UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

MISSION BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

BISHOPS – MISSIONARIES

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143

MC INTYRE, BISHOP ROBERT

From Bricklayer to Bishop.

Gladstone Holm.

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The story of Bishop McIntyre's life reads like a romance. He was born in Selkirk, Scotland, on November 20, 1851. His parents were ardent Presbyterians and the young child was duly christened in the local kirk. His father was a weaver by occupation and in 1858 he, with his family emigrated to the United States and settled in Philadelphia. His mother shortly thereafter died, and in due time a step-mother was brought in to care for the household. When Robert had reached his seventeenth year his father also died, leaving him the breadwinner for the step-mother and a family of small children.

Nothing daunted, the young lad learned the trade of a bricklayer and three years later found him in Chicago using his trowel to help rebuild the western metropolis out of the ruins of the great fire of 1871. From there he moved to St. Louis and it was in this city in 1877 that he found the Lord in true Methodist fashion. The story of this rich spiritual discovery is told by himself in another page of this issue. At that time he had become a traveling book-agent, but soon began preparation for the ministry. He spent some time in Vanderbilt University, but the Pauline burden of souls being so great upon him he entered the Illinois conference in the following year and thus began the ministerial career which eventually culminated in his election to the episcopal office.

He served in succession Easton, Marshall and Urbana, Ill., and from the latter place was transferred to the prominent Grace Church, Chicago. Trinity Church, Denver, then demanded his services for five years, after which he returned to Chicago for a like term of service at St. James' Church. Following a year's rest he became pastor of the famous First Church, Los Angeles, ministering most acceptably for six years to the huge audiences made up of sojourners from the ends of the earth. During this time the membership grew from 1100 to 2100 and on his departure the Sunday-school claimed a total enrolment of 3000. His ministry here was of a strongly evangelistic order and his influence was so widely felt that at the succeeding general conference he received the unique honor of being elected directly from the pastorate to a seat on the episcopal bench.

During the six years in which he has served the church as a general superintendent his administration has been efficient and popular. His great forte, however, has been in the pulpit and here he showed himself a prince of preachers. His conference sermons ranged from an hour and a half to two hours in length, the rapt attention of his auditors being held to the end. Many an ambitious young preacher has left the conference Sunday morning service after hearing this most eloquent ambassador of the cross of Christ preach determined to use every power within him to prove himself worthy of his high and holy vocation.

Preaching to him was a season of holy delight. We fancy that at times the drudgery of the episcopal office tired him. His soul was not made to be fettered to the routine of official tasks. But in the pulpit his soul was at home. He reveled in it as does a leviathan ploughing the briny deep. The winds of divine grace sometimes carried him so far aloft that he seemed a watcher in the sky calling on the care-worn sons of men to rise higher and yet higher in the things of the spirit. He was on intimate terms of fellowship with the Almighty and his preaching was with persuasion and power and much profit.

He possessed the fine art of facile and beautiful expression. He owned a rare imagination and whatever mental concept possessed his mind, he would not display it to the public gaze until it was decked out in most beauteous fashion. He ransacked the heavens and the earth for simile and metaphor in which to dress his ideas most becomingly. He was an adept in the use of all the subtle shades of thought and he was artist enough to see that the lovely creatures of his imagination were always arrayed in hues most becoming to their native complexion. He was a past master in the art of human expression and found delight in dedicating it most loyally to the service of his high Master, Christ. He verily was a workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing and gracefully presenting the word of divine truth.

He was a lover of men. The "horny-handed sons of toil" were his especial delight. His apprenticeship on the bricklayer's scaffold had endeared the working classes to him. He retained his affection for the toiling, moiling masses of men. There was nothing snobbish about him. He was a democrat of democrats. With episcopal honors upon his shoulders his soul still retained its native simplicity and he stood up always and everywhere for the rights of the artisan. He was their advocate in the privacy of the episcopal cabinet and their champion in the forum, and his maintenance of their cause in public as well as in private effectually disproved the charge that the Methodist Church was becoming alienated from the working classes. That decrepit old falsehood was laid most effectively wherever and whenever he presented the claims of Christ upon the souls of men.

This highly-gifted, simple-souled servant of the church [illegible] Methodism has lost one of its shining lights others are left, but the brilliance of this star of the first magnitude will glow for years to come in our ecclesiastical [illegible] Astronomers tell us that if any one of the luminous orbs [illegible] the constellations of the heavens should suddenly become darkened it would be many years before we should be conscious of it here upon the earth.

So will it be with Robert McIntyre. The lustre of his life will linger long to lighten us in our pilgrimage to the skies. He has won for himself a place in the Methodist pantheon and has added another name to the long list of spiritual worthies for which our church has already become renowned. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Bishop Robert McIntyre.

A Scotchman by birth, an American by training and conviction; a bricklayer by trade; a preacher by God's call; a poet by instinct; an orator by temperament; a brilliant lecturer, he charmed the multitudes by the gift of an imagination which would make his hearers see darkness or hear silence and could make the fruits of the earth glow with the love of a providing God. He poured himself into speech until his hair turned white before the time. Not a parliamentarian of a lawyer, or an administrator, he loved his way through the tangles of debate and lifted upon his brethren the face of a saint, that stilled tumults and estopped criticism. His last word on earth was "lovely." It was doubtless his first word in Heaven. Could God send him back to us, with the memory of that Holy City, no tongue would be more nearly equal to describing pearl gates, jasper walls, streets of gold, and the light never seen on sea or land. At first admired as an orator, he died beloved as a brother and left to his church and his colleagues the gracious memory of simple and unaffected fellowship.

O most loving Father, who willest us to give thanks for all things, to dread nothing but the loss of Thee, and to cast all our care on Thee who carest for us; preserve us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties, and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide us from the light of that Love which is immortal, and which thou hast manifested unto us in Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

A Trophy of Grace.

By Bishop Robert McIntyre.

I have been asked to write an account of my conversion, and gladly do so with the hope that it may help others, who have not found peace with God, and to whom life is joyless and filled with inward disquietude.

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By Bishop Cranston.

Just how it has come about no one knows, but notwithstanding the precautions taken by the Commission on Federation to guard against such an error, there seems to be an impression abroad that the Plan of Unification proposed last May by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had been previously commended as such by the concurrent action of the commissioners of the three Methodist bodies in conference at Chattanooga May 10-12, 1911. Such a misunderstanding tends to profitless discussion, and should therefore be corrected at once. The truth is that neither commission, nor any member of either commission, individually, was committed to the advocacy of that or any other definite plan of union, as will appear from the record of the proceedings of the joint session which formulated the original instrument referred to.

The commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal, South, and the Protestant Methodist Churches met in joint session at Chattanooga, May 10-12, 1911, to receive the report of a sub-committee of nine, which had been appointed at Baltimore in early December, 1910. This sub-

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Bio. 9. **Bishop McIntyre.** R. 2.

WE again open widely our doors to the coming of Bishop Robert McIntyre. The Methodism of the domain of the Northern bids him a cordial welcome for the second and third time to our territory. We had a good look at this delightful young bishop—we mean young in the episcopacy—last year when he came to preside at the Troy Conference. Now and then we have caught sight of him as he has dodged into this region for a day or night to meet special engagements. So his fame among us is extending; and now we are to have him for a week at Owego, New York, where he is to preside at the Wyoming Conference, commencing March 29th and for another week at Ogdensburg, N. Y., where he is to look after the interests of the Northern New York Conference, beginning April 19 h.

When these conferences are over the name of Bishop McIntyre will at once become a household word in more than four hundred parsonages and in many other homes where before it had been mentioned only occasionally, and what he said and did at conference will be narrated for a year, and perhaps for years to come; thus he is to enter into the lives of the people of two of our conferences. We may not better prepare our people for this event than by speaking of him as we did at his introduction to our territory last year.

Bishop McIntyre is a Scotchman. He was born in Selkirk, Scotland, in 1851; when seven years old came with his parents to this country and to Philadelphia; when a lad of seventeen was left fatherless and motherless with younger brothers and sisters to care for; attended the Philadelphia public schools and went to Vanderbilt University; became a bricklayer; helped to rebuild Chicago; was converted in 1877; the next year united with Illinois Conference; after filling smaller churches became pastor of Grace at Chicago, then of Trinity at Denver and finally of the great First Church at Los Angeles, California, where the membership became 2,100 and the Sunday school 3,-

Northern C.A. Mar. 23, '11.

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000 and where the large church was always packed to hear him.

Bishop McIntyre is a remarkable preacher, a word painter, simple, often poetic, tender, practical and spiritual. When a pastor he often conducted altar services in his great Sunday congregations. He had large churches and showed much ability in the management of their affairs. It was thought by many unwise to use a great pastor as material for a bishop Great pastors are too few and the need of them is too great to diminish their number by "elevating" them to the episcopacy; and, if we are not mistaken Bishop McIntyre feels so deeply the burden and limitations of his present great office that he is tempted to ask to be allowed to return to the supreme, more congenial and more blessed work of the divinely called minister of God—the pastorate.

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ments of other ages have perished, while there are great monarchies in existence today that had their commencement long before the Christian era began.

The power of a political dictator now for many weeks has held in abeyance the will of the people of this great state of New York. Mr. Charles F Murphy is not a member of the legislature nor is he a state officer of any kind; yet to such political influence has he attained that no man can be elected United States Senator to succeed Hon. Chauncey Depew whose term has now expired unless Mr Murphy will give his consent. The governor of the state, the mayor of the metropolis and other eminent men have humbly importuned him to withdraw the name of Mr. William F. Sheehan, or consent to some other course that will end the legislative deadlock that has now continued, to a vast detriment of the state, for about nine weeks, but the Tammany chief is immovable. He declares that the man named by a majority vote of the caucus of the party of which he is the dominating leader must be elected, although a majority of the legislature have been daily saying by their vote for two months that they will not have him. Thus we have one man dominating a party caucus and a state legislature to the extent of completely blocking the election of a United States Senator. Should the name of Mr. Sheehan be withdrawn no name can be substituted for it which would be more acceptable to the people, for the Tammany chief must be propitiated and a nomination to suit him must be made.

Dangers thicken about the republic when political power slips from the hands of the people and becomes the stake for which party leaders play the game of politics.

—Our Lord Jesus Christ's indorsement of the law and the prophets should suggest to some persons who have a high opinion of their own smartness that they should not hastily conclude that they know more than Moses, that they are wiser than Solomon, and that their vision is more far-reaching than that of Isaiah.—D. B.

being made. The extent and completeness of this exposition can hardly be over stated. A monthly magazine, beautifully printed and finely illustrated and packed with information and other missionary matter, began to be published in the interest of the exposition December last and will continue till the exposition is over. It is called "The Exposition Herald" and costs five cents a number and is published at 4 Ashburton Place, Boston.

Ten thousand young men and women and some not so young have volunteered to serve the exposition as "stewards" and these are being trained in four hundred classes for their duties in explaining to the expected thousands of visitors the various courts, scenes, moving pictures and objects from missionary lands.

The Career of Bishop McIntyre.

Because it may arouse some youth who now is sleeping by the wayside, some youth who has it in him to be a somebody but who is preparing himself to be a nobody, some youth who is giving up and "laying down" because life is an uphill road, we refer again to the youth of Bishop McIntyre, and in the main in the language of the Los Angeles Independent.

Robert McIntyre came with his immigrant parents from Selkirk, Scotland, when not seven years old. For ten years he was a newsboy, peanut-seller on the railroads, a mill-worker and at times at school. But at seventeen this stopped. His father died and he at once had to be the mainstay of the family.

He was working at his trade as bricklayer in Philadelphia for the next three years, when the city of Chicago was smitten by the great conflagration. The call went broadcast over the country for mechanics to help rebuild the city, phenomenal wages being offered for bricklayers. Robert accepted the opportunity, and before he was twenty years of age he was piling up brick in the city that he little dreamed was to be the scene of his own first great triumph as a minister of the gospel, for at that time he had given no thought to religion.

A few years later he found himself in St Louis, and there he found also the turning-point in his life. He was converted and at once became an active local evangelist, spending his evenings, after a hard day's work, in going anywhere that opportunity offered to tell the story of the new light that had broken upon him. Gradually it dawned upon him that he must become a preacher, and to better equip himself, he enrolled as a student in Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., and spent the year 1877 in that institution.

* * *

During this year another momentous event in his life had given him great concern. He had spent his last dollar to get the theological training afforded by a single year in the university, and he was looking forward with a forlorn hope to his wedding day.

He had plighted his troth with Miss Ella Chatten, of Quincy, Ill., and being without money, and not yet ordained to the ministry, he was in a dreadful state of perturbation. He made a clean breast of it to his sweetheart, and she, foreshadowing the character of a true helpmeet she has ever been, suggested a way out Mrs. McIntyre said recently, in recounting the early days of her married life:

"I told Robert I was willing to get married and spend the first year in my mother's home, while he went out and got a start, and this is what we practically did, though later we borrowed $100 from my mother and went to housekeeping."

On the last day of the year 1877 they were married, and talk of the event brought out the story of the only time in his life that Robert McIntyre ever wore a flower in his buttonhole. Though he is possessed of a soul filled with poesy, is passionately fond of flowers and is a true son of Nature, he has a natural antipathy to ornamenting himself in any way, and he is always plainly and unostentatiously clad.

He submitted to floral decoration of his person for the wedding ceremony, under

(Continued on page 15.)

The Bishops

Bishop Foss apparently gains in health.

Bishop Lewis plans to sail for China in November.

Bishop Wilson becomes secretary of the Board of Bishops.

Bisnop Luther B. Wilson has been elected secretary of the Board of Bishops.

On Sunday, July 5, Bishop Oldham will preach morning and evening at Quincy, Illinois.

Bishop Quayle is the new president of the Board of Control of the Epworth League.

Bishops Warren, Anderson, McDowell and Lewis preached or lectured at the Upper Iowa jubilee.

Bishop and Mrs. William Burt and their daughter, Miss Edith Burt, sailed from New York by steamer "Oceanic," on Saturday, June 6, for Cherbourg, France.

To Bishop Warren, the senior effective man on the board, are assigned more fall Conferences than to any other bishop. He has seven, and no other has over six, and most of them only four or five each.

In Baltimore there is a "Washington Monument." It stands opposite our Mt. Vernon Place Church. The stone stairway within is spiral, and has, we think, 223 steps. Bishop Mallalieu climbed to its top, using five minutes to go up and three to come down.

