

*Heroes of the Campus*

*Joseph W. Cochran*

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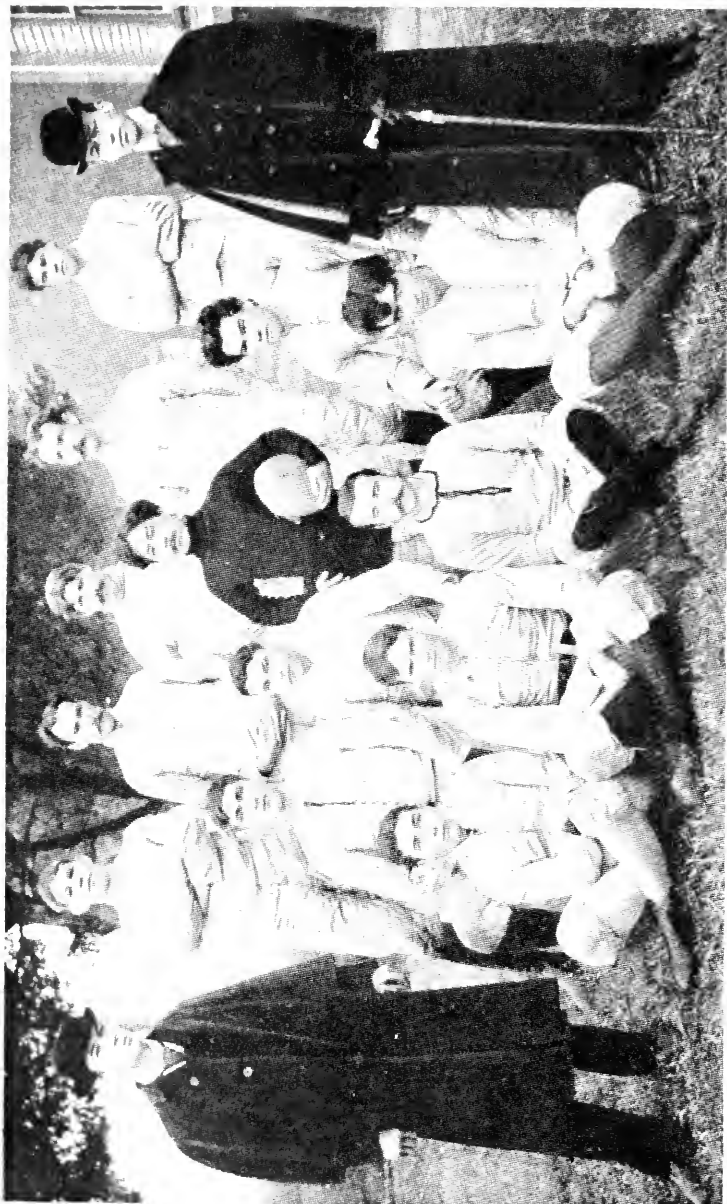
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Heroes of the campus









FOOTBALL TEAM AT MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE. KIN TAKAHASHI, COACH

# *Heroes of the Campus*

The Records of a Few of Those  
Knightly Souls Who, Burning Out  
for God, Kindled Unquenched Fires  
in the Lives of Their Fellow Students

By

JOSEPH W. COCHRAN



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1917

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*To*  
*MY MOTHER*



I want a hero—well, that wish is wise,  
Who hath no hero lives not near to God ;  
For heroes are the steps by which we rise  
To reach the hand that lifts us from the sod.

—*James Blackie.*

What are those lovely ones, yea, what are these ?  
Lo, these are they who for pure love of Christ  
Cast off the trammels of soft silken ease,  
Beggaring themselves betimes, to be sufficed  
Throughout heaven's one eternal day of peace :  
By golden streets, thro' gates of pearl unpriced,  
They entered on the joys that will not cease,  
And found again all first fruits sacrificed.  
And wherefore have you harps, and wherefore palms,  
And wherefore crowns, O ye who walk in white ?  
Because our happy hearts are chanting psalms,  
Endless *Te Deum* for the ended fight,  
While thro' the everlasting lapse of calms  
We cast our crowns before the Lamb our Might.

—*Christina Rossetti.*



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# A Word at the Beginning

DOUBTLESS lives as heroic as any of those sketched in this little volume could be found in the college world to-day, bringing fresh enthusiasms to bear in behalf of the Kingdom of God. There are warrior souls now fighting their good fight in every part of the world. But the average college student does not realize how much of a good soldier he can become before he leaves his Alma Mater. The "generation of wings," as the French say, when speaking of the new France, is begotten behind the first line of attack.

It is in the hope that many a student will realize the big opportunities of his campus life in terms of service and sacrifice that these sketches of brief but glorious lives are presented. That quality of preparedness which alone can save our age from colossal spiritual failure is the task of the modern college. The tragedy of college life is the temptation to push life ahead into the future and then—never to reach it.

The lives of Pitt Gordon Knowlton, Kin Takahashi, Isabella Marion Vosburgh, and David Yonan are here for the first time put into print. They are worthy of fuller treatment. For those who desire to read more widely, a partial bibliography of "Heroes of the Campus" is found at the close of this volume.

J. W. C.

*February 1, 1917.*





I

Horace Tracy Pitkin, of Yale

*A Blood Witness of the Truth*

Courage is but a word, and yet, of words,  
The only sentinel of permanence ;  
The ruddy watch fire of cold winter days,  
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,  
And on. For faith—without it—has no sense ;  
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways ;  
And life for ever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not, before it prayer will blush,  
Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.  
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,  
But hales us on and on to breast the rush  
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.  
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—  
Dying, it answers : “ Here ! I am not dead ! ”

—*John Galsworthy.*

# I

## HORACE TRACY PITKIN, OF YALE

### *A Blood Witness of the Truth*

“NAME one man pushing Christian work hard in college, who has the undivided respect and admiration of the fellows—an all-round leader in college activities,” demanded a freshman of his father, when the latter urged him to “get into the game” and become a positive religious force in college. Like many another man he was pushing life ahead of him. “I tell you there are no such men,” the freshman declared with vehemence.

A sufficient answer to this not uncommon attitude is the life and work of Horace Tracy Pitkin, known throughout the world as one of the twenty-six missionaries who gave up their lives and won the martyr crown in the Boxer outrages at Pao-tung-fu, China, in 1900. His glorious death, fruitful as it has been in scattering broadcast the seed of the Church, has no deeper value than the task he accomplished while preparing for the work from which he was so suddenly summoned by the Master's call. Horace Pitkin had finished a man's job before he ever set foot on the soil that received his last glad offering.

George Sherwood Eddy says of Pitkin: “Even

in freshman year he did not postpone his life. He lived then." Another Yale man said of him: "It all comes as a revelation to me of what college Christianity may be. Something of the unbounded admiration and reverence that the average freshman has for the captain of the varsity football team, I had for him; something of the same pride at having him walk across the campus with me, or invite me to his room."

As the track men say, Pitkin made "a good getaway." This fact is referred to by a classmate in these words: "Not a few men make shipwreck of their college Christian life, or at least make it null and void of power just because they wait to see how things go religiously in college, not realizing that the position one takes the first few weeks will, in the majority of cases, determine the religious trend of one's whole life. Not so Pitkin. Through all his course from first to last his fellow students knew where he stood."

It is worth while knowing that good blood flowed in the veins of this man. His paternal ancestry ran back through distinguished American patriots. One of these was governor of Connecticut, and William Pitkin, the founder of the American family, who came to New England from London in 1659, became attorney-general of the colony but five years later.

On his mother's side Pitkin was a lineal descendant of Elihu Yale. His grandfather was Rev. Cyrus Yale, of New Hartford, Connecticut. In 1860 Horace W. Pitkin married Lucy Tracy Yale at the

old homestead in New Hartford. The following year they settled in Philadelphia, from which city Mr. Pitkin conducted a chain of merchandizing houses which supplied soldiers' equipment along the border between the North and the South.

The only son of the family was born in 1869. When he was eleven years old, his mother died and his father assumed charge of the training of young Horace. Mr. Pitkin, who was of a strong religious nature, gave much attention to his son's early education, putting him in touch with the best influences. A constant stream of splendid Christian men passed through the Pitkin home. Everyone who could strengthen the family ideals was made a welcome guest. Mr. Pitkin was accustomed to spend Sunday afternoon in visiting those who were sick and in prison, and otherwise magnified his duties as a ruling elder of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. His open-hearted hospitality and great liberality were conspicuous traits that freely descended from father to son.

From early boyhood Horace spent his summer vacations on the old Yale homestead in Connecticut where his fresh and vigorous life is remembered with great affection. Every day he used to withdraw for an hour or two of Bible study, sitting under a great ash tree with the Scriptures on his lap, looking off to the blue hills in deep meditation upon the mighty things of God. His study completed, he would bound back with radiant face to the groups of friends on the lawn and the tennis court, ready for any manner of work or frolic.

His academic work was taken at Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire. Upon entering school away from home he sought the best influences. The worthy attractions of schoolboy life, not its temptations, were his. He faced questions of right and wrong with absolute fearlessness. Although possessed of ample means he had no desire to squander money on personal indulgences. Money was to him a trust and, even as a boy, he contributed to charities with better insight and judgment than did many of his elders.

As a young Christian, there was nothing of the prig or snob about Horace Pitkin. His artless simplicity, boyish gayety, and love of clean sport instantly disarmed the suspicion that he was posing as a saint. He despised cant and had no use for sanctimony. On the other hand he did not hesitate to go in for everything that gave a religious tone to student activities, taking a leading part in all the Christian activities of the academy and the near-by church. Skilled in music, playing both piano and organ, and possessed of a fine tenor voice, "Pitt," as he was nicknamed, was in constant demand for meetings of all kinds. He was ready to do anything helpful and put everything through with astonishing thoroughness and rapidity. He early developed a mastery of detail and was businesslike in all his dealings. Referring to his efficiency the boys used to say with a rough pun, "If anybody kin, Pit-kin." While at Phillips Academy, he united with the Church, actively associating himself with the Christian Endeavor Society and

taking a lead in its vital work. One of the earliest antisaloon movements in the village was started by him. "No picture comes to me more vividly," writes one, "than that of a great gathering filling the large church, with Pitkin as chairman, presiding with the dignity of a senator."

His scholarship and athletic records did not suffer by reason of his intense application to the spiritual side of student life. Even in the academy he had become an all-round man. When he entered Yale in the fall of 1888 he was an upstanding, clear-eyed, energetic freshman, with a sensitive mouth and a strong, lithe movement of the body which betokened perfect physical and mental coördination. In college he found plenty of outlet for an intensely active spiritual nature. He did not wait until some one dropped work into his lap. "Never have I known anyone with such power of translating faith into action. With him to believe was to do," said his roommate. He began to speak in the class prayer meetings and soon he was known as one of the best speakers, for, added to natural oratorical ability, was the flaming love of God burning in his heart. He became organist of the class prayer meetings and could always be counted on to lead in the singing.

For two years Horace Pitkin was superintendent of the Bethany Sunday School. He improved the organization of the school, bettered the discipline, and put through a comprehensive canvass of the neighborhood. Sunday afternoons he would be found at Grand Avenue Mission where evangelistic services were held. He liked to plead with lost

men and his affection for them, despite rags and filth, did more than anything else to make non-Christian college men believe in him. Charles Sumner once admitted that he was more interested in the cause of abolition than in the particular fugitive slave whose needs were presented to him. But this college man felt that his interest in "the cause" must needs be tested by his love for the individual. Writes a fellow student: "I recall one instance when we had induced a poor fellow to brace up and let liquor alone and try to be a man again. He came on the campus and Horace put him in his room on the window seat a few nights. Then he gave him five dollars to buy some better clothes and try for a job."

But it was the cause of foreign missions that, aside from his studies, occupied most of his time and thought. During his first vacation he went with the Yale delegation to the college conference at Northfield. It was at this conference that his life work was clearly presented to him and he joyfully accepted the declaration of the Student Volunteer Movement. In the official organ of the movement, Pitkin told of his decision to become a missionary:

"I had just finished my freshman year at Yale. Of course I had no conception of the great advantages of an early decision which confront the student of to-day. . . . My ideas of mission work were very vague and, which was quite worse, no organization, such as now exists, stood ready with pamphlets, books, and study classes, to guide and fortify me."

In the fall the new recruit returned to college,



fired with the purpose to make Yale a great missionary center. There was no volunteer band at that time, but with fiery zeal and fine organizing ability Pitkin started a work that gathered momentum with every passing month. Mission study classes were formed and student bands went out to churches and societies to speak in behalf of foreign missions. Many counties were thus covered. "Thanks be to God," said the young enthusiast, "he did use the decision so that in my senior year Yale had, instead of one volunteer besides myself, a band of twenty-four."

At college Pitkin left a remarkable record of achievement. Largely through his efforts Yale became a missionary college, and her Yale Band of foreign missionaries is known throughout Christendom. Christian Endeavor societies all over the State of Connecticut were swung into line for missions and dozens of mission libraries were established. Pitkin raised upwards of five thousand dollars for the American Board of Foreign Missions, himself assuming one third of the support of a missionary in China.

Upon entering upon his theological course at Union Seminary in New York City, he at once developed a plan of missionary propagandism. At the end of his first term he wrote :

"Have you heard of our mission revival of this term? It was largely a work of God and to him be all the praise and glory. It was simply the fact of a volunteer's dying in our class that brought the fellows together and broke the ice. The evening

after his death we held a class prayer meeting which was led by Eddy, who had just signed. Of course he led it in the direction of missions and one after another got up and stated his personal reasons for and against. Every man in the class was approached and talked to as the Master led us, and we had daily prayer meetings and a list of men to pray for each day. At the end of the week we had scratched off four and they were with us praying for the rest.”

Mr. Luce and Mr. Eddy were his colleagues in this revival. The former says :

“The influence of Pitkin’s example had its work, but we always felt his prayers had a greater part. We shall never know the part that his prayer played in all this or the greatness of his joy when these two old friends (Luce and Eddy) were led to purpose, if God permit, to go to the foreign field. From that day forth the prayer of the three men was like that of one man.”

Mr. Eddy adds this testimonial :

“Pitkin’s life was to me the unanswerable proof that God could guide, and an example of the possibilities of service open to anyone who knew God’s will. I remember the night I went up to Pitkin’s room and told him I felt that I must know God’s will for my life. After prayer together, I went to my own room and, without excitement or very much emotion, I waited quietly and asked God to guide me surely and unmistakably. He did. The simple conviction came that it was his will to go. And from that moment no shadow of a doubt ever came.”

These three men, like those in the fiery furnace of Babylon, were feeling the power that comes through "stringing one's life to one great purpose." Even keeping the body fit and strong was to them part of the great task and in gymnasium practice their thought was this: "We must put on muscle for Christ. This will carry the gospel many a mile."

In 1894 the triumvirate of volunteers accepted the call of the Student Volunteer Movement to travel through the colleges of North America. Pitkin was assigned to the Middle West and accomplished a notable work. He organized a number of volunteer bands and unified the work with businesslike ability. The spiritual side was, however, uppermost in all his plans. He had a prayer list of the "back track" as he called it, that is, the institutions and men he had already visited. His practical, common-sense methods, united with a burning zeal and an implicit faith, made him a master in the field. D. Willard Lyon said of him, "He could translate his visions into practical lines of action."

Pitkin graduated from the seminary in the spring of 1896. The following October he was married to Miss L. E. Thomas, of Troy, Ohio, a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and leader of its glee club in 1895. The two young missionaries started for China the following month, under appointment from the American Board of Foreign Missions, spending six months visiting mission stations *en route*. In the fall of 1897 they found themselves at Pao-ting-fu, eighty-eight miles south of Peking.

For two years Pitkin wrestled with the language and toured the surrounding districts with older missionaries, writing long and interesting accounts of his work to the home church and to friends. In a letter written early in 1900 he referred to the gathering of the Boxer cloud which was soon to break upon China and overwhelm the devoted little band of missionaries at Pao-ting-fu :

“China is full of secret societies. . . . They attack missionaries and converts, the result of the hated ‘foreign devil’s’ religion. Not daring to attack the missionary, perhaps, they wreak vengeance on his converts. Such was the massacre of the English missionaries on or near the coast in the south some years ago, such was the great revolution of Yang Tse Kiang before that time, and such is the cause of the widespread troubles near here to-day. . . . Societies are being formed within twenty-five miles of us to the south, and encircling the city the plague has spread to the north of us. . . . Report had it that our compound and the Presbyterian compound were to be wiped out the eighth or eighteenth of this month. To-day is the ninth, so I guess we shall survive the eighteenth as well.”

In a letter to Yale men written April 27, 1900, he told of sending Mrs. Pitkin and little Horace to America :

“Now the house is immense and I do not like it one bit, but don’t you care, think of the poor ‘celebrates’ who do not have seven months hence to look forward to. . . . Dr. Hodge of Philadelphia and Mrs. Hodge (*née* Sinclair) will be right next

door . . . so we shall have a merry party." His last letter to the Pilgrim Church of Cleveland, which had adopted the Pitkins as their representatives on the foreign field, explained why Mrs. Pitkin returned, and added: "Won't it make China seem near to you! and America to us? There is only one objection to it, it will take away from our heads the halos that some of you have insisted upon placing there, and you will be disappointed in finding us just like common folks. 'Huh! Nothing particularly like martyrdom in this foreign work,' and you are right! We have been trying to tell you that right along—because we do not believe in martyrs either."

The storm increased in fury. In his last letter, written June 2, 1900, to associates in Peking, and carried by a Chinese runner, who succeeded in passing the Boxer lines, he described scenes of pillage and massacre:

"It may be the beginning of the end. God rules and somehow his Kingdom must be brought about in China. . . . It is a grand cause to die in, . . . Jesus shall reign . . . but we do hope a long life may be for us in this work. The moon gets brighter every night and—what then? God leads, thank God he does! We cannot go out to fight—we must sit still at our work and take quietly whatever is sent us."

On the afternoon of June 30 a mob set fire to the American Presbyterian Mission, looted the hospital and chapel, burned the houses of the missionaries, and inaugurated a general massacre of the mission-

aries and native Christians. Horace Pitkin wrote his final letters, prayed with a faithful manservant and left him one parting word, "Tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that when he is twenty-five years of age, he should come to China as a missionary."

Mr. Pitkin endeavored to save the lives of Miss Morrell and Miss Gould, holding the crowd at bay until his ammunition was exhausted. Then he and the two missionary women suffered death by the sword, the head of Mr. Pitkin being severed from his body.

Lao-man, the old letter carrier and servant, tells how Mr. Pitkin urged the aged man to escape over the wall and seek a hiding place. He says :

"I was a long time with Pastor Pitkin. He was composed and calm. He told me of some things the schoolboys had buried, hoping to save them, and then took out a letter he had just written to Pi Tai Tai, and his camera, and said : 'You go with me and we will bury these things in the ground under the dovecote, so when all is over you will know where to find them. Send or take them to the soldiers from the west, or whoever comes with them, so that my wife may be sure to receive them.' We went out, dug quite a deep hole and put them carefully in, wrapped in waterproof covers. Then we went back to the pastor's room and talked till after midnight. We knew little of the fate of the Presbyterian friends, but were sure that none were living. At last, Mr. Pitkin said, 'Do not risk your life any longer, but get over the wall in some place

as retired as may be and get into hiding before dawn. My letter may be found and destroyed. If you learn that it is, send word to Pi Tai Tai that God was with me and his peace was my consolation.' Then we knelt down and prayed together and he sent me away."

Between the ruins of the two mission compounds a plot of ground was purchased and there twenty-six coffins were lowered into the graves while a little band of Christians sang in Chinese :

" Light after darkness, gain after loss,  
Strength after weakness, crown after cross."

Surely the greatest memorial of such a life is not found in tablets, or biographies, or even in hospital or mission buildings. It is in the lives of God's children who catch the spirit of sacrifice and leap at the call of Christ to engage in that service for which Horace Pitkin and hundreds of others have laid down their lives.

