

FOSTER, BISHOP RANDOLPH S.

The Christian Advocate

JAMES M. BUCKLEY
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The Reverend Bishop Randolph S. Foster

In the eighty-fourth year of his age, venerated by his contemporaries of three generations, this servant of the Church, not for his own but for Christ's sake, painlessly and without consciousness passed away at his home at Newton Center, Mass., on Friday night, May 1.

His rank is among the greatest and most distinguished of the General Superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which stretches from the ordination of Francis Asbury in 1784 to the last Bishop ordained by his successors. The greatest are not always the most distinguished, nor the most distinguished the greatest, nor is the distinction of great men always or often achieved by what they have in common; for popular esteem is capricious, and a circumstance may add more conspicuousness than essential quality. Hence to be both great and justly famous implies a career worthy the closest analysis and the most impartial description. A great man who is so only by position, or one in high position who is conspicuous by eccentricity rather than by intrinsic power or merit, cannot endure scrutiny or survive an accurate delineation. The memory of Bishop Foster will not suffer by these tests.

His public career began very early in his life, for after pursuing his studies in Augusta College, Kentucky, he entered the ministry shortly after he was seventeen years of age, and soon reached the highest pastoral positions in that growing State. It was a time of ecclesiastical warfare, and his growing fame as a preacher was accentuated by a controversy between himself and the Rev. Dr. Rice, a pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, who animadverted upon the doctrines of Methodism. The letters of the Rev. Mr. Foster were published in book form fifty-four years ago, when he was a young man of twenty-nine, under the title of "Objections to Calvinism." The book made quite a sensation, but such has been the change in the public mind and in

the doctrinal emphasis of the Calvinistic Churches that at present there would be no demand for such a publication.

In his thirtieth year he was transferred to the New York Conference, and stationed in Mulberry Street Church, the precursor of St. Paul's Church. In consideration of the acknowledged ability of the leading members of the New York Conference and of the newly formed New York East Conference, at that time, this transition was an indorsement of his unusual powers. But about the same time he published a volume on "Christian Purity," which has not been surpassed by any work upon the subject, though many have appeared since that time; nor in purity of style, spirituality of thought, and pervasive religious feeling did its author subsequently equal it.

After a few years in the pastorate in New York he was elected president of Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill. Returning to New York in 1860, he filled pastorates in this city and vicinity until elected Professor of Systematic Theology in the newly formed Drew Theological Seminary. This position he filled until the death of Dr. John McClintock, when he was elected president of the institution, and in 1872 he was elected Bishop. After a residence of four years in Cincinnati he removed to Boston.

The personal appearance of Bishop Foster was commanding. When young he was slender. With advancing years he increased in weight, but never disproportionately to his lofty stature. His piercing eyes, his countenance benign in normal expression, his head of iron-gray hair, his erect posture, combined to make a powerful impression before he had uttered a word. On any platform in the world, on any occasion, he would have been a notable figure, at once raising expectations of unusual power. Of his voice it may be said simply that it was adequate. It did not excel in depth or variety of tone, nor in strength, but at no time did it fail to be the instrument of his thought, feelings, and specific impulse.

To characterize him as a logician, a metaphysician, a philosopher, or a master of psychology, or to declare him a theologian, without modifying terms, might raise questions upon which critics would divide, but to represent him as an orator of the highest grade, possessing an intensely poetical nature, could excite no controversy; and to affirm that when the exigencies of speech required logical forms and much of the logical process, he was familiar with the great theological distinctions and the arguments adduced for or against them, to maintain that at times he showed marvelous metaphysical discrimination, and that in expounding and enforcing the theological views which he held he reached his greatest height, would be, from our point of view, a correct description of this many-sided man. Indeed, when he soared in speech he seemed as a seer set free from the limitations of ordinary men. He saw things large, they expanded until they reached in rays of light across the sky from horizon to horizon. He had the powers and the limitations of genius, without the moral weaknesses which often attend it.

