

**WARREN, BISHOP HENRY W.
ANS MRS. WARREN**

3/8/63
H.W.

Warren, Henry W., Bishop

Papers at Iliff-School of
Theology, Denver (Warren founder of
Iliff)

Bishop Henry W. Warren
University Park, Colo

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Missionary Editor
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From J. H. Hill, et al. 1120 1.

Christian Advocate
Aug 8, 1912

Death and Funeral of Bishop Warren

Henry White Warren returned home from Minneapolis in the early days of June in vigorous health and entirely satisfied with the action of the General Conference in relation to himself. Never having made a request of the Church or expressed a wish concerning his work since he entered the ministry, he continued to the end to submit himself without a word to the orders of the Church, like a soldier. The General Conference used several occasions to give him overwhelming demonstrations of its joy and pride in him, in a manner unparalleled. Having declared his thirty-two years of episcopal labor to have been "an era of unlimited joy," he had no less joy in being relieved of the arduous active labors of the office, whose honors, undiminished, he still wore. Freed from the tasks of general administration, his mind turned joyfully to special interests unspeakably dear to him. When sickness attacked the strong man he was full of plans for the benefit of Hiff School of Theology, for which he and his family had already done so much.

Bishop Warren first showed signs of illness on Sunday, June 16, after preaching a powerful sermon in Christ Church, Denver, at the celebration of its fortieth anniversary. Inter-costal and lumbar rheumatism developed, affecting the region of the lungs and heart. Upon pneumonia, which followed, a typhoid condition ensued, and the Bishop passed away quietly at twelve minutes after eight on Tuesday evening, July 23, in his home at University Park, Colo.

The funeral was held on Monday, July 29. There were two services. The first was at 10 A. M. in the chapel of Hiff Theological School, so dear to Bishop Warren and his family, at University Park. The address at this service was by Dr. William V. Kelley, editor of the Methodist Review, between whom and the Bishop there existed a forty-three-year friendship, begun in foreign travels. The Scripture reading was by Dr. Craft and the prayer by President Harris Franklin Hall, of the theological school. Among those present at this service was Mrs. (Bishop) Foss, whose husband was elected to the episcopacy on the same ballot with Bishop Warren, in 1880, at Cincinnati.

The body of Bishop Warren lay within the altar of Trinity Church, Denver, from noon until the afternoon service and was viewed

by a long procession of persons during those two hours.

At two o'clock the great church was crowded for the second funeral service by an audience representing all denominations of Christians and all classes of people. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Bishop Warren's successor as resident Bishop at Denver, had charge of this service. The Scriptures were read by Chancellor Buchtel, of Denver University, and Dr. Wilcox, pastor of Trinity Church. Dr. Kelley, of New York, offered the prayer. The first address was a high tribute of respect and honor on behalf of the whole religious community of the city, delivered by the Rev. David H. Fouse, of the Reformed Church, president of the Denver Ministerial Alliance, who said that after Bishop Warren's return from the General Conference at Minneapolis the churches of Denver of all communions planned a great reception to be given to the man who as resident Methodist Bishop in that city for twenty-eight years had won the admiration and love of the community. The illness of Bishop Warren prevented the carrying out of this plan, which had been participated in by the clergy of the city, including a Jewish rabbi and a Roman priest.

Bishop McConnell's address dwelt especially on Bishop Warren's optimism, illustrating with an incident and chapter of history which came to Bishop McConnell's knowledge through his writing the Life of Bishop Andrews, the incident showing the strong, buoyant, optimistic faith of Bishop Warren in a situation of discouraging perplexity and anxiety.

Bishop Bashford's address brought to view some of the great qualities which marked the personal character and accounted for the distinguished career and were displayed in the official work of Bishop Warren. Bishop Bashford closed by quoting, as suited to the loftiness of Bishop Warren's devoted life, parts of Browning's poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral":

"Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and
crop;

Seek we the sepulture
On a tall mountain citted to the top,
Crowded with culture!

Thither our path bes—wind we up the
heights
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's
He's for the morning
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper
place,
Here's the top peak! The multitude below
Live, for they can, there.
Bury *this* man then? Oh no!
Here, here's *his* place, where meteoric show,
clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go—let joy break with the
storm!
Peace let the dew send!
Loddy lying, leave him
Still loftier than the world suspects,
Lying and dying

After Bishop Bashford's reading of the poem, which suggests that a lofty burial pre-figures the end of a high-purity soul and elevated life, the long funeral procession went to Fairmount Cemetery, six miles out from Denver where the body of Bishop Henry White Warren was laid in its high resting place, *one mile above sea level*, and within sight of the snow-covered highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Scott, of Capitol Hill Church, the family pastor, read the ritual burial service and Bishop Bashford gave the benediction.

Christian Advocate
Aug 1, 1912

Bishop Warren's Farewell Address

At the close of the morning session of the General Conference, on May 22, Bishop Warren (who by the vote of May 15 had been designated for retirement) asked the indulgence of the body that he might make a brief personal statement. This was stenographically reported, as follows:

"Brethren, I desire the indulgence of this Conference for a brief personal word. If I had been present when the vote on the retiring of three Bishops was announced, I should have spoken then. I desire a word now.

"In 1880, thirty-two years ago, the General Conference conferred upon me the greatest honor that can be conferred on any mortal man, to be the vicegerent and ambassador of the King of kings for all the earth. No man has served effectively in this office longer than myself. Only five men have come up to this limit of thirty-two years, and some of them, like Bishop Asbury, were in pain and grief extreme during the latter part of the time.

"It has been an era of unlimited joy. When I look at my successor in the seniority, Bishop Cranston, I remember with a holy feeling that thirteen men have stood between us, and now we are together.

"In the exercise of this office I have been about the world—to South America twice, China and Japan twice, Korea, the Philippines, India, Europe, North Africa, Mexico and Porto Rico—a glorious embassy to the world at large. I have brought back from my observation in the heathen world the most clear and vivid feeling that the gospel in the heathen world is the power of God, and it affects human hearts according to the thought and mind of the blessed Spirit.

"When I was elected we chose our residences. I chose mine in Atlanta. I count those years among the most valuable years of my life. By the gracious benevolence of Brother Gammon I was permitted to be associated with the founding and endowing of that great School of Theology. Then I chose my residence on the frontier and by the marvelous liberality of my wife and children I was enabled to be associated with the founding and endowing of the second great theological school of the five in our Church. For such a privilege I devoutly thank God.

"I earnestly desire for the Church an intense spiritual life. The machinery is good, but

dead. The power of God in the soul is the life of the world.

"Concerning this matter of retiring, my wife and family agreed before we came that we would follow the custom of my life, with no word whatever to say in regard to the designation of my work. I have appointed, sometimes to difficult fields, 35,000 men, and they have gone to their work with a loyalty that is sublime, a devotion, courage and cheer that are born of God. I belong to that class of men, and accept the situation."

The address was spoken with great dignity of manner and impressive voice, and at its close the Bishop received a personal ovation such as is rarely paralleled in the General Conference.

Henry White Warren

By James Henry Potts, D.D., Editor Michigan
Christian Advocate

A man of kingly mold was Henry White
Strong-framed, close-knit, clear visioned
bright.

His heart was stayed on God, on truth and
worth;

His work a ministry as wide as earth

And where he moved light beamed, love
stirred, guilt covered.

His soul was by the Soul of souls empowered.
He spake, and listeners to the word were
thilled;

He taught, and wisdom on his lips distilled.

A scientist was he; a master mind,
With gifts the roots of fact and thought to
find;

Deep down within the earth he saw the light,
And e'en star-depths were open to his sight.

He lived, a leader long in knightly clan
He grew, as leader and as manly man.
Age was his friend; youth stayed within his
heart;

He brought to perfect use the living art.

And millions loved this royal Henry White
Who stood for progress, virtue and right
Nor king, nor prince, nor emperor ever shon
With truer luster from a monarch's throne
Detroit, Mich

H. W. Warren, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Born Jan. 4, 1831, at Wilbraham, Mass., and educated at Wilbraham, Mass., and Wesleyan University. He was after graduation a teacher in Amherst Seminary, N. Y., and at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass. He entered the New England Conference in 1855 and later was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, and still later to the New York East. In 1880 he was elected Bishop.

He has made a wide reputation as a strong and clear thinker. Among his works are: "The Christian's Duty," "The Christian's Life," "The Christian's Work."

His contributions to the cause of the young man during the year 1888, and his Mission Inspection in Western States, America, Mexico, Brazil.

Church of England, S. P. C. K. Bishop Warren's Tropical Journeys in the Western Hemisphere was the subject of an editorial in the issue of Nov.

Tributes to Bishop Henry W. Warren

Bishop John H. Vincent

Some men are saints, some scholars, some wise in ways of work, some gifted in speech (having mastered the "art of putting things"), and some are sane, consistent, unselfish, practical illustrations of how to live the Christian life. Henry W. Warren — scholar, preacher, pastor, bishop, friend and saint — has left us, but has left with us the memory of one who was in his life all that the above outline attempts to depict. All who knew him loved him. He had fewer faults than most good men; and as I try to think of one weak place in his personality I fail to find it. He was a consistent, self-contained, unselfish, scholarly, generous man, wise as he was strong, and by his example commending in every day life the ideals he so effectively and eloquently presented in the pulpit.

Bishop James M. Thoburn

Bishop Warren was a man of very unusual gifts, and was manifestly one of the most remarkable men which our church has produced. His gifts were manifold, and remarkable both in number and quality. He seemed born for leadership, and yet never seemed to care for promotion. During his visit to India it sometimes occurred to me that he had made the mistake of his life in not coming more directly to the front, and assuming a leading part in directing the affairs of the church; but it is probable that the very mention of such a course would have sealed his lips. The church had done for him more than he had asked.

Bishop Earl Cranston

Using the wire, I summarize Bishop Warren's career in briefest terms: A long life nobly planned, a radiant ministry gloriously ended, a world-wide bishopric heroically exemplified, all witnessed and certified by a grateful church, must give his name a high place among the immortals of American Methodism.

Bishop David H. Moore

Bishop Warren was known and honored the world around, and the tidings of his death will carry sorrow to the ends of the earth. His greatness was composite, and strikingly illustrated the adage: *Mens sana in sano corpore*. He was six feet of physical vitality. His strength was the resultant of that which every joint exuberantly supplied. His was the poetry of motion — walking, running, leaping. No knight of the plains sat a horse more becomingly. With his feet upon the pedals, a common wheel became a motor cycle. When one set of muscles was in action, the other looked on in loyal and exultant expectancy. Together they won the victory over every challenging mountain summit — Matterhorn, Popocatepetl, Pike's, Ranier — and waited eagerly a trial of McKinley.

This superb body was the facile servant of a regnant mind, nourished by ancestral lines made immortal at Bunker Hill. Happily spared alike the lassitude begotten of indulgent wealth and the discouragement attendant upon severe poverty, his opportunity found its spur in humble need; under an atmosphere electric with the will and work of the Pilgrims, his mind was trained; and, in the laboratory method of studying and teaching, developed those characteristics of strength, tenacity, and jubilant application which made him the delight and inspiration of all who knew him.

Recreation from his intense application he found in the starry spaces, through which he gamboled as a child in his Father's garden. He

was poet and scientist at once. His style was perennially beautiful, his subject-matter informing and stimulating, and his writings greatly sought as well by the secular as by the religious press. Equally at home in the pulpit and on the platform, he was unsurpassed as preacher and lecturer. The list of his pulpits shows the measure of his popularity and power; and the number of souls led to Christ the fervent evangelism of his ministry. A product of our schools, he omitted nothing within his power to foster and advance their interests. He had vision, initiative, and leadership. The church chose wisely when it called him, in 1880, to the episcopacy.

Bishop Joseph F. Berry

A tall cedar has fallen. Because of his exceptional talents and vigor in old age, Bishop Warren has for years been the most conspicuous personality in Methodism. He was our premier orator. He was a leader whom the Board of Bishops and the whole denomination loved to honor. His death is indeed a precious loss, which will be felt around the world.

Bishop Luther B. Wilson

Henry White Warren, student, teacher, pastor, author, bishop, made easier for men the way to knowledge and to God, inspiring the desire for wisdom and goodness by what he was as well as by what he did. Ready to contend where conscience so commanded, he loved the things that made for peace. Vision and utterance showed him at once the friend of God and man. In all that counts for much he stood upon life's summit when the King's chariot came for him. He will live in the schools he helped to found and perfect, in the activities of the church to which he gave such princely leadership, and in the hearts in many lands that honored and loved him. To his brothers in the fellowship of episcopal service he can never cease to be a commanding personality. In symmetry and strength he was a pillar, but a pillar adorned with the lily-work of gracious speech and kindly action. As one has suggested, such men do not pass out, they pass on.

Bishop William Fraser McDowell

Bishop Warren naturally suggests the use of certain names. He was our Chrysostom, our Apollos, our Sir Galahad. We had no better example of golden eloquence, based upon the Scriptures; no one better fitted to sit at the Round Table of any king, or to find again the Holy Grail. He gave high distinction to everything he touched, and adorned every occasion on which he appeared. His tastes were like his speech, opulent and magnificent. He had an abiding taste for mountains, oceans, planets, empires, kingdoms, Bibles, great literature, and the like. He was always climbing Matterhorns, ever familiar with the forces of sunbeams, and always reveling in the heights. He even put auroral splendors into an Episcopal Address to the General Conference. Those of us who are of plain, unadorned, and barren speech, who live in the lowlands, loved and enjoyed the wealth and elevation of Warren's thought and speech. He always had what Burton called "high heartedness" in his ministry. And I do not know what we are going to do without him for our state occasions. He brought to them and to all his work both the "vision splendid" and the power splendid.

