading novels, secular books and newspapers on Sunday was deemed sinful. The permitted stories were about good little boys who obeyed their parents, read the Bible, said their prayers and went happily to Heaven while young. Memorizing the catechism was compulsory, and recommended books were Fox's *Lives of the Martyrs*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and emotional accounts of death-bed scenes.

Everybody who could walk or ride went to church. There was nothing else to do on Sunday, no other place to go and see one's friends. There were no newspapers, radios or telephones to divert attention. The sermons were able but long, often doctrinal and usually beyond my youthful understanding. However, there was no mistaking their portrayal of the awful majesty of God who was "angry with the wicked every day." Hell was certain unless the sinner repented. Instances were cited of persons who had failed to heed the warning and been fatally injured in an accident or struck by lightning on the way home. It was rather terrifying to my childish imagination.

The accepted theology, like the Maine coast, was stern and rockbound. The Bible was held to be verbally inspired and without error from cover to cover. Moses wrote the Pentateuch and in Genesis gave a scientifically accurate account of the creation of the earth and man. The higher criticism of the Bible was denounced as heretical, evolution as atheistic. The world was deemed a sinking ship and the duty of the Church was voiced in the hymn which was lustily sung in evangelistic meetings—

"Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore.
Leave the poor old stranded wreck
And pull for the shore."

These views were not peculiar to any one denomination. They had long been common to many religious bodies in Europe and America. So great a scientist as Sir Isaac Newton

accepted Bishop Ussher's calculation from the accounts in the book of Genesis that the world was created at exactly nine o'clock on the morning of October twenty-sixth, 4004 B.C. The circulation of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, which had been published in England in 1859, evoked a storm of opposition which was not confined to ministers. They assailed it. So did laymen, learned and unlearned. Harvard University refused to promote John Fiske to a professorship because he supported Darwin in a series of lectures. In 1872 its most famous scientist, Louis Agassiz, wrote articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* strongly criticising Darwin's theory. William E. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century, a devout student of the Bible, advocated the historic validity of the Genesis account of creation and denounced the evolutionary hypothesis. So did the noted Hebrew scholar Moses Stuart, and the eminent scientists Buckland and Lyell.

After all, there was iron in that old theology. Men firmly believed it and their devotion was self-sacrificing. It was among such Christians that the world-wide missionary movement was inaugurated.

I do not belong to the company of saints who can point to the exact day and hour when they had a sudden and overwhelming conviction of sin and judgment. I had been nurtured in a family in which Christian faith was integral in a normal life. At the age of twelve, I was received "on confession" as a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Neenah, Wisconsin, where the family was then living. My mother had long hoped and prayed that her sons would become ministers, and when the time came to consider what I should prepare to do in life, the ministry seemed the natural course. There was no thought of doing anything else. I am not sure that a New England Congregational Council of that day would have been convinced that I had the traditional clear, imperious call to preach, but the more liberal Wisconsin Presbytery of Winnebago did not press the question. After a brief inquiry as to my Christian experience and motives, it enrolled me as a "student for the ministry under its care."

The able and scholarly professors in the theological seminary taught the historic Plan of Salvation, logical, legalistic, conclusive. "Young gentlemen," said the venerable professor of apologetics, "you must not admit that there is a single error in the Bible, for if you begin to concede even one, where can you stop? You surrender your whole position."

I had some misgivings about some of these assertions, but they were the teachings of the Church, and I no more thought of rebelling than of renouncing my citizenship because the Government did something that I did not approve. After several years in the ministry, my misgivings increased. I was then in Oregon, far from libraries where current books and periodicals on theology and biblical interpretation were available. So I went back to the Bible for myself. The result of my re-study was a firmer adherence to my ordination vow that the Bible is an "infallible rule of faith and practice," but that it is not and was not intended to be an infallible rule of geology, astronomy and secular history; that it is a book of religion and not of science; that while God might have dictated every sentence of a Bible, it is clear that He did not; that "holy men of old" were inspired to tell about God and what He requires of men; that for information on other subjects, they were dependent on available records which for some early periods were scanty or traditional; that in a pre-scientific age and to peoples accustomed to the expression of ideas in figurative language, they naturally gave their message in the form that would be most easily understood; and that the real meaning of many parts of the Bible is obscured when oriental poetry and symbolism are interpreted as occidental prose. Even in this twentieth century, children and half the adults in the world, who can understand the meaning of the pictorial account of creation, would find the scientific account unintelligible. The essential fact to be understood in the first chapters of Genesis is that God made the earth and men, not how or when. Evolution is God's method of working; the "higher criticism" is the effort to find out what the inspired writers actually said and when and in what circumstances and for what purpose they said it.

These and related conclusions were not reached at once. They were years in developing. Of course they were not new. They had long been advocated in Europe. They were later in winning acceptance in America. Conservatives vigorously opposed them and the controversy was heated for a considerable period.

Meantime, the insistence of the ultra-conservatives upon strict construction of the official creed of the Presbyterian Church had been having an effect that they had not anticipated. That creed, the Westminster Confession of Faith, is one of the great documents in the history of the Church Universal. Never has there been a nobler statement of the basic principles of Christianity—the sovereignty of God, His eternal purpose for the salvation of men, the right of believers to direct access to God, and the separation of Church and State. “God alone is Lord of the conscience” is one of its immortal declarations. It was a contribution of immense value to Christian thought and life. But it was written nearly three hundred years ago (1664-1667), when Protestantism was in a life and death struggle with a Roman Catholic Church which claimed absolute control of the keys of Heaven and Hell and exclusive interpretation of the Bible. In the reaction from these and other teachings, the Westminster divines made some extreme statements regarding foreordination and related subjects, and failed to give due place to some truths that the modern Church deems essential. To revise that elaborate creed would be as difficult as to reconstruct an ancient cathedral. So in the closing years of the last century, a growing demand for a supplementary creed expressing more clearly the faith of the Church of today resulted in the adoption of a broader “Statement of the Reformed Faith” in 1902. Other denominations have had a like experience. Christianity today is seldom stated in the exact form of words that were used by devout men of former generations. But the living germinal truths of God and man, as incarnated in Christ and recorded in the New Testament, stand, after all these centuries, as firmly and impregnably as ever.

It is interesting to note that modern science, in changing the form, has not changed the substance of some of the dogmas of the old theology. An example may be found in the alleged "horrible doctrine of original sin," so long denounced by sceptics. According to Edmund W. Sinnott, Professor of Botany in Sheffield Scientific School in Yale University, modern science holds that "whatever else a man may be, we should never forget that he is an animal." Indeed, ethnologists have characterized man as the most predatory and ruthless of animals. Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale, says that "our reason, our sense of justice have a short history and are still imperfectly developed. On the other hand, the tendencies to fear and anger are powerful in nearly everyone and are always ready, if provoked, to burst into flame." Municipal and national governments are obliged to deal with lawless men. Fighting has always been the instinctive method for settling disputes between tribes and nations. The organized effort to settle them peaceably is recent and only partially successful. Covetousness, selfishness, sensuality, cruelty, jealousy, like weeds in a garden, seem to spring up spontaneously and to thrive tenaciously without care, while the virtues that make for good character have to be implanted and diligently cultivated.

We see the same thing in personal life. It is natural for a child to indulge his appetites, instincts and passions, snatch what he wants from others, quarrel with his playmates and settle disputes with his fists. He must learn or be taught to control these natural tendencies. The condition of the world sadly shows that many adults never outgrow these primitive instincts. Even the best men sometimes have a hard struggle for self-mastery. The Apostle Paul confessed the experience of many a saint when he wrote that he had to "fight" to keep his "body under," and that when he would do good he found "a different law" in his members "warring against" the law of his mind. The amiable notion that the untaught natural man is predisposed to be virtuous, unselfish and peaceful is belied by obvious facts. Theologians may use the term original sin.

Scientists may call it persistence of animal instincts. As I am neither a theologian nor a scientist, I must leave the terminology to others. Under any name, there is a stubborn fact in human life and man must deal with it, if, as Tennyson said, he is to

“Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

Indeed, the old theology is more humane than the new science, for it assures man of the help of God in his struggles and temptations, while modern science offers no assistance in man's toilsome climb. Of course, there is more to man's sin than inherited tendencies. It has a moral significance in man that is lacking in lower animals. The latter have only instinct, while man has reason and conscience. He knows the difference between right and wrong and that he ought to control his appetites and passions. He knows, as an animal does not, that it is a sin to steal, oppress and kill.

Like other ministers, and all men who think, I have had to deal with the fundamental issues of life and the supernatural. Is man only a material being? Is mind simply a function of the brain? Is the universe an impersonal machine? Or, is man a spirit as well as a body? Are there spiritual realities? Is there a Supreme Being, “maker of heaven and earth” and sovereign ruler of men?

The assertion is plausible but fallacious that in seeking truth we should divest our minds of all personal interests and begin without any presuppositions. Such selfless neutrality is possible in approaching an abstract proposition or mathematical problem. It is seldom done in religion, or for that matter in economics or anything in which man is concerned. Truth is not discovered by vacant minds. As William James put it, “If you want an absolute duffer in an investigation, you must take the man who has no interest whatever in its results: he is the warranted incapable, the positive fool. The most useful investigator, because the most sensitive observer, is always he whose eager interest in one

side of the question is balanced by an equally keen nervousness lest he become deceived."

Atheism's denial of God was being advocated by a diminishing number of voices, clamorous but of waning influence, when it was taken up by the Russian Communists. One may wonder, however, whether their hostility to religion as "the opiate of the people" would have been so virulent if it had not been that the only form of religion they knew was identified with the arrogant and oppressive political and economic system that they were determined to overthrow. It is significant that, after thirty years of religious persecution and godless propaganda by a ruthless totalitarian government, former Ambassador to Russia Walter Bedell Smith wrote that he saw manifestations of devotion which were "convincing proof" that the effort of the Communist party to establish absolute domination over the religious faith of the people "has been quietly but decisively rejected by the masses of the older Russian people." Several years later, Harrison E. Salisbury, on his return to America after five years in Russia as chief of *The New York Times* Press Bureau, wrote in the "Times" of September 29, 1954:

The fact is that, since Stalin came to terms with the church as a wartime measure, it has regained strength by leaps and bounds. Hundreds, if not thousands, of Orthodox churches have been reopened; believers crowd them by the tens of thousands; annual contributions rise into the millions of rubles, and the church has become a solid and powerful influence.

History shows that the human mind cannot, or at least will not, remain in a spiritual vacuum.

The former assertion of an irreconcilable conflict between science and religion is no longer made by intelligent men. There will doubtless always be more or less controversy over the effect of discoveries and inventions upon traditional beliefs. Such controversies are common in various spheres and relationships. Christians have no quarrel with scientists who assert that living organisms have been evolved. We

simply ask: Is it conceivable that they evolved from nothing? However incipient and remote the original germ cell, some Being outside of it must have given it life and guided its development. This is not merely a clergyman's opinion. Scientists have spoken. During the heated controversy following the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," America's great naturalist, Asa Gray of Harvard University, "whose orthodoxy could not be questioned," said Gamaliel Bradford, actively advocated belief in evolution as "perfectly compatible with a devout belief in the deity of the Bible." Victor F. Hess, physicist and Nobel Prize winner for his discovery of cosmic rays, has said: "In all my years of research in physics and geophysics, I have never found one instance in which scientific discovery was in conflict with religious faith." And Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize physicist, has stated: "Science is the glimpse of God's purpose in nature. The very existence of the amazing world of the atom and radiation points to a purposeful creation, to the idea that there is a God and an intelligent purpose back of everything." One could multiply such statements from other eminent scientists of our time.

