

Rufus M. Jones

IN MEMORIAM

UNIVERSITY
OF PITTSBURGH
LIBRARIES



DAR.RM.
BX7795
J55H3
c.2

THIS BOOK PRESENTED BY
Friends'
Historical Society of
Swarthmore College



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Pittsburgh Library System



Rufus M. Jones in His Study

Rufus M. Jones

JANUARY 25, 1863 — JUNE 16, 1948

In Memoriam



*Published by Haverford College
Haverford, Pennsylvania 1950*

*Permission to print given by authors and
publishers of material contained in this
book is gratefully acknowledged.*

Deeply sensible of an irreparable loss, but reverently thankful for the richness of his giving, joyfully grateful for the treasure of his friendship, conscious of his voice calling us to what is vital, and earnestly wishing to have him continue to speak to us, the members of the Board of Managers of Haverford College have directed that this collection of expressions regarding him be published in

tribute to our

beloved associate and friend,

RUFUS M. JONES

Minutes



*Minute Adopted by the Board of Managers of
Haverford College, October 19, 1948*

RUFUS M. JONES
1863-1948

OUR FRIEND, Rufus M. Jones, died quietly in his sleep on June 16, 1948. The full meaning of his life for us and for Haverford College cannot be expressed in anything we can say here nor can we state in adequate words what is involved in going on without him. For more than half a century his energies of mind and spirit and heart have been flowing into the life stream of the College and its community with invigorating power, and one qualified to speak has said that he "has been the greatest personal influence in Haverford life during the last thirty years." Though he retired from active teaching some fourteen years ago, he continued to have his home on the College campus, and we have never ceased to think of him as one of our Haverford family. With our deep sense of loss are mingled gratitude and inspiration.

The roots of his life and character as we have known them run back to his boyhood in South China, Maine, to the quality of simple family life in that rural community and to the influences of certain individuals, notably his "Aunt Peace" and his uncle and aunt, Eli and Sybil Jones. Coming into the Sophomore Class at Haverford College at the age of nineteen from Friends'

Boarding School, Providence, he entered with energy and enthusiasm into studies and intellectual and spiritual activities. He read widely in various fields of literature, history, philosophy, religion, and poetry. He became president of the Y.M.C.A. His editorship of the *Haverfordian* was a beginning of his own literary expression and led to his appointment later as editor of the *Friends Review* and *The American Friend*. His mind and soul grew under the influence of his beloved professor, Pliny Chase, and there were early evidences of that independence and adventurous quality of idealistic thought and action which has characterized his pursuit of "the trail of life." His capacity for friendship with his fellows was shown by his choice as "spoon-man" of his class.

There was a period of uncertainty regarding his choice of a life occupation and field of endeavor. Law and history attracted him, as well as philosophy and religion. During eight years of further study, travel and teaching, his mind became fully settled on a career in this latter field, especially mystical religion, on which his graduating thesis had been written. We know with what unswerving fidelity he pursued his calling. Looking back, at a later date, he said: "I have never done anything consciously with a divided mind."

For six or seven years he taught in Friends' schools in New York and New England. His service as a teacher at Haverford began with his appointment in 1893 as instructor in philosophy. In 1904 he became full professor and continued as an active member of the faculty

until his retirement in 1934. During these forty and more years of teaching, he engaged in an amazing number of activities and achieved extraordinary results — in scholarship, in spiritual leadership, in enterprises putting ideals into effect and, in his own phrase, “making them march.” He served for fifty years on the Board of Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, for a long period as its chairman. In his books, *Studies in Mystical Religion* and *Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, he became one of the first to interpret the early mystics in the English language and these works have a foremost ranking in scholarly production in this field. His more than fifty books and hundreds of articles testify to his capacity to produce not merely quantity but quality. The outstanding excellence and importance of his work is attested by the thirteen honorary degrees granted him by colleges and universities, including the degree of LL.D. given him by Haverford in 1922.

In his writings—and in what he said, was, and did—he presented clearly and simply, yet with deep insight, his conception and experience of a vital, inner religion of the spirit, not shut up in a cloister, but expressing itself transformingly in the active affairs of men—the inward life and the outward life balanced and interacting in a harmony of living. His message and his demonstration of it in himself fortified the faith and cheered and strengthened the souls of many.

During this period he grew to be a beloved and honored leader of the Religious Society of Friends and

a foremost prophet of Quakerism at home and abroad. His membership and official service lay in the groups composing the Five Years Meeting, but his commanding influence came to be happily welcomed by Philadelphia Friends, by other American Meetings and by the Society in England. For twenty years he edited *The American Friend*. To him probably more than to any other single person the American Friends Service Committee owes its origin. Chairman of it for twenty years, honorary chairman for ten years, he gave it his heart and untiring service. Two awards attest his recognition by the wider public—the Bok Award in 1938 to him and Clarence Pickett; the Roosevelt Medal for Citizenship given him in 1942.

To these adventures of religion in practice he brought certain great qualities of character. Vision, the capacity to see beyond the near horizon, was one of them. His, too, was the forward look and urge. That long, swinging stride of his, which many of us have seen carrying him across the campus, was symbolic of his outreach and drive toward the goals he visioned. An “impenitent optimist,” as he was happily called in the citation when his Haverford degree was bestowed, he was largely impervious to set-backs and difficulties. His undiscourageable faith and hope carried him forward, and others with him. Yet vision, forward urge and faith would scarcely have won the day without his dedication and his faithful attention and service to the undramatic, everyday affairs of the undertakings to which he gave his loyalty.

The collection of his books on mysticism which he donated to the College is a visible gift that will long remind us of him and his service. But the greatest gifts are unseeable—the fruits of mind and spirit and of labor directed toward producing such fruit. In this domain are not only his interpretations of religion and life expressed in his writings, his addresses and his ministry, but his work as a teacher of Haverford students. At one time he taught the Bible. Through the Meeting for worship his thought and inspiration reached the whole College body. His courses in psychology, given to Juniors, and in ethics, which from 1901 onward he gave to Seniors, were required courses, so that during that régime, every student who graduated came into contact with him. “I was,” he has told us, “primarily concerned to present to my students at Haverford a way of life that would give them a note of reality and at the same time an awakening interest in the aim to make life a fine art and a significant thing. . . . I endeavored to make the lecture periods occasions for facing seriously, and above everything else, honestly, the difficulties confronting the modern world and to blaze a trail which would make life rich, meaningful and thrilling.” To his teaching he brought a zest and buoyancy which repetition from year to year could not quench. Each new academic year was for him a fresh adventure, each class, or nearly each, the best.