Concerning Bishop Moore, his successor as editor of the Western says: "Wherever the present editor goes, he hears the praises sung of 'Uncle David'—as he is affectionately termed by many of the young people—and the older people think there never was another such overflowing, exuberant, enthusiastic and fraternal brother. There will be wide-spread rejoicing that the General Conferenc has fixed his residence at Cincinnati." We learn that after a swift flight through Onio, West Virginia, Iowa and North Dakota laying corner-stones and dedicating churches, he fetched up in Cincinnati last Saturday and is now "house-hunting." Shades of the itinerancy!

Although that city was his official residence, Bishop Spellmeyer was not in Cincinnati much during the quadrennium. He was a year in China, six months in the Northwest and considerable time in the South. He was also absent on official business. Nevertheless, says the Western, he has made upon Cincinnati "the impression of a man of sincere devotion, wise, courageous, fraternal, true to his convictions, anxious to serve the churches and the pastors to the utmost limit of time and strength; his public ministrations have been of a most creditable character. On extraordinary occasions he has shown his resources adequate to the demands of the hour. His addresses on China are of such a high character that they should be heard in all parts of the land."

Easton was a little village, midway between Mason City and Urbana, and when it was noised about that the young preacher, who had already become the country talk on account of his remarkable eloquence and popularity among the people, was actually building a church with his own hands, the old farmers began to drive over to see him at his work. Gradually the contagion spread, and not only the farmers, but people from the adjacent villages, drove to Easton to watch him do it. They took lunch and picnicked with him at his noon hour and then spent the afternoon hours in again watching him pile up the bricks.

They had no thought of helping him—the novelty was to see the preacher do it; but when the walls were about completed, they woke up sufficiently to conceive the idea of building a walk to the church doors, and this they did.

Anybody who has heard Dr. McIntyre deliver his lecture entitled "Buttoned-up People" will recall the relish with which he tells this story, and how they were convulsed with laughter at his humorous turns.

The result of the church-building stunt was that when the little church was done, it wasn't big enough to hold the people, for they came from all the country around to hear him preach.

As a descriptive orator, Bishop McIntyre has few equals on the American platform. His subjects cover a remarkable scope, and it is quite difficult to determine which is the most instructive and entertaining.

One of the greatest marvels is, that none of them are written, and they are never twice alike. He knows no handicap of manuscript, either in his sermons or lectures, and he has returned as many as nine times to a single city, and has lectured from ocean to ocean.

He is a model in his own home; simple, affectionate, hospitable. When he has occasion to speak of woman in his public talks, he instinctively pays tribute to "the woman who has done more for me than anything else in the world," and he tells how his wife has clung to him through every difficulty, and been joyous through the hardest trials. His family consists of two daughters, Ruth and Nell, and a son, Carlyle C.

Though he started in hard lines on a borrowed $100, he has prospered greatly. In 1902, when he consented to be appointed pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, because he intended to live here the rest of his days anyway, the salary was $3,500 a year. So delighted were the people with the prize they had drawn, that a year later they raised the salary by the addition of $1,000 more, and with much pride made the announcement to their pastor.

Dr. McIntyre turned them down so hard, they'll never forget it "I don't want it," he said. "I won't have it! and if you ever make me an offer like that again, I'll leave you without notice."

During the six years of his pastorate it has been a problem twice each Sunday how to best accommodate all the people who want to hear him, and hundreds are regularly turned away. It was proposed, early in his pastorate, to issue tickets, but Dr. McIntyre is "a people's preacher in a people's church," and he didn't like the idea. Then it was proposed to reserve every alternate pew, so that strangers and members might have an equal chance, but the only thing that was ever done was to reserve the large gallery for the members who attend the meeting of the Epworth League, preceding the evening church service. The result has been that everybody who wants a seat at the evening service must go at least an hour in advance of the service, while in the morning hundreds of people secure their seats during the Sunday-school hour.

The Career of Bishop McIntyre.

(Continued from page 7.)

protest, and yielded to the entreaties of his bride and had his photograph taken with the bouquet attached. That ended it all, and never again did he wear a buttonhole ornament.

In the spring of 1878 he was ordained at the Methodist Conference held in Jacksonville, Ill., and when he was asked where he hoped to be sent for his maiden appointment, he replied: "Give me the hardest place you have; I want something worth while."

* * *

The bishop took him at his word and he was sent to what was known as the Easton circuit, with three preaching stations. It was a circuit without a church building; the people were notorious for their refusal to attend religious meetings; many preachers had been sent there, but none of them would stay, as the people would not go to hear them.

Something happened when the eloquent young bricklayer appeared in the benighted neighborhood. The people not only went to hear him, but no place big enough to hold them could be found; so he suggested that if they would get together the brick for a church, he would build it himself.

It is not at all probable that he had an idea that his announcement would create anything of a sensation, away out there in the country, but that 's just what it did.

Mystery and Revelation.

By Rev. John Wesley Hill, D.D.

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—I. Corinthians 13:12.

OUR text is a strain from Paul's inimitable psalm of praise to love. By a stroke or two of inspired genius he throws his theme into high relief: compares it, analyzes it, and crowns it. He declares that knowledge is fragmentary, love complete; science limited, love infinite; theology partial, love perfect—and therefore that the perfection of human character is the perfection of love.

This word "darkly" means more than appears on its surface. It is rooted in the Greek word *ainigma*, and literally signifies an enigma; a dark saying or representation, in which some known thing is concealed under obscure words or forms; therefore, the embodiment of a purpose or plan, the complete illumination of which awaits the emancipation of the human mind from "the tyranny of the instant," when all limitations shall be removed and infinite knowledge and progress shall begin.

* * *

Man's nature is so feeble and precarious! Whence came he? Whither is he going? What is the meaning of life, the interpretation of death? We stand as it were upon the shore of a mighty ocean, anxiously scanning the horizon, but seeing only a waste of water, hearing only the sullen boom of the angry surf, which rolls on and on forever! What is a man? Must we not answer with Victor Hugo? "That infirmity, that shadow, that atom, that grain of sand, that drop of water, that tear fallen from the eyes of destiny, so weak, so uncertain, so ignorant, and so restless; who goes on in trouble and in doubt, trembling if he looks before him, sad if he looks behind him; who at certain hours bends down with a sort of sacred horror beneath the forces of nature, under the sound of the sea, under the shivering of the trees, under the shadow of the mountains, under the beaming of the stars; who can not raise his head without being blinded by the light, by night without being crushed by the darkness!"

Yes, this is man; and, with such limitations, it is not altogether against him that he sees darkly.

* * *

But there are those who proceed upon an entirely different basis. They postulate the possibility of a perfect knowledge of the universe, that theology can be laid bare to the core, infinity be reduced to a science, and vivisection be performed on the Almighty. This knowledge is classified as "systematic theology," and the Bible is cited as its text book; but the Bible encourages no such assumption. It enters into no technical analysis of the divine attributes, makes no attempt to map out the infinite, nor to lift the veil of the eternal. To the contrary, it rebukes the bold ambition, that would scale the battlements of the supernatural or seek to annex the throne of God to the domain of scientific knowledge! "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

* * *

Why is it that the explorer, the man of science, the astute discovered, has brought back no tidings of God? Why, when science and philosophy have advanced triumphantly to the drum-beat of progress, has the knowledge of God retreated, compelling the apostles of worldly wisdom to confess their ignorance in the very name they have given the Divine Being, "the Unknown"? Have these men been utterly wanting in earnestness and sincerity? No! we would not so harshly judge them. They have been sincere seekers of truth. With bleeding hands and lacerated feet, they have felt and groped in the darkness if peradventure they might catch the dayspring of eternal hope! They have swept the golden dust of the sky with their glasses and discovered worlds; they have torn open the crust of the earth and explored by-gone ages; they have made the universe tributary to their conquests and fondly hoped in like manner to storm the abode of the Almighty. But all in vain their presumption. The Infinite cannot be explored or discovered by man's boldest conceit. No aspiring Columbus can track the boundless continent of His abode. No adventurous Franklin can experiment with the dynamic forces that encircle His throne. How then is He to be known? Once and once only is it recorded that our Lord, usually a "Man of Sorrows" "rejoiced with exceeding joy."

* * *

And what was the occasion of that extraordinary soul rapture? Listen to His own explanation: "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes and sucklings." And the meaning of this declaration is simply this, that spiritual truth must be spiritually discerned. The brain is not the organ with which to lay hold upon God, any more than you can see a picture with your ears, or hear music with your eyes. You can not weigh truth in scales, nor measure love with a yard-stick, nor demonstrate Christian truth with a syllogism. You can not discover God as you discover an asteroid, or a new principle of mathematics, or a new law in sociology. Supernatural things must be supernaturally discerned. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

Woman's For

By Mrs. M.

A long journey you will find it, for there is not a land occupied by our missionary society—save Northern Europe—where the Woman's Board does not sow and reap beside the brethren. It has proven its efficiency in every field and has never sounded a retreat. Bishop Thoburn says: "She was called to till a field which through historic ages had remained fallow." Now the women of India, China, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, the Philippines, South America, Africa, Bulgaria, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Mexico hear the gospel from the lips of consecrated women of our Methodism.

Naturally we journey first to North India, where our first missionaries set up their banner. Here, where the work has been longest established, it is increasingly successful. Medical, educational, evangelistic, philanthropic and industrial missions are carried on by a splendid corps of workers. The hospital opened by Dr. Swain, in the old palace given by a native prince, is to-day our greatest hospital in number of patients treated. Last year 31,578 were in the hospital or dispensary. In equipment, alas! it falls behind, for the old palace is musty and its floors are worn, its roof uncertain.

The little school started by Miss Isabella Thoburn is now the great Woman's College. Of that school Bishop Oldham said: "Perhaps it may be said without invidious distinction that no more powerful agency for the evangelization of India can be found in any single institution than in the school named for that noble woman who gave her life for India's redemption." That little school was the forerunner of the system of girls' schools — day-schools, boarding-schools and training-schools—which have taught thousands of Christian women who are now, by life and word, preaching the gospel. A great revival wave has swept through these schools during the past year. Almost every page of the annual report is joyful with the story of revival power.

The different footing upon which Christians stand to-day is found in the zenana work in Lucknow. Of old fancy-work was the lure which gave entrance to the gospel in song and story. Now the whole time is given to religious instruction and teaching the women to read. From the old centers the work has advanced up the Himalayan slopes to the borders of Tibet.

In Northwest India our missions touch the centers of Hinduism in the famous cities of Brendatan and Muttra. Medical work in the first, a great Training-school in the second, and much evangelistic work opposes the old paganism. The great Orphanages at Muttra and Phalera and the Industrial Home at Aligarh are effective life-saving stations. Famine children are growing up into strong, self-reliant Christian womanhood, equipped for service for the Church and the salvation of India. This great Rajputani country is a white-ripe harvest-field and the most urgent need is for more evangelistic workers. Meerut district alone reports 21,000 Christians living in more than a thousand villages. Inquirers are calling on every side. On Muttra district Miss McLeary is the only lady itinerant among 15,000 Christians. Rivoke district rejoices in 350 women and girls baptized last year. And yet the plea is for six new missionaries for evangelistic work alone.

The story of these northern Conferences is being repeated in the south. Everywhere opportunity far outruns the strength and resources of the missionaries. The old Mohammedan city, Hyderabad, so long impregnable, saw last

The advance of the Church brings increasing demand for Bible-women. The training-schools are supplying, so far as possible, this need. The great outstanding features of the work in China are success, limitless opportunity and overwhelming need of reinforcements.

Korea is the land of twentieth century Pentecost. The story of the revival, of the native Church ready to give, to sacrifice, to serve, puts us to shame. Mrs. Scranton's Bible-women teach in four thousand homes. So eager are the Korean women for education that the Girl's School is rapidly approaching self-support from fees. The revival has spread more rapidly than we can care for the converts. The women tasting the joys of salvation flinch from no service. At one place they carried the stones for the church, the water for the mortar, the rafters for the roof! In Chemulpo 632 women are members of the Church and regular attendants. Six new missionaries are urgently needed for Korea.

Our mission in Japan has passed quietly through the reorganization of Methodism. No lessening of influence or opportunity is seen. A sad blow to the work was the loss by fire of our buildings at Nagoya and Hakodate. The Topeka Branch will rebuild Nagoya, and Hakodate will doubtless be rebuilt on broader foundations.

Mexico is yielding her confidence to us at last. The Government did so long ago, but now the people believe in us. The schools are models of excellence. Keen College Chapel was dedicated during the last Conference session. The

Robert McIntyre's First Battle.

Robert McIntyre was once a poor boy apprenticed to a bricklayer in Philadelphia. He has risen to the position and influence of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. A week or two ago he turned aside from other duties to spend a Sunday in the city where he had his first great trial and won his first great victory. While there he told of that event in his life. He said:

"I came to Philadelphia to-day because I wanted to pay tribute to a man long dead and gone. More than forty years ago I was a boy in Hunter's mill. My overseer was Frank Ferguson, whose memory I shall ever revere. I remember one winter when a revival was in progress along Lancaster Pike, the influence of which spread to the mill in which I was employed. It was then that Mr. Ferguson took me into a temperance meeting held at Fifty-second street and Lancaster Pike, and at his suggestion I took a pledge to abstain at all times from taking alcoholic beverages.

"Shortly after that my father informed me that it was time to choose a trade. Some of my chums had gone into bricklaying, so I selected that. One night my father came home and told me he had apprenticed me to a certain bricklayer by the name of George. Almost immediately, however, he regretted his action, as the man was known to be of intemperate habits. My father's health was declining, and we all knew that the time was near at hand when my mother and my brothers and sisters would have to depend on what money I could earn.

"On the following day I began my apprenticeship. The noon hour arrived and my boss said: 'Bobby, throw away that water and take the bucket over to the saloon. Tell the bartender you came from me, and he will fill the bucket with beer.' I did as he instructed me. Then, upon my return, I saw that the men, while eating lunch, sat in a row and began passing the bucket with beer from man to man. The boss drank first, and I took my place at the end of the line. I was praying that one of the hod-carriers, bricklayers or boys would refuse to drink, and therefore give me courage for the step I was contemplating, but not one of them refused. Finally the bucket came to me. 'I don't want any,' I whispered to the boy who handed it, but he urged me on. The boss was watching and thought I was shy. 'Go ahead and drink, Bobby,' he said, encouragingly. 'I pay for the beer and every man who works for me is entitled to his share. Drink, lad, drink.'

"'I don't like it, sir,' I said rather weakly.