The validity of religious truths is not dependent on the opinion of scientists. Scientists are specialists, and specialization narrows range. The area of knowledge is so vast and the data are so numerous and varied that it is impossible for anyone to know them all. In order to collate and understand one group, the student must be content with superficial information about other groups. Because an entomologist is an authority on insects, it does not follow that he is an authority on corporation law or biblical criticism. Indeed, long concentration upon a material thing may lessen the ability to evaluate a non-material one. Darwin sadly admitted in his old age that he had lost the power to appreciate music and poetry. All the more significant is it, therefore, that so many scientists freely recognize spiritual realities that are beyond the scope of physical inquiry but must be taken into account in any true comprehension of human life.

We who are neither scientists nor philosophers can see the obvious falsity of the mechanical theory of life. Who can conceive of a machine that made itself, or one that was made without a purpose, or one that did not require someone to operate it? Scientists tell us that all the constituent chemicals of the human body can be bought at a drugstore for 98 cents, but it is so marvelous in its organization and functions and so skillful in its adaptations of means to ends as to make undirected chance utterly incredible. If mind is a series of molecular changes in the brain, who instituted those changes and guided their development? Modern man, with his technical knowledge, has filled the world with engineering marvels, but the paleontologist of the New York Museum of Natural History has said that the most remarkable engineering objects ever created are the skeletons of living things more ancient than man himself, and that from tiny humming birds to great whales, the bone structures of animals employ with surpassing skill the same engineering principles that man has learned to employ in suspension bridges, cantilever buildings, vaulted auditoriums and various machines.

We speak glibly of Newton's law of gravitation, Mendel's law of heredity, Darwin's law of evolution. But they did not invent those laws; they discovered them. The laws had been operating for countless centuries before man appeared on the earth. Back of all laws is the Lawgiver. Darwin himself saw that his theory of evolution necessarily implied design, for he said: "If we consider the whole universe, the mind refuses to look at it as the outcome of chance." Arthur H. Compton adds: "The argument on the basis of design, though trite, has never been adequately refuted. On the contrary, as we learn more about our world, the probability of its having resulted by chance processes becomes more and more remote, so that few indeed are the scientific men of today who will defend the atheistic attitude."

"Science knows nothing of ultimate origins," said James Simpson of Edinburgh University. "She cannot dispute that sublime word 'In the beginning God.'" It is significant that

the Bible writers make no effort to prove the existence of God. Everywhere they take it for granted as the supreme self-evident fact that needs no human argument to support it. We must say with Louis Pasteur: "He who proclaims the existence of the Infinite, and none can avoid it, accumulates in the affirmation more of the supernatural than is to be found in all the miracles of all the religions. . . . When the notion of the Infinite seizes upon our understanding, we can but kneel."

The real question is not whether there is a Supreme Being but what is His attitude toward man? Is He interested in him? This is the age-old cry of the human heart. It finds expression in several of the Psalms. The pitiful question of the tenth Psalm—"Why standest Thou afar off, O Jehovah? Why hidest Thou thyself in times of trouble?"—is repeated in several other places. It has been echoed in every generation since, as men have witnessed the appalling sufferings of humanity. Does God care?

Nature appears to answer "No." "She speaks," as Bryant said, "a various language." But it is not the language of love. "The heavens declare the glory of God," but they do not tell us what we most desire to know. Nature's laws operate sometimes to man's benefit, sometimes to his injury, and always without regard to the human beings affected. Much of man's suffering is due to his wilful or careless disregard of nature's laws, but much more is due to his innocent ignorance and to causes beyond his control. Man is the victim, not the cause, of droughts, floods, tornadoes, earthquakes, disease-carrying insects and wind-borne germs. Nature is cruel to the weak, the sick, the injured. Confucius, one of the wisest men who ever lived, who was guided only by reason, said: "The four seasons pursue their course, but does Heaven say anything?"

One wonders at the advocates of Deism who avow that they are satisfied with the idea of God that they find in nature. Attractive to some minds as a philosophy, Deism has never satisfied the heart of mankind as a religion; and surely it never will. With all due recognition of the lessons of na-

ture, we must say in the words of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" that one

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And Love creation's final law,"

may find to his dismay that

"Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shriek'd against his creed.
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

The instinctive feeling of primitive men is superstitious fear of nature. Earth and air are peopled with evil spirits. They whisper in the night wind, roar in the thunder, blaze their anger in lightnings, hover about dwellings at man's birth, girdle his life with taboos, rack his body with pain, and fill his mind with terrors which are not less real to him because they are imaginary.

During my first visit to China in 1901, I saw frightened people beating gongs and exploding firecrackers to drive off evil spirits from the dying son of a magistrate. I was in Korea during an epidemic of cholera which was believed to be due to demon rats. So trembling prayers were offered to paper cats suspended from cords across the narrow streets. No right-minded person will ridicule such superstition. Rather will he be deeply moved by its pathos. In vast areas of the world, burdened sorrowing multitudes vainly look to nature for help. They "stretch lame hands of faith and grope, and gather dust and chaff." Baffled by the mysteries and tragedies of life, humanity cries: If there is a God, does He care?

Agnostics reply that the question is unanswerable and that it is useless to concern ourselves with it. In the upper level of agnosticism there are men of stern sense of duty who add that it is better for ourselves and for society to be just and humane, to live up to the best we know, and be content. I respect the agnostics of intelligence and character

who have known no other religion than the gods of superstition and paganism or the distorted Christianity of medieval and modern fanatics. But common agnosticism is often not so much a protest against doctrinal crudities as an excuse for indifference and irreligion. In others, it confuses life as a despairing "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Sometimes it begets cynicism which found classic expression in the Rubaiyat of the twelfth century Persian poet, Omar Khayyam:

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show."

On its lower level, agnosticism degenerates into recklessness and dissipation. It fills the pleasure resorts of cities with revellers speeding down what Shakespeare called "the primrose path to the eternal bonfire," and shouting: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

I do not profess to be able to solve the problem of suffering that has baffled philosophers, scientists and theologians in all ages. The conventional answers do not satisfy me. It is often said that suffering is punishment for man's sin. Clearly some of it is, as clearly some is not. The righteous as well as the wicked suffer, and many wicked do not suffer at all. The author of the 73rd Psalm expressed a familiar experience today when he wrote: "I was envious of the arrogant when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. They are not in trouble as other men. They have more than heart could wish." In World War II, only a few of the guilty leaders were punished, while on both sides millions of common people suffered who knew nothing of the causes of the war and had no conscious responsibility for them. When a German general slaughtered the whole population of a village because an unknown villager had killed a German soldier, the world was horrified.

It is blasphemous to assert that God deals with mankind in that way. It is true that the innocent often suffer from the

acts of the guilty, but such suffering is not punishment, and in the effort to explain it, men should not attribute to God motives utterly incompatible with His character and the justice of His moral government of the world. The adversities of Job were not due to his sins, as his misguided friends alleged. The record states that he was "perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." When Jesus' disciples saw a man blind from his birth and asked: "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents that he should be born blind?", Jesus answered: "Neither did this man sin nor his parents" (John 9:1-3). "Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and killed them, think ye that they were offenders above all the men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay" (Luke 13:4).

Also unsatisfactory is the common assertion that trouble purifies and strengthens faith. Again I say: clearly it does in some cases. "God dealeth with you as with sons," said the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews; "He chasteneth us for our profit" (12:7-10). I have a vivid memory of some trials in my own life which, though grievous at the time, enriched me spiritually and brought me nearer to God. It would be easy to multiply illustrations. I have seen moving instances and have read of many others.

But trouble often hardens, embitters. The disasters that Job bore with triumphant faith led his wife to advise him to "curse God and die." The dangers and tragedies of the battle-front in World War II were frightful. But chaplains have reported that, while an encouraging number of men on temporary leave from the front sought religious counsel, a discouraging number sought saloons and brothels. Again illustrations might be multiplied. It is clear that, while suffering sometimes purifies and enobles character, the contrary effect is so common that we should be cautious in accepting an unqualified generalization that a method which so often fails to achieve its alleged purpose is God's way of dealing with mankind. Indeed, most of the people I have known who have borne suffering with faith and fortitude were saints before they suffered. Some with incurably broken health

were beautiful illustrations of Milton's line: "They also serve who only stand and wait." They had not been made saints by adversity; they serenely endured adversity because they were saints. Christianity does not promise to relieve man from all the limitations and infirmities of his physical body and make him comfortable in this earthly life. Christianity does promise fortitude to bear life's burdens and endure its trials. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the Divine invitation. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

11

THE BASIS OF MY FAITH

IF we believe that God cares for the individual man, the further question arises: What authority have we for our belief? This is a vital question.

Some thoughtful men declare that they find sufficient authority in reason. I do not. Of course, reason is a factor in the problem. God has endowed man with it and expects him to use it. But for final authority on the mysteries of time and eternity, human reason is too limited in scope and understanding, too prone to be influenced by self-interest and environment. It is not in finite man to compass the Infinite. Moreover, reason offers no consensus for our guidance, men of equal intelligence and sincerity differing widely as to what it teaches. Man-made "isms" are numerous and variant. Atheism, deism, humanism, materialism, agnosticism, Buddhism, Confucianism—each claims to have the support of reason, but they are a veritable Babel of discordant voices. "Reason," said William James, "is one of the very feeblest of nature's forces."

Thomas Aquinas pointed out another consideration which is as applicable now as it was in the thirteenth century. If

the discovery of God were left to the sole inquiry of reason, the search would require a trained mind and a scientific and philosophical knowledge that few possess, and a longer labor of study than most men, absorbed with other things or limited by education or environment, would or could undertake. Thus the large majority of the human race would be left in ignorance concerning divine truth, or confused and led astray by the conflicting opinions of professed wise men. Plato, one of the world's profoundest thinkers, evidently felt the inadequacy of reason, for he sadly said in *Phaedo* that man had to "sail the seas of darkness and doubt on the raft of his understanding, not without risk, if a man cannot find some word of God which will more surely and safely carry him." Immanuel Kant, in the Preface of his *Critique of Pure Reason*, frankly declared: "Our reason has this peculiar fate that it is always troubled with questions which cannot be ignored because they spring from the very nature of reason, and which cannot be answered because they transcend the powers of human reason. . . . Because the questions never cease, it finds itself constrained to take refuge in principles which exceed every possible experimental application. Thus reason becomes involved in darkness and contradictions."

Many devout Christians find adequate authority in the Church. I have a high conception of the Church. I have spent my life in its service. Time has strengthened the conviction that while religion is essentially individual, a personal experience in communion with God, it is also essentially social and it is normally expressed in a fellowship. This fellowship, which we call the Church, is the divinely appointed agency for the communication of God's message to man, and it is charged with a mission to the world which cannot be carried on by scattered and unrelated individuals acting independently. The claim that one can be a Christian without joining a church, while nominally true, is as unrealistic as a claim that one can be a useful citizen of a country without being a citizen of a local community.

But the Church is composed of fallible men who some-

times misinterpret the divine will. The constitution of the Presbyterian Church declares that "all synods and councils may err through the frailty inseparable from humanity." Reverence for the Church and gratitude for its indispensable place in Christian life and work do not obscure its inadequacy as the infallible authority in religion.

The traditional Protestant teaching is that the Bible is the supreme authority. The Bible has been my daily companion and guide throughout my life. I believe its inspiration. But religion did not come out of the Bible. The Bible came out of religion. There were saints and prophets in Israel long before the oldest of the Old Testament books. Amos was written about 760 B.C., centuries after Abraham and Moses. The disciples of the first generation did not have the New Testament. Its oldest book, the First Letter to the Thessalonians, was not written till about twenty-two years after the death of Christ; the earliest account of the life of Christ, Mark, about the year 65, and the fourth Gospel not until the end of the century. The faith of the first century Christians was not based on a book, but on a Person. The Bible is precious as the only authoritative record we have of God's progressive revelation and the life and teaching of our Lord. Even if it were not inspired, the fact would remain that it was written by sincere, devout, trustworthy men. We do not doubt the existence of Julius Caesar because we do not have an inspired account of his life. The fact of Christ is as luminous and well established as any fact in history.