To us whose happy fortune it has been to know him personally, nothing in our thought of him can equal what we found in him. We have been in touch with a

gifted personality, who, in spite of high attainments and many honors, has been our simple, natural, approachable, human friend. Meeting him we found cheer in the clasp of his big, strong hand. His hearty greeting warmed your heart with the feeling that he was glad to see you. Looking into his face you felt bathed in the sunny light of his friendship. Through his buoyancy you caught his sense that life is good and to be enjoyed. "To meet him," one of our members has written, "was to feel set up for the day because he always made one confident that the best was yet to come." His humor, perhaps a "down-east" anecdote, perhaps an experience of his own, soon had you laughing, but without lowering your tone. He and you could go back quickly to a high and serious level. This was true of him, not only in conversation, but in his addresses, even his sermons.

Many turned to him for help in their inner lives. Here he was not only the interpreter of spiritual realities, but the friend giving himself to someone he cared for and who needed help. He always seemed to have time to give that help. He had "eyes for the invisibles" in men and women, eyes for their higher, finer qualities, in spite of weaknesses, faith in the good he saw in them, encouragement for their achievement of their best. What he has written about his optimism may be applied to his whole mature personality—that it was "the slowly fructifying product of a deep-lying faith in a loving and victorious God," a confidence "that Love works, and works triumphantly, at the Heart of Things."

*Minute Adopted by the Board of Directors of the
Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, October 21, 1948*

RUFUS M. JONES was elected a Trustee of Bryn Mawr College in 1898 when a young man only thirty-five years of age. After fifty years of service as a member of this Board, he recalled the joy he felt when he became connected with this great institution of learning. He entered into the work with enthusiasm and his services were outstanding. He was for many years Chairman of the Religious Life Committee, often spoke at Sunday Evening Chapel Services, delivered the baccalaureate sermon on two occasions, and once the commencement address. For twenty years he was President of the Board of Trustees.

But Rufus M. Jones' contribution to Bryn Mawr cannot be measured by a recital of the positions he held, notable as they were. His influence permeated the life of the College during the half-century of his connection with it. It was, as he said of its Quaker heritage, "too illusive to be listed or catalogued in concrete terms," but contributed to "the complete consecration and commitment of the College to the pursuit of truth and loyalty to it, which has always been a leading aspect of the Quaker faith."

Our loss seems irretrievable, but although he is no longer with us, his influence on the life of the College is not ended but will live on for many years to come.

*From a Minute of the Executive Board of
The American Friends Service Committee,
July 7, 1948*

THE BOARD wishes at this time to express its deep sense of gratitude for the long, intelligent, and dedicated service that has been rendered by Rufus M. Jones to the American Friends Service Committee. He was its first Chairman from 1917 to 1928. He was Honorary Chairman from 1929 to 1934. He became the Chairman again from 1935 to 1944, and then resumed the status of Honorary Chairman for the rest of his life. Throughout that entire period he was devoted and faithful in attending not only the meetings of the Board of Directors but the general Service Committee sessions and many of its section meetings.

The Committee had its birth in April, 1917, when Rufus M. Jones suggested the formation of an Emergency Unit at Haverford College in preparation for voluntary service abroad. The suggestion soon took the form of a Quaker Unit to work in co-operation with the civilian work of the Red Cross in France. Numerous and important conferences with Government and Red Cross officials were held in Washington to bring this about. It was through Rufus and the Committee he gathered about him that this was accomplished. No discouraging note deterred Rufus from forging ahead. From the first he was confident that Friends must take a great part in the tragic situation of the world. He

stood by when others faltered and he released increased energy of his own which sent young men and women across the seas with a measure of the same kind of spirit he evinced. He engendered this also within the Committee at home.

As need for relief in foreign countries declined after the First World War, there were some who felt that the Committee should consider its work completed and dissolved. Under Rufus Jones' leadership, however, those who felt that the Committee had a future service continued in a greatly modified scale.

In 1929, at the request of President Hoover to Rufus Jones, a new undertaking in the distribution of relief in the bituminous coal fields again considerably expanded the service of the Committee and resulted in the establishment of the Social-Industrial Section. With Rufus Jones' support, peace education had come to play an important part in an attempt to prevent further war.

With the rise of the National Socialist régime in Germany and throughout the Second World War, the Committee's service was widely extended to fifteen countries of the world as well as continuing to increase its educational services in this country.

Although at the beginning Rufus Jones accepted the Chairmanship of the Committee with reluctance and stated that he felt he would not be able to spend a great deal of time attending committee meetings, subsequent events proved otherwise. Not only was he most faithful in attendance at meetings, but his buoyant spirit of expectation constantly lifted his fellow workers to efforts

and achievements beyond what they could have attempted without the stimulus of his encouragement; these stand as a great benediction of his life to the Committee.

After the "day of broken glass" in Germany in 1938, it was Rufus Jones' buoyancy of spirit and radiant expectation that led him to propose a mission to the German Government.