What is your answer to such a life? Have you accepted the challenge of this modern martyr?

" What is the issue to be? What legacy, say, to your children  
Will you bequeath? What increment added? What further  
example  
Yet of noble deeds, what self crucifixion in laying  
All that you have, that you are, at the feet of a crucified  
Saviour?"





## II

Pitt Gordon Knowlton, of Oberlin

*The Poor Student Who Made Others Rich*

I will stretch  
My hands out once again. And, as the God  
That made me is the Heart within my heart,  
So shall my heart be to this dust and earth  
A god and a creator. I will strive  
With mountains, fires and seas, wrestle and strive,  
Fashion and make, and that which I have made  
In anguish I shall love as God loves me.

—*Noyes.*

## II

### PITT GORDON KNOWLTON, OF OBERLIN

#### *The Poor Student Who Made Others Rich*

A STRUGGLING college, situated educationally on "the far-flung battle line," was facing its darkest hour. The trustees were contemplating closing its doors on account of lack of funds. The teachers' salaries had not been paid for months. Only the bravest souls could endure such an ordeal. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Yes, but this was different. It was living—living without the means of living, and without the glory.

It was then that Pitt Gordon Knowlton, who had built up the departments of philosophy and education at Fargo College, an A. B. of Oberlin, A. M. of Harvard, and Ph. D. of Leipsig, saw his way out of a situation fraught, for himself and for his family, with such distressing features. He received a call to return to his Alma Mater where, as a student, he had so distinguished himself. Was not all the past, with its heavy drainage of life forces in overcoming an untoward environment, a fit preparation for the reward now placed in his hands? Why tempt Providence by a sentimental refusal of the larger and more comfortable place? Let a younger man take his post and endure hardness as he had done.

Is there not a limit to sacrifice, a point where it becomes foolhardiness?

We may imagine a tall, spare man, big-boned but stoop-shouldered, with a kindly eye, broad forehead, and mobile mouth half hidden beneath a heavy black beard, wearily resting his head on his hand as he sits at his desk thinking out this practical problem in ethics. Memory must have reverted to the days when he, a motherless, neglected farmer's boy, grubbed out the stumps and rocks on a little farm in northeastern Ohio, in return for lodging, shirt, and overalls. He must have thought of all the years of uphill climbing from the day New Lyme Institute opened its doors until the great German university invested him with the insignia of the doctorate of philosophy. Finally, he could not forbear the reflection that the effort to put the small Christian college on its feet, academically and financially, had cost him much of physical vigor and intellectual toil. Had he not paid the full price of his ideals?

No! A thousand times, no! Watch those black eyes snap and the jaw set as though the tempter of souls were whispering in his ear. He will not desert Fargo College. He will lay down his life, if need be, rather than see it close its doors.

The next mail bore a courteous reply to Oberlin declining the honor of an appointment to its faculty. That quiet renunciation meant new life to hundreds of the rising generation of students, but it took life also. Knowlton paid the price.

Pitt Gordon Knowlton was born at Rock Creek,

Ohio, November 30, 1859. His father worked a small farm in one of the townships of northeastern Ohio, wresting a meager living from the poor soil of that region. When Pitt was still a small boy, his mother died, and after that home life was what a hard-working farmer and his two boys could bring into it. Poverty and hardship were Pitt's bedfellows; the finer things of life were unknown. But he was destined to give a course to college seniors on "Life as a Practical Problem" and it was here that, as a sad-hearted little farm drudge, he was unconsciously collecting material.

From a home bereft of the ministries of womanhood, and granting only the barest necessities for the sternest kind of labor, came this ungainly youth of eighteen seeking admittance to the institute at South New Lyme. He was an unlikely specimen of farmer's boy, but Jacob Tuckerman saw beneath the rough exterior a rare nature. This old-fashioned educator was seeking, not to mold character as though it were plaster, but to hew it like granite from the elemental quarries of life. He found in Knowlton the right stuff and he chiseled rather than polished. Soon the boy became known as the finest scholar in the academy. His opinions in the classroom were sound and original and he was listened to with respectful attention. His lofty moral and religious standards produced a marked influence upon the school.

When the time came for graduation, Dr. Tuckerman persuaded Knowlton that a college education was possible without ready money. Realizing the

odds against him, the young man matriculated at Oberlin in 1886, and began his fight. He would take every sort of odd job he could find, working on farms during the summer, coaching poor students, tending furnaces, and the like, until Peters Hall was opened. He was there installed as head janitor, a post which he filled until graduation. One of his fellow students writes :

“ Pitt Knowlton won his laurels at the end of a broom. He came to Oberlin a homeless lad, alone in the world, his hands hardened and his shoulders bowed with toil, but with the love of God and his fellow men in his heart, and hungry for learning, for friends, and for his Master’s work—and he found them all. Indomitable grit brought him to the doors of the college and carried him through to graduation in 1890, working his way not by the wiles of the book agent but by the long hours of labor and the sweat of his brow. Every man and woman in college admired his enterprise and tenacity of purpose. He enlarged and glorified the work of janitor and teacher alike. We were all glad to be his friends, forgetful, as he, of his threadbare coat, his cotton umbrella, his uncouth manner, and strident voice, for behind all there was a loyal soul radiating cheer, a veritable fountain of good will.”

The temptation to a student thus forced to make his way is to draw within himself and indulge in self-pity. But Knowlton betrayed no tinge of bitterness, jealousy, or suspicion. He was not only unashamed of manual work but gloried in it and rose above its supposed handicaps. He was almost

aggressive in his friendships, by reason of his sense of humor and his frank and hearty interest in his fellows. They declare him to have been the best-known and best-loved man in college, with a circle of lasting friendships unsurpassed for their depth and permanence.

President Henry Churchill King has testified to his "admiration for the essential fineness and tenderness of his strong nature. He exerted steadily a strong influence in the college, was always outspoken for the best things, and could be absolutely counted on for loyalty to the best in college life."

After winning the Walker fellowship for work at Harvard, Knowlton spent two years in graduate work, receiving his master's degree in 1892. For one year thereafter he taught at the Ohio State University, then went abroad for a year's work at Berlin, completing his thesis on the "Origin and Nature of Conscience" for the doctor's degree at the University of Leipsig in 1896.

Oberlin was a sort of big mother of Fargo. Both Congregational in their religious affiliations, the two colleges have always enjoyed a close interchange of ideas. Thus, when Fargo was looking for a dean, what more natural than that Oberlin should suggest the man of all men who had laid the impress of his mind and soul on his Alma Mater during the later eighties? Only seven years from janitor to dean! Think of that, you who imagine it takes money that some one else has earned to establish yourselves in life and attain a position of recognized standing!

There are no dramatic incidents to record of his

sixteen years as teacher in Fargo College, except as that life is most truly dramatic which most truly lives. Character is essentially romantic, but the world wants excitement and noise and passion, mistakenly associating these with the dramatic and romantic.

Dr. Knowlton was not a "swashbuckler" in education. He never sought notoriety or courted the press. Let other professors make startling statements to their classes for the sake of attracting the public attention, let them write for the magazines and give Chautauqua lectures, and attend conventions as they would; he had little time for all this. He was busy in the laboratory of life. He was a handler of precious ore. He kept the temperature just right for the refining. He could not afford to let his classes "cool" while he ran away for a few days on some little commercial aside. He stayed with the stuff and made something out of it. Often he was known to absent himself from some social function only to be found walking with a student along the roadside or in the fields. He was always seeking light, and he was as happy in finding a gleam in the mind of a pupil as a searchlight in the works of a master.

This is the reason there is little to tell of those sixteen years, for the things he said and did were done in quiet places. The surgical operation by which the infusion of blood is accomplished, the stronger giving his life to the weaker, is a noiseless process. Dr. Knowlton, as some one said, "gave away more learning than most of us acquire." Yes,



but the significant words are these : He gave away the learning—he did not sell it—and it was sound to the core and up-to-date. He was *en rapport* with Bergson and Eucken. His pedagogy was abreast of the minute. His bibliography contained the latest books on the subject. His classes in philosophy were always crowded. It was no unusual sight to witness his desk surrounded by a group of interested students discussing the question of the hour long after the signal for dismissal had been given. Frequently his lectures were punctuated with applause as he made some telling point or illuminated some abstruse question with penetrating comment.

His hope had been to complete a certain manuscript on which he had worked for years. But the unfinished work is a mute though eloquent monument to his self-effacing spirit. While other teachers have written libraries in ink and paper his list of works is incarnated in living epistles known and read of all men. In an address before the students of the University of North Dakota on "Freedom and Independence," Dean Knowlton said, "No man can be strong who is not in accord with his fellow men and who does not serve them."

On May 5, 1913, this great soul lay down life's burden and entered into rest. "This rough horse-play of life," as Stevenson puts it, had so weakened his constitution that he fell an easy prey to pneumonia within a few days.

"He believed in the largest possible self in order that he might give the greatest possible service," was the keynote of the tribute paid him by Dr. C. C.

Creegan, the president of Fargo College, on the day of the funeral. While others may seek, in the teaching profession and elsewhere, the mastery of others for the sake of self, Pitt Gordon Knowlton sought the mastery of self for the sake of others. Such a man can never die.

“It is certainly worth while to live,” he once declared in a remarkable address on “Immortality,” “as though our souls were an immortal trust. To him who asserts the reality of the best and noblest, death comes simply as one more great adventure he must make, and to that end he sings with Stevenson :

“ ‘This be the verse you grave for me,  
Here he lies where he longed to be.  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.’ ”

### III

Kin Takahashi, of Maryville  
*A Japanese Battering-Ram for God*

Of wounds and sore defeat  
I made my battle stay ;  
Wingéd sandals for my feet  
I wove of my delay ;  
Of weariness and fear  
I made my shouting spear ;  
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,  
And swift oncoming doom  
I made a helmet for my head  
And a floating plume.  
From the shutting mist of death,  
From the failure of the breath,  
I made a battle horn to blow  
Across the vales of overthrow.  
O hearken, love, the battle horn !  
The triumph clear, the silver scorn !  
O hearken where the echoes bring,  
Down the gray disastrous morn,  
Laughter and rallying !

— *William Vaughn Moody.*

### III

## KIN TAKAHASHI, OF MARYVILLE

### *A Japanese Battering-Ram for God*

A SMALL, nervous Japanese in a college dormitory bends over his study table at midnight, his black eyes snapping and his whole being intensely concentrated upon the task of moving twenty-two grains of corn into various positions. Those grains of corn represent two football teams and to-morrow "Kentucky Hossie," as the boys have dubbed him, will be coaching the mountain boys of Maryville College in a new gridiron formation.

Twenty-five years ago Takahashi introduced football into Maryville College. How the undersized Japanese taught those surprising and elusive tricks merely by the aid of a football manual and his personal practice plays with corn grains is still told with pride by the loyal sons of Maryville. His lightninglike dashes around the ends, puzzling the opposing team with his catlike agility, are part of the athletic annals of Tennessee.

Kin Takahashi was born in Yamaguchi in 1872. At the age of fourteen he was sent by his father to America, in order to learn English and then return to his native land for a commercial career. Two

years in the schools of San Francisco whetted his appetite for the kind of learning not to be measured by commercial standards, for the young Shintoist had, meanwhile, found the Way. The burning question before him was whether he was to be cut off from the help and consideration of his family. He sat down and wrote a letter to his parents announcing his conversion. The result was a complete separation from his family. Both his father and mother indignantly denounced him and cut off his generous allowance.

Nothing daunted, Kin sought the counsel of his Christian friends. He wanted to know where he might go to school and, through his own efforts, secure a Christian college education. Maryville was suggested and the lonely Japanese found his way into the heart of the Tennessee hills where he was warmly received by the president of Maryville. He entered the preparatory course in 1888. He remained at Maryville for seven years, graduating with the degree of A. B. in 1895.

The career of Takahashi ought to be an encouragement to any poor boy who is fighting to get an education, and arouse in many others the desire to struggle through with no funds but such as can be earned during the course. Every penny of expense during those seven years was earned by this young man. His capacity for work was almost limitless. Whether cooking, waiting on tables, sweeping, working on the campus, lecturing, or canvassing, Kin Takahashi labored cheerfully and always with profit. His courtesy, earnestness, and industry

won him a place among the people of a strange country, significantly proving that alien birth is no inherent handicap in this land of the free.

As a leader among his fellows he developed remarkable qualities almost from the first. President Samuel T. Wilson says, "He soon stepped into the position of acknowledged and unenvied leadership." All forms of student activity—scholastic, social, literary, athletic, religious—felt the impetus of his intense personality and the drive of his genius. "He was the center and heart of all the college life," writes a friend. Refusing to specialize or narrow his college activities he threw himself into every worthy and needy cause with eager enthusiasm. Foreigner though he was he dedicated his talents and powers to the building up of the American college and the improving of the campus spirit. He was the soul of loyalty and an incurable "rooter" for his Alma Mater.

Kin Takahashi's own problems, prominent among which was the insatiable bread and butter question, were incidental to the larger issues of life. Indeed his personal interests served only to show him the way out for other students situated as he was. For example, he found that a number of students were compelled to leave school every year on account of lack of funds. He thereupon organized a self-help system and secured a large garden plat in an unused portion of the campus where he set groups of impoverished students at work. Out of this has grown Maryville's admirable plan of working scholarships wherein a large

percentage of the students earn their college expenses in whole or in part.

Takahashi would have become a great captain of industry had he lived and entered upon a business career. He worked out the plans for the first field day at Maryville, put athletics to the fore in college life, founded and edited a magazine called "College Days," and, without pretense of leadership, became the very soul of the student body.

But the greatest service he rendered to Maryville, indeed the greatest service ever rendered by any student to this institution, was the religious service which gave to Maryville such distinction in Christian student initiative.

The story of how this poor Japanese pushed through his project for building the Maryville Young Men's Christian Association building and gymnasium reads like a romance. Toward the end of his course he became convinced that God wanted him to promote a building enterprise. According to his usual method he prayed earnestly over the matter and then began to "talk it up" among the students and faculty. Soon sufficient interest was aroused to warrant the organization of the movement. Subscriptions of money and work, principally the latter, began to pour in. Kin Takahashi heaped more fuel on the fire and through his senior year continued the agitation. On graduating he did not leave the institution but stayed on the ground during the summer, building a brick mill and kilns and, with the help of other students, burning three hundred thousand bricks during the vacation. In



addition he organized a campaign of publicity, enlisting the active support of newspapers throughout the state, and contributing further by lectures and entertainments at which he was an adept.

But the work had only begun. Much money was yet to be raised. What would the average college man think of spending two years of his life, those precious years immediately succeeding graduation, in raising funds for the housing of the religious interests of his college? This Oriental, this "alien" did it, for his was an enthusiasm for college life that did not exhaust itself in cheers and yells and "Now-boys-the-good-old-song!" Without a cent of compensation he devoted himself to pushing the enterprise upon which he had set his heart. Journeying from city to city in the North he pleaded in burning words for help for his "boys." At the close of the campaign he had secured sufficient funds to build Bartlett Hall which stands to-day a monument to the zeal of this fiery heart, the little brown man of Nippon whose banzai was "For Christ."

"The college has done so much for me and the Christian Church in America has done so much for my country, that I, a Japanese, want to do something to show my gratitude," he used to say. It was a happy day for Kin when the corner stone of the Association Building was laid. He chose the motto graven thereon: "Christ Our Corner Stone." On that marble slab eight hundred of his fellow countrymen in American colleges can, if they will, read the only hope of Nippon's rebirth as a nation, according to the faith of Kin Takahashi.

As a member of the Student Volunteer Band Kin had brought the missionary spirit to a high standard and had been the means of turning many faces toward the great adventure for Christ in foreign lands. He had been an ardent personal worker in the annual evangelistic meeting, and his faith, his perseverance, and his contagious enthusiasm had marked him as one signally equipped for conspicuous service in his homeland.

His work in America had been accomplished. Followed by the love and prayers of a host of friends he returned to Japan in the fall of 1897 to take up his life work. Entering the Association field at Tokio he was winning out in the same remarkable way as at Maryville when suddenly a fatal disease struck him and he retired to Hirao, a village of some seven thousand people, where the work was less strenuous.

His serious decline in health did not prevent his entering heartily into the Christian work. Gathering a class of boys he began to teach them English. Later he organized a literary society "after the dear old Maryville style," with the intention of forming a nucleus for Christian work.

Though urged by his physician to abandon the task which under his hands was developing so rapidly, he continued to plan even larger things. "The work," he said, "was too interesting for me to follow the advice of the doctor and consequently I planned and organized the society into a school."

A staff of nine teachers was secured, not one of whom had a fixed salary. The school was opened

with an enrollment of thirty-four pupils and soon was moved into larger quarters with an attendance of one hundred and twenty.

This bold venture of a young man on the verge of the grave attracted the attention of educators and officials throughout the empire. The governor of the prefecture and the Commissioner of Education lent their presence to several public occasions where the excellence of Takahashi's school was cordially recognized.

Although he had many bitter adversaries, Kin Takahashi never allowed the missionary motive to be obscured. The inhabitants of Hiraio thought the sickness of the Christian teacher was the punishment of heaven for his having abjured the faith of his ancestors. The ingratitude of his fellow townsmen bore heavily upon his heart and, as his sufferings became excruciating and he was able only to crawl about, he was tempted at times to doubt the love of his heavenly Father. But, as the end drew near, the clouds were dispelled and his faith shone out clear and triumphant. In a letter to a friend in America he requested prayers for the success of his work. "Pray for us, my friends, that this particular plan may be successfully carried out and many souls may be saved through our Lord Jesus Christ." At the time of his death he was planning a new school building. An eligible site had been given and he had collected considerable money.

On the morning of May 7, 1902, Kin Takahashi's spirit was released from his torn body. Rev. F. S. Curtis, of Tokio, a close friend, was summoned to

conduct the services. He says: "The house and grounds were crowded to overflowing. I suppose two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons were present, including the leading citizens of the town, who had been impressed by the earnest life of this young Christian. The streets were literally lined with hundreds, and when we reached the hill-side where his body was to be interred, we found nearly a thousand people gathered."

Thus one of Japan's most vital Christian men was cut off in the midst of his days, when the most brilliant prospects of usefulness appeared to be opening before his glowing vision. But why "cut off"? Takahashi would be the first to repudiate such an interpretation of his life. At the very end, while in great suffering, he spoke to a friend of how "all things work together for good," finding great consolation in the words of the apostle.

He longed greatly to see his parents become Christians but died without having that prayer fulfilled. He saw his work in Hirao decline by reason of his illness and many of his cherished plans thwarted. But the light of his faith burned the brighter as his earthly projects failed, and he died with these words comforting his last hours, "My earnest expectation and my hope is that Christ shall be magnified in my body; whether by life or by death." "For to me to live is Christ; and to die is gain."

IV

Arthur Frame Jackson, of Cambridge

*“ Whose Life Was in the Saving of the World ”*

## In Memoriam. A. F. J.

Hail, Christian soldier ! bravely hast thou done !  
We who remember give God thanks for thee,  
Thy martyr spirit life through death has won,  
    Life in eternity.

Thy grave lies heaped with mound of alien earth,  
Far from the home where love and care were thine ;  
Yet on the home and land that saw thy birth  
    Light from that grave shall shine.

Brief was thy service ; but for thee need fall  
No tear, nor pass the semblance of a sigh ;  
Thou hast found kindred meet in heaven's bright hall,  
    God's heroes, crowned on high !

For thou dost know the glory and the song  
Which fill with wonder all that holy place,  
And thou art crowned amidst the martyr throng  
    Who look upon God's face.

— *Nelson Bitton.*

## IV

### ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON, OF CAMBRIDGE

*“Whose Life Was in the Saving of the World”*

ALFRED COSTAIN, author of “The Life of Dr. Arthur Jackson of Manchuria,” quotes that saying of the early church father: “The glory of God is a living man, and the life of man is the vision of God.” It was this sentence that came to the surface as Jackson strode away from Costain’s door in the glow of the autumn evening, and his friend saw him no more on earth.