It is Christ that is to me the supreme authority. Reason, Church, and Bible have their place as essential contributing factors and we cannot dispense with any one of them; but, apart from Christ, they would not be decisive. When the frightened jailer cried: "What must I do to be saved?" Paul did not say: "Believe in your reason, or the Church, or in the Scriptures," but "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord." In the Bible use of the term, the "Word of God" is not a book. "In the beginning (there was no Bible

then) was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory" (John 1:1-14). The authors of every one of the twenty-seven books and letters in the New Testament ascribe divinity to Christ either by direct statement or necessary implication. They tell us that He possessed supernatural knowledge and power; that He spoke with the authority of God; that His disciples worshipped Him; that He accepted their worship; and that His claim was admitted even by his enemies, for we read that "the Jews sought the more to kill Him because He made himself equal with God." Objectors cite a few sentences which, isolated from their context, superficially appear to suggest a different meaning. But it is a recognized rule of fair criticism that an exceptional detached sentence should not be given an interpretation that is obviously inconsistent with the evident purpose of the book as a whole. John expressed this when he said: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God . . ." (John 20:31).

This, throughout the centuries since, has continued to be the faith of all communions of the Christian Church—Roman Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant. It has been truly said that Christianity has existed from the beginning only in the form of a faith which has Jesus as its object, and not at all in the form of a faith which has Jesus simply as its living pattern. The most careful scrutiny of the New Testament discloses no trace of a Christianity in which Jesus has any other place than that which is assigned Him in the faith of the historical Church. The heart of New Testament Christianity is not a doctrine but an event, not something that man has done but something that God has done. This is the vital difference between Christianity and other religions. They represent man's attempts to solve the problems of life and destiny by his reason. Christianity declares that they are solved by God himself in Christ. It is primarily an evangel. "Behold," said the angel, "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people, for there is born

to you this day . . . a Savior who is Christ the Lord.”

I know devout men who say that they find it easy to believe in the fatherhood of God but difficult to believe in the deity of Christ. My experience is just the reverse. In view of the problems and tragedies of human life, it would be hard to believe in the justice and goodness of God without His revelation in Christ. All my conception of a Supreme Being is so determined by the Incarnation that, like Browning, I would be in dire confusion “if Christ, as thou affirmest, be of men, mere man, the first and best but nothing more.”

This conception of Christ opens vistas to far horizons. It is an ethic, a personal faith, a social order. Any one of these alone, to the exclusion of the others, is a distortion of New Testament teaching. Christianity is all of them, and more. Paul told the Corinthians: “I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ.” Then in his letters he discussed the entire range of Christian beliefs and duties—individual, family, Church, State. To Paul, Christ was the controlling principle of life and all life’s activities and relationships, a whole Gospel for the whole world of men. He declared in his letter to the Ephesians (1:9-10), God “purposed to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens and the things upon the earth.”

The basic fact of Christ’s divine authority settles for me a brood of otherwise perplexing questions. It is the answer, and the only conclusive answer, to the most urgent question of troubled humanity—Does God care? The answer is clear: “One is your Father, even He who is in heaven” (Matthew 23:9). “After this manner pray ye, our Father who art in heaven” (Matthew 6:9). “Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him” (Matthew 6:8). “Your Father is merciful” (Luke 6:36). Fourteen times Christ called God “your Father,” and this personal relationship is implicit in many other passages. The parables of the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the prodigal son picture it in imagery of unforgettable vividness and beauty. This conception of God was not new. It was mentioned in several places in the Old Testament, particularly in the Psalms. But,

as in the case of some earlier teachings, Christ not only disentangled it from variant concepts, clarified and developed it, but declared it on His own transcendent authority as the Son of God. Man's most anxious question is thus definitely answered. God does care. Some of His ways are mysterious to us, but the best method of dealing with them is not separately but by a principle that covers them all.

In the early years of my ministry, I sometimes attempted to give the conventional answers to some of life's baffling questions, but I soon ran into difficulties. As an older man, I frankly admit that there are some things for which I do not know a satisfactory explanation. But I do know that we are in the hands of a loving Father who "doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men," and that we may implicitly trust Him for guidance and strength. We can endure anything, said the saintly Frederick Robertson, if we are sure of the heart of God. This assurance Christ gives us.

Christ's reply to Peter's question in the Gospel according to John (21:22) has had large influence on my thinking and religious experience. Peter had just been told what his duty was. Then, curious to know what the Master had in mind for his friend John, he impulsively asked: "Lord, what shall this man do?" Jesus answered, possibly with a touch of sternness: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." This clearly implies that our duty to follow Christ is independent of our knowledge of His plans for others. Whether we understand them or not, whatever variant questions may perplex us, Christ's call to faith and service is plain and it transcends everything else.

The Virgin Birth of Christ is another problem that becomes intelligible to me only from the viewpoint of the Incarnation. Fortunately, it is no longer necessary to refute the assertion that the Virgin Birth could not have happened. In these modern days, when so many long-deemed impossibilities are happening, wise men do not deem anything impossible because it is unaccountable. It must be admitted that the Bible record is not entirely clear. Old Testament scholars tell us that the Hebrew word translated "virgin" in Isaiah

7:14 in the King James Version, means “young woman” and is so translated in the Revised Standard Version. In the New Testament, Matthew and Luke clearly affirm the Virgin Birth, but it is odd that none of the other writers mention an event which, if they knew it, they would naturally have mentioned. The silence of Paul is especially perplexing. He was the authoritative instructor of the early Church. He emphasized the significance of Christ’s death and resurrection, but if he ever heard of the Virgin Birth, he apparently did not deem it of essential importance. In Romans 1:3, he said that Christ “was descended from David according to the flesh.” Joseph was descended from David, but it is doubtful whether Mary was. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews wrote: “He had to be made like his brethren in every respect . . . to make expiation for the sins of the people” (Hebrews 2:17, R.S.V.).

On the other hand, Mary may not have disclosed the Virgin Birth when Mark and the Epistles were written, for Matthew and Luke were written later. That she said to Jesus: “Thy Father and I have sought thee sorrowing” means nothing, as adopted children are usually regarded as members of the family. Luke’s account of the Virgin Birth bears every mark of credibility. He is universally regarded as a trustworthy historian. He said in the opening paragraph of his Gospel that he had compiled a narrative from the statements of eyewitnesses so that its readers might know the truth. It is difficult to believe that a man of his intelligence, sincerity and devotion, could have recorded an unfounded rumor as fact, and incredible that an imposter could have invented a story of such ineffable beauty and spiritual significance.

With our present knowledge it is useless to discuss the Virgin Birth from the viewpoint of biology. Like many other events in both ancient and modern times, it is a question of faith rather than understanding. To me, the fact of the Incarnation is the essential thing, the method is relatively unimportant. Christ might have come through one human parent, or two human parents, or no human parent at all. He might have come as a statesman, a prince or a philosopher.

He chose to come by human birth through an ideal type of womanhood. Could there have been a more truly representative and beautifully appropriate way for the Son of God to enter the life of our common humanity? My heart responds to the music of the angelic announcement of "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for there is born to you this day a Savior who is Christ the Lord. And this is a sign unto you: ye shall find a babe lying in a manger." It has been well said that it is not such a mystery after all that God should have revealed Himself in the incarnation of His Son. Otherwise, He would have remained vague, impersonal, the theory of a teacher or the imagery of a poet. In Christ, the Divine became a visible, understandable reality.

The same principle has served in dealing with miracles. I long since abandoned the traditional effort to cite them among the proofs of Christ's deity. I now cite His deity as a proof of His miracles. The objection that miracles would be violations of the laws of nature and therefore could not have occurred raises the question: What laws? Obviously, those that man knows. But do we know all of nature's laws? May there not be others that might account for what is now mysterious? And do we know all that it is possible to do with the laws with which we are familiar? To say that an alleged occurrence was impossible may merely mean that it cannot be explained by the ordinary operation of any law now known. Does that end the matter? Scientists make no such claim.

Sir Isaac Newton, when praised for his numerous discoveries and inventions, said: "I have been like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." That was in the eighteenth century. What say the scientists of the twentieth century?

Sir Oliver Lodge, physicist: "We are not to suppose that all the discoveries have been made."

Lord Arthur Balfour, President of the Society of Psychological Research: "Physicists, chemists and biologists have arrived at a point in the analysis of matter which opens up a vista of

apparently illimitable scope. Our scientific knowledge places no ban on supernormal phenomena; rather it suggests the probability of discoveries in quite novel directions.”

Nobel Prize winner Prince Louis de Broglie: “At the moment we know nothing about a great number of things. I think that if some catastrophe does not alter the course of human civilization, immense discoveries that cannot be foreseen will be made sooner or later, and that science of tomorrow will bear little, if any, resemblance to science of today.”

The English physicist, Marcus L. Oliphant: “It is senseless to maintain that we have not much more to learn about the universe. Our era has every prospect of being surpassed, and that very soon.”

James Sumner, American Nobel Prize winner in biochemistry: “We have hardly begun to understand and conquer the universe.”

Moreover, man’s ideas of natural law have often been revised as knowledge has advanced. For thousands of years the apparent circulation of the sun around the earth was deemed a law of nature. Three hundred years ago Isaac Newton said that an apple fell to the ground in obedience to the law of gravitation and that law was held inviolable by scientists till in our generation Einstein declared that “it fell not because there was a mysterious force pulling it down, but because space is curved by the pressure of the great mass of the earth and the apple took the line of least resistance.” Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Linnaeus, Mendel, Darwin, Einstein mark stages of readjustments in man’s understanding of nature.

The top nuclear physicists of America, in a conference in Rochester in December, 1950, frankly admitted that the results of their experiments with giant atom-smashing machines have upset all their previous theories about the forces that hold the material universe together; that they found themselves hopelessly lost in the impenetrable “jungles” of the nucleus of the atom; and that the latest experiments, instead of lending further support to their theories, have yielded results that invalidate most of them. “Nobody knows,” the Conference report said, “what holds the atom

together, nor why there are so many particles, nor why they have electrical charges, nor why the atoms don't disintegrate, nor why the universe itself holds together."

Further readjustments of scientific theories and "laws" are certain to become necessary. Amazing as advances in knowledge have been, it is still true that we live in a world of mysteries, receding horizons, and unknown regions beyond. Modern man has pushed back the frontiers of mystery a little way. But, like an electric light that illuminates a larger area than a candle, it has extended the circumference of the surrounding darkness.

We should not be disturbed, therefore, because some of the miracles recorded in the Bible cannot be accounted for by our present knowledge. They were not violations of the laws of nature but acts of a Being of supernatural knowledge and power by processes unknown to us. One's attitude toward the supernatural events recorded in the New Testament is inevitably, though perhaps unconsciously, influenced by one's belief or unbelief in the existence of God. Faith naturally predisposes one to believe in what God can do. Denial as naturally carries with it disbelief of His recorded acts.

Indeed, man is now using his partial knowledge in ways that former generations would have deemed miraculous. Down to the nineteenth century, one can imagine the scoffs of critics if the New Testament had recorded that Paul in Athens had talked over a wire with his friends in Thessalonica, that Apollos had flown from Alexandria to Ephesus, and that Peter's sermon in Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost had been heard in every city of the empire. Modern science has made the line between the possible and the impossible so vague and changeable, and is using the laws of nature in such hitherto incredible ways, that one should avoid assuming that the line is fixed and immovable. Vast areas are yet unexplored. Shakespeare spoke with prophetic voice when he made Hamlet say: "There are more things in heaven and in earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The question of miracles has often been confused by failure to consider that the Bible was written in times when

little was known of nature's laws and practically nothing of the causes of disease. Scholars and peasants alike believed that the sun revolved around a stationary earth. Pains, convulsions, insanity, epileptic fits, were attributed to demons. Famines, floods, droughts and epidemics were deemed manifestations of the wrath of an angry god. It is not surprising, therefore, that some occurrences that were regarded as supernatural in those pre-scientific centuries are now understood to have been due to natural causes.