As a preacher he rose highest when his themes were greatest, and of these he once humorously remarked, "there are but seven," and whatever subject he treated he reached one or more of these. When all things moved

well and there was no limitation of time, he ranged through the universe, as Webster said; everything he knew came flying by, and he had only to stretch forth his hand and seize a thunderbolt. But if there were not a union of thought and expression, if there were any obstruction from within or from without, like some great ship in the trough of the sea, he rose and fell and plunged and rocked and was in agony.

Prior to the civil war he was inclined to sympathize with the South, and regarded the abolition movement as a baleful influence. It was our fortune to hear him make his first speech after he had concluded it to be his duty to support the government. He confined himself to a statement of his former views and the reasons for them, and explained his change. No evidence of his oratorical powers was afforded on that occasion. Afterward we heard him on some of the greatest occasions of his life, when his eyes blazed and his whole face seemed to reflect a light that had no material source, and then criticism was impossible; all who heard and saw were swallowed up in one general wave of greatness.

These conditions produced an extraordinary effect upon him. Dr. F. S. Hoyt, former editor of the "Western Christian Advocate," secured a perfectly accurate stenographer to report one of his sermons. When Bishop Foster entered he showed him the report. After glancing at it the Bishop stated that it was a miserable report and ought not to be printed. At that point the reporter, who was a court stenographer of the highest grade, appeared, and being told that the report was not correct expressed himself thus: "I will make affidavit in any court that every word that Bishop Foster uttered is there, and that not a single syllable is there which he did not utter." After studying the document for some time Bishop Foster, thoroughly perplexed, said to Dr. Hoyt, "This man has got my words, but he has utterly failed to get my thought." This seemed so strange that we afterward submitted the account to Bishop Foster, and he said that such was the case. Indeed, at such times he spoke as much with his eyes, his intonation, and his gesture as he did with his words. To prepare that sermon for publication so that the reader would not be deceived, he wrote it almost all over with his own hand.

Some years after he had been elected Bishop he produced a work entitled "Beyond the Grave," the most popular work he ever wrote. It excited much interest among thoughtful people. To many bereaved persons it was a great consolation; others were much disturbed by it. Some affirmed that a phantom heaven did not appeal to them. Attempts were made by various persons to bring Bishop Foster to trial for heresy with respect to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. It has been a cause of perplexity to many calm and thoughtful persons that he should have been allowed to teach the views contained in that work. The reasons why there was no official examination of this question were multiplex; the subject is more mysterious than any other; he was sound in doctrine upon the great principles of Methodist theology; a trial upon a subject of that kind would divide the Church and perhaps have no definite outcome in the way of a settlement of the question involved.

But the real reason why such prosecution never came, why such attempts to bring him before a committee were abortive, was not that he was a Bishop, nor that he was an able man, nor that none dared to bring charges against a Bishop, but that he was Randolph S. Foster. It was his sincerity, spirituality, and in a certain sense, childlikeness; his loveliness and the veneration felt for him which made it impossible to disturb him. His childlikeness was quite apart from that of men in great place. He had a profound sense of the scope of his episcopal functions and a deep consciousness of himself whenever his rights were invaded or his views

misrepresented. The most remarkable forensic conflict we ever saw was one between him and the late Dr. Hiram Mattison. It was the semi-seer against the mathematical and analytical verbal logician. The latter had marvelous oratorical powers also, and in many respects he unquestionably made out his case; but it was impossible to bring the subject to that kind of an

...
 "The Epworth Herald" a few weeks since. Others may say, "We heard him but once, and the language of the editorial in THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE must certainly be regarded as extravagant;" and both will be true.

Bishop Foster was never feeble, never light or trifling, never in our presence for a moment lost his dignity; but those who have heard him at his best, and they only, can retain the sense, the overwhelming sense of a powerful personality. It is a blessed thought that all who ever knew him may retain the sense of a pure, dignified, sympathetic, consecrated apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. Like others, he saw through a glass darkly, but unlike most there was more of light and less of shadow to his consciousness. When he wrote "Beyond the Grave" he wrote beyond experience; now he knows what we must wait to know.