Arthur Jackson would have been the last man in the world to acknowledge himself a hero. All his life he had responded to the call of duty in the daily round. One day he was called to perform his duty under circumstances of unusual interest and danger. He played his part as manfully in the one instance as in the other. And when the call came to play his part with his life in his hand, he faced the challenge unflinchingly. Is there anything more in being a hero than that?

The goodly fellowship of martyrs is enriched by the life of Arthur Jackson. He was little known when he started from Scotland for distant Manchuria, but to-day the name of Jackson is a chal-

lenge to college men throughout the world, and many a medical student has been made to think more deeply of the sacredness of his profession as he pauses to consider the magnificent enthusiasm of a man like Jackson and the ready outpour of his life for others.

“There must be something in religion,” said one of them, “when a man like Jackson is so unmistakably religious.”

The largest asset of Arthur Jackson's early life was an ideal Christian home. His father, Robert Jackson, was a merchant of Liverpool, who, amid his busy life, found time to make his children his boon companions. He was an elder of the church and Sunday-school superintendent. He, with his strong and beautiful wife, made the Sabbath a delight for the children of their home. Eagerly did they look forward to the Bible stories, the songs, the special picture books and toys, and the long walks in the lengthening shadows of summer afternoons.

Arthur and his brothers became active members in a boys' organization called “The Knights of the Cross.” A winsome lad he was as, in 1897, he entered the Merchant Tailors' School at Crosby. Who could help liking the fair-haired boy with the radiant smile and friendly ways? He had a bent toward the sciences and won the Foundation Prize for mathematics. But it is in athletics that Crosbeians remember him most vividly. He was their leader on the gridiron and won for them the Rugby Football Challenge Shield which they had coveted for ten losing years. At the end of a stiff game



with Liverpool College, Jackson rallied his men and snatched victory out of the grasp of their stronger rivals.

One summer the Jacksons were staying at a hotel in Argyleshire. News came one afternoon that two men were drowning in a loch up in the hills over a mile distant. Arthur outstripped the other rescuers, and, plunging into the water clad in his football togs, fastened a rope around one man, who was still clinging to an overturned boat. Then, with the aid of men on the bank, who had been helplessly looking on, he brought the drowning man to shore. The other man had already succumbed.

Jackson won two scholarships at Crosby and entered Cambridge in his eighteenth year. Choosing Peterhouse, one of the smaller colleges, he at once identified himself with the full life of the university. He was able to make a just balance between his studies and his "extra-academic" activities, a very difficult achievement during the first year or two of college life, especially with students entering at an early age. He did not allow "the side shows to swallow up the circus." Winning "Firsts" in his yearly examinations, he came to his final science tests fully prepared to achieve his greatest academic honor, First in the Tripos.

But the big-boned, hard-muscled youth could not long remain at the university without being called upon to contribute to its athletic glory. He was the best oar in the Peterhouse boat and the college magazine commented upon him thus: "A tower of strength and honest to the core. Heavy with his

hands, but races magnificently." Even in his last term, with the Tripod to win, he kept his place in the crew, "showing the best example of hard work and racing with coolness and power."

Football was, however, more congenial to Jackson. He soon rose to be a captain in the college Rugby and, according to the college reporter, was noted for being a "glutton for work." He inspired the team with enthusiastic energy and set an example of hard work and activity. "His low, hard tackling was displayed to spectacular advantage."

As in the wider circles of life so in college there are men who are social, athletic, and political "climbers." They go in to win glory for themselves. They seek leadership for personal satisfaction. The game is worth the candle only as the candle sheds its beams on them.

But Jackson was not a "spot-light man." His modesty was in the wood, and not a thin veneer. On the eve of his departure for China a friend wished for him a long and busy career. "Thank you very much," he said simply, "I am eager to serve." The main chance for him was a chance to help others, especially the unfortunate. Strong as he was, suffering and need took heavy toll of his heart. He who asked not pity of any man possessed a soul flooded with pity for lost men. He craved the privilege of healing the world's open sores. There was for him but one way and that was to bring in the Great Physician.

This was the secret of Jackson's absorbing interest in the religious life of Cambridge. His splendid

records on the field or in the debating society were only the physical and intellectual background for a soul flaming with the holy passion of service under the banner of Christ. "I can do nothing without him." He went into the Christian Union of Cambridge with an unaffected simplicity of religious fervor that brought him into prominence as a Christian leader. In his third year he became president of the Christian Union. Noting certain tendencies toward cant and sanctimony, he set himself the task of making faith a reality among his fellow students. He abhorred set phrases and the patois of religiosity. His sane and wholesome interpretation of the Way, his passion for truth at any cost, his refusal to invade the personalities of his associates, won for him a unique place in their confidence and esteem. He respected the convictions of others, making his own life the final argument for his faith. "I like Jackson," said one, "because he has convictions and lives them, but does not try to ram them down other fellows' throats."

Jackson was a wonderful friend of younger boys. He taught a Sunday-school class during his university days. From Scotland he wrote home: "Please send my Sunday-school register. It has the address of a boy I promised to send a picture post card to. I am sorry to bother you so through my forgetfulness." He remembered the big thing, however—being kind to "the kiddies."

Two years after he left Cambridge we find him at one of the free Church camps for schoolboys

during a vacation from arduous work at the Royal Infirmary where he had become a resident medical officer. It was there that the buoyant qualities of the "eternal boy" were in finest exercise. He threw himself with gay abandon into the unconventional life of the camp, and many a lad learned to love the great, laughing athlete not only for his prowess as a leader of the sports and songs of the field and fire-side but also for the talks he gave on manliness, the clean life, and the realness of religion. "I would remember him most often," one wrote, "as the jolly doctor who was equally at home in his comic song and in the tent meeting where he spoke for his Lord." His biographer tells why boys liked him: "His gayety was genuine, not a smiling mask assumed to beguile and trap unwary youth. He did not laugh or sing humorous songs that they might count him 'a good fellow' but because he could not help laughing and because he enjoyed a comic song. And when the talk turned on matters more serious, on duty and courage and trust in the Hero Saviour, he was still the same, transparently honest."

Never through the years of scientific research and intellectual inquiry did his faith falter. His intense eagerness to get beneath the appearance of things to the ultimate reality had the effect of strengthening his belief in the unseen. While others were wrestling with intellectual doubts and suffering an eclipse of faith, Arthur Jackson was making his beliefs issue in action. Religion was for him an experimental thing. If it would not work he would have none of it. With Henry

Drummond one might say his working motto was :  
 "Life and religion are one thing or neither is anything."

Prayer was to him not so much a means of grace as the deep and regular breathing of the soul. It was on his knees that he wrought out his life problems, and always he was asking his friends to pray for him. He seemed hungry for larger views of God's way with the world. He had no smug satisfaction with his spiritual attainment but was ever reaching out for the things that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." "I wish people would not talk so glibly about the simplicity of all these things, for I am sure they are not really so simple. We will never get to the bottom of them here ; we will always have more to learn."

Jackson liked to talk with ministers of deep learning and vital piety. Among his dearest friends he counted some of the eminent men in nonconformist pulpits. Among them was Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, then of the Cambridge pulpit, who says, "He came closer to me than any student during the years of my ministry."

In 1910 Arthur Jackson had completed his course as a medical missionary, and put himself at the disposal of the Foreign Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England, of which he was a member. He imposed no conditions as to the post to which he should be assigned. He was promised the first vacancy, but as a period of waiting was distasteful to him, he offered himself to the United Free Church of Scotland. "I am just going up to Edin-

burgh to have a shot at the Frees," he said to a friend.

At that time Dr. Dugald Christie, a veteran of twenty years of honored service in the Manchu capital, had returned to Scotland and was soliciting funds for the extension of his work. Jackson met him, and was fired with the great opportunity offered in the chief city of Manchuria. He was given a place on the staff of the medical college as an assistant to Dr. Christie, and sailed in the latter part of September for Moukden.

Dr. Christie, in his book, "Thirty Years in the Manchu Capital," tells how "he won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. We have known many new missionaries, but none who became popular with the Chinese so rapidly. He seemed just the man for college work and was looking forward enthusiastically to a life among our Moukden students in that new college building whose planning so keenly interested him."

During the first few weeks Dr. Jackson threw himself into the study of the difficult language with characteristic energy. He broke the monotony of his studies by teaching his beloved football game to the college students, and found an occasional hour for his favorite pastime of skating. But his heart was bleeding as he saw the victims of disease and superstition going down to death all about him. "I certainly feel the need of a fuller life in accordance with Christ's ideals. How impotent we are in the face of all this mass of contented heathendom unless we really have power from on high! I know

you are praying for me, and will you think about this specially, that I may be more filled with the Spirit and be so helped that nothing in me may prevent the Holy Spirit's work?" Surely the fruitage of his rare, strong nature was being garnered for a harvest that lay in "the light that never was on sea or land."

The black death was bearing down upon them out of the north. Daily that terrible destroyer, the pneumonic plague, stalked nearer. It is the deadliest of all known diseases, for there has never been an authenticated case of recovery. The Moukden-Peking Railway was about to be closed, and on the morning of Saturday, January 14, 1910, there came into Moukden the last special train of coolies. Dr. Jackson and his colleagues inspected the trainload and sent them on, but two deaths occurred after leaving Moukden and the train was sent back to the city Sunday afternoon. The weather temperature was twenty-five degrees below zero, and the railroad authorities proposed to keep the shivering Chinese in the cars until the next morning. Many would certainly have perished of cold. But Dr. Jackson interposed. "We must do our best for the poor beggars," he said. He arranged to house them under guard, in several large but filthy Chinese inns, overnight, and then began an eight-day fight, the supreme struggle of his twenty-six happy years.

It was a heartbreaking agony, ending only in defeat as Jackson saw his helpless wards dropping dead by scores every day. But he did save Mouk-

den from the ravages of this, the most frightful of all scourges. Writing to his sister in the midst of it, he said: "I am going to examine passengers on the Chinese Imperial Railway to try to prevent the plague getting south. However, the risk is not great for me. . . . You need not mention this job I have got to mother, as it would make her unnecessarily anxious."

Day after day, in mask, hood, and white smock, breathing through an antiseptic pad, he took the temperatures of the plague-stricken coolies, supported them on his strong arm as they stumbled into the hospital, or bent over the dying to alleviate their last sufferings.

For his assistants Dr. Jackson was most tenderly solicitous. "Stand back, Elder," "Don't come too near, Coppin," were his constant warnings. He saved others, himself he could not save.

On the morning of January 25, Jackson awoke with a feeling of stupor and heaviness. At seven o'clock that night, the unmistakable sign, the red froth, appeared on his lips and Jackson called, "Look out, Young, the spit has come." Within a few hours this splendid man who, only the day before, had remarked in high spirits, "Not many fellows get such a chance as this," passed as a victor into the great glory.

Dr. Jackson's nearest friends were unprepared for the tremendous impression made by the death of this foreign physician upon the Chinese officials of the province and the city. The Chinese papers rang with praise of his self-sacrificing work. Re-



gard this comment from a non-Christian daily, "His death in laboring for our country was actually carrying out the Christian principle of giving up one's own life to save the world." Another paper paid this tribute, "Now that he has given his only life for the lives of others, we see that he was a true Christian, who has done what Jesus did thousands of years ago."

Hsi Liang, the viceroy of the province, arranged a memorial service in Moukden with the British consul general, and read a remarkable address, the significance of which can be appreciated only by those who understand the traditional antagonism entertained by the Chinese to foreigners.

The following extracts will convey an idea :

"Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign's spirit, and with the heart of the Saviour who gave his life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in the time of its need. He went forth to help us in our fight daily, where the pest lay thickest ; amidst the groans of the dying, he struggled to cure the stricken, to find medicine to stay the evil. Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure ; our grief too deep for words. . . . The Presbyterian Mission has lost a recruit of great promise, the Chinese Government a man who gave his life in his desire to help them."

"O Spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty million people of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of heaven to take away this pesti-

lence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows.”

“ In life you were brave, now you are an exalted Spirit. Noble Spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all ! ”

Hsi Liang sent the bereaved mother a letter of sympathy enclosing ten thousand dollars (Mexican) for the use of the family. This money was returned by Mrs. Jackson to the medical college, to be used as a memorial for her son. The viceroy on hearing this was moved with deep emotion. “ What a mother, and what a son ! ” he exclaimed. This high official added further large sums to the completion of the memorial portion of the hospital and toward the endowment of the Jackson Memorial Chair of Medicine in the college.

In the new hall has been placed a tablet of beaten copper, with this inscription :

IN MEMORY OF  
ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON,  
B. A., M. B., B. C., D. T. M.

Who came to teach in this College,  
Believing that by serving China he might best serve God,  
And who laid down his life in that service

ON JANUARY 25, 1911, AGED 26,

While striving to stay the advance of pneumonic plague,

The Western Half of This Building Is Erected by

MRS. JACKSON, HIS MOTHER, and  
HIS EXCELLENCY, HSI LIANG,  
Viceroy of Manchuria.

A friend, writing to Dr. Jackson's mother, gave comfort to a wounded heart in these words: "Arthur is living! . . . Your hopes for him are not to be deceived; you have him where you would have him—serving God free. . . . The best man I knew in my seven years at Cambridge was Arthur Jackson, and, now he is gone, life leans more toward the 'plenished Heaven.' "



V

Hugh McAllister Beaver, of Pennsylv-  
ania State College

*The Boy Who Could See the Master's Face*

This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the school is set,  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind,  
Bear thro' life like a torch in flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind,  
“Play up—play up—and play the game.”

—*Henry Newboldt.*

Whenever you conversed with him alone, he made you feel that there was a third Being there, in whose presence he distinctly felt himself to be.

—*F. C. Shairp.*

## HUGH McALLISTER BEAVER, OF PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

### *The Boy Who Could See the Master's Face*

ONE of the most engaging personalities that ever trod the campus of an American college was Hugh McAllister Beaver. Intense and impulsive by nature, his was a life perfectly controlled by the spirit of God. "Give me a man with a passion," said a college professor. "When that passion is under God's control he can do more than a thousand tepid souls." Hugh Beaver was one of the most loved boys in his home town, his college, and the wider circles of life. Beneath that ardent personality was a foundation of sterling character easily discerned by those used to estimating values. In a memorial service one of the leading lawyers of Bellefonte spoke of young Beaver as "our most distinguished citizen."

Born in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, March 29, 1873, Hugh Beaver began life under favorable conditions. Good blood was in his veins. His father, the Honorable James A. Beaver, was of Huguenot descent, while his mother, Mary McAllister Beaver, came of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Hugh's great-grandfather on his mother's side, Major Hugh McAllister, fought through the Indian wars and was the first man in Lancaster County to form a company to

reënforce General Washington in the darkest period of the American Revolution.

Descending thus from generations of fighting men—the old Pennsylvania stock of thoroughgoing patriots—Hugh Beaver was endowed by nature with high and noble impulses.

The atmosphere of the Beaver home was uncompromisingly Christian. The Bible and the Shorter Catechism were honored. General Beaver believed in the efficacy of the catechism and offered an air gun to Hugh as an inducement to its memorizing. The offer was immediately accepted and the one hundred and seven questions and answers soon mastered.

As a boy Hugh was always a ringleader in the sports of the town, exhibiting a wonderful spirit of bravery. He outdid his companions in athletic sports, and at the age of fourteen he was the best pitcher of his age in the town. Hugh's curves were famous and his club styled itself, "The Little Potatoes Hard to Peel."

Hugh's father served through the Civil War and lost his right leg in battle. Though peace-loving and kindly, he believed in developing the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of American youth and encouraged the formation of the National Guard. In 1886 General Beaver was elected Governor of Pennsylvania and the family moved to Harrisburg. Hugh's Bellefonte Military Company, a well-drilled organization, still continued, and he begged his father to provide tents for camping in the mountains. For two years Hugh was the head of the



camp life of his company until the boys parted for various colleges.

After going to Harrisburg, Hugh Beaver began a course of physical training in the hope of increasing his strength which was below the normal. He was given a full set of gymnastic apparatus and exercised conscientiously until he developed a fine symmetrical physique. It was about this time that President Harrison, who had met Hugh in camp with the Pennsylvania National Guard at Mt. Gretna, would have appointed him to West Point, and his father wrote asking whether he desired to consider it. In reply he wrote to his father, "I have no desire to spend the greater part of my life in keeping Indians on their reservations, or in loafing about Fort Monroe or some other swell fort." Both his father and mother concurred in his decision.

In the spring of 1891 he completed his preparation for college at Bellefonte Academy where he left a record of radiant, happy activity. "Such sunny lives are rare and with difficulty to be replaced," wrote a teacher in the academy later on.

At this time Hugh was passing through a period of great temptations. He was accustomed to regard his academy experience as critical and referred very often to it as "going just to the edge." To his mother's prayers he attributed many an escape from the perils besetting young men at this age.

Pennsylvania State College, about fifteen miles from Bellefonte, an institution founded by Hugh's grandfather, was the pride of the Beaver family.

General Beaver was for many years chairman of the Board of Trustees and at one time acting president. None of the members of the family ever thought of going elsewhere than to State College. At this time Hugh was a professing Christian but not deeply interested in Christian activities. His life did not differ from that of the majority of students. A letter from Robert E. Speer, a close friend of the family, was most opportune. It was received a few days before Hugh entered State College.

“I believe,” said Mr. Speer, “that with the majority of fellows the first few months determine their whole course and often their whole life. You understand, of course, what I am driving at, Hugh, that a fellow wants to be a first-class Christian from the first day to the last, that he ought to run up his flag at the first opportunity, never strike it, though sometimes he feels he is flying the colors by himself. I have met plenty of college men whose great regret for their college course was that they had not been better Christians. I never met a man who wished he had been a worse one. I shall pray that God will give you a useful and happy year and that you may be one of his own men all the time you are in college and forever.”

Young Beaver entered the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity and from the time of his initiation resolved that the chapter should have a house of its own. The chapter had been chartered only six years but Beaver was proud of the society and immediately began planning for the construction of the new building. He supervised all the work, planned the

financial campaign, and handled the smallest details until in 1895 a fine home for the chapter was completed.

One of the great experiences of his life was meeting Mr. Moody during the summer following his sophomore year, while the evangelist was conducting meetings at the World's Fair in Chicago. He went to one of Mr. Moody's Sunday meetings rather from curiosity and a sense of duty but came away deeply impressed, and was the more ready to attend the Geneva Conference of college students that summer. It was here that Hugh Beaver found the new life in all its great reality. His whole being seemed to have been transformed, and thenceforth was radiant with the light of the companionship of Christ. His junior year at college was marked by a deeper sense of responsibility and a joyous acceptance of the new opportunities afforded for Christian work. It was then, as a friend writes, that he awakened to "a new sense of the deeper meanings of life with a growing passion for the souls of men." He became more gentle and winsome, exhibiting a poise and peacefulness not shown before. He seemed to have heard the challenge of the poet :

“ O young mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel  
And crowd your canvas,  
And ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the gleam.”

Dr. John R. Mott attended the Pennsylvania Conference of College Young Men's Christian Association Presidents at that time and writes as follows :

“ Largely as a result of Hugh's personal influence and efforts the large room where the meeting was held was crowded with college men. The Spirit of God worked mightily in the meeting. The interest manifested was so great that we had a second meeting on the night of the same day. In both of these meetings I was impressed by Hugh's intense prayerfulness and also by his tremendous earnestness and loving tact in personal work. He forgot all formality, sitting down by the side of classmates, putting his arm around them, and urging them to take a decided stand for Christ. Not less than three men were led, under the influence of his burning personal appeals, to decide for Christ.”

