

**FOSS, BISHOP CYRUS D. AND  
MRS. FOSS**



## In Memoriam: Bishop Foss.

FROM ADDRESSES AT THE FUNERAL, FEBRUARY 1, 1910.



### Address by Frank Mason North, D.D.

By the side of many soldier of the Cross who had been summoned to the rewards of battle, the fruits of service, Bishop Foss had said, "We are here to celebrate a coronation." It was his favorite approach to the mystery, which to-day we face. It was his joy, and how well I know it, it was his joy to push farther apart the opening gates and point the broken heart to the victory and crown. Here we dare venture to repeat his own glorious thought: Here is not death but life. It is coronation! Let his own words thrill and lift us.

At the seminary reunion in 1906, in a semihumorous vein, which was not unusual with him, he spoke of his boyhood. "It is a capital thing for a man to be well born the first time," he said. "I had that great good fortune. I was not a son of a millionaire, or a king. I had a better start than that. I was the son of a hard-working, circuit-riding Methodist preacher, who never had a salary of more than \$400 a year at a time, who when obliged to give up the ministry bought a stony farm of thirty-two acres and set his sons to work. Our father said if we would save our pennies and were studious some of us might go to college. That was the brightest hope of my boyhood."

Then that majestic mother, never to be forgotten by any who knew her, molded his boyhood. This Mother Foss, dignified, sterling, unflinching, and at times unbending, strong-fibred in intellect, in spiritual insight penetrating, beloved and venerated. Just to recall to memory those whose lips have long been hushed is to declare how this boyhood was stimulated by right thinking, shot through and through with the golden light of the Spirit. Then came college and associations, which only death has broken or can break. He graduated in 1854. Some are living who could tell of those college days. Thompson H. Landou, the two Warrens (the bishop and the president), Charles H. Payne, Edward G. Andrews, Albert D. Vail, and Albert S. Hunt. Some could recount his life and describe his social life, but that strong, sturdy saint of God, Albert Hunt, could speak of his spiritual crises. To this one thing he was wont to say when he told of his emancipation from doubt, he owed his freedom. With his new learning and his new life he left the halls of the university for the highways of service.

To the president's office in Wesleyan University Dr. Foss brought a richly furnished mind, but with it a preacher's heart, a pastor's concern for souls. It was delightful and refreshing to perceive how quickly men who were solicitous for the university's stand in technical scholarship were caught up in his enthusiasm for a more spiritual life, how strongly he grasped and guided the practical side of life, how closely he held the affection of faculty and students, his fine hold on the memory and heart. But he was far, far more than administrator, more even than personal partner, he is felt to be the embodiment, gracious and masterful of those social traditions in religion and college which underlie the life of institutions and men. His contribution to Wesleyan was not his money, his scholarship, his gifts of eloquence, but himself.

A personality in whom was ever the divine presence was the quality of his power during nineteen years of pastoral work. By his preaching multitudes were drawn; through it hundreds were drawn to Christ. Just as the lines of his form and figure were strongly defined, so there was no shading at the edges of his character. However judicial in his methods he was ever positive in his opinions. He was too sure of what he saw to be very tolerant with those to whom the atmosphere seemed murky; yet where patient inquiry touched foundations which were to him immutable, when he deemed the investigation honest, his good will was warm and unstinted. Ethically he was a stalwart, he was not a moral opportunist. Rightness was to him so thoroughly worth while that he sought it in his own conduct and that of others. To be conscious of swerving where a principle was involved would have been to him an extreme distress.

### Address by Bishop Wilson.

Nearly twenty-two years have passed since Bishop Foss assumed the responsibilities as resident bishop in Philadelphia. What other word need I say than this, that in those years the fine traditions of episcopal character and service had not been marred and the standards have not been lowered. Bishop Foss has won the right of perpetual place with the noblest and the best. In the pulpits of all the Churches in the city in which he preached, and if there was with him any recognition of Churches great and small, of congregations important and insignificant there never was any indication of it in the message which he brought, for that message was always one which honored the Lord, defended

the foundations of the faith, exalted the Christ, awakened and intensified aspirations to be like his Lord, a message of great thoughts which glistened and glowed through luminous and often radiant speech.

In the details of all the work here he entered with such conscientious application as facilitated wise plans and enriched every worthy enterprise. He was never a dreamer in any sense; he was a planner working out the conclusions with all the light that could be gotten, and he held his impulses subject to his reason. But for the most part his intellectual processes justified themselves in the issue. He recognized the fact that in such a city as this with its heterogeneous population and the problems occasioned by poverty and sin that a city missionary society would be a power. He gave himself to the task of developing such an institution as might adequately grapple with such a problem, and it is in no small measure due to the thought and labor that he bestowed upon it that that society has done such effective work.

When he came to the presidency of the Board of Church Extension, no one could doubt his attitude toward the cause of foreign missions. From his trips abroad he returned with interest intensified and zeal aflame, but there was never a withholding of sympathy when the problems of the homeland came before him. When by the division of the missionary work by Methodism the interests of the whole field were bound in Church extension and the new board was formed, the presence of Bishop Foss was a distinct addition, so painstaking and thorough, so very accurate in his surveys of the field that his counsel was always of peculiar value.

Bishop Foss was a civilian as well as a Church man. No question of civic interest was uninteresting to him. As opportunities made demands upon him he represented Methodism in the gatherings of the city and when he represented, the Church felt no fear as to its representation. He brought with him to Philadelphia the honors conferred on him by the institutions of learning East and West, but the venerable University of Pennsylvania added to those honors and put itself to its own by granting to him in the years preceding his coming the degree of the doctor of laws. In 1905 he was called to serve as one of the three arbitrators in the settlement of an economic contention, which had assumed large proportions and threatened grievous results.

Philadelphia was not only the field to which Bishop Foss gave the cultivation of his life, but it was the scene of that rare achievement where zeal for a great cause survives the interest of efficient leadership. To those who have come to this city with its problems and divisions and who have trembled in the presence of such responsibility, to these, his successors, Bishop Foss gave always the right hand of a brother, the word of a loving friend, and the strength of a great masterful helper. One who has looked upon the indescribable wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado knows there are but two views, one from the brink and one from the floor of the canyon. Of the riches unsearchable there are likewise two views, one from the heights and one from the depths, the vision of the mountain and of the valley. The secret of that vision was faith. A strong and more triumphant faith, so when great physical weakness came at length with such alternation of hope and fear, did faith falter? Did love grow less? Did desire for progress of the Kingdom faint, did hope in the good falter? Not for one little hour. This minister of Jesus Christ whom we come this day to honor was a prince, not by accident of circumstance or place but by the blending of intellectual faith and love, which could bear the weight of any burden, the endurance of any testing. His sufficiency was a God whom he adored, his fellowship was Jesus Christ with whom he walked in faith, even here. To him the Holy Spirit was both God and sanctifier, his power to endure and overcome was the power given him of God.

### Address by Bishop McDowell.

Christian education was one of his passions, Christian experience was another. It takes us back to the older days to read that religious, spiritual classic in which he related his experience during his early episcopal life, the long weeks of the illness that threatened to be fatal. In 1884 as a young preacher visiting the General Conference held in this city I sat in one of these pews, I think it must have been, and heard and saw Bishop Foss for the first time. He told not what he had been to God but what God had been to him. I heard him tell what happened on that diamond of days--that was what he called it--I heard this man standing here, this man whom some have thought to be cold and reserved and unfeeling. I heard him tell how on that day he said to his physician that "angels whisper, re-

deemed men must shout." I saw it and heard it sitting here. Giving way to uncontrolled emotion, Bishop Foss said that experience gave to our Church a new conception of the sufficient grace of Christ.

Last April he came up to his old conference, the New York. He came back to it to give it his testimony before he should pass on. He had been again at the gates of death after his return from India. We had not expected him to return to speak to us any more. That conference will bear witness that as he stood there and spoke again, with his voice as clear as ever, his eye like an eagle's, and as he stood there and spoke again for himself, for his brother, Archibald, that he spoke like a prophet come down from the mount with a fresh vision of the things that are eternal. We saw again the burning bush, we stood again by the running river and heard again a voice from heaven. We were near the most commercial city on the continent, but as he went on and as he finished telling the story of the early struggle and the magnificent triumph of grace, men looked at one another and said, "A good name still is better than great riches." He set the whole tone of the conference on a higher key by that one address. I heard him before a company of negro ministers, at the South Carolina Conference, speaking of knowing Jesus Christ personally, heard him say, as I had heard him say elsewhere, "I speak it reverently, but I have been talking with Him this morning." I knew it was true.

As Christian experience was a passion with him, so also were Christian character and Christian conduct a passion with him. His experience did not exhaust itself in theory, it worked out into a clean, conscientious, almost severe ethical life. Some men thought him stern. Stern he was against all unrighteousness. There have been those who said he was arbitrary. It is not easy to steer between sternness and softness so as to avoid that. Nobody ever said or thought he was weak or that he was susceptible to undue or improper influence. Nobody ever suspected him of having personal motives in anything he did. He had exactly the same manner toward all men. It is the necessity of men in executive, judicial positions to render decisions. Sometimes they must be rendered swiftly and without reasons being given. Ofttimes these decisions are hard, always they are between conflicting interest and contending persons. The loser is always tempted to question the wisdom or kindness of the decision against them. Shall I say here Bishop Foss showed me once or twice that stern and severe aspect of which men made so much? Once when he did it I did not know anything better to do than to smile, and he smiled back, and everything was gone.

He is the only bishop, living or dead, who ever came to me with no other errand whatever but for the sole purpose of telling me that he loved me. I have been thinking of those times. Some years ago when I was secretary this man came to my office and this is what he said, "One of my friends passed away within

a week. I loved him for thirty years or more and do not remember to have said so to him. I think he knew it, but he ought to have heard it from me. I shall be gone in a short time, no one knows when, and I am going around this morning to tell half a dozen men at least" (three are in this house who were among them) "that I love them. I want you to know it from my own lips." That kind of thing is easy to men of a certain type, it was not easy to this man, but he said it with an overwhelming tenderness. Some men never saw that quality and never understood him. This also was one of his passions.

