

who resides in Yonkers, and John, an esteemed and honored member of this Conference.

He was the author of several books. As a preacher, he was scriptural and spiritual. In prayer, he was simple, fervid, and direct; his words often coming as an inspired benediction to many a weary and heavy-laden soul. He was tireless as a pastor, noble in his manhood, unselfish in his purpose, charmingly modest, thoughtful of others: these are true characterizations of the life of De Los Lull. He never lost zest in life, and interest in its manifold problems, nor his interest in men as men. The spirit of youth never left him even in his latest years. He was great in goodness, and great in gentleness, and his lasting memorial is found in the hearts of those who loved him for what he was. His own description of one of his friends is probably the best description one could give of him. Speaking of his friend he said: "His countenance was indicative of goodness, and bore the impress of his high and holy calling. His pulpit ministrations were lucid, tender, persuasive, and his faithful pastoral visitation brought comfort to the mourning, strength to the weary, and encouragement to the discouraged. His smile was gentle and winning, and he brought many to the bosom of the Lord."

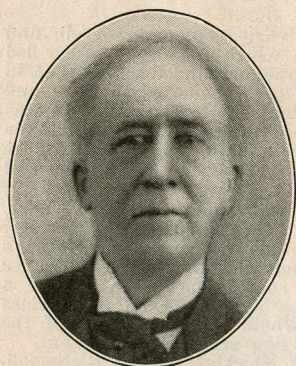
And now shall we say of him:

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Crowned and throned with Christ above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Special life and unmatched love."

The Rev. George Egerton Strobridge

BY A. J. PALMER

On Sunday morning, two weeks ago—March 13, 1910—Dr. George E. Strobridge preached to a great congregation at Saint Paul's Church,



Ocean Grove, New Jersey. His theme was "I must decrease," and the sermon, as one writes, "was of unusual eloquence and power." At the close of the service he went to his cottage to dine with his aged mother-in-law, Mrs. D. P. Kidder. Just as he had finished his meal, and was still at the table, he was stricken with apoplexy and passed into unconsciousness—the coma grew continually deeper, despite every effort, until on Wednesday, March 16, at four o'clock, he quietly passed away. On the records of his Conference he was "superannuated," and yet he also "ceased at once to work and live."

Dr. Strobridge was born in Hamilton, Canada, February 4, 1839, and was named for his father, George Egerton Strobridge. He came over into the "States" in his infancy. Some part of his boyhood was spent in Northern Wisconsin and some

in Cincinnati. He was educated at Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois. He graduated from the Northwestern in 1864 (a fellow student with Bishops Fowler and Hartzell and Secretary W. A. Spencer) and from Garrett in 1866 at the head of his class. Between these dates for a year and a half he served his country as first lieutenant, Company F, of the 134th Regiment of Illinois, in the war that saved the Union.

He joined the Rock River Conference in 1866 and for one year served as a tutor in Northwestern University. Then followed two appointments in the Rock River Conference—Dixon and Waukegan in Illinois. His fame as a brilliant preacher went abroad and in 1871 he was transferred to Lexington, Kentucky; in 1874 to Delaware Avenue, Buffalo; in 1876 to the New York Conference and stationed at St. James Church, Kingston. He succeeded Henry B. Ridgeway and John W. Beach in that exacting pulpit, and in popular power surpassed them both. There-

after his service was always within the bounds of this Conference, except for three charges in the New York East Conference—from 1896 to 1903—at Embury Memorial, Brooklyn; Stamford, Connecticut; and Trinity, New York city.

In their order, after leaving Kingston, his appointments among us were as follows: Eighteenth Street, New York; Saint John's, (Fifty-third Street), New York; Eighteenth Street (second term); First Church, Yonkers; Saint Andrew's, New York; Trinity, Poughkeepsie; and Washington Square, New York. One year, 1892, he was supernumerary, that he might write the life of his father-in-law, Dr. D. P. Kidder. When he was seventy he superannuated. Forty years of just preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God—what a noble career! What opportunities for doing good! What achievements for Christ and his kingdom! What a great life! A great preacher and a great pastor, for whom great pulpits were always clamoring, the health and the heart to do his work well, to his latest day, thus did God honor George E. Strobridge in the Methodist ministry.

He married Catherine M. Kidder in 1866. She died October 14, 1908. She was a noble woman, a thrifty and faithful wife, devoted to him and his work. They had five children. One daughter died in infancy, and Mable passed away in Rome in 1893. Her mother gave \$1,000 to our mission there, with the request that they care for her grave in the Protestant Cemetery in the Eternal City. Harriette is the wife of Carl B. Hurst, son of Bishop Hurst, and resides in Germany, where her husband is in the consular service; Robert and George reside in New York and New Jersey. In November, 1909, Dr. Strobridge married Miss Celeste V. Ribble, of Ocean Grove, who survives him.

In the workings of our itinerary it so happened that I followed Dr. Strobridge in the pastorate of Saint James, Kingston, in 1879, and he succeeded me at First Church, Yonkers, in 1887, and became the pastor of my family for the next three years. Thus I came to know him well, and to know him was to love him. Genial, optimistic, with an enthusiasm that was contagious, always at his work, he was everywhere, he knew everybody and he was "all things to all men that he might win some"—and he did.

As a popular pastor and preacher, few men have surpassed him. On patriotic occasions he was especially brilliant. As chaplain of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., he officiated at many notable functions with utmost grace and impressiveness. He possessed imagination, fervor, vocabulary, and forensic power seldom surpassed. He was always interesting, therefore crowds thronged to hear him everywhere. Fifteen years ago, for three years, this very church was always crowded to the doors during his pastorate. He was, moreover, always a gentleman. He entered many homes and blessed them all. Therefore, as a minister, he was always "wanted." Even when he was seventy-one years old he was in demand. I do not remember that any presiding elder or bishop ever had to "make" his appointments. The bishop always "fixed" his appointment annually, as the law of the church required, but the people, by their wishes, determined his fields of labor.

Two years ago he superannuated, purchased a home at Ocean Grove, and went there to live. He had spent his summers for years by the sea—he loved it there. He loved to see the ships go by and the rollers breaking at his feet. The vastness of the deep was typical to him of that eternity toward which, in storm and calm, we ever voyage. And so it was that two weeks ago on Sunday last, within an hour after he had preached a great sermon at Ocean Grove, he himself passed out upon that mighty ocean, upon whose farther shore, awaiting the faithful, standeth resplendent, the mountain of God.

I close this brief sketch of my comrade with his own words, uttered with great fervor recently at the funeral of a friend of his and mine: "God grant," he exclaimed, "that we may leave behind us a shining trail of Christian living and faithful service!"

"Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!"