It was providential but not miraculous that the Hebrews in their flight from Egypt arrived at an arm of the Red Sea when a strong off-shore wind had driven back a low tide far enough to uncover a bar at a shallow place, and that after the Hebrews had crossed, the surging returning waters engulfed the pursuing Egyptians. Such a tide was not phenomenal. It is easy to understand why the smoke of a volcano in the wilderness of Sinai was to the wandering Israelites "by day a pillar of cloud and by night a pillar of fire."

With due allowances for some misunderstandings of natural events and some stories that appear legendary, the general fact is clear that the miraculous is inextricably interwoven in the New Testament teaching. It should not be difficult for one who believes in the infinite God to believe that He is not limited by man's knowledge in the operation of His own laws and that He sometimes works in ways that finite man cannot comprehend. The New Testament gives an account of a high spiritual experience, and the materialist is color-blind to its phenomena. That is doubtless what St. Paul meant in I Corinthians 2:14. Moffatt translates the passage: "The unspiritual man rejects these truths of the Spirit of God; to him they are sheer folly. He cannot understand them. And the reason is that they must be read with the spiritual eye." Doubt is rooted, perhaps unconsciously, in doubt of the creative, omnipotent God. "It is," says Chesterton, "as rational for a theist to believe in miracles as for an atheist to disbelieve in them."

It is odd that critics who deem the Bible accounts of miracles incredible readily accept the statements of scientists

that we must reconstruct all our ideas of the universe to accord with Einstein's theory of relativity, in which the biologist Lacomte du Noury says that "Einstein used more than a dozen unprovable postulates," a theory which only a few mathematical wizards understand and all the rest of mankind must accept on faith. Einstein himself has said that his efforts to find solutions of his equations were "gropings in the dark." Scientists accept a hypothesis which accounts for facts otherwise unintelligible. Arthur H. Compton says: "It is sometimes supposed that the scientific attitude means refusal to accept any hypothesis that has not been proved. The fact is that almost none of the hypotheses or laws of science are considered as proved; nor does this destroy their value. It is in fact the very essence of the scientific method that hypotheses are found to be valuable as working bases even though they have not been proved." "Science is grounded in faith," said Compton's brother Karl, late president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "and scientific truth, like religious truth, consists of hypotheses, never fully proved, that fit the facts more or less closely."

Many of the difficulties in understanding the supernatural events and teachings recorded in the Bible are based on the assumption that material criteria can adequately explain spiritual realities. Our visible world is material. Our organs of comprehension are physical. We deal every day with things that we see and touch and hear and smell. So we are prone to forget that there are spiritual verities that cannot be discerned by microscopes and crucibles. Science, said Sir Arthur Eddington, "deals with that which can be reduced to pointer readings, but the whole of reality cannot be expressed by them." We have not explained a smile when we have stated it in inches and its duration in seconds. The things that give human life worth and dignity are beyond physical classification. Beauty cannot be measured with a yardstick, love weighed in scales, or self-sacrifice explained by algebraic symbols on a blackboard. Immanuel Kant, in his chapter on "The Ideal of Pure Reason," declared that "all attempts at a purely speculative use of reason, with reference to theology,

are entirely useless and intrinsically null and void; that transcendental questions admit of transcendental answers only; that the moral laws not only presuppose the existence of a Supreme Being, but as they are absolutely necessary, they postulate it by right," and that "the Supreme Being remains, no doubt, an ideal only, but an ideal without a flaw, a concept which finishes and crowns the whole of human knowledge, and the objective reality of which, though it cannot be proved, can neither be disproved in that way." "We walk by faith, not by sight," said Paul. "Believing when we cannot prove," said Tennyson.

And so I come again to the conclusion that the final arbiter is Jesus Christ. There is no other absolute authority. When some of His bewildered disciples "went back" and "Jesus said to the twelve: 'Would ye also go away?' Peter answered: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'" We may say with Robert Browning, "The acknowledgment of God in Christ, accepted by thy reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it, and has so far advanced thee to be wise."

It was the supreme moment in the history of mankind when "that Strange Man" from an obscure Galilean village stepped into the world arena and quietly, in the Name and by the authority of God, took the leadership of the spiritual forces of that and all succeeding centuries. In spite of the revolutionary changes in science, philosophy, society and government, He stands unchanged, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," still in advance of the world's movements, the goal of human progress, the solution of earth's problems, the Savior and King of men. In the glory of this faith, life finds its inspiration to high endeavor and its radiant hope for the future.

12

IMMORTALITY

SOONER or later, every thoughtful person faces the age-old question of Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" It met me in personal experience when my own loved ones passed beyond earth's horizon. It pressed for answer many times in my pastorates. Weeping mothers wanted to know whether they would see their children again. Bereaved relatives and friends, particularly of fallen soldiers in war, seldom take into account the faith and life of the dead, and expect the minister to assure Heaven for everybody. Books and sermons on immortality usually present it as a consolation and blessed destiny for all mankind, without reference to any conditions or limitations. Is this a valid assumption in either reason or Scripture? The question cannot be evaded. Too many people demand an answer.

There is no problem about the immortality of those who have entered into eternal life through faith in God. The problem concerns those who have not. The traditional teaching of the theological seminaries of my student days left some unanswered questions. Subsequent reading did not clarify them. They became more troublesome as travels in Asia gave startling emphasis to humanity's fears in the never-

ending procession to the "bourne from which no traveler ever returns."

In 1932, I wrote an inquiry to the authors of eight recently published books on immortality. Four were theologians, two were pastors, one was a university professor of natural science, and one a professor of the philosophy of religion. In their books they had discussed immortality with primary reference to those who are spiritually fitted for it. I asked them about the spiritually unfit, pointing out that the most ardent lover of humanity must admit that a startlingly large proportion of human beings cannot be considered "fit for heaven," as it is represented in the Bible and the historic creeds. I asked for their opinion as to the obviously unfit but not deliberately wicked in regard to immortality, since they had shown by their writings that they had thought profoundly on the subject.

All eight of the eminent authors replied at length and, with their approval, my letter and their replies were published in the magazine *Religion and Life*, January, 1934, under the title "Immortality of the Unfit." The article attracted wide attention and editorials in several religious journals. One editor noted that "all the authors agree that the problem of the immortality of the unfit is the darkest spot in the doctrine of immortality." Other editors emphasized the significance of the following sentences in the replies: "I do not feel in the least able to give you a satisfactory answer to your question." "You go to the very heart of the question. Frankly, I do not know that I have any answer." "I have always been troubled by the matters you mention and additional study and thinking have not shown me the way out."

It is significant that while all of the authors were men of high standing in evangelical denominations, none of them seemed to feel that the traditional doctrine of hell is an adequate solution of the problem. Prominent in the preaching of former centuries, it is seldom heard today. The guilt of sin is deemed as great as ever and its punishment in some form as necessary in a moral universe. But many Christians find it difficult to believe that the interests of justice and the will of

God as revealed by Christ are served by what one of these authors, the Rev. Dr. John Baillie, characterized as "an everlasting chamber of horrors." By selecting a few passages and ignoring a great number of contrary ones, an apparently plausible argument for an endless hell may be constructed, but it misrepresents the teaching of the New Testament as a whole.

Some of the alleged proof texts are obviously figurative and cannot be interpreted literally. It is perversion of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus to adduce it as an argument for a place of physical torment. That is not the intent of the parable. Disembodied spirits do not burn. Hell, in the King James Version, is sometimes used for the Greek Hades (Hades), which was not a place of suffering but the general abode of the dead, good and bad alike. In some other passages, hell is given for the Greek Geenna (Gehenna) which was the dump of Jerusalem. There was no pain there, no life except worms feeding on carrion. The words "forever" and "everlasting" in the King James Version, are from Hebrew and Greek words which mean "unto the ages," "indefinite," not "endless duration." The Revised Standard Version of the New Testament abandoned the misleading translation in Matthew 25:46 and several other passages and substituted "eternal," which usually refers to the quality of life instead of its extension in time.

In John 5: 28, 29 we read that Christ said: "The hour is coming when all who are in the tombs will hear his voice and come forth, those who have done good, to the resurrection of life, and those who have done evil, to the resurrection of judgment." Obviously, the resurrection of the evil is not to life but to a judgment which is the antithesis of life.

We turn to Paul, the inspired interpreter of the teachings of Christ. He repeatedly emphasizes the resurrection of the righteous, but nowhere in any of his epistles does he mention or seem to imply the resurrection of the wicked. In Luke's account of Paul's address to Governor Felix (Acts 24:15) there is a reference to "... a resurrection of both the just and the unjust." But in II Thessalonians 1:7-9, he declares that

“those who do not obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus shall suffer the punishment of eternal destruction.” His wonderful account of the resurrection in I Corinthians, Chapter 15, refers only to those that are “in Christ.” And in Philippians 3:11 he speaks of the resurrection as a prize to be sought “through faith in Christ,” and he says for himself that “if possible I may attain the resurrection from the dead.” Of course, the absence of reference to a subject is not proof of disbelief in it, but it is an impressive fact that in all of the thirteen epistles of Paul and the eight epistles of other writers, immortality is mentioned or assumed only for those who have entered into fellowship with God through Christ.

Various alternatives for the traditional hell have advocates. Universalism, the belief that all men will ultimately be saved, is advocated by one very small denomination and some individuals in larger ones. It is based on conceptions of man and God's government of the world which are deemed invalid by all evangelical Churches, ancient and modern. A true conception of the worth and dignity of man does not justify the rhetorical declaration frequently heard: “All men are equally precious in God's sight and will never be lost.” Apart from any question of Christian theology, it is difficult to believe that Socrates and Nero, Lincoln and Hitler, Gandhi and Stalin were “equally” precious in God's sight. The assumption that all bad men will ultimately become good, however attractive as an escape alternative, is a mere conjecture. It is true that “the vilest sinner may return,” but it does not follow that everyone who refuses to return in this life will do so in an unknown hereafter.

The Roman Catholic Church answers the problem in its doctrine of Purgatory, to which souls go for a tentative period of punishment and purification. Protestants reject this, and its associated claim that the Roman Catholic Church has the key to Purgatory and the power to shorten the stay by special masses for which a fee is charged. The abuse of this claim was one of the causes of the Reformation in the sixteenth century. There are some Protestants who feel that, stripped of its abuses, it would be easier to believe in a Purgatory than

in the doctrine that souls at death are immediately and irrevocably assigned to Heaven or Hell.

Some Protestants find relief in the suggestion of a Second Probation for those who do not seem to have a "fair chance" in their earthly lives and for those who do have it and ignore or refuse it. This assumes that there will be a second probation and that it will be in more favorable circumstances. No one can possibly know this and there is no hint of it in the Bible. The problem is not solved by shifting it to an imaginary future.

More often heard in this scientific period is the argument that, as evolution is the method of development in all life as we know it, we may reasonably assume that it is a law of the spiritual world as well as the material, and that the death of the body will not stop it. John Fiske of Harvard University popularized this theory and he has had many followers. It eliminates the traditional conceptions of Heaven and Hell and postulates the upward progress of the human spirit beyond the grave. This theory, however, intensifies rather than solves the problem for the masses of humanity, since evolution does not perpetuate the majority of the individuals of the species. Only those survive who have superior ability to adapt themselves to changes in environment. The rest are ruthlessly sloughed off.