All this and more will appear on the surface of his life. We shall all easily think how he bore without reproach the grand old name, and

how he wore the pure white flower of a blameless life, how he lived without fear and without reproach. All that is our public knowledge and our common pride. But some of us will long think of the way he carried burdens he might have shirked; wore himself out begging money for causes to which he was committed; tramped the streets of cities and towns that churches and colleges might be saved; refused to live a life of ease that he might bear his full share of the world's work. He was every inch a bishop. He defined the term in his own life, and illustrated it in his whole long official career. If anybody had asked one of us, "What is a bishop?" we should have answered, "Henry White Warren is a bishop."

I am saying all this because I cannot get out or get down what is in my heart. And I suppose I never shall be able to say it.

Bishop William F. Anderson

Bishop Henry W. Warren! What glorious lustre the name has shed upon Methodism and the Christian world for a half-century! It is the synonym of cosmic vision, of clear thinking, of versatile scholarship, of great preaching, of broad, sympathetic interest in redemptive world-movements, of splendid Christian leadership, of considerate brotherliness towards his fellow-laborers, of lofty, manly character. Such a life once lived becomes forevermore a fountain of blessing to all mankind.

"Who calls thee dead? Dead as a knight is
Who doth but lay aside his armor with the
battle won.
Dead as a knight is who hath gone away
In better mail beneath another sun."

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes

Bishop Warren's voice was an index of the man. Strong, harmonious, well-sustained, it filled the large place in which he spoke just as he filled the large place in which he lived. In its strength and harmony it represented his vigorous administrative gift which escaped the charge of arbitrariness because always accompanied by a gentle urbanity. Even as the voice lasted in power and persuasiveness long after the years when most men lose their vigor of speech, so did it represent a life that kept unabated strength to the end. It is hard to think of that wonderful voice as being stilled, and it is impossible to think of that splendid life as being quenched.

Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield

Bishop Warren was a lover of the mountains and the stars. With fine courage and daring he climbed the high peaks of tallest mountains. He often stood above the clouds. He gave long nights to the study of the stars, and was at home amid the constellations. He heard the music of the spheres.

And Bishop Warren was a man of the mountain type — rugged, virile, high souled, sun-crowned. Great and lofty thought appealed to his mind. He dwelt on high themes. No matter what the occasion, he dignified it by his utterance. He ever eschewed the petty and the trivial. Always genial, fraternal, kind, he magnified his office and adorned the church by the nobility of his spirit and bearing. He was the friend and helper of all who would live in the spirit. To this man of keen spiritual vision came "sights and insights" unseen of earthly eyes. Profound interpreter of the Word of God, in a voice keyed to music, he preached on great themes. Ah! what a voice to add its vibrant note to the music of the "choir invisible!"

Bishop Warren Crowned

THE startled Methodist Episcopal Church stands still in profound grief as it receives the most unwelcome announcement that he who stood so straight and tall at Minneapolis, leading the column with powers apparently unabated, now lies low in death. We cry: "How can it be? 'How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod?' 'The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!'" After a few weeks of suffering from pneumonia, Bishop Henry White Warren passed away from his home, University Park, Denver, Col., on Tuesday, July 23, aged 81 years and 6 months. We proceed in deep sorrow to outline the splendid career thus brought to a sudden close.

His years on earth, fourscore and one, divide themselves into three not very unequal periods. The first, of twenty-four years, reaches down to his entrance upon the work of the ministry, in 1855. Born at Williamsburg, Mass., Jan. 4, 1831, of strong New England stock, his father's name Mather, his mother's Anne Fairfield, he spent his boyhood amid the scenes of our beautiful Connecticut Valley, and drank in from the hills the strength which stood him in such good stead through the following days. He imbibed, also, in that godly country home the love of learning, human and divine. Wilbraham, not far off, trained him for larger usefulness in the way it has done such great multitudes, and witnessed also his first profession of saving grace; for he yielded here to the tender solicitation of an older schoolmate, John H. Mansfield, who is still with us, and came out distinctly on the Lord's side. This was in October, 1848. Robert Allyn was then principal of Wesleyan Academy, and Charles Baker was pastor. The latter baptized and received into the church the young student early in 1849. Proceeding the next summer to Middletown, thus fortified against the temptations of college life, four years of drill under President Olin and his worthy colleagues left an indelible impression on the growing mind, and laid broad foundations for its further advancement in the days to come. After graduation, in 1853, the teaching of natural science at Amenia Seminary and of ancient languages at Wesleyan Academy in the two next years brought still further equipment for life's battles; and in 1855, side by side with his younger brother, William, he knocked at the door of the New England Conference, then in session at Chelsea, Bishop Simpson presiding, and was welcomed right heartily.

Twenty-five years cover the next period of Henry Warren's life. Between the ages of twenty four and forty nine, in the full vigor of prime manhood, he preached the Gospel with great efficiency and acceptability in nine churches, and was just beginning his ministry at the tenth, Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, in the spring of 1880, when the church called him to a wider sphere. Of the nine, seven were in the New England Conference, to whose fellowship he was ever strongly attached—Laurel St., Worcester, North Bennet St., Boston (then one of the best), Hedding (now Tremont St.)

Church, St. Paul's, Lynn (chosen a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives while pastor there), Westfield, Cambridgeport, Trinity, Charles town. While at Westfield, in 1864, he preached the election sermon before the State Government. At Charlestown (1868 '70) he built the present stately structure, costing \$88 000, and filled it every Sunday with earnest worshippers. In the Philadelphia Conference he was stationed at the marble church on the corner of Broad and Arch Sts. two times, and in the New York East Conference at St. John's, Brooklyn. Others of our foremost churches were waiting for him, but it had come to be extensively felt that such gifts and graces should be no longer confined to any one locality.

His election to the episcopacy at Cincinnati, in 1880, together with Cyrus D. Foss, John F. Hurst, and Erastus O. Haven—he first of this illustrious four, and on the first ballot—greatly delighted the denomination, who perceived that in him they had precisely the sort of man who would do honor to the high position and to whom to do honor was in every way most fitting. And in no manner have they been disappointed from that day to this. For thirty-two years, a period surpassed by none in our annals and equaled only by four others—Asbury, Simpson, Bowman, and Andrews—he has glorified his Master and gratified the people as he has passed to and fro throughout these States and traveled round the globe in the fulfillment of his responsible office.

As a preacher he has known how to touch the heartstrings, satisfy the intellect, and mightily strengthen the soul. As an administrator, the justice and fairness of his rulings have never been arraigned. He has sent to their posts of duty 35,000 men, and they have gone feeling that a brother's voice had bidden them do their best. Among the foreign missions—South America, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, India, Europe, North Africa, Mexico, and Porto Rico—with special joy to himself and very marked blessing to the laborers, he has been abundant in ministrations. He referred with deep satisfaction to this part of his work in the brief farewell address to the General Conference last May, saying: "I have brought back from my observation in the heathen world the most clear and vivid feeling that the Gospel in the heathen world is the power of God, and it affects human hearts according to the thought and mind of the blessed Spirit." Of his whole episcopacy he bore witness: "It has been an era of unlimited joy." One other word from this valedictory so indicates the nature of the man that we are forced to quote it: "I earnestly desire for the church an intense spiritual life. The machinery is good, but dead. The power of God in the soul is the life of the world." That power of God in the soul was ever his, and he coveted larger measures of it constantly, both for himself and for the millions of Methodism. Joined with this, among his prominent qualifications for high place, was the breadth of his intellectual outlook, and his clearly understood sympathy with every

forward movement in the realm of mind. He could not otherwise have stood as a fitting representative of New England. His degree of D. D. was from Dickinson in 1874, and that of LL. D. from Ohio Wesleyan in 1892. Only two residences were his during the entire thirty two years. From 1880 to 1884 he was at Atlanta, and since then he has lived at Denver. It afforded him unalloyed gratification that while at the first place he was able to assist in the founding of Gammon Theological Seminary, and at the second place in the establishment of the Iliff School of Theology and the University with which it is associated.

Now that the living voice is hushed, how good that his books remain to carry on for many a year this precious and healthful influence! After a year (1873) spent in travel through Europe and the East, he sent forth his first volume entitled: "Sights and Insights." Other volumes, by which he conveyed to the wide public something of his own delight in the marvelous works of God, were named: "Studied in the Stars," "Researches in Astronomy," "Among the Forces." He did much also to promote the study of the Bible through his notes on the Sunday-school lessons, and the study of our hymns through "The Lesser Hymnal," in 1877, and his choice selections of hymns to be memorized, later.

Since the death of Bishop Andrews, in 1907 (at the age of 82), he has been the senior bishop. He stood 30th in the long line which now extends to 69. No other of our bishops, we believe, has passed eighty in active service, and it is quite certain that no other ever will. Only three have been older at decease. We had hoped that for very many years, now that he was released from the exhausting journeys and exacting toils of the administration of Conferences, he might have been spared to bless the church with his counsels and pour forth with his pen through the press the garnered wisdom of his ripened age. We had counted on seeing him still in our pulpits and on your platforms, where he was always so graceful and dignified and effective a figure, and so warmly welcomed by vast hosts. But God has deemed it best to grant him a complete release from labor than did his brethren at the General Conference. And while we bow in acquiescence to Infinite Love, we give utterance to our sense of the severe loss which the church and the nation and the world have suffered. How sad a beginning of the quadrennium! His voice in the great councils of the church will be heard no more, but the sweet, strong echo of it will long linger on our ears. The magnificent ovations which he received at Minneapolis, and which have now been his portion for a good while as he moved up and down the land, loudly testify to his peerless place among us. New England has ever been justly proud of this son of hers, whose rare culture, eloquent sermons, helpful writings and stainless character have lifted him so loftily. We shall at a future time build him some more adequate monument than is possible just now. To his greatly bereaved brother, the sorely afflicted wife (his companion for nearly thirty years), and the three mourning children, we offer our sincerest sympathy.

It is likely that few persons had the honor and the inspiration of a closer friendship with Bishop Warren than did Dr. Christian F. Reisner. Bishop Warren, who was "a discerner of spirits," caught sight of Dr. Reisner when he was pastor of London Heights congregation in Kansas City, Kas., and was the means by which Dr. Reisner was summoned to the pastorate of Grace church, Denver, at a critical moment when that church was passing across the chasm from a most important residential church to a "down town" enterprise. We presume to say also that after Dr. Reisner's record at Grace, it was Bishop Warren's suggestion that brought Dr. Reisner into the light as a possible pastor for Grace church, New York. Dr. Reisner's work in the polyglot community contiguous to Grace church at One Hundred and Fourth Street is known everywhere. We, ourself, have seen in Bishop Warren the kindling eye which spoke a fond heart when Dr. Reisner came unexpectedly into his presence. And one day, looking through the palings of old Trinity Graveyard opposite Wall Street, we spied Dr. Reisner, and with him had sweet discourse over the giant bishop who a few weeks before had slipped away from earth. We exhorted Dr. Reisner to put his thoughts into printed form. It was years ago. He has forgotten. But we are gratified to find that he has done so and that the Methodist Review has given us his thought. We quote a few paragraphs.—EDITOR.

The bishop's pacific face was the flower of his heart. The home is the real testing place for holiness. The finest tribute to Naaman was the slave servant girl's affection. Many who shine in public strike with a forked-lightning tongue among the loved ones. It was the bishop's privilege to be a guest in the bishop's home on varied occasions, both public and intimately private. No occasion or incident broke his sunny poise. Whether discussions dealt with loyal friends or with those who had bitten his heart with snake's fang and without provocation, Bishop Warren never acted otherwise than as our Master would have done. He had no cells in which to store hate poison, venom spleen or vitriol language. He commended where possible and otherwise passed without comment.

Those who knew him most intimately through years of close fellowship found that while, like all leaders, he did not escape some undeserved assailings and impugnings, easily traced to individuals, yet he never was heard to say an unkind or depreciatory word of another's character. His heart was so sweet that it could not send out bitter water.

Dr. Eckman, in his characterization in the *Christian Advocate*, said: "Bismarck said of William I that no one could think of a situation where he would not look dignified. That might well and easily be said of Bishop Warren." Bishop Moore, in the *Western*, said of him: "He was the poetry of motion, walking, running or leaping." Words could not be more apt. He could "run" for a train, dash after a street car, ride an antiquated bicycle or hurry through a leisurely going crowd, and dignity cling to him as color to a rosy apple. It was innate and came as naturally as thought. He was as courteous to a washerwoman as to a queen, as gracious to a patched laborer as to a United States Senator. He spoke appreciation so sincerely that embarrassment forgot to arise. His royal bearing was as native as the movements of a gazelle. It never occurred to one to be frivolous in Bishop Warren's presence. That did not mean that one must be stiff-necked and somber. He could tell the richest jokes—and he did, abundantly—but they

led some place and were sweet to the core.

He meant business. He never wasted time. Early in June, preceding his death in July, E. M. Cranston, the well-known attorney, and son of Bishop Cranston, saw him run a block and jump on a University Park car while it was in motion. Meeting him later, Mr.



BISHOP WARREN.