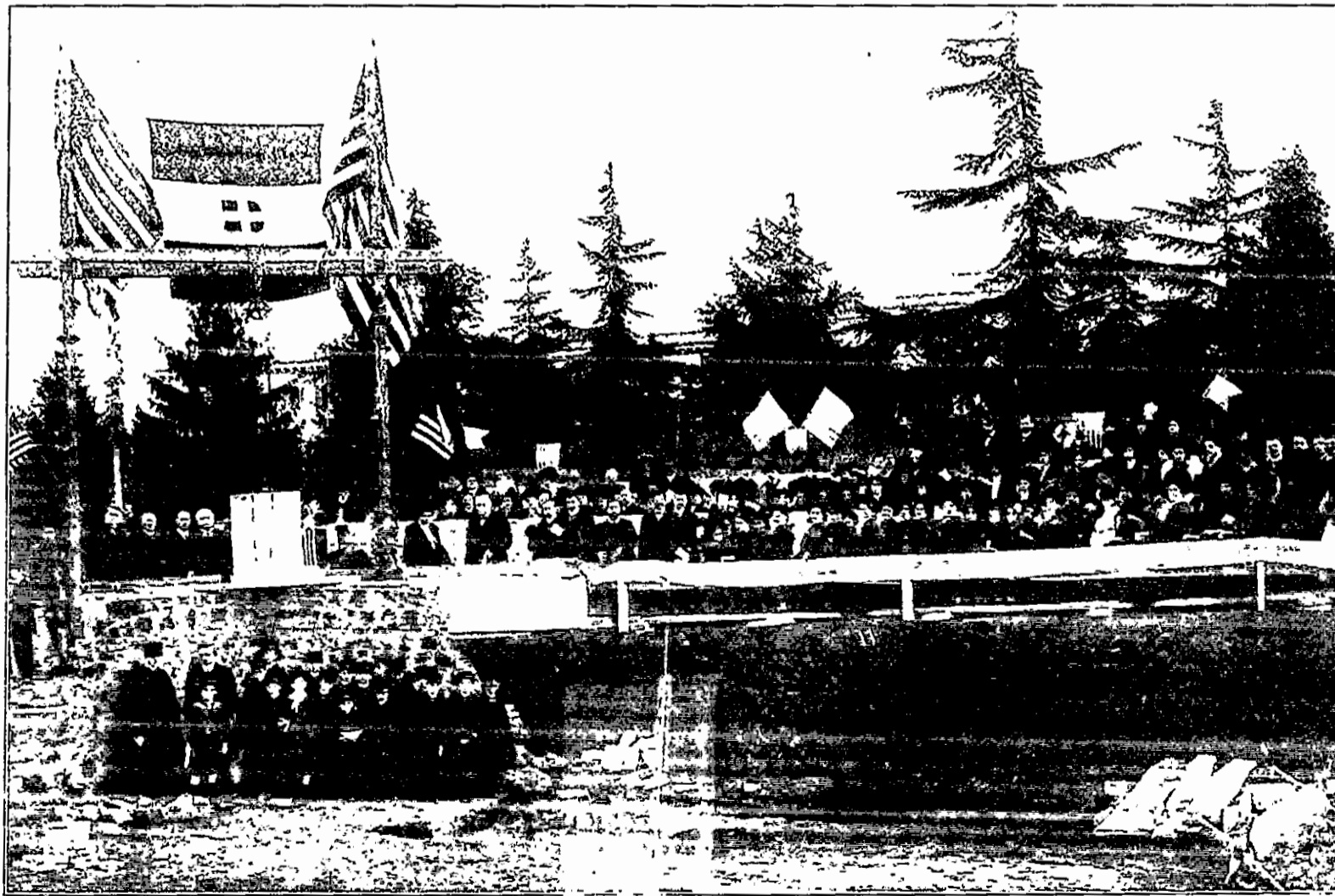
The cause of missions was another. No one who heard him could ever forget his allusions to "My India." "India, which I have adopted; India, which adopted me." He took the whole world into his heart. No man among us has been more faithful, more constant, or more intelligent in his devotion to our large work at home and abroad. Here and over the seas that cause has lost an earnest friend.

He never represented us anywhere without making us glad we had him. He kept the faith which kept him. He loved and served the Kingdom in all lands. He made large additions to the goodness, the integrity and faith of the world and has added no wrong to the world in all his long years. He has adorned with dignity, with character and high devotion every place he has had in the Church. He is every inch a Christian man and a bishop, may such never cease to be among us.

#### AS I KNEW HIM.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, DIXON, ILL.

Allow me to lay a little tribute on the grave of my former friend and pastor, the late Bishop Foss. I had a casual acquaintance with him when he was assistant to his brother Archibald in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, but became more intimate with him when he became pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, of which I was a member. I sat under his blessed ministry there for three years (the pastoral limit), and drank spiritual wisdom from his lips. It was during his administration here that I received my first license to preach in 1868. He presided at one session of the South Kansas Conference, of which I was then a member, and I renewed our former acquaintance. He told me that old Trinity, New York, had given six young men to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and he modestly agreed with me that his ministry was largely responsible for it. He was a fine, thoughtful preacher, a most excellent pastor, and a social and cultured gentleman. But the great and good are passing away and Bishop Foss has gone to join his associates, Bishops Newman, Foster, and Goodsell, and Dr. Ridgeway and others who were prominent in New York pulpits when I was a young man and a young Christian. The bells of heaven ring when such as they enter.



LAYING CORNER STONE OF CRAYDON HALL, ROME, ITALY.

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# Pittsburgh Christian Advocate

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Rev. P. J. Maveety, D.D.,  
One of the Secretaries of the Freedmen's Aid Society

### Another Chief Pastor Called Home

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, who had been a number of times, separated by considerable intervals, so near death's door that his life was despaired of, nevertheless lived seventy-six years to serve the church and bless the world. He passed quietly away from earth on Saturday evening, January 29. Since the beginning of his last illness Mrs. Foss had been constantly at his side, and when the end came his son, Cyrus D. Foss, Jr., and youngest daughter, Helen (Mrs. George B. Wood) also were with him. The funeral services were held at Arch Street church, Philadelphia, Tuesday afternoon, February 1. Though Bishop Foss had retired from the active exercise of his episcopal office, and though the church had been prepared for the news of his death so that it did not come with a shock, yet the tidings were read with a sense of loss to the whole church, and of keen personal bereavement to very many.

Cyrus David Foss was born in Kingston, Ulster county, New York, January 17, 1834. He was the son of Cyrus and Jane (Campbell) Foss. Like Bishop Goodsell, he was the child of a Methodist parsonage; his father was a member of the New York Conference, as were also his two brothers who lived to manhood, Archibald Campbell Foss and William Jay Foss, both of whom are now deceased. He was prepared for college at Amenia Seminary, Amenia, N. Y., and graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1854, with the highest honors. After his graduation he was teacher of mathematics in Amenia Seminary, and in 1856 was principal of the same institution. In 1857 he united with the New York Conference, and from that time until 1875 he was pastor in the New York and New York East Conferences, serving in the leading churches of New York City and Brooklyn. His ministry in these prominent churches was characterized by evangelical fervor, as well as pulpit ability. The hearers who thronged the churches which he served were concerned for their salvation and spiritual growth, rather than curious to hear some new thing. Revivals were promoted, the membership was increased, and, of course, every material interest of the churches was cared for. During the Civil War the voice of this young Methodist preacher was lifted up in strength on behalf of the Union. His patriotic addresses and sermons stirred the community and resulted in many enlistments on the part of the young men. Though he had many flattering offers to leave the pastorate, none of them were potent enough to draw him away from a work so near to his heart, until the imperative call came from his Alma Mater to assume the duties and burdens of the presidency of Wesleyan University in 1875. Of his work there one who was associated with him has made this record:

"Bishop Foss was called to the presidency of Wesleyan University at a time of crisis. Annual donors had accumulated into a debt of perilous magnitude, and the endowment had been shattered in a financial crash from which the whole country was suffering. Annual expense was more than twice the amount of annual income. It was largely due to the faith and courage of the new president that the crisis was passed, the debt paid, and a new and larger endowment created. The whole life of the College felt the influence of a character so pure and so strong. His stalwart conscientiousness, his transparent sincerity, his religious faith, which seemed a real vision of the invisible, were an inspiration. His relation to his colleagues was one of mutual confidence and affec-

tion. He felt the responsibility of leadership, and feared not to lead, but he cordially respected the opinions of others. Students trusted and loved him. Their ideal of Christian manliness seemed in him incarnate. As his administration passes into history, the alumni of that period will cherish his memory with somewhat of that transfiguring reverence in which the earlier generation has enshrined the name of Fisk."

In 1878 he was fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1880 he was elected Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference held in Cincinnati, O., along with Henry W. Warren, John F. Hurst and Erastus O. Haven. For twenty-four years he was an effective Bishop in our church in much more than the technical meaning attached to that expression by Methodist usage. He presided with dignity and grace in the Annual and General Conferences. He preached with earnestness and power. He adjusted the appointments of the preachers in the way which he believed would tend to the glory of God and the promotion of Christ's kingdom.

In 1886 he was fraternal delegate to the British and Irish Wesleyan Conferences, and during the same year presided over our European Conferences. In 1897-8 he made a trip around the world, presiding over the Missions and Conferences in India and Malaysia, and visiting our Missions in China and Japan. His episcopal residence from 1880 to 1888 was in Minneapolis, Minn. In the latter year he took up his residence in Philadelphia, which remained his home until his death.

As the Bishop resident in Philadelphia he was the successor of Matthew Simpson, whose eloquence, statesmanship and personal influence made it a difficult task to follow him. But all of our churches in the city and our benevolent institutions and agencies felt the touch of his Christian sympathy, and were aided by the counsels of his practical wisdom. From 1888 to 1906 he was president of the Board of Church Extension, and took an active interest in the promotion of the great work which the Board accomplished during that period. The City Missionary and Church Extension Society and the Philadelphia Collegiate Institute for Girls owe much of their present efficiency and promise of future usefulness to Bishop Foss. He gained a high place in the confidence and esteem of those prominent in the affairs of the church and the city outside of Methodism. Bishop Whitaker, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal Church, paid this tribute to him:

"I am glad to have the opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the character of Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, and the high esteem in which I hold him as a minister of Christ and as a man. He has clear views of truth and duty, and is always loyal to his convictions. The whole world of his influence has ever been one of truth and righteousness. He is yet by all the standards and criteria to be reckoned, and I feel that his influence is counted among the number of his friends."