He performed the duties of his episcopal office in this country and in foreign Missions until 1896, when, on account of his increasing physical infirmity, the General Conference deemed it best for himself and needful for the Church to relieve him of the burden of long and frequent journeys, and the continuous responsibility involved in presiding in the Conferences and fixing the appointments of the ministers. The spirit, the manner, and the words with which he accepted this action as of God, rendered him, if possible, more a center of reverence and regard than before. And by the remembrance of this, not less than of his mightiest efforts while he was a burning and a shining light, he being dead yet speaketh.

National and International Notes

No End to Wonders

The cable to Manila is to be completed by July 1, and George G. Ward, Vice President of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, states that probably the first message over the new line will be sent from Manila by

BISHOP RANDOLPH
S. FOSTER visited

Korea in the summer of
1893 and it was my
privilege to be much

with him during his stay. The Confer-
ence over, quite a party of us accom-
panied him and Dr. Leonard to Chemulpo.
On the little river steamer which was our
chief means of travel between Seoul and
Chemulpo, I saw the bishop standing apart
leaning on the rail and gazing steadfastly
at the villages as we passed them. I drew
near and said, "Bishop, how does our
Korea impress you?" As he turned to me I
saw his cheeks wet with tears and he
said, "O Brother Jones, how the heart
of God must break at the thought of the
sorrow and degradation we have seen
here! Now I can understand the measure-
less necessities of man that demanded
nothing less than the incarnation and
the passion of the eternal Son of God
Himself for their relief."

This thought continued with him and
inspired him to write a poem, the only
one I have seen from his pen, and it is
so full of the note of Christian triumph

Bishop Foster on Man All Immortal

DR. GEORGE HEBER JONES

that it may prove as inspiring to the
readers of ZION'S HERALD as it was to
us in Korea at the time.

The bishop had it printed in leaflet
form at our mission press, explaining
that it was inspired by the ever-present
sight of graves in Oriental lands. It
was written in the closing hours of his
stay in Fusan, where he had a full view
from the ship's decks of Koreans visiting
and offering sacrifice at the graves of
their dead.

Bishop Foster explains the circum-
stances under which he wrote the poem
in the following words:

"As you well know, I have never been a
reader of poetry and can scarcely claim to
be an admirer of the muses; but there are
times when I feel myself strangely drawn
to the imaginative. Throughout life I have
resisted such occasional impulses. Somehow
the sea moves me—possibly it is its solitude
that begets musing; in any event it so affects
me. It carries me away toward the infinite.

It awakens memories, and
starts imaginations. The
seen drops away, and the
unseen crowds my thought.
I roam over realms of the
past: by-gone ages and
scenes hold me in a sort

of trance: I live them over—the vast
geological eons—formation periods; the un-
seen world takes form of reality—I dream.
Reminiscences and reverie hold me as with
a spell. Humanity haunts me—its tragic
history—its present condition—its unknown
future. At times I become almost uncon-
scious of all present environments—I seem to
live over interminable ages—to be living in
other worlds—among other beings—to be
mingling with throngs of once living but
long dead peoples—to be seeing over great
spaces and to be present with what has been
and with what will be: in the body and
out of it. It was in such a frame of mind
that the following poem flowed spontaneously
from my pencil. I have been tempted to
give it more permanent form. As I know
nothing of poetry, I presume it is not worth
preserving, but somehow it appeals to me,
and begs to have a chance to live, at least
to be seen by a few particular friends, and
so I send you a copy, which you can easily
burn if it seems to deserve such a fate. It
will at least let you know where I was, and
what I was thinking, and how I was feeling."

The poem carried at its head these
words from Rev. 21:4: "And there shall

be no more death, neither sorrow, nor
crying, neither shall there be any more
pain: for the former things are passed
away." The poem follows:

"Ye Winged Winds that roam the wide earth
o'er,
Know ye some vale, or some sequestered shore,
Some rarely beautiful spot,
Some park, or plain, or deep secluded dell,
Some loneliest shade, some cot or hut or cell,
Where sin and death are not—
Some place beneath some sky
Where men are born, but do not die?