A considerable number of Christian scholars, including several of the authors to whom I wrote my letter, question the traditional belief in universal immortality. Is it true that physical birth on this material earth inherently means everlasting life in a future Heaven or Hell? It is difficult to believe that the just and merciful God has endowed not only good men but bad men, criminals, libertines, the godless froth and the vicious dregs of the social order, with power to beget unlimited numbers of immortal souls at their licentious pleasure. The difficulty is increased by the fact that many of the children thus begotten are handicapped from birth by debasing environment. A Presbyterian philosopher and theologian, A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, wrote in his *Idea of Immortality* (one of the eight books which called forth my letter)

that "it does not follow from belief that man is an immortal spirit that we are to think of personal immortality as an inherent possession of every being born in human shape. Where life is lived on an animal level, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the life does not come to an end with the death of the body." "Eternal life is morally conditioned," said Professor James Y. Simpson of Edinburgh University, another of the authors to whom I wrote. "Man is immortal (i.e. capable of attaining immortality) rather than immortal. Eternal life is an achievement through relationship with God."

The frequent assertion that immortality has been the universal belief of mankind in all ages is not true. The Greeks and Romans did not believe in the immortality of their slaves and captives. Buddhists and Hindus look for successive re-incarnations, but these are to end in absorption in Nirvana, not in the everlasting life of the individual. It is doubtful whether the ancient Hebrews expected personal survival after death. The prophecies for future existence are for Israel rather than the individual. There are a few verses, chiefly figurative, which, taken by themselves and interpreted literally, are sometimes cited in support of another construction, but I know of no competent theologian who believes that a valid argument for personal immortality can be based upon the Old Testament.

There are some passages in the New Testament, which, considered without reference to other and more numerous passages, seem to point to a different conclusion. But the preponderant teaching of the New Testament is that "the wages of sin is death" (surely "death" is not immortality); and that "the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus." Some may reject it; "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life," Christ sadly said to the unbelieving Jews. Some may ignore it; "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" asked the writer of the Letter to the Hebrews. But "whosoever will" may have "the free gift of eternal life."

I do not venture to dogmatize on a subject regarding which there are wide differences of opinion among equally

intelligent and devout men. There are plausible arguments for and against several of the alternatives mentioned in the preceding pages. Doubtless there always will be since there are unknown and unknowable factors in the problem.

The reasons commonly given for universal immortality impress me as plausible but inconclusive. Most of them are man's speculations, his opinion as to what God ought to do. The assumption that rewards and punishments not justly assigned in this world must be in a future one only justifies probability. Well, probability is worth something. We act upon it in other relations. We have no conclusive evidence that we shall be alive tomorrow, but we proceed upon the probability. But in so vital a matter as our eternal destiny, we crave confirmation based on something more than fallible man's reasoning.

It is important to note that immortality is not an isolated problem unaffected by others. It is naturally denied by those who hold a materialistic conception of life. As this earthly existence is the only one that is real to them, of course they see nothing beyond the death of the body. By massing the physical facts and denying or ignoring the spiritual ones, they make a specious and deceptive argument. The notion that disbelief in an immortal life would give men a greater feeling of duty to make a good use of their mortal lives may be true of some individuals, but they are too few and exceptional to warrant the generalization. History confirms the opinion of Ralph Waldo Emerson that "no sooner do we try to get rid of the idea of immortality than pessimism raises its head. Good and evil, right and wrong, become ephemeral matters. A moral paralysis creeps over us."

For those who hold the New Testament's revelation of the existence and character of God as revealed in Christ who came from God with divine knowledge, His word is final. Whatever uncertainty may becloud the future of evil-doers, His teaching is clear regarding those who have entered into fellowship with God through Him. "I am the way, the truth and the life," He said. He announced as His mission: "I am come that they may have life." Basic in His teaching is the

reality of immortal life with God. There is no other sure basis for belief in it. He is not only our assurance of the future of those who accept Him, but of our hope for those who, not knowing Him, live up to the light they have. "In every nation," declared Peter, "any one who fears Him and does what is right is acceptable to Him" (Acts 10:35). Christ's revelation of the character of God and God's attitude toward man forbids any narrow interpretation of the divine purpose. The God who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," will surely deal justly with every aspiring soul.

In the light of Christ's revelation, I like to think of the death of the body as a liberation of the spirit. The aging Apostle Paul expressed it in a passage of unforgettable beauty in his Second Epistle to Timothy: "The time of my departure is at hand." The Greek for "departure" is a picture word meaning to pull up anchor and set sail. The ship of life is freed from the ties which have held it to this material world and fares forth in freedom to a known harbor.

Beautiful also is Paul's declaration in his Second Letter to the Corinthians: "If the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, eternal in the heavens." Tabernacle is a stately and impressive word which obscures the meaning of the Greek, which is simply "tent," and is so translated in the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament. Now a tent is a frail, temporary shelter. The life of man on earth has often been compared to a journey and the body to a tent which may be torn by accident, collapsed by storm or weakened by age and exposure. But at the end of the journey, the tent is discarded as no longer needed, and the weary traveler enters the Father's "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

There is specific information about Heaven that we naturally crave to possess. But it has not been revealed, doubtless wisely. Perhaps we could not understand it if we had it. Our language and our forms of thought are not adapted to

adequate expression of such a subject. Dante wrote of his vision of Paradise:

“What I saw
Was not for words to speak, nor memory’s self
To stand such outrage on his skill, . . .
Oh speech!
How feeble and how faint art thou to give
Conception birth!”

A partial explanation of one insistent question is found in the fifteenth chapter of Paul’s First Letter to the Corinthians. “With what manner of body do they come?” he said some were asking in his day. Men have been asking it ever since. All the historic creeds affirm the resurrection of the body, but none of them defines it. Theologians, philosophers and scientists have devoted thousands of pages in the attempt without getting beyond Paul’s account. Some of its splendid imagery cannot be interpreted literally, but the meaning is clear that “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God,” that the body that is raised is not the “natural,” “earthy,” “corruptible” body, but a “changed,” “spiritual,” “incorruptible” body. The notion that the righteous “do rest in their graves until the resurrection” was the inference of a generation which supposed that the resurrection and the end of the world were about to occur. No such prolonged waiting is now anticipated. The preponderance of New Testament teaching warrants the belief that the spiritual body rises at the death of the physical body. “Today,” said Christ to the repentant thief on the cross, “Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.”

Enough for us to have Christ’s assurance that “where I am, there ye may be also.” So Paul could jubilantly exclaim: “O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

13

THIS CHANGING WORLD

IT IS trite to say that we live in a changed world. We read that in newspapers. We hear it over radios. Everything is different now, we are told. Old standards are not applicable to modern conditions. Ideas of duty which influenced former generations cannot be stressed today. Acts once condemned must be excused because conditions have changed.

Well, some things have changed. In 1829, an Ohio school board refused to permit a debate in the village schoolhouse on the question: "Are railroads practical?" The authorities said: "Such things as railroads are impossibilities. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would have foretold it through His holy prophets."

In 1839, Professor Silliman of Yale University declared that a ship could not be propelled across the Atlantic Ocean by steam. Within living memory, Joseph Coppersmith was arrested in New York for extorting money from ignorant persons by selling stock in a telephone company. "Well-informed people know," was the charge, "that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires, and that, were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value."

Yes, things have changed. We now have plumbing, electric lights, telephones, automobiles, washing machines, moving pictures, radios, television, and dozens of other conveniences, all of which have come in my lifetime. Many of these and other changes are good. They have done much to make life pleasanter. Machines have increased the efficiency of workmen and decreased the drudgery of housewives.

But while these things have changed man's environment, they have not changed his character. The fact that we can fly to Oregon in half a day does not make us better men than the pioneers who plodded four months beside a covered wagon. Indeed, modern inventions have intensified our moral problems by increasing man's powers faster than the increase in his ability to use them wisely. Electricity has made evil resorts more attractive. Telephones serve vice as well as virtue. Bad men are not more numerous proportionately than in former centuries, but science has given them more effective equipment. Improved artillery and atomic bombs have enabled men to kill their fellow men in greater numbers and at longer distances than formerly, but they have not changed the evil character of war. Knowledge is power, but whether for good or for evil depends upon the men who possess it. To educate the mind without educating the conscience is to invite trouble. The most dangerous men in the world are not illiterate peasants but men who have college diplomas. There is no causal relation between mathematics and character. The historian Symonds wrote of the period of the renaissance in the fourteenth century that an age which boasted not unreasonably of its intellectual culture was notorious for the vices that disgrace mankind, and that under the thin mask of humane refinement leered the untamed savage.

Change is not always progress. It is sometimes mere action like a caged squirrel on a wheel. The volatile Athenians of St. Paul's day "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing"; but for "the glory that was Greece" we must go back of those restless gossips.

Our twentieth century prides itself on its intellectual prog-

ress. It is true that more people can read than in any preceding century and that more books and newspapers are published. But for the highest achievements of the human mind, we must go back for centuries; in philosophy to Plato and Aristotle; in poetry to Homer, Milton and Shakespeare; in painting to Rembrandt and da Vinci; in sculpture to Phidias and Michelangelo; in music to Bach and Beethoven; in oratory to Demosthenes and Cicero; in architecture to the Temple of the Sun in Baalbek, the Parthenon in Athens and the Taj Mahal in Agra; and in the literature of religion to Isaiah and Paul.

Former President James R. Angell of Yale University declared that "since the period of historic records, there is no convincing evidence of marked development in human intelligence despite the enormous advances made in the paraphernalia of civilization." In an address at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in April, 1949, Winston Churchill spoke of the mechanical and industrial progress of recent decades, but added: "This vast expansion was unhappily not accompanied by any noticeable advance in the stature of man, either in his mental faculties or his moral character. His brain got no better, but buzzed the more. The scale of events around him assumed gigantic proportions while he remained about the same size."

Nor has evil changed. Companionate marriage, heralded as modern, was practiced in Persia and Sparta in 1000 B.C. Vice and crime, intemperance and immorality are as old as man. Toil, temptation, illness, death are still the common lot. In spite of all that modern inventions and discoveries have done to add to the conveniences of life, millions of people are worried and discouraged.

Cynics who lament the alleged decadence of the young people of today are under an illusion as to the youths of former generations. I know what they were eighty years ago. I was one of them and we were not always models of propriety. Farther back, the pages of history record uncomplimentary accounts of the vices prevalent among young men. As for girls? In 1795, an elderly spinster lamented: "Formerly, it

was a young woman's pride to be feminine. Now it seems to be her idea that she cannot be too masculine." One hundred and fifty years ago, the "Ladies Magazine" in London declared: "Young women of today live in a perpetual round of amusement. They read the most improper books, and the foam of a poisonous philosophy falls from their lips." In 760 B.C., Isaiah indignantly prophesied (3:16, 17, 24): "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. . . . And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink." We read in Genesis 27:46 that in 1760 B.C. Rebekah said to Isaac: "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth. If Jacob take a wife such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?"

In 1274, an old man sadly wrote: "The young people of today think of nothing but themselves." From a still more remote period comes a papyrus of unknown antiquity in the museum in Istanbul, said to be one of the oldest writings in the world: "Alas, times are not what they used to be. Children no longer obey their parents." No, the young people of today are not worse than the young people of former generations. They have more ways of making fools of themselves, but as I have seen them in our own and other lands and noted the young men and women who are rising into positions of leadership, I am encouraged by the number who unite intelligence with high character and earnest purpose. Many of them are criticising social, economic, political and religious conditions. Thank God that they are. It would be a sorry outlook if the young people of today were satisfied with the world as it is now.