"He laughed heartily and told me that I would never make a bricklayer till I learned to drink beer. By that time all of the men were looking at me. Somehow or other I got on my feet and walked over down the line until I stood in front of the boss.

"'I'm only a poor boy,' I said 'and I want to learn my trade. If you send me home now I shall feel disgraced, but I'll have to go if you insist on my drinking this beer. I can't do it, Mr. George.'

"To my amazement the boss jumped to his feet and grasped my hand. 'God bless you, Robert; stick to that and you will make a man of yourself,' he said. Then turning to the others: 'If I hear one of you men urging this boy to drink against his will, I will discharge you on the spot,' he said. That was how I won the first of my battles in life, and I owe it all to Frank Ferguson, the man who took the trouble to befriend a homeless boy."—*The Reformed Church Messenger.*

BISHOP McINTYRE

Bishop McINTYRE is of Scotch birth. His parents were Presbyterians in a time when "Presbyterian" meant a great deal for doctrine, piety, pertinacity and intellectual force. (This must not be construed into a reflection upon the present Presbyterian Church.) His early experience led him to mingle with all classes and conditions of men. For a period he was a skeptic. The history of his religious experience and entrance into the ministry would read like a novel. Soon after becoming a minister his fame for eloquence was sounded all abroad. It is said of WEBSTER that on one occasion he sighed, and some one asking him why, he replied: "It is an awful thing to have a reputation to maintain. People think that I can speak offhand, but to keep up my reputation is a terrible strain." Bishop McIntyre has never yet found a building large enough to contain the audiences that flock to hear him, either as lecturer or preacher, and this when he has had no fame whatever for short sermons or lectures. This, however, will not interfere with his success in the Episcopacy; for the Bishops from time immemorial have preached on the average from an hour to an hour and a half.

To know Bishop McIntyre, it is necessary to meet him in private. Upon this it might be indelicate to dwell, but we shall expect that all, lay and clerical, who have official dealings with him—whether they secure what they wish or not—will go away from him with the feeling that they have been in the presence of a Christian gentleman and a brotherly spirit.

to heaven as well as relieve them of needless worry as to their earthly destination. When the efforts of the ministers are supplemented by the everyday evangelism of the folks in the pew, there will be a continuous revival, and "many shall be added unto the Lord."

"No Colored Bishop."

Editor, METHODIST TIMES:

My attention was attracted to an article which appeared in THE TIMES, April 17, 1911, under the heading, "No Colored Bishop," and read as follows:

"Our colored brethren are renewing the old agitation for the election of a bishop of African descent. But they do not seem to stand a very good chance to succeed; and why? Because they threw away their best argument at the last General Conference. One of the white men who was elected never could have been elected but for the particular campaign which his friends put up, viz., that he had spent much of his life among colored people; that he was the special friend to that race and if elected would devote his life to episcopal leadership among the colored people. That plea won him the election. The bishop referred to has kept his pledge. He is devoting himself with fine zeal to work in the colored conferences and his successful leadership will make impossible the election of a colored bishop for years to come, and the colored leaders of our church should not complain for they heartily supported the plan."

So far as I have been able to learn the bishop referred to has done his work well. But who could dream of the

(Continued on page 6.)

tion; on the fifteenth Bishop MCCABE was elected; and on the sixteenth, Bishop CRANSTON.

In 1900 there was an effort made to return to the majority vote, but after discussion the motion was lost. The principal grounds (though not all) on which the requisition of two thirds was defended were that the office of Bishop is for life, the incumbents being subject only to expulsion or superannuation, the latter being, as Bishop MERRILL said, "Retirement *in* office instead of retirement *from* office."

As the General Conference consists of laymen and ministers and the two orders do not vote separately, it is expedient that the number who vote be sufficiently large to make it certain that both laymen and ministers are united in the result. Under a majority rule the ease with which skillful manipulators might secure a majority and on the first ballot surprise a General Conference by an election that would not give permanent satisfaction is a real danger. The requisition of two thirds makes it more difficult, gives time for reflection and deliberation and for the Conference to become fully aware of the character, career and qualifications of the candidates. Two thirds or more is a number large enough to leave a minority so small that their dissatisfaction could not affect the general reception, in good faith and good cheer, of those elected by the Church.

In 1900—when for the first time the laity were equal in number to the ministry—for *sixteen* ballots there was no election; but on the *seventeenth*, Bishops MOORE and HAMILTON were chosen. In 1901 the Conference essayed to

himself.

"But whosoever shall become great among you shall be your minister." He saw it in a flash the life of selfishness and the life of service.

"There are only two camps," the preacher said; "and I want you to be sure you are in the camp of service—happiness is not to be found in any other way. The world may fawn upon you and flatter you, but if you are in the camp of selfishness your life is a lie. You can love life overmuch, and the dog's death is the end. Or you can spend and be spent for others, and in that way you can never die. There was once on this earth a life lived entirely for others. 'The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head.' Paul is of that company, and Francis of Assisi, and Father Damien and General Gordon, and every brave and wise spirit that has been since the world began. In which camp are you? If you are in the selfish camp you cannot live there. It is not your place at all. You were born for service. To that camp I call you, and if even now you feel anything of the force of the call you cannot be disloyal to yourself, for you are of the company of whom it can be said they die daily

* * *"

He surprised himself by the heartiness with which he joined in the last hymn—

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on"

singing in

Los Angeles Daily Times

MAY 27, 1908.

UP.

BRICKLAYER'S GREAT CLIMB.

Startling Is Life Story of Bishop McIntyre.

Built His First Church With His Own Hands.

Prodigious Worker; Strong Descriptive Orator.

Robert McIntyre, D.D., pastor of the First Methodist Church of this city, who was yesterday chosen a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference in session at Baltimore, is a self-made man in the

When he went to Grace Church, Chicago, at age of 37

BRICKLAYER'S CLIMB

(Continued From First Page.)

pleted they woke up sufficiently to conceive the idea of building a walk to the church doors, and this they did.

Anybody who has heard Dr. McIntyre deliver his lecture entitled "Buttoned-up People" will recall the relish with which he tells this story, and how they were convulsed with laughter at his humorous turns.

The result of the church-building stunt was that when the little church was done it wasn't big enough to hold the people, for they came from all the country 'round to hear him preach, and hence it proved that the permitting of their young preacher to build a church with his own hands was the undoing of the people of Easton.

All the influential church officials of that section were found, at one time or another, sitting in the pews of the little brick churches, sizing up the phenomena: young fellows who could do what others had been unable to do; and the next year he was called to Marshall, where he had a good church and but one congregation to serve. He remained there to the limit of three years, and next went to Charleston, Ill., where he was also permitted to fulfill the limit, his services in both places being marked with phenomenal success, official members of other congregations taking careful note of this fact.

Among those who were attracted to hear him was a leading elder of the Methodist Church at Urbana, who was on the scent of a good preacher for his own congregation. At the meeting of the conference in 1886 this Elder got the ear of the bishop, and easily convinced him that young McIntyre was entitled to a better appointment. That year he was sent to Urbana the best opportunity he had yet had to preach to large congregations.

Robert McIntyre was by this time the most talked-of young man in Illinois Methodism, and Urbana was destined to speedily lose the prize.

HIS GREATEST LEAP.

One of the leading officers in Grace Methodist Church, Chicago, at that time the greatest Methodist church in the city, was a brother of the very Elder who had secured McIntyre for Urbana. He visited his brother and was taken to hear the new preacher, and that was the undoing of Urbana.

At the end of the year McIntyre was slated for Grace Church, evidently with the sanction of the presiding bishop [illegible] work [illegible] during the year 18[illegible] made a tour of Europe, Asia and Africa and upon his return was appointed to Grace Church, taking charge just ten years after his ordination.

His phenomenal career made him the idol of the city, and at the end of three years, the limit at that time, overtures came to him from Trinity Methodist Church, Denver, Colo., the most important Methodist church in the State, and he made the first change outside of Illinois. The limit of itinerancy had been made five years, and to this limit he remained in Trinity Church, having meanwhile been made a Doctor of Divinity by the University of Denver.

St. James Church, the fashionable church of Chicago, which had by this time outstripped Grace Church in the race, now called for Dr. McIntyre and he went back to the scene of his first triumph in 1896. He remained with St. James Church five years and then asked a supernumerary relation in order that he might come to Los Angeles and recuperate after thirteen years of most strenuous service, and he came to this city in 1901, with the intent of resting and delivering occasional lectures.

In addition to his ministrations from the pulpit, in 1886 he went on the lyceum platform and broadened his view and his list of entertaining lectures by his trip abroad in 1887, and up to the present time he has delivered more than 2000 popular lectures, in addition to his regular work.

He has also found time to publish a book of poems and one volume of fiction, the former under the title, "At Early Candle Light," and the latter, "A Modern Apollos."

As a descriptive orator Bishop McIntyre has few equals on the American platform. His subjects cover a remarkable scope, and it is difficult to determine which is the most instructive and entertaining. An original study of Abraham Lincoln, "The Wyandotte Caverns," "Fun on the Farm," "Egypt," "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," "The Model Home," "The Battle of Life," "The Sunny Side of a Soldier's Life," will give some idea of the versatility of his talent, and an audience will sit spellbound under the delivery of any one of them.

One of the greatest marvels is, that none of them are written and they are never twice alike. He knows no handicap of manuscript, either in his sermons or lectures, and he has returned as many as nine times to a single city, and has lectured from ocean to ocean.

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He [illegible] as [illegible] friend and neighbor [illegible] carelessly on the portico of [illegible] [illegible] stories to his [illegible].

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Late in the evening Mr. Mulford received the following response from Bishop McIntyre: "[illegible] to the First Church, and gratitude for all its support."

On his wedding day at age of 26.

Bishop Robert McIntyre,

the care-free man, on the portico of his Los Angeles home, Alvarado street, at the age of fifty-six, and two events in his career.

truest sense of the word. By sheer personal force he climbed the ladder from his occupation as a brick mason to the pinnacle of ecclesiastical greatness in a period of thirty years.

Before he had reached a man's estate he was a bricklayer in Chicago, following the great conflagration of 1871, and fifteen years after he quit the job, he was back in Chicago as pastor of what was then the greatest Methodist church in that city.

This leap in his career was made less than ten years after he had, with his own hands, built the brick walls of the first church of which he was pastor.

Robert McIntyre was born in Selkirk, Scotland, November 20, 1851. He came to America with his parents when a boy of seven years, and entered the public schools of Philadelphia. There he received his education, fluctuating between the schools and every calling known to an energetic youth for a period of ten years. Sometimes he was a newsboy, sometimes a "peanut butcher" on the railroad, sometimes a mill worker, and sometimes a "super" in the theaters; sometimes at school.

All this came abruptly to an end when his father died, and at the age of 17 he was the main support of his mother and younger brother. He looked about for a useful trade and one that would produce the necessary cash without delay, and he hit upon one that would not spare himself—that of bricklayer

He was working at this trade in Philadelphia for the next three years, when the city of Chicago was smitten by the great conflagration. The call went broadcast over the country for mechanics to help rebuild the city, phenomenal wages being offered for bricklayers. Robert accepted the opportunity, and before he was twenty years of age he was piling up brick in the city that he little dreamed was to be the scene of his own first great triumph as a minister of the gospel, for at that time he had given no thought to religion

A few years later he found himself in St. Louis and there he found also the turning point in his life. He was converted to Christianity and at once became an active local evangelist, spending his evenings after a hard day's work, in going anywhere that opportunity offered to tell the story of the new light that had broken upon him. Gradually it dawned upon him that he must become a preacher, and to better equip himself, he enrolled as a student in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and spent the year 1877 in that institution.

LOOKED BLUE FOR MARRIAGE.

During this year another momentous event in his life had given him great concern. He had spent his last dollar to get the theological training afforded by a single year in the university, and ... forlorn hope to his wedding day

He had plighted his troth with Miss Ella Chatten of Quincy, Ill., and being without money and not yet ordained to the ministry, he was in a dreadful state of perturbation He made a clean breast of it to his sweetheart, and she, foreshadowing the character of true helpmeet she has ever been, suggested a way out. Mrs. McIntyre said yesterday, in recounting the early days of her married life:

"I told Robert I was willing to get married and spend the first year in my mother's home, while he went out and got a start, and this is what we practically did, though later we borrowed $100 from my mother and went to housekeeping."

On the last day of the year 1877 they were married, and talk of the event brought out the story of the only time in his life that Robert McIntyre ever wore a flower in his buttonhole. Though he is possessed of a soul filled with poesy, is passionately fond of flowers and is a true son of Nature, he has a natural antipathy to ornamenting himself in any way and he is always plainly and unostentatiously clad.

He submitted to floral decoration of his person for the wedding ceremony, under protest, and yielded to the entreaties of his bride and had his photograph taken with the bouquet attached. That ended it all, and never again did he wear a buttonhole ornament

In the spring of 1878 he was ordained at the Methodist conference held in Jacksonville, Ill., and when he was asked where he hoped to be sent for his maiden appointment, he replied,

BUILDS HIS OWN CHURCH.

"Give me the hardest place you have; I want something worth while."

The bishop took him at his word and he was sent to what was known as the Easton circuit, with three preaching stations. It was a circuit without a church building; the people were notorious for their refusal to attend religious meetings, many preachers had been sent there, but none of them would stay, as the people would not go to hear them.

Something happened when the eloquent young bricklayer appeared in the benighted neighborhood The people not only went to hear him, but no place big enough to hold them could be found so he suggested that if they would get together the brick for a church he would build it himself.

It is not at all probable that he had an idea that his announcement would create anything of a sensation, away out there in the country, but that's just what it did

Easton was a little village, midway between Mason City and Urbana, and when it was noised about that the young preacher, who had already become the country talk on account of his remarkable eloquence and popularity among the people, was actually building a church with his own hands, the old farmers began to drive over to see him at his work Gradually the contagion spread and not only the farmers but people from the adjacent villages drove to Easton to watch him do it They took lunch and picnicked with him at his noon hour and then spent the afternoon hours in again watching him pile up the bricks.

They had no thought of helping him, the novelty was to see the preacher do it, but when the walls were about com-

(Continued on Ninth Page.)