Cranston commented on the risk of such an act. The reply came: "Time is too precious to stand on the corner waiting for a car when a little run will save me eight minutes."

How simple were his habits! A few days after the funeral the writer visited the home beautiful at the Park. There was a great loneliness about the place and husband had moved out, and we talked on until tears, Mr. Warren and the bishop's two daughters. Someone mentioned the requests from dear friends for postals. Mrs. Warren said: "You know he was so simple in his habits that he had no trinkets about him which he used. It was a constant problem to know what to buy as love tokens." He used a little stub lead pencil and it was just

long enough to catch with finger ends. He had no trinkets of any sort—no desk furnishings, no necktie pins, no shirt studs, no jewelry. He carried travel furnishings in a very small bag.

He staggered no one with a display of learning. Students earning their way through school by working for Mrs. Warren found ease at once in his friendly conversings. He was scholarly. He made no careless statements. Specialists were met whatever path they took. He was expert in astronomy and walked with God in the heavens. He followed other scientific lines with depth and completeness. But withal he was neighborly.

He was very human. Who can forget the bicycle on the back porch! He mounted it to ride for the mail with the glee of a boy going to the store for baseball or candy. He enjoyed everything. That was his rule. There was no hour or place that did not furnish an outlook, an incident or a thought suggestion of value.

He knew how to recreate. He advised and took many single holidays. How he did joy in battling the breakers at the California home near Santa Cruz! Again and again post cards would come telling of long swims. He did not play games, but he enjoyed his bicycle, long tramps, swimming and mountain touring as much as a college man does tennis. He played

with a purpose to fit himself for better service.

What a sympathy capacity he had! Thirty-five thousand ministers received appointments from his hands, and though often they were disappointments, no one went home frost-bitten at heart by the cold treatment of the bishop.

Dr. Buckley said, after characterizing numerous bishops: "Others have a wit and very ably direct, irresistible, knowing parliamentary rules not ruled with iron but keeping it within reach. Of these were Bishops Simpson, Thomson and Warren. Annual Conferences are always difficult. In the cabinet he was refined and accessible, and few if any of the laity or pastors found him arrogant or impatient. In his appointments his work was unusually satisfactory. Dissatisfaction usually comes to an editor's office.

and comparatively little arrived here. In presiding over conventions he was unsurpassed."

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Every year at his birthday, January 4, a company of Denver Methodist pastors visited his home. They exhausted resources in devising tokens of esteem to present. But one year they brought him a bound volume containing greetings in the ministers' own handwriting, from every minister in Colorado. That struck home, deep, and became his most prized possession. He had honors abroad abundant, but he would rather feel the love of the humblest man in his own vicinity that have much admiration from distant parts.

He was naturally very affectionate. His office shut him much into himself; that is uniformly notable with every bishop, but he had his dear friends. He never ceased to be the "chum" of his brother, ex-President William F. Warren of Boston University, younger by two years. They began the ministry together. He treasured much the heart yoke which bound him to Dr. William V. Kelley, the *Review* editor. For many months they slept, ate, walked and traveled together, and so knitted into fast friends. A few were thrilled by seeing a letter close. "Yours affectionately."

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One day, in a personal conversation, after a little meditation the bishop said: "God has ordered every step of my way. I have recently been reviewing my past. I cannot think of a single thing that I would have had different. Most of it has been sunshine." He had his heart tears, but few knew about them.

* * *

Once he asked the writer at a General Conference if he was to preach, and receiving the reply, "No, I am resting," said, "Ah, you ought to preach at every chance. Time is short."

He was energy incarnated. The *Rocky Mountain News* said editorially, after his decease, that during the terrible Colorado panic in the early nineties he was the only one who went everywhere confidently predicting a victorious outcome. When Chancellor Buchtel came to Denver University the sheriff's hammer was close upon it. Without Bishop Warren's foresight in choosing Dr. Buchtel, and then his active co-operation in campaigning for funds, the university would most certainly have been sold to satisfy the mortgagees.

His religion was as real to him as the mountain-fed springs that turned the sandy deserts into richest gardens when properly channeled. At a testimony meeting at General Conference he said: "Late in October, 1848, in my room, alone in the dark, near midnight, my heart was 'strangely warmed.' It was a perfectly clear, definite experience, changing my feelings altogether from fear, anxiety and a sense of guilt into a state of rapture. I was alone, alone with Jesus. I felt that He had washed away my sins, even mine. The week before John H. Mansfield, now a superannuate of the New England Conference, had taken me by the arm and led me over the hills, commending to me the religion that my mother and father had exemplified all my life. I felt that I wanted to enter into this religion, and Christ graciously came into my heart, and there has been glory there ever since." There is no "hope so" in this. It was an "I know."

He glowed with his experience as stars do with light on a moonless night.

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How modest and unselfish was this bishop! William F. Warren, his brother, was leaving the seat of the General Conference at Cincinnati in 1880. A friend halted him on the way to the depot, saying, "You had better stay until tomorrow, for then we are going to elect your brother a bishop." William looked up in surprise and said: "He doesn't know it. He has never said a word to me about it." How like him! The next day he was elected on the first ballot by a two-thirds vote, though only a bare majority was then necessary. It was his first appearance in the General Conference. A Denver daily stated that when the bishop was operated on for appendicitis in Buenos Aires he kept the fact from his wife until he recovered and met her in Paris. That was his method. He seldom related personal incidents. He was always swallowed up by his work. He carried no complaint vocabulary. He was so busy doing good that fault-finding was forgotten.

* * *

He was a twofold patriot; wherever he traveled he carried a small silken American flag and a New Testament—the sym-

bols of two governments. He was a descendant of General Warren of Bunker Hill and his grandson is training in a military school. Every day was filled with usefulness and spent as though it would end the journey. The last holy treasure of his heart was the Iliff School for training ministers. Over this he brooded, dreamed and then went out to realize the highest. The beautiful building housing the school was also before his eyes from that upper room.

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In a note Dr. H. F. Rall, who was close by when he left earth, wrote: "Near to the end he looked out the windows at the panorama of nature's glory and said:

"The world is full of roses
And the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

In a few moments he raised himself up and looked at the mountains, and at Iliff School, and then his eyes came home to the trees, then smiling he waved his hand to all in his old, gallant, triumphant, joyous way, and said, "Good-bye, mountains, school, dear ones, and all," and so fell asleep and "was not, for God took him."

The Retired Ministry.

The Preacher's Rainy Day.

BY BISHOP CHARLES BAYARD MITCHELL.

"Every Methodist preacher covets no higher honor than to die in the harness." To preach a semi-centennial sermon is the preacher's highest joy. Every one of us dreads the hour of his superannuation or retirement from the active service. Many people have grown very sentimental and have shed many tears when once in four years two or three bishops have been retired on a pension of \$2,500 per year. But how few laymen have any tears to shed over the hundreds of pastors who are retired annually in all our Conferences, and with only a pittance of support for their old age, often having served their charges on small salaries for many years.

The possibility of retirement faces every pastor in the face.

The pastor of today is more likely to become a claimant than the pastors of the past. The salaries are so small that no provision can be made for a rainy day. The pastor is no longer the recipient of many gifts of provisions. He needs cash for everything. His children must be educated. His family must be respectably clothed. Salaries have not increased with the cost of living. The fathers often saved more than the sum of their annual salaries. They had a little farm, or they traded a horse or two; or sold some books; and thus they got along on little outlay of money. Strange as it may seem to one who has not studied the situation, it is nevertheless true that it is more necessary today than in the past for the Church to make provision for the retired minister's support. The true minister must give all his time during his productive period to the service of his church. He has neither the time nor the aptitude for money-making. His income each year has been fixed on the basis of a mere support. Formerly, our pastors frequently located early and went on to farms and provided for their old age. But now that is not the case. We work up to the hour we are superannuated, and are left at once without an appointment and nothing but the Claimant Fund prevents absolute want.

If the laymen could only know what some of us know of the hardships endured by these veterans of the cross they would gladly come to the support of this fund

The Veteran's Hand.

After nearly fifty years in the Baptist ministry the Godly and eloquent B. T. Welch, no longer able to kneel at family worship, seated in his chair, used to pour out his soul to God. It is related of him that at times, in a half-playful, half-rapturous manner, he would hold up his thin and trembling, palsied hand before his eyes and say to it: "Old Hand, what ails you? Cannot you be still for a moment? Seventy and six years have left their marks on you. But bless the King in Zion this day for all the service you have been able to render Him. How often have you handled the sacred pages of His Word! What use you have been in preaching His gospel! How often you have baptized loving disciples. How many you have received into fellowship in His church. For how many you have broken the emblem of His broken body! Poor old hand! I remember when you were fair and young and strong.

Never mind the past. Thank my loving Lord, it will not be long before you put your fingers into the print of the nails in His hand; not long before you will lay a crown at His feet; not long before He will stretch out His own hand, mighty to save, and grasp you and greet you, and His touch will heal your palsy and send immortality thrilling through your every vein and fibre. Be of good cheer, old hand. You shall soon touch more than the hem of His robe, and be heard forever."

Conference Claimants' Campaign.

By O. W. K.

One of the outstanding works of the Oklahoma Conference is the new campaign they have on for the Endowment Fund for the Conference Claimants, in connection with the national movement. Secretary Hingeley is to be on hand at the coming session of the Conference at Enid, and the Conference secretary, Dr. W. T. Euster, has organized about forty charges and held about that number of

his influence in establishing other educational institutions shows the versatility of the man, while his contributions to religious literature and theological thought have also marked the departed bishop as a man of varied attainments. He was retired at the last General Conference on account of his age, having reached 80 years. No bishop in the history of the church has been more reluctantly retired, nor has there been one whose death will be more widely mourned."

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By Rev. J. W. McDougall, D.D.

When Bishop Henry White Warren changed mortality for immortality one of the greatest men in the Methodist Episcopal Church ceased to be so far as this life is concerned. He was an exceedingly strong man, physically, mentally and spiritually. He was commanding in his personal appearance. It was easy to locate him in the crowd because of his splendid physique, tall, straight, like the giant tree in the forest. Intellectually he was a tower of strength. He possessed rare preaching ability. His conference sermons were masterpieces, and left the impression on his hearers that a true prophet of God was speaking. He contributed much to the literary world. Among his writings that it is my privilege to possess is "The Bible in the World's Education." This book if studied carefully would inspire one to a more thorough and deep spiritual study of the word of God. He says: "We do not take a microscope to study in it statistics, geology, and a hundred other of our ologies, all right in themselves, but we come open-eyed and open-hearted to ask, Does it teach salvation? The heavens are the open book of astronomy, the earth geology. But the Bible is the open book of salvation from sin, and there is an infallible teacher of the book." He had keen insight into the truth which came from a long life of study and companionship with the Divine. As a Bishop his coming to an annual Conference was always a delight to the ministers, for it invariably meant a good conference. As a presiding officer he was a master, always in full control of himself, fair and impartial in his decisions. He was courteous, kind and considerate, giving due consideration everywhere to the man in the hard field. His name will be revered among Methodists as one of the greatest Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In our judgment he was an ideal Bishop.

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By Dr. W. S. Mathew.

Bishop Warren gone! It seems impossible to believe so, and one can only think of that expression of the poet concerning the mighty monarch of the mountainside which has come down "long thundering" and left "a lone-some place against the sky." Bishop Warren was indeed a mighty oak. He was of good stock, and the plant took deep rootage from the beginning; and though more than once transplanted, he grew and continued to grow until the very end. He was indeed "like a tree planted by the living water" and brought forth fruit even in old age. Who of us has not felt ashamed at his tireless mental activities and his ceaseless literary labors? Even his vacations he turned to good account, and was a student everywhere. Many a time have I inquired for him at his summer home, "The Breakers" at his loved Santa Cruz, only to be told that before 9 o'clock he had been seen a wheel going toward the city library where he could be found, his table covered with books, and he in the deep delights of refreshing study. Truly for him his recreation days became recreations, and even if we must despair of ever rivalling him either in strength or industry, sure-

ly all of us should be stimulated to follow after. Bishop Warren had a great heart as well as a great brain, and while one cannot think of him at all except as climbing to the mountain tops and reveling in high themes, yet in the truest sense he literally "lived by the side of the road and was a friend of man." The church he loved can never forget him and the whole world is richer by God's gift to it of this beloved prophet and friend, Henry White Warren.

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By Dr. A. N. Fisher.

I have known all the chief pastors of our church since the days of Beverly Waughn, and in my estimate Bishop Warren ranks among the greatest of them.

In natural endowment he was graciously equipped for his high office. His fine physique, his sturdy vitality, his clear toned voice, his poetic temperament, his urban courtesy continued to commend him to popular esteem. In acquired ability he was the peer of his colleagues, and in some lines their superior. Trained in the school, broadened by extensive travel and developed by scientific research his mental powers were of the fine order. He had a passion for nature studies and won reputation as "a priest at the shrine of the natural world." He felt "the lure of the wild." He loved mountain climbing. None of his brethren knew more about the stars than did he. Few traveled as extensively or observed with a keener insight. But a creation to nature did not secularize him. He was a man of marked spiritual power. He knew his bible well, and was an ardent admirer of its marvels of beauty and wisdom. And he was more an ecclesiastic than a scientist. His experience in the Episcopal office, equal in duration to that of any man who ever held it, made him in recent years the Nestor of the Board. His pupil ministrations were delightfully elevating, instructive, inspiring.