"Ye Beams of light that fly for evermore
O'er land and sea, from near to distant shore,
Know you some loveliest spot,
Some wooded grove, some rugged mountain
crest,
Some shaded vale, secluded from the rest,
Where grief and tears are not?

"Ye vigil Stars, that ever more do shine
With fadeless luster, in the arch sublime,
Shine ye upon some favored spot,
Some restful glen, some happy peaceful shore
Where man in bliss doth dwell for evermore,
Where sin and death are not?

"Thou greater Sun, in all thy circuit round,
know you, or ever have you found,
Some one more blissful spot,
Some grove of peace, some flow'ry glade more
blest,
Some home of man, some scene of perfect
rest,
Where grief and shame come not—
Some spot beneath some sky,
Where men are born, but do not die?"

"The winds wailed plaintively, and sadly
said,
"All realms known to us are realms of the
dead:
We find no solitary spot
On sea or land—on wildering wave or shore,
Where men live on nor die for evermore—
Where sin and death are not;
No place beneath the sky
Where men are born, but do not die."

"Then all the stars, that in their orbits burn,
From age to age, responded in their turn,
"We find no favored spot
O'er all the wide world's living breast,
Where man lives on, nor ever is bereft—
Where death and sin are not."

"The sun, then next, proud monarch of the

"Mortals, know ye! that death is but a door,
Which opens out to life for evermore—

The home of endless love,
The single sacred spot in all the spheres,
Where grief and sin come not through endless
years,
The Father's house above—
A home beyond the sky,
Where men nor sin nor die.

"Publish the tidings—haste the wide earth
o'er—
Stay not—shout it, to near and farthest shore,
To earth's remotest bound,
Now—henceforth death is but a secret door
Which opens out to life for evermore—
Tell it the wide world round.

"Make all the nations hear it, e'en all the
dead—
Death is but a portal, which mortals need
not dread:
Proclaim it, shout it o'er and o'er—
Jesus hath risen, "now to die is gain."
Publish the tidings, shout it once again,
Death is a portal to life for evermore

"Did He rise? Hear it, O ye nations—
Hear it, O ye dead—He rose—He rose:
He burst the bars of death—
Then I rose—then death himself was slain,
Then all humanity was seized of life again—
Man, all immortal, hail!"

"The angel ceased—not another word he
said—
Men gazed around—the messenger had fled—
But sin and death kept on—
And still, from near and most distant shore,
Men are born and die, even as before:
There's not a solitary spot,
Where sin and death are not

"Was it delusion? Hark—a sweet refrain—
A voice—the dead live—
There is one divinest spot
Not here on earth, but there beyond the sky,
Where men live on, and none are known to
die—
Where sin and death are not."

"Till it once again, shout it o'er and o'er—
Death is but a portal to life for evermore,
A door that opens outward—
To life for evermore;
Death is never more,
Hark the echo, hear the sweet refrain—
Each man dies—but all men live again.

"Hosanna! Hosanna! let the echo fly
The whole earth o'er and on from sky to sky,
Man is all immortal,

Some loneliest shade, some cot or hut or cell,
Where sin and death are not—
Some place beneath some sky
Where men are born, but do not die?

"Ye Beams of Light that fly for evermore
O'er land and sea, from near to distant shore,
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"Then all the stars, that in their orbits burn,
From age to age, responded in their turn,
'We find no favored spot
O'er all the wide world's riven breast,
Where man lives on, nor ever is bereft—
Where death and sin are not.'

"The sun, then next, proud monarch of the
sky,
Velling his face, wailed out his sad reply—
'O'er all the world I know no spot,
From utmost east to utmost western bound,
Where men not doomed to death, are found—
No place where grief and tears are not.'

"'We know not,' thus, they one and all reply,
'A single spot of earth, 'neath any sky,
Where men nor sin, nor die:
No age has been, or favored place or clime
'Twixt now and earliest dawn of time—
No highly favored spot,
Where sin and death are not.'