We are told that "the unprecedented barbarities" of modern wars show that mankind is morally deteriorating. Have the pessimists ever heard of the wars of Nebuchednezzar in the seventh century B.C., of Titus in the first century, of Alaric in the fourth century, of Genseric in the fifth century,

of Genghis Khan in the thirteenth century, of Tamerlane in the fourteenth century, of the One Hundred Years War in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of Pizarro in the sixteenth century, of the Thirty Years War in the seventeenth century, of the French and Indian War in the eighteenth century? There is nothing new about the barbarities of modern war. Weapons have become more deadly, but the destruction of cities and the slaughter of civilians have been duplicated many times in former wars.

What is new is a keener public conscience, a stronger moral protest, a clearer perception of the distinction between right and wrong in international relations. What Elihu Root said in 1935 is even more true now: "A thousand things are done internationally similar to things which have been done in the past. We condemn them now but they would not have been condemned then. The standard that we apply today is a different standard from that which was applied when England acquired India, France took Algeria, and the United States annexed Arizona, New Mexico, and California."

"This is the darkest hour in history," we are told. It is surely dark. But it has been dark before. It was so dark when the barbarian hordes overran the civilized world 1500 years ago that men of that day believed that the end of the world had come. One hundred and fifty years ago William Pitt said: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair." Lord Grey said in 1819: "Everything is tending to a convulsion." The future was so dark a century ago that *Harper's Weekly* declared (October 10, 1857): "In France the political caldron seethes with uncertainty. Russia hangs like a dark cloud upon the horizon of Europe. The energies and resources of the British Empire are sorely tried in coping with the vast and deadly insurrection of its disturbed relations in China. Of our own troubles, no man can see the end. It is a solemn moment."

At a time when frightful weapons are at the command of the unscrupulous, the development of a movement hostile to all freedom is jeopardizing human life and relationships

everywhere. With Eastern Europe already in the grasp of Communism, the crumbling of the economic, political and religious system in which the peoples of Asia had lived for many centuries made a wide opening through which Communism has swept with ominous speed. This is not the place to discuss Communism as an ideology or an organization of society. We may simply note here that its main support is in misery and discontent. The primary concern of more than half the people in the world is not a theory of sociology or form of government but in getting enough to eat and securing better living conditions. Communism, led by persuasive agitators, comes to them with specious offers of plenty and freedom from oppression in a new world without God, and deluded millions, many of whom have never heard of Marx or Lenin, are turning to it. Christians must, therefore, face the fact that they are living in a world in which Communism is a potent and aggressive force.

It is for the State to deal with the problem of Communism as a power menacing world freedom. It is for the Church to show that godless Communism is not the remedy for the privations and wrongs of life. Christianity cannot compromise with it, or ignore it, or run away from it. But in opposing it, we should be careful to make clear what we oppose and that we have something better to offer. We should not give the myriads in the world who are, or think they are, the victims of injustice the impression that Christianity has no remedy for the real wrongs in the existing order and that they must turn to Communism for relief. Indiscriminate denunciation and resorts to violence cannot convince them. It is for men of intelligence, goodwill and faith in God to show the better way.

While Russian Communism is atheistic, the current impression of the Chinese government's attitude toward religion fails to take into account a significant factor in the problem. The Chinese people have long been friendly to missionaries. In the past there has been comparatively little persecution, and that little has almost always been not because of the missionaries' religion but because they were foreigners. Chinese

Communism is not as intolerant of religion as Russian. For a considerable period after the Communists gained control of China, they showed no special antipathy to Christian work and institutions. The restrictions imposed were less severe than missionaries have experienced in Moslem lands.

We should not underestimate the gravity of the situation. Anti-American feeling in China is intense. It is directed against Americans as a class. Communists control all sources of information and millions of people have been inflamed by ostensible patriots who told them that ruthless Americans tried to subjugate their neighbor Korea and that China cannot tolerate its occupation by an unfriendly foreign power. What the outcome will be cannot be foreseen. We may at least hope that the door now closed will be reopened and the old friendship between America and China re-established.

It is important to remember that present world events and movements are not sporadic and isolated. They are a phase of a vast movement which began long ago. For uncounted centuries all power was vested in a ruling class. The vast masses of mankind were subject, inert, stagnant, helpless. Edwin Markham vividly described their pitiable lot when he made Millet's portraiture of a humble French peasant a symbol of the apathetic poverty-stricken toiler in all lands.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

O masters and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?

This man is hungry. Two thirds of the people in the world are hungry, and dangerous. Now, this hungry man, this erstwhile abject serf, has awakened from the stagnation of ages. He has begun to think for himself, to become conscious of his

mass power, and to demand equality as a human being. He asks why he should continue to submit to the conditions which his masters had long imposed upon him. He refuses to tolerate the claim of the divine right of kings, aristocrats and employers to rule him.

The portentous fact of the present era is that this revolutionary spirit has spread into Asia. The mighty revolutionary forces of the modern world have been operating upon those vast and hitherto comparatively stagnant masses of humanity, and a transformation of stupendous proportion is taking place. The reconstruction forces came upon Western peoples one at a time through a transitional period of several hundred years, so that one advance could be at least partially assimilated before another came. The intellectual revival arose in the fifteenth century, the religious reformation in the sixteenth, the democratic movement in the eighteenth, and the industrial revolution, which was precipitated by the scientific discoveries and inventions, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

In Asia, however, all these revolutionary forces were launched at once. Should we wonder that the result is shattering and that this enormous and densely populated continent is in convulsion? The psychology of whole peoples has changed. A new spirit is abroad. It has awakened the minds of men. It has widened their vision. It has begotten impatience of misgovernment and oppression. No longer can Western nations rule the Eastern. "Asia for the Asians," is the slogan that is thrilling the peoples of that vast continent. "The white men must get out and stay out." The West is only beginning to realize the possibilities that are involved. From the viewpoint of the larger interests of mankind as a whole, they are readjustments, not catastrophes, the birth throes of a new era.

The Christian Church has a special responsibility in this crucial time. Other agencies, educational and humanitarian, have their helpful place, but the Church is the only agency whose specific mission is to imbue individuals and nations with the moral and spiritual forces which alone can give sta-

bility to a better world order. The Church has never been so strong as today. The occasional assertion that the Church is losing ground does not accord with the facts. Kenneth Scott Latourette, author of the comprehensive seven volume *History of the Expansion of Christianity*, wrote in "The Christian Outlook," that while there have been losses and setbacks at various times and places, the twentieth century is seeing a marked increase in the influence of Christianity upon mankind as a whole. More than ever before it is spreading geographically. It is becoming more deeply rooted among a great variety of peoples. Its adherents of many traditions are beginning to work together and to find common fellowship. When it is viewed against the entire world, Christianity is more to be reckoned with than ever before and, unlike other religions which rise, spread, become stagnant and decay, it comes through each major crisis with enhanced strength, since its appeal is to the universal and timeless in man.

We may wisely remember that, despite the many changes in this tumultuous world, the most essential things have not changed at all. The laws of nature are just the same as they were millions of years ago. The glory of sunrise, the beauty of sunset, our dependence upon seedtime and harvest are unchanged. Today, as when the psalmist stood under the open sky of Palestine, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." All the major verities by which men live and which make life worth living—honesty, justice, friendship, home, maternal love—mean exactly the same as they meant to men of far-off times. Modern sociology has not improved upon the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount as the basic principles of individual and social character.

The ideal life is still to follow the Man of Nazareth, of whom it was said 1900 years ago that He is "the same yesterday and today and forever." In the times of anxiety or bereavement, we do not want to hear anything new but something very, very old, the sweetly solemn words spoken many centuries ago: "The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." "Let not your heart be

troubled." "Be anxious for nothing . . . let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God . . . shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Amid all the changes of life, we pray: "Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me."

We should not undervalue desirable changes. Some old beliefs and customs have been rightly discarded, others rightly modified. We do not want to go back to tallow candles and spinning wheels. We should not stand with our faces to the past. We rejoice that we have more light than the men of former centuries. It has been well said that times and conditions change, buildings become obsolete, material things, once marks of advancement, become antiquated, but the broad principles upon which a wholesome philosophy of life and the art of happy and useful living are founded remain inexorable and immutable.

Opposition to Christianity is not new. Many of the pioneer missionaries were sorely beset, some unto death. In every century there has been persecution somewhere. Today, as when St. Paul wrote to the Christians in Corinth, "a wide door for effective work has opened to me, and there are many adversaries." Of course, there always have been. Christ told His disciples to expect them and face them with faith and resolution. He gave them a clear mandate as to their task; "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world." Nothing that has occurred since has changed that Gospel or the duty of the Church to proclaim it to every land and people.

Let us face the future with the windows of our souls wide open to all the new that is better than the old, but let us hold fast to the basic truths that are as old as the world, as young as the morning. Significant is the word "abideth." Though other things fail, "now *abideth* faith, hope, love," unchanged and unchangeable. In spite of the present tumult and strife, I am an optimist, not because of trust in armaments, but because of trust in the living God. I do not underestimate the obstacles. Faith has always had to face them. There has never been a generation since Christ died on Calvary when

obstacles were not numerous and formidable. When the worried disciples asked Christ about the impending disasters, He frankly told them that they would hear of wars, famines, persecutions and multiplied iniquities. But He also told them: "See that ye be not troubled. The end is not yet. Have faith in God."

14

PUBLICATIONS

IT is perhaps fitting to include in these memoirs some account of my literary efforts. I have no record of my sermons and addresses. I began to keep one early in my ministry, chiefly to enable me to check my topics occasionally and avoid repetition. But this was dropped soon after leaving the pastorate. I seldom wrote out anything for the pulpit or platform, simply using a short outline or a few catch words on one or two pieces of paper. These outlines, unintelligible to anyone else, were destroyed long ago.

I have, however, turned out a considerable quantity of printed material—books, pamphlets, reports, articles, book reviews, etc. For forty years or more, it was an exceptional month that did not require printer's ink. Some of these publications are buried in the archives of the various organizations with which I was connected, and some have doubtless been ground up with the litter that goes to paper mills.

My fifteen published books are still in physical existence, but most of them are in a state of coma. Some are in public libraries but I have discreetly refrained from inquiring how many are ever called for. With the exception of *One Hundred Years*, which was written after retirement, I could seldom

work continuously on a book, and had to utilize odd hours snatched from other duties—evenings, train trips, holidays and vacations. The list in the order of publication is as follows:

Reports on Tour of Asia was written in 1902, shortly after returning from our first visit to the missions in that vast continent. It was in five sections—China, Korea, the Philippines, Siam and Syria respectively. The Board of Foreign Missions published the sections separately and afterward bound them together in one volume.

The New Era in the Philippines was published in 1903. It survived seven printings before later developments in the Islands rendered it out of date.

New Forces in Old China. The occasion for this volume was an invitation from the faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary to deliver a series of lectures on China on the Student Lectureship Foundation. With some revision and additions, the lectures were published in 1904. Six editions were called for.

The Foreign Missionary, published in 1907, was written to describe the life, work and problems of missionaries. It is now in its twenty-sixth printing.

Report on Second Visit to China, Japan and Korea was published by the Board of Foreign Missions in 1909.

The Why and How of Foreign Missions was written at the request of the Interdenominational Missionary Education Movement in 1909 for use among college students and mission study classes. Some of the material in the larger book, "The Foreign Missionary," was condensed and adapted to these groups. Special editions were prepared by the Southern Baptist and Protestant Episcopal Churches in the United States and the Church of England in Canada.

The Nearer and Farther East, 1909. I was joint author of this book with Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer. He wrote the section on the Moslem world and I the sections on Siam, Burma and Korea.

The Chinese Revolution, 1912, was written at the request of the Student Volunteer Movement to describe and inter-

pret the world significance of that great upheaval.

Unity and Missions, 1915, developed the views referred to in earlier pages of these memoirs as to the interrelations of these historic movements.