It was Hugh's great friend, John H. McConkey, the well-known lay evangelist, who witnessed Hugh Beaver's complete surrender to God. He tells of the day when “ with great joy we knelt together while he laid his life at the feet of the Master. Very humble, tender, and beautiful was his low-voiced prayer of committal. His will had for sometime before been trembling in the balance. . . . Little did he know how brief was the span of earthly existence allotted to him. . . . Had Hugh Beaver failed to yield his young life to God's service, had he postponed his decision three or four short years, it would have been too late.”

In the senior year at State College Hugh was the

same buoyant, radiant personality as in earlier years, but depths had been opened up in his nature through which could be seen a flaming soul. Before graduation a call had come to accept the position as secretary of the college Young Men's Christian Associations of the State of Pennsylvania. Then ensued a struggle between his prospects and intentions of entering a business career and a life devoted exclusively to Christian work. "I am afraid if I ever get into this kind of work I never can get out," he said. After a period of uncertainty he wrote, "I have been calling for hymn No. 107 in about all the meetings I have attended, 'My Jesus, as thou wilt,' and it seemed that the spirit of the hymn should be a guide to me in this the first call that has cost me very much to obey."

President Atherton, of State College, writing of this episode in Hugh's life says: "All his enthusiasms were now becoming blended in one great overmastering enthusiasm. But with it all was the same cool, skillful, and practical judgment which he had always shown in the transaction of business. There was an utter absence of self-consciousness or conceit, coupled with absolute confidence in his power to accomplish his objects." After attending the Northfield Conference in the summer of 1895 he began gathering material for his addresses among the students of the Pennsylvania colleges. In his notebook of this time were found such sentences as these: "Take care to whom you give the night key of your heart." "Do not wait for a feeling of power." "If we can't pray we can't preach."

“He wants the goats’ hair too ; there are many in fine purple but, bless you, the goats’ hairs are more plenty.” “Personal life of students in college is the great cause of success or failure. Make us pure.”

During the following winter Hugh visited Bloomsburg Normal School, Washington & Jefferson College, Mercersburg Academy, Dickinson College, West Chester Normal, University of Pennsylvania, and his own Alma Mater. From the start his work was successful and he gripped students wherever he went. The importance of Bible study and prayer were driven home on every occasion and he began to see the need of honest speech in the matter of personal purity. He managed, however, to speak of the vices of students in such a way as to keep his own imagination and that of others clean and pure. About this time he signed a White Cross pledge and wore its pin. He was constantly writing letters to students he had met, urging them to make a strong stand for Christ and to build up the spiritual life of the school.

November 16, 1895, was another epochal day with Hugh Beaver. He tells in a letter to his mother of a great yearning in his life that had not until then been satisfied. “At Kutztown,” he wrote, “it became so manifest that I slept poorly. So, early in the morning I rose and asked God what was the matter, then wrote out a deed.” This deed of consecration was written on the back of his White Cross pledge and is as follows :

“This sixteenth day of November, 1895, I, Hugh

McA. Beaver, do of my own free will, give myself, all that I am and have, entirely, unreservedly and unqualifiedly to Him, whom having not seen I love, on whom, though now I see him not, I believe. Bought with a price, I give myself to him who at the cost of his own blood purchased me. Now committing myself to him who is able to guard me from stumbling and to set me before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy, I trust myself to him, for all things, to be used as he shall see fit, where he shall see fit. Sealed by the Holy Spirit, filled with the peace of God that passeth understanding, to him be all glory, world without end. Amen.”

In January he visited Philadelphia, spending a week at the University of Pennsylvania, Haverford College, the College of Pharmacy, Hahnemann Medical College, and the Medico-Chirurgical College. “Medical students,” he wrote, “are a hard lot but the power of God can reach them as well as others.”

Once again were presented to him the splendid opportunities before him if he would follow the work of his distinguished father. It was pointed out also that if he entered mercantile business his remarkable qualities would net him large financial returns. His answer to the man who proposed it was this, “Old man, I am not laying up my treasures here.”

In June at the Northfield Conference the results of the year spent in the Pennsylvania colleges were seen when one hundred and twelve men, representing

twenty-eight institutions in Pennsylvania, constituted the delegation from the Keystone State. On returning home Beaver was full of the thought of starting summer conferences on the Northfield plan in "old Pennsylvania." The conferences now held at Eaglesmere and Pocono Pines are the fulfillment of Hugh Beaver's dream. In July of that year he had charge of the Young Men's Christian Association work in the encampment of the National Guard at Mt. Gretna. He spoke every evening and was "very much moved to see the hard old cases touched by the old, old story."

He was not one of the cocksure, spiritually confident kind but was constantly leaning on the everlasting arms for help. "You know," he wrote to a friend that summer, "I am very weak, very wicked, and I am sure your prayers will be answered some day." Then, as though having a premonition of the shortness of his life, he observed, "Perhaps I am not going to stay very long, that soon I shall be like him for I 'shall see him as he is.'"

He told how Mr. Moody asked him to go to the Mt. Hermon School and teach the English Bible. Later on he wrote to Mr. Moody, "I earnestly feel that I can make my life count for more for the Master in the field in which I am working."

In the fall of 1896 he spoke at the University of Pennsylvania in Houston Hall, saying, "If the big guns are all used up and you think it for the best we will trust God to use even the very weakest things." It was said at a time when there were men at the university who would go to hear Hugh speak who



never went inside a religious meeting of any other kind.

The following March he went through the Pennsylvania colleges with Charles T. Studd, of England, the noted Cambridge athlete. Studd became ill and had to relinquish the task. In a letter written to Beaver afterwards he says: "I can never thank you enough for all your love and kindness to me. Let us ask Him to make us shine for him." Studd's friendship was a great inspiration to the younger man. After Beaver's death Studd, writing from England, said: "He was so ripe—God could not spare him longer. He seemed to twine himself around one's heart; he was indeed to me a brother, a brother beloved. . . . How nice it will be to see his beaming face at the portal to welcome us in by and by!"

Hugh won the hearts of high-school boys. This characteristic outburst from one of them, in a letter written after a convention, is worth quoting: "If I am only a high-school boy, and if this boy can be of any assistance to you when he is through his education in bringing souls to Christ, I will be at your service. In fact you are my model."

Again at Northfield in July, 1897, Hugh was full of overflowing joyousness in Christ. In one of his addresses at Northfield he said: "Men, I tell you Jesus Christ can and does keep a fellow from sin. I tell you he is a real Saviour." Mr. Mott recalls Hugh's presence on Round Top, the hill where the conferences at Northfield reach high-water mark. "I shall always associate him with that sacred

spot," writes Mr. Mott. "I do not recall a student whom I have met in my ten years' work among college men, who exemplified in his personality more completely the unselfish, loyal, loving, joyous, intense spirit which was associated with the meetings on Round Top."

One of his best friends recalls Hugh's prayer life and how Hugh insisted upon praying over the small things of life. He tells how he prayed while the State College football team was playing the University of Pennsylvania. "It was the only time we ever scored on the University and I knew we would," he said with a beaming face. When a friend was in training for an athletic meet he would say, "It will help Perce in his Christian work if he takes first place, and we must pray for him." When the athlete had won the long jump, Hugh slapped his friend on the shoulder, crying, "Well, didn't I tell you he would win?" Few young people have the vivid consciousness of Christ that was Hugh Beaver's. "Sometimes," he said, "my prayers seem formal but at other times Christ is so real that I open my eyes and really expect to see him, and I should not wonder if I shall some day."

His last work was at the Women's Conference at Northfield. At that conference he was the means of bringing hundreds of young women into closer touch with Christ and a more zealous desire to enter his service. His daily morning Bible readings were attended by more than a hundred and fifty girls. On Monday, July 19, his last public words

on earth were uttered. This farewell message is considered to be "the most loving and most fruitful service of his short life." His closing words were :

"Oh, may we not make it necessary that some great cloud should come over our lives before we go apart and rest with Him a little while. Some of us are very weary to-night, physically, and feel that above all things we need rest. Some may be dissatisfied with their own lives. Oh, come apart and rest with him a little while alone, for never, never can we be transformed into his image by looking into our own lives. You remember how Paul puts it, 'But we all with unveiled faces reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.' If we are to be like Christ it must be by just coming apart to rest with him. May we learn that lesson now and not wait until the clouds have come ! In the sunshine of his own love let us learn to keep very close to him ! May he help us !"

The radiance of another world was breaking through and Hugh's eyes looked afar toward the plains of peace. Driving out one day with a friend, after his return to Bellefonte, he looked up and with a joyous countenance said, "I do not know why it is, whether because I am tired and worn out or not, but sometimes I feel that it will not be very long before I am with my Master," and then he repeated the lines he loved so well, beginning :

"It may be in the evening when the work of the day is done."

A few days later appendicitis developed, a disease which had given its warnings but which he had not heeded, and on August 2 Hugh Beaver met the King in his beauty.

At the memorial service which was held at Northfield, Mr. Moody said that no other visitors to Northfield had left such deep impressions as had Professor Drummond and Hugh Beaver. "I cannot understand it," said this great man of God, "except that the Lord had another place of higher service for him and so called him. May his mantle fall on thousands!"

VI

Isabella Marion Vosburgh, of Mount  
Holyoke

*How One Girl Became Human Radium*

Oh ! yet a few short years of useful life  
And all will be complete . . .  
. . . what we have loved  
Others will love and we will teach them how ;  
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes  
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth  
On which he dwells.

— *Wordsworth.*

## VI

### ISABELLA MARION VOSBURGH, OF MOUNT HOLYOKE

#### *How One Girl Became Human Radium*

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE embodies in a peculiar degree the ideals of one woman. The dream of Mary Lyon was the higher education of women in skilled learning and culture expressed in terms of service. Her educational platform was this: "To hope and to desire and to love and to do as well as to think." That women should be "strong-bodied, big-brained, great-souled," was the effort of her life.

Mary Lyon did not produce a somber religious atmosphere but an atmosphere pulsating with joyousness and a radiant simplicity. The ascetic type had no place in her scheme of life. "God wants you to be happy; he made you to be happy," she would often say. She had an intensely practical and serviceable kind of faith. "Real holiness tends to make the character energetic," was the teaching often on her lips.

Had Mary Lyon lived to know Isabella Vosburgh, she would have discovered in this sunny, clear-eyed, quick-minded, athletic little freshman one of the truest exponents of her teachings. A love of Mary Lyon's ideals and purposes had been instilled into the mind of this young girl from her earliest years. Mount Holyoke was her mother's Alma Mater.

Isabella Marion Vosburgh was born at Rochester, New York, October 14, 1888. She was brought up amid comfort and refinement and granted every opportunity for enlargement of life. Her family bestowed a wealth of affection upon the only daughter and sister. The greatest asset of a young life is a happy Christian home and Isabella enjoyed this privilege to the full. When in college she wrote to her mother, "I realized as I never did before what my love for you really is, and what it is to be your daughter." The time came when in her choice of a life work that filial appreciation was to be put to the severest test.

The family moved to Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, where Isabella passed through the public schools and graduated with honor from the Oak Park High School in 1906. She entered Mount Holyoke College in the fall of that year and was graduated in the class of 1910. The following year was spent at Bryn Mawr College where she held a graduate scholarship in chemistry. From 1911 to 1913 she was pursuing work in the same branch at the University of Chicago under fellowships won through her brilliant work. On the completion of her postgraduate course she took the chair of chemistry in Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, accepting a year later a position as instructor in her chosen science at Mount Holyoke. Had she lived until the following June her doctor's degree would have been awarded her. In December, 1914, she was fatally injured in an automobile accident at South Hadley and died in a few hours.



When she came home for the holidays in her freshman year she was stricken with scarlet fever and was kept out of college for nine weeks. It was a bitter disappointment, "but," writes her mother, "a very few little tears when the doctor said it was scarlet fever and a few at the end of six weeks when a neighbor, who came down after she did, was allowed to go out, were the only signs of what must have been a tragedy to her. She went back to college and made up her work; in fact, she kept up her Latin while we were shut up in quarantine by reading the Cicero while I managed the 'pony.'"

Her teachers and fellow students were made aware from the moment of her entrance into college of the presence of a remarkably vital personality. She possessed verve and enthusiasm that brought her at once into a position of leadership. Her marvelous buoyancy of spirits carried her with flying leap over every obstacle. With all her intellectual keenness she enjoyed athletic sports and went into the games of the "gym" and field with greatest enthusiasm. As the intrepid little figure in red made basket after basket for her team in the games the spectators would break into admiring applause. "Izzy carries everything before her," they would cry. "Her inability to think defeat" was one of her outstanding qualities. Her dauntless courage inspired many a weary and downhearted girl with fresh determination and her sunny faith started many a doubter on the life that overcomes.

It was not sheer strength of will that won her

high distinction. She possessed a nature that fairly radiated life, love, and happiness. Said one of her classmates, "Isabella was always smiling and I often begged her to let me know if she was ever blue and discouraged for she was ever helping others and never asking help or comfort for herself." Whether leading the "stunts" in the innocent night revels or working out an abstruse formula in chemistry, she maintained that unchilled ardor and spontaneous joyousness that won for her the nickname of "Sunny."

One might fancy that this superb quality came merely from a natural lightness of temperament. But added to her inheritance of disposition was an underlying purpose to consecrate her gift to the joy of the Lord. She capitalized her popularity by giving it a spiritual content and expression. Miss Mary R. Ely, Secretary of the Mount Holyoke College Young Women's Christian Association, writes: "The secret of her genius for friendship was ever the spiritual motive underlying it all. She put her own life constantly into the lives of others, with this main motive: to make more real to others the Christ who was supreme in her life."

Isabella Vosburgh carried into her classroom work this same abounding vitality. When she was in high school one of her teachers remarked, "She studies geometry just as she plays basket ball." Her passionate eagerness to get to the bottom of a subject, and to see its reactions upon the large life of the world gave her a commanding place in the serious side of college life. She majored in chemistry to

which she gave intense application. Miss Mary E. Holmes has written the following : "The beauty of the laws of nature as revealed to her in the study of science aroused in her the ambition to become herself a first-hand seeker for truth. In her senior year she, like many other chemists of far greater experience, believed herself for one brief, happy moment to be the discoverer of a 'new element.'"

One of the outstanding characteristics of Miss Vosburgh was her remarkable power of mental concentration. Her mother used to tell her that she read like Theodore Roosevelt, a page at a time. She was able to learn her lessons in a room full of conversing people and so successfully could she isolate herself from her surroundings that she would not know whether there was anyone in the room or not.

At the close of her year of teaching at Lake Erie College, Miss Vosburgh wrote to her beloved "Emma," Dr. Emma Carr, Head of the Department of Chemistry at Mount Holyoke College : "You cannot realize what a large part you have had in influencing me, personally because you are such a wonderful Emma, and chemically when you made chemistry a living and wonderful science. I shall never forget my first comprehension and realization of the periodic table, which connected chemistry with God in my mind. Oh, I only hope I can make at least a few people love it as I do !"

In a letter to Isabella's mother after her daughter's death, Professor Carr said : "You know what Isabella meant to me personally, but I wonder if you

realize at all what she meant to me professionally and to the department and to the college ever since I had her in sophomore chemistry and realized the eagerness of her interest in the work itself and her enthusiasm even then to make it live for other people. I have never known anyone interested in chemistry who combined the qualities of student, teacher, and woman as Isabella did."

The last year of her student days at the University of Chicago was memorable. She had become an authority in her line of scientific research and was at work upon her thesis for the doctorate, a remarkable contribution to chemical knowledge, entitled, "The Beckman Rearrangement of Triphenyl Methyl Halogen Amines." President Judson wrote to the family, "Your daughter has won an honorable place in the University and has a bright future of useful achievement before her."

Three years before this Isabella had passed through the valley of decision in the matter of her life work. The tragedy of the non-Christian world had pierced her soul and the poignancy of the call to volunteers had struck home to her heart. So it was that in her senior year she faced the great question. Always she had "felt it in her bones," as she expressed it, that she would be a missionary. During the summer between her junior and senior years she thought seriously of speaking to her parents about it. But she was almost afraid to broach the question and "pondered it in her heart," arriving at length at the decision alone with God. The question would not down, fight it as she would.

“I have talked with nobody, have been urged by nobody. God meant that I should make a definite decision and only when I let myself say, ‘If that is God’s will then I am willing to go,’ did that awful feeling leave me.”

How often have we found it harder to reveal our deepest longings and experiences to those we love than to comparative strangers! This was true of Isabella Vosburgh in her crisis hour. In a letter to her mother betraying alike the eagerness to help win a lost world and tender consideration for the family sacrifice that must ensue upon such a decision, Isabella poured out her heart. “I just can’t tell you what in the last year Christ has come to mean for me. I only wish we had discussed such things a little more for then it would not be so hard to write all this. I find that Christ is the working force in my life, and were it not for his love and for the knowledge of him life would not be worth living. What could I do that would make me happier than to go to a foreign country where he is unknown and tell those people about him? I see how everything has been working toward this end. My friendship with Rebecca N——, those wonderful ten days at Silver Bay, and various other things, have all been in God’s definite plan for me. If only I could make you realize the happiness and peace of mind that has come to me this last week, it would be much easier for you to get my point of view.”

The next letter home contained these words: “As long as you want me and need me I shall not bring

up the question again. Although I do not promise to give up the idea, I do promise to take no definite step until you are willing."

In the spring of 1913 came several offers of positions. She accepted the chair at Lake Erie College and threw herself with characteristic energy into the life of that institution. "Oh, I love it all, the teaching, the contact with the girls, the life, the opportunities!" It pleased her to realize that her position as teacher did not prevent her mingling in hearty and familiar contact with students. "It certainly is a joy to realize that the girls think one human and approachable, and I love it but it is mighty hard, too. 1916 is all upset to-night with D's and E's on term papers and it is not easy to see the student's side and be a 'faculty.' I suppose there's a lot I've got to learn about saving myself and not letting the girls bother me too much. But I want them to and in spite of the good times I have with them they are never the least bit free or overstep. They certainly are a nice bunch of girls."

The crowning missionary event of Isabella's life was the Student Volunteer Convention in Kansas City in 1914. She, with two student delegates, represented Lake Erie College, and the three on their return were able to arouse a missionary interest the like of which had never been seen at the school. At chapel exercises and at other gatherings she reported the convention and then began a remarkable propaganda for missions. The work spread to the local church. "What do you suppose?" she wrote. "This coming Sunday evening I

occupy the pulpit of the Congregational Church. Maybe I am not petrified !” Up to this time there had not been a single volunteer for missions in the college. Within ten days after her return from Kansas City two girls had volunteered. The movement was spreading and she, the soul of it, was speaking, planning, holding committee meetings and interviews. A campaign for recruiting for mission study classes was begun. The young teacher devised a clever plan by which each girl on the Membership Committee of twelve appeared one morning wearing a colored badge which bore the name of a month. The January girl was to get all her days enrolled, and so with the others. The scheme worked admirably in connection with a great clock poster reporting the progress of the campaign. Within two weeks ninety-five per cent of the college was enrolled.

Through this season of high spiritual tension when her name was upon everyone’s lips, she was enjoying the exhilaration of unique and successful leadership. But there was no trace of self-confidence or complacency. Her inability to solve all the perplexing questions brought to her was a matter of concern. “I fear I have always felt things and taken them for granted. I am trying to read and think more. My! I certainly have it brought to my mind continually how worthless I am, for the girls come to talk with me and I know I do not meet their needs.”

The faculty of quick and thorough adjustment, the ability to see and feel instinctively the point of

contact, is a gift of untold value. But behind this must be the motive that seeks to awaken and stimulate the best in a life. Isabella Vosburgh possessed both the gift and the motive. Added to this was a wide circle of interests, broad outlook on life, sanity and poise in judgments, love of nature, art, poetry, and music, abounding health of body and vigor of mind, and, permeating all, the outstanding quality of joyousness. What radium is in the family of metals she was to those who knew and loved her. "So full of life and song," exclaimed one who played on the basket ball team with her. "That song was never tuned to a minor key. Her glorious nature, brimming with love for folks, passion for the service of Christ, tenderness for the smallest and weakest of God's children, was never checked in its overflow of life's loving cup. She went out not at the ebb of tide but at its highest flood. There was no 'moaning of the bar.'"