"Men, of every age and clime, have ye once
heard
From prophet, priest, or sage a single word
Of man, that did not die
On earth, or off among the distant spheres
Where death comes not in endless years,
know you a single spot
Where sin and death are not?"

"With bowed head and grief-dejected face
They answered all, 'On earth there is no
place
Where death is not:
Our kindred all have passed as doth a shade,
We soon will follow, our graves are ready
made—
There is no favored spot
Where sin and death are not.'

"'But we have heard,' with trembling doubt
some said,
'Of one who from the regions of the dead,
With many captives came:
Who told of resurrection morn and day,
Of time when sin and death shall pass away,
And all men live again.'

"Then silent all; unbidden made reply
An angel—fresh from the upper sky.
'We know of one divinest spot,'
He said, love beaming from his joyous eye,
'Tis not on earth, but there above the sky,
Where sin and death are not.'

Stay not—shout it, to near and farthest shore,
To earth's remotest bound,
Now—henceforth death is but a secret door
Which opens out to life for evermore—
Tell it the wide world round.

"'Make all the nations hear it, e'en all the
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Death is but a portal, which mortals need
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"Was it delusion? Hark—a sweet refrain—
An echo—'The dead live on again—
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Not here on earth, but there beyond the sky.
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"Tell it once again, shout it o'er and o'er—
Death is but a portal to life for evermore,
A door that opens outward,—
To life for evermore;
Death is never more.
Hark the echo, hear the sweet refrain,—
Each man dies—but all men live again.

"Hosanna! Hosanna! let the echo fly
The whole earth o'er and on from sky to sky,
Man is all immortal,
'Tis not death to die—
'Tis but laying the weary burden down—
Putting off the armor—taking up the crown—
But passing the portal
To the Father's house above;
But changing our sorrows—our doubts—our
tears—
Our sins—our guilt—our miseries and fears,
For all the bliss of heaven
Throughout immortal years."



THE LATE WILLIAM M. FLANDERS

a privilege to greet him and be welcomed by him. As an illustration, he always gratefully accredited the beloved A. L. Dodge, of the Haskell, Adams Company, Boston, with being the man who taught him the grocery business, and when president of the Boston Wholesale Grocers' Association, he made the worthy veteran very glad by inviting him as special guest to a banquet. This is only one instance of what he was always doing. Again and yet again, he has called the editor up on the telephone to cheer him by some heartening message. No other man that we have ever known possessed

A Leading New England Layman

EDWARD T. BURROWES, who died at his home in Portland, Me., last week at the age of sixty-five, was known throughout the denomination as one of the generous supporters of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a man of large sympathies, deeply religious, intensely interested in the advancement of the kingdom at home and in its widest reaches, and devoted to every good work in community and state.

Mr. Burrowes had worked his way to affluence and to a position of influence through his own efforts and ability. He was born in Sherbrooke, Quebec, July 25, 1852, and removed to Portland in his fifteenth year. He was exceedingly industrious in the employment which he secured and early manifested those traits which led him later to success. In his desire to secure an education he entered Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill at the age of twenty-one and from there went to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Ct. In both of these institutions he worked his way by the manufacture

movements likewise never failed to receive the backing of his credit and his generous aid. The youngest child of Portland Methodism, the Warren Avenue Church, was built under his personal oversight, and quite largely through his own assistance, in answer to the need of a large Italian colony which had located in that section of the city. Benefactions were so quietly bestowed that no one but his Lord and the people whom he helped will ever know how kind he was. Outside of the city his gifts were bestowed in the same quiet and systematic way. Such vouchers as were turned in for Conference reports indicate that he was more especially concerned for the permanent institutions of the church, and the boards most generously remembered in his gifts from year to year seem to have been the Deaconess, the Freedmen's Aid, and Foreign Missions."

In the death of Edward T. Burrowes the Methodist Episcopal Church has suffered the loss of one of its most loyal sons, who was ever ready to give of himself and of his possessions for the advancement of the kingdom. His life and influence are an example and an inspiration to youths who, beginning under humble circumstances, may look to years of service in the church and to that influence among their fellows which true worth and uprightness of life alone can give.