The Hon. Charles Knox Smith, editor of the *Press*, wrote an appreciation of the Bishop as a citizen, in which he said:

"The influence of Bishop Foss upon the civic life of Philadelphia is worthy of special mention. Without being in any degree a sensationalist, or losing that conservatism of judgment which is an element of power in every public leader, he has been found in line with every great movement for reform, philanthropy or moral

improvement. As a counselor on committee in public service, his advice has been sane and practical. From the platform his message has always rung clear and true. While maintaining to the utmost the respect due to his calling, Bishop Foss has moved among men of the world in their wider and more varied relations, as a scholar, a man of affairs, and a gentleman. It is a gratification to know that he is to remain in Philadelphia, where many fields of service call for the help of his ripe counsel and manly worth."

The General Conference of 1904 released Bishop Foss from the active duties and burdens of the episcopal office. While he suffered much from a long and severe attack of illness since his retirement, he has not been inactive. In 1906-7 he made a second trip around the world, visiting our Missions in Ceylon, India, Malaysia, China, Korea and Japan, attending at Bareilly the Jubilee of Methodist Episcopal Missions in India, and at Shanghai the Centenary Anniversary of Protestant Christian Missions in China. He wrote many articles for the press, and in 1899 published "From the Himalayas to the Equator," a book of travel and description. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Wesleyan University in 1870, and Doctor of Laws from Cornell College, Ia., in 1876 and from the University of Pennsylvania in 1883.

Bishop Foss was twice married: in 1856 to Miss Mary E. Bradley, of Salisbury, Conn., who died in 1863; and in 1865 to Miss Amelia Robertson, of Peekskill, N. Y., who survives him. Two of his children died in infancy: Mary G. (Mrs. A. Clarence Weeks) died in 1904, at Alhambra, Cal., leaving a husband and children. Frances T. (Mrs. Francis A. Chamberlain), of Minneapolis, Minn.; Amelia (Mrs. James R. Thorpe), of Denver, Colo.; Cyrus D. Foss, Jr., a prominent layman of Philadelphia, interested specially in Church Extension and the Methodist Brotherhood; and Helen (Mrs. George B. Wood), of Philadelphia, are still living.

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#### The New Crandon Hall

REV. N. H. HOLMES, D.D.

On the afternoon of January 6, the cornerstone of the New Crandon Hall was laid in Rome, Italy. The weather proved very favorable for the occasion. The day was ideal, with a clear sky, bright sunshine, and a temperature which permitted a hundred and fifty Italians and about fifty Americans to sit out of doors, and be perfectly comfortable for more than an hour, during all the very interesting exercises. The services were in charge of Dr. W. N. Clark, the superintendent of our Mediterranean Mission, and the president of the Theological Seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. The address of the hour was delivered by Bishop Barr, which was listened to with rapt attention by those who met there. I deem the following to be the exercises as recorded in the *Crandon Hall Record*, and given to the *Crandon Hall Record* by our very honored and faithful daughter, Miss E. H. Barr, the accomplished daughter of Bishop Barr, and the worthy president of Crandon Institute was present, and also took part in the services.

As the Bishop arose to pronounce the benediction he invited all present to remain for tea, which was received by a large company, who were served handsomely, between the walls of what is to be the future dining-room, in the domain of Crandon Hall.

(Continued on Page 2b.)

"Keep the upward windows open."

#### Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Born Jan. 17, 1834 at Kingston, N. Y. Graduated from Wesleyan University in 1854 and spent three years as a teacher and principal in Amenia Seminary. Entered the Methodist ministry and served charges in the New York and New York East Conferences. Was elected President of Wesleyan University in 1875, and Bishop in 1880. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by his alma mater, and Doctor of Laws by Cornell College. He has been a contributor to the regular periodicals of the Church for many years, but has not published largely otherwise. Bishop Foss has of late made an episcopal visit to India, and a series of articles inspired by this trip has appeared in *The Advocate* during 1898.

"First Impressions of India," Feb. 10  
"First Impressions of India Methodism as Seen in India," March 3, 4  
"Genuine Bonanza in India," March 24  
"How Our Missionaries are Doing," Feb. 10

Cyrus David Foss, Jr., a lawyer prominent in political reform in Philadelphia, died at Lankenau Hospital, in that city, June 12 at the age of forty-nine. He had been ill of kidney disease for many weeks. Mr. Foss was a son of the late Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, and was born in New York, March 15, 1869. He was graduated at Wesleyan University in 1891 and was constitutional secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Philadelphia, 1892-93. He was graduated from the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania in 1896 and engaged for twenty-two years in the law practice of the city of Philadelphia. A man of the highest personal and political ideals, he allied himself courageously to the forces of municipal good government. He was a civil service commissioner, 1906-07, secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association and was secretary of the Int. Mayor Rudolph Blankenburg. He was married in 1906 to Maria Louise Higgins, who survives him, with his mother and three sisters. He was a member of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.

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improvement. As a counselor on committees in public service, his advice has been sane and practical. From the platform his message has always rung clear and true. While maintaining to the utmost the respect due to his calling, Bishop Foss has moved among men of the world in their wider and more varied relations, as a scholar, a man of affairs, and a gentleman. It is a gratification to know that he is to remain in Philadelphia, where many fields of service call for the help of his ripe counsel and manly worth."

The General Conference of 1904 released Bishop Foss from the active duties and burdens of the episcopal office. While he suffered much from a long and severe attack of illness since his retirement, he has not been inactive. In 1906-7 he made a second trip around the world, visiting our Missions in Ceylon, India, Malaysia, China, Korea and Japan, attending at Barcelona the Jubilee of Methodist Episcopal Missions in India, and at Shanghai the Centenary Anniversary of Protestant Christian Missions in China. He wrote many articles for the press, and in 1899 published "From the Himalayas to the Equator," a book of travel and description. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Wesleyan University in 1870, and Doctor of Laws from Cornell College, Ia., in 1876 and from the University of Pennsylvania in 1880.

Bishop Foss was twice married—in 1856 to Miss Mary E. Bradley, of Salisbury, Conn., who died in 1863; and in 1865 to Miss Amelia Robertson, of Peekskill, N. Y., who survives him. Two of his children died in infancy: Mary G. (Mrs. A. Clarence Weeks) died in 1904, at Alhambra, Cal., leaving a husband and children, Frances T. (Mrs. Francis A. Chamberlain), of Minneapolis, Minn., Amelia (Mrs. James R. Thorpe), of Denver, Colo.; Cyrus D. Foss, Jr., a prominent layman of Philadelphia, interested specially in Church Extension and the Methodist Brotherhood; and Helen (Mrs. George B. Wood), of Philadelphia, are still living.

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### The New Crandon Hall

REV. N. H. HOLMES, D.D.

On the afternoon of January 6, the cornerstone of the New Crandon Hall was laid in Rome, Italy. The weather proved very favorable for the occasion. The day was ideal, with a clear sky, bright sunshine, and a temperature which permitted a hundred and fifty Italians and about fifty Americans to sit out of doors, and be perfectly comfortable for more than an hour, during all the very interesting exercises. The services were in charge of Dr. W. N. Clark, the superintendent of our Mediterranean Mission, and the president of the Theological Seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. The address of the hour was delivered by Bishop Bar, which was listened to with rapt attention by these scholars and students, the singing of all the exercises being led in by the psalmists, Roman and Italian, with the organ accompaniment, and every word rendered in English. Miss L. H. Bar, the accomplished daughter of Bishop Bar, and the worthy president of Crandon Institute, was present, and also took part in the services.

As the Bishop rose to pronounce the benediction he invited all present to remain for tea, which was accepted by a large company, who were served handsomely between the walls of which is to be the future dining room, in the dormitory of Crandon Hall.

*Continued on Page 26.*

"Keep the upward windows open."

made doubt but that in beautiful buildings will be built and the largely intention is being called to the right avenue along could be built. Recently of Church purchased a Massachusetts Avenue for ground containing this \$250,000. Here the Episcopal church edifice with education thus proposed to have a group of buildings of the Protestant cathedral is less than away from the American in Providence which organization of the Protestant neighbor and on the ground institution of the much. Whatever be the all favors of Christian should know that these the most magnificent in Washington.

**FINE PLATES.**  
DINNER, GAME, FISH, SOUP, AND DESSERT.  
SPECIALTIES.

...Wedding and Christmas Gifts....

866 Broadway, N. Y.



SUBSCRIBE

1001

and line up with their missions as well for breakfast as do any other rookies.

Assuming that the candidates are well fitted theologically for their duties, inasmuch as they have been recommended by their denominational boards, the emphasis in the school is on arbitrary matters. The morning is occupied with class work in arbitrary law, probably the most arbitrary of the French law, but the afternoon and evening features are more than made up for by the work of the world was done and advice to remain under court martial emergency attendance upon the wounded, censorship of the mail, statistical reports on sickness and casualties, as well as the most effective methods of spiritual min-



Through  
India  
with  
Bishop Foss

Public Reception

given to the

Rev. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D.

on his return from India and Malaysia

by the

Ministry and Membership

of the

Methodist Episcopal Church

in Philadelphia and Vicinity

In the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church

Philadelphia

Thursday Evening, April 21, 1898

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Published by  
The Philadelphia Laymen's Association of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church  
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



PRESS OF  
TIMES PRINTING HOUSE  
725 CHESTNUT STREET  
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Committee on Reception to  
 REV. BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D., LL.D.  
 On his return from India. Philadelphia, April 21, 1898.