With a touch of mysticism her classmates somehow felt that she was present at their five-year reunion in June, 1915. Was she not there? Certainly she was in the hearts of the girls as they assembled, as smiles and tears mingled as they paid tribute to her memory. "We can spare Izzy's bodily presence," said the class president, "more easily than most others because her spirit, that wonderful, joyful, imperishable spirit of hers, lives on so warmly in our midst. She is not with us, yet she will always be with us."

If this were all of immortality, would it not be abundantly worth while?



VII

Forbes Robinson, of Cambridge

*Champion of the Average Man*

Scarce had he need to cast his pride or slough the dross of earth.  
E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth—  
In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship, they gave him welcome high,  
And made him place at the banquet board, the Strong Men  
ranged thereby,  
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear  
to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star through outer darkness  
hurled,  
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,  
Sits he with such as praise our God, for that they served his  
world.

—*Kipling.*

## VII

### FORBES ROBINSON, OF CAMBRIDGE

#### *Champion of the Average Man*

“THINK of the weak chaps, those who are ‘out of the way,’ those who are not naturally attractive, those who positively repel you. They often most need your sympathies, your prayers.” It was this thinking of the “weak chaps” that made Forbes Robinson a power in Cambridge. The following quotation is from a letter to a friend who had told him of his intention to take up school work until he was old enough to become ordained :

“Do remember,” he wrote, “how marvelously sacred a schoolmaster’s work is. It is not enough to be able to play games—how I sometimes wish I could ! It is not enough to be able to teach Latin and Greek : a schoolmaster should be so much more. He represents the authority of God. He could be so much, he may be so little to boys. We can never enter a boy’s life, into his deepest thoughts, his long, long thoughts, unless we, too, become little children, unless we become young and fresh and simple. Do not become a schoolmaster simply to fill up time, to have something to do.”

May these words catch the eye of some young school-teacher who has taken up teaching as one

clutches the branches of a tree to lift himself over a wall !

There was little in the life of Forbes Robinson to challenge the imagination of the average college student. His career was lacking in the dramatic element. To the crowd that loves its heroes of the gridiron, the mat, or the cinder track, this quiet, unathletic figure would find no place in the pantheon of the quadrangle.

But to the glory of Cambridge be it said that Forbes Robinson came into his own. It is doubtful whether the average institution of learning could have appreciated such a man. But one enjoying the rootage of centuries of genuine scholarship and the finer things of life was able to bring to full fruition such a rare product as this friend of the undergraduate.

Robinson was the son of an Anglican minister, the eleventh child in a family of thirteen. He was born in Keynsham, England, in November, 1867, and died in February, 1904.

As a preparatory-school boy Forbes was reserved and retiring. He appears to have made little impression upon the life at Rossall where he was prepared for Cambridge. He did show at this time, however, a remarkable sense of humor which saved him from morbid tendencies.

On entering upon his course at Christ's College his shrinking disposition rapidly gave way to a quiet, intense desire to get into close touch with men who were neglected by their fellows. His social powers quickly developed until his little attic room soon

became the center for the men of his class. As he settled into the life of the college he became recognized as a sort of human viaduct spanning the chasm between the lower and the higher classmen. Those who believe that nothing is of much value in college life except social opportunities, athletic triumphs, and the prestige of a cultural course, might well ponder this example of a simple, devoted man whose growing powers were almost wholly directed toward the strengthening of Christian influences in his own college. The deep and enduring impress left by Forbes Robinson upon the life of Cambridge University is too remarkable a record to be missed by students of our time.

The idea of getting men together for the purpose of bringing out the best in them seems to have been the constant aim of Forbes Robinson. College men are not in the habit of showing their most serious side to one another, but Robinson had "an exhaustive power of making friends with all sorts and conditions of men and an insatiable interest in all sides of college life."

One might imagine that a man as serious-minded as Robinson would be a damper upon the spontaneous life of the college. But Forbes was a great fun lover and this made it possible for him to brighten what would have been a somber discussion. The tone of conversation in his room was never strained or confined to purely religious discussion. It had, however, a quality that was absolutely bare of that which was flippant, unkind, or vulgar.

"I can see that little room under the roof,"

writes a friend; "the picture on the wall of the dead saint floating on the dark water; the well-filled bookcase; the table piled with volumes; himself flinging everything aside to greet one. It was almost with a feeling of awe that I sometimes climbed those stairs and entered into his presence."

Robinson's interest in young men was as intense as it was remarkable. The arrogant indifference of upper classmen toward men in the lower classes was extremely distasteful to him. That which was to others a mere mass of uninteresting material was to him of the highest value. If a man was not good at games and very poor as a scholar, Forbes was sure to seek him out and make friends with him; the man's lack constituted a challenge. If, on the other hand, a great athlete was winning plaudits, Forbes felt it an opportunity to win a strong man for Christ.

He was a great student of the Apostle Paul and he took seriously Paul's idea of ambassadorship: "The more I think of what the words seem to mean, the more I am startled at the awful responsibility we have laid upon us." He liked the idea of being an *attaché* of an embassy and arranging terms with men in order to bring them into touch with God. He believed that he had, working in him, the same power that Paul had, and that everyone may succeed in so far as he loves those whom God has committed to his servants. He felt that the man passed by was the man God honored. His creed was, "There is no average man."

This belief was the secret of the amazing fund of

friendship which he built up through the years at Cambridge; the love he bestowed upon men inspired even the most unpromising with the thought of the sacred, wonderful, and helpful possibilities of their own lives. It is probable that Robinson was able to touch more men's lives in Cambridge than did any other graduate of the college.

It must not be supposed that Robinson was making a laboratory experiment. This was no philosophic study of friendship for a thesis: he was not exploiting the art of comradeship as the means for securing a degree. Nor was he cultivating friends for the sake of social and economic advantage in later life.

Prayer was to Robinson the most natural and potent spiritual relationship. He prayed for men for hours at a time. His entire thought about certain men was turned into praying. He felt that through prayer he could do more for most men than by direct personal appeal. He was not the kind of man to force himself into a man's inner life; he declined to invade the sacred precincts of personality. "As I grow older," Forbes said, "I grow more diffident, and now often, when I desire to see the truth come home to any man, I say to myself, 'If I have him here he will spend half an hour with me. Instead I will spend half an hour in prayer for him.'" In writing to a friend in 1893 he gave this advice: "Now is the time to learn, to force yourself to learn, to pray—to pray not for a few minutes at a time, but to pray for an hour at a time, to get alone with yourself, to get alone with

your Maker. We shall not have to talk so much to others if we pray more for them." And to his brother, a doctor in South Africa, he wrote, "I cannot conceive this world without prayer."

A scene that will never be forgotten by those who were present was his welcome after a long absence and his return to college, a broken and dying man. It was Sunday evening and the room was crowded. Forbes was moving about among the various groups, full of brightness and cheer, but it was evident that he was suffering all the time.

Soon after that memorable Sunday evening, January 17, 1904, he rapidly failed. His pain became constant and he was removed with great difficulty to London. There, on Sunday morning, February 7, he passed away soon after saying to his nurse, "If I am asleep in the morning, do not wake me." Long after the end had come a wonderful smile still lingered on his face.

The letters of Forbes Robinson form one of the most remarkable human documents in things spiritual that have been produced within a generation. They have been gathered into book form by his brother and the proceeds are being used for the support of the boys' home in Cambridge which Forbes Robinson helped to start. No student interested in personal work for Christ and the development of the life of the spirit ought to be without this volume.

Perhaps these words to a friend may be considered as being addressed to every college student in all the world :

"I want you to be one of the best men that ever



lived—to see God and to reveal him to men. This is the burden of my prayers. My whole being goes out in passionate entreaty to God that he will give me what I ask. I am sure he will, for the request is after his own heart. I do not pray that you may ‘succeed in life’ or ‘get on’ in the world. I seldom even pray that you may love me better, or that I may see you oftener in this or any other world—much as I crave for this. But I ask, I implore, that Christ may be formed in you, that you may be made not in a likeness suggested by my imagination, but in the image of God—that you may realize, not mine, but his ideal, however much that ideal may bewilder me, however little I may fail to recognize it when it is created. I hate the thought that out of love for me you should accept my presentation, my feeble idea, of the Christ. I want God to reveal his Son in you independently of me—to give you a first-hand knowledge of him whom I am only beginning to see. Sometimes more selfish thoughts will intrude, but this represents the main current of my prayers; and if the ideal is to be won from heaven by importunity, by ceaseless begging, I think I shall get it for you.”



VIII

William Whiting Borden, of Yale

*The Man with a Million for the Kingdom*

Look forth and tell me what they do  
On Life's broad field. Oh, still they fight,  
The False forever with the True,  
The Wrong forever with the Right.  
And still God's faithful ones, as men  
Who hold a fortress strong and high,  
Cry out in confidence again,  
And find a comfort in the cry :  
" Hammer away, ye hostile hands,  
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

—*Samuel Valentine Cole.*

" I am God's steward of my life  
My life is lived a day at a time  
Therefore I am God's steward of each day."

## VIII

### WILLIAM WHITING BORDEN, OF YALE

#### *The Man with a Million for the Kingdom*

REV. HENRY W. FROST, America's representative of the China Inland Mission, once asked a distinguished Englishman, "Of all that you have seen in America what has impressed you most?" Mr. Frost was expecting him to refer to the monuments of American ingenuity and enterprise, but he received this answer: "The sight of William Borden on his knees in the Yale Hope Mission of New Haven with his arm around a bum."

On July 9, 1913, when word was received of the death of William Borden, in Cairo, Egypt, a Yale classmate wrote to a friend: "The unbelievable has apparently happened and I feel overwhelmed with a sense of the smallness of life, but there is one thing I know: If ever a man was guided by God's will in his life, that man was Bill. His life and his firm purpose to be a missionary have been an inspiration to me for more than six years and I know his influence will never depart from me."

Faced from earliest youth with the temptations incident to great wealth, this young man passed through the varying experiences of preparatory-school, college, and seminary life unscathed by the fires of impurity and unsullied by any form of selfish-

ness. Early in life he had been impressed with the saying of Mr. Moody, "The world has yet to see what God can do with a fully surrendered man." It was Borden's desire to let God have his absolute way with him, and not one deliberate act of his from the time he arrived at years of discretion until his death at the age of twenty-five, was foreign to the attempt to live the completely surrendered and victorious life. In 1905, before entering Yale, he spent a year in foreign travel with Rev. Walter C. Erdman, of Korea. On his way home, he stopped in England and attended a meeting in London addressed by Rev. R. A. Torrey. He took careful notes of the speaker's points and at that time registered a determination to dedicate his life. "Much helped and surrendered all," was the brief entry in his diary.

Borden was born in Chicago, November 1, 1887, his parents being the late William B. and Mary deGarmo Whiting Borden. The influences of boyhood tended toward a rapid development of religious convictions and habits of daily Bible study and prayer. That the will of God might be wrought out in daily living was the constant objective of his mother who devoted herself to the development of her son's character as few mothers have the opportunity or inclination to do.

The year of foreign travel produced in the lad, who had just graduated from the Hill School of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, a passion to devote himself to Christian work in the mission field. The revolting rites of heathenism, the degraded social

state, the misery, cruelty, and destitution following in the wake of heathen superstition, roused the innermost impulses of his being, and he decided, during that year, to devote his energies and his wealth to the missionary cause. After eight weeks on the mission field he wrote to his mother that he had decided to become a foreign missionary. On one occasion, when asked by a quizzical friend why he was wasting his life in such a cause, he replied with a piercing look, "You have never seen heathenism."

Borden was not of the pietistic type; he had none of the look of an ascetic. Square-shouldered, with a rugged face, deep-set eyes, over-hanging eyebrows, and a shock of black hair, he was an ideal exponent of muscular and virile Christianity. He was a devotee of the pure and wholesome pleasures of life, fond of every kind of healthful recreation, an enthusiastic yachtsman and mountain climber. Football, baseball, tennis, and golf, had their attractions for him. When asked what form of exercise he enjoyed most, he answered, "Wrestling." There was not the slightest tinge of cant or sanctimony in his speech or actions. When leading in prayer or addressing a religious gathering, he was as simple as a child in his direct, forcible, and boyish way. He could be as serious as anyone when considering the great issues of life but at the same time there was an exuberance of spirits, a marvelous fund of joy that seemed to radiate from him. The contagion of his Christian optimism was manifest on all occasions.

Entering Yale University in 1905, he immediately took rank as a scholar and athlete. He was a well-known figure in the college gymnasium and on the athletic field. On the river he rowed number four in his class crew. His scholarship was so high that he became president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and, in addition, received other academic honors.

Borden was not one of those who believed that in order to be popular and "a good mixer" he would have to forego deep interest in religion while in college. He immediately went into the Christian Association and the Student Volunteer Band, throwing all his energies into various forms of definite Christian work in which he soon became an acknowledged leader. For several years he was president of the Connecticut Valley Missionary Union and assisted by generous contributions of time and money in the building up of the great Yale Mission in Central China. He devoted much of his spare time to the formation of Bible study and mission classes and prayer groups.

Discerning the needs of a certain section of New Haven practically unreached by the churches, he gathered a little prayer group in Dwight Hall for the purpose of opening up the way for a gospel mission for the outcast men of the city. The result was the founding of the Yale Hope Mission which, for a number of years, has been reaching hundreds of the "down and out," and has perhaps done more to convince the men of Yale of the value of Christianity in individual regeneration than any other influence outside the campus. The Yale Hope



Mission is perhaps the greatest earthly monument to Bill Borden's faith in men and in God. At the memorial service held in New Haven, many redeemed men from the mission testified to Borden's wonderful personal help in bringing them to a knowledge of Jesus Christ.

During vacations Borden took sufficient time for the recruiting of his physical powers but his heart was in the work of saving men, and, on some of the hottest days in midsummer, he could be found working with the men of the National Bible Institute, of New York City, preaching to the throngs in the city streets, and dealing personally with those who were thus reached.

William Borden denied himself many personal indulgences in order that he might keep in line with the simplicities of the Christ life. He refused to be elected to positions in fraternities, clubs, and class organizations, for the sake of devoting himself more largely to Christian work. With a splendid fortune at his command he never made a show of his wealth but in a thousand quiet ways used his money for the upbuilding of the Kingdom. He recognized his stewardship by keeping careful accounts of all his expenditures. He lived on a moderate allowance in college and his large gifts were made possible by his economy. A missionary in his own name, he consecrated all that he had to God. He did not feel that if he gave one tenth he had a right to use the rest as he pleased. Ten tenths were the Lord's and he held every cent as a trust. This constrained him to give practically all his income and

sometimes part of his principal. An extra dividend of two thousand dollars he distributed to various charities, keeping nothing for himself.

A munificent giver, he never allowed anyone to feel that he was conferring a favor upon the recipient. The spirit of patronage was farthest from his thought. He was a director of a number of Christian enterprises and sat on the Boards of Management as the youngest of the directors. He joined in discussions freely but without appearance of self-conceit. What he had to say was thought out carefully and his judgments were broad and sane.

Of course it was to be expected that Borden would be a leader in the student activities of the theological seminary which he entered in the fall of 1909. Princeton soon felt the force of his strong personality. His mother moved to Princeton and opened a spacious home where the most generous hospitality was extended to the professors and students of the institution. The first year of Borden's life at Princeton he was made a delegate to the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, representing the China Inland Mission. It was in Princeton that he entered into closer missionary relations, visiting schools and colleges and extending his influence throughout the churches.

About this time he became a member of the American Committee of the Nile Press of Cairo and came into contact with the opportunities of the work in Egypt. After his graduation in 1912 he was engaged in evangelistic work in New York City,

preaching upon the streets and doing office work in connection with the National Bible Institute. In the fall he was ordained to the gospel ministry in the Moody Church, Chicago, where he was a member, and for three months thereafter traveled as a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement.

His deepest sympathies went out to those portions of the non-Christian world which were practically unreached by any of the mission forces. He saw ten million Chinese Moslems for whom no provision had been made in the allotment of missionary responsibility among the missionary societies. He therefore determined to apply for service under the China Inland Mission and was assigned to work in Kan-su in western China. In December he sailed for Cairo in order to perfect himself in Arabic and study the Moslem literature. For three months he wrought and studied, distributing thousands of tracts among the Moslems around Cairo and assisting with his money in the better equipment of the Nile Mission Press. During the three months of his stay in Cairo he personally superintended a house-to-house canvass with Christian literature.

Suddenly he was attacked by spinal meningitis and died April 9, 1913. His body was laid to rest in the American Mission Cemetery at Cairo.

Among the many great bequests left under his carefully drawn will was a quarter of a million dollars to the China Inland Mission. This fund will perpetuate the memory of his brief but wonderful career but will not make up for the loss of so

vital a personality. The remembrance of his life, however, as that of a burning and shining light, will be an inspiration to many a life and will bring scores to an espousal of the missionary cause.

It was not William Borden's money that gave him standing. His simple and consecrated life, unspoiled by wealth, was a miracle in itself, and had William Borden been a poor boy God's way with him would have been as wonderful. The Church needs consecrated money, but more than this it needs consecrated men and women who live the life of Jesus as William Borden lived it.

IX

Ion Keith Falconer, of Cambridge

*A Burning and a Shining Light*

Christ has his soldiers now. Though years have rolled  
Away, the warriors of the cross are strong  
To fight his battles, as the saints of old,  
Against oppression, tyranny, and wrong.  
And still amid the conflict, they can trace  
The Saviour's influence. Not the Holy Grail  
Which once as his remembrance was adored,  
But Christ himself is with them. For a veil  
Is lifted from their eyes, and face to face  
They meet the presence of the risen Lord.

—*W. H. Leatham.*

Give thanks for heroes that have stirred  
Earth with the wonder of a word.  
But all thanksgiving for the breed  
Who have bent destiny with deed—  
Souls of the high heroic birth,  
Souls sent to poise the shaken earth,  
And then called back to God again  
To make heaven possible for men.

—*Edwin Markham.*

## IX

### ION KEITH FALCONER, OF CAMBRIDGE

#### *A Burning and a Shining Light*

ION KEITH FALCONER, "son of a belted Earl," a member of the privileged class, with wealth, noble ancestors, and generations of culture behind him, was, according to the standards of the world, destined to a life of ease and luxurious indolence. Instead of yielding, he turned his back upon everything that money and position could purchase for self.

The third son of the Earl of Kintore, he was born in Edinburgh, July 5, 1856. As a boy, he was a devotee of outdoor sports. At the age of nineteen, he stood six feet three in his stockings and was an astonishing sight on one of the old-fashioned high bicycles, a monster wheel seven feet in diameter. At twenty years of age, he was president of the London Bicycle Club, winning against Oxford two new world's amateur records, the two-mile and the ten-mile races. At twenty-two, he was the champion racer of Great Britain, defeating John Keen, the world's professional champion, in a five-mile race. His greatest race was for the amateur fifty-mile championship, which he won in two hours, forty-three minutes, and fifty-eight and three-fifth seconds, breaking all previous records by seven

minutes. Probably the greatest feat ever performed on a high-wheel bicycle was his riding one hundred and fifty miles, from Cambridge to Bournemouth, in one day.

In thirteen days he rode from the northeastern peninsula of Scotland to the southwestern point of England. He was the first man to ride from end to end of the island, and his progress was marked by a series of little red flags on a large map in the Harrow School, of which he was a graduate and its greatest hero.

With his splendid intellect, his remarkable powers of concentration, and his talent for hard plugging, he was able to master anything to which he set his mind. One of his hobbies was shorthand, which he learned while at Harrow, without the aid of a teacher. For years he kept up a correspondence with Isaac Pitman, the inventor of one of the methods of stenography. All of these letters were in shorthand. When twenty-eight years of age he was asked to write the article on shorthand for the "Encyclopedia Britannica." This article is still regarded as standard.