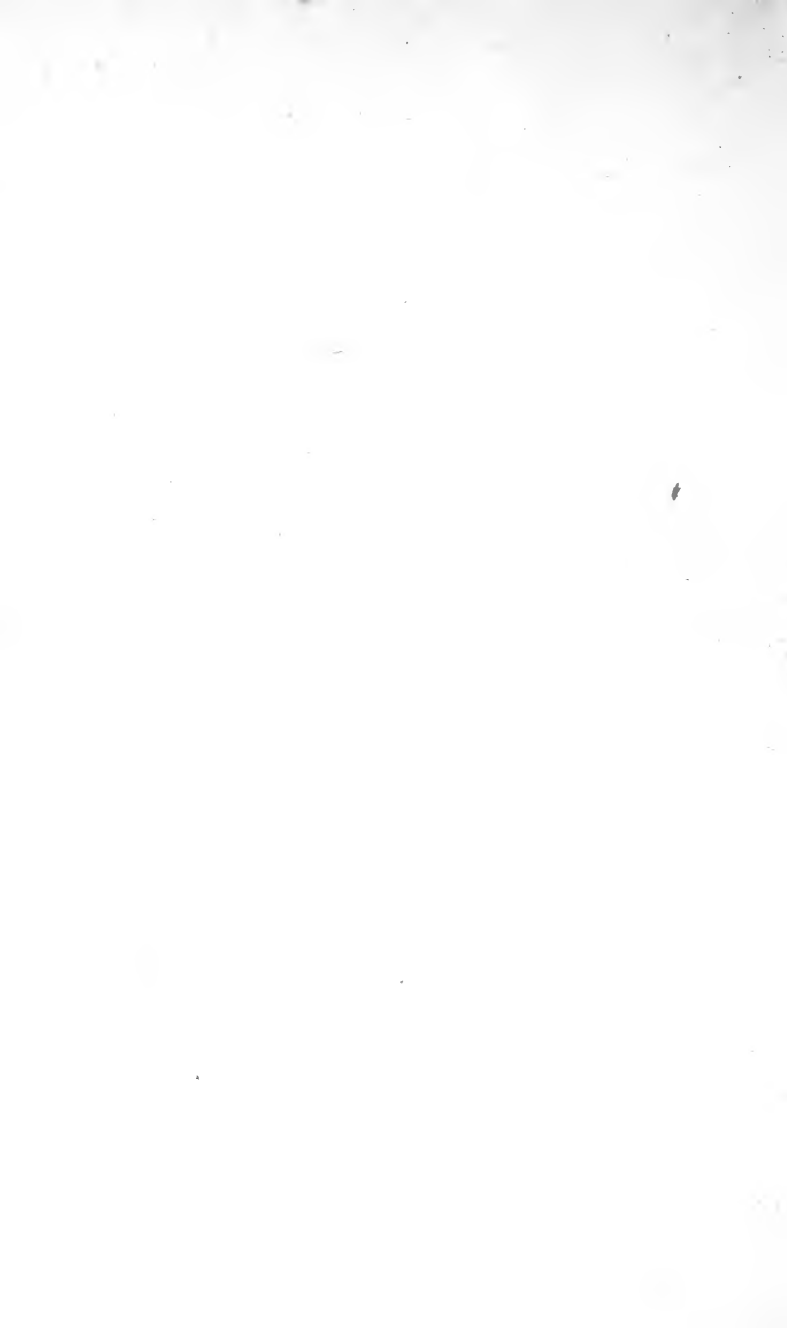
He was not dismayed by the apparent impossibility of a task. His reliance on the goodness and dedication of other people and on the accessibility of the spirit of God made him able to project his personality far beyond the circle of those with whom he had direct contact.

We, who are members of the Executive Board of the Service Committee, wish especially to express our deep gratitude for the privilege of working with our dear friend over these many years. It is our ardent prayer that we shall be able to carry forward with something of the same vision, dedication, and buoyancy.

*From a Minute of a Meeting of
The Friends Service Council in London, July 1, 1948*

AT OUR MEETING today heartfelt tributes have been paid to Rufus Jones as the pattern of a "Great Friend." He was the inspirer of the best that Quakerism has produced in our time. While we are sad at his passing, we rejoice at the memory of what his example and words have meant to Friends everywhere. We have been reminded that no American Friend since John Woolman has had so widespread an influence in the world.

We offer to the A.F.S.C. our sympathy in the loss of its father and leader.



Letters

The following letters and other expressions have been chosen from a large collection with two purposes: (1) to convey a sense of the extraordinary combination of qualities in Rufus Jones' rich nature; (2) to indicate the variety of the persons and groups in many parts of the world with whom he had friendships or contacts, and to suggest something of the ways in which he touched their inner lives.

T. Edmund Harvey, Member of British Friends Service Council, London, to Elizabeth B. Jones and Mary Hoxie Jones, July 1, 1948

THE FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL at their meeting this morning asked me to write to you both on their behalf to send the accompanying minute and to express to you a loving message of deep sympathy in the passing of our beloved Friend Rufus M. Jones, with whose wonderful life service your lives have been so closely interwoven. I wish that it were possible to convey to you something of the witness borne to his life and service by different spontaneous utterances and by the whole sense of the meeting.

We were enabled to realize how unique his service has been, world-wide in its scope and giving help and bringing inspiration to so many different lives, in so many lands. We are grateful for the aid which his teaching has given through the written word, the help and strength which has come through his ministry, and his wise guidance and creative initiative in work for peace and reconciliation and in uniting Friends in the service of the Kingdom of God throughout the world. The light of Christ shone through him and enabled him to unite the tasks and the gifts of the statesman and the prophet.

We are indeed grateful for his life and his love and for their continuing service.

Your affectionate friend—

*Winifred M. Clark, a Summer Neighbor in Maine,
to R. M. J. from South China, Maine,
August 27, 1947*

DEAR FRIEND RUFUS :

We Clarks have taken such infinite joy and comfort this summer, as for so many years back, in our association with you and Mrs. Jones and Mary Hoxie. Busy as you all are with the greater tasks of the work of the Friends—which is to say, your work — individuals like ourselves can't be anywhere but out on the periphery of your consciousness. But for us four (now five, and about to be six), you've been part of the Way, and have become a living part of our lives—a vital, and a very loved part. You've done something for our boys which none else has even remotely approached—and for John Maurice as well. And I feel I must let you know the profound influence that has poured through you into these dear lives.

Affectionately, your friend—

*Marjorie A. Dimmitt to R. M. J. from
Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India,
November 30, 1947*

MY DEAR MR. JONES:

May I intrude for just a minute upon your time to thank you for the rich experience you have shared with me in *The Radiant Life*?

I discovered it last summer—read it hungrily, reread and pondered it a few pages each morning during my Quiet Time, looking out to Himalayan snows to think. And since July, down in the plains again, I've given it out in bits to two weekly fellowship groups of Indian students of mine. We set for our year's goal to learn to live the radiant life—and your insights have helped us all. We are grateful. There's a cumulative force about the testimony you have gathered from so many life-sources as well as your own that corroborates my own experience and gives steadiness to faith in these dark times.