As senior Bishop he was one grand old man. Not often do we see one of his advanced age in such vigor of health, clearness of intellect, range of spiritual vision, and felicity of speech. It was the callendar, not his infirmities that retired him. It was the number of his years, not the weight of them that caused his release from official cares. His memory will abide an asset for which the church will not cease to be grateful.

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By Rev. C. O. McCulloch D. D.

When the wires flashed to the world that Henry White Warren, General Superintendent, had passed on, at once and vividly to the minds of myriads arose those words of the days of ancient heroism, "How are the mighty fallen," and, "In thine high places." In years of the life natural from January 1831 to July 1912, and Williamsbury, Massachusetts, to Denver, Colorado, honor graduate from Middleton, Connecticut, 1853, teacher, author, lecturer, world-traveler, ambassador for Jesus Christ for fifty-seven years. Bishop 1880-1912, commanding in presence and kingly in mein, great and mighty as an expounder of gospel, God's dynamic for a lost world, marvelous of voice, matchless in chaste, appropriate felicitous utterance on the platform, and great as a watchful and wise guardian, and administrator of affairs Methodistic for a third of a century, those words, "The Lord gave," must ever be coupled by a grateful people with those other ritualistic words, "And blessed be the name of the Lord." A moment we linger at the fresh mound of a host already rich in honored dead to drop a tear, and say, "Rest," and then push on anew in our world campaign till we greet this princely spirit before the throne.

Religion and Everyday Living

By Rev. H. J. Wood, B.D.

Text: "All the Days."

When we were about to leave the East for the far Northwest I said to a friend of mine, the successful and well-beloved pastor of a large city church, "Tell me some of the things that you have learned that I need to know." His reply was, "Keep in touch with life." At the recent prayer meeting in which we discussed sermons that have helped, the same note could be discerned. The sermons that have helped have been those that got home where the people live. Now if this be true in regard to preaching it is also certainly true in regard to individual Christian experience. Our religion must be made to keep in touch with our daily living. We are to think of Christ as a force in our lives 'all the days.'

There have been times and places when people have thought of religion as something entirely apart from everyday living. The ancient idea of asceticism was that religion and common life did not mix at all, that the world was evil and only evil, and that one to keep his own soul pure must get as far away from the market place as possible. So men and women withdrew themselves from the world with its sin and suffering, and in secluded places wrapped themselves in holy thoughts. But this was not the Christianity that Jesus taught.

In more recent times religion took still the form of other worldliness. The fear of hell and the hope of heaven were about the only motives held out to induce people to enter the Christian life. Now we should not discount the importance of the hereafter or forget that this world is mainly a preparation for the next; but the boy in school must not get to building such bright air castles of what he is going to do when he gets out of school that he forgets his daily lessons. We must not go to either extreme, but, in general, if we live this life as we ought in the love and fear of God we may trust Him in the next.

Along with extreme other worldliness sometimes goes extreme emotionalism. Personally, while I am not much of a shouter myself, I rather enjoy seeing other people get happy in meetings occasionally. But there are those who act as if religion consisted entirely of a state of emotion, who under stress of the excitement of a meeting of the sort they enjoy will talk and sing as if they were creatures of the heaven above, but when they get home or out on the street or in the field they live like creatures of the earth earthy. I have in mind now a former parishoner. She was exceedingly holy in church, in fact too holy to go to church with the common run of people. She was a sweet singer and how that woman could pray; but the way that, out of sheer selfishness, she imposed on her children at home was a standing outrage. Religion with her was emotionalism, not much more.

Solitude, meditation and prayer are useful in religion, but they are not all

of religion. Thoughts of the heavenly home may be useful in religion, but they are not all of it. Religious emotion may be an indispensable factor in religion, but there are other indispensable factors. If the human mind could be said to be measured, we might say that it is one-third feeling, one-third thinking and knowing and one-third will. Possibly the same formula might be a good one for our religious experience—one third feeling, which would include our love for God and man, joy over our salvation, and hatred of sin and its results; one-third thinking and knowing, taking in our knowledge of God and His will, our duty to Him, to ourselves and to our neighbor; one-third will power, that is our determination to keep our own selves clean and do the square dealing toward God and fellow man. If we get these ingredients all in proper proportions in our personal religion, there isn't much danger of our getting spiritually lop-sided and running off into excessive asceticism, wordliness or emotionalism.

Another reason that religion and everyday living tend to stray apart is the impracticability of some preaching. It is easier to preach that way. It is a lot easier to write a sermon full of ethereal generalities about the omnipotence of God and the immortality of the soul for instance than it is to write one that will burrow down into the daily lives of the particular people who will hear it. It is much easier to give a general dissertation about the deceptiveness of sin in general and preach it as if the people in the pews were all spotless saints than it is to stand in the pulpit and talk to the particular people in the pews about the particular meanness of their own particular sins. The result is that many a preacher with a sore and heavy heart will preach an earnest sermon on, we will say, the sinfulness of sin and how it grieves the Holy Spirit, and the people will sit and call it eloquent; but when they go home one will be as foul-mouthed as before, and another will keep on slandering the neighbors, and a third will still forget to pay that old grocery bill.

To this impracticability of preaching add the fact that there are many who call themselves Christians and make little effort to live up to their calling as well as many others who honestly try to do the right thing, but are so beset by temptations and difficulties that they don't succeed in living as clean lives as their neighbors think they ought to live, and it is easy to see how the idea of a separation between religion and everyday living has crept in.

But, on the other hand, there is also the idea that the Christian religion is capable of being worked out in the plainest of everyday life. Look first at the preaching and the life of Jesus. He was intensely practical. Back of all his teachings are great broad principles—in fact he dealt in general principles rather than in specific rules of conduct—but over and over he

shows how those principles are to work out in our everyday living. If men bring the charge of impracticability against the teachings of Jesus it is not because those teachings cannot be worked out in daily life, but because men are unwilling to make the sacrifices he demands. He himself did the things he taught, and did them in the midst of as great difficulties as any of us ever face.

Today's idea of Christianity is more practical than that of a few generations ago. The older idea considered mainly the Christian in his relation to God. The newer lays more stress on the Christian in his relation to fellow man. The newer may look at first glance to be the shallower idea, but in reality it is the deeper.

A man's relation to God is not what it ought to be till he does his duty to God, and duty to God includes duty to all God's children. So you can't get right with God till you get right with your neighbors. Prayer and confession alone do not make Christianity. To them must be added service to man, springing from the love of God. In other words, your Sunday religion must stand the test of Monday's wash-tubs or it isn't what it ought to be.

Again, the non-Christian world demands that our religion be practical, workable. Here are two gasoline engines. The principles of construction are about the same. One is bright, clean and freshly painted. It is attractive to look at, but it won't work. That's all. The other is dingy and greasy, but does its work steadily, perfectly. Which is the valuable engine? The world tests Christians, not so much by their paint, or the principles they profess, as by the work they do, the way they behave in everyday life. And Christianity itself is forever on trial, submitted continually to the same test. The non-Christian world doesn't read its Bible very much, but it reads you and me all the time. If our daily conduct is right, Christianity will be considered a success and people will be led to it. But if your life and mine are empty of the things we talk about, then Christianity will also be considered an empty claim and people re-



REV. H. J. WOOD

sufficiently interested to meet this demand; it is only necessary to say that not until Bishop Cooke threw himself into the campaign was its success made possible. On July the first not a dollar was in sight in Athens for this fine cause. On that day Bishop Cooke began his campaign. By personal solicitation he has signed in bankable paper practically every cent of the \$10,000. On Monday night July 15, an open meeting was held in which the donors again pledged themselves the necessary amount. Mayor Grant presided. Addresses were made by Bishop Cooke and Dr. John A. Patten of Chattanooga.

It need not be said that Bishop Cooke was the only man in Athens or elsewhere either for that matter, who could do this—the record of past failures is sufficient proof. He would not admit this but the people of Athens and of Holston Methodism and of our Methodism in the South know it to be true.

This is the spirit he brings with him into the far Western field where the church has appointed that he shall serve four years. From Portland there will go out all that he has of spirit and of time and of money given in the highest service for God, Humanity and Methodism.

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From an investigation by Professor William Beeme Bern as to the blight of alcohol on children the following astounding statistics are gathered. The investigation includes twenty families. Ten of temperate habits and ten of intemperate. The former produced sixty-one children to fifty-seven of the latter. Fifty of the children of temperate parentage were normal, two were dwarfed or deformed, two backward, two had St. Vitus Dance and five died in infancy. While only 10 of the fifty-seven children born to the intemperate families were normal, 10 were dwarfed or deformed, 7 were idiots, 5 epileptic and 25 died in infancy. Where can we find a stronger temperance lecture?

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The Minister of Public Instruction of Hungary has issued an official proclamation to the effect that each year, hereafter, one day shall be set aside in all the public schools when teachers shall devote special attention to the scientific facts regarding alcohol. The day will be known as "Anti-alcohol day."

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The railway dining cars of Pennsylvania are now practically free from the sale of liquor. The Pennsylvania railway discontinued the sale of liquor on trains in that State. The Reading and Lehigh Valley and Central Railway of New Jersey have followed the lead of the Pennsylvania and ordered the sale of liquor discontinued on the trains in that State. Little by little the liquor traffic is being crowded out of respectable places.

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Bishop Richard J. Cooke made his first appearance before a Sunday audience within the bounds of the territory over which he has the Episcopal authority last Sunday morning, when he preached to an audience that filled old Taylor street church, Portland, to its utmost capacity. This was his second appearance in public, and he has made a most favorable impression. He had a sympathetic, attentive audience Sunday and he delighted them beyond measure. The subject of his sermon was "The Blessings of Discontent." Most eloquently and beautifully did he portray the heights to which nations have climbed and how from out of every discontent there has arisen a better civilization. Out of political discontent comes a more perfect government, and from spiritual discontent comes a larger and a higher and holier life in Christ Jesus. It was a good, wholesome, helpful, soul inspiring

sermon, and gave our people a high ideal of the oratorical and spiritual powers of our new bishop.

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Bishop Frank W. Warne of Lucknow will meet the readers of Puget Sound Methodism at a luncheon on Friday of this week, and comes to Portland for a similar meeting on Tuesday, August 6. The plan is to discuss the needs of the Mission Fields and provide means for increasing the gift this year so as to take care of the debt and deficiencies of the spring Conference collections.

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BISHOP HENRY WHITE WARREN

ON MAY twelfth, Eighteen Hundred Eighty there were four truly great men elected to the Episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Three of them were elected on the first ballot, Drs. Henry White Warren, Cyrus David Foss and John F. Hurst, and on the second succeeding ballot Dr. Erastus O. Haven received the necessary majority. Probably never before or since has such an illustrious quartet been added to our Episcopal Board.

After filling acceptably this high office for fifteen months Bishop Haven, while on a visit to the State of Oregon, in attendance on the Commencement Exercises of Willamette University, and to hold the Northwest Conference was taken mortally ill and his dust sleeps in Lee Mission Cemetery, at Salem. Bishop Hurst, the preacher, educator, author and Theologian, died May 4, 1903 and was buried in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C., under the shadow of American University whose establishment was the monumental task which he undertook soon after being elected, and which, some day, will be a towering monument to his faith and foresight. The third of this noted quartet, the devoted, thoughtful, widely informed and deeply spiritual, Cyrus D. Foss, went to his reward January 29, 1910. And now we are called upon to record the going of the last of these men, Bishop Henry White Warren, D. D., L. L. D., who died at his home in Denver Tuesday evening July 23.

Bishop Warren was born January 4, 1831, at Williamsburg, Mass. He was one of a number of children whose parents taught them that plain living and high thinking were compatible and conducive to the highest development. From this household there went three widely known and conspicuous leaders. A talented sister Mrs. Knight; the Rev. William Fairfield Warren D. D., L. L. D., a renowned educator and author; and Henry W. Warren, who rose to even greater distinction than his brilliant brother and sister. After completing his studies in the lower grades in Williamsburg, through the economy and frugality of his parents he was sent to Wesleyan University, Middleton Conn. and from which institution he graduated with honor in 1853. The life of this great man should forever refute the unwarranted statement that "honor graduates" never amount to much. He was instructor in Natural Science in his alma mater for two years, and professor of Ancient languages at Wesleyan Academy, William, Mass. from 1853 to 1857. That fall he was received on trial in the New England Conference where he soon took rank as a pulpit and platform speaker of unusual quality, and a review of his appointments amply demonstrates this fact. In 1862 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. After supplying several churches in that Conference his fame spread far beyond its borders and in 1871 he was transferred to Arch Street church, Philadelphia and he went from there to John Street Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., which at that time was one of the largest and most vigorous churches in the connection. Here he had a remarkably successful pastorate and farther substantiated his reputa-

tion as a worker that needeth not be ashamed. In 1877 he was returned to Arch Street, Philadelphia. This fact and the success attending his ministry during both pastorates is significant of his rare gifts. His last charge was Spring Garden church from which he was elevated to the highest office in the gift of his brethren. In his work of administering the affairs of the church throughout the world he has shown the rare ability which was characteristic of his ministry. He has traveled widely, was a prolific writer and was perhaps without a peer as an orator or master of assemblies. He had a marvelous voice; wonderful command of language, was the soul of courtesy, and was naturally simple—the essence of true greatness. He was a man of fine physique. Tall, well built, athletic, with dignified carriage, and always took such care of himself that he looked the picture of health. He was always pleasant, companionable and gracious, in matters of social propriety and of minor consideration in church affairs. But he was also a man of strong will, and very emphatic in things of importance. When he had formed his opinion in a matter he frequently would go any length in order to brook the opposition. When he undertook a task it would be accomplished if such was within the realm of a possibility. His first Episcopal residence was at Atlanta, Ga., but for 28 years he has lived in Denver, and has given to the University there, and Methodism in the great Central Northwest, his undivided attention, and the benefit of his wide experience and powerful influence especially strong was his devotion to the University. Some one said of him when that institution was in dire distress, "I fear if the University should fail it would kill Bishop Warren," when another who stood by said, "Well, if he should die you would find the University of Denver written on his heart." Such was his devotion to a cause he championed.