1 Bishop Foss	10 Rev. T. C. Murphey, D.D.	19 Rev. T. B. Neely, D.D., LL.D., Chairman
2 Hon. Rev. E. Pattison	11 Rev. S. W. Thomas, D.D.	20 Rev. F. B. Lynch, D.D.
3 C. C. Hancock	12 Rev. S. W. Gilchrist, D.D.	21 Rev. J. S. J. McConnell, D.D.
4 Hon. John Field	13 Charles Scott	22 Rev. J. R. T. Gray, D.D.
5 G. W. Leighton	14 Jas. J. Lacey, M.D.	23 Avery D. Harrington
6 F. W. Tunnell	15 Wm. H. Heisler	24 Rev. J. S. Hughes, D.D.
7 Clarence D. Antrim	16 Rev. J. G. Bickerton	25 Rev. W. L. McDowell, D.D.
8 A. G. M. F. L. B.		26 Rev. W. W. Ramsay, D.D.

## Introduction

The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church selected the Rev. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., the Resident Bishop of Philadelphia, to visit officially the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India and Malysia. In pursuance of this appointment Bishop Foss started on his tour in the month of October, 1897, and returned in April, 1898.

During his stay in India the bubonic plague continued its ravages among the people of that empire, but the Bishop passed through the dangers, endured the fatigue, and, in good health, completed his work.

In view of his expected return to Philadelphia, the Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the City of Philadelphia and vicinity, appointed a Committee to extend a welcome to the Bishop.

The Committee was composed of the following ministers: T. B. Neely, J. S. J. McConnell, S. W. Gehrett, S. W. Thomas, F. B. Lynch, T. C. Murphey, J. G. Bickerton, J. S. Hughes, J. R. T. Gray, W. L. McDowell, and W. W. Ramsay.

The Philadelphia Laymen's Association appointed the following laymen as a Committee to act in conjunction with the Committee from the Preachers' Meeting: C. C. Hancock, John Field, John E. James, Arthur M. Burton, Clarence D. Antrim, William H. Heisler, Robert E. Pattison, Charles Scott, J. W. Boughton, F. W. Tunnell, and Avery D. Harrington. The Combined Committee met and organized by electing the Rev. T. B. Neely, D. D., LL. D., Chairman, and the Rev. F. B. Lynch, D. D., Secretary.

The Committee decided to give Bishop Foss a public reception in the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church, on Thursday evening, the twenty-first of April. It adopted a written address of welcome, prepared by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely, and arranged for a series of exercises on the

subject of the reception of the Bishop. The exercises were held in the Arch Street Church, on Thursday evening, the twenty-first of April, and were attended by a large number of the members of the church and the community.

## Programme

President,  
REV. W. W. RAMSAY, D. D.,  
Pastor of the Arch Street Church

Vice-Presidents,  
C. C. HANCOCK, Ex-Governor R. E. PATTISON, and the  
Hon. JOHN FIELD.

---

SINGING— "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."  
Announced by Rev. J. S. Hughes, D. D.,  
Presiding Elder of the West District.

PRAYER— By Rev. T. C. Murphey, D. D.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES, by Rev. J. R. T. Gray, D. D.,  
Presiding Elder of the North District

SINGING— "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."  
Announced by Rev. W. L. McDowell, D. D.,  
Presiding Elder of the Northwest District.

READING AND PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS OF WELCOME  
TO BISHOP FOSS—Rev. T. B. Neely, D. D., LL. D.,  
Pastor of the Union M. E. Church.

RESPONSE AND ADDRESS—  
By Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D.

SINGING— "My Country! 'tis of Thee."  
Announced by Rev. H. A. Monroe, D. D.,  
Presiding Elder of the Central District.

BENEDICTION— By Rev. F. B. Lynch, D. D.,  
Presiding Elder of the South District

Prof. William G. Fischer, Precentor.

#### OPENING REMARKS—

In opening the meeting Dr. Ramsay said :

"We have come from all parts of this great city that as ministers and members of its more than one hundred Methodist churches we may manifest our devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the kindly providence which has returned to his home and friends, after his circuit of the globe, our greatly loved Bishop Foss, to whom we would extend a cordial welcome and cheerful greeting."

#### PRAYER—

By Rev. T. C. Murphey, D. D.

#### A PRAYER FOR THE NATION.

Dr. Murphey offered a prayer, in which he besought the blessing of God upon the country in the midst of its present anxieties and perplexities. "O Lord God Almighty," he said, in part, "Thou art the all-wise, the all-mighty, and we plead with Thee for peace. Thou understandest the condition of our nation, and the condition of the neighboring nation, and the nature of their differences. We earnestly pray for Thy divine interposition. But if it is necessary that war should prevail, we beseech Thee for mercy. Grant wisdom to the President of the United States and a clear and true perception of the difficulties which beset his course, and moral courage for his duties. Bless his counsellors. Bless our soldiers and sailors. May God prepare them for whatever may be awaiting them in the future." Dr. Murphey closed his prayer with a reference to Bishop Foss and the occasion which had brought the large congregation together.

#### Address of Welcome

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#### Address of Welcome

The formal address of welcome, read by Dr. Neely is as follows :

To the Reverend Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D.

Greeting : "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

The undersigned Committee of the ministers and laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, voicing the sentiments of the clergy and the churches in Philadelphia and vicinity, desire to extend to you a cordial welcome on your return from your episcopal visitation to the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the vast empire of India and Malaysia.

For almost ten years you have been the Bishop of our denomination resident in the City of Philadelphia, and, during these years, the Church has respected and honored you not only for your high office, but also for what you were and are in yourself and for the noble work you have done in the pulpit, and in the various executive departments of church activity.

Your lofty Christian character and your manifested interest in the affairs of our denomination in this great City and in its immediate vicinity, while at the same time you were occupied with the presidency of other and widely scattered conferences and with the general work of the denomination in this and other lands, has greatly impressed us, and your sympathy manifested toward individuals in time of sickness or other calamity has steadily strengthened the feeling that you were one of us as well as one with us.

When last October, under appointment of the Board of Bishops, you started from this City on your long journey to distant India, you were followed by the fervent prayers of preachers and people of our churches that you might have a safe journey, and that having discharged your supervisory duty in that expansive field, you might be brought back to us in health and strength.

During the period of your absence, which covered more than six months you have traveled many miles by sea and by land. You have made the circuit of the globe and in addition have traveled as many miles as more than equal the diameter of the earth. Notwithstanding the perils by sea and the dangers by land, and the fact that your duties carried you through a great section where a terrible epidemic was raging, yet through a Gracious

Providence you have been kept in health and strength, and now that you have returned after this long journey of thirty-three thousand miles, and this long absence, we greet and welcome you on your return, and come with thanksgivings to Almighty God that He has answered the many prayers that have been offered by our ministers and members, in that He has sustained you in the discharge of your episcopal duties, defended you from danger, and returned you to us in safety and in health.

In addition to this brief and formal address of welcome, we call your attention to this assemblage of preachers and people who have convened to-night to greet you and to extend to you their glad welcome, and these are but the representatives of the more than thirty-six thousand members and probationers in the one hundred and fifteen Methodist Episcopal Churches in the City of Philadelphia, to say nothing of those of adjoining sections.

One and all, both ministers and people, we welcome you, and pray that God may continue to bless you, that he may preserve your life and strength for many years, and that he may still make you a wise leader in the Church Militant and ultimately reward you in the Church Triumphant in heaven.

With great respect we present this address.

The address was signed by the following :

From the Ministry.	From the Laity
T. B. NEELY,	C. C. HANCOCK,
J. S. J. MCCONNELL,	JOHN FIELD,
S. W. GERRITT,	JOHN E. JAMES,
S. W. THOMAS,	ARTHUR M. BURTON,
F. B. LYNCH,	CHARLES D. ANTRIM,
T. C. MURPHY,	WM. H. HEISLER,
J. G. BICKERTON,	ROBT. E. PATTISON,
J. S. HUGHES,	CHARLES SCOTT,
J. R. T. GRAY,	J. W. BOUGHTON,
W. L. McDOWELL,	F. W. TUNNELL,
W. W. RAMSAY,	ALVA D. HARRINGTON.

After reading the address of welcome Dr. Neely on behalf of the committee, presented to Bishop Foss a beautifully engrossed copy of the address in album form and bound in seal.

THE RESPONSE OF BISHOP FOSS.

Bishop Foss then arose and gave the following response and address on his recent travels; the audience rising and greeting him with the "Chautauqua Salute."

Address of Bishop Foss

Mr. President and Christian Friends :

Before I utter a single word in glad and grateful acknowledgment of this very cordial and honorable address, I must be allowed to indulge my heart for an instant in recalling those beloved and lamented fellow-workers of ours who were with us last September and are not visibly present now. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them:" and our hearts follow them in high congratulation on the triumph which they have attained, and in solemn sadness on account of our sorrow.

Mr. President, I can find no words to utter the high appreciation which I feel in my heart of hearts for this welcome which has been so admirably voiced in the address of the Committee of Ministers and Laymen,—men whom I am glad to honor,—and also has had expression to my eyes in the presence of this great concourse, and in the smiling faces and gleaming eyes of this multitude of the picked Methodists, and other Christians as I perceive, of Philadelphia and its vicinity.

#### SOME GENERAL REMARKS.

Permit me, before addressing myself to the chief purpose of my standing here to-night and of your coming here to hear me, a few observations of a general sort such as would occur to any tourist, relating to matters which must arouse the attention of every intelligent observer who travels widely in the East—matters confessedly not of the highest moment, but of very curious and often of greatly delighted interest to men who have the opportunities which I have thus enjoyed.