"Lest Haply We Be Found Fighting Against God"

REV. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON, D. D.

General Secretary Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the
Methodist Episcopal Church

DARK as the days are, bloody as the field is, threatening as the times seem, the church has a message that is needed still and a mission that will not submerge in blood.

God Almighty still rules. He has not vacated the throne of the universe. He carries out His will by human leaders. Nations are His greatest agents. They have no immortal souls. Their righteousness is to be rewarded and their sins

first wiped off the map; the next offender, Germany, living for fifty years with one ambition—to conquer the world—destined to crushing disappointment, to be ground alive under the wheels of destiny till she will plead for peace to avert utter destruction; Russia, the next offender, repenting in sackcloth and ashes, but unable to enjoy her dearly-bought liberty because of a vodka-crazed populace; England and Scotland sold to brewers and distillers, drinking the dregs of her bitter cup, even her proud church, the rotten remnant of a formal pretense, pleading for continued rum rule.

What must a just God will for our most highly favored Christian land, which for fifty years, since Lincoln died, has filled her bulging pockets with blood money and made a third of her national income from rum revenue? This much I know! Before we have paid our toll to this great war our "covenant with death shall be disannulled," and our "agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through" (Isa. 28:18).

The "overflowing scourge" has passed over Russia, just as it has passed over Belgium and Serbia.

And our covenant with death still stands. Our agreement with hell still binds and throttles.

What is that covenant and that agreement? It is that we will win this war, if we can, without disturbing the traffic in beer. We will make the most of our labor, except that we will waste some of it in making beer instead of feeding furnaces. We will save our food, except we will rot some of it to do service to Hindenburg. We will tag our shovels and save coal, except that the millions of bushels used to manufacture poisonous drink may be wasted.

We could not help the folly and treason of Russia, but we might have forestalled it by winning the war before the disaster came. Do not take our word for it. Listen to Lloyd-George: "We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink, and the greatest of these deadly foes is drink." Divide our task into three parts and the greatest part is the drink we must yield to at home. If the Allies had faced difficulties only two-thirds as great, would not the war have been won before Russia dropped out and went under? There is no doubt of it. Drink, says Lloyd-George, is more than a third of our difficulties.

The simple truth is that we, the allied forces of civilization, have foreseen and

The World's Easter

ANNETTE MORRISON STUBBS

*lant morning of Easter, thou triumph of life over
"ath,"
ost herald the glad uprising of nature's animate
"eath."
ll of the tomb is forgotten, the venom of death is
"ne,
jreet our risen Saviour in the sunshine of Easter
orn.*

*ant morning of Easter," crowning creation with life!
d is waiting today, amid sad discord and strife,
g to the sorrowing thousands a message of healing
nd peace,
n with Him from the grave our dead have found
eace.*

*lant morning of Easter," thou art full of truth and
"ne,
ans of gladdest triumph shall rise to heaven above,
l again in blessing on dying ones today.
ig doth live forever—ring out His praise alway!
r, Me.*

punished in this life. Where in all his-
tory did a nation sin and escape its just

BISHOP RANDOLPH
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with him during his stay. The Conference over, quite a party of us accompanied him and Dr. Leonard to Chemulpo. On the little river steamer which was our chief means of travel between Seoul and Chemulpo, I saw the bishop standing apart leaning on the rail and gazing steadfastly at the villages as we passed them. I drew near and said, "Bishop, how does our Korea impress you?" As he turned to me I saw his cheeks wet with tears and he said, "O Brother Jones, how the heart of God must break at the thought of the sorrow and degradation we have seen here! Now I can understand the measureless necessities of man that demanded nothing less than the incarnation and the passion of the eternal Son of God Himself for their relief."

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"As you well know, I have never been a reader of poetry and can scarcely claim to be an admirer of the muses; but there are times when I feel myself strangely drawn to the imaginative. Throughout life I have resisted such occasional impulses. Somehow the sea moves me—possibly it is its solitude that begets musing; in any event it so affects me. It carries me away toward the infinite.