He had been the senior Bishop since the resignation of Bishop Stephen M. Merrill in 1904, and his colleagues delighted to honor and revere him because of his broad experience, wise council and mature judgment. His opening words at the General Conferences of 1908 and 1912 were like the peals of a silver bell carrying out over the turbulent scenes in an auditorium where a thousand enthusiastic men met; some for the first time; some for the first time in a quadrennium. But his commanding presence and sententious voice soon brought order, for Bishop Warren never spoke frivolous words, and the auditor was eager to catch every sentence. His retirement was a great disappointment to many, and his remarkable vigor at the advanced age of 81 nearly overbalanced the arguments for his superannuation. He was not present when the vote was announced but at the close of the morning session on May 23d he asked the "indulgence" of the Conference and in the following words pronounced his valedictory:

"We shall be adjourned in two or three minutes. Hear me please. If I had been present when the vote on the retiring of three Bishops was announced, I should have spoken then. I desire a word now. In 1880, thirty-two years ago, the General Conference conferred upon me the greatest honor that can be conferred on any mortal man, to be the viceroy and ambassador of the King of kings for all the earth. No man has served effectively in this office longer than myself. Only five men have come up to this limit of thirty-two years, and some of them like Bishop Asbury, were in pain and grief extreme during the latter part of the time. It has been an era of unlimited joy. When I look at my successor in the seniority, Bishop Cranston, I remember with holy feeling

that thirteen men have stood between us, and now we are together. In the exercise of this office I have been about the world; to South America twice, China and Japan twice, Korea, the Philippines, India, Europe, North Africa, Mexico and Porto Rico—a glorious embassy to the world at large. I have brought back from my observation in the heathen world the most clear and vivid feeling that the gospel in the heathen world is the power of God, and it affects human hearts according to the thought and mind of the blessed Spirit. When I was elected, we chose our residences. I chose mine in Atlanta. I count those years among the most valuable years of my life. By the gracious benevolence of Brother Gammon, I was permitted to be associated with the founding and endowing of that great school of theology. Then I chose my residence on the frontier, and by the marvelous liberality of my wife and children, I was enabled to be associated with the founding and endowment of the second great theological school of the five in our Church. For such a privilege I devoutly thank God. I earnestly desire for the Church an intense spiritual life. The machinery is good, but dead. The power of God in the soul is the life of the world. Concerning this matter of retiring, my wife and family agreed before we came that we would follow the custom of my life, with no word whatever to say in regard to the designation of my work. I have appointed, sometimes to difficult fields, 35,000 men, and they have gone to their work with a loyalty that is sublime, a devotion, courage and cheer that are born of God. I belong to that class of men, and accept the situation.

(At the close of Bishop Warren's remarks, the Conference burst into tremendous applause and, rising, tendered him a Chautauqua salute.)

Two days later, at the morning devotional exercises, which were that day devoted to a memorial service of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Methodism, Bishop Warren gave the following as his testimony:

"Late in October, 1848, in my room, alone in the dark, near midnight, my heart was strangely warmed. It was a perfectly clear, definite experience, changing my feelings altogether from fear, anxiety, and a sense of guilt, into a state of rapture. I was alone, alone with Jesus. I felt that he had washed away my sins, even mine. The week before, John H. Mansfield, now a superannuate of the New England Conference, had taken me by the arm and led me over the hills, commending to me the religion that my mother and father had exemplified all my life. I felt that I wanted to enter into this religion, and Christ graciously came into my heart, and there has been glory there ever since."

* * * * *

Impressions of Bishop Warren

By Bishop R. J. Cooke.

"Bishop Warren, who has just died at Denver, was recognized throughout universal Methodism as one of the greatest bishops since the days of Asbury and McKendree. He was noted as a great preacher, magnificent platform orator, and lecturer on scientific subjects. His famous lecture on 'The Forces of a Sunbeam' has been heard throughout the United States. His commanding ability as a statesman in church affairs, directing in a large measure with his colleagues the complex affairs of the church, numbering in the United States over 3,000,000 of people, places him in the front rank of great bishops who have guided with skill this great church through the past decade. His devotion to Denver University to which his wife gave large sums, reaching into the millions, and

BISHOP HENRY WHITE WARREN.

At the recent General Conference it was decided to release Bishop Warren from the duties of presiding in the Annual Conferences. The good bishop accepted the word of the General Conference in his usual kindly way. He said:—

"Brethren, I desire the indulgence of this Conference for a brief personal word. If I had been present when the vote on the retiring of three Bishops was announced, I should have spoken then. I desire a word now.

"In 1880, thirty-two years ago, the General Conference conferred upon me the greatest honor that can be conferred on any mortal man, to be the viceroy and ambassador of the King of kings for all the earth. No man has served effectively in this office longer than myself. Only five men have come up to this limit of thirty-two years, and some of them, like Bishop Asbury, were in pain and grief extreme during the latter part of the time.

"It has been an era of unlimited joy. When I look at my successor in the seniority, Bishop Cranston, I remember with a holy feeling that thirteen men have stood between us, and now we are together.

"In the exercise of this office I have been about the world—to South America twice, China and Japan twice, Korea, the Philippines, India, Europe, North Africa, Mexico and Porto Rico, a glorious embassy to the world at large. I have brought back from my observation in the heathen world the most clear and vivid feeling that the gospel in the heathen world is the power of God, and it affects human hearts according to the thought and mind of the blessed Spirit.

"When I was elected we chose our residences. I chose mine in Atlanta. I count those years among the most valuable years of my life. By the gracious benevolence of Brother Gammon I was permitted to be associated with the founding and endowing of that great School of Theology. There I chose my residence on the frontier and by the marvelous liberality of my wife and children I was enabled to be associated with the founding and endowing of the second great theological school of the five in our Church. For such a privilege I devoutly thank God.

"I earnestly desire for the Church an intense spiritual life. The machinery is good, but dead. The power of God in the soul is the life of the world.

"Concerning this matter of retiring, my wife and family agreed before we came that we would follow the custom of my life, with no word whatever to say in regard to the designation of my work. I have appointed, sometimes to difficult fields, 35,000 men, and they have gone to their work with a loyalty that is sublime, a devotion, courage and cheer that are born of God. I belong to that class of men, and accept the situation."

As the good bishop stood there eighty-one years young, speaking with such manifest good-will to all, the hope was present in many hearts that he might for still a long number of years be a blessing and a help to the Church. But it was not so to be. Rheumatism had greatly distressed him since his return to University Park, near Denver. Then pneumonia attacked his frame, accompanied by typhoidal symptoms, and the great cedar fell. On the 23rd of July, a little after eight in the evening he was not, for God had taken him. A whole Church is in mourning; for in Bishop Henry White Warren she possessed one who ever wore the white flower of a blameless life. A stately man, full of learning, he was indeed a man and a brother to all his fellow preachers.

His visit to India in the cold season, 1901-1902, is remembered with great pleasure to this day. His sermons and his lectures were a treat to those who heard them which will not readily be forgotten.

Bishop Warren was one who walked with God. He only rarely expressed himself in poetry; but occasionally he could do so which express better than any feeble words of ours his thoughts concerning the things that are around us and the relation of the Lord and Master of us all. This poem was published first in the *New York Independent*:

"The hope is ever coming to itself
In soft and scabbie sounds we cannot hear;
The stars of morning sing, and soundless words
We feel, as if an angel's voice from spheres
To us were speaking, always, and we know
A voice that speaks of things we cannot see,
That speak of earth as of a great thin skin,
That have a love which their prayer-filled centers want
The stars send out a thousand rays, with fall
Of mysticisms we cannot read nor see,
Of histories so long and going forth,
So vast, the volumes fill infinity
Celestial presences have walked with man,
Moving him to Nobis' lofty height;
Translucent forms in tender light, too soft
Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and high,
Touch all thy children's souls with power to see
That vibrant earth and air and boundless sky
Still throb with immanent divinity.

The *Christian Advocate* of New York has the following characterization which we gladly share with our readers:

It is a fine saying of VICTOR HUGO that "old age has no power over ideal genius. With the DANTES and MICHAEL ANGELOS old age is growth, but it is declension for the HANNIBALS and the BONAPARTES." You place Bishop WARREN in the former category; he expanded with age. He had the poetic instinct, the scientific imagination, the oratorical temperament. He was an idealist, and he did not grow old. He defied the calendar, and scorned the ravages of time. At eighty-two he astonished every beholder by his bodily and mental alertness. His speech at the reception given to the General Conference on the eve of its opening session was an amazement to all who heard it. On every hand people were saying, "What a wonderful man!" No other speaker that night had so powerful a voice, and none surpassed him in the double felicity of grace and power of expression. During the month at Minneapolis he preached with remarkable vigor. He opened the General Conference with a magisterial simplicity befitting Saint Paul, and he closed it with a benedictory worthy of Moses.

Dr. James Henry Potts, editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, writes concerning the good bishop:

HENRY WHITE WARREN.

A man of kingly mould was Henry White;
Strong-framed, close-knit, clear-visioned, bright,
His heart was staved on God, on truth and worth;
His work a ministry as wide as earth.

And where he moved light beamed, love stirred, guilt covered;
His soul was by the Soul of souls empowered,
He spake, and listeners to the word were thrilled;
He taught, and wisdom on his lips distilled.

A scientist was he; a master mind,
With gifts the roots of fact and thought to find;
Deep down within the earth he saw the light,
And even star-depths were open to his sight.

He lived, a leader long in knightly clan;
He grew, as leader and as manly man;
Age was his friend; youth stayed within his heart;
He brought to perfect use the living art.

And millions loved this royal Henry White,
Who stood for progress, verity and right;
Nor king, nor prince, nor emperor ever shone
With truer luster from a monarch's throne.

Republic. Dr. Morrison protests against alarming reports from China and the hysterical forecasts of disruption appearing in the English press. When Dr. Morrison left China conditions everywhere were improving and he dwells upon the cordial relations between Yuan-Shi-Kai, Li-Yuan-Hung and Sun-Yat-Sen, the high character of the personnel of the present Government, and the administrative reforms introduced. It will be some time before China settles into her new stride, but she is progressing.

Christianity in the Madras Presidency.

The Christian Patriot of Madras has an interesting analysis of the numbers of Christians in the Madras Presidency. Our contemporary says:

The total number of Indian Christians is 573,433 males and 594,433 females or 1,167,866 which is an increase of nearly two lakhs over that of the last decade of all the divisions of the Church, the Roman Catholics take up nearly half the total or exactly 691,291. This proportion, however, is becoming less every decade. There are in the whole Presidency 14,905 European and allied races; and 26,023 Anglo-Indians. It must be remembered that the Government and the European community are making gigantic and desperate efforts for the elevation and education of Anglo-Indians. By means of special scholarships and other inducements and privileges the community is being propped up in every way and we trust they will, like good children, avail themselves of these rare opportunities and keep pace with the Brahmin and the Indian Christian in the race of life. One fact, however, is worth remembering. While out of the Europeans, only about 2,700 are Roman Catholics, that is, only about a fifth of the whole community, the Anglo-Indians have more than 15,000 belonging to the Papal communion—an evident effect of former Portuguese influence. An enquiry into the educational circumstances of this body by itself is sure to yield valuable results. Coming now to Protestant Indian Christians, thanks to the patriotic zeal of the Madras I.M. Conference. The whole community is termed *Indian* and not *Native* Christians. Of this Protestant community then the largest number, *viz.*, 168,873 belong to the Anglican communion. It must be borne in mind that the Anglicans or S.P.C.K. as they were then called were the first Protestant Mission to send out Missionaries to India. The Baptists claim the next largest section, *viz.*, 141,812; and at the rapid rate at which this body is spreading especially in the Teluga area it is not unlikely that they may top the list at the next census. The Lutherans follow the Baptists rather closely with 105,215 adherents. This is not a bad result for a

Loss of Life from Wild Animals and Venomous Snakes in India.

The Government Resolution on this subject makes melancholy reading. The loss of life from snake-bite and from wild animals is a serious business indeed. The resolution states:

The reports received from the various provinces show that one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven persons were killed by wild animals in British India (including Ajmer-Merwara) during the year 1911 a figure considerably less than the number reported in the previous year, namely 2,382. The decrease was noticeable in every province except Bombay but there the total number of deaths was only 26, as compared with 22 in the previous year. Besides Bombay, the North-West Frontier Province with a blank return, the Punjab with a record of 6 deaths, and Burma with a total of 63 suffered comparatively lightly in this respect. In the United Provinces and the Central Provinces wild animals claimed 142 and 129 victims respectively, and in both Madras and Eastern Bengal and Assam over three hundred, but the inhabitants of Bengal, as it was before the recent reconstitution of the Presidency, continued to be more exposed than these of any other province to the ravages of wild beasts. In this province, although the number of deaths reported was considerably less than in 1910, no less than 905 persons met violent deaths of this nature.