Rising Churches in Non-Christian Lands, 1915, was based on a course of lectures at the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh and the Disciples College of Missions in Indianapolis. It was published by the Interdenominational Missionary Education Movement as a textbook in mission study classes.

Russia In Transformation, 1917. After initial chapters on Russia under the Czars, this described the rise and development of the Revolution down to 1917.

The Mastery of the Far East, 1919. This large volume of 671 pages, dealt with the political, economic and religious movements and problems in eastern Asia, and the efforts of rival governments to dominate that area.

The Expectation of Siam, 1925, was written at the request of the Board of Foreign Missions for a popular account of the country and people of Siam and the missionary work there.

Japan in the World of Today, 1928, described the emergence of Japan into the international arena as one of the five major powers of the world, its industrial, military and naval strength and its national ambitions.

One Hundred Years—“A History of the Foreign Missionary Work of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., With Some Account of Countries, Peoples and the Policies and Problems of Modern Missions.” This was published in 1936.

15

RETIREMENT AND AFTER

AT the age of seventy-two, I retired from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. It is physically and mentally debilitating for one who has long been actively employed to sit in idleness and feel that there is nothing left to live for. Fortunately, I had the blessing of something to do. There was continued service in the organizations and committees with which I had been associated for many years. Also, Mr. Delevan L. Pierson, editor of *The Missionary Review of the World*, wanted to spend a year visiting missionaries in Asia and asked me to take the magazine during his absence. The combined duties of editor and publisher kept me busy until his return.

The major occupation for the following five years was the preparation of the Centennial History of Presbyterian Missions. This volume of 1,140 pages had to give a detailed account of missionary work for a hundred years in Asiatic, African and Latin American countries. The task, though laborious, was a congenial one. The facts were inspiring, throbbing with human interest, and alive with the toils and triumphs of consecrated men and women.

I have continued active service as a trustee of The Church

Peace Union, as a member of its executive and finance committees, and its treasurer. Another interest is the Hall of Fame of which I have been an elector since 1915. Elections are held once in five years so that there have been six since my retirement. The number of nominees usually exceeds 200. As each elector can vote for not more than seven that he deems most worthy, the choice involves long and careful consideration. My interest in world movements is unabated and I have done a good deal of writing.

My eightieth, ninetieth and one hundredth birthdays were marked by kind and deeply moving words at testimonial dinners and beautiful volumes of letters. It would be idle to pretend indifference to these and other remembrances. It is customary in such circumstances to magnify one's alleged virtues and to ignore defects. But perhaps one may be pardoned for gratitude that men whose friendship I value could find it in their hearts to write them. My health continues excellent. I have had some of the usual ills to which mortal man is heir, but recovery in each case was complete. If the infirmities usually associated with old age are manifest to others, they have stolen so softly upon me that I am not conscious of them, and friends have been too considerate to mention them in my hearing.

I have been signally blessed in my home. For sixty-two years of an ideally happy wedded life, my wife was my inseparable companion, aiding me by her wise counsel and loving devotion. Our five children adored her. She retained her health until the age of eighty-four. In her eighty-eighth year, she heard the Divine call on Christmas Eve, 1945.

My fellow men have given me friendships and honors beyond the dreams of my youth. I have had the high privilege of a part in the most inspiring movement in which man can be engaged—the world-wide proclamation of the Gospel of Christ and its application to the problems of human life. Remembering the many things I should not have done and the many things that I ought to have done, or done better, I marvel at the forbearance of God.

As I survey the world at the age of one hundred, I am distressed by its sins and sorrows, its needs and tragedies, its wars and rumors of wars. The power of evil is great, but the power of righteousness is greater. In the glory of this faith, though the clock of my life points to the evening hour, morning is in my heart.

And so this little book may appropriately close in the words of Whittier which voice my own thought:

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

POSTSCRIPT

AS Dr. Brown scrutinized those parts of his memoirs selected for publication, he vigorously deleted nearly everything of a laudatory nature about himself, sometimes over the protest of the editor. A postscript provides the opportunity to circumvent Dr. Brown in this and to include at least something of what his contemporaries thought of him and his service to God and his fellow men.

Arthur J. Brown received his first honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from Lake Forest College in 1888, when he was only 32. Yale University also gave him a D.D. in 1913. His own alma mater, Wabash College, conferred the Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) degree on him in 1917 and he received at various times LL.D.'s from James Millikin University, and Carroll, Maryville, and Missouri Valley Colleges. Two foreign governments honored him with decorations: Greece made him an officer of the Royal Order of George the First, and Siam (now Thailand) Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the White Elephant.

A supplementary word is called for regarding Dr. Brown's modest reference to his books in Chapter 14. All were favorably reviewed at publication and served a useful purpose. While the themes of some of them were dated, at least two have shown remarkable vitality. Dr. Brown has revised *The Foreign Missionary* again and again and, after fifty years, it is still in demand. It has probably influenced the candidates and appointees of scores of missionary societies more than any other single book except the Bible. *One Hundred Years* is a monumental work, and researchers for many years to come will bless the man who, at 79, completed a historical volume of such lucidity and comprehensiveness. Of the nine copies on the shelves of the Presbyterian Mission Library in July, 1957, eight were in circulation.

As through the years Dr. Brown thought it wise to turn over to others the chairmanship of the incredible number of interdenominational and international committees on which he served, and many of which he had helped to organize, his colleagues gave him high praise for his creative leadership and administrative skill. There is space in this postscript, however, for extended mention only of tributes as to his service to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., and to The Church Peace Union, the two organizations to which he was related the longest and which were closest to his heart.

In anticipation of Dr. Brown's retirement as secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, the General Assembly in May, 1929, adopted the following resolution by a rising vote:

In view of the fact that Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, one of our senior secretaries, retires from active service on the 1st of July, we recommend that recognition of that fact be made by the Assembly at this time. Dr. Brown has served the Church with conspicuous fidelity for thirty-four years in this official relation. His knowledge of missions is surpassed by few living men. With great affection, and heroic sacrifice, he has labored to extend the kingdom of Christ throughout the world. Among students of missions he is recognized as a missionary statesman. The missionaries of the field know him as a wise counsellor and faithful friend. Thousands within our churches have found a new inspiration from his eloquent presentation of the cause of missions. At a later time suitable record will be made of his great services to the Church, but it seems appropriate that at the present Assembly we should anticipate Dr. Brown's approaching retirement with regretful appreciation, and to extend to him the assurance of the affection of the whole Church, and good wishes for all the days that are still before him.

Dr. Brown was asked to address the Assembly and chose as his "valedictory" the topic "The Trend of the Kingdom." The address was printed by order of the Assembly and 50,000 copies were circulated throughout the Presbyterian Church. As one reads this great message after nearly thirty years, it still seems fresh and forward-looking in depicting the world mission of the Christian Church.

A month later Dr. Brown was the guest of honor at a dinner of the Board of Foreign Missions at which addresses were made by some of his associates as Board and staff members: Dr. Charles R. Erdman, then the president, Dr. George Alexander, Miss Margaret E. Hodge, Mr. Alfred E. Marling and Dr. Robert E. Speer. A Board committee prepared the following minute on his retirement:

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions bows to the rule of the Church with regard to age limit in the secretariat, but with pain and regret that the application of this rule requires the severance of official relations with Secretary Arthur J. Brown, D.D., while his capacity for service is still unimpaired.

Thirty-four years ago in the freshness of his early manhood, he surrendered the pastorate of a great church to answer the call of Christian missions to the heathen world.

He brought to his new vocation not only keen intelligence, studious habits and extraordinary platform power, but also a warm evangelical experience, an understanding sympathy with men of all classes and conditions and deep devotion to Christ and His Church.

It soon became evident to his associates in the Board that his prime characteristic as an executive was thoroughness. He could never rest content with a partial or superficial view of any subject with which he dealt, nor could he tolerate slovenliness in the form of its presentation. He compelled his auditors to understand not only his conclusions but the logical processes which made them inevitable.

When he entered the realm of authorship his work exhibited like characteristics. He has made himself recognized as a master in those fields of research which he chose to invade.

In his personal relations with members of the Board and with its missionaries his genius for friendship has given added grace to all his other gifts and the pathos of his triumphant endurance of pain has mellowed and sweetened all their intercourse with him.

As he steps out of the ranks, they desire, with one accord, to bring their tribute of admiration, gratitude and affection, and lay it reverently at his feet. The Board asks him to accept the honorary title of Secretary Emeritus.

The eightieth birthday of Dr. Brown in 1936 brought messages from friends in many countries and resolutions from the various organizations with which he had been connected. The proposal for a testimonial dinner was made by a famous Jew, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, and seconded by a Roman Catholic, Professor William F. Sands of The School of Foreign Service in Washington. The following day *The New York Times* noted the occasion in its news columns and also in editorial comment as follows:

Dr. Arthur J. Brown, at the dinner in celebration of his eightieth birthday, presented as a formula for a long life the identification of one's self with a good cause. He has himself given days and years to several causes that have to do with the welfare of humanity, chief of which has been that of religious freedom. He has been as the voice of the mountains in the prophecy of Micah, asking the people of the earth to do justly and love mercy.

Again in 1946, when Dr. Brown was 90, New York newspapers and the religious press published accounts of commemorations by the Board of Foreign Missions and The Church Peace Union. From then on, every birthday was a special occasion for his friends in these organizations, and when he reached the long-anticipated milestone of 100, the event was noted far and wide and the publicity and resulting correspondence were phenomenal.

The Church Peace Union and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions held a joint centennial dinner in New York on December 3, 1956, attended by 200 guests. Representing the Board, Dr. Charles T. Leber, general secretary, and Dr. Peter K. Emmons, the president, took part in the program, Dr. Emmons addressing the gathering in a moving tribute. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, president of The Church Peace Union, presented to Dr. Brown a large volume of letters from associates and friends of that organization and offered the following "preface" to the volume:

To Arthur Judson Brown, born before the War between the States and surviving to become a pioneer in making peace between the nations;

A Christian gentleman who never puts his rights before the personalities of others nor his personality before the rights of others;

A minister of the gospel, a faithful shepherd of devoted parishioners and trusted counselor of God's children in the crises of life;

A consecrated missionary to missionaries, preparing the way of the Lord in the wilderness of our world, making straight the highway of our God amid the crooked paths of international diplomacy;

A prophet of the Eternal, proclaiming his convictions without fear or favor, yet speaking the truth with malice toward none and with charity for all;

An ambassador of God, walking with kings and presidents, yet keeping the common touch;

A centenarian with the face of a saint, the friendliness of a brother, the courage of a soldier and the spirit of the Christ.

Dr. Brown then made the following response:

I am deeply moved by your kind greeting. I shall treasure as beyond price this beautiful volume of messages from men and women whose friendships have enriched my life.

The first time I faced an audience was at the age of six. I was required to speak a piece in school. The opening lines of that piece are as appropriate this evening as they were ninety-four years ago:

You would scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.

Then, words were given me; now, I must find them for myself, and I am unable to find any that would adequately express the gratitude and wonder in my heart. You see, I never had a centennial birthday before. It means much to me to be so highly honored by your presence and under the auspices of the two organizations which represent the major interests of my life.

Many men and most women dread growing old. Don't. It isn't as hard as you think. Of course there are limitations, but there are rich compensations. Everybody is kind. Mistakes that would be criticized in youth are now condoned.

What a beautiful illustration is afforded by this dinner. Up to the age of seventy, nobody outside of my family paid any attention to my birthdays. Now you give me this wonderful testi-

monial. To crown all, the eloquent addresses of Dr. Sockman, Dr. Emmons and Father Ford have given me the rare, the exceedingly rare privilege, while still living, of listening to my obituaries. Modesty has never been included in the list of my alleged virtues, but I assure you that there are occasional lucid moments in which I realize that I do not deserve all the nice things that are said about me. Conscience compels me to protest, however, against at least one of the achievements that have been ascribed to me—that of having been born in the same year and month as President Woodrow Wilson. I assure you that before I was born I had no means of knowing that a future President of the United States was to be born three weeks later.