Sincerely yours—

*Canon Ernest C. Earp, Rector of the
Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania,
to R. M. J., 1947*

DEAR MR. JONES:

Thank you for your inspiring article in the current (Nov. 1947) *Atlantic*. Yesterday morning I quoted your description of a saint and said that it described you. "I thank my God always in every remembrance of you." We in our Congregation share in the influence of the Haverford Meeting. And we have developed a period of vital, living *silence* during our service.

It is a blessing just to know that you are near us. After forty-one years of ministry I sometimes feel old—but my youth is renewed by the thought of your great ministry. Thank you and may God bless you with the blessing you have given to thousands.

Gratefully yours—

*Mary Champney, a Friend, to R. M. J. for his Birthday,
from Winter Park, Florida, January 23, 1948*

DEAR RUFUS JONES:

For many years the 25th (Jan.) has been a day set apart in my thinking, for special rejoicing—like Thanksgiving and our Pilgrim forebears! We are forming a little devotional and study group and we feel thy hand unconsciously guiding us in this, because even those who do not know thee personally, love thee.

God bless to thee the “ingatherings” of thy mind and heart and experience so that the years remaining may overflow more and more with the radiance which lights so many of us who feel ourselves thy spiritual children.

Much love to thee and thy dear ones.

Faithfully—

May Norman to R. M. J. from
Stockton, California, May 26, 1948

MR. RUFUS JONES—

MY DEAR SIR:

I'm not going to be formal, but before I go to bed for another night's rest I am going to tell you how greatly indebted I am to you for two books, *New Studies in Mystical Religion* and *The Luminous Trail*. Also various articles in the *Atlantic*. Twenty years ago my first experience! And I loaned that (the earlier) book till it was almost worn out and one friend gave it back to me with tears of gratitude. Is it out of print now?

Many, many thanks and my very best wishes. There is a young Minister up in Colusa, Cal., who will get no end of benefit from *Luminous Trail*. You may be assured your life has blessed many.

Sincerely—

*Katharine McBride, President of Bryn Mawr College,
to Elizabeth B. Jones, June 20, 1948*

DEAR MRS. JONES :

It is wonderful to have lived in Dr. Jones' lifetime and to have had the privilege of this association with him. I shall always like to think of his interest in Bryn Mawr and of the things he told me about the College.

As I sat in Meeting this afternoon I realized again how many of us could be grateful for a knowledge of him through one of his interests. Whatever the basis of our association, we felt his interest as strong support, and we were inspired by his greatness. That greatness was partly the breadth of his humanity but even more this relation of his with the Infinite.

Had I been a member of the Meeting I should have spoken that verse of Deuteronomy which I have heard him say a number of times: "The eternal God is Thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He could say that knowing more about it than anyone I have ever known.

Sincerely —

*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,
to Elizabeth B. Jones, June 28, 1948*

DEAR MRS. JONES:

You and Mary have been constantly in my mind since I received, although so belatedly, the news of your dear husband's going. I knew Dr. Jones had not been well and that he had been in the hospital, for on April 10th he wrote me in regard to Mrs. Rockefeller's going such a beautiful letter of sympathy and encouragement, telling me that he was still in bed at home. I meant each day to write to thank him for his beautiful letter, for his understanding sympathy and for his special message to David, which I delivered at once. But the days passed by and to my regret there never went to him the word of deep appreciation for his tender and loving thought, which was so constantly in my mind.

It is as difficult to think of Dr. Jones as no longer alive as it is to think of Mrs. Rockefeller in other terms than as vitally and radiantly among us even though in another room into which our vision cannot penetrate. How much these two great souls had in common—utter simplicity, character coupled with the loftiest ideals, the broadest horizons of interests and the deepest resources of love and human sympathy! They were both able to discern the important things in life and were untiring in their devotion thereto, never wasting their time with trivialities or unessentials. That they are with us even more constantly and vitally than ever before, you and I

are confident. Nor is their spiritual presence any less real to us because we cannot see them nor touch them. What happy memories we both have of the long years spent with our dear ones! To few people have been vouchsafed such complete happiness as you and I have enjoyed.

With truest sympathy to you and Mary, I am, very sincerely—

*Willard L. Sperry, Dean of Harvard Divinity School,
to Henry J. Cadbury, from London, June 28, 1948*

DEAR HENRY CADBURY:

I am so glad to have had the last ten minutes with him (Rufus Jones). His unfailing high spirits and serenity were wonderful. I realize that he had known "The Dark Night of the Soul" in past years; but he never let his casual friends like myself see even the memories of it.

Rufus Jones—and Schweitzer—have been my two contemporary Christian heroes. When I despair of the world I think of them—the latchet of whose shoes—and I say it in all sincerity.

It has been of incalculable worth to a troubled world in a troubled time to have had Rufus living in it and with us.

I have told the Sunday congregation at Harvard that he seemed to me to have had to a rare degree a "non-rattled" mind and heart.

As ever—

*John M. Clark, a Summer Neighbor in Maine,
to Elizabeth B. Jones and Mary Hoxie Jones,
from South China, Maine, August 21, 1948*

DEAR MRS. JONES AND MARY HOXIE :

I'm not going to repeat things that were said at the memorial service at South China, Sunday before last; but I do want to say something, from my own personal angle.

I have known Rufus only up here, and I knew nothing about him before coming here. I knew in what high regard the Quakers and their work were held by all whose judgment counted, but knew nothing of the particular personalities responsible for that universal regard. Nobody had told me that I was encountering one of the really great personalities of this time — I just found it out, and I shall always treasure the experience of that discovery. Having known him only up here, I have a conviction that I've seen him in the setting in which he must have been at his best. Perhaps people who have seen him promoting inspired plans of action, or negotiating difficult organizational questions are convinced that they have seen him at his best. But here he was talking to his own people; and one couldn't listen without sensing that he loved them in a peculiarly intimate way. Of course he had a gift of affectionate contact with people; but I am sure there is a special warmth reserved for his home folks, whom he had known all their lives, and he didn't mind showing it in

the most natural and unaffected way, making a rare experience for a listener.