As usual, tigers were responsible for considerably more deaths than any other animal (though it appears from the reports that they are frequently credited with deaths which are in fact caused by leopards), and for more deaths in Bengal than in any other province. In Bengal they claimed 385 of the 905 people killed by animals of all kinds, while 112 of these 385 were killed in the Orissa Division alone where the presence of confirmed man-eaters was reported in the Angul District. In the Madras Presidency tigers accounted for 162 deaths, in both the United Provinces and Burma for 36, in Eastern Bengal and Assam for 85, and in the Central Provinces for 44. In the last named province the average number of deaths caused by tigers during the last 5 years had been 80, and it is satisfactory to learn that many man-eaters have been destroyed, which presumably accounts for the decrease. The number of deaths caused by tigers in the United Provinces was double that of the previous year, and the increase is said to have been almost entirely due to the ravages of a man-eater in the Kumaon Division. This beast, for whose destruction a reward of Rs 500 was offered, was fortunately shot early in the current year. A party of professional hunters accounted for no less than 70 tigers in the Kamrup district in Assam, with the result that only one death occurred in that district, as compared with 12 in the previous year. Though the ravages of wolves in certain Bengal districts showed considerable diminution, these animals were responsible for 77 deaths in the Darbhanga District. In the United Provinces also wolves are reported still to be a serious menace to human life, but measures have been taken, apparently with success, to have them hunted down and destroyed. No less than 626 rewards for the slaying of these brutes were earned in the Agra Division, though there is a doubt whether in some cases the animals had not really been killed in the adjoining Native States.

Apart from the deaths caused by tigers and wolves, leopards are shown as having killed 219 persons, and elephants 48. Over 500 deaths are also reported under the unclassified head, "other animals".

The total mortality amongst human beings caused by snake bite rose from 22,478 to 24,264, and here again Bengal heads the list with 9,311 deaths. There was a noticeable increase in the Bhagalpur Division where the high rate of mortality is said to have been due to heavy floods which were accompanied by an immigration of a large number of snakes into the villages. To the same reason are attributed many of the deaths from this cause in Eastern Bengal and Assam, though the victims to snake-bite in this province were less in number by 250 than in the previous year. The next highest mortality occurred in the United Provinces, which return 5,761 deaths, as compared with 5,126 in the previous year. In the Bombay Presidency, the United Provinces and Eastern Bengal and Assam, the use of Sir L. Brunton's lancets is reported in a number of cases to have resulted in a high proportion of cures. As in previous years, however, the statistics relative to the successful use of this instrument can only be accepted with reservations.

The total number of wild animals destroyed during the year was 25,810, as compared with 19,282 in 1910 and in 1911 1,129 tigers, 5,352 leopards, 2,571 bears, 1,251 wolves and 477 hyenas. Over 600 nilgai were destroyed in one division of the Bombay Presidency. A sum of Rs 1,67,292 was paid as rewards for the destruction of wild animals, as compared with Rs 1,41,289 thus disbursed in 1910. The total number of snakes killed is reported to have been 1,71,976, as compared with 96,104 in 1910, while the rewards paid for their destruction rose from Rs 2,875 to Rs. 37,866. This large increase was due to the fact that the Burma Government sanctioned rewards of this character as an experiment in the Hanthawaddy and Tharrawaddy Districts. That some action was called for is shown by a report that in one area the paddy fields were so snake-infested that their cultivation was impossible.

Bishop Warren.

11

It is likely that few persons had the honor and the inspiration of a closer friendship with Bishop Warren than did Dr. Christian F. Reisner. Bishop Warren, who was "a discerner of spirits," caught sight of Dr. Reisner when he was pastor of London Heights congregation in Kansas City, Kas., and was the means by which Dr. Reisner was summoned to the pastorate of Grace church, Denver, at a critical moment when that church was passing across the chasm from a most important residential church to a "down town" enterprise. We presume to say also that after Dr. Reisner's record at Grace, it was Bishop Warren's suggestion that brought Dr. Reisner into the light as a possible pastor for Grace church, New York. Dr. Reisner's work in the polyglot community contiguous to Grace church at One Hundred and Fourth Street is known everywhere. We, ourself, have seen in Bishop Warren the kindling eye which spoke a fond heart when Dr. Reisner came unexpectedly into his presence. And one day, looking through the palings of old Trinity Graveyard opposite Wall Street, we spied Dr. Reisner, and with him had sweet discourse over the giant bishop who a few weeks before had slipped away from earth. We exhorted Dr. Reisner to put his thoughts into printed form. It was years ago. He has forgotten. But we are gratified to find that he has done so and that the Methodist Review has given us his thought. We quote a few paragraphs.—EDITOR.

The bishop's pacific face was the flower of his heart. The home is the real testing place for holiness. The finest tribute to Naaman was the slave servant girl's affection. Many who shine in public strike with a forked-lightning tongue among the loved ones. It was the writer's privilege to be a guest in the bishop's home on varied occasions, both public and intimately private. No occasion or incident broke his sunny poise. Whether discussions dealt with loyal friends or with those who had bitten his heart with snake's fang and without provocation, Bishop Warren never acted otherwise than as our Master would have done. He had no cells in which to store hate poison, venom spleen or vitriol language. He commended where possible and otherwise passed without comment.

Those who knew him most intimately through years of close fellowship found that while, like all leaders, he did not escape some undeserved assailings and impugnings, easily traced to individuals, yet he never was heard to say an unkind or depreciatory word of another's character. His heart was so sweet that it could not send out bitter water.

Dr. Eckman, in his characterization in the *Christian Advocate*, said: "Bismarck said of William I that no one could think of a situation where he would not look dignified. That might well and easily be said of Bishop Warren." Bishop Moore, in the *Western*, said of him: "He was the poetry of motion, walking, running or leaping." Words could not be more apt if he could "run" for a train, dash after a street car, ride an antiquated bicycle or hurry through a leisurely-going crowd, and dignity cling to him as color to a rosy apple. It was innate and came as naturally as thought. He was as courteous to a washerwoman as to a queen, as gracious to a patched Italian as to a United States Senator. He spoke appreciation so sincerely that embarrassment forgot to arise. His royal bearing was as native as the movements of a gazelle. It never occurred to one to be frivolous in Bishop Warren's presence. That did not mean that one must be stiff checked and somber. He could tell the richest jokes and he did, abundantly, but they

led some place and were sweet to the core.

He meant business. He never wasted time. Early in June, preceding his death in July, E. M. Cranston, the well-known attorney, and son of Bishop Cranston, saw him run a block and jump on a University Park car while it was in motion. Meeting him later, Mr.



BISHOP WARREN

Cranston commented on the risk of such an act. The reply came: "Time is too precious to stand on the corner waiting for a car when a little run will save me eight minutes."

How simple were his habits! A few days before his death he visited the home beautified at the Park. There was a great loneliness on the father and husband had moved out and we talked on amid tears, Mrs. Warren and the bishop's two daughters. Someone mentioned the requests from dear friends for keepsakes. Mrs. Warren said: "You know he was so simple in his habits that he had no trinkets about him which he used. It was a constant problem to know what to buy as love tokens." He used a little stub head pencil until it was just

long enough to catch with finger ends. He had no trinkets of any sort—no desk furnishings, no necktie pins, no shirt studs, no jewelry. He carried travel furnishings in a very small bag.

He staggered no one with a display of learning. Students earning their way through school by working for Mrs. Warren found at once in his friendly conversings. He was scholarly. He made no careless statements. Specialists were met whatever path they took. He was expert in astronomy and walked with God in the heavens. He followed other scientific lines with depth and completeness. But withal he was neighborly.

He was very human. Who can forget the bicycle on the back porch! He mounted it to ride for the mail with the glee of a boy going to the store for baseball or candy. He enjoyed everything. That was his rule. There was no hour or place that did not furnish an outlook, an incident or a thought suggestion of value.

He knew how to recreate. He advised and took many single holidays. How he did joy in battling the breakers at the California home near Santa Cruz! Again and again post cards would come telling of long swims. He did not play games, but he enjoyed his bicycle, long tramps, swimming and mountain touring as much as a college man does tennis. He played with a purpose to fit himself for better service.

What a sympathy capacity he had. Fifty-five thousand ministers received appointments from his hands and though often they were disappointments, no one went home disappointed at heart by the cold treatment of the bishop.

Dr. Buckley said after characterizing numerous bishops: "Others have a winning way almost irresistible. Knowing parliamentary rules, not ruling with iron, but keeping it within reach. Of these were Bishops Simpson, Thomson and Warren. Annual Conferences are always difficult. In the cabinet he was refined and accessible, and few if any of the laity or pastors found him arrogant or impatient. In his appointments his work was unusually satisfactory. Dissatisfaction usually comes to an editor's office,

and comparatively little arrived here. In presiding over conventions he was unsurpassed."

* * *

Every year at his birthday, January 4, a company of Denver Methodist pastors visited his home. They exhausted resources in devising tokens of esteem to present. But one year they brought him a bound volume containing greetings in the ministers' own handwriting, from every minister in Colorado. That struck home, deep, and became his most prized possession. He had honors abroad abundant, but he would rather feel the love of the humblest man in his own vicinity that have much admiration from distant parts.

He was naturally very affectionate. His office shut him much into himself; that is uniformly notable with every bishop, but he had his dear friends. He never ceased to be the "chum" of his brother, ex-President William F. Warren of Boston University, younger by two years. They began the ministry together. He treasured much the heart yoke which bound him to Dr. William V. Kelley, the *Review* editor. For many months they slept, ate, walked and traveled together, and so knitted into fast friends. A few were thrilled by seeing a letter close. "Yours affectionately."

* * *

One day, in a personal conversation, after a little meditation the bishop said: "God has ordered every step of my way. I have recently been reviewing my past. I cannot think of a single thing that I would have had different. Most of it has been sunshine." He had his heart tears, but few knew about them.

* * *

Once he asked the writer at a General Conference if he was to preach, and receiving the reply, "No, I am resting," said, "Ah, you ought to preach at every chance. Time is short."

He was energy incarnated. The *Rocky Mountain News* said editorially, after his decease, that during the terrible Colorado panic in the early nineties he was the only one who went everywhere confidently predicting a victorious outcome. When Chancellor Buchtel came to Denver University the sheriff's hammer was close upon it. Without Bishop Warren's foresight in choosing Dr. Buchtel, and then his active co-operation in campaigning for funds, the university would most certainly have been sold to satisfy the mortgagees.

His religion was as real to him as the mountain-fed springs that turned the sandy deserts into richest gardens when properly channeled. At a testimony meeting at General Conference he said: "Late in October, 1848, in my room, alone in the dark, near midnight, my heart was 'strangely warmed.' It was a perfectly clear, definite experience, changing my feelings altogether from fear, anxiety and a sense of guilt into a state of rapture. I was alone, alone with Jesus. I felt that He had washed away my sins, even mine. The week before John H. Mansfield, now a superannuate of the New England Conference, had taken me by the arm and led me over the hills, commending to me the religion that my mother and father had exemplified all my life. I felt that I wanted to enter into this religion, and Christ graciously came into my heart, and there has been glory there ever since." There is no "hope so" in this. It was an "I know."

He glowed with his experience as stars do with light on a moonless night.

* * *

How modest and unselfish was this bishop! William F. Warren, his brother, was leaving the seat of the General Conference at Cincinnati in 1880. A friend halted him on the way to the depot, saying, "You had better stay until tomorrow, for then we are going to elect your brother a bishop." William looked up in surprise and said: "He doesn't know it. He has never said a word to me about it." How like him! The next day he was elected on the first ballot by a two-thirds vote, though only a bare majority was then necessary. It was his first appearance in the General Conference. A Denver daily stated that when the bishop was operated on for appendicitis in Buenos Aires he kept the fact from his wife until he recovered and met her in Paris. That was his method. He seldom related personal incidents. He was always swallowed up by his work. He carried no complaint vocabulary. He was so busy doing good that fault-finding was forgotten.

* * *

He was a twofold patriot; wherever he traveled he carried a small silken American flag and a New Testament—the sym-

bols of two governments. He was a descendant of General Warren of Bunker Hill and his grandson is training in a military school. Every day was filled with usefulness and spent as though it would end the journey. The last holy treasure of his heart was the Iliff School for training ministers. Over this he brooded, dreamed and then went out to realize the highest. The beautiful building housing the school was also before his eyes from that upper room.

* * *

In a note Dr. H. F. Rall, who was close by when he left earth, wrote: "Near to the end he looked out the windows at the panorama of nature's glory and said:

"The world is full of roses
And the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

In a few moments he raised himself up, and looked at the mountains, and at Iliff School, and then his eyes came home to the trees, then smiling he waved his hand to all in his old, gallant, triumphant, joyous way, and said, "Good-bye, mountains, school, dear ones, and all," and so fell asleep and "was not, for God took him."

The Retired Ministry.

The Preacher's Rainy Day.

BY BISHOP CHARLES BAYARD MITCHELL.

"Every Methodist preacher covets no higher honor than to die in the harness." To preach a semi-centennial sermon is the preacher's highest joy. Every one of us dreads the hour of his superannuation or retirement from the active service. Many people have grown very sentimental and have shed many tears when once in four years two or three bishops have been retired on a pension of \$2,500 per year. But how few laymen have any tears to shed over the hundreds of pastors who are retired annually in all our Conferences, and with only a pittance of support for their old age, often having served their charges on small salaries for many years.