It awakens memories, and starts imaginations. The seen drops away, and the unseen crowds my thought. I roam over realms of the past: by-gone ages and scenes hold me in a sort

of trance: I live them over—the vast geological eons—formation periods; the unseen world takes form of reality—I dream. Reminiscences and reverie hold me as with a spell. Humanity haunts me—its tragic history—its present condition—its unknown future. At times I become almost unconscious of all present environments—I seem to live over interminable ages—to be living in other worlds—among other beings—to be mingling with throngs of once living but long dead peoples—to be seeing over great spaces and to be present with what has been and with what will be; in the body and out of it. It was in such a frame of mind that the following poem flowed spontaneously from my pencil. I have been tempted to give it more permanent form. As I know nothing of poetry, I presume it is not worth preserving, but somehow it appeals to me, and begs to have a chance to live, at least to be seen by a few particular friends, and so I send you a copy, which you can easily burn if it seems to deserve such a fate. It will at least let you know where I was, and what I was thinking, and how I was feeling."

The poem carried at its head these words from Rev. 21:4: "And there shall

be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." The poem follows:

"Ye Winged Winds that roam the wide earth
O'er,
Know ye some vale, or some sequestered shore,
Some rarely beautiful spot,
Some peak, or plain, or deep secluded dell,
Some loneliest shade, some cot or hut or cell,
Where sin and death are not—
Some place beneath some sky
Where men are born, but do not die?

"Ye Beams of light that fly for evermore
O'er land and sea, from near to distant shore,
Know you some loveliest spot,
Some wooded grove, some rugged mountain
crest,
Some shaded vale, secluded from the rest,
Where grief and tears are not?

"Ye vigil Stars, that ever more do shine
With fadeless luster, in the arch sublime,
Shine ye upon some favored spot,
Some restful glen, some happy peaceful shore
Where man in bliss doth dwell for evermore,
Where sin and death are not?

"Thou greater Sun, in all thy circuit round,
Know you, or ever have you found,
Some one more blissful spot,
Some grove of peace, some flow'ry glade more
blest,
Some home of man, some scene of perfect
rest,
Where grief and shame come not—
Some spot beneath some sky,
Where men are born, but do not die?

"The winds wailed plaintively, and sadly
said,
'All realms known to us are realms of the
dead:
We find no solitary spot
On sea or land—on wildering wave or shore,
Where men live on nor die for evermore—
Where sin and death are not;
No place beneath the sky
Where men are born, but do not die.'

"Then all the stars, that in their orbits burn,
From age to age, responded in their turn,
'We find no favored spot
O'er all the wide world's riven breast,
Where man lives on, nor ever is bereft—
Where death and sin are not.'

"The sun, then next, proud monarch of the
sky,
Veiling his face, wailed out his sad reply—
'O'er all the world I know no spot,
From utmost east to utmost western bound,
Where men not doomed to death, are found—
No place where grief and tears are not.'

'O'er all the world I know
From utmost east to utmost western bound,
Where men not doomed to death, are found—
No place where grief and tears are not.'

"'We know not,' thus, they one and all reply,
'A single spot of earth, 'neath any sky,
Where men nor sin, nor die:
No age has been, or favored place or clime
'Tis now and earliest dawn of time—
No highly favored spot,
Where sin and death are not.'

"Men, of every age and clime, have ye once
heard
From prophet, priest, or sage a single word
Of man, that did not die
On earth, or off among the distant spheres
Where death comes not in endless years,
Know you a single spot
Where sin and death are not?"

"With bowed head and grief-dejected face
They answered all, 'On earth there is no
place
Where death is not:
Our kindred all have passed as doth a shade.
We soon will follow, our graves are ready
made—
There is no favored spot
Where sin and death are not.'

"'But we have heard,' with trembling doubt
some said,
'Of one who from the regions of the dead,
With many captives came:
Who told of resurrection morn and day,
Of time when sin and death shall pass away,
And all men live again.'