As a man of supreme and many-sided faith, there was one kind I think he showed which may not have been spoken of at the meeting. It showed in one kind of sermon which was particularly characteristic. (Of course, like any great teacher, he had different kinds of sermons.) He would start talking in the most matter-of-fact way about some everyday things, and before the listener knew it, he found that something was happening deep inside him, and his innermost feelings were responding. It was because Rufus was talking about things that meant as much to the listener as they did to the speaker; or if not as much, at least had the same kind of meaning, and Rufus was sharing with us the meaning they had for him, in full confidence that they did have the same kind of meaning for us, and that we would respond without a trace of urging or exhortation. *He had that faith in us*, and we did respond to it. I think it was that that made him the most moving preacher I have ever heard, without a trace of hortatory effort. I can't remember his ever exhorting us, or telling us what was right and what was wrong. He trusted us to sort them out. It was a sharing, not an admonition. And a sharing of an amazing wealth of faith, courage, sincerity and simplicity.

In having faith in us, he wasn't idealizing us in the sense of painting an imaginary picture—part of what he was sharing was a sympathetic understanding of the human weakness and limitations we had in common.

But he knew what there was there, that he could take hold of, and how to take hold of it.

And I have faith that you will be living in his continued presence.

With best wishes, sincerely yours—

*George Y. Matsumura to Mary Hoxie Jones,
from Nagano Prefecture, Japan, September 3, 1948*

DEAR MISS JONES:

Mrs. Vining lent us your great father's *Luminous Trail* and *Finding the Trail of Life*. They were written beautifully, simply and very inspiringly as in the case of *The Faith and Practice of the Quakers* in which Dr. Jones' spirit did a tremendous help to our spiritual development and guided us to the Quaker faith and Christ's way of life. An amazing thing about your father's books is the fact that while we are reading them we feel him so near and talking to us in person although as you know we never had an opportunity to meet him. This must be no doubt due to his dynamic spiritual power and extraordinary love generated by the living Christ within him.

Yours sincerely—

Other Expressions of Appreciation

*From an Appreciation by William Wistar Comfort,
President Emeritus of Haverford College,
"The Friend," July 1, 1948*

THE PERSONALITY of our dear friend was so pervasive that we his neighbors cannot yet realize that he has been taken from us. Though attaining a great age, he did not spare himself, but carried on his many interests to the end. It will require time to collect the materials for a proper biography of this remarkable man. But even now *The Friend* wishes to record the passing of this Maine country boy who became and remained the best known Friend in Quakerdom and one of the recognized spiritual forces in America.

Rufus never forgot and never allowed his friends to forget that he was from New England, and more specifically from the State of Maine with its rural wit, its big potatoes and its sunset views from the porch of his South China cottage.

.
Everyone who has listened to him through the years will recall his frequent use of the word "extraordinary." In his speech it was a proper word to use, for he was so "extraordinary" himself. That is, he was far beyond the ordinary reach of human attainment. The influences to which he often referred were those of a nearly fatal illness in childhood, the example of his uncle and aunt, Eli and Sybil Jones, his later friendship for John Wilhelm Rowntree, the loss of his little son Lowell, and his

own narrow escape from death in a street accident. But of course there was a great personality and intelligence at work independent of any outside influence. His memory was stored with the verse of Whittier, Lowell, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, and with the prose of Emerson. His quotations were effective, but his own words were further supported by his inexhaustible store of anecdotes to make his meaning unmistakably clear. For simplicity and clearness of presentation in his written as well as spoken word explain much of his appeal to readers and auditors. He was not a Biblical scholar in the technical sense, but he knew his Bible as few Quakers have known it in modern times, and he applied the teaching of the Old Testament prophets most effectively to the problems of the world today. He was not a metaphysician either; but if philosophy means a guide of life, he was a religious philosopher, for he had found a Guide for himself and for thousands of others. In fifty books and a great number of introductions, editorials, reviews and letters which he provided at the behest of his friends and which have been collected in the Haverford College Library, his philosophy was always optimistic and his encouragement unstinted. When awarded at Haverford one of his dozen honorary degrees, he was termed "an impenitent optimist," and I saw no cause to alter the phrase to the very end. His outlook was consistently cheerful, helpful, enthusiastic, and that, with clearness of presentation, explains much of his great popularity with a large reading public.

.

An indefatigable traveler, speaker, writer, and sometime editor, the question arises, "How could he do so much?" One cannot know all the secrets of his efficiency, but some factors in the case are evident. By rigidly eschewing every kind of excess, he was able to keep up a formidable succession of engagements involving the most severe mental, spiritual, and physical effort. Night travel followed by two or more major appointments, another night's travel back to Haverford followed by college lectures and Service Committee meetings were a regular part of his program for years. When an engagement was over, he thought no more about it, but was ready for the next adventure. An inveterate reader and marker of books, his mind was so stored with ideas that he was able to develop them in finished discourse after a few moments of profound meditation. This fertility of spiritual production and ease of presentation will remain in the mind of his fellow-worshippers as a most amazing phenomenon.

But his neighbors and friends will value most dearly his sympathy with them and his unstudied approach to their interests. His own welfare was a matter of concern to many whom he scarcely knew. The first question with many people when meeting someone from Haverford was "How is Rufus?" During his last illness it seemed that the whole community was solicitous about him. He worked in private and he never seemed to be under pressure. To give this impression is a precious gift. He always had time to stop and chat. His advice was constantly sought by visitors to whom he made time

to listen and by correspondents whose letters he found time to answer. Many of us have cause to remember his loving service at weddings, funerals, and other occasions of family significance.

Seldom do we see a man enjoy life so richly and infectiously as Rufus Jones. He loved people and he loved life, but he feared not death. To meet him was to feel set up for the day, because he always made one confident that the best was yet to come. I think he would willingly confess that he had two hobbies—Haverford College and its ancient game of cricket. We shall continue to think of him watching a game of cricket on Cope Field, shedding upon those about the radiance of his unaffected personality.

*From an Article by D. Elton Trueblood,
"The American Friend," in Issue of July 8, 1948*

I

THAT we have been privileged to know Rufus Jones is one of the most important facts in the lives of many of us. It has been our good fortune to be closely associated with one human being of superb stature. Often it seems that the great ones lived far away and long ago, but we have known at least one example of greatness in our own lifetime. For this we can be sincerely thankful. Our mood is not that of sorrow for what we have lost but rather that of gratitude for what we have had so long and so affectionately.