In making the circuit of the earth I have traveled 33,000 miles—2,000 of them by sea—sixty-six days on almost all the seas and oceans in the north temperate and northern part of the torrid zones, with no hurricanes, no storm at all until I had been forty days on many seas, then two or three days and nights a little exciting to a landsman, but nothing to a sailor, not an hour of fog, and not a minute of that grievous central disturbance which makes the sea such a terror to multitudes of my fellow-men. On reaching Bombay I was furnished at the outset with abundant knowledge concerning

that great scourge which devastated that city and some other places in India in the winter of 1896-7, the bubonic plague. It is chiefly a winter disease; last summer it almost disappeared. When I was in Bombay in November and December the death-rate from the plague ranged from four to fourteen a day, touching no Europeans at all; in January and February it rapidly increased; and I have just received this week a letter from Bishop Thoburn in which he states concerning it some particulars such as I have not lately seen in print, which I give you very briefly. The letter bears date Bombay, March 8th. He says: "I find all well, but the plague has not abated in the least. The deaths yesterday were 193; and the daily death-rate has been in the neighborhood of 200 for two weeks past. Europeans still escape, for the most part." So that, although the efforts to stamp out the plague have been partially successful, there is deep apprehension and fear that it may spread to other great cities in India on the eastern coast, whose filthy condition certainly invites it. No words can well express the admiration which the British Government and the India department of it deserve for their heroic efforts, with unstinted use of money and of all available scientific skill, to limit, and, if possible, to destroy this awful scourge; and the same may be said of the efforts to relieve the famine, which had pretty much ceased when I reached India last November. A great many deaths have occurred during the winter as the indirect consequence of the famine, and the statements made by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the "Cosmopolitan" magazine, which were so severely criticised, according to the best information I could get in India did not exaggerate the dreadful consequences of the famine.

#### BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

I referred to the British Government. One of the marvels of history—one of the most striking series of events in it, in any generation and in any land, may be summed up in the phrase, "British Rule in India." How it came to pass that a nation having its chief seat of empire on a little island, on the west coast of Europe, should have been able to subjugate a territory as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River, and to bring almost all the native rulers under its authority, and since to hold disarmed a population of two hundred and eighty-seven million people, and give them the best government by far that they have ever had, and to do this with only eighty thousand British soldiers, and with British residents (men, women and children all put together) less than one hundred and ninety thousand,—surely this is one of the greatest marvels recorded in authentic history. It sounds like the



wildest romance; but is the solid and magnificent achievement of one of the great governing and colonizing nations of the globe—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and I want to add this, in this time when I will not say we greatly need (for any other reason than a sympathetic reason) the friendship of the mother country: I want to say this, that, traveling around the globe, I have met with Englishmen—a great many of them—of all ranks of society, several earls, more lords, officers of the army and navy and of the merchant marine, merchants and barristers, missionaries and their critics, clergymen and mechanics; and have talked with them or heard them talk; and I have not met a single Englishman, even in the freedom of the conversations on board vessels where we were together many days, which are sure to loosen men's tongues if anything can, I have not met a single Englishman who said in my hearing, at any time, any word concerning our country that was not a word of respect and friendship. [Applause.] And when, on board English ships, called to conduct religious services, I prayed in the same breath, more than once, for the Queen Empress of India, and for the President of the United States, the rustle of satisfaction and gladness amounted almost to applause; and I am sure you will all heartily join me in saying "God save the Queen" and "God bless Old England." [Applause.]

#### CURIOUS THINGS.

Among the curious things which I am to speak to you about, in a few words, in this introduction to the graver speech which is to come later, I cannot pass by the striking and very disgusting spectacles which I saw in Bombay, in the methods employed in disposing of the bodies of the dead, in the Burning Ghats and the Towers of Silence. Imagine, if you can anywhere outside the heathen world, a vast enclosure as large as one of the largest blocks in this city, surrounded by a stone wall fifteen feet in height and within it, every day fifteen, twenty or one hundred corpses burned to ashes on separate piles of wood, right in the heart of the city: so that as you drive along the fine boulevard most disgusting smoke and odors offend your senses. The Towers of Silence, used by the Parsees only, are great circular walls twenty-five feet in height and one hundred feet in diameter, with iron gratings near the bottom on which the bodies of the dead are laid while hundreds of vultures hover around in expectation, pounce down upon them from their roost on the wall or from their flight in the sky, and in about ten minutes every particle of flesh is gone from the bones. From the windows of Bishop Thoburn's house I first made

the acquaintance of the omnipresent—friends (shall I say?) of humanity in India (because of their service as scavengers)—the *coracs*; which gather by the thousand in the most populous quarters of all the larger cities of India—tens of thousands—with their perpetual "caw! caw!" so that you can scarcely hear another sound, morning and evening. They are not quite so big as our crows and wear a kind of light gray sash around their necks; they will come to the window ledge close by you, and leer at you and scold you and call you names till you get up and drive them away, and then come back in a few minutes and repeat the process until you really feel mean and wonder whether you are such a scoundrel. They snatch the bread and butter out of the hands of the children; they rob the cook going from the cook-house to the dining-room of the victuals on the plate; in many ways they are a perpetual annoyance. But not more so than the monkeys in some of the cities of northern India, (which are more disgusting still), and are worse thieves, by far. Many a time a demure monkey, apparently asleep, only waits until some passer-by comes with food to their taste, carelessly carried, when, with a sudden stroke of his long hand, he will bring it all down upon the street, and twenty monkeys, which have been notified to be on hand, will at once grab it up and run away with it. Then there are the flying foxes, those enormous bats, of which I saw thousands flying over the parks in Lucknow and Cawnpore, weighing about one pound and a-half each, with the head, shoulders and body of a fox, as perfect as you can imagine, and with wings that spread four feet from tip to tip (I measured some after they were dead). I will tell you of a more pleasing sight, the "pigeon orchid" of Malaysia, an inch and a-half in length, whiter than the whitest lily, with the perfect form of a white pigeon with its two wings spread and its tail raised. The remarkable fact is that myriads of these blooms, which grow wild, come out once every month in the year in the torrid zone, absolutely on the same day—every one of these millions—and the next day they fade. And now, what is still more surprising, in the islands near by the same beautiful flower blossoms monthly in the same way every one on the island simultaneously, but on a different day from the blossoming day in Singapore.

No man can go to Rangoon, Burmah, without being told that one of the greatest sights there is the working elephants. There are very great lumbering interests in Rangoon. I went to one of the large saw-mills where I saw nine working elephants, which carried the logs to the saws and brought away the slabs, then brought away the timbers and piled them up. I saw two of them

piling bridge timbers thirty-five feet long, from sixteen to twenty-two inches square, weighing from two to three tons each; making them into piles twelve feet high, that were never touched by any human hands; but these beasts, with intelligence superior to that of many of the human natives of the country, under the direction of drivers sitting on their necks, raised the great timbers and slipped them to their places as deftly as you can imagine.

#### MISSIONARY PROGRESS.

Let me now address myself to the condition and progress of the Christian religion, and especially the Methodist type of it, in the British Empire in India. I wish first to make a general statement—a very brief one—and then to impress it upon your minds by a few vivid pictures. This is the total plan of what I shall now say; and I know that the rhetoricians would criticise me at once, some of them, for turning the subject round, and beginning where I ought to end, but I will tell you frankly my reason: I am so sure that I can make good to you the thesis with which I begin this part of my remarks that I do not hesitate to tell you at the outset my deliberate conclusion on the subject of which I speak. Now although I have some notes before me, you will see I am not going to read you an essay; these sheets are simply the chains by which I am trying to hold myself, so that I may not trespass unduly on your patience to-night. The collective judgment I have formed is about this, that Christianity, and the Methodist type of it, in India, have brought forth in this generation a volume of Christian evidences of greater value to the world than all the volumes of Christian evidences that can be gathered from the libraries of the theological seminaries of both hemispheres. That in our time, in the lifetime of the younger men here before me now, the Christian religion has so taken hold in the vast empire of India, among almost three hundred million people, as almost to enable the careful observer to see the very foot-prints of the ever-living Christ all over that land; and I shall hardly exaggerate my sense of the truth on this subject if I should add that if the too laggard church could but come a little nearer to her divine-human leader, his fresh foot-prints would be seen everywhere among the nations.

The difference between the books and the sight of such evidences of Christianity as I have had the privilege to witness in the recent months, is all the difference between reading a treatise on the expansive power of steam and walking the deck of a magnificent six thousand ton steamer plunging through the billows in the midst of the ocean and feeling the constant throb of its hot

heart, until in twelve days it has crossed the great Pacific. I find not how, in any words which I have been able to frame with tongue or pen, to make any statement strong enough to voice my own burning conviction that the Lord Jesus Christ is taking India. Call to mind, if you please, Judson in Burma, toiling, praying, fearing, hoping for many a weary year before he had a single convert, and Maclay similarly waiting in China; and then hear the facts which I am about to state, that only forty years ago, under appointment and advice of those two great missionary leaders of the church, both whose names are especially sacred in this City of Brotherly Love, John P. Durbin and Matthew Simpson, William Butler went out to plant Methodism in India; and then consider well what I now tell you; I wish these figures might be burned into your memory; that we now have in India and Malaysia seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-three communicants of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of whom thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty were baptized within two years; one thousand two hundred and fifty-nine schools, with thirty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine pupils; two thousand four hundred and eighty-five Sunday Schools, with eighty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-nine scholars; two hundred and nine Epworth Leagues with ten thousand three hundred and thirty-seven members; two hundred and twenty-six Foreign Missionaries, including the ministers, their wives and the missionary teachers of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society; and native laborers in various ranks of employment, making a staff of three thousand five hundred and thirty-seven paid workers; and that the total value of our church, school and other properties is three million six hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and eighty rupees.

#### SOLID FOUNDATIONS.

The foundations of our work in India have been broadly and solidly laid in both the great departments of missionary labor, the educational and the evangelistic. Some missionary societies devote themselves almost entirely to education, and the missionaries are little more than schoolmasters; some almost entirely to evangelistic work. Our Church does both and does both strongly and well—and makes the two cooperate with and reinforce each other. Some ten years ago when that little bunch of consecrated and sagacious optimists called James M. Thoburn (just then elected to the Missionary Episcopacy), began his first tour among the churches in America before he went out to India and Malaysia he statted

the Church by saying that he hoped to live to see the day when there would be ten thousand converts under the care of our Church in India alone in a single year; and we heard it with wonder—some of us raising the question whether he was the wildest of fanatics or a courageous and veritable prophet of the living God. I am thankful to say that I was one of those who at the time chose the latter horn of this dilemma; the events of the last ten years have abundantly justified that belief, and instead of ten thousand there have been twelve thousand, thirteen thousand, one year eighteen thousand converts in a single year, brought to Christian baptism under the labors of our missionaries in India and Malaysia! And these numbers might be vastly augmented if only—as one of our native pastors said in my hearing—we could provide “holders up” of the converts, that is, plain, comparatively illiterate but genuinely converted, pastor teachers, who should train them in Christian knowledge and guard them against the temptations sure to assail them.