BRICKLAYER'S CLIMB

(Continued From First Page.)

pleted they woke up sufficiently to conceive the idea of building a walk to the church doors and this they did

Anybody who has heard Dr. McIntyre deliver his lecture entitled "Buttoned-up People" will recall the relish with which he tells this story, and how they were convulsed with laughter at his humorous turns

The result of the church-building stunt was that when the little church was done it wasn't big enough to hold the people, for they came from all the country 'round to hear him preach, and hence it proved that the permitting of their young preacher to build a church with his own hands was the undoing of the people of Easton

All the influential church officials of that section were found, at one time or another sitting in the pews of the little brick churches, sizing up the phenomenal young fellows who could do what others had been unable to do and the next year he was called to Marshall, where he had a good church and but one congregation to serve. He remained there to the limit of three years, and next went to Charleston, Ill., where he was also permitted to fulfill the limit, his services in both places being marked with phenomenal success, official members of other congregations taking careful note of this fact.

Among those who were attracted to hear him was a leading elder of the Methodist Church at Urbana, who was on the scent of a good preacher for his own congregation. At the meeting of the conference in 1886 this Elder got the ear of the bishop, and easily convinced him that young McIntyre was entitled to a better appointment. That year he was sent to Urbana, the best opportunity he had yet had to preach to large congregations.

Robert McIntyre was by this time the most talked-of young man in Illinois Methodism and Urbana was destined to speedily lose the prize.

HIS GREATEST LEAP

One of the leading officers in Grace Methodist Church Chicago, at that time the greatest Methodist church in the city was a brother of the very Elder who had secured McIntyre for Urbana. He visited his brother and was taken to hear the new preacher, and that was the undoing of Urbana

At the end of the year McIntyre was slated for Grace Church, evidently with the sanction of the presiding bishop for he relinquished work, and during the year 1887 made a tour of Europe Asia and Africa, and upon his return was appointed to Grace Church, taking charge just ten years after his ordination

His phenomenal career made him ... of the city, and at the end of three years, the limit at that time overtures came to him from Trinity Methodist Church, Denver, Colo., the most important Methodist church in the State, and he made the first change outside of Illinois The limit of itinerancy had been made five years, and to this limit he remained in Trinity Church, having meanwhile been made a Doctor of Divinity by the University of Denver

St James Church the fashionable church of Chicago, which had by this time outstripped Grace Church in the race now called for Dr McIntyre and he went back to the scene of his first triumph in 1896. He remained with St James Church five years and then asked a supernumerary relation in order that he might come to Los Angeles and recuperate after thirteen years of most strenuous service, and he came to this city in 1901, with the intention of resting and delivering occasional lectures.

In addition to his ministrations from the pulpit, in 1886 he went on the lyceum platform and broadened his view and his list of entertaining lectures by his trip abroad in 1887, and up to the present time he has delivered more than 2000 popular lectures, in addition to his regular work.

He has also found time to publish a book of poems and one volume of fiction, the former under the title, "At Early Candle Light," and the latter, "A Modern Apollos."

As a descriptive orator, Bishop McIntyre has few equals on the American platform. His subjects cover a remarkable scope, and it is difficult to determine which is the most instructive and entertaining An original study of Abraham Lincoln, "The Wyandotte Caverns," "Fun on the Farm," "Egypt," "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," "The Model Home," "The Battle of Life," "The Sunny Side of a Soldier's Life," will give some idea of the versatility of his talent, and an audience will sit spellbound under the delivery of any one of them.

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He is seen at his best as a close friend and neighbor, when lounging "at ease" on the portico of his handsome home on Alvarado street or spinning stories in his library.

When the announcement of his election was received from Baltimore yesterday S P Mulford acting for the official board of the First Methodist Church, sent to Bishop McIntyre the following telegram

"The official board and membership of the First church sincerely regret to lose their beloved pastor but bow to the will of the general conference and extend to you their hearty congratulations"

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-ily Times

LAY 27, 1908.

UP.

BRICKLAYER'S GREAT CLIMB.

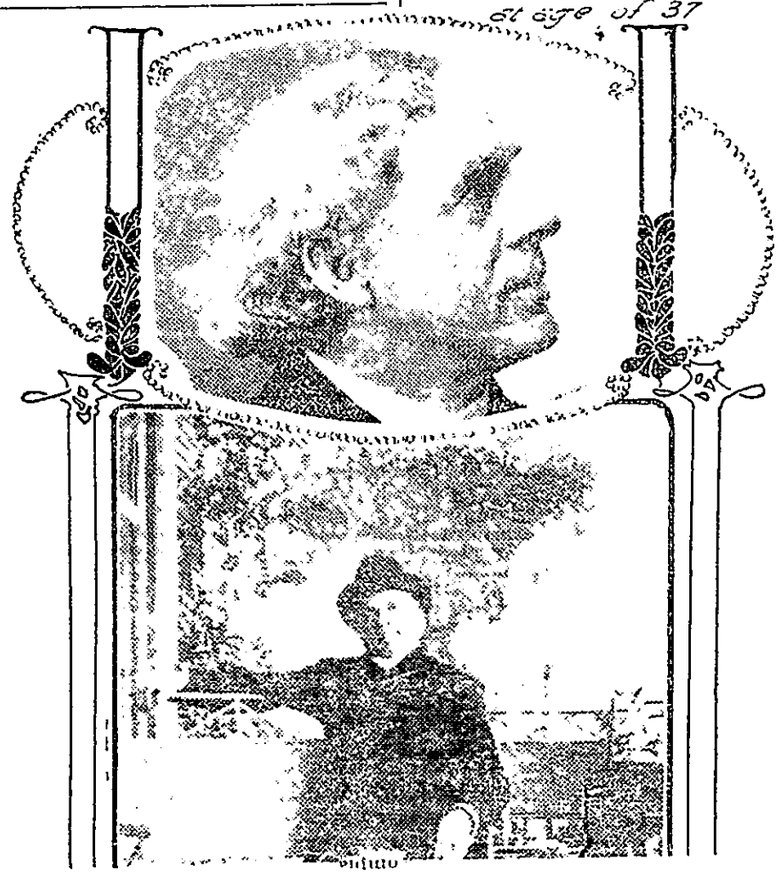
Startling Is Life Story of Bishop McIntyre.

Built His First Church With His Own Hands.

Prodigious Worker; Strong Descriptive Orator.

Robert McIntyre, D.D., pastor of the First Methodist Church of this city, who was yesterday chosen a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference in session at Baltimore, is a self-made man in the

What he went to Grace Church, Chicago, at age of 37



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$24.95 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Bavarian Chinaware $19.
$27 05 Set of 100 Pieces Decorated Bavarian Dinnerware $21.
$48.30 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Bavarian Dinner Ware ... $38.
$47 55 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Imperial Crown Ware ... $38
$45.80 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Imperial Austrian Ware .. $35.
$33 90 Set 100 Pieces Haviland & Co. Austrian Dinner Ware..... $27.

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DENOUNCED.

'SILVER DICK" MAKES A NOISE.

HIS DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE TALK EXCITES HARPER'S FRIENDS.

Anthony Schwamm and Commissioner McGarry Aroused to Indignation by the Attacks Upon Mayor Harper's Administration of This Alleged Reformer.

Pretending to speak for the Democratic League an attorney of unsavory official record, known as Silver Dick Warner made a vicious attack yesterday upon the characters of Mayor Harper and upon the city of Los Angeles. To hear and this dread "reformer" talk one would be led to suppose that Los Angeles is a sink of iniquity.

Not only did Silver Dick denounce Mayor Harper and his police force, but he made many insinuations against the friends of Mayor Harper generally and contended

Speaking of Warner's attack upon Mayor Harper, Anthony Schwamm, who is the only Democrat on the police board, said last evening:

"Mayor Harper was elected on the Democratic ticket and I am a Democrat. I replied that I could not see how I could be a Democrat and support Mr. Warner as being elected to represent the Democratic National Convention. I replied that I could not see how I could be a Democrat and support Mr. Warner as being elected to represent the Democratic National Convention. Ever since Mr. Warner has seen fit to attack Mayor Harper and his administration. As a member of the Fire commission I have had a good opportunity to inform myself fully as to the [illegible] by, and I have found the mayor on the alert ready to do everything which could benefit our city and be a credit to his administration.

"Wherefore, then, these attacks,

SERVICE—OFFICIAL

ambling games in his place," so says Capt Paul Flammer in his report to the police board Acting on this report the board promptly revoked the Reeves license

PREPARE TO CELEBRATE.

FOR "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

Mayor Harper issued the annual call yesterday afternoon for a committee meeting to arrange for the municipal observance of Independence Day Los Angeles has not celebrated a "glorious Fourth' for several years as the "safe and sane" element has always been in control on the Fourth of July Committee.

In his call for the celebration this year the Mayor has attempted to name a committee in which the adherents of the old-fashioned Fourth" will predominate.

The first meeting of the committee will be held in the Mayor's office on Thursday evening, May 28. Those invited to attend are: Joseph Mesmer, C. C. Desmond, Anthony Schwamm, John B Elliott, H W. Frank, Joseph Scott, H. B Woodill, Niles Pease, B. W. Lewis, Henry Lyon, John M. Larronde, Perry W. Weidner, J. Harvey McCarthy, W. M. Humphreys, M. J McGarry, L. J Christopher, John Morley, R. W. Dromgold.

FOR "UNDER DOG."

BOARD SUSTAINS CLAYTON.

J. J. Clayton, assistant boiler inspector, is to be permitted to hold his position as a civil service employé despite the fact that he has been convicted of a crime. Enemies of Clayton filed a petition with the Civil Service Commission two weeks ago asking that Clayton's name be stricken from the civil service list by reason of his police court record.

Commissioner Laubersheimer was then appointed a committee of one to investigate the case. Last night Laubersheimer reported back to the commission that he considers Clayton more sinned against than sinning. "I have gone carefully into the facts of his case," said Laubersheimer, "and while it is true that Clayton was convicted of striking a woman there were extenuating circumstances. I talked the case over with Prosecutor Ford and he said that Clayton pleaded guilty.

I fail to find in this case anything that should cause us to dismiss Clayton now. Under the circumstances I am going to support the under dog by moving that the charges be dismissed." This motion carried unanimously.

Clayton's offense consisted in flourishing a revolver and striking a woman of the half world.

Civil Service Notes.

Commissioner Young, as acting chairman of the Civil Service Board passed all the cases involving questions affecting the Aqueduct Commission along to next week's meeting of the board. Chairman Edelman has been making an investigation of the aqueduct cases and will report at that time.

Harry Wright failed to appear before the Civil Service Board yesterday fo

went to the Ocean Park bank and wished it to honor his draft on Calcutta, where he said he had $9250 deposited. The bank refused to cash his draft, but sent it on for collection. It was returned dishonored yesterday. The doctor presented a letter of credit from the Calcutta bankers and this is declared to be a forgery

He also presented an alleged forged letter from the secretary of the Gila Valley and Northern Railway Company, which stated that a voucher for $640 was about to be deposited to his credit at the Ocean Park Bank by the corporation. The bank refused to honor his checks, and because he drew a $300 check on it, when he had no funds on deposit, he will be examined by Justice Selph on a second charge on June 11

Osgood has received a letter stating that one Dr. Saunders was ejected some time ago from the Hotel Miramar in Santa Barbara county for obtaining thousands from guests by "crooked" means

The plea of insanity is put forward by the defendant's friends, and he will be examined Friday by the Lunacy Commission on a complaint sworn out by his friend J Coffey.

SHIELDS CO-RESPONDENT.

DIVORCE MAY BE REFUSED.

That the suppression of the name of a co-respondent in a complaint for divorce on the charge of unfaithfulness may be ground for refusing a divorce under California statutes was suggested by Judge Hutton yesterday when he took under advisement Mrs. Aurie A. Rall's action against Frank N. Rall

She accused him of a specific act of unfaithfulness at No. 812 South Grand avenue about a year ago In her complaint she gave the name of the woman as "J Roe, whose true name the affiant does not know" but yesterday, on the stand, Mrs Rall whispered the real name to the court and admitted she had known it when she swore to the complaint She explained that the woman had told her that she would never give Rall up, and that Rall had admitted his infidelity. A bundle of letters from the woman to the defendant were submitted.

Witnesses swore to the fact that the alleged co-respondent had a visitor on the night named in the complaint but did not identify Rall as the man.

When the court called attention to the discrepancy between Mrs Rall's testimony and her statement in the complaint, her counsel, Attorney S. L. Baker said "I am willing to assume all the responsibility, your honor. I omitted the woman's true name from the complaint because she has since married. My client and myself did not wish to disrupt her married life."

"However, creditable it is from the standpoint of gallantry, for counsel to protect this woman who has now married," Judge Hutton commented, "The court cannot adopt one rule for one case and another rule for another The fact that the plaintiff has sworn to a [illegible] in which the said she did

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Just the hat you want for the beach or shool wear. Of white trimmed with embroidery—the w

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Not only did 'Silver Dick' denounce Mayor Harper as a traitor but he made many assertions which no friends of Mayor Harper stoop to [illegible] and unfounded

Speaking of Warner [illegible] Anthony Schwamm, [illegible] Democratic County Committee [illegible] said last evening:

Mayor Harper sent me word [illegible] ago that it would [illegible] port Mr Warner as delegate-at-large [illegible] the Democratic National Convention I replied that I could [illegible] cause I felt that the Democracy should be represented by honest and capable men Ever since Mr Warner has seen fit to attack Mayor Harper and his administration. As a member of the Fire Commission I have had a good opportunity to inform myself fully as to the doings of the chief executive generally, and I have found the Mayor always ready to do everything which would benefit our city, and be a credit to his administration

"Wherefore, then, these attacks,

eply to charges asserting that he made misstatements in his applications for permission to take civil service examinations. The board sustained the charges and struck Wright's name off the eligible list for assistant restaurant inspector.

W. C. Cunningham, an electrical contractor, appealed to the Civil Service Board to protect him from Electrical Inspector Stewart. Cunningham alleges that whenever Stewart inspects a job done by Cunningham he has to do it all over again; he alleges that Stewart "has it in for me." The board decided that the evidence offered by Cunningham was insufficient and dismissed the charges.

AT THE COURTHOUSE.

DOCTOR IS PUT IN BAD LIGHT.

PRECKELS SAYS HE'S FORGER; MAY BE INSANE.

Career of Promoter of Sanatorium at Sierra Madre Appears from Testimony to Be Checkered With Crime—Draft on Calcutta Dishonored—Checks Returned.

"I never signed or authorized the signing of this $1000 check payable to Mr Saunders, whom I do not know," testified Rudolph Spreckels yesterday, in Justice Selph's court. The doctor was being examined on a charge of forgery. He is an Englishman and seemed very nervous.

Mr. Spreckels called attention to the fact that his name was spelled "Sprockles" on the check.

The defendant was held for trial in the Superior Court, and was committed to the County Jail in default of $5000 bail. He was not represented by counsel, nor were his wife or friends present during the hearing.

The plaintiff in the case, Josiah A Osgood, a Sierra Madre real estate man, testified that on April 13 Saunders came to his office and asked him to go with him to the First National Bank, where he had an interview with Cashier Herbert G Flint.

Flint testified that the doctor asked him to honor his draft on Calcutta (India) bankers, with whom, he said, he had a large amount on deposit. The cashier refused, but agreed to honor a note for $1150, which was indorsed by Osgood and Saunders.

Part of the $1150 was paid to the physician in a $500 check to J G. Boomer of Sierra Madre, as a first payment on a $15,000 tract that Saunders bought through Osgood, as agent, for the site of a sanatorium. The remainder was paid in a check to P. J. Hudley, vice-president of the Ocean Park Bank, who, under the defendant's instructions, deposited the amount to his account in the Ocean Park Bank. Saunders subsequently drew on this for his own purposes and it has been exhausted, it was stated.

Osgood swore that as security for his indorsement on Saunders's note to the Sierra Madre Bank the doctor turned over to him the Spreckels $1000 check and another one for $400 on the Crocker-Woolworth Bank of San Francisco, signed by C J Bragg and payable to Saunders. No such person as Bragg is known to the San Francisco bank. About May 1 Osgood became uneasy and telegraphed to Spreckels who pronounced the $1000 check a forgery.

The real estate man stated that he first met the defendant in March, when he came to Sierra Madre to look for real estate and was accompanied by his wife. She says she knows nothing of her husband's business in Sierra Madre.

Saunders said that Spreckels was one of the directors of the sanatorium that was promoting, and that one Pratt, who got $100 of the money deposited in the Ocean Park bank was Spreckels's cousin. Pratt cannot now be located. It is said that the attorney who drew up the Quisisana Sanatorium corporation papers lost $200 by his client's manipulations. Two or three men also put money into the enterprise and have lost it, it is alleged.

About three months ago Saunders

complai[illegible] not know the co-respondent's name, and now on the witness stand admits that she did know the name all the time, seriously affects the creditibility of her testimony."

The case was taken under advisement.

FIGHTS LONG BEACH.

CORPORATION FEARS RUIN.

Charging that the City Council of Long Beach has passed a water rate ordinance that threatens to ruin the Long Beach Water Company, that corporation yesterday filed in the Superior Court a suit against the city to enjoin it from putting into effect the measure.

The plaintiff alleges that in February, the City Council passed an ordinance fixing water rates from July 1, next, and that these will mean a decrease of its income from 20 to 35 per cent. It is asserted that this legislation is inequitable and unjust.

The ordinance is attacked on the ground that it will make it impossible for the plaintiff to pay a reasonable profit on the capital invested in the system—about $1,000,000. It is stated that these facts were laid fully before the city authorities before the law was passed.

ORPHAN DECEIVED.

WIFE LIVING IN ENGLAND.

When Edna MacDonald Colville, a professional singer, was 18 years old, she told Judge Rives yesterday, she met at the World's Fair in St. Louis an English musician named Bertram Colville, who was several years her senior. She was an orphan and after several months' acquaintance married Colville, in December, 1904.

Three months later an officer of the St. Louis Musicians' Union, to which Colville belonged, received from England a letter from a woman who said she was Colville's wife and who asked where he was. Colville was informed that unless he told his second wife about the matter, it would be told her by others. He asserted that the English woman had no legal claim on him.

The second Mrs. Colville believed her husband and lived with him for three years. After the death of her child, in 1907, she left him, as she had met people who told her that they knew Colville had been lawfully married in England. Yesterday, witnesses told Judge Rives that, several years ago, Colville lived in San Francisco with his English wife, whom he later sent

WE MAKE

WE'RE NOT SURPRISED THA[illegible] TO BE THE HIGH[illegible]

Again is shown result of tests m[illegible] Inspector William Schade, of ANGELES GAS AND ELE[illegible] CITY GAS COMPANY, for 23, 1908:

DATE	HEAT UNITS L. A. GAS.	City G[illegible]
May 18 ..	625	60[illegible]
May 19 ...	631	60[illegible]
May 20 ...	665	61[illegible]
May 21 ...	650	63[illegible]
May 22 ...	647	63[illegible]
May 23 ..	647	62[illegible]
Daily Average ...	644	6[illegible]

The above is the official test of the Ga[illegible] Los Angeles, and not that of a paid [illegible]

Los Angeles Gas ar[illegible]
645 SOUTH [illegible]
Both Phones Exchange 3

2S. II

E. WE SELL FOR LESS. Hamburger

Wiggs
LACE TO TRADE

'in For W[illegible]

rice reductions that will make ev[illegible] re. All the good things are n[illegible]

rpriced, But Not A[illegible]

Children's 75c Beach

Just the hat you want for the beach or shool wear. Of white trimmed with embroidery—the w[illegible]

NG OUT

en's and Children's

Oxfords

tockings 29c
ee boot, tan black.

Stockings 49c
dered in self or colors.

Stockings... 50c
double sole.

Silk Stockings $1
colors to match your costume

c Stockings.. 19c
o French ribbed in black only.

Closing Out $25 an

While They Last Wedne.

Quite a number of them are silk s[illegible] the finest of the season's models. sort of silk that will give the mos[illegible] isfactory wear. Also handsome s[illegible]

worsteds. All colors. Every su[illegible] and not one of which is worth les[illegible] of them are $30 suits.

$1.98 FO[illegible] $6[illegible] Shi[illegible]

Of course you want one of these—com[illegible] clean and crisp; of fine lawn material ber there are only 40 of them.

Closing Out Fine [illegible]
Regular Values to [illegible]

Just about the finest lot of $3.00 and $3[illegible] the city. Some tailored styles, with [illegible] laundered cuffs. Others fine lingerie [illegible] laces and embroideries. Also handsom[illegible] nese silk. The early shopper will have

Will Save You F[illegible]

$21.95 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Bavarian Chinaware . . . $19.

$27 05 Set of 100 Pieces Decorated Bavarian Dinnerware $21.

$48.30 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Bavarian Dinner Ware ... $38.

$47.55 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Imperial Crown Ware . ... $38.

$45.80 Set 100 Pieces Decorated Imperial Austrian Ware ... $35.

$33 90 Set 100 Pieces Haviland & Co. Austrian Dinner Ware..... $27.

.WE SELL FOR LESS. Hamburger

DENOUNCED.

'SILVER DICK" S MAKES A NOISE.

HIS DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE TALK EXCITES HARPER'S FRIENDS.

Anthony Schwamm and Commissioner McGarry Aroused to Indignation by the Attacks Upon Mayor Harper's Administration of This Alleged Reformer.

Pretending to speak for the Democratic League an attorney of unsavory political records known as "Silver Dick" Warner made a vicious attack yesterday upon the administration of Mayor Harper and incidentally upon the city of Los Angeles. To have heard this alleged "reformer" talk would lead one to suppose that Los Angeles is a sink of iniquity.

Not only did "Silver Dick" denounce Mayor Harper and a number of the police commissioners who, [illegible] friends of Mayor Harper stamped [illegible] and unmanned

Speaking of Warner's [illegible] Police Commissioner [illegible] said last evening:

"I [illegible] that I would [illegible] Mr Warner as delegate-at-large [illegible] the Democratic National Convention. I replied that I could not because I felt that the Democracy should be represented by honest and capable men. Ever since Mr. Warner has seen fit to attack Mayor Harper and his administration. As a member of the Fire Commission, I have had a good opportunity to inform myself fully as to the workings of the department, especially, and I have found the Mayor always ready to do everything which would benefit our city, and be a credit to his administration.

"Wherefore, then, these attacks,

The Red Dog

Editor Northwestern Christian Advocate.]

One afternoon back in 1887, I was in the study of the late Bishop McIntyre. He was then pastor at Urbana. While discussing some poems which he had then recently written and published, he reached toward his study table and took therefrom a manuscript which he offered me to read. It was a poem which he had written, entitled "The Red Dog." Upon the authority of the statement that the Orientals referred to the abuse of the tongue as the red dog, he had dashed off the lines in his leisure moments. The ink was still fresh upon the paper.

As I was at that time preparing a sermon-lecture upon the abuse of the tongue, I requested that I might copy it. "Take this along," he said, "and welcome. Never mind copying it."

During the meeting of the General Committee on Home Missions at Champaign in November, 1913, the bishop was a guest in my home. At the dinner table one evening, apropos of the conversation, I began quoting the poem, thinking surely he would recognize it. He listened intently and at the finish, with a smile, he said: "Good! Where did you get it, Charlie?" "Isn't it in your book of poems?" I inquired. "No," he replied. "It ought to be," I answered, "for it is your work and you gave it to me twenty-five years ago, when pastor here." I then related the circumstance. "I had utterly forgotten it," he said.

The original has been misplaced, but having memorized it at the time I am able to reproduce it. Doubtless many who have his book of poems would like a reprint of this. As much as any of his poems, perhaps, it reveals his unique style of verse.

C B Taylor,
Illinois Conference (Retired).

The Red Dog

Robert McIntyre

Thus quoth the quaint old Moslem saint:
  Keep thy tongue in chains,
What time the fire of wrathful ire
  Make blood boil in thy veins.
Let not thy wit be lost in it,
  Like salt lost in a stream,
Though speaking soft beseemeth oft
  But laving coals in cream.
When in thy tent dark brows are bent,
  And mocking mouths deride,
And every claim of love's sweet name
  Is gainsaid and denied.
  O, keep the Red Dog tied!

When thou dost take, for others' sake,
  The ingrate's black abuse,
Then is the hour to show thy power,
  Let not the Red Dog loose.
Calmly abate thy soul and mate
  Thy lips to Allah's law
When slanders brood with clamors crude
  In clots about thee caw;
Learn but to wait and, soon or late,
  Joy from afar will ride
On swiftest pace to seek thy face
  And in thy shelter hide,
  So, keep the Red Dog tied!

The porcelain cup thine hand holds up
  Shall from its jeweled brim
Rich nectar drip and thou shalt sip
  The bubbles at its brim.
Fountains across shall lightly toss
  Cool opals through the heat
Where oases and spicy breeze
  The weary traveler greet.
Thy friends shall be a wall round thee,
  Like palms by a well side,
And o'er thy home shall bend the dome
  Of skies with iris dyed.
  Then keep the Red Dog tied!

Rose-scented air shall whisper where,
  In nests above thy thatch,
Mid almond leaves that fringe the eaves,
  The ringed dove-wives hatch.
Bright gems shall be the 'broidery
  Of all thy chastened speech,
And proverbs fair, like rubies rare,
  Their ripest wisdom teach.
To thee shall grief fly for relief
  Wherever thou dost hide,
And misery more hapless be
  The day that thou hast died,
  That kept the Red Dog tied!

COMMON THINGS

By Robert McIntyre

Heaven send us a prophet with wit to teach
  Our race, which to folly so fondly clings,
That all that is good is within our reach,
  The cream of life is the common things.

We may have no turreted palaces piled
  In high colonade and pillar and cope,
But forever the mountains undefiled
  For us thro' the roseate azure slope.

There never was park like the prairie lawn,
  Nor symphonies like the ocean's song,
Nor picture to match the amethyst dawn—
  These blessings to all of our kind belong!

No wine gives the fillip of frosty air;
  No satin e'er came from a foreign loom
As white as the sheen of the lilies fair,
  Wan acolytes lighting the woodland gloom.

Because the bright river is free to all,
  To man and beast, to flower and tree,
And on every sinner the sunbeams fall,
  The sun and the stream are dear to me.

We have winds that silver the dusky hill;
  The forest of pines, with healing breath;
And friends and home, and love, and still
  The best of all, our old neighbor Death.

e, to be sure, but for all that, the people were told, it ainly worth the price.

have the people been misled! All their preparedness ı one for war, and not for peace. States cannot pre- rder by preparing year in and year out to commit it. nd bullets and armor are not made to take the place ge stamps and books and laboratories and other instru- civilization and of peace; they are made to kill people."

not one of those who are particularly concerned with ng who is in the last instance to be blamed for the ns war of fear was the inevitable result of the insane ı armaments which we have witnessed during the last ars. Every nation forgot that, however sincere it was ng additional defenses merely as a safeguard, and s something to be used in the event of attack, its action ved—and rather naturally so—with suspicion on the ther nations. Granted that France desired to increase ary service period to three years merely for defensive

Germany saw in it a challenge to herself. Granted many imposed her huge war tax merely as a precau- neasure, France, remembering Alsace-Lorraine, looked h action as a scheme for German aggression.

'ouble with those in our own country who are urging army and na'y for purely defensive purposes is that ık in terms of one nation only. They forget that, how- cere we may be in desiring "adequate protection" (a

rest upon the same fa[illegible] which the rival armaments policy is f[illegible] only way to pre- serve peace is to be st[illegible] But when both sides think this same [illegible] Europe—at the same time, an absurd[illegible]ility results; of two parties both cann[illegible]onger each than the other. Great Britain, France, and Russia could not be stronger than Austria and Germany, and at the same time Austria and Germany be stronger than Great Britain, France, and Russia. Each group calmly assumed that the Lord had blessed it with the sum total of human wisdom, and ignored the fact that there was some intelligence left on the other side!

We might forgive this folly and let the statesmen of Europe idle away their time in making up such futile combinations were not this pernicious system of checks and balances responsible for the world proportions of the present war. It produced irritation which led to conflict, at first between only two nations; but no sooner had the torch been lighted down in Southeastern Europe, than the whole continent was aflame—all because of these interlocking directorates of nations.

And as for secret diplomacy, we shall realize more and more that, had the people, instead of a few diplomats, controlled the situation there would in all likelihood have been no war. Least of all would there have been war if the women, they who bear war's heaviest burden, had had a voice. Many wonder why the working people apparently did not live up to their professed principles of international brotherhood. The fact is that the whole story has not been told. The proletariat was not taken into the confidence of the few on top who made war. Ninety-six newspapers of the Socialists, according to Professor Graham Taylor, were suppressed as soon as the crash seemed imminent; public demonstrations in certain of the countries were forbidden; the secrecy with which diplomatic negotiations were carried on made it impossible to get at the real facts One war declaration followed another with almost unbelievable rapidity. Then, finally, the people were convened in their various legislative chambers, not to decide whether there shall be peace or war—that the diplomats had decided for them. No, they were assembled to vote the war credits. Can you wonder that the proletariat flocked to its respective national standards, when it was told that the native land was being invaded? Have we ever seen anything in press censorship that compares with the present? Even at this time the British White Paper is not known popularly in Germany, nor the German White Book in England. How could the people be expected to do otherwise

Saved the Family's Reputation

At a banquet of the ministers of New York, Dr. Johnston of the Morrisania Church told this story:

"One of the members of my Church has instilled into his family the belief that the collection is a vitally important part of the service.

"Consequently his little boy Thomas never comes to Church without his contribution.

"One Sunday, as the elders began to take up the collection at the morning service, Thomas looked along the pew to see

17

Friday

***18**

Saturday

19

The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I;
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—*S. W. Foss.*

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend—
Faith, motive, guide, original and end.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

Unbroken sweetness in the face of outward antagonism is the infallible indication of a self-conquered soul, the witness of wisdom, and the proof of the possession of truth.—*James Lane Allen.*

Our Contributors

Two Worthy Poems by a Master Preacher

Robert McIntyre

The Bread Winners' Ballad

At the break of day and the set of sun we hear their heavy tread,
God's old brigade, all undismayed, they battle for daily bread;
And they laugh to know that, long ago, the Lord of life and death
Fared forth at dawn, and home at dusk, with them in Nazareth.
Foreheads white for lack of light, or brows all brown with grime,
Their garments black with soot and slack, or gray with mason's lime,
They ring the trowel, push the plane, they travel the stormy deep,
They click the type and clang the press when loved ones are asleep;
Through the city street and the country lane their lusty voices ring,
By the roaring forge in the mountain gorge this cheery song they sing;

O, we march away in the early morn,
As we did since the world began;
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

Some are workmen coarse and strong, and some are craftsmen fine;
They set the plow, they steer the raft, they sweat in sunless mine,
They lift the sledge and drive the wedge, they hide with cunning art
The powder where the spark can tear the mountain's stubborn heart,
They reap the fields of ripened grain and fill the lands with bread,
They make the ore give up its gold beneath the stamp-mill's tread,
They spread the snowy sail aloft, they sweep the dripping seine,
They waft the wife a fond farewell, and ne'er come home again.

But they march away in the early morn,
As they did since the world began.
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

They make the fiery furnace flow in streams of spouting steel,
They bend the planks and brace the ribs along the oaken keel;
They fold the flock, they feed the herd, they in the forest hew,
And with the whetstone on the scythe beat labor's sweet tattoo;
They climb the coping, swing the crane, and set the capstone high,
They stretch the heavy bridge that hangs a roadway in the sky,
They speed the shuttle, spin the thread, and weave the silken weft,
Or, crushed to death amid the wreck, they leave the home bereft.

But they march away in the early morn,
As they did since the world began.
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

In ancient days they were but serfs, and by the storied Nile—
Unhappy hordes!—they drew the cords around the heathen pile;
Where Karnak, Tyre, and Carthage stood, where rolls Euphrates' wave,
Grim gods looked down, with stony frown, upon the hapless slave.
That day is past, thank Heaven! No more does Man the Toiler bow
His mighty head with fear and dread; for he is master now.
His hand is strong, his patience long, his wholesome blood is calm,
Within his soul sits peace enthroned, and on his lips this psalm:

O, we march away in the early morn;
As we did since the world began!
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

"Love is Enough"

They told of our Saviour's pain,
The thorns and the thrilling cry,
His sorrow when scourged and slain,
While, over and over again,
From out my heart I was fain,
As the Son of man I did see,
Lifted high on lone Calvary.
To sob out this sad refrain:
"O, what does he want from me?"

He has angels who sing alway
His praise, and with glory shine,
While I in my cottage with mine
Can only chant day by day
The sweet stanza, "When I survey
The cross", and in wonder say,
"He has choirs by the crystal sea,
Who, with shawm and sweet psaltery
From worship and work ne'er stray;
Then what does he want from me?"

When my Walter, our crippled one,
Who all through his life must be
My own burden, said, tenderly,
"O mother, for all thou hast done,
What is the reward thou hast won?
Lo! spirit and strength I have none
Like the others who circle thee",
Through tears I said, "Love is my fee",
And lo! I had learned from my son
"What my Master doth want from me."

in front of me a widening circle of empty hearths. I am no respecter of persons.

"My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, man created me, women and children pay for me. Each day of battle I prepare a feast of bodies, with Death as the host.

"With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man, and forthwith there springs the incarnadine river of death.

"I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babes are fatherless.

"Science, Christianity, and Civilization stand sponsors for me."

The remedy for all this insanity and bestiality was well pronounced in a recent sermon on "War and Savagery" by a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Calvin Wilson, in Cincinnati, when he said:

"We thought we had got rid of war, dreamed that we were highly civilized and had risen to the plane of peace, peace treaties, and Hague arbitrations. War came as a surprise to the world. The impossible happened. Why? Because our civilization has been a veneer, or an imperfect and incomplete modification of the primitive savage. With different costumes, better houses, better external surroundings; with books, arts, ideals, a lofty religion, man has revealed himself as still to a large degree a savage. The barbarous and semi-civilized nations are looking upon Europe with its boasted progress changed into a slaughter house, and are mocking in their hearts at the failure of advanced peoples to live up to their own ideals. The barbarians recognize that Europe to-day is as barbarous as they. What is the remedy? The lower man of selfishness, of greed, of over-ambition, of worship of force, must die out for us. Whether he is on a throne or in the ranks, the savage must perish. Each man, king, noble, or commoner, must rise into his true humanity."

The Casual Observer

¶ O thou Wayfarer upon the Parisian Boulevards of Life, thou Navigator upon the River of Doubt, would it not be much better if thou would 'st get thee up upon the King's Highway or launch thy craft upon the River of Life whose origin and spring is beneath the Throne of God?

¶ "Spiritual Remedies for Rheumatism and All Other Diseases"—this is the sign we read on a very humble Baltimore "colored" shack. Well, before we deride, let us ask ourselves whether any of us have yet explored the outer frontiers, borders, and possibilities of the spiritual or what unimagined and untried remedies there may be in that vast and uncircumnavigated region!

¶ The Observer has a friend in the business of making and selling tubular boilers. This young man lately visited a brewery which, he had been informed, was about to install new boilers and solicited the contract. "Nothin' doin', my boy!" replied the manager. "Business is too dull with us just now to allow us to buy any boilers or any expensive thing like that in the present condition of our traffic." See the point?

¶ It is not easy to exaggerate the influence of our colleges upon the life of the community or their contribution to the leadership of the Nation. The class of '74, old Wesleyan University, for instance, held this year a Reunion—the anniversary of its fortieth year after graduation. The young men received their diplomas in the era before big classes were the order of the day. There were only thirty-six men in '74. And yet—as we verified the count with college register in hand—a full dozen or a good third of the thirty-six had made some creditable or notable record conspicuous enough to put them into "Who 's Who in America." Does n't a circumstance like that somehow justify the existence of a denominational college?

¶ "Safety First!"—That is the placard which attracts one in many cities. The bit of pasteboard is hung up everywhere. We even saw it tacked onto some "reduced" shirts! It applied originally to the speed of railroad trains and trolleys and autos. But now it has been expanded into a cautionary signal for all life—life here and beyond. In particular, the temperance reformers and Anti-Saloon Leaguers are posting it everywhere and following the words with startling information of what damage alcohol will do to the business man, the professional man, the artisan, and the baseball player! Such liquid dynamite would better be left severely alone. "SAFETY FIRST!"—now and always, in the Present and for Eternity!

Terse Items

The Commission on National Aid to Vocational Education appointed by President Wilson has presented to Congress a bill providing that a total of almost $50,000,000 shall be distributed for vocational education uses among the individual States in the ten years between 1916 and 1925. It is proposed that grants be given in two forms, one to provide for the training of teachers and the other to be used in part payment of teachers' salaries. The report declares that there is a "crying need" for vocational training, and that the task of providing such education adequately is far too stupendous for the individual States.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Secretary Daniels of the Navy is always speaking forth words of wisdom. At the recent celebration of the American navy on Lake Champlain, at Vergennes, Vermont, he is reported as saying: "Having quit writing history with the pen, Europe has begun again to write it with the sword. She has discarded ink and substituted blood. As we in America have our sympathies aroused as never before because of the ties of blood which bind us to the men of all warring nations, there is thanksgiving in every American heart that our country is at peace. Let us hope, as we stand aghast at the heavy carnage, that out of it shall come the realization that international disputes may be settled in the forum of reason rather than in the forum of artillery. It may be that the hope of universal reduction of armament can come only after the horrors of war. It ought to be the prayer of every follower of Christ that the spirit that has engulfed Europe will never dominate us. We ought to stand against armaments with a constantly growing public sentiment. We have gone too far even at this time."

World-Madness

Was it Bacon who said that, just as a single individual might go mad, so insanity might come upon a community or even an entire nation? The present war in Europe—the most fearful and terrific in all the ages of human history, so it is truly said, and almost the most unreasonable and indefensible—involving incalculably greater loss of life and things material, and affecting not simply those actually engaged in it, but, directly or indirectly, every continent and country, every nationality and every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth—might surely demonstrate that a whole world may suddenly go mad or yield to diabolical pressure and become, in Scriptural phrase, "possessed of the devil." The whole heart grows sick and the whole head faint as one contemplates the horrifying spectacle and overwhelming tragedy. How incongruous—how absurdly and immeasurably irrational seem such ferocity and passion and havoc in the light of all that has been brought out so clearly and convincingly in recent years by arguments for Peace and Arbitration, and by exhibits of the cost and atrocities and unspeakable suffering and damage of such armed conflicts and infinite bloodshed! Civilization is put to shame, and rulers and populations have thrown reason and restraint to the beasts—or worse. What irony of fate is it that, in the very month when delegated philanthropists were to deliberate in Switzerland over further developments for a universal Hague Tribunal, millions of men should array themselves for mutual slaughter by land and sea, and the planet should be reeking in gore and rolling in the darkness of battle-smoke and the seas reddened with the blood of the slain! We try to comfort ourselves by repeating:

"The Powers of Hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow,"

but sometimes our faith is so sorely tried and benumbed as to become almost paralyzed and speechless. Nevertheless, let us not yield to despair. Men ought always to pray and not faint, said Jesus.

helpful verdict. The baby's needs are never left unattended and 'tis with delight she seeks the arms of Content.

There is just one blot on our complete happiness: Content came for the winter only, with the summer's plans fixed beyond any changing.

I take courage, however, for I know that a life-long friendship has been established and that Content may come to us again in other moons when her plans may allow of it. Meanwhile I search for one to fill in the between times. And I believe I shall find her—for haven't I successfully proved that "it can be done"?

And there yet remaineth—my friend—THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

MADISON, CONN.

The Nazareth Shop

By BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE

I

I WISH I had been his apprentice, to see Him each morning at seven,
As He tossed His gray tunic far from Him, the Master of earth and of heaven.
When He lifted the lid of His work chest and opened His carpenter's kit
And looked at His chisels, and augurs, and took the bright tools out of it
While He gazed at the rising sun tinting the dew on the opening flowers
And smiled as He thought of His Father, whose love floods this planet of ours.
When He fastened His apron about Him, and put on His workingman's cap,
And grasped the smooth haft of his hammer, to give the bent woodwork a tap,
Saying, "Lad, let us finish this ox yoke. The farmer must put in his crop."
O, I wish I had been His apprentice, and worked in the Nazareth shop.

II

Some wish they had been on Mount Tabor, to hearken unto His high speech
When the quick and the dead were beside Him, He holding communion with each.
Some wish they had heard the soft accents that stilled the wee children's alarms,
When He won the sweet babes from their mothers and folded them fast in His arms.
Some wish they had stood by the Jordan when holy John greeted Him there
And seen the white dove of the Spirit fly down o'er the path of His prayer.
Some wish they had seen our Redeemer when into the basin He poured
The water, and, girt with a towel, the servant of all was the Lord.
But for me, if I had the choosing, O this would then all overtop,
To work all day steady beside Him, of old in the Nazareth shop.

III

These heavenly wonders would fright me, I cannot approach to them yet,
But, O, to have seen Him, when toiling, His forehead all jeweled with sweat,
To hear Him say softly, "My helper, now bring me the level and rule."
To have Him bend over and teach me the use of each artisan's tool.
To hear Him say, "This is a sheep gate, to keep in the wandering flock,"
Or "This is stout oaken house sill. I hope it will rest on a rock."
And sometimes His mother might bring us our meal in the midsummer heat,
Outspread it so simply before us, and bid us to sit down and eat.
Then with both of us silent before Him, the blessed Messiah would stop
To say grace, and a tremulous glory would fill all the Nazareth shop.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

the home was to share its tasks. Patience joined me in teaching Daughter to perform those simple tasks possible of one of her years.

Lack of schooling was Patience's chief handicap. There is a deal of difference between schooling and education. No other fifteen-year-old girl of my acquaintance used the King's English as correctly. This was one of the essentials for which we sought, as the small Daughter must hear good English if correct speaking were to become natural to her. One of the reasons I did not wish a servant was because the incorrect grammar and the fanciful tales to which Daughter would have to listen would make their impress upon her.

But if Patience had not schooling, she sought it daily in the nearby schools, though in classes with those much younger than herself. This meant a limiting of the hours of helpfulness in the home, but with the aid of a fireless cooker and a vacuum cleaner much was possible of accomplishment. Then, too, Patience was so eager to help that it was not difficult for her to find opportunity to do so. A willing spirit goes a long way toward harmony in this relationship. (In all the experiences of which I write the laundry work was done outside the house.)

Patience was not brilliant—who ever knew patience to be brilliant?—but she was painstaking and thoughtful, methodical and trustworthy and was a delight to the busy home-maker. One of her chief virtues was adaptability. Of an affectionate disposition she was big sister to Daughter and little sister to the lawyer and the home-maker.

Though orphans have no parents to claim them they do have sisters, and after six months of this delightful relationship in the home the home-maker was obliged to lose her Patience. A married sister in ill health needed care and help and Patience felt that her duty was to the sister. We will always have a feeling that Patience belongs to us and she feels herself truly a part of our family. There was sorrow at her going and a reluctance to break the bonds which had been so pleasant to us.

When Patience came to us the agreement was that she should be cared for in compensation for her help, but it seemed wise to give her a little spending money, and so fifty cents a week was given her as an allowance.

You ask just how much did the first experience cost in dollars in a highly nervous condition. This I had not known before she came and right here I would like to say that it is highly important in entering into such a relationship that the condition of health on the part of both helper and helped should be well understood.

A personal interview had not been possible and in writing sufficient inquiry had not been made in the matter of health.

Miss Fitt was slightly older than I and possessed not the priceless gift of adaptability. She and Daughter were constantly at variance, and the lawyer and I found that we must adapt ourselves continually to the altering of the home life.

It was at this period that baby came to make our home happier, and so additional responsibility came upon the shoulders of Miss Fitt.

Although warned fully of the expected advent of baby before she came, Miss Fitt had not realized the nervous strain which would also come and she became pitiably nervous and oversensitive that after a two months' stay she was released from her agreement to stay at least four months and went to visit friends and secure a complete rest.

While with us Miss Fitt received four dollars a week.

Now with a baby two weeks old and a thirteen-room house and the lawyer and Daughter to care for, it was no longer a question of whether I chose to have a helper or not. I must have one.

The Interregnum

Dinah was with us just one week, or rather, four days, during one week. She left one evening and it was two days later when she next appeared pleading toothache as the cause of her absence. (I later found that in that two days she had been married and taken a honeymoon trip.) She too was not well and expected to be saved all the steps possible. She received from us four dollars in cash and left us a wiser family and fully realizing the difference between kindred and alien spirits.

Just as so often happens in stories, so in real life I fled with baby and Daughter to my mother for refuge. Returning after a good rest I again attempted to get along without a helper, and for two months succeeded fairly well. During this time, however, I diligently sought for the kindred spirit who could help me and at the same time find joy in this sharing of work.

Our Contributors

Two Worthy Poems by a Master Preacher

Robert McIntyre

The Bread Winners' Ballad

At the break of day and the set of sun we hear their heavy tread,
God's old brigade, all undismayed, they battle for daily bread;
And they laugh to know that, long ago, the Lord of life and death
Fared forth at dawn, and home at dusk, with them in Nazareth.
Foreheads white for lack of light, or brows all brown with grime,
Their garments black with soot and slack, or gray with mason's lime,
They ring the trowel, push the plane, they travel the stormy deep,
They click the type and clang the press when loved ones are asleep;
Through the city street and the country lane their lusty voices ring,
By the roaring forge in the mountain gorge this cheery song they sing;

O, we march away in the early morn,
As we did since the world began;
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

Some are workmen coarse and strong, and some are craftsmen fine;
They set the plow, they steer the raft, they sweat in sunless mine,
They lift the sledge and drive the wedge, they hide with cunning art
The powder where the spark can tear the mountain's stubborn heart,
They reap the fields of ripened grain and fill the lands with bread,
They make the ore give up its gold beneath the stamp-mill's tread,
They spread the snowy sail aloft, they sweep the dripping seine,
They waft the wife a fond farewell, and ne'er come home again.

But they march away in the early morn,
As they did since the world began.
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

They make the fiery furnace flow in streams of spouting steel,
They bend the planks and brace the ribs along the oaken keel;
They fold the flock, they feed the herd, they in the forest hew,
And with the whetstone on the scythe beat labor's sweet tattoo;
They climb the coping, swing the crane, and set the capstone high,
They stretch the heavy bridge that hangs a roadway in the sky,
They speed the shuttle, spin the thread, and weave the silken weft,
Or, crushed to death amid the wreck, they leave the home bereft.

But they march away in the early morn,
As they did since the world began.
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

In ancient days they were but serfs, and by the storied Nile—
Unhappy hordes!—they drew the cords around the heathen pile;
Where Karnak, Tyre, and Carthage stood, where rolls Euphrates' wave,
Grim gods looked down, with stony frown, upon the hapless slave.
That day is past, thank Heaven! No more does Man the Toiler bow
His mighty head with fear and dread; for he is master now.
His hand is strong, his patience long, his wholesome blood is calm,
Within his soul sits peace enthroned, and on his lips this psalm:

O, we march away in the early morn;
As we did since the world began!
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

"Love is Enough"

They told of our Saviour's pain,
The thorns and the thrilling cry,
His sorrow when scourged and slain,
While, over and over again,
From out my heart I was fain,
As the Son of man I did see,
Lifted high on lone Calvary,
To sob out this sad refrain:
"O, what does he want from me?"

He has angels who sing alway
His praise, and with glory shine,
While I in my cottage with mine
Can only chant day by day
The sweet stanza, "When I survey
The cross", and in wonder say,
"He has choirs by the crystal sea,
Who, with shawm and sweet psaltery
From worship and work ne'er stray;
Then what does he want from me?"

When my Walter, our crippled one,
Who all through his life must be
My own burden, said, tenderly,
"O mother, for all thou hast done,
What is the reward thou hast won?
Lo! spirit and strength I have none
Like the others who circle thee",
Through tears I said, "Love is my fee",
And lo! I had learned from my son
"What my Master doth want from me."

in front of me a widening circle of empty hearths. I am no respecter of persons.

"My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, man created me, women and children pay for me. Each day of battle I prepare a feast of bodies, with Death as the host.

"With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man, and forthwith there springs the incarnadine river of death.

"I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babes are fatherless.

"Science, Christianity, and Civilization stand sponsors for me."

The remedy for all this insanity and bestiality was well pronounced in a recent sermon on "War and Savagery" by a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Calvin Wilson, in Cincinnati, when he said:

"We thought we had got rid of war, dreamed that we were highly civilized and had risen to the plane of peace, peace treaties, and Hague arbitrations. War came as a surprise to the world. The impossible happened. Why? Because our civilization has been a veneer, or an imperfect and incomplete modification of the primitive savage. With different costumes, better houses, better external surroundings; with books, arts, ideals, a lofty religion, man has revealed himself as still to a large degree a savage. The barbarous and semi-civilized nations are looking upon Europe with its boasted progress changed into a slaughter house, and are mocking in their hearts at the failure of advanced peoples to live up to their own ideals. The barbarians recognize that Europe to-day is as barbarous as they. What is the remedy? The lower man of selfishness, of greed, of over-ambition, of worship of force, must die out for us. Whether he is on a throne or in the ranks, the savage must perish. Each man, king, noble, or commoner, must rise into his true humanity."

The Casual Observer

¶ O thou Wayfarer upon the Parisian Boulevards of Life, thou Navigator upon the River of Doubt, would it not be much better if thou would'st get thee up upon the King's Highway or launch thy craft upon the River of Life whose origin and spring is beneath the Throne of God?

¶ "Spiritual Remedies for Rheumatism and All Other Diseases"—this is the sign we read on a very humble Baltimore "colored" shack. Well, before we deride, let us ask ourselves whether any of us have yet explored the outer frontiers, borders, and possibilities of the spiritual or what unimagined and untried remedies there may be in that vast and uncircumnavigated region!

¶ The Observer has a friend in the business of making and selling tubular boilers. This young man lately visited a brewery which, he had been informed, was about to install new boilers and solicited the contract. "Nothin' doin', my boy!" replied the manager. "Business is too dull with us just now to allow us to buy any boilers or any expensive thing like that in the present condition of our traffic." See the point?

¶ It is not easy to exaggerate the influence of our colleges upon the life of the community or their contribution to the leadership of the Nation. The class of '74, old Wesleyan University, for instance, held this year a Reunion—the anniversary of its fortieth year after graduation. The young men received their diplomas in the era before big classes were the order of the day. There were only thirty-six men in '74. And yet—as we verified the count with college register in hand—a full dozen or a good third of the thirty-six had made some creditable or notable record conspicuous enough to put them into "Who's Who in America." Does n't a circumstance like that somehow justify the existence of a denominational college?

¶ "Safety First!"—That is the placard which attracts one in many cities. The bit of pasteboard is hung up everywhere. We even saw it tacked onto some "reduced" shirts! It applied originally to the speed of railroad trains and trolleys and autos. But now it has been expanded into a cautionary signal for all life—life here and beyond. In particular, the temperance reformers and Anti-Saloon Leaguers are posting it everywhere and following the words with startling information of what damage alcohol will do to the business man, the professional man, the artisan, and the baseball player! Such liquid dynamite would better be left severely alone. "SAFETY FIRST!"—now and always, in the Present and for Eternity!

Terse Items

The Commission on National Aid to Vocational Education appointed by President Wilson has presented to Congress a bill providing that a total of almost $50,000,000 shall be distributed for vocational education uses among the individual States in the ten years between 1916 and 1925. It is proposed that grants be given in two forms, one to provide for the training of teachers and the other to be used in part payment of teachers' salaries. The report declares that there is a "crying need" for vocational training, and that the task of providing such education adequately is far too stupendous for the individual States.

* * *

Secretary Daniels of the Navy is always speaking forth words of wisdom. At the recent celebration of the American navy on Lake Champlain, at Vergennes, Vermont, he is reported as saying: "Having quit writing history with the pen, Europe has begun again to write it with the sword. She has discarded ink and substituted blood. As we in America have our sympathies aroused as never before because of the ties of blood which bind us to the men of all warring nations, there is thanksgiving in every American heart that our country is at peace. Let us hope, as we stand aghast at the heavy carnage, that out of it shall come the realization that international disputes may be settled in the forum of reason rather than in the forum of artillery. It may be that the hope of universal reduction of armament can come only after the horrors of war. It ought to be the prayer of every follower of Christ that the spirit that has engulfed Europe will never dominate us. We ought to stand against armaments with a constantly growing public sentiment. We have gone too far even at this time."

World-Madness

Was it Bacon who said that, just as a single individual might go mad, so insanity might come upon a community or even an entire nation? The present war in Europe—the most fearful and terrific in all the ages of human history, so it is truly said, and almost the most unreasonable and indefensible—involving incalculably greater loss of life and things material, and affecting not simply those actually engaged in it, but, directly or indirectly, every continent and country, every nationality and every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth—might surely demonstrate that a whole world may suddenly go mad or yield to diabolical pressure and become, in Scriptural phrase, "possessed of the devil." The whole heart grows sick and the whole head faint as one contemplates the horrifying spectacle and overwhelming tragedy. How incongruous—how absurdly and immeasurably irrational seem such ferocity and passion and havoc in the light of all that has been brought out so clearly and convincingly in recent years by arguments for Peace and Arbitration, and by exhibits of the cost and atrocities and unspeakable suffering and damage of such armed conflicts and infinite bloodshed! Civilization is put to shame, and rulers and populations have thrown reason and restraint to the beasts—or worse. What irony of fate is it that, in the very month when delegated philanthropists were to deliberate in Switzerland over further developments for a universal Hague Tribunal, millions of men should array themselves for mutual slaughter by land and sea, and the planet should be reeking in gore and rolling in the darkness of battle-smoke and the seas reddened with the blood of the slain! We try to comfort ourselves by repeating:

"The Powers of Hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow,"

but sometimes our faith is so sorely tried and benumbed as to become almost paralyzed and speechless. Nevertheless, let us not yield to despair. Men ought always to pray and not faint, said Jesus.

The Three B's: the Boy, the Booze, the Bishop.

A Bit of Autobiography.

BISHOP ROBERT MCINTYRE, D.D., LL.D.

IN the back of my head lies an ancient story of Sam Johnson, the bluff, bearish, brainy scholar of Britain. In the height of his fame he was found standing in a downpour of rain on the open road of an English village. When asked his reason for this queer procedure the dripping Ursa replied: "I was making atonement on the spot where I disobeyed my father forty years ago."

I recently returned to my boyhood neighborhood. Full of gratitude I rolled four decades from my shoulders and stood up therein to praise the memory of a good man whose advice I accepted and whose dictum I obeyed with undeniable advantage to myself and others. In the pulpit of the church to which he belonged I stood and called his name, remembered by few—for he died years ago and all his kin are scattered. I told the folk that he was my boss during the Civil War in a factory where I toiled as a boy. How he showed interest in his underlings and stirred them to join a society, now forgotten, called "The Cadets of Temperance," an offspring of "The Sons of Temperance." I recited the dim scene, where, in the lodge room, I took the vow of total abstinence with uplifted hand in solemn mood, how I signed the roster, drank the pledge of fealty in cold water, sang the ode, received the password, and went out girded for the fray against King Alcohol.

As I walked home alone that summer night across the fields, with frogs calling "knee-deep," and fireflies weaving their mystic dance around me, I paused at a stile to repeat my obligation and renew my youthful resolve to abstain from all intoxicants.

Half a lifetime after, in a state asylum for feeble-minded children, when I heard the matron say that three fourths of the imbecile inmates were the progeny of drunken parents, I dug up my oath against rum and deep in my soul registered once more my undying hatred of this fell destroyer.

A short time after my adolescent initiation I was sternly tested on this matter. I was apprenticed to the bricklayer's trade. My employer knew his business well, was a skillful craftsman, but much given to drink, as were all his employees. At noon of my first day he bade me pour the water from the pail, go to a near-by tavern, and get it filled with ale for the dinner. I brought it as ordered, took my place at the end of the line, seated like the rest in the shadow of the wall, and saw the bucket with a tin cup therein coming slowly toward me. I trembled inwardly as I saw that every bricklayer, every hod carrier, every mortar mixer, every apprentice drank the beer. From my master down each took a share, and I realized that I, a poor weak lad, on my first day in a new crew, must offend the whole gang, censure their customs, stand their sneers, endure their scoffs, or surrender my principles.

When the booze reached me I whispered a refusal to the one who passed it, but the "gaffer," thinking I was merely timid in new company, cried out in hearty old country style: "Take it, Robert, don't be shy, I pay for it; you are one of us, have your sip of it."

I said, with faltering voice, while all eyes burned on me: "Excuse me, Mr. George, I never drank liquor and cannot begin now."

He laughed uproariously, as did the others, and shouted: "Ho, ho, lad, you'll never be a bricklayer till you learn to drink."

I put the untouched meal in my basket, arose slowly, shaking like an aspen tree, and, walking down the row of scornful workmen, I paused before the leader and said: "Mr. George, if that is true, I will go home and tell my father I am discharged; for drink liquor I will not, now or ever; I will not!"

I think I had mysterious help that day, unseen of all. To my amazement the boss leaped up, took my hand, and said. "God bless you, boy, stand fast and you will be a man some day." Then to the wage-earners he said: "If any man of you ever asks him to drink you will suffer for it."