The possibility of retirement faces every pastor in the face.

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Conference Claimants' Campaign

By O. W. K.

One of the outstanding works of the Oklahoma Conference is the new campaign they have on for the Endowment Fund for the Conference Claimants, in connection with the national movement. Secretary Hingley is to be on hand at the coming session of the Conference at Enid, and the Conference secretary, Dr. W. T. Euster, has organized about forty charges and held about that number of

reminded them of the apostles, and whose life bore the aspect of sainthood, has disappeared. Bishop WARREN's conception of episcopal dignity was most wholesome. Richly endowed with humorous susceptibilities, and often scintillating with wit, he never permitted himself to lower the tone of his conversation or public address to please the thoughtless. It would have required much bravado to speak unbecomingly in his presence. He had the feeling of BROWNING, who, when some one excused coarseness or negligence on the ground of genius, replied, "That is an error—*noblesse oblige*." This high sense of responsibility he would have imparted to every minister, however humble his position.

As a preacher he magnified the fundamental themes of religion, and by his fertility of illustration made the deepest subjects luminous to all classes of minds. His acquaintance with physical science served him well. It was a joy to watch him take a fact of nature and make it declare the glory of God or interpret a doctrine of religion. Some speakers mass events of history or experiences of common life back of their propositions to give them weight and momentum. He opened the secrets of the universe, and showed God at work in His laboratory. Sometimes, on too rare occasions, he chose to express his feeling and thought in poetical form, as in these lines, first published in *The Independent*:

SUPERSENSIBLE

The harp is ever singing to itself

In soft and soul-like sounds we cannot hear;

The stars of morning sing, and soundless words

Make God's commands run swift from sphere to sphere.

Each flower is always sending incense up

As if in act of holy worshiping,

Till fragrant earth is one great altar, like

To heaven where saints their prayer-filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays, writ full

Of mysteries we cannot read nor see,

Of histories so long and going forth,

So vast, the volumes fill infinity.

Celestial presences have walked with man,

Alluring him to Nebo's lofty height;

Transfigured forms in tender light, too oft

Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and high,

Touch all thy children's souls with power to see

That vibrant earth and air and boundless sky

Still throb with immanent divinity.

His writings are distinguished by their lucidity, straightforwardness and beauty. What he produced was literature, if JOHN MORLEY's definition can be trusted: "All the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form."

It is a fine saying of Victor Hugo that "old age has no power over ideal genius. With the DANTES and MICHAEL ANGELOS old age is growth, but it is declension for the HANNIBALS and the BONAPARTES." You place Bishop WARREN in the former category; he expanded with age. He had the poetic instinct, the scientific imagination, the oratorical temperament. He was an idealist, and he did not grow old. He defied the calendar, and scorned the ravages of time. At eighty-two he astonished every beholder by his bodily and mental alertness. His speech at the reception given to the General Conference on the eve of its opening session was an amazement to all who heard it. On every hand people were saying, "What a wonderful man!" No other speaker that night had so powerful a voice, and none surpassed him in the double felicity of grace and power of expression. During the month at Minneapolis he preached with remarkable vigor. He opened the General Conference with a magisterial simplicity befitting Saint Paul, and he closed it with a benedictory worthy of Moses. He was relieved by the Church

of the heavier burdens of the episcopacy ostensibly on the ground of advanced age, and he immediately disapproved the reasoning by acquitting himself as though he had just been knighted by a monarch and charged with a new commission. Now that he has been translated to a higher sphere of service, and will not return to us, we may well pray the Lord of all constantly to renew the apostolic succession of such men as he was for the refreshment of the Church and the blessing of the race.

heaven upon persons who had been inhospitable to their Master, saying: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

Surely this misguided mob did not realize the absurdity and profanity of its performance. The organized labor movement has many friends among the wisest and strongest men in social, industrial and political life. It will lose them in proportion as it yields to intemperance of speech and violence of action.

skilled workers, most of whom must have begun their connection with this firm when they were mere boys. If the preacher, who certainly ought to be considered a skilled workman, could be sure that his efficiency would be recognized as he approached old age, he could pursue his life tasks with greater satisfaction and without the terror of superannuation hanging over him. Is it the fault of the preacher or of the people that this is not the case? Does he care less for his work, or do they care less for him as he grows older?

What Is My Age ?

A man rushed into the offices of the Health Department of New York city a few days ago and demanded, "Where can I find out how old I am?" He explained that he was not certain whether he was forty-one or forty-eight years of age. The man was directed to a window where he could obtain the desired information, and when his quest was finished he expressed great satisfaction with the fact that he was forty instead of forty-eight. "I have been so busy for the last twenty years that I have not had time to think about a birthday." The man was about to be married and the question of his age arose in securing the marriage license. The clerk said that often persons came to the Health Department to ascertain their wedding anniversaries, but that this request was most unusual. Many persons might ask the question, "How old am I?" with a more serious meaning. The content of life is not measured by years, as every one discovers before he has reached fifty.

An Italian Triumph

The trial of the Camorrist leaders, which lasted seventeen months, and was finished six years after the murders which led to it were committed, ended in the conviction of all the survivors of the forty-one men who were originally arraigned. Five were declared guilty of actual murder, the rest of criminal conspiracy. Eight were sentenced to thirty years of solitary imprisonment each, a punishment worse than death. The trial was one of the most extraordinary in the annals of criminal prosecution. It was attended by scenes of disorder which would not have been tolerated in this country. It was concluded with outbursts of shrieks, gesticulations, oaths, curses and other hysterical manifestations, such as had characterized the proceedings from the start. One of the prisoners in the cage where all had been kept during the trial cut his throat, and sank bleeding to the floor on receiving his sentence.

Writing from Rome the day after the trial, Dr. B. M. Turner, in a private letter to the Editor, says:

This outcome means much to the New Italy. It is a victory for the young nation even more splendid and perhaps more far-reaching than any of those triumphs won by her soldiers in Libya.

Here is a criminal society that has flourished in Naples since the sixteenth century. It has framed its own laws, dispensed its own justice, irrespective of all civil powers and ordinances. It has levied tribute and murdered its condemned victims without let or hindrance, so confident of strength that its members have flaunted ostentatiously their peculiar dress and mannerisms in cafés and parks and snapped their fingers in the faces of the police. It has sent deputies to the National Parliament and, one might almost say, has made and unmade ministries.

But yesterday over in provincial, mediæval Viterbo something happened to it. Eighteen of its leaders were found "guilty" and sentenced accordingly. The government of United Italy, which it has defied with impunity for fifty years, has brought it to the block.

Italian victories in the north of Africa and on the Aegean Sea are by no means the sole indicators of this nation's progress. And let us not forget the brave men who brought in the verdict, Italians worthy to go down in history with

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BISHOP HENRY WHITE WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

Born, Williamsburg, Mass., January 4, 1831
Died, University Park, Colo., July 23, 1912

Table of Contents

METHODIST EDUCATION IN 1912.....	1094-1109
RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.....	1110
EDITORIAL.—Bishop Henry White Warren; Fined for Falsehood: Down With the Mosquito; Lowering the Death Rate on Cities; A Blasphemous Fury; What Is Health?, Profit and Loss, Age and Efficiency; What Is My Age?; An Italian Triumph; A Double Bereavement; The Pluck of a Blind Man; The Secret of the Strong.....	1102-1106
CONTRIBUTIONS.—The Last General Conference, J. R. Day; Andrew Lang's Legacy, S. T. Jackson; The Park, C. N. Holmes; The Good Qualities of Each Nation Enriching Christianity, Bishop F. W. Warne.....	1107-1109
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.....	1110, 1111
HOME AND YOUNG PEOPLE.—The Shepherd; The Library Lady at Blackwell's Island, M. K. Hyde; A Boy's Letter; Daniel Webster's Old School; The Modern Seven Wonders of the World; Through Palestine by Stereoscope, J. L. Hurlbut.....	1112-1114
THE CHILDREN'S OWN.....	1115, 1116
PERSONAL.....	1117
CHURCH NEWS.....	1118-1121; 1125, 1126
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.....	1122
LITERATURE.....	1123
OTHER DEPARTMENTS.—Announcements, 1121; Educational, 1127-1134; Household, 1135; Wise and Otherwise, Books Received, 1137; Memoirs, 1138; News of the Week, 1139.	



Bishop Henry White Warren

Bishop HENRY WHITE WARREN passed quietly from earth on Tuesday of last week, a little after eight o'clock in the evening, at his home in University Park, near Denver, Colo. He had been enfeebled by rheumatism since his return from the General Conference in June, and when pneumonia with typhoid symptoms supervened, even the rugged strength and purity of his constitution succumbed. He was in his eighty-second year.

The future Bishop was born on a farm at Williamsburg, in western Massachusetts, on January 4, 1831. With his younger brother, WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN, he graduated with Phi Beta Kappa rank from Wesleyan University in 1853. After teaching for three years at Amenia Seminary and at Wesleyan Academy he joined New England Conference in 1855. His first appointment was Laurel Street, Worcester, Mass. Then he preached successively at North Russell Street and Hedding (now Tremont Street), Boston, Saint Paul's, Lynn, Westfield, Cambridgeport, and Charlestown. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1861-2. Being transferred to Philadelphia Conference, he was appointed to Arch Street Church in Philadelphia, following Dr. CHARLES H. PAYNE. After three years, in the course of which he first saw Europe and the near East, he was transferred to New York East Conference and stationed at Saint John's Church, Brooklyn. Three years later he was back in his Arch Street pulpit, moving to Spring Garden Street Church in the spring of 1880. In that year he was for the first and only time elected to membership in the General Conference.

At the General Conference of 1880, on May 12, on the first ballot for four Bishops, three were elected, namely, HENRY W. WARREN, CYRUS D. FOSS and JOHN P. HURST. Dr. WARREN, who headed the list, receiving 260 votes out of 390 cast. He was then in his fiftieth year.

In 1871 Dr. WARREN'S first volume, Sights and Insights, came from the press. It was a book of travel of a remarkably stimulating sort. In 1877 he issued The Lesser

Hymnal. Studies of the Stars (1878) and Recreations in Astronomy (1879) helped to popularize science. The Bible in the World's Education (1892) and Among the Forces (1898) were among the later works of a pen that was always reaping his teeming brain. He was a frequent contributor of prose and sometimes of verse.

Bishop WARREN'S first episcopal residence was Atlanta, Ga. While there he founded Morristown Normal College and an industrial department at Clark University. His zeal for the education of the colored ministers bore fruit in the founding of Gammon Theological Seminary, now "the strongest single intellectual and spiritual influence over the colored ministry of the nation." He said more than once to Dr. (now Bishop) THURFIELD that he thought that in God's sight the work of this first quadrennium was the best of his life.

In his later residence in University Park, Colo., he was instrumental in the founding and strengthening of the Hill School of Theology, to which generous members of his family donated more than \$300,000.

HENRY WHITE WARREN was everything that he looked, and that is saying very much, for he always wore an air of distinction. BISMARCK told a friend that it was impossible to imagine a situation, however trying, in which WILLIAM I, Emperor of Germany, did not look and act every inch a king. There was always something dignified about him which differentiated him from other people. Bishop WARREN was of this mold. One cannot think of him as ever failing to be impressive, whether hurrying for a train, arguing with a disputant, scaling the Matterhorn, or guiding a turbulent assembly.

His tall and commanding figure was the physical counterpart of his soul. His mind was singularly comprehensive, but it harbored no petty conceptions. His thought was always characterized by amplitude. He saw nature on a grand scale. History was to him a splendid drama in which men, angels and God were engaged in sublime action. He conceived our current life to be instinct with spiritual forces. He saw the future as an illimitable space to be filled with achievements of inconceivable majesty.

This largeness of mental vision was typical of his spiritual life. His religious perceptions were marked by simplicity and breadth, qualities which are not always found in conjunction. The doctrines of grace were impregnable verities to him, and not mere guesses at truth. He was sensitive to the touch of a sincere Christian message, though spoken by the humblest lips. There was no cant about him. He enjoyed religion, and he had an abundance of it. The faith of the gospel was to him a mine of inexhaustible wealth.

Men who are constructed upon such a pattern as his often acquire a reputation for aloofness. There is a certain grandeur of proportions which seems to remove them from the fellowship of ordinary mortals. They are thought to be cold. Bishop WARREN did not escape this implication, but no one ever deserved it less. All who came into actual contact with him knew how warm and kindly he was. The preachers at the Conference, where his hand was steady, his judgment discerning and his decisions just, were sure of his fraternal regard. The churches to which he ministered discovered his sympathetic heart both in his pulpit deliverances and in his pastoral relations. His ability to kindle enthusiasm must have made him a teacher of unusual effectiveness. One can fancy him imparting knowledge with exactness, while quickening the aspirations of his pupils by his inspiring example.

We are in danger of losing the type of Bishops to which he belonged, because we are submerging the function of the prophet in the details of an administrative office. The people will be poorer when the Bishop whose preaching

MEMOIR OF BISHOP WARREN

Henry White Warren was the 30th bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. So rapidly does the procession move that his name ~~is~~ is already in the earlier half of the list of bishops, for he lived to see 39 men elected to that office after himself. He was one of the first to be taken direct from the pastorate. Twenty-five years of pastoral service brought him into the episcopacy, in which office he was one of five to serve effectively 32 years, the other four being Asbury, Simpson, Merrill, and Andrews.