#### NAINI TAL.

I cannot get on with these chains. (And the Bishop flung his notes to the floor.) Let me show you one picture I have to draw. After only four days in Bombay, by a slow three days' journey on cars where you have to provide your own bed, bedding and towels,—I reached a beautiful spot among the mountains—itsself 6,000 feet above the level of the sea,—Naini Tal, which means the “Lake of the Goddess Naini.” It is a wonderful lake—I know of nothing in this country to suggest it, unless it be Lake Mohonk. Naini Tal is twice as green and ten times as big, and is surrounded by mountains 1,500 feet in height, on whose steep sides, embowered in the greenest foliage, are seen the elegant palatial homes of summer residents and English officials, and sanitariums for missionaries, and Christian schools and churches. From one of the near heights I got my first glimpse of “The Snows,”—as they call them all over India,—a very diminutive name for the snow-clad Himalaya Mountains, and there I saw, one night before sunset, and the next morning at sunrise, sixty-three peaks—the highest of them 25,700 feet in height and the lowest, 20,000 feet. As the setting sun withdrew its rays from them one after another they seemed to withdraw themselves almost, and to turn into sullen heaps of gray ashes, as darkness quickly covered them, but out of it, the next morning, at break of day, they rose before my eyes in glorious resurrection and majestic state. It was a sight, never to be described nor forgotten. But when I came down from that vision,—

which can never be equaled for me in this world,—I had a still profounder impression. I had just seen, on a slope of the Himalayas the glacier from which one of the fountains of the Ganges bursts forth. I then saw at Naini Tal a grander sight, the spot where William Butler had stood in God's name when he smote the rock of heathenism, and lo! India Methodism!—and the rill had become a river. For four days I was there, watching its wondrous flow, at a District Conference, in which were included an Epworth League meeting, a temperance meeting, and various other meetings. Some fifty native teachers and local preachers and stewards and class leaders were present, and also,—and I cannot mention it without a quick heart-throb,—one of the teachers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.—Miss Budden, of Pithoragarh, with her forty-nine girls and women—native Christians, brought to Jesus largely by her instrumentality, whom she had led nine days' march over the rough mountain paths, twelve miles each day, carrying on their heads their tents and their food and their blankets—twenty-five pounds on the head of every woman,—ten pounds on the head of every girl,—nine days' march, to be with us four days in the corner of our humble little church, and listen, and wait, and wait and listen, and sing and get blessings from God,—as they did in rich abundance, and nine days back again over rough mountains and along weary marches to their work again. That was my first strong impression of the river flowing in India; but I stood on its banks in many other places, presently.

#### A CAMP-MEETING IN INDIA.

A short time after, with the Rev. Dr. Goucher, who was my constant attendant and helper in all this visitation, and with Bishop Thoburn, I spent four days at the Hathras camp-meeting in northern India. At the railroad station we found a line of our native Christians and of our children from the schools, with a few of our American missionaries at the head of the line, drawn up on each side of the path, a third of a mile in length, to receive us with a band of native music, with the sound of fire-crackers and other exultations, and with lofty songs because we came as the representatives of the great mother Church which had made possible to them the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I cannot describe the scenes of those four days as under the spreading banyan trees we joined these people in their religious services. We tried to get at the questions whether the converts were converted, and whether this was really Christianity that we saw, and the genuine Methodist type of it. In our daily attendance of the

meetings we had interpreters sitting beside us to keep us posted. On the Sabbath morning several of the recent converts were baptized. There was among them an old gray-haired man who for many years had been a fakir, but had forsaken his idolatry, and was sitting at the feet of Jesus. When I was about to administer the rite of Holy Baptism to him, after he had been closely questioned by Bishop Thoburn, the old man, as his last break from idolatry, took off his rosary (I have it here) and cast it down at my feet as though to say, "My heathenism is at an end; tell my friends in America that my only trust is in the precious blood of the Lamb." I prize this fine rosary, not only because of its intrinsic value, but because of its associations with the religious superstition of its pagan owner almost from his boyhood.

#### A HEATHEN MELA.

A few weeks later while attending one of our conferences—the Northwest India Conference—at Allahabad, I had the opportunity to visit one of the great heathen melas. A mela is any festival—generally a religious festival—and we have wisely adopted the word for our camp-meetings. This heathen mela is fixed at Allahabad for certain weeks of January and February every year; and tens of thousands of pilgrims (sometimes as many as ninety or a hundred thousand in a single day), from anywhere within fifty or a hundred miles, come with their blankets and with a little food, to bathe at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna Rivers, the most sacred place in all India, believing that to bathe in those waters gives better promise of release from sin than anything else that they know of. Numberless thousands, I suppose five, ten, or twenty thousand gather in a few hours. Between a great bluff on which the city is situated and the junction of these rivers, there is a vast stretch of sand, a mile and a quarter in width, traversed by sprinkled paths. On both sides of the broad avenue are many hundreds of beggars, the most filthy and disgusting you can conceive of, exposing every manner of physical deformities, nine-tenths of which are simulated, and among them scores—I think there were a hundred or more especially "holy men" (as they call the fakirs)—one I saw who had his left foot securely planted above his right knee and held there for years. His penance was to be twelve years standing on his right foot with a little board under his breast and a cord attached to that fastened to a post behind him, supporting one-third of his weight, he was esteemed especially holy because for eleven years he had not had his left foot on the ground. Another had one arm extended perpendicularly until it

had grown as stiff as iron—could not by any possibility be brought down. Others were buried in dust so that nothing but the nose and mouth protruded; and every expiration of the breath blew a cloud of dust into the air. There were several on beds of spikes. One had been on his spike bed for five years; another for more than six; another for nine, twelve being the maximum penance.

Dr. Goucher, who was with me, is a great collector: somehow he is a sort of magnet to which things come. He came back from one of those beds of spikes with three or four of the spikes; he had tried to get the man lying on one of them to sell him some, but the answer was that he could not possibly do that. "Well," said the doctor, "let me take some;" and catching the gleam of some copper coins in the doctor's hands the devotee turned his head the other way while the doctor took some and gave him a handful of corn. The spikes are three inches in length, sharpened at both ends, driven into the board about an inch, and on several hundred such spikes the poor fellows lie until their callous backs and legs become somewhat accustomed to them; but it is a matter of twelve years, or else the thing is a failure. (Here is one of the spikes.) Do you think I can put into words the impressions with which I left that place (after some hours of wandering about) concerning the disgusting and ruinous heathenism in which hundreds of millions of my fellow-creatures are held in India? Beside the great pathway was a little booth in which four or five native preachers (two of whom understood English) were preaching the gospel, and I stopped and found one who could interpret for me. Presently there came up an old man; a little crowd gathered; he heard with them the singing, and then the plain preaching, and he put now and then a question which the missionary would stop and answer. When the talking stopped and there came a little lull I had a half-hour's chat with the old man through an interpreter. He had one of his sacred books wrapped up carefully, which he unwrapped and showed me, and read me something from it, and then he put it aside awhile. I noticed while he was talking to me he had his hand in this little bag—a prayer bag in which, with that hook so hung to his girdle and with a place for his thumb on one side and the fingers on the other, he was busily moving his hand all the time. I asked him what he was doing. "Why I am counting off my beads—saying my prayers." Said I: "You don't want them—let me have them." He smiled and said: "They don't do me any good." So presently he handed me over the string of beads and I gave him half a rupee of silver and told him I would be glad if he would take that and I would take his treasure—and he said it was

no longer of any use to him. I pointed him to Jesus; and he listened to me and tried to upset me by quotations from his book; and then listened and listened and wanted to know more of my Master; and when my time was up and I arose to leave, and he gave me his hand, he said, "I will be *your* disciple." "O," I said, "I don't want you; I will turn you over to my Lord, Jesus Christ;" and I came on my way.

"RAW HEATHEN."

Look now at a very different picture, which I saw in the immediate vicinity of a little village called Bahraj, where two years and a-half before we had only fifteen converts, the overflow from Bombay;—and that shows you how missions propagate themselves; you can't keep them in fences. We had a field assigned us in northern India—you might as well assign limits to the rising tide of the Atlantic Ocean as to assign a narrow field to James M. Thoburn and his fellow-missionaries and the Methodist Church anywhere on the face of the earth. John Wesley told an everlasting truth concerning it when he said "The world is my parish." Well, pardon this Pauline digression! Fifteen of these Gujerati converts from Bombay got up into the region of Baroda: of course our missionaries followed them, and in two and a-half years they had become fourteen hundred. I wish we had such success as that all over Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. The missionaries extemporized a little camp-meeting under the banyan trees for Dr. Goucher, Bishop Thoburn and myself to meet these converts; we went there and found them gathered from scores of little villages. When I speak of villages, I do not mean what you call a village here; I mean simply a little collection of mud huts—perhaps, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred of them—in which human beings live and from which they go forth to their daily toil in the fields. In villages of that sort, within twenty miles, these fourteen hundred Christians lived; and twelve hundred of them got out to see the American strangers; and they had a morning and afternoon of holy song and delightful addresses and the utterance of Christian experiences and exhortation—and then in the afternoon, as we drew near the close of the services, Dr. Goucher and I had the honor and the pleasure to baptize two hundred and twenty-five persons, mostly recent converts, including twenty-five or thirty children of those converts, many of them four or five years old, running around the grounds clad in nothing except the brown silk in which they were born. Bishop Thoburn strictly questioned all the adults before we baptized them. They were arranged in rows, sitting on the ground