The publicity given to my birthday has brought me many messages and inquiries. A frequent one is, "How do you account for your age and health?" I don't. I can't. Like Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "I've just growed." I have discreetly refrained from pressing the inquiry lest I bump into the reason that led the Hebrew Job to ask, "Wherefore do the wicked become old?" The answer in the Sunday school books of my boyhood was, "The good die young."

A surprising number of inquiries are about my diet. What do I eat? I have had to reply many times that I have been careful about my diet, strictly limiting myself to three meals a day, afternoon tea and a snack at bedtime. As to what I eat—I have prudently heeded the advice of St. Paul to his friends in Corinth: "Eat what is set before you and ask no questions." There were none of the modern health foods in the New England village of my boyhood and so we never had indigestion. Memory fondly lingers on some of the favorite dishes of those days—baked beans, codfish cakes and boiled dinner. Ever eat a New England boiled dinner? It's great. Corned beef, salt pork, turnips, cabbage, onions, mince pie. In later years, dietitians warned me that such heavy meals were not wise. Well, I am here and the dietitians are dead.

A more serious question comes frequently: How does the world look to you at the end of your century as compared with its beginning? Well, obviously, there have been improvements. In the Massachusetts village of my boyhood, houses were heated by stoves and lighted by candles and oil lamps. Water

was drawn from the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well," and we were blissfully ignorant that it was teeming with germs. Sunday was a gloomy day with long sermons and vivid descriptions of Hell, and Heaven was not made attractive by portraying it as a place where "congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end."

That life seems primitive now. I need not recount the inventions and discoveries that have transformed the world. The vital question is not a material but a moral one. Man is stronger. But is he better? In the ages-long struggle between the good and the evil, which is gaining? Frankly, the outlook is not very good. There is much evil in the world and it is active and aggressive. I need not detain you with the details. They are in the newspapers every day, and pessimists are numerous and voluble.

But, and that "but" is as big as a mountain, the outlook, bad as it is, is better than it was in the last century. The progress of mankind may be compared to the Mississippi River—deep in some places, shallow in others; swift here, sluggish there; sometimes seeming to turn back on itself, so that in the old days of steamboat travel, passengers could sometimes at evening look across a narrow strip of land to the place from which they started in the morning. A person looking at the river at a given point, without knowing the whole course, would be misled.

In the last century, there were slavery, unfair labor conditions, the sweatshop and open gambling. Most large cities had a notorious red-light district. Women were not supposed to need the same education as men. They could not vote or hold elective offices. Measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, diphtheria and typhoid swept off millions of people every year. Municipal corruption was notorious. Boss Tweed ruled New York. Dr. Parkhurst called the city "a hotbed of knavery, debauchery and bestiality." Of the national situation, *Harper's Weekly* declared October 10, 1857: "There is universal frustration and panic. It is a gloomy hour in history." It must have been pretty bad in England, for Wilberforce said: "I dare not marry, the future is so dark and unsettled." And the Duke of Wellington on his deathbed thanked God that he would "be spared from seeing the consummation of the ruin that is gathering about us."

A century ago, war was an accepted method of settling inter-

national disputes. Wars have ravaged the world in this century, but there is a stronger moral protest against them, a more determined effort to find peaceable ways to avoid them. Today there are 283 non-governmental organizations accredited to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, which are working for peace. All but a few were started in this century. Think of it! Practically all of the present organized world movement for the peaceful settlement of international disputes has been developed within the last fifty years. It was only forty-two years ago that Andrew Carnegie founded and endowed The Church Peace Union, and only eleven years ago that the United Nations was formed. It may seem visionary to hope for peace just now. But why are we not at war? Motives which caused former wars are present and active. What is holding war in check? Doubtless several forces. But the strongest is the unarmed but mighty force of an aroused humanity, determined that international disputes must be settled at the council table and not on the battlefield.

I do not sympathize with the common lament that the young people of today are not what they once were. Thank God they are not. Modern inventions enable the frivolous and reckless ones to make more noise, but the standards of conduct are higher. At the beginning of the last century there was only one professing Christian among the students at Yale. A decade later, there were less than a dozen at Harvard. There was only one at the College of William and Mary, and Bishop Meade said "In every educated young man I met in Virginia, I expected to find a skeptic." Now, almost every college and university in the country has an active body of Christian students. There is no financial inducement to religious service, but more young men and women apply for missionary and social service than the church boards have means to appoint.

The Churches today have many defects. I know what they are. I have lived among them. But they, too, are better than the Churches of a hundred years ago. They have not only increased in membership faster than the population, but they have a truer understanding of the Bible, a more cooperative spirit, a wider knowledge of the world, and a stronger sense of duty in relation to the problems of social and international order. They are emerging from the era of racial and sectarian

jealousies into the sun-lit era where men see that the only race is the human race, the only bond is brotherhood, and the only God the Father of mankind.

I need not continue these comparisons. After all, progress is not simply a matter of changes in a single century. There is a vaster period and there is a mightier than human force. Under the troubled surface of our material world and through all the vicissitudes of mortal time runs the majestic current of the Divine purpose of righteousness and peace. I know that there are pessimists abroad, but I am an incorrigible optimist not because I underestimate the power of evil, but because I believe in the transcendent power of the Sovereign Lord.

For right is right since God is God
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

You do me high honor, and I am very grateful. Whatever our ages, whether lights or shadows are upon our paths, let us face the future in the splendor of a great hope, a great faith, and keep morning in our hearts.

On the day after his 100th birthday, the Board of Foreign Missions had Dr. Brown as honored guest at an informal Board family luncheon. Present were the staff, a number of Board members, and missionaries, both retired and active, resident in and near New York. Dr. P. K. Emmons as Board president presided and read some of the messages from all over the world. Then there were spoken messages representative of various groups in the life of the Board.

Dr. Charles R. Erdman, himself 90, gave a tribute from the older generation. He remarked that when he saw Dr. Brown come in to the luncheon he thought how much firmer and stronger he was on his feet than he was a century ago! He quoted a "beautiful sonnet" which he applied to himself: "At last I have attained my four-score and ten, I've now got the hang of it, I'll do it again." He brought the affectionate devotion of the many who in past years had worked with Dr. Brown.

Among the other tributes was one from "the Churches that

are young," made by Mr. Harry Tsuru of Japan, which was for years in Dr. Brown's portfolio of administration. Mr. Tsuru said in part: "One of the greatest thrills for me when I came to this country was to meet some of my father's friends and some of the teachers of my father. But it is a special thrill for me to meet a pre-historic man. Dr. Brown is a pre-historic man so far as the Protestant history of Japan is concerned. He is three years older than our Protestant history. The first missionaries who went to Japan in 1859 were prohibited from preaching Christianity to people because Christianity was a prohibited religion. But still their influence was so strong that the Church began in Yokohama when Dr. Brown was 16 years old. The first Bible in Japanese was published when Dr. Brown was 26 years old. Now, Dr. Brown, I think it nice to be young as a new child, but I think it is nicer to live young always for 100 years as you have done."

Other tributes were made by Mrs. Paul Moser for the Board, by Dr. Howard D. Hannaford for the missionaries, by the Rev. Richard P. Poethig, "a missionary-to-be," and by Dr. Charles T. Leber for the staff. Then, after an appropriate gift had been presented to Dr. Brown, he responded with some informal reminiscences which, tape recorded, have not been polished by the speaker before inclusion here as the final message from him in this volume:

Your kindness warms my heart. I really have found it difficult to realize that I am the person you talk about. Among the messages that have come to me from various sources was a little printed slip headed "Hints to the Elderly" and the first of those hints was, "Don't bore your friends with reminiscences." But how in the world am I to help it in this presence, when my heart is vibrant with memories of long ago and of the more recent days? It seems but yesterday, but it was 61 years ago that my wife brought to me one morning a telegram signed by John D. Wells, president of the Board, reading, "You are unanimously elected secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions to begin June, await letter." I was astounded, for I had never had any contacts with the Board or its members or its officers.

I recall that after my arrival in New York, I called upon Dr. John Lowrie, a retired secretary and a venerable saint, who said to me: "You will have to work harder and carry heavier burdens than in the pastorate, but among your compensations will be association with the best people in the world." And I found that to be true. It's the best people in the world who are interested in foreign missions and the finest people in the world are those with whom I was associated during my years of service. At that time the secretaries of the Board were Dr. Ellinwood, Dr. Gillespie, Dr. Labaree, a retired missionary, the treasurer, Mr. Dulles—and Robert Speer. But we had not been associated very long, at least I hadn't, until I concluded that, although the three senior secretaries were elderly men and I was 38 and Robert Speer was 28, Robert Speer was the biggest man of us all. I value my association with him for 34 years in adjoining offices. Most men of greatness we see only on certain special public occasions, when they are at their best, but I saw Robert Speer in the intimacies of daily intercourse for all those years. During my long life and my varied opportunities to observe, I have seen many of the so-called great men of the earth, but I count Robert Speer one of the greatest men that I knew, surely a prophet of God.

I had the usual experiences of a secretary breaking in. Shortly after I entered upon my duties, I received an invitation to preach to the faculty and students of Princeton Theological Seminary. I took as my subject the prophet Jonah, emphasizing the consideration that Jonah was the first of the recorded foreign missionaries known to history. What a great thing it was to be summoned by God to be the divine ambassador to other peoples! What a hazardous thing it is to disobey God's call; and what a glorious thing can be done by one repentant, thoroughly consecrated man in converting a whole city! I thought that was pretty fair for a young secretary, but I was mistaken. A few days later I received a letter from one of the students, an anonymous letter just signed "a student," and it read: "Well, the alleged new orator of the Board of Foreign Missions has come and gone. The seminary survives. I wish to tell you that we in the seminary think that you're a square peg in a round hole." Ever since then I've been scared when I was called upon to address theological seminary students.

And then there was that time in Nashville, Tennessee. It was one of the quadrennial conferences of the Student Volunteer Movement. There was a mass meeting in the evening and the two speakers were to be Dr. James I. Vance of the Southern Presbyterian Church and myself. The papers the next morning said there were 4,000 people present. Well, I said my little piece and then Dr. Vance spoke. He was a southern orator of the old school. With what perfect grace and eloquence he swept us all! At the close of the meeting, a lot of people came up to speak to us, and to thank him very effusively. As they passed me, one grizzled old fellow looked up quizzically and said, "You were one of the speakers, weren't you?" And I said "Yes," expecting of course something nice. "Well," he said, "wasn't the other fellow fine?"

Well, I could say much, not only of my associates but of the missionaries. I dare not trust myself to do it. I have followed their work. I have visited the fields and seen them in Asia at their work and my major task for 34 years was to deal with them. How many I have seen, that great procession moving up! Many of them have now gone! Some of them climbed the steep ascent to Heaven with veritable toil and pain, but I am sure that when they arrived on the other side, as in the case of Bunyan's Pilgrim, all the trumpets sounded.

I must not prolong these meditations. The methods of the Board of course have had to change with changing conditions in the Church, but we must keep in mind, as I am sure you all do, that while methods may change, the message, the essential message of the Church, does not change. In this time of trouble we need to remember that, after all, our fellow men in Asia, in Africa and in Latin America, as well as in North America, are human beings, and that in the deepest needs of our lives it isn't the telephone that we want, or a new washing machine, it is a voice from the far off centuries, the voice of Our Lord calling us to His service.

I thank you greatly for all that you are doing for me. You have blessed my closing years and I value beyond price my associations with you and those whom you represent. I can only say from my way-station farther along the road: "All hail, and Godspeed."

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