To his other accomplishments he added great linguistic achievements. His knowledge of Hebrew was remarkable. He enjoyed writing post cards to his professor in this language, translating "Lead, Kindly Light," as a recreation. At the close of his course, the highest honor in the gift of Cambridge University in Hebrew was conferred upon him. He was also an authority on the Septuagint, the oldest Greek translation of the Old Testament, and



he enjoyed the exercise of clearing up difficult points. "Send me," he wrote to a friend, "some Septuagint nuts to crack." While at Cambridge he took up the study of Arabic, with no particular objective, except that he liked hard languages. After his final examinations at Cambridge, his whole attention was turned to Arabic and he took a special course at Leipzig in order to perfect himself.

As a boy, Keith Falconer felt the stirrings of missionary zeal. At seventeen years of age, he was given by his friend, Mr. F. N. Charrington, a book called "Following Fully." In a letter to his home people the boy said: "It is about a man who works among the cholera people in London so hard that he at last succumbs and dies. But every page is full of Jesus Christ, so that I like it . . . I must go and do the same soon: how, I don't know."

He entered heartily into evangelistic work while yet in Cambridge, and was associated with Mr. Charrington at Barnwell and Mile End Road. Here he wrought earnestly, reaching hundreds of poor and outcast. It was here that he caught the vision of world need. In a letter dated June 12, 1881, he wrote:

"It is overwhelming to think of the vastness of the harvest field when compared with the indolence, indifference, and unwillingness on the part of most so-called Christians, to become, even in a moderate degree, laborers in the same. I take the rebuke to myself. . . . To enjoy the blessings and happiness God gives, and never to stretch out a helping hand to the poor and the wicked, is a most horrible

thing. When we come to die, it will be awful for us, if we have to look back on a life spent purely on self, but, believe me, if we are to spend our life otherwise, we must make up our minds to be thought 'odd' and 'eccentric' and 'unsocial,' and to be sneered at and avoided. . . . The usual center is self, the proper center is God. If, therefore, one lives for God, one is out of center or eccentric, with regard to the people who do not."

It was shortly after this that he met General (Chinese) Gordon who offered him various positions, such as that of *attaché* to Lord Dufferin, then Minister to Turkey, or Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. General Gordon was undoubtedly testing the spirit of Falconer, for he added, "If you will not, then come to me in Syria to the Hermitage."

Keith Falconer had attracted the attention of Oriental scholars and was consequently in a position to secure a post of dignity and honor in the intellectual world. At twenty-nine he was elected professor of Arabic at Cambridge, to succeed Robertson Smith. He had spent a few months in Egypt and the lure of the desert was in his blood. The study of Arabic was engrossing his thought. He wrote, "I expect to peg away at the Arabic dictionary till my last day."

His marriage to Miss Gwendolen Bevan, in March, 1884, was followed by a journey to Italy. The Falconers then settled at Cambridge where Keith studied and lectured until the spring of 1885, when he definitely decided to apply for a commission to

the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church of Scotland.

He had been very much impressed by a paper on Arabia by General Haig. It was then that his soul flamed up, and in that light he saw his Saviour beckoning him to rise up and go. He had been seeking the hardest task on earth and he realized now that the evangelization of the Moslem was the most difficult work of all. Feeling that a medical course would be desirable, he entered with zeal upon the study of medicine, and on completion of the course, went to Arabia on a visit of investigation.

Within a few months he and his wife returned to England with a full report upon the situation. In May, 1886, he attended the meeting of the General Assembly of the Free Church and delivered an address on Mohammedanism. It stirred the Assembly to the depths. He asked for a second missionary, a medical man, and offered to pay his salary in addition to paying the expenses of himself and wife. He also agreed to defray the entire cost of the erection of the mission house, laying on the altar not only his wealth of learning but his entire fortune. He addressed large gatherings in the cities of Scotland, arousing the greatest missionary enthusiasm by his burning appeals. The following is an illustration of his direct approach to an audience :

“Perhaps you are content with giving annual subscriptions and occasional donations and taking a weekly class? Why not give yourselves, money, time, and all, to the foreign field? Our own coun-

try is bad enough, but comparatively many must, and do, remain to work at home, while very few are in a position to go abroad. Yet how vast is the foreign mission field! 'The field is the world.' Ought you not to consider seriously what your duty is? The heathen are in darkness and we are asleep. Perhaps you try to think that you are meant to remain at home and induce others to go; by subscribing money, sitting on committees, speaking at meetings, and praying for missions, you will be doing the most you can to spread the gospel abroad. Not so. By going yourself you will produce a ten-fold more powerful effect. You can give and pray for missions wherever you are; you can send descriptive letters to the missionary meetings, which will be more effective than secondhand anecdotes gathered by you from others, and you will help the committees finely by sending them the results of your experience. Then, in addition, you will have added your own personal example and taken your share of the real work. We have a great and imposing war office, but a very small army. You have wealth snugly vested in the funds; you are strong and healthy; you are at liberty to live where you like and occupy yourself as you like. While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by him to keep you out of the foreign mission field."

On November 8 of that year, Ion Keith Falconer

and his wife sailed with Dr. Cowen, the surgeon, on the Austrian steamship, "Berenice." A suitable site in Aden was out of the question, and it had been decided to put up a mission house in Sheikh Othman, eight miles from Aden. It had been Keith Falconer's hope to gather the large numbers of cast-away Somali children into an industrial orphanage and bring them up in the faith of Christ, teach them to work with their hands, and eventually to train up a staff of native evangelists and teachers. He was also influenced in the selection of this town by reason of its closer contact with the Bedouin, removed as it was from the influence of the non-Christian Europeans living in the larger city. The new missionaries failed to secure a suitable dwelling, but they obtained a large native hut which they remodeled in the emergency. Work was begun on the mission house, and evangelistic tours were made into the interior.

On January 11, 1887, Keith Falconer wrote, "Our temporary quarters are very comfortable and the books look very nice." Just a month from that time, Keith Falconer staggered into the hut after a long horseback journey and threw himself upon the bed. The high fever, which continued for three days, was the first attack. Seven others followed in quick succession. In May he wrote to his mother: "This rather miserable shanty in which we are compelled to live is largely the cause of our fevers. We expect to begin living in the new house about June 1." This letter did not reach her until after the cable flashed the news that her son was dead.

On the morning of May 11 they came to wake him. "One glance told all. He was lying on his back with his eyes half open. The whole attitude and expression indicated a sudden and painless end, as if it had taken place during sleep, there being no indication whatever of his having tried to move or speak."

The work went on, though the leader fell. A school for rescued slaves was begun. More missionaries were sent out, and the Keith Falconer Mission is a living monument to his work.

Memorial services were held throughout Great Britain and many calls for the strong and brave to take the place of the fallen soldier were uttered. These appeals were effective. Eleven divinity students of the New College, Edinburgh, offered themselves that year for foreign mission work.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar ;  
Who follows in his train ?"

X

Samuel John Mills, of Williams

*Who Made a Haystack Famous*

“My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, and I have fought His battles, who now will be my rewarder.” . . . So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.—*Bunyan*.

I served in a great cause :

I served without heroism, without virtue, and with no promises of success, with no near destination of treasure ;

I was on the march, I contained that which persevered me to ends unseen, no footsore night relaxed my pace ;

There was only the press of invisible hands, only gray-brown eyes of invitation.

Only my franchised heart to fuel the fires to suns.

—*Traubel*.



## X

### SAMUEL JOHN MILLS, OF WILLIAMS

*Who Made a Haystack Famous*

SAMUEL JOHN MILLS, father of the still more famous Samuel John Mills, Jr., was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1764. His was a race of ministers. Three of his uncles were clergymen, two of his sisters married ministers, and his younger brother, Edmund, followed in his footsteps. Until his death in his ninetieth year, he was the first and only pastor of the Congregational Church at Torrington, Connecticut, and was known throughout the countryside as "Father Mills." He was a man of gigantic physical proportions and dignified bearing. Throughout the State of Connecticut he was known as an eloquent and persuasive preacher.

To such a father young Mills owed his keen originality, analytical faculty, administrative ability, power of initiative, breadth of spirit, serious purpose, and depth of sympathy. Father Mills implanted in the heart of his son those impulses which soon bore remarkable fruitage. When the son announced to his father his decision to become a missionary the latter asked in surprise, "Why, my son, where did you learn to be a missionary?" "I learned it," replied the boy, "of my father."

The psychology of young Mills's religious devel-

opment is an interesting study. Nothing was known in those days of the natural methods of Christian nurture, and it was supposed that every life must pass through a soul-racking period of spiritual agony with strong crying and conviction of sin. Mills's nature was sensitive and impressionable, and when in 1798 the religious interest among the young people of Tarringford was deeply stirred, he suffered keenly in spirit, but was allowed to believe that the divine favor had passed him by. While other members of the family were rejoicing in new-found peace poor Samuel remained in the darkness of spiritual anguish.

It appears that this mood passed away after he had taken charge of a farm left him by a relative. He became one of the master spirits in the country sports of the young people and was ambitious and light-hearted. Tradition asserts that at a party around a farmhouse fireplace one evening a company of young people were cracking nuts and eating apples, when some one decided to tease Samuel, and suggested that the company sing,

“Hark from the tombs a doleful sound.”

This threw young Mills into a state of melancholy which could not be shaken off. The account of his leaving home for Morris Academy, in the autumn of 1801, when he told his mother that he wished he had never been born, is familiar to students of his life. “I have seen to the very bottom of hell,” he assured her.

His heavy-heartedness again passed away and he

seems to have had a vision of the glory of God and realizations of his choice as one of the elect. "Oh, glorious Sovereignty," he cried as the light broke upon his soul. Three months later he voiced the belief that he was saved, although he was often troubled in after life over the imperfect evidences of his acceptance. In his nineteenth year he quaintly told his father that he "could not conceive of any course in which to pass the rest of his days that would prove so pleasant as to communicate the gospel of salvation to the poor heathen." One of his closest friends declares that, "like Elisha, the Spirit of the Lord fell upon Samuel Mills while he was in the field at the plough," and that if that field could be located it would be appropriate to cut this inscription on one of the rough boulders, "The Birth-place of American Foreign Missions."

Not alone to his father must we look for those influences leading him to consecrate his life to the program of Christ for a redeemed world. He was always close to his mother in all his hopes and aspirations, bringing her his difficulties and doubts, and learning from her lips the great missionary stories of Eliot, Brainerd, and other heroes of the cross. Once he overheard her say, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary." After he announced his decision to go to the foreign field his mother took his letter to a friend and with tears streaming down her cheeks exclaimed, "Little did I know when I dedicated this child to God what it was going to cost and whereunto it would end."

Contrary to precedent in the Mills family, Samuel entered Williams College rather than Yale the Alma Mater of many of his kinsfolk. Both colleges suffered from the destructive influences at work in the intellectual, moral, and religious life of Europe and America. The skepticism and moral bankruptcy of the French Revolution had eaten into the life of these institutions. Atheistic clubs flourished. Students who became interested in Christianity were ridiculed and abused. Williams was at lowest ebb spiritually. Ninety-three men were graduated in the first six classes and there had been only seven professing Christians in them all. In three of the classes not a single Christian could be found.

But in 1798 and 1799 God's Spirit wrought mightily throughout New England and revivals spread through churches and colleges. In the spring of 1801 four young men who had been recently converted entered Williams. They held prayer meetings and did all in their power to deepen the religious life of the college. The spiritual awakening of 1805 and 1806 was the result.

Young Mills entered Williams as a freshman in April, 1806, at the age of twenty-three. His appearance was not prepossessing. His voice was husky, his eye dull, and his complexion sallow. He did not seem to have that magnetic personality which enhances so largely the possibilities of leadership. But he did possess the dynamic of an inner enthusiasm and he threw himself with the utmost joy and fervor into the religious life of the institution. The practice of religion in college in

those days was a militant one. A student must needs fight for his faith. One of Mills's associates, Algernon S. Bailey, was so aggressive in his efforts to reach the unconverted that the students nearly mobbed him. Mills's own experience was not pleasant. "I hope," he wrote in his diary, under date of June 25, 1806, "I shall have an opportunity to deliver an address to the throne of grace to-day without molestation."

Prayer meetings were the marked feature of the revival and were continued throughout the summer of 1806. On Wednesday afternoons certain students gathered for prayer under a clump of willow trees south of the West College. On Saturday afternoons these students met in a thick grove of maples in Sloan's Meadow north of the college buildings. One hot day in August two sophomores and three freshmen met in the maple grove. Their names were Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byram Green. For a while they held their meeting under the maples. But a storm threatened in the west and they retired amidst the flashing of the lightning to a neighboring haystack. Sheltered thus from the storm they continued their devotions and the conversation turned on the pitiful condition of the peoples of Asia, which had been brought to their attention through the regular course in geography. The East India Company had been opening up this continent and much had been read in letters and in the public prints concerning the frightful degradation, poverty, and suffering in these lands of darkness. Then

came the great moment, the luminous hour from which has radiated such powerful influences into every corner of the world.

A mission band of boys was once questioned as to their knowledge of Samuel J. Mills. The leader asked, "Where was he born?" "Under a haystack," replied the boy. Some one has pertinently remarked that it was not Mills but the American Board of Foreign Missions that was born under that haystack. But a greater enterprise than any one mission board came into being that rainy afternoon—the whole enterprise of American Foreign Missions, the real beginning of vital American Christianity.

There was one "conscientious objector" in that company. Mills proposed sending the gospel to the heathen and as he waxed enthusiastic he said, "We can do it if we will." One of the sophomores declared that the time was not ripe, that the missionaries would be murdered, that a new crusade must be inaugurated before the gospel could be sent to such miserable creatures as Turks and Arabs. Then Mills asked that they might all kneel in prayer, and, one by one, the young Christians offered up fervent appeals to God for the non-Christian world. Mills cried, "Oh, God, strike down the arm with the red artillery of heaven that shall be raised against the herald of the cross!"

These outdoor prayer meetings were kept up until the cold weather when an old lady invited the boys to come to her kitchen for their gatherings. With the same zest that college students to-day dis-

cuss winning teams Mills and his colleagues were constantly conferring on the question of taking the gospel to foreign lands.

Mills's devotion to religious work was so keen that his scholarship suffered, and he was deeply disappointed when in 1809 he failed to receive an assignment for graduation. The conscientious objector to missions delivered an oration on "The Disadvantages of Continuing Too Long on the Stage," while poor Mills passed from the room and was heard to say in a low voice, "Well, if God be for me it makes no matter who is against me."

The "Society of Brethren," organized in the northwest room of the lower story of "Old East," is too well known to require details in this brief sketch. Its object, according to its constitution, was "to effect in the persons of its members a mission or missions to the heathen," and each member was expected to "hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call." The "Brethren" entered zealously into plans for arousing missionary interest. They published missionary sermons, they visited ministers, sought their coöperation, and, through public addresses and private conversations, endeavored to develop a sense of responsibility. Mills was especially successful in enlisting men of commanding influence. Other colleges were visited and societies similar to the Society of Brethren were formed. Efforts were made to interest Dartmouth and Union colleges but without success. During his junior year Mills made a trip to Yale and there formed a close friendship with

Asahel Nettleton, who afterwards became the great evangelist.

The movement started by Mills and his friends at the haystack was an enterprise of promotion. It was not organized to send missionaries but to arouse among ministers, churches, and Christians generally, a missionary interest. It was a project started first of all by college men rather than by those Christian leaders in the churches who would naturally be supposed to begin such a work. President Mark Hopkins wrote: "That such a movement should have originated with the undergraduates of a college at a time when there was so much in the state of the world to excite the youthful imagination and fire ambition and distract the mind, when Europe was quaking under the tread of the man of destiny, and this country was fearfully excited by political divisions, can only be accounted for by the special agency of the Spirit of God."

After graduation Mills went to Yale for a time, earnestly desirous that the "divine ferment" should permeate the college which, next to his own, was dearest to his heart. He was unsuccessful in kindling an enthusiasm but his meeting with the Hawaiian waif, Obookiah, was dramatic and providential. This poor foreigner was without a place to eat or sleep. He had drifted across the water in a sailing vessel and was sitting on the threshold of one of the college buildings weeping because "nobody gave him learning." Mills met him and took him to his own home where his mother treated the stranger as her own child and taught him the Cate-



chism. It was through Obookiah's love for his homeland and his desire that it should be evangelized that the missionaries, Bingham and Thurston, were sent to the Sandwich Islands and the way was wonderfully opened for them to bring the gospel to the islanders. As Mills's biographer, T. C. Richards, says, "The cry of the Hawaiian waif at the door of Yale College had been answered."

It was Samuel J. Mills who made possible the answering of that cry. Mr. Richards traces the line of spiritual descent from Mills to Booker T. Washington in this way: "Through his protégé, Obookiah, Mills set in motion the forces resulting in the mission to the Sandwich Islands. One of the missionaries sent there was the father of Samuel C. Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, and Booker Washington was 'the most remarkable product of Hampton.'" Thus Tuskegee Institute, the monument to Booker Washington's efforts for the uplift of the negro, runs lines far back in history to the haystack of Williams College. "What hath God wrought!"

In 1813 Mills had graduated from Andover Seminary and was engaged, with John F. Schermerhorn, in a long and difficult journey through the Southwest in the interests of the missionary societies of Connecticut and Massachusetts. In the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine of July, 1813, is found an interesting letter from Mills, telling of his missionary labors in Ohio, Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, and South Carolina, also a paragraph from a Charleston paper dated June 3, 1813, in which is

this statement: "Since leaving New Orleans Mr. Mills has suffered much hardship and fatigue. On account of disturbances near the coast he was obliged to take a circuit of nearly three hundred miles through the wilderness, exposed to numerous dangers and severe privations. He is now on his return to New England with much interesting information for the missionary societies and much experience of the divine goodness. During his tour Mr. Mills has distributed seven hundred Bibles among the destitute."

After a year's absence in which he traveled nearly three thousand miles and endured unnumbered hardships, Mr. Mills reached his home in Torrington. The following year New England listened to his impassioned appeals that the great lands of the West and the Southwest might be possessed for Christ. After a second home missionary journey he issued a fifty-page booklet entitled, "A Correct View of That Part of the United States Which Lies West of the Alleghany Mountains with Respect to Religion and Morals." It was a revelation to the East of the needs and opportunities of a practically unknown territory. He and his colleague went through the East delivering addresses and sounding a bugle call to home missionary effort. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church thereupon organized the Board of Home Missions in 1816. It was Mills and his companions who sowed the seed of home missions, calling the attention of the churches and the missionary societies to the magnificent opportunities before them. "The

Protestant invasion and occupation of the Louisiana Purchase was largely due to Samuel J. Mills. He therefore deserves the title 'Home Missionary Statesman.' "

At the end of his second home missionary journey he announced that the immediate need of the new country was seventy-six thousand Bibles, persuaded friends to write essays upon the need of furnishing Bibles to destitute communities, and as the result the smaller Bible societies of the East met in New York City on May 8, 1816, and organized The American Bible Society. Historians are now agreed that the influence of Samuel J. Mills was foremost in bringing about the organization of this national society.

Think of this young man, only thirty-three years of age, becoming a national figure in the Christian life of America! According to Lyman Beecher it was Mills's "profound wisdom, indefatigable industry, and unparalleled executive power that made him the primary agent in this movement."

In June, 1815, Mills and five other candidates were ordained at Newburyport. The sermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Worcester, of Salem. At the close of the fervent missionary appeal entitled "Paul on Mars Hill, Or, A Christian Survey of the Pagan World," the Lord's Supper was administered and the six young missionaries were given the benedictions of God's people.

On the twenty-third of October all except Mills sailed for Ceylon. For two years he was traveling through the cities of the East conferring with prominent men concerning his missionary projects. For

some time Mills was the guest of Dr. E. D. Griffen, former president of Bowdoin, who was then living at Newark, New Jersey. Dr. Griffen declared afterwards: "I have been in positions to know that from the councils formed in that secret conclave (referring to Mills and his associates at Williams), or from the mind of Mills himself, arose the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, The American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, The African School under the care of the Synod of New Jersey, besides all the impetus given to domestic missions and the Colonization Society and to the general cause of benevolence in both hemispheres."