"Then silent all; unbidden made reply
An angel—fresh from the upper sky.
'We know of one divinest spot,'
He said, love beaming from his joyous eye,
''Tis not on earth, but there above the sky,
Where sin and death are not.'

"'Mortals, know ye! that death is but a door,
Which opens out to life for evermore—
The home of endless love,
The single sacred spot in all the spheres,
Where grief and sin come not through endless
years,
The Father's house above—
A home beyond the sky,
Where men nor sin nor die.

"'Publish the tidings—haste the wide earth
o'er—
Stay not—shout it, to near and farthest shore,
To earth's remotest bound,
Now—henceforth death is but a secret door
Which opens out to life for evermore—
Tell it the wide world round.

"'Make all the nations hear it, e'en all the
dead—
Death is but a portal, which mortals need
not dread:
Proclaim it, shout it o'er and o'er—
Jesus hath risen, 'now to die is gain.'
Publish the tidings, shout it once again,
Death is a portal to life for evermore.

"'Did He rise? Hear it, O ye nations—
Hear it, O ye dead—He rose—He rose:
He burst the bars of death—
Then I rose—then death himself was slain,
Then all humanity was seized of life again—
Man, all immortal, hail!"

"The angel ceased—not another word he
said—
Men gazed around—the messenger had fled—
But sin and death kept on—
And still, from near and most distant shore,
Men are born and die, even as before;
There's not a solitary spot,
Where sin and death are not.

"Was it delusion? Hark—v—sweet refrain—
An echo—The dead live on again—
There is one divinest spot
Not here on earth, but there beyond the sky,
Where men live on, and none are known to
die—
Where sin and death are not.'

"Tell it once again, shout it o'er and o'er—
Death is but a portal to life for evermore,
A door that opens outward—
To life for evermore;
Death is never more.
Hark the echo, hear the sweet refrain—
Each man dies—but all men live again.

"Hosanna! Hosanna! let the echo fly
The whole earth o'er and on from sky to sky,
Man is all immortal,
'Tis not death to die—
'Tis but laying the weary burden down—
Putting off the armor—taking up the crown—
But passing the portal
To the Father's house above:
But changing our sorrows—our doubts—our
tears—
Our sins—our guilt—our miseries and fears,
For all the bliss of heaven
Throughout immortal years."

EDWARD T. BURROWS, who died at
his home in Portland, Me., last week
at the age of sixty-five, was known
throughout the denomination as one of
the generous supporters of the Methodist
Episcopal Church. He was a man of
large sympathies, deeply religious, in-
tensely interested in the advancement of
the kingdom at home and in its widest
reaches, and devoted to every good work
in community and state.
Mr. Burrows had worked his way to
affluence and to a position of influence
through his own efforts and ability. He
was born in Sherbrooke, Quebec, July 25,
1852, and removed to Portland in his
fifteenth year. He was exceedingly in-
dustrious in the employment which he
secured and early manifested those traits
and influence are an example and an
inspiration to youths who, beginning
under humble circumstances, may look to
years of service in the church and to
that influence among their fellows which
true worth and uprightiness of life alone
can give.

In the death of Edward T. Burrows
the Methodist Episcopal Church has suf-
fered the loss of one of its most loyal
sons, who was ever ready to give of
himself and of his possessions for the
advancement of the kingdom. His life
and influence were an example and an
inspiration to youths who, beginning
under humble circumstances, may look to
years of service in the church and to
that influence among their fellows which
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can give.

the backing of his credit and his generous
aid. The youngest child of Portland Meth-
odism, the Warren Avenue Church, was built
under his personal oversight, and quite largely
through his own assistance, in answer to
the need of a large Italian colony which
had located in that section of the city.
benefactions were so quietly bestowed that no
one but his Lord and the people whom he
helped will ever know how kind he was.
Outside of the city his gifts were bestowed
in the same quiet and systematic way. Such
reports indicate that he was more especially
concerned for the permanent institutions of
the church, and the boards most generously
remembered in his gifts from year to year
seem to have been the Deacons, the Freed-
men's Aid, and Foreign Missions."

A Leading New England Layman