and they were closely questioned somewhat thus: "Do you believe in one God?" "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" "Do you forsake your idols—have you put away every token of idolatry?" "Will you forsake" this and that and the other? "Will you give up especially *Ghali*?" which is the Hindostanee word for the obscene abuse of your mother and your grandmother. They do not swear; their swearing is the obscenity of abusing each other's ancestors, and especially female ancestors: "Will you break away from all that and every other wicked thing?" And when they had answered many such searching questions I said to one of the missionaries: "Do these poor fellows and these poor women know anything about the Apostles' Creed?" He took the question forward and said "Our American bishop wants to know whether you know anything about the Apostles' Creed;" and then said to the interpreter, "Ask them and let them try it;" and then those adults repeated the Apostles' Creed from beginning to end better than I have often heard it repeated in America, unless it was read from the book; and could have done the same with the 23d Psalm, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. "Raw heathen," I have heard said of these people in Europe and in America. "Raw heathen." Yes, such they were; such *they were*. How, then, did they come to know these things? Because for four or six months pastor teachers, converted men, knowing almost nothing but Jesus Christ, went through these villages every evening when the laborers came home from the fields and held village prayer services, in which the New Testament was read and plainly expounded, and the Apostles' Creed was taught, and the Lord's Prayer was taught, and the Ten Commandments were taught; so that I saw although they had all been "raw heathen," when we visited them they were penitent Christian believers. I said to Dr. Parker—(you know his stalwart form and noble face and excellent work, many of you: if there had been a missionary Bishop elected by the last General Conference it would have been he;) I said to him, "Dr. Parker, tell me frankly, when you thus win twenty, or one hundred, or two hundred of these raw heathen and baptize them, how many are steadfast after a few years?" He answered: "We have done that again and again—and where they are properly cared for by their pastors, after a year or two years you will find ninety-five per cent of them every time with their faces toward the cross, leading good lives and doing their best to break away from their heathenishness." "Raw heathen?" "God send us more of them, and send us the grace to strengthen and uphold them, and to present them at last before Him with exceeding joy."

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

I cannot speak fully now of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, but must give you one brilliant picture of its work which must ever abide in my memory. I am bound to say that its representatives, no less than the missionaries sent out by the parent society, gave us perpetual opportunities for talk, talk, talk, with unlimited tea, tea, tea.

In Madras, the first morning, before we got through our *Chotahaziri* or little breakfast, (just simply a cup of tea and two very little bits of toast served before we got out of bed in the morning), a saintly lady who is in charge of our Woman's Foreign Missionary work in that city, sent us word that we must surely come over at 11 o'clock and see some of the work of her teachers; and there, in the humble missionary home in which she lives, we saw forty dusky little maidens of the higher castes of that city, sent at good prices for tuition to this school, because it is the best school to be found in Madras; and those little maidens were dressed in the finest silks that India could produce; and jewels—they had jewels in the tops of their ears and in the bottoms of their ears; they had them in their noses; they had them on all the joints of their fingers and even on their thumbs, on their wrists and on their elbows and on their ankles and on their toes, so that they fairly jingled with jewels whenever they stirred; and they stirred a great deal, because they went through some very striking calisthenics and some very lively singing. Beside these, and somewhat younger, were, perhaps, twenty little girls without a jewel, in the plainest clothing—waifs of society, picked up by saints of the living God, out of the dust of heathenism and out of the deepest poverty—trained in the orphanage and brought to the knowledge of the blessed Christ; and there was also there that wonderful personage whose biography I wish every Christian before me might read, and that it might be in every Sunday School library and in every family in the United States—Sooboomagam Ammal—a high caste woman, with all her privileges and wealth of jewelry three years ago, taught of Jesus in the Zenana until she wanted to come to him—but how could she break away and have her *ada* celebrated by her friends as it was celebrated afterwards? But two years ago she came to Miss Stephens, cast herself down at her feet, and said: "I am your Christmas present"—and from that hour she had broken utterly away from all her old connections. I saw her again and again, with no jewels going forth daily into the Zenana, and to the scrubbing of floors and the humblest of work—a true, noble, consecrated

saint—bound to get to the bottom of society, and if she can, also to the top of it, and to be a faithful missionary among her own people.

I saw also a Zenana woman who, until that day, had never seen the face of a white man—had seen no man's face near at hand excepting the face of her husband and son and of the servants about her house; but having been converted some years ago, in a quiet way in the zenana, and having learned to love Jesus, she at last persuaded her husband (having laid by all her jewels) to let her come to that house, and see the little children, and hear them sing, and see these American strangers. She had holes in her ears almost as big as a copper cent—the lower lobe being as large as the upper, to hang large jewels there to please the eyes of her husband and her son. She sat there hardly daring to cast her eyes around; and yet she gathered courage, and when the meeting went on, and was almost over, with sweet voice she sang "All the Way Along it is Jesus." The next day we laid the corner-stone of the new orphanage which Miss Stephens is building. And now let me tell you a strange fact. The great pavilion in which we met, which was twice as large as this audience room, was adorned with beautiful tapestries and hangings, flags were suspended along the main street of the city a half-mile each way, and lights at night along the same street for the same distance, great bamboo towers were built, fifty feet high, hung around in the evening with hundreds of lights, and all this was done by a native heathen gentleman, because he had come to believe that this school work which these blessed Christian women are doing is philanthropic and excellent work. This high government officer this solid merchant and man of wealth, did all this with a cheerful heart, as a kind of unconscious testimony on his own part to the way in which the kings of the world and the wealth of the world (when Isaiah's splendid visions are fulfilled) are to be brought and laid at Jesus' feet. One-third of the pavilion was shut off by a curtain behind which were three hundred Zenana women who, until that day, had never been out into the world and seen the faces of white men; and we noticed, as the exercises of speech and song went on that the bamboo curtain was raised six inches, and long rows of brilliant eyes were peering out and keen ears were listening; and when the service ended, our benefactor, Mr. P. Venkatachary, who had done all this work of preparation—arranging music, arrangements, having Miss Stephens nothing in the way of expense that day except to pay for the corner-stone itself, took us there to that curtain and introduced us to his wife, who shrank and drew back, as though from pollution, and yet did touch the white man's hand, as did a few others of

the women there. We saw the bright-eyed, saintly Sooboomagam Ammal moving around among them, getting the frowns of some and the indifferent greeting of others, and the wondering looks of many. They knew what she had left; and only a few months before had had a great public meeting for the reprehension of the rich woman who could break her caste and leave her friends and have her funeral publicly celebrated by them before she died. O, my friends! do not such facts open a rift into darkest India?

#### MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITIES.

Now let me add, if only our beloved church were able, (nay, we are *able*), were so awake as to be *willing* to lay such gifts on the altar of the Foreign Missionary Society, that we might add twenty-five per cent. only for the work in India next year, and as much the year after, I tell you my sober conviction, (which is as clear as anything which I have profoundly studied and about which I know the facts), we might double the number of our communicants and pupils, and our influence for good, in India, in forty-eight months; and in the early years of the century to come, if the dear Lord shall only give us reserved energies of the Holy Spirit, for which my praying heart often lays claim in humble faith—in the opening years of the coming century I see nothing to prevent a million converts in India in a decade. The people are forsaking the old religions and are disgusted with them. The British Government carries with it all around the globe the Bible, and Protestant Christianity, and the form of sound words in the English liturgy, and is a savor of good on these lines; and I, for one, am glad and grateful for this influence of the nation from which we sprang.

#### THE GOUCHER SCHOOLS.

A final word—I beg your pardon for detaining you so long—a final word. I have said that my traveling companion in this long tour was Rev. Dr. Goucher, President of the Woman's College of Baltimore. Many of you may not have known until you saw my account of it in our church papers recently that for fifteen years Dr. Goucher had been supporting more than a hundred primary village schools in India, at an aggregate cost of more than a hundred thousand dollars, at only costs thirty or forty dollars a year to get a Christian teacher. These schools flowered out into a fine high school in Moradabad, for both girls and boys. Will you take this sober statement and put it into your memories? These schools have educated pastors and presiding elders and pastor-teachers and

local preachers and day-school teachers, through whose influence, as the reports of the presiding elders distinctly show, in these fifteen years 27,000 converts have been added to our church. That is the sort of school we believe in. I met a minister of another branch of the Christian Church—I will not name it—I do not mean to criticise it—every church must judge for itself—who had been, with six other university graduates for about fifteen years teaching a great school with a college course in it; and now it has six hundred pupils. I heard him say that in all those fifteen years he was not aware that a single one of those students had been converted. Our beloved church in every land believes that when the Lord Jesus Christ said, "Go ye, teach all nations," He did not mean simply to send out schoolmasters; because, in another form of that same commission, it runs, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; and so our teachers are missionaries and our missionaries are teachers; their prayers and their lessons and their love for souls all work together; they lead their pupils to Christ.

I will not take time to tell of the awful famine; that dreadful scourge of India was made directly the means of putting under our care thousands of children and young women; and many who a year ago were immersed in heathenism and ready to perish for lack of bread, under our care have within one year been taught and converted and brought to a happy Christian life; and we see how the great power of God is able to bring good out of evil.

#### HOME AGAIN.

I am glad to be back again, I am glad to have rested for three weeks in flowery Japan; I am glad to say that on the last Sunday I spent in Tokio, riding six miles through a fierce rain in a little narrow jimikisha, with two bare-legged Japanese to draw me—when I got to the little church in a heavy rain I found one hundred and thirty native Japanese, and through an interpreter preached to them the simplest gospel I could command, and, having closed, I sat down; but, during the singing said to myself, "Why hadn't you the courage here where the Japanese are too touchy and polite to put religious experience straight to men, why hadn't you the courage to ask if anybody wanted to be a Christian?" And so before they rose to sing the "Kyrie" I got up in great exaltation and invited any who wished to come to Christ to rise and stand, seven arose—five young men, some of whom are students in the Imperial University, and two middle-aged women. Then I asked them forward and they came, and sat down, and I tried to tell them

the simple way of faith. And somehow or other, I felt as though my license to preach had been renewed; and I am ready to go around the globe again if only I may be God's voice to bring seven sinners—especially seven heathen sinners—to the mercy-seat. I am very glad to be back here. "There's no place like home;" and, next after that dear spot where your wife and children are, there is no place like a great Christian community in which you elbow up against like-minded, hearty, sympathetic fellow-workers in the kingdom of Jesus Christ. I am back again. How long I shall be back I cannot tell. You speak your word of welcome; I thank you; it shows that you cordially appreciate my return; though, as one of the wide-ranging itinerants of the church, I cannot command very much time in the city I love so well. Next after my official duties I am here again to lend a hand of help to our City Missionary and Church Extension Society, of which I am one of the officers. I am here to help Methodists in Philadelphia to understand a little better how much they need, for their own sakes, a good strong Christian school for their girls; I am here to resume my place among the managers of our general Board of Church Extension. I am here to lend at least a heart of sympathy to our local Methodist philanthropic institutions and to our numerous churches. I cannot be with you constantly. I am here and there and everywhere on my official errands.