Mills was incessantly at work stimulating activity along various lines, suggesting to men who were making history, the fertile, germinal thoughts that were to blossom in future ages and in distant lands. He made what in our day would be called a survey of conditions in New York City, calling from house to house. Of fifty families whom he visited one day in Orange Street, not one third were able to read a Bible if they had one. He told of how a married woman of thirty, on being asked whether she had a Bible in the house, exclaimed in surprise: "A Bible! What do you do with a Bible?" And this was in the heart of New York in 1816!

The needs of sailors touched his heart, and he consulted with men who in the following year organized a Marine Bible Society.

About this time a plan for a mission to South America developed in his mind. He felt that the

Presbyterian Church was not doing her share in foreign missions. She had no Foreign Mission Board of her own and he was determined that this Church with her great resources should be set at work for foreign missions. In Philadelphia the General Assembly of 1818 was addressed by Mills and approved the plan of forming a foreign missionary society. Writing home to his father concerning this good news Mills said, with characteristic modesty: "I would not intimate that I have been the prime mover in this business. If I have been permitted with others to aid the object, it is enough."

The busy brain and heart of this man soon became interested in the condition of the slaves of the South. He interested himself in the formation of the Colonization Society, the object of which was to send negroes from America to Africa for the purpose of ameliorating their condition. Writing to his father he said, "I never engaged in an object which had laid me under so vast a responsibility." Money was borrowed through generous friends to pay the expenses of the expedition, and Mills, with his colleague, Ebenezer Burgess, prepared to visit England for information and assistance, and go from there to Africa. In crossing they encountered a severe storm in the English Channel which nearly wrecked the vessel. The captain had given up all for lost. A boat was launched which was quickly overturned, and death for all seemed inevitable. Burgess and Mills stood calm and collected while the ship's company crowded around

them for a prayer service. Suddenly a strong current caught their ship, carried it over the reef into deep water, and to safety.

After meeting certain persons in England who lent them every assistance, the missionaries proceeded to Africa and entered into many "palavers" with native kings and princes. Mills's fiery spirit was compelled to exercise great control, and he wrote, "Patience may almost have her perfect work on the dispositions and hearts of those who wait on men so slothful in business." Weeks passed and he then embarked for the United States by way of England leaving the fever-laden air of the west coast rivers for latitudes more stimulating. But the seeds of death had already been sown in the constitution of this missionary hero and tuberculosis suddenly declared itself. The disease developed rapidly and his fellow voyagers realized with a shock that his end was approaching.

Before the voyage was half finished on June 15, 1818, without sigh or moan, he calmly folded his hands as if in prayer and entered into the "rest that remains for the people of God."

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It is thirty-nine years later. A great throng is standing in the maple grove near the site of the old haystack. A ten-acre plot has been purchased, dedicated to the memory of the founders of American missions, and named "Mission Park." On commencement day, as the rising sun mounts above the encircling hills, gilding the leaves of the maples in the valley of the Hoosac, the first of the annual

missionary services is held on that sacred spot. This sunrise meeting is still a feature of the commencements at Williams College.

To that hallowed ground also came student visitors from every country of the globe. In 1897 the World's Christian Student Federation held its second annual meeting around the granite shaft which now commemorates the haystack prayer meeting. Thirteen nations and five continents were represented. After the story of the first meeting had been graphically recited these men of many nationalities made the mountains ring with their shouts of "We can do it if we will!" Germans and French, Hollanders and Swiss, Chinese and Japanese, forgot their differences, and each in his native tongue sang out that militant sentiment, "We can do it if we will!"

Though his body lies in an unmarked grave within the depths of the restless sea, the soul of Mills is living on in the work to which he had dedicated his life. We, who are called to continue that work, can hear him say, "Though you and I are very little beings, we must not rest satisfied until our influence is felt in the remotest corner of this ruined world."





XI

Elijah Kellogg, of Bowdoin

*The College Man Who Was a Boy at Eighty*

There is no age : the swiftly passing hour  
That measures out our days of pilgrimage  
And breaks the heart of every summer flower,  
Shall find again the child's soul in the sage.

There is no age, for youth is the divine ;  
And the white radiance of the timeless soul  
Burns like a silver lamp in that dark shrine  
That is the tired pilgrim's ultimate goal.

—*Eva Gore-Booth.*

## XI

### ELIJAH KELLOGG, OF BOWDOIN

*The College Man Who Was a Boy at Eighty*

ONE Sunday afternoon in 1900 a little, wizened, bronzed, old man with a vivid, mobile face and eyes like live coals, stood before the students of Bowdoin College. The president, William De Witt Hyde, in presenting him, said: "It was a sad day for the children of Israel when there arose a king in Egypt that knew not Joseph. It will be a sad day for Bowdoin College when there arises a generation of students who know not Elijah Kellogg."

Elijah Kellogg lived his entire life under the shadow of Bowdoin. He never held a college office, he received no material benefits from the institution, but from the day he came to Brunswick in the fall of 1836 and presented himself, as he put it, "a sedate and diffident youth, between the two maple trees, which like friendship and misfortune flung their shadows over the steps of Massachusetts Hall, and sued for admission to Bowdoin College," to that winter's day in 1901 when his body was laid to rest, there was not one moment when Bowdoin was not lavishing its respect and affection upon the little tense figure now known as Bowdoin's greatest campus hero.

Elijah Kellogg's father was Rev. Elijah Kellogg, pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Portland, Maine. His parents had said, "We must have a prophet in the family," and the name of Elijah befitted both father and son. On the outbreak of the Revolution, Elijah Kellogg, Sr., buckled on his belt, snatched up his gun and powder horn, and marched with the patriots to Bunker Hill. Behind him in the line of descent were men who had borne the banner of the cross with Richard the Lion-Hearted and had fought in the Wars of the Roses for civil and religious rights.

The young Elijah had the hot blood of patriots running in his veins. No wonder he could tell thrilling stories of the men whose doughty exploits have illuminated the pages of history. Kellogg was a hero worshiper and when he grew up, it was little wonder that he could write those declamations familiar to every schoolboy, "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Virginius to the Roman Army," and other classical speeches. There was something elemental about Elijah Kellogg, a quality that might well be emulated by the young men of to-day. His ideal hero was not a brawny habitué of gymnasiums or a champion of the gridiron. He admired the horny-handed, big-hearted pioneer who fought his way through almost impenetrable obstacles, rising superior to all difficulties and mastering all situations. As he often phrased it, he liked "the man who never got whipped, the white man who could outwit an Indian, or outhug a bear, or outrun a pack of wolves, the man who could fell a forest and

clear a farm and sow his corn with hostile savages behind every tree." He liked also the sailor who could outride the fiercest storm and bring his vessel into port rudderless and with sails whipped to ribbons, water-logged but victorious.

An amusing story might be told of a certain Sunday morning. Young Elijah had a great faculty for getting into serious scrapes and escaping from them with great facility. On this particular Sunday he went swimming, and the fascination of the water held him until after service. "Where have you been?" asked his irate father. Without hesitation the boy answered that he had been to the Methodist meeting. He was a little tired of his father's sermons and wanted a change. "Give me the text." The boy was ready with one. "The points of the sermon." The boy started in inventing sermonic material. "Elijah, stop right there. Now I know you are lying. No Methodist preacher ever talked like that. That's Calvinism. You never went to that church."

Before Elijah was thirteen the call of the sea cast its spell upon him and he became a sailor for several years, knocking about the world on the wings of the wind. After returning from his buffetings with old ocean, where he had learned stern lessons of obedience and industry, he was indentured to a farmer and became proficient in the use of the hoe, the scythe, the ax, and the plow.

It was then that the stirrings of a new life were felt within him and he longed for an education. This was good news to his father and there was a

day of rejoicing in the home when young Elijah entered Gorham Academy. This was one of the turning points in his life, the awakening within him to a consciousness of his intellectual powers. Shortly after entering the academy he asked himself this question, "Is a life of mere scholarship the highest and best of which I am capable?" Then began a period of inner struggle in which young Kellogg began to realize that it was not enough for him to possess mental powers sharpened to a keen edge, as he used to sharpen his ax and his scythe. He saw that intellectual power should have a great objective, should be consecrated to a noble cause.

The second turning point in his life was when he made the choice of Christ as his life companion. Immediately he began to inquire how he could exercise his spiritual life. He started a Sunday school several miles from Gorham, in a locality given over to debauchery and vice of various forms. Elijah became convinced that this was the place where God's grace was needed more than any other in the countryside. He looked about for some one to help him establish the school, appealing to his friend, George L. Prentice, who became afterwards an honored professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Prentice answered: "No, Elijah, I do not care to go down there. They will kill us if we do." After a moment's thought he added: "I will tell you what I'll do. If you go down there and start a Sunday school and don't get killed, I will come in later and help you."

Young Elijah made up his mind he would go

down alone and so he did. He gathered the vicious element into the school and through his efforts the entire community was transformed. To-day the community is intelligent, God-fearing, and Sabbath-keeping because of the efforts of Elijah Kellogg three quarters of a century ago.

When young Kellogg came to college at twenty-four years of age, in the fall of 1836, there were no rational outlets for youthful spirits; no gymnasiums or athletic fields helped students to work off their superabundant physical and nervous energy. College pranks, in which the student was always supposed to outwit the authorities of the institution and "get a laugh" on president or professor, were the accepted mode.

Elijah Kellogg was an adept in the invention of practical jokes and various forms of mischief. Because of his native sense of humor and his irresistible love of fun, in addition to his spirit of adventure and his high courage, he was constantly tempted to break the stern college discipline and lead students into various questionable exploits which were calculated to relieve the grind of the classroom. One incident is historic. The president of the college was a man of severe dignity and wore a silk hat as an emblem of his high position. Certain students made way with it and great was the glee of the boys as the president was compelled to walk across the campus bareheaded. Kellogg, although he was not in the original plot, offered to put the hat upon the chapel spire. In the darkness of night, accustomed as he was to the insecure foot-

ing of masts and yards, he climbed up the swinging lightning rod along the high spire, and placed the president's hat on the very summit where it greeted the morning sun and received the hilarious salutes of the students.

But beneath his light-hearted behavior and mischievous inclinations was a brave and generous heart with a burning hatred of everything false and mean, and a desire to make the most of every high and noble thought or act.

He was intensely loyal to his friends and enjoyed the fellowship of his comrades. One who knew him well speaks of him as being "universally popular, but he had his own chosen favorites, and one characteristic of him was his strong personal affection for them. His soul burned with love to those whom he loved. This was one secret of his power for good."

Much of young Kellogg's time had to be spent in manual labor and he tells of the various ways in which he managed to meet his expenses. Much of his living he derived from work on neighboring farms, but this did not prevent his taking a deep interest in the literary activities of the college. Kellogg entered into the rivalry between the two literary societies, and added not a little to the reputation of the Peucinean Society, where "a poem by Kellogg was a very rare treat." The Bowdoin Portfolio, a literary magazine, received his contributions which were always in rime. His passion for the sea is evidenced in some of these, as in the following lines :



O'er the thundering chime of the breaking surge,  
On the lightning's wing my pathway urge,  
On thrones of foam right joyous ride,  
'Mid the sullen dash of the angry tide.

Elijah Kellogg's biographer, Professor Wilmot B. Mitchell, of Bowdoin, says: "So passed his college days, in the keen enjoyment of generous comradeship, in the instinctive indulgence of his fondness for fun and frolic, in the cheerful acceptance of the burden of defraying his own expenses, in manly fidelity to the appointed studies of the course, and in the voluntary and congenial exercise of the literary gifts with which he was endowed."

During college Kellogg gathered much material for his stories and dramatic recitations. What schoolboy is not familiar with the thrilling sentences in his "Spartacus to the Gladiators": "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and has never yet lowered his arm. . . . O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! . . . O comrades! warriors! Thracians! If we must die, let us die under the open sky!"

This and other recitations, such as the less familiar "Regulus," "Hannibal," "Pericles," "Leonidas" and "Virginius," were written after Mr. Kellogg had left college and was attending Andover Theological Seminary. The students at Andover still point out No. 20 Bartlett Hall as the room where Kellogg wrote his famous "Spartacus."

We must pass over the long years of his pastorate of the old Harpswell Church, in a seaboard town of Maine only a few miles distant from the college, where some of the best work of his life was done. One trait, however, must be noted: his great love for boys. He was constantly selecting boys carefully and sending them to Master Swallow's school in Brunswick to fit them for college. Always he was seeking their companionship and talking to them of his own boyhood and college days. Many a time he would gather a company of boys about him and tell them of his life as a sailor. He liked to tell how the frogs used to croak "K'logg, K'logg," summoning him from his studies, and also of the time when in class he solemnly assured his professor that Polycarp was one of the many daughters of Mr. Carp. One of his stories was that he used to sail the waters of Back Cove, Portland, in a sugar box, taking off his shirt to make a sail.

He won boys by entering into their fun and work, swimming, sailing, farming, and fishing with the young fellows of his own parish, in order that, at the proper time, he might kneel with them in the boat, or by the side of a haycock in the field, for committal of their lives to God. The broken-legged boy on the small schooner rescued by Mr. Kellogg, grew up to be a man, and years after in his prosperity, came to church and left a fifty-dollar bill in the hands of the astonished little preacher.

For years Bowdoin College used to send to Pastor Kellogg certain students who, in the quaint parlance of the day, had to be "rusticated." College boys

of this day would call it "busted out." Many a boy got his first glimpse of real life and his first serious realization of responsibility from these sequestered days in Mr. Kellogg's home. One day a particularly rebellious boy, angry and resentful from the discipline of the college and the stern rebuke of his father, was sent to him. Within a week or two the lad had been transformed into a tender and repentant attitude. Some years before Mr. Kellogg's death, the vice president of a large western railroad journeyed many miles to look into the kindly face of his boyhood friend and to tell him that those weeks of rare fellowship marked the turning point in his career.

In 1854 Mr. Kellogg accepted the invitation of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society to become pastor of the Mariners' Church and chaplain of the Sailors' Home, where he accomplished a great work for the men who "go down to the sea in ships." Seven hundred and twenty-five sailors confessed Christ during Mr. Kellogg's ministry of eleven years, and many hundreds of unrecorded lives were redeemed from ways of sin.

Some years before he left the Mariners' Church, Mr. Kellogg began writing stories for boys. His first story was "Good Old Times" which became popular with young people in the later sixties. Following this came others: the Elm Island stories, the Forest Glen, the Pleasant Cove, and the Whispering Pine series, until there were twenty-nine in all. These books were written with the avowed purpose of creating in boys manly and generous

qualities, giving them a sense of sturdiness, courage, and straightforward dealing. Always there was the Christian atmosphere to reckon with. We read that "so imbued was the author with this purpose that he wrote his books, as he expressed it, 'while upon his knees.'"

He emphasized constantly the value of hardship, speaking of it as "a wholesome stimulant to strong natures, quickening slumbering energies, compelling effort, and by its salutary discipline reducing refractory elements." He advised picking out tough chunks to split and striking "right in the middle of the knot." He believed that a boy should learn to work with his hands as well as with his wits, and that endurance, pluck, integrity, and self-sacrifice were indispensable character-building elements.

Elijah Kellogg was more to Bowdoin after his graduation than during his actual college days. He spent much time at the college, feeling that his visits to his Alma Mater could be considered as truly pastoral as any of his work at Harpswell or Boston. Says Mr. Mitchell: "It did not take long for the news to spread that Elijah Kellogg was in college; and then the hospitable room would be visited by many callers, eager to greet the shy, weather-beaten little man, whose heart was always warm for boys, and even the mazy wrinkles of whose face seemed to speak less of age than of kindness. And by the evening lamp an interested circle of students forgot the morrow's lessons as they listened to stories of olden time, and to quaint words of counsel and com-

ment as they fell from the visitor's lips. When the circle finally dissolved, and Mr. Kellogg and his entertainers were left alone, a psalm, which seemed somehow to gain new meaning from his reading of it, and a simple earnest prayer, brought the long evening to a fitting and memorable close."

When the one hundredth anniversary of the college was celebrated in 1894, one thousand graduates sat down to the banquet in a great tent set up on the campus. When Elijah Kellogg was called upon to respond to a toast, every graduate sprang to his feet, cheering wildly for Bowdoin's Grand Old Man. They tell us that "the flush of troubled happiness that flitted across his bronzed and wrinkled face was something long to be remembered, as was also his glowing tribute of affection for the college."

Many a student standing there and cheering for Mr. Kellogg remembered the old man's visit to his room, where, after the stories, the jokes, and the reminiscences of college life in earlier days, there would be an appropriate reference to the deeper things of life and a prayer in the closing moments of the visit. If these informal calls were prolonged far into the night, the boys would find a bed in the dormitory for the man they called "the good genius of the college." For many years the real dean and disciplinary force of Bowdoin was Elijah Kellogg, "demonstrator of applied common sense" to college problems.

Elijah Kellogg died in harness March 19, 1901, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. "I thank God," he said in his last prayer, "for a Christian

mother who consecrated me to Christ and the Christian ministry." With a little sigh he exclaimed, "I am so thankful," and thus died the best friend Bowdoin College ever knew. The members of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, to which he belonged, formed the choir at his funeral.

In one of his sermons to Bowdoin students in 1889, he described the beauty of autumn and said: "But a brighter glory illumines the autumn of life that has been spent with God and for God. What language shall describe, what figures worthily set forth, the maturity of a soul that in these days of secular knowledge and gospel privilege has gathered to itself all that God has taught. . . . Permit one united to you by the college tie to which time only adds intensity and depth, who has traveled over the path your feet are now pressing, who has reached that period of life when the tissue of the dream robe has fallen, to inquire if you are laying the foundations for such a maturity as has been described. You are living in a day that affords opportunity and likewise compels responsibility. . . . May you resemble trees planted by living waters."

It would be a great inspiration if every college in the land could point to some Elijah Kellogg. Bowdoin College cannot measure the value of this man. It is not buildings and endowment that make a college. Elijah Kellogg is Bowdoin. "Get the man and all is got."

XII

David Yonan, of Davidson

*“ Greater Love Hath No Man Than This ”*

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain ;  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth ;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice ;  
And who suffers most hath most to give.

— *King.*



## XII

### DAVID YONAN, OF DAVIDSON

*“ Greater Love Hath No Man Than This ”*

THE campus life of Davidson, the great Presbyterian college of North Carolina, is of such a high order that a man of noble ideals does not stand out against the background of Davidson as prominently as he would stand out in some institutions. Nevertheless the record of the brilliant young Persian nobleman, David Yonan, whose sudden death resulted from an unsuccessful attempt to rescue a fellow student from drowning, is regarded by the men of Davidson as the clearest example of the heroic life as understood and practiced there.

David Yonan was born in Urumia, Persia, in 1880. His father was a member of the nobility and a governor of three towns, two of them Mohammedan and the third Christian. Leaving the Nestorian Church, the ancient Christian communion in Asia, Governor Yonan entered the Presbyterian Church and became an ardent supporter of all its mission work. Yonan's forefathers were originally Moslems but embraced Christianity, thereby losing greatly in prestige among the Moslem court circles. In time the financial standing of the family was also lost and when young David, after a preparatory course in the mission school at Urumia, wished to

come to America for a college education, his parents were not able to support him in his desire, and, for other reasons, did not approve of the plan.

But about this time the boy fell ill with a protracted fever and during his illness his thoughts were directed toward the work of medical missions. His distinguished uncle, Dr. Isaac Yonan, had received an American education and influenced David to think of America as the place where his powers might best be developed.