Both as pastor and as bishop, he was an orderly, systematic, business-like, painstaking workman, reverencing his task, handling all its items with exceeding carefulness, keeping records and accounts neatly and accurately, and furnishing punctual and correct official reports of his work. In these and similar respects he mates with Edward G. Andrews who was a model of painstaking correctness and of minute and unflinching fidelity. He resembled Andrews also in the uniform good health and the habit of constant attendance on all official duties which enabled those two men to pile up in 32 years a total aggregate of episcopal service greater than has been rendered by any other two.

His episcopal administration, like that of Andrews, was careful, consistent, judicious, free from serious mistakes, and almost universally acceptable. Ministers and laity found him approachable, attentive, considerate, patient.

As a presiding officer, Bishop Warren was alert, prompt, tactful, expeditious, steady, and every way capable.

In all his work he had the advantage of a sound mind in a sound body. He was almost abnormally normal. All the symptoms of health

were manifest, health not of the rotund and sublimed sort, but sinewy, hard-muscled, built for speed and endurance, sound of lung, and limb, and heart. A sturdy heredity, with the saw-mill and the New England farm gave him a youth and manhood of hardy vigor. His great voice was the advertisement of buoyant, resonant, superb healthiness. The most athletic of all bishops, he excelled in physical feats, climbing the highest peaks, the Broitern and the Lattorhorn, in the Alps, Popocatepetl in Mexico, and the Rockies and Sierras. The mountain roads of Colorado were familiar with his speeding bicycle and his galloping horse; and the porpoises of the Pacific knew him as their play-fellow in the surf off Santa Cruz.

This athlete among bishops was also the scientist of the principal Board, a life-long enthusiastic explorer of the wonders of the physical universe. He was an assiduous student of engineering and mechanics. In the wide creation he was at home "among the forces" as an eagle is in the sky, and astronomy was his favorite recreation. The stars were his playmates. He could tell their numbers and call them all by their names. He thrilled with awe and shouted with joy at the Creator's might and majesty, but he prostrated his soul only before the red emerald, manifest in Jesus Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. The song of the moving stars was infinitely less dear to him than the songs of the Bethlehem angels, "Unto you a child is born." At midnight, looking up at the Southern Cross, shining in the South American heavens, the conviction came to Bishop Allen that the cross of Christ is nothing less than cosmic in its meaning, that redeeming love pervades the whole vast universe. Gazing upon that cross in the sky his soul had a vision of his crucified Lord extended thereon. He sees from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down."

And Henry Warren's devout soul declared its faith in four sublime immortal lines which might well be put on his monument:

"From world to world how wide those hands extended!
To what abyss off suns those feet descended!
What outlook for that head so high erected!
Christ saved all worlds: not even ours neglected!"

To the General Conference in Minneapolis, referring to his episcopal career, he said: "In the exercise of this office I have gone about the world -- to South America twice, China and Japan twice, Korea, the Philippines, India, Europe, North Africa, Mexico, and Porto Rico -- a glorious embassy to the world at large; and I have brought back from my observations in pagan lands the most clear and vivid feeling that the Gospel in the heathen world is the power of God."

It was characteristic of Henry W. Warren that the first thing he did as a bishop was to go to the neediest by choosing Atlanta as his episcopal residence; casting in his lot with the black people to be their leader, and helper and brother, and invoking upon himself the splendid ignominy which, at that time, fifteen years after the war, was the sure reward of all Christian sympathy and aid that came from the North to the poor, ignorant, and destitute freedmen. That initial act typified his whole ministry. Gammon Theological School, at Atlanta, visibly and abidingly monuments his great devotion to the colored race.

Bishop Warren's long and illustrious career culminated at the General Conference of 1912. Seldom has such a figure been seen in any assembly, erect, athletic, sonorous, electric, radiant, at fourscore. There stood an old man, without signs of age, clothed in the pure glory of a long, white life, and the gathered prestige of great usefulness. There stood an obedient servant who, in 57 years of ministry, had never asked anything from the Church but had always

obeyed its orders. His final General Conference was made one long ovation to him. It broke convulsively into tempests of applause at every suitable opportunity. His public career culminated on May 29, when he lifted his long arms and strong white hands over the closing conference, gave the solemn benediction with that great, mellow, sonorous voice, and dismissed the representative hosts of our Methodism to their waiting tasks, in all parts of the earth. In that moment he stood on the heights of his life, in sight of a Height that is higher; and that eternal heavenly Height was nearer than he or we dreamed. One month from that day the stalwart bishop was prostrate in mortal illness. Exactly two months from that closing day of the General Conference, his funeral was proceeding in Denver.

WARREN, Henry White, M. D. Bishop elected 1880; b. Williamsburg, Mass., Jan. 4, 1831; B. Father's; Grad. Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn, 1853. (A. M., 1858; D. D., Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., 1872; LL. D., Ohio Wesleyan, 1892); Taught Natural Science in Andover Seminary. Ancient Languages at Wilbraham, 1853-5; ordained to Methodist ministry, 1855, in New England Conference; pastor in Philadelphia, 1871-0; Member of the Massachusetts Legislature, 1863. Was president of the Rocky Mountain Club (clubbing), 1877-8. Author: Sights and Insights, 1874 M4; The Lesser Hymnal, 1877 M4; Studies of the Stars, 1878 M4; Recreations in Astronomy, 1879 H1; The Bible in the World's Education, 1892, M4, Among the Forces, 1898 M4; also hundreds of review and newspaper articles. Editor: The Student, 1896-1900. Address: University Park, Colo.

-- THOMAS WFO OF AFRICA.

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---PHOTO'S VIO L. AMERICA.

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--- BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF AMERICA.

Mrs. Bishop Warren.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hiff Warren, wife of Bishop Henry White Warren, who died at Fitzroy Place, University Park, Denver, Colo., Sunday, February 15, 1920, was an unusual character. In early life she was in business, and until her death was among the foremost business women of America. She came to Wyoming, in the late sixties from Fitzroy, Canada, where her father, William Henry Frazer, Esq., the grandson of Colonel Simon Fraser, who led the Scottish troops in the siege of Quebec, was a well known and highly honored citizen. It was in Wyoming that she married John Wesley Hiff, one of the founders of the cattle industry and a builder of the Rocky Mountain country. In 1876, they moved to Denver and there, on Mr. Hiff's death she found herself one of the wealthiest Methodists of her time. Immediately she began conducting her large affairs with an eye to the building of the kingdom of God, a principle she thoroughly instilled into her three children, Mr. William Seward Hiff, Mrs. Arthur H. (Edna Hiff) Briggs and Miss Louise Hiff. The Hiff Theological School in the campus of Denver University, is a witness to this family spirit; chaste and rich in architecture it is in style and decoration, in library, in chapel and halls a daily sermon on the relation between beauty and religion furnishing in every fact an atmosphere of sanctity and propriety which in itself is a most essential element of ministerial training. The plant, including a neighboring home for the theological students, represents an investment of \$100,000, and the endowment is nearly \$300,000. As the years came and went the family also has been an almoner of Denver University.

In the summer of 1879, Rev. Henry White Warren, D.D., LL.D., of Philadelphia, was on a vacation in the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Warren was already famous as a mountain climber, he was one of the first to put his feet on the pinnacle of the Matterhorn. It was natural that he should look to the Rocky Mountains for a little invigoration—in fact he was kin to them. He was in Leadville in that early day—1879—the territory had been admitted to the Union but three years, and Leadville had almost everything but the Ten Commandments. Chaplain McCabe came down with him from Leadville, and the two were met by Mrs. Hiff and entertained with her well known hospitality. Events are the subject of many minor incidents. Dr. Warren's first wife had been dead twelve years: It so happened then that four years later, in the Christmastide of 1883, Dr. Warren, but now a bishop, returned to Denver and Mrs. Hiff became his bride.

This writer has tested the hospitality of that family, not more intimately than others at University Park where their noble red sandstone mansion looks out on the sublime snowy range of mountains for nearly two hundred miles, but particularly at the Breakers, their summer mansion on the crags overlooking the Pacific Ocean at Santa Cruz, Calif. There, when he was very ill, this writer was a guest, and when Bishop Warren came in for a few days between his Annual Conferences in the memorable evenings, as usual, he read aloud from the great books! and on one occasion after the well filled hamper had been taken care of in a little family picnic in the great Felton Grove—that cathedral of the giant redwoods—in the mystic dusk that is never broken in the Felton Grove, he read again. In all those scenes the figure of Mrs. Warren, a queen in dignity and in simple courtesy comes forth as an ideal exponent of family life. She accompanied the bishop in one of his world tours, and her mansion had, in certain rooms, a restrained gallery of Japanese and Indian art.

Bishop Warren died early in the summer of 1917. Since then Mrs. Warren has alternated between her home in University Park and that on the Pacific. Her health has not been excellent for years. Not long ago the writer called to pay his respects, and found Mrs. Warren—as he now recalls—pale and thin but even more gracious if it be possible, than ever. Nothing escaped her interest or her kindness of heart. She had a profound interest in world betterment; in clubs and politics her interest was one thrust upon her, rather than one sought. Her charities were simple, silent, secret. She was in her seventy-fifth year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hiff Warren, the widow of Bishop Henry W. Warren, died recently at her home in Denver. In 1881 Mrs. Warren gave \$100,000 as an endowment for the establishment of a school of theology in Denver. For many years she has been a very generous contributor to the general work of the church.

We Thought They Were Dead.

We are quite sure that the pre-Adamites and antediluvian are dead; and we think the dinosaurs and hairy mammoths are dead. But the last issue of the *Christian Standard* makes us a little shaky. Speaking of the new Disciples church at Gardner City, Kas., the *Standard* says the new building "will house the only New Testament church in Finney County"

What's up? Has a Kansas cyclone blown away all those handsome Methodist and Presbyterian churches in Finney County? (Have the grasshoppers and the seven year locusts killed off all the Methodists and Presbyterians, so the prairie schooners of the pastors have all gone to some other Kansas county? No, that's the wrong guess. The true guess is that the pre-Adamites are not all dead. There's at least one pre-Adamite survivor in Finney County, a Campbellite, who has the nerve to make such a report, and there is at least one pre-Adamite, a member of the *Christian Standard* staff, in Cincinnati, who would let such a monstrous statement into that paper. We turn to the census of 1916 and we find there are ninety Disciples in Finney County, and several hundred Methodists and several hundred Presbyterians. We hope to goodness that the hot winds, even hot air, even from the Campbellites, have not driven all those Presbyterians and Methodists out of Finney County. The country around Garden City is so beautiful, we would not wish to have all the Methodists driven out by hot winds or hot air in which the Campbellites of the pre-Adamite variety used to thrive, if they thrived at all.

We like most everybody, but we like some folks better than pre-Adamites, and troglodytes, who come in the guise of sheep skins, but inwardly are ravaging wolves



Draft of Compact Ready.

A telegram from St. Augustine, Florida, dated Feb. 20, says: the sub-committee of the Joint Commission on the Unification of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had completed its work here of editing the proposed constitution for the united Church, which will be presented to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Des Moines in May



The Interchurch Conference.

In another place we speak at considerable length of the Inter-Church World Movement (three enormous words). We have to record that both Conferences, in Wichita and Kansas City—we have not heard from Lincoln—were seasons of illumination and deep spiritual conviction. The Wichita meetings were in charge of Mr. J. Campbell White, and a letter from Dr. Homer E. Wark speaks of their great value. The Kansas City group was in the hands of Charles H. Pratt, of the Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Pratt observed to this writer that the conference in every way met his expectation, he laid especial stress on the depth of spiritual feeling. Much literature was disposed of at each place. The CENTRAL office in New York can have satisfaction in the quality of the work done, and the quality of the people as well. The CENTRAL has to thank Drs. J. W. Fifield and Wm. Wirt King for information.



Mrs. Price Alexander Crow.

Mrs. Price Alexander Crow, after a considerable period of ill health, slipped away from sickness and toil, at Des Moines Ia. February 9. She was Missouri born; was a highly trained school teacher; was married on June 14, 1887, in Sedalia, and let radiate the sweet influence of a refined and lovely Christian life in all the pastoral charges to which her husband was sent. For many years she taught a large Bible Class in the Sunday school, the membership ranging from 75 to 150. She was tireless worker in the Woman's Home & Foreign Missionary Society, serving with exceptional ability as Conference corresponding secretary, president of the district and local church societies. She was greatly interested in the deaconess work and during her husband's pastorate in Buffalo N. Y. was president of the Advisory Board of the Deaconess Home.

She was more than interesting as a conversationalist, she had platform talents, but the charm of her character lay in the beauty of her home life. Her ill health compelled Dr. Crow to take a leave of absence from heavy pastoral work; he therefore moved from Princeton, Indiana, to Des Moines, and at one found an assignment on the daily press; also Dr. A. A. Thomson found an appointment for him that enabled him to establish his home in Des Moines. This Dr. Crow did, on a beautiful street and a spacious house, and there, in quietness and comfort, Mrs. Crow passed her last days. She seemed as one simply

are the superintendents of
 x In 1787, "Who are the bishops
 in United States?" In 1789, "W.
 y. persons who exercise the episcopacy
 in Europe and America?" In speak
 r. the bishops;—all the early Conference
 a Minutes speak of the episcopal office.
 at The superintendents first assumed for
 ly themselves the name of bishops at the

Photographs from this
file have not been
included but are
available upon request.
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