The first step is the hardest, and I had won the heaviest battle. I worked four years with him and saw the ruin drink made. One of my early friends became through it a murderer; another a madman; another an outcast; another a thief. I have seen wives crushed, homes destroyed, children disgraced, babes diseased, families divided, mothers bereft, brothers estranged, firms bankrupted, lawyers degraded, doctors degenerated, and ministers debauched. And all who are in prisons, insane asylums, or incurable hospitals, who rot in lazarettos, or sleep in potter's fields through this treacherous foe of God and man began as moderate drinkers.

My words will not reach or shake the inhuman parasites who are fattened by the gains of this awful traffic, but to the boys I cry: Swear eternal enmity to rum, and enlist for this holy war till America is free from it forever.

This is the pledge that Frances E. Willard signed when as a girl she and all the other members of her father's family used to repeat:

"A pledge we make, no wine to take,
No brandy red, that turns the head,
Nor whiskey hot, that makes the sot,
Nor brewer's beer, for that we fear,
And cider, too, will never do.
To quench our thirst we'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

THE WEEK: A RECORD AND REVIEW.

Standard Oil.

The Supreme Court holds that the Standard Oil Company and its nineteen subsidiary corporations constitute a conspiracy and combination in restraint of trade and must be dissolved. Thus far a decision of the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals is sustained. The time set by the lower court for dissolution, namely, thirty days, is, however, extended to six months. Furthermore, that portion of the original decree which ordered the company to cease interstate commerce in petroleum and its products until dissolution is completed is not awarded, because of possible public injury. The Supreme Court construes the decree as restraining the corporations "by any device whatever recreating, directly or indirectly, the illegal combination which the decree dissolved." The important feature of the decision is that it limits the application of the Sherman Act

publication after it was forbidden. The differences that led to the original case have since been amicably adjusted. The Supreme Court holds that such publication does constitute a boycott, but that the defendants were only in civil contempt, for which imprisonment was an improper penalty. The decision points out that the lower court could have instituted criminal proceedings and still has the right so to do. That court has since appointed a commission to determine whether such criminal contempt really existed, and strange to say this commission is composed of three lawyers who appeared against the defendants in the original case. As a matter of general principle the Supreme Court holds that the published or spoken utterances of organized labor can be attacked or enjoined legally because as a combination it relinquishes the rights of individuals. It also holds that legal proceedings can be taken against the officers as well as the union.

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Toward Peace.

To the surprise of all the countries concerned, our government has submitted tentative drafts of general arbitration treaties with both England and France to the ambassadors of those countries. The point in which these treaties go beyond those now in existence consists in removing the reservation that limits the application of arbitration to questions which do not affect national independence or honor. It remains to be seen whether public opinion will seize this chance to move a definite step toward world peace. Another step in that direction was suggested at the recent international peace congress in Baltimore by James Speyer of the international banking house of that name. He suggested that neutral governments should forbid the flotation of war loans on their stock exchanges as a violation of neutrality rights. He would accomplish this through a provision in arbitration treaties prohibiting within the territory of the signatory powers transactions in the public debt of those countries which refuse arbitration and insist on fighting. This would be only an extension of the practice of some European governments of forbidding the flotation of securities liable to injure the country. In this country it might require an amendment to the Constitution, although the courts might declare such securities "contraband" if Congress forbade their issuance. It must be remembered that war loans are usually expended for war materials in the country issuing them. As a matter of fact the result aimed at in Mr. Speyer's suggestion could probably be secured without government action by mutual agreement between some fifteen international banking houses.

*

To Judgment.

The packers must come to judgment. All technicalities are brushed to one side by the decision of Judge Carpenter sustaining the criminal indictments against ten of the leading meat packers of the country and it looks as though the facts concerning the organization of that industry were at last to be determined in open court. An additional plea of the packers' counsel that the recent Supreme Court decision in the Standard Oil case made criminal proceedings against them improper has also been set aside. The judge bases his action on the ground that the facts stated in the indictments show clearly a plan to "control the production, sale, and distribution of fresh meat throughout a large section of this country, and as incidental to that control to lower prices to the producer of the raw material and raise prices to the consumer of finished product." It is his further opinion while the facts set forth in the indictments do not disclose an absolute monopoly, yet the large percentage of the business which they control indicates that they intended to acquire at least a commercial monopoly. The judge further holds that the packers' plea of immunity granted in previous cases is an additional argument for completing the present suit because of the adverse admissions made by them in those cases. These facts the judge avers are sufficient to warrant conviction if proved. That they should be now proven or disproved in open court will be to the gain of the entire business world. The marvel is that the packers do not consider the good will of the country a sufficiently valuable business asset to try their

Master's work of social redemption not less than do the greed and despotism of some who hire the laborer and think they own him, because his necessities compel him to take their wages. It will be a blot upon our civilization if the correction of our unsatisfactory economic condition must be made by brute force, when the gospel of Christ, had men permitted it, would have squared every maladjustment of our social regime. Let us preach Christ to all, without apology for the severity of His demands, for these are fully comprehended in the words, "Love one another."

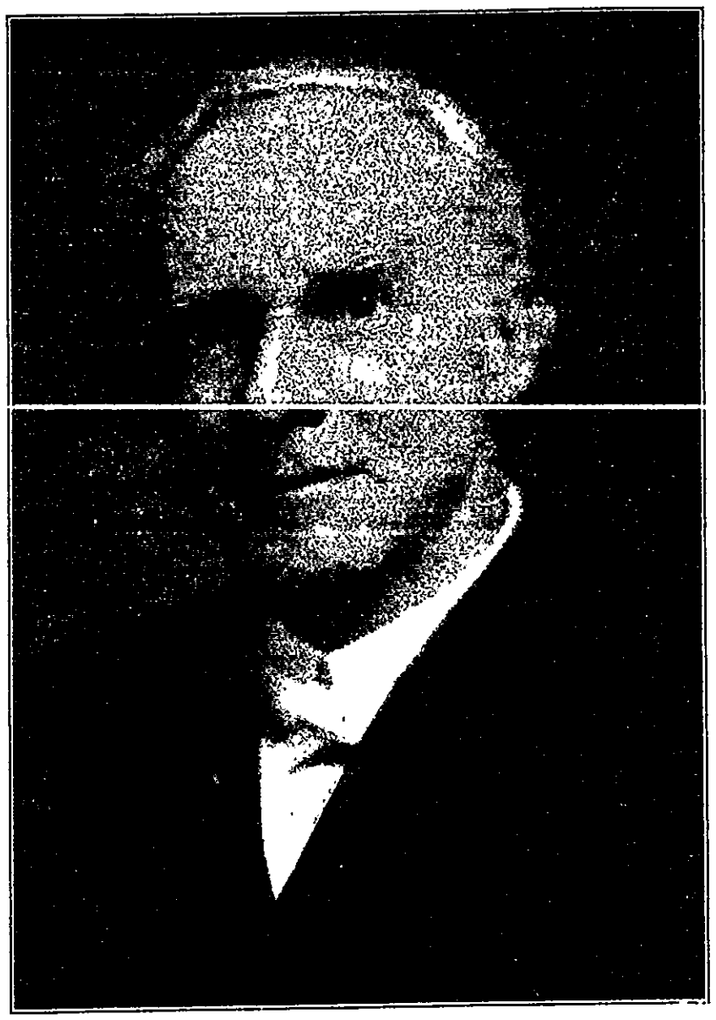
An Apollos from Labor's Ranks

The sad news comes from Chicago that on last Sunday evening Bishop ROBERT MCINTYRE died in Wesley Memorial Hospital of that city after an illness of two weeks. This word will be a grief to the whole Church, and particularly to that section of the Church in which he was best known, most highly regarded and most sincerely loved. For Robert McIntyre was a man whom the people loved, being one who loved the people.

His life story reads like a romance. Born sixty-three years ago in Selkirk, Scotland, of sturdy Presbyterian stock, he came to this land with his parents when he was but a lad of seven years, the new home being established in Philadelphia. In a little while the mother died, and a few years later the father also passed away, leaving the care of the small family upon the tender shoulders of the son of seventeen years. The lad had learned the trade of a bricklayer, and in 1871, when Chicago was calling for workingmen to help her to arise from her ashes, Robert McIntyre went West and with his trowel helped to rebuild the desolated city. Twenty years later he was preaching in one of the foremost pulpits of that city, and his fame as a preacher and lecturer had extended throughout the entire region from the Alleghenies to the Pacific Coast.

There is not space here to tell the wonderful story of his religious life: his fall into unbelief, his conversion under the preaching of Dr. BUSHONG, pastor of Central Methodist Episcopal Church in Saint Louis, his brief educational experience in Vanderbilt University, his ordination into the Methodist ministry in the Illinois Conference in 1878, his service in the pastorate, beginning with an obscure, difficult, heartbreaking charge and then advancing to others more conspicuous, and, finally, his election to the episcopacy in 1908. But the story is full of interest, and indicates the marvelous possibilities that lie in the pathway of the man of vision, consecration, industry, gifts, to whom the concerns of the kingdom of God are the supreme considerations.

When Robert McIntyre took upon himself the vows of a Methodist preacher, and some suggestion was made to him about his first appointment, he said: "Give me the hardest place you have; I want something worth while." And this discloses the quality of the man. He got what he wanted, but he made the desert to which he was sent to rejoice and blossom as the rose. His ministry in Chicago began in Grace Church, and from this point his fame spread in every direction. Having concluded his term of service, he was transferred to Colorado, and became pastor of Trinity Church, Denver, and here he repeated the remarkable success he had won in Chicago. Then, the time limit thrusting him forth once more, he returned to Chicago as pastor of Saint James Church; and after his period of service had expired he spread his wings for the larger flight to the Southern Pacific Coast, and for six years First Church, Los Angeles, enjoyed the rare privilege of his gracious ministry. That brought him up to 1908, when the General Conference at Baltimore gave him another appointment, electing him, on the sixteenth ballot, a Bishop of the Church. For his



BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE
(1851-1914)

first quadrennium his episcopal residence was at Saint Paul, Minn., and two years ago it was transferred to Oklahoma City.

Bishop McIntyre was possessed of unusual and remarkable gifts as a public speaker. His was not the Websterian type of eloquence, with its polished periods, irresistible logic, marshaled evidence and ponderous appeal. It had an engaging, entrancing and compelling quality that wrought conviction in the hearer, while giving pleasing sensations to his mind. He was possessed of a vivid, exuberant, fervid and poetic imagination, and he had also wonderful verbal resources, which he held in such evident control that he reproduced his mental pictures so strikingly and impressively that those who heard him saw them instinctively. As a lecturer he enjoyed immense and undiminished popularity. It did not matter whether he was announced to deliver a lecture that had been heard before in the community; the people flocked to hear him and listened as attentively as if they were hearing the lecture for the first time. In his preaching he employed all his matchless gifts at their maximum. He was no mere entertainer. He sought always to persuade men to yield to the marvelous power of that Saviour who had saved him from his sins and had transformed him into a new creature. With him the message of salvation was big with the personal element. His ardor as a pleader with the unconverted never cooled. The memory of his own conversion was ever fresh, precious and stimulating. He had no greater joy than to open the gates of the kingdom of God to a soul newborn.

In a peculiar way Robert McIntyre was a representative of the working people in and out of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He never forgot during his career as a minister that he had been a toiler. That old trowel of his that had a place of honor in his study was a constant reminder of those days in which he gained his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. With his own

hands he laid the brick used in the construction of the new church erected on his first charge. He was a clear and definite example of the genuine and vital sympathy that exists between the Church and the workingman. The Church was his friend, and it is always the friend of the toiler; and no man was quicker than he to resent any statement or suggestion to the contrary. He knew, as every right-thinking man must know, that the Church of Jesus Christ, the carpenter's Son, is not antagonistic to the workingman, but friendly, sympathetic and positively and practically helpful to him rather than cold, distant, unconcerned and a hindrance. The cause of the workingman was always close to Robert McIntyre's big, kind, good, brotherly heart; and the workers knew it, and held him in high honor because of his unceasing devotion to their welfare. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that this number of THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE—our Labor Day number—contains a wonderfully striking poem by Bishop McIntyre, entitled "The Nazareth Shop," which reveals in an unusual manner his deep appreciation of the worth and dignity of labor, and his keen and sincere sympathy for his toiling brethren.

While these words are being written the body that housed this gentle spirit is being borne to the young and sturdy metropolis of the Southwest. After the citizens of Oklahoma City have given fitting expression to their sorrow over his unexpected going forth into the radiant life, the journey will be resumed to Los Angeles, where the final funeral services will be held in the church he served last as pastor, and among the people who held him in their hearts with a deserved and unquenchable affection.

LITTLE WINDOWS

The Uses of Reinforced Concrete Are Multiplying With rapidity. One of the latest adaptations of this material is the construction of a buoy at Kingston, Jamaica. The cost is said to be but fifty per cent of that required for a similar buoy made of steel.

An Arkansas Woman Celebrated Her One Hundred and twelfth birthday recently. She rejoices in 723 descendants, 120 of whom were present at her birthday party. Her oldest son is 83. She walks five miles very often. She has never worn glasses. These and other interesting items are gravely reported from her home town.

A Wealthy Manufacturer in New Jersey Has Tendered the use of 8,000 acres of mountain territory in that State as a refuge for all wild life. The tract borders on the Delaware River, along the banks of which it is said that large herds of deer may be seen roaming about at all seasons of the year. The reserve, if accepted, will be under State surveillance.

There Is a Messenger Boy in New York, Employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, who is able to speak with more or less intelligence in ten different languages. He was born in the Crimea and came to this country in 1897. His polyglot superiority enabled him to get a paying position from the start. It is his ambition after he has saved a little more money to study electrical and mechanical engineering and return to Smyrna to build railroads, subways and elevated lines.

An English Nun Committed Suicide by Throwing Herself into a river. She was dressed in the uniform of her order. A letter of sixteen pages was found on her body, referring to her life in the convent, and charging that she had been miserably treated by her associates. "They have broken my heart and my spirit," she wrote, "and I no longer care to live." The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide during a period of temporary insanity, and added the opinion that the nun had, indeed, been unkindly treated at the convent.

Little Things Still Continue to Show Their Power to Create big disturbances. A bee alighted on the gown of a woman in Newport as she was riding through one of the avenues of that famous seaside fashionable resort in a touring car. The buzzing of the insect annoyed the nervous passenger, and her husband attempted to brush it away. In doing so he lost control of his car, which swerved into the gutter and was upset. The woman was badly bruised, her husband broke his collar-bone, and another occupant of the car came off with a broken arm.

The Young Artist Who Has Received the