In course of time Yonan, armed with letters of introduction from his uncle, landed in this country and applied for entrance to Pantops Academy, Virginia. For several years he struggled manfully to master the English language and to support himself. His record in the academy reflected honor upon the institution and the student alike. He applied himself to his studies with great intensity of purpose, and, possessing a genial and hearty nature, won for himself scores of friends who gave him every encouragement. At Pantops he took highest rank in his studies although handicapped by the language. He used to tell how he was compelled to translate each sentence in English back into Persian and then retranslate it into English before a recitation.

In the fall of 1896 he entered Davidson College where he was introduced into the hospitable home of Dr. William J. Martin, a professor of chemistry who later became president of the institution. Immediately a warm friendship sprang up between the professor and the young foreigner.

Yonan, who was two or three years older than the

average college student, was able to assume a position of leadership. His roommate describes his winning manner and noble bearing in these words: "He had a peculiarly erect and impressive carriage. His face was strong and kind. His eyes were his most eloquent feature. They were soft and gentle in repose, but lighted up at times with humor or flashed fire with strong emotion." In the first two years David had won for himself a unique place in the hearts of students and faculty alike. Although throughout his course he was handicapped by poverty, being compelled to earn every penny of expenditure, he was able to rise above this limitation and to mingle ardently in all the college activities. He soon developed into a typical representative of his college, taking a prominent part in athletic, literary, and social activities both within and without the college walls.

One describes him as "one of the most innately noble men I have ever met." He possessed an unlimited capacity for strong, pure friendships, and those who were admitted to the inner circle of his heart realized how great and unselfish were its impulses. He was clean in mind and it was said of him that he had never been known to use an oath, tell a vulgar story, or speak an indecent word. Every day he read his Persian Bible and spent much time in prayer.

The lightness and gayety of American college men were not his by heredity or temperament. Like many Orientals he had a certain wistful air and, while genial, was never frivolous or light-

hearted. One always received the impression that this foreigner, while at peace with the world and possessed of an inner joy, carried the burden of the world's sin and was always thinking of the deep things of life. His classmates were under the impression that he found the separation from his family and friends in Persia much harder to bear than he would admit.

But it must not be supposed that Yonan was in any sense a "kill-joy." He was interested in all manly sport and was delighted when in his sophomore year intercollegiate football was permitted at Davidson for the first time in its history. The Persian immediately went out day after day in the "scrub" lines and succeeded at length in making the team. He acquired great proficiency in an incredibly short time and was given the position of tackle on the varsity team. He played for three years, and football experts who studied his game declared that he was probably the strongest tackle in the South and, with proper coaching, would have won national fame on a big team.

Rev. W. M. Walsh, an alumnus of Davidson, now a pastor at Sherman, Texas, writes: "He was the terror of his opponents, always just a little better than his man, not only because he was so strong but by reason of his alertness and catlike quickness. On the college team he played right half back. I played full back, and shall never forget the safe feeling I had when I started with the ball through the line following 'Sally,' as we called him. It nearly always meant a good game because he would make

a hole if there was none there already. I often felt that the cheers from the side lines should be for him and not for the man carrying the ball. I feel sure, however, that he did not covet honors given to other players."

At that time wrestling had not been introduced into the athletics of Davidson to any extent, but Yonan had no match in this particular sport, having brought with him from Persia certain remarkable tricks on the order of jujutsu. "I recall distinctly," says Mr. Walsh, "how, on one occasion, soon after the beginning of the senior year, a certain boastful but good-natured freshman dared Yonan to a wrestling bout. The Persian played with him for a short time then feigned a fall backward and, quick as a flash, hurled the astonished freshman over his shoulder, landing him on the ground flat as a flounder, much to the amusement of the bystanders."

Throughout the four years of his course David Yonan made high grades constantly and won honors at the end. In the spring of 1900 he received the degree of A. B. He determined to remain in the vicinity of Davidson that summer and to enter the medical school of the college in the fall. Later he was to return to Persia as a medical missionary under the care of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S.

During the summer Yonan who was working in the neighborhood of the college was invited to attend a picnic given by the Presbyterian Church of the town of Davidson on the banks of the beautiful

Catawba River. He entered into the many sports offered and joined a bathing party in the afternoon. He had never learned to swim and was standing on the opposite bank from the large group of bathers, talking with Rev. A. T. Graham. Suddenly a call for help was heard and a medical student by the name of Fred Hobbs was seen struggling in the water. Yonan immediately sprang to the rescue. His companion shouted to him not to go into deep water, but the latter called back, "Oh, Mr. Graham, I must save Fred life," leaving off the possessive of the boy's name according to his oriental idiom. Heedless of his danger, and responding automatically to the cry of need, Yonan dashed into water thirty feet deep and went down like a log, sinking after a brief struggle without a cry. The president of the institution, Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, who had started on his homeward way, heard the shouting and running back threw off his clothes and dived repeatedly into the deep water, but his utmost efforts were unavailing. The bodies of the two students were subsequently recovered and everything possible was attempted to resuscitate them, but in vain.

"Thus went out suddenly," writes Dr. Reed Smith, classmate and roommate of Yonan, "a life full to the utmost of promise for future service and usefulness. To human eyes it seems strange indeed that a career of such large possibilities for good should be ended just at the time when it was ready to bear fruit. The example that he left, however, has been an inspiration to all who knew him. The

influence of a strong soul upon others, though intangible and invisible, is both powerful and immortal. Many of Yonan's friends and fellow students are to-day leading lives that are higher and nobler because of the heroism and self-sacrifice of one who came to a foreign land to fit himself for service, and there, in the flower of his youthful vigor, laid down his life at the call of what he nobly esteemed his duty."

In spite of the tragedy, the men of Davidson now have an added pride in their institution, for there lived beneath its shadow for a time one of those heroes whose shining deed no Carnegie medal can ever hope to make the brighter. Davidson College makes a better output of leadership now because David Yonan lived and died.





XIII

Horace William Rose, of Beloit

*Winner of Men to Christ*

Who loved God and truth above all things,  
A man of untarnished honor,  
Loyal and chivalrous, gentle and strong,  
Modest and humble, tender and true,  
Pitiful to the weak, yearning after the erring,  
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,  
Yet most stern toward himself ;  
Who being angry yet sinned not,  
Whose highest virtues were known only  
To his wife, his children, his servants, and the poor,  
Who lived in the presence of God here,  
And passing through the grave and gate of death  
Now liveth unto God forevermore.

—*Dedication of the Life of Charles Kingsley, by his wife.*

### XIII

## HORACE WILLIAM ROSE, OF BELOIT

*Winner of Men to Christ*

ONE of Horace Rose's favorite expressions was that this or that worker might "burn a path of light through the colleges." If ever a man burned a path of light through the colleges of the Middle West it was "Holly" Rose, graduate of Beloit in the class of 1896.

During the year of his service with the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, eighty colleges were visited, in sixty of which men were converted during his stay. In that one year he won over four hundred students to Christ. Through his instrumentality over a score of men were led to give their lives to foreign missions and a larger number to enter other forms of Christian service. As a result of his efforts over six hundred men were brought into Bible classes and literally thousands were personally interviewed.

And all this service in his brief life of twenty-seven years! David Brainerd and Henry Martyn lived five years longer, Samuel Mills lived eight years longer. Jesus Christ was only a little older when his earthly life was finished. At the memorial service held for Rose at the Lake Geneva

Summer Conference in 1901, it was said that "he lived a finished life."

Although Horace Rose served for only one year under the International Committee, he had given eight years of active service to the college field of the Young Men's Christian Association and he succeeded in influencing an entire generation of North American college students.

Horace William Rose was a native of Rockford, Illinois, and was born in 1874. His father, Rev. William Wilberforce Rose, was a Congregational minister of marked ability. The home life of the Rose family was ideal. The four sons and their parents were like brothers and sister. Horace had the deepest reverence for his father, whose nobility of character had a marked influence upon him from earliest boyhood.

Nothing remarkable can be said of Horace's early years. He loved his home, spending much time in the family circle. His evenings were given to the life of the home. He was a great fun maker and joined in all the sports of the community. He developed splendid physical prowess and was at home on the diamond and the gridiron. A brother writes: "The boys liked to hear Holly's merry, loud laugh and wanted him on their side in the different contests. He had a great desire for winning and would strive the utmost to win but never did so unless fairly."

Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin, opened its doors to Horace in the fall of 1892. He at once entered into all the activities of the college but did

not take high rank in his studies, deliberately choosing an intermediate course between the "grinds" and the "sports." As his biographer, Harry Wade Hicks, says: "He realized that never again would he be placed in an environment where his Christian influence would count for so much as in college. Therefore he regulated his program with Christian work accorded a prominent place in his daily schedule." He did, however, qualify for a master's degree, entering enthusiastically into graduate studies as his time permitted.

His father was very proud of his progress in college and wrote to a friend in November, 1891, as follows: "Holly is doing finely at Beloit. He is a big fellow, very forceful and independent, very conscientious. He is in his work with all his heart and seems to be making an excellent beginning. He seems to be a popular fellow with the boys." In another letter he remarked, "It is rather noticeable how that boy makes everything go."

Rose took a place of leadership in Beloit at the very start. In 1892 and 1893 he was made vice president of his class and in 1895 he was elected president. At that time he acted as business manager of the college paper, and, in addition to his journalistic work, entered oratorical contests and secured first place in the interstate contest, with the colleges of ten states competing for the prizes.

In athletics, also, Horace took a leading part. He was a member of the college baseball team for two years and developed into one of the best catchers in the Middle West. Afterwards, at summer

conferences and other gatherings of college men, he was elected captain and general manager and organized winning teams. In his sophomore year he made the varsity football team. While serving as Association secretary at Iowa and Michigan, he continued to play the game.

But it was as a religious leader that Rose took commanding place at Beloit between the years 1892 and 1906. During his senior year he was made president of the Association. "Many a man," says a classmate, "may date the beginning of his Christian life to the earnest appeal of Horace Rose made to him in his room while he was a student of Beloit. It was not an uncommon thing on the day of an important Association prayer meeting for him to go through the dormitory and invite personally every one of the sixty or seventy men in the hall to attend the meeting, and frequently he had interviews with a dozen or more men in a single day regarding the duty of deciding for Christ."

The moral and religious atmosphere of the college fraternity is often dominated by one or two men of strong personality. No dogmatic statement can be made as to the value of fraternities without taking into account the men who direct their ideals from time to time. The same fraternity may be entirely different in different college generations. Rose realized this and accepted the opportunity of making fraternity life at Beloit tell for the best. He therefore joined Beta Theta Pi and became a loyal Greek. He believed that men would respond to religious appeals whether in or out of fraternities and

this belief brought him into constant contact with chapter houses in his visits to western colleges in later years. In many an institution fraternities were transformed through the influence of Rose. When he became secretary at the University of Michigan over a dozen houses agreed to organize Bible classes. This is illustrative of the way in which Rose used fraternity life in winning men to Christ.

He realized, however, the danger of college exclusiveness and made special efforts to show that he was as much a friend of the man who was "out of things" as he was of his own fraternity brothers. Says a classmate, "Fear lest his fraternity connection might 'queer' him with the rest of the boys made him think more about them and give more attention to the unpopular, green, unsought and unknown 'preps' than he did to more popular men." Almost his first question, however, in visiting a college was, "What are the Beta boys doing for Jesus Christ?"

During vacations Horace accepted work under the state Sunday-school association and traveled throughout Wisconsin organizing Sunday schools. A story is told of his applying at a farmhouse for a night's lodging. The farmer answered gruffly, "We don't want any Sunday school in these parts and you can't find children enough to make a Sunday school, and you can't stay overnight." He persuaded the farmer's wife to give him a bowl of milk and bread and afterwards won the hearts of the entire family so that he was not only invited to

remain overnight but the children of the household were promised for the new Sunday school.

During his junior and senior years Horace Rose preached regularly every Sunday to two different congregations, giving one the morning service and the other the evening service. He organized gospel teams and conducted evangelistic tours throughout the rural districts. On one occasion he remarked to one of his companions, "Bill, the thing that bothers me more than anything else is, are we giving to the people the real gospel?"

Many a college man feels that he has no right to take a prominent part in the religious life of his college because of the glaring inconsistencies between his public expression and his private life. Horace Rose had nothing like this to fear. Without ostentation or sanctimony he pushed the claims of Christ fearlessly and made men feel a responsibility for upholding the moral and religious tone of the college. "He did," as one remarked, "one of the hardest things in the world; to live a blameless life in every particular before his fellows."

On graduating he was called to become general secretary of the Christian Association at the State University of Iowa. He had been thinking seriously of entering the gospel ministry, but on seeking advice of many friends, he turned toward the secretaryship of the Christian Association because he felt that this afforded him the best opportunities for the exercise of his special gifts. During the year which he spent at Iowa he had revolutionized the Association and "came nearer touching the life



of the student body than any man who has been general secretary before or since that time." He sang in the glee club and in one of the choirs and was manager of the track team. One who knew him well declared that had he remained he would have changed the Greek letter fraternities from their attitude of opposing the Association to that of thorough support and coöperation.

The following year Rose became secretary of the newly organized Christian Association at the University of Michigan, and here also remarkable results were attained from the start. The Association was quickened in its spiritual life, its Bible study department was stimulated, mission study was developed, personal workers' classes were organized, and many students were led into the Christian life as a result of the new spirit infused by this consecrated worker. He developed his system of personal work at Michigan, a system of grouping a few men for prayer and the study of God's Word. The administrative work of the Association did not seem to chill his spiritual life or cool his ardor for soul-winning. His rooms were constantly filled with men who wished to talk with him concerning personal religious problems. A fellow secretary says: "One day, being very tired, he left word at the Association rooms that he would take a day off for rest. Soon his doorbell rang and one after another twenty-two men called. I asked him how he accounted for this unusual occurrence. 'Oh,' he replied, 'the fellows know that I am interested in them. I have called on all of them in their rooms

and opened up the subject. Now when they are in trouble they come to me.' He was the most constant personal worker I have ever known. . . . The next day I saw him in a secluded corner singing a lively song and dancing a jig."

During his first year at the University of Michigan he married. His wife was one who could enter most heartily into all his work, and, after his acceptance of the position with the International Committee, she accompanied him on many of his trips to the colleges.

He had attracted the attention of the leaders in Association work as one of the most brilliant and powerful secretaries, and was asked to take the secretaryship of the colleges in the Middle West. Rose was a humble man and the opportunity came almost as a shock. In a letter to a friend he said: "The International Committee must be hard up for men. It is a big comedown from Michener to common clay like me."

From September, 1899, until his death in January, 1901, he did one of the most notable pieces of work in Association history. It is impossible here to follow his course through the colleges and universities of the Middle West. But it is helpful to glance at the list of institutions and a few of his comments upon his work.

At the University of Kansas he "got several men to make a scientific fight to overcome." At the University of Illinois, "We had a marked blessing, six or seven men owning Christ as Saviour and Lord for the first time." At the Agricultural Col-

lege, Michigan, "Helped to clean out some lives." At his own Alma Mater, "Stirred up a hornets' nest in one of the fraternities, which is having the effect of cleaning things out." At the University of Wisconsin, "Two men accepted Christ and nearly fifty enlisted for Bible study." At the University of Missouri: "Have just come from the local chapter of our fraternity. Good fellows, but without much care for the will of God concerning their lives." At the Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa: "Fourteen men accepted Christ, many men dropped something from their life and still others began to fight. During Monday three men accepted Christ." At Grinnell College: "Two more men accepted Christ. I was flooded with interviews. O for the mind of Christ! How his loving heart must long for these fellows who have been fighting losing battles! O for the energy of Paul, the fearlessness of Isaiah, and the love of John!"

At the Agricultural College, Brooking, South Dakota, where ten men accepted Christ, he wrote, "I always hate to report numbers for it gives me a sense of satisfaction which I wish was not in my life." At the University of South Dakota: "Seven conversions. Hope they will stick. Some were football men. It was a manifestation of divine power." At Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois: "The members of Beta fraternity have knocked down old traditions and come up higher. Lack of concern for fellow students is a great hindrance." From Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, he wrote, "O for power to burn a path of light in

these colleges for Christ!" At the University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana: "Perhaps ten or twelve were converted. These men were anchored in personal work after the meeting." At a certain college he was invited to stay in rooms occupied by students but was offended by certain indecent pictures and quietly said that they would have to come down if he was to stay there. The students asserted that Rose would "have to take them down first." The verbatim account follows:

"At college Rose was a famous wrestler. He immediately accepted their challenge, and one at a time threw the four men in succession, although two of them were much larger men. After the wrestling bout, he saw a baseball on the table and said, 'Do you men play ball?' And they replied, 'Yes, a little.' Rose said, 'I used to do some of it myself. Come out in the yard and I will play burn with you.' And the old varsity catcher used his strong arm for the glory of God, and soon retired the group with puffed hands. When they came back into the house, Rose said, 'Now you can see that you are not the whole thing, what do you say about those pictures?' Without any other words, the men took the offensive decorations down, and before the convention closed they were led into the Kingdom."

At the end of the school year he decided to accept the call of the Cornell Association largely on account of the illness of his wife to whom the long separations were exceedingly prejudicial. "It pulls my heartstrings," he wrote, "to have to leave this

traveling work. It is full of so many opportunities." In July he attended the Northfield Student Conference which appears to have been a time of great soul-searching and illumination. He wrote: "The Northfield Conference is almost over. God has spoken here. I have been on the mount of vision, and I pledge God to be true to the vision. But perhaps two things more than others are stirring the very depths of my heart. I must win more souls. I must be instrumental in starting some revivals. With God's grace I will. The second is this: I have heard, as never before, the cry of the Indian student, of the students of Japan and China and Australia."

Entering into the work at Cornell with his usual abandon he endeavored to secure an endorsement of his policies regarding evangelistic meetings, personal work, Bible and mission study, and other advance features, but met with considerable opposition. "The Executive Committee," he wrote, "is opposed to evangelistic meetings, but we will win them yet. This is a sore disappointment to me for I thought they were anxious to have the evangelistic effort characterize their work." The heart of Horace Rose would have leaped had he been able to mingle in the great evangelistic meetings at Cornell in March, 1916.

More and more he was driven to prayer and Bible study, withdrawing to the tower of Barnes Hall for his devotions. The former secretary found him late in the morning with his coat off and his notebook and Bible spread out on the bed. "I would

not think of entering the day here," said Rose, "without spending at least an hour over my Bible and with Christ in prayer. It is hard to keep sweet and yet do all that must be done."

Bible study grew steadily and an enrollment of nearly two hundred was secured. A personal workers' class was also begun. Mr. Hicks says: "Aside from the administrative work of the Association his chief service was pastoral in character. The old custom of visiting men in their rooms had been resumed and already his notebook in which he entered dates for personal interviews was well filled with engagements."

Then came the typhoid fever fastening itself inexorably upon a system already run down. In spite of all that could be done, the fever developed until on Thursday, January 10, 1901, Horace Rose, aged twenty-six years, three months, and twenty-two days, entered the life immortal.

Rose has been called "Ambassador of Jesus Christ to the Court of the Individual Heart." His distinction lies in the fact that he did the kind of work from which most men shrink, the personal approach in behalf of Christ. His prayer written at the close of a busy day in college is a fitting ending to this brief appreciation.

"The day has gone. In the quiet of the evening hour sit a moment with thy better self and think. I began the day early with Him. Since then have passed fifteen golden hours. Each minute has been fraught with privilege and responsibility. Oh, what a day of privilege! But now I pause as the

night comes on, and ask if what Moses and Aaron could say is true of this day just passing out of my grasp, 'The God of the Hebrews hath met us.' In the busy ways, in the studies, in the laboratories, on the campus, in the closet, is it true? Has the God of the Hebrews met me?

"Thou God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I submit to thee this day, its successes and failures. Use both in thy glory. Give me forgiveness in Jesus Christ; and while I sleep to-night, O may my heart be on the watch for new revelations of thee, and when the morning dawns and the night winds and dews are gone, O God of the Hebrews, meet me and keep me near thee throughout each hour. May this present minute be a Bethel for my soul, the place where I meet the God of the Hebrews!"

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