I hope to run with you a little longer in this pilgrim path, and trust that through God's infinite mercy we shall meet at length on the golden streets with our loved and lamented ones at the right hand of the Father, and cast our starry crowns at our enthroned Redeemer's feet with immortal rapture.

At the conclusion of Bishop Foss' address, the audience individually engaged in a warm handshaking with the honored guest of the evening.

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NOTE

Information relative to additional copies of this pamphlet can be had by addressing Clarence D. Antrim, Secretary of the Philadelphia Laymen's Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1011 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

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## BISHOP FOSS WELCOMED

A Cordial Reception to Celebrate  
His Return From India.

### CLERGY AND LAYMEN AS HOSTS

**Dr. Foss Gives an Interesting Account of  
Work Being Done in India by  
Methodist Episcopal  
Missionaries.**

As a welcome home after his travels in India, Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Philadelphia, was tendered a reception by the ministry and laity of the churches of this city at the Arch Street M. E. Church, Broad and Arch Streets, last night. The edifice, decorated with plants and flowers, was crowded. Over the pulpit was the word "Welcome" in flowers, above that was "Christ is Risen," in letters formed by lighted gas jets, and above all two large American flags were draped. \* \* \*

After the Bishop had concluded his address the audience sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and then a large number of people extended a personal welcome to the Bishop.

*Philadelphia Record, April 22, 1898*

## GLADLY GREETED ON HIS RETURN

BISHOP FOSS GIVEN AN ADDRESS BY  
MEMBERS OF HIS CHURCH.

WAS ABROAD FOR SIX MONTHS

**The Methodist Episcopal Dignitary Gives  
an Interesting Account of His Experiences  
in India—Warm Praise for British Rule  
in That Country. Some Wonderful Ele-  
phants.**

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., Resident Bishop of Philadelphia, was given a hearty reception last evening in the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Broad and Arch streets, on his return from India and Malaya by the ministry and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of this city. The Rev. Dr. W. W. Ramsey, pastor of Arch Street Church, presided. An address of welcome was read by the Rev. J. J. Neely, of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church. A feature of the evening was the reading of a uniformed and equipped band of men and women who conferred the reception committee was presented to the Bishop. Bishop Foss acknowledged the order of the welcome accorded him and said that he was delighted to be once more among his friends.

*Philadelphia Times, April 22, 1898*

## WELCOMED HOME.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION TENDERED  
BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS.

**Ministry and Laity of the Methodist Episco-  
pal Church Unite to Honor Him—Ad-  
dress Presented by the Rev. Dr. Neely.**

The ministry and laity of the Methodist Episcopal churches, in this city, united last night in tendering an enthusiastic reception to Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., in Arch Street Church, Broad and Arch Streets, in honor of his return from India and Malaya. The church, which was filled to its utmost capacity by Methodists from all over the city, was prettily decorated with potted plants and flags. The Rev. Dr. W. W. Ramsey, pastor of Arch Street Church, presided, and the Vice Presidents were C. C. Hancock, ex-Governor Pattison and John Field. \* \* \*

At the close of Bishop Foss's address, which was listened to throughout with the deepest interest and pleasure, manifested at times by applause, the patriotic hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was sung by all present.

The benediction was then pronounced after which all present were given an opportunity to extend a personal welcome to Bishop Foss.

*Philadelphia Public Ledger, April 22, 1898*

## BISHOP FOSS' WELCOMING.

Ministry and Laity Unite in  
a Cordial Public  
Reception.

SAFE JOURNEY OVER GLOBE.

Missionary Work in India the  
Object of the Trip, but Strange  
Sights Were Seen.

METHODISM'S MANY MISSIONS.

The Bishop Tells of the Great Achieve-  
ments of the Methodist Type of  
Christianity—Seventy-Seven  
Thousand Communicants.

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, resident Bishop of Philadelphia, was given an enthusiastic public reception last evening in the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Broad and Arch streets, on his return from India and Malaya by the ministry and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of this city. The Rev. Dr. W. W. Ramsey, pastor of Arch Street Church, presided. An address of welcome was read by the Rev. J. J. Neely, of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church. A feature of the evening was the reading of a uniformed and equipped band of men and women who conferred the reception committee was presented to the Bishop. Bishop Foss acknowledged the order of the welcome accorded him and said that he was delighted to be once more among his friends.

At the close of his address the Bishop shook hands with nearly every person in the vast audience.

*Philadelphia Times, April 22, 1898*

## A ROUSING TALK BY BISHOP FOSS

Wonders Which He Beheld  
in India Were Graphi-  
cally Described.

### METHODISM'S PROGRESS

The Torch of Christianity Illum-  
ines the Regions Oppressed  
by Gloom of Paganism

Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., resident Bishop of Philadelphia, was given an enthusiastic public reception last evening in the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church, corner Broad and Arch Streets, in honor of his return from India and Malaya, by the ministry and laity of the Methodist Churches of Philadelphia. The church was tastefully decorated. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Dr. W. W. Ramsey. The vice-presidents were C. C. Hancock, ex-Governor Robert F. Pattison and Hon. Jno. Field.

The address of welcome was read by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely. A beautiful engrossed copy of the address, bound in album form, and signed by the ministers and laymen who constituted the Reception Committee, was presented to the Bishop.

The address was signed. The ministry by T. B. Neely, S. W. Thomas, F. B. Lynch, J. S. J. McConnell, S. W. Gehrett, J. G. Bickerton, J. S. Hughes, T. C. Murphey, J. R. T. Gray, W. L. McDowell, W. W. Ramsey; from the laity by C. C. Hancock, John Field, John F. James, Arthur M. Burton, Clarence D. Antrim, William H. Heister, Robert F. Pattison, Charles Scott, J. W. Boughton, F. W. Tummell, Avery D. Harrington. Reception Committee.

Very pleasing and interesting address and among other things by said

The Bishop was heartily congratulated at the close of his interesting address.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 21, 1903

Cyrus David Foss, M. E. Bishop since May, 1880: born Kingston, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1834; son itinerant Methodist minister; graduated Wesleyan Univ. 1854 (D. D. Wesleyan Univ. 1876; L. L. B., Cornell College, Ia., 1879; Univ. of Pennsylvania 1889); instructor and later principal of American Sem., N. Y., 1854-7; entered itinerant ministry in New York Conf. 1857; stationed at Chester, Orange Co., N. Y., 1857-9; transferred to New York West Conf.; pastor in Brooklyn, 1859-63; in New York Churches 1865-75; president Wesleyan Univ. 1878-80. Fraternal delegate to the Gen. Conf. M. E. Church South 1878, and to the British Wesleyan Conf. in 1883; official visited the M. E. missions in Europe 1880; in Mexico 1893; in India and Malaya 1897-8. Address: 2043 Arch Street, Phila.

--The'c' Me.

REV. CYRUS D. FOSS, D. D., LL. D.

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Bishop Cyrus D. Foss is a native of Kingston, N. Y., and was born January 17, 1834. He was converted in 1852, and soon became convinced of a call to the ministry. He graduated from Wesleyan University in 1854, and spent three years in Andover Seminary as professor and principal. In 1857 he entered the New York Conference, and two years later was transferred to the New York East Conference and appointed to Fleet Street, Brooklyn. From this time he occupied leading pulpits in New York and Brooklyn, and in 1868 was re-transferred to New York Conference, with which body he was identified in 1878, when he was elected President of Wesleyan University. A remarkable degree of prosperity attended the University during his supervision, and the Endowment Fund advanced to grand proportions. His eminent qualifications for administration of the Church's interests were further recognized by the General Conference of 1872, by which body he was elected to the episcopacy.

Bishop Foss was married in 1861, to Miss Sarah M. Phelps, who died September 4, 1881, and in 1882, he married Miss Elizabeth Phelps, who died in 1887. He was a member of the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the American Board of Christian Education, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was a member of the New York State Bar Association, and of the New York State Association of Ministers of the Gospel. He was a member of the New York State Association of Ministers of the Gospel, and of the New York State Association of Ministers of the Gospel. He was a member of the New York State Association of Ministers of the Gospel, and of the New York State Association of Ministers of the Gospel.

FOSS, CYRUS DAVID, M. E. bishop since May, 1880; B. Kingston, New York, January 17, 1834; s. itinerant Methodist minister; grad. Wesleyan University, 1854 (D.D. Wesleyan University, 1870; LL.D., Cornell College, Iowa, 1879; University of Pennsylvania, 1889); instr. and later prin. Amenia Seminary, N.Y., 1854-7; entered itinerant ministry in New York Conference, 1857; stationed at Chester, Orange Co., N.Y., 1857-9; transferred to New York East Conference; pastor in Brooklyn, 1859-65; in New York churches, 1865-75; president Wesleyan University 1875-80. Fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1878, and to the British Wesleyan Conference in 1886; officially visited the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Europe, 1886; in Mexico, 1893; in India and Malaya, 1897-8; tour of missionary observation around the world, 1906-7. Author: Religious Certainties; From the Himalayas to the Equator. Address: 2043 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Memo from General Conference Journal, 1888.

In 1886 Bishop Foss presided over all our European Conferences and held the Annual Meeting of the Denmark Mission, giving careful attention to all the interests of the Church wherever he went, and especially in Italy. He also worthily represented our Church as fraternal delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference where he was most cordially received.

Memo from General Conference Journal, 1896.

In 1893 Bishop Foss held the Mexico Conference.

Memo from General Conference Journal, 1900:

Bishop Foss visited India and Malaysia during the fall and winter of 1897-98, under the new rule for conjoint superintendency in such fields.

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Photographs from this  
file have not been  
included but are  
available upon request.  
For more information  
please contact  
[research@gcah.org](mailto:research@gcah.org)