II

Rufus Jones came into intellectual manhood when the blight of the human spirit, caused largely by a false interpretation of the findings of natural science, was very serious indeed. It was much harder, fifty years ago, to be a strong Christian believer than it is now, and of course the published works of Rufus Jones constitute part of the reason why it is easier now. All of us today have received great help, whether we realize it or not, from such vigorous minds as William James, Josiah Royce, William Temple, and Henry Bergson, but there was very little of this to help young Rufus Jones as he tried to work out a philosophy that would combine in-

tellecual honesty with a deep and living faith. He had to work out much of his position alone, though he received wonderful early help from Thomas Battey, scientific teacher at Friends School, Providence.

In that day the prestige of Charles Darwin was immense and Darwin's theories seemed to lead inevitably to mechanism or to chance. We know that though Darwin was a good scientist, he was a very poor philosopher, and drew conclusions on the basis of his evidence that do not necessarily follow at all. For many late nineteenth-century intellectuals it looked as though purpose had no bearing on the structure of the world, but Rufus Jones was sure, from the first, that this could not be so. Yet how was he to find a sound and firm basis for the faith that was in him?

III

Like Descartes, almost three centuries before, our Friend sought something indubitable which could serve as his fulcrum after the manner of Archimedes. Even as an undergraduate at Haverford this indubitable base became clear to him; *it was the reality of religious experience*. He saw, even then, the sharp difference between the knowledge of God which is *inferential* and the knowledge of God which is *direct*. Before William James expressed the difference between "knowledge about" and "acquaintance with," young Rufus Jones saw it. The great and undeniable fact that men and women of all generations have reported a direct and

first-hand experience of the Living God, Rufus Jones decided to make his philosophical starting place. The major part of his professional career was spent in describing and verifying such experience as a true index of Reality.

The man who *helped* him most to discover this starting point, which he called his "life clue," was his beloved mentor, Pliny Chase. There was a wonderful appropriateness in the fact that when the body of Rufus Jones was laid to rest in the Haverford meetinghouse grounds, next to the grave of his dearest friend, John Wilhelm Rowntree, a grandson of Pliny Chase, Richard Sutton, stood by the grave.

This clue concerning the centrality and trustworthiness of religious experience, Rufus Jones came to express by his use of the word "mysticism." He did much to recover this word from esoteric associations and to show that a mystic may be an ordinary person with nothing queer about him. This the interpreter greatly aided by the example of his own eminently sane and normal life. By mysticism he simply meant "first-hand religion."

As his thought grew, Rufus Jones placed another fulcrum alongside the first one, that of ethical insight. His debt to Immanuel Kant grew rather than lessened with the years, and he became utterly sure that moral experience is more trustworthy and more indicative of Reality than sense experience can ever be. It was the course in Ethics, required of all Seniors, in which Rufus Jones, the philosopher, appeared at his best and strongest. Many of the boys began the years as mechanists or

philosophical naturalists, but not many ended that way. It was my great joy to be his assistant in the course the last time he gave it, just before his retirement in June 1934. I know that Rufus Jones accepted as valid the fundamental Kantian argument for God and for immortality, based on the sense of oughtness.

IV

A third and final fulcrum he found in the experience of beauty. He was deeply impressed by the far-flung and mostly unnecessary beauty of the physical universe. This, he saw, cannot be explained by natural selection, since there is the hidden beauty in stones, for example, which has nothing whatever to do with survival. It is impossible to suppose that so much beauty is accidental or the result of mere chance.

If I were to suggest to the new reader one single book as a compendium of the philosophy of Rufus Jones it would be *Spirit in Man*. This is his West Lectures, given at Stanford University. Though his West Lectures were directed specifically to the problem of immortality, they necessarily involved his basic ideas, such as that of intrinsic goodness. Furthermore, he knew that he was addressing a critical academic audience and he made, accordingly, a very careful statement of the faith that was in him. He seemed then to be at the very peak of his powers.

Once, twenty-five years ago this week, Rufus Jones and I were walking together on the campus of Moses

Brown School. He stopped and said, "Ideals may not exist, but idealism *does*. We can be sure of that." Then he went on to show that, however cold and mechanical the world may seem, we know that at one point in it there is courageous love and idealism and the spirit of Jesus Christ. What kind of world must it be that has *given* rise to these? Instead of starting with whirling suns and arguing forward, why not start with unselfish love and work backward? By so doing we are driven to the conclusion that ours is the kind of world which, from the beginning, was preparing for the emergence of life and mind and spirit. "Where there is so much love there must be more," was the logical inference which he would never give up, and it is an inference which now, at last, he has been able to verify.

*Howard H. Brinton, Director of Pendle Hill,
Speaking in Haverford Meeting, June 20, 1948*

ON THIS SOLEMN OCCASION, when it is the privilege of each one of us to offer his tribute to that fullness of the great life that has been lived among us, my mind goes back to the time when I first came under the influence of Rufus Jones. I was a student at Haverford, specializing in mathematics and physics, verging towards a materialistic philosophy of life, when I entered his class. There we got a great vision of a God-centered universe, one which was reasonable, in which we could be scientists, thinkers, and which we could also accept.

This was no armchair philosophy, no schoolroom academic philosophy, it was a practical philosophy, and however far our ideas may have changed since then, that philosophy has been at the core of our philosophy of life, the guiding principle from which we can never depart, because it was given to us with that power and that enthusiasm which made it permanent.

I was talking not long ago to a student of Rufus Jones, and he said, with great reverence, "He lighted my candle." Many of us in this room can say that. He lighted my candle. There is a phrase in the writings of George Fox which I have often thought of in connection with Rufus Jones. When Fox met an obstacle he would say, "but I got atop of it." It was that overwhelming optimism which always presented the top, the best, the victorious that we shall remember most perhaps about Rufus Jones.

*From an Article by Clarence E. Pickett,
"The American Friend," in Issue of July 8, 1948*

HIS CONTRIBUTION to a number of organizations also extends beyond his life. This is perhaps more true of the American Friends Service Committee than of any other one organization. Its inception, its unique character, its continually renewed youth and its vitality are due very largely to Rufus Jones.

For nineteen years we have been colleagues, he as Chairman or Honorary Chairman and I as Secretary of this Committee. We may have differed at times in judgment, although these occasions have been very rare, but there never has been a time when even our differences of judgment have failed to enrich our fellowship and, I believe, to improve the judgment of both of us.

More than once the Committee or the Board had not been able to follow in detail the judgment of the Chairman, but without exception, after stating his point of view, he had united with us in the deepest loyalty in carrying out the group decision. One of the reasons this has been possible is that all of us, and Rufus in particular, carried every discussion of policy into the climate of prayer and worship.

.
Sometimes his lovely humor broke the tense moments in sober discussions; and now and again, and with equal naturalness, his voice lifted in prayer would have the same effect. He seemed to have contact with the

flow of the eternal currents of reality; to pick them up out of the realm of the spirit and project them into the texture of life. At first sometimes his proposals seemed incredible and impossible, but I have never known anyone who lived to see as large a proportion of his dreams fulfilled.

*From an Article by Erroll T. Elliott, Editor of
"The American Friend," in Issue of July 6, 1948*

IT IS NOT ENOUGH to define his life and work, or the qualities of personality that were his. We must think rather of the source of life from which he drew such power. An all-pervading God-consciousness filled the depths of his life. He was radiant and that was the source of his radiance. The joy of the Lord was his strength. When that happens to anyone, as it happened in the life of Rufus Jones, then all work is touched with glory, and life takes on an inner radiance.

Atlantic tides rose in his soul as surely as the external tide pressed the rock-bound coast of his native Maine. Not only did they rise, but they broke through and washed the inland areas of our life. It is only in the silence that we find the meaning of this tremendous inner power which he felt and which he shared with us. It is there that our souls find the immortal sea from which he came to us and on which he left again, but that same buoyant power is available to us. That is the real importance in our reflections on the life of this dear friend.

He was a world Christian. Quaker though he was and completely devoted to the traditional practices of Friends, he overbrimmed denominational confines. He was a Christian, universal in spirit, before he was a member of the Society of Friends. Quakerism was for him, not a diluted form of Protestantism, but a unique

expression of Christianity. It was that which polarized the minds of people far and wide toward him. They called him to their universities and varied assemblies to preach the Gospel, as interpreted by Friends.

Yet it was the simplicity of his life that made him the "accessible" friend to everyone. Among Quakers he was commonly known as Rufus—there was no other title needed. Small children have been known to say simply, when he was around, "I want to see Rufus." There is no greatness that is not first of all naturalness, and it was this nearness to our common life itself which gave him natural stature among us. His Olympic personality rested firmly in the earth of our experiences and made him a contagious friend.

*From a Letter of J. Usang Ly, Chairman,
Friends Centre, Shanghai, to the Editor of
"The American Friend," Issue of October 14, 1948*

TO MY SURPRISE, Rufus M. Jones, the missionary, teacher, and friend of my heart, passed away. With deep sorrow I bear the loss. With deeper faith I yet believe in him strongly—in his life and work. Evermore, I think, his spirit will be with us wherever we realize his radiant ideal as much as we can serve both God and man as he did.

The first time when I came to know him was while I read his *Inner Life* in a Library. I retreated to Haverford and remained with him in *The Luminous Trail* during the year of 1916-1917. Since then our friendship has grown and I read the New Testament with better understanding in his light. He convinced me anew how to love Jesus as if he and I were at Canton together, re-thinking for a long time.

The last time when I was with him was in the middle of September 1947, while I visited our Alma Mater, Haverford. He looked well and happy and he took me around with so much vigor, enlightenment, and affection that I felt comforted like a child with renewed assurance. I thought and wished then that he would live yet through several more decades.

Now he has gone. We do miss him so much. I know he would say: "You are my betters. Carry on." Let us who stay behind respond with enriched love and determination to the "Call to What Is Vital."

*An Appreciation by John R. Mott in
"The American Friend," Issue of July 8, 1948*

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to overstate the range, depth, and dynamic quality of the life of Rufus Jones. Beginning with my own student days and extending through the sixty years of my work in the service of world-wide Christian movements, I have been in a position to observe the wide outreach and abiding character of his influence. Personally I owe much to his vital writings and his contagious personal appeal. There come vividly to memory many a contact at spiritual retreats and creative consultations of workers at Lake Mohonk, Northfield, Atlantic City, and Buck Hill Falls.

As though it were yesterday, I recall a long evening some years ago in the midst of the stormy Atlantic when, in my cabin, Rufus Jones, a Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, and I spent hours in intimate sharing. Were I asked the chief secret of his wide, highly-multiplying, and enduring influence, I should say, his concentration on youth. From his own fascinating school days down through the many long and most fruitful years as a college professor and likewise, across the decades, his dynamic messages in countless student conferences and creative consultation with leaders of youth, his influence has been truly most highly-multiplying and abiding.

From an Article by Glenn Clark entitled "Together"

I HAVE MADE three and only three pilgrimages to the shrines of living saints. One was to Indianapolis to meet Kagawa, one was to Tuskegee to meet George Washington Carver, one was to South China, Maine, to meet Rufus Jones. One of these represented the yellow race of Asia, one the black race of Africa, one the white race of Europe and America.

I found Rufus Jones beside the lake at his homestead at South China, Maine. His extreme simplicity, his complete relaxation of mind and body, his absolute naturalness, rather disarmed me. I had come rather tense and expectant, thinking that he might orate to me and pour out vast dreams and visions. I spoke of the need of some world-wide spiritual movement. To him that was all in the hands of God. He seemed neither ruffled nor stirred. He had found a spiritual center, and was as one serenely watching the world go by.

As I left his home that evening something began to grow upon me, and that was the realization that the quietness and relaxation of Rufus Jones was not the quietness of inertia, but the quietness of power. What impressed me was the tremendous equilibrium of the man, the perfect balance between the very high and the very low, between a great idealism and a great realism, between high mysticism and deep practicality, a unique combination of profound love of God and intense affection for men. His was not the equilibrium

of a wheel leaning against a fence, but of a wheel rolling down the road.

I have since had opportunity to witness his tremendous devotion to God and his passionate devotion to the needs of suffering mankind. But this intensity always rides upon a vast sea of profound serenity, a peace rooted at the very center of the universe.

*From "Rufus Jones: Sage, Seer, Saint,"
by Joseph Fort Newton, in Philadelphia
"Evening Bulletin," June 26, 1948*

"RUFUS JONES DEAD" a news item told us. Yet who can think of that gracious, wise and noble soul as dead. No, he ascendeth; 'tis death is dead, not he. The spirit is life, light, immortality!

A sage, a seer, a saint of the Society of Friends, he belonged to all communions. A friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit, two generations sat at his feet. Since Baron von Hügel left us, there has been no one of equal influence and wisdom among us.

Not long ago, the London *Times* said that Rufus Jones was the greatest spiritual teacher our land has known since William James went away. They were friends, Jones a pupil of James, the pupil less spirited but more spiritual than the teacher. Our debt to both is fabulous.

"What is the magic quality in a person which instantly awakens faith?" Rufus Jones asked in an essay on Phillips Brooks. "You listen to a hundred persons unmoved and unchanged. You hear a few quiet words from the man with the kindling torch and you suddenly discover what life means, forever."

Such was the spell of Brooks in his youth; such was his own power, albeit more serene all through his days. He lived a lighted life; he carried a kindling torch, making his life, rich in years, ripe in good works, radiant in

faith, a "Luminous Trail," which was the title of one of the last of fifty books he left us.

All through his years Rufus Jones was led by the "Inner Light," in the lovely Quaker phrase. It is not reason, it is not the moral sense, but God in the soul, giving luster to reason, and making the moral sense more vivid. Such was his Guide in the dim country of this world, and he followed it, seeking only to know the will of God and do it.

In other words, Rufus Jones was a mystic—one who tells us what he sees when he looks within. To him the inner life of the soul was a realm of law, order, faith, vision, where truth is the trophy of obedience and purity. One of his best books is *Spiritual Energies in Daily Life*.

Rufus Jones always reminded me of Lincoln, in the simple directness of his mind and the depth of his nature. A great scholar, he left us scores of books, rich beyond reckoning—such as *The Vision of God*, *The Testimony of the Soul*—in study and interpretation of the life of the spirit of which he was himself so noble an exemplar.

Yet, withal, he was so natural, so wholesome, so happy, rich in bright wisdom with a sweet and rippling humor—how can anyone ever forget his chuckling laugh! He had a deep, living faith, but no formal creed—he listened to any teacher who had truth to tell or beauty to show.

Mr. Jones was a philosopher, but also a man of action and affairs, a doer of the word, not a hearer only. He

took no rest from doing good, and the other half of his life, toiling ceaselessly, traveling in far places, to heal the wounds of war, and help the wounded and world-broken, is a shining record.

As founder and leader of the American Friends Service Committee, he was divinely busy all over the world, fighting war while seeking to save its pitiful broken victims; fighting ignorance, hatred, disease, intolerance, and all the evils that deface and defile our human life.

So, Rufus Jones is not dead; he has gone to join his lovely boy, Lowell, who left him years gone by. His life is a legacy inexpressibly precious to the whole church, his character is a consecration to his country. Life is larger, deeper, dearer because his radiant soul passed through it. My little tribute is not a memorial. It is a celebration, a song of praise.

*From an Address by Samuel A. Eliot at a
Memorial Service in the Union Church,
Northeast Harbor, Maine, Summer of 1948*

RUFUS JONES was, as I have intimated, pre-eminently the interpreter of the mystical experiences of life. But is it not interesting to remember that the mysteries he explored were more often the mysteries of *light* rather than of darkness? He did not ignore or evade the inscrutable enigmas of pain and evil in the world, but he dwelt more on what the great apostle called the mystery of godliness. It's plain enough, he would say, where the drive of selfishness came from and where the fears and angers and hates that deface humanity got into the system—but how did we come to possess a disposition for unselfish love or a hunger and thirst for righteousness? Oh, we shall continue to puzzle over the riddles of pain and wretchedness—but after all the greater mystery is the mystery of goodness and brotherhood and love and joy.

His way of propagating truth and of stimulating good works was—like that of his Master Christ—the way of personal contagion. He counted almost wholly upon the dynamic influence of life upon life, of personality upon personality. Persons who *live* the good life are the saving salt of the earth. They carry a wholesome savor into everything they touch—indeed, they are and do more than that—they are kindling and illuminative. Oh, they may teach valuable ideas, or organize helpful move-

ments, or attack evil customs, but the best thing they do is to kindle other souls with the light and fire of their own faith and hope and love. "The greatest legacy a hero leaves his race is—to have been a hero."

I have enjoyed, my friends, thus remembering with you some of the outstanding attributes of Rufus Jones' teaching here—the accent on affirmations rather than on negatives, the capacity to see life and truth *whole* and not in fragments, the mingling of prophetic insight with effective action, the emphasis on the contagion of character and personality rather than on indoctrination and dogmatic beliefs — but we must not forget that undergirding and overarching all these things there was one persistent axiom and assurance—the reality of the present life of God in the present life of men. Above all else he brought us assurance that these quickly passing lives of ours are held in the domination of a power with which we can have commerce and vitalizing relationships. He gave us living evidence that the God "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts." The impulses of the spirit within us, the imperatives that direct our moral life, the deep loves and loyalties of our hearts—why, they cannot be traced to any physical origins—or reduced to some biological function — or explained in mechanical terms. There is no basis for our enjoyment of beauty, of our admiration of goodness, or our confidence in the validity of knowledge unless we assume the reality of a sustaining and august authority. *That* is what he dwelt on and asseverated and elucidated.

Here, then, was a man who worshiped neither antiquity nor novelty, but trusted in the inner light that showed to him an ever onward way. He saw—and what he saw he proclaimed—the Real Presence in nature, in history, in humanity.

Truth—that to him is not just a discovery of man's intelligence; it is the revelation of the ways of God; it's the creative will moving in the minds of men. The law of righteousness—that was not to him just the outcome of our human discernment and experience; it is the voice of the eternal right—something throned in the very nature and being of God. Love—that's the thrill of the life of God in man. He knew that "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

*From an Article by Douglas V. Steere,
in the Proceedings of the
American Philosophical Association*

SOMEONE said of him recently, "He was a Quaker candle who shed a universal light. . . ." And to us he might reply in words he once pinned on the fly-leaf of a copy of his *Exponents of Mystical Religion* which he gave to a student friend,

"Joy, Shipmate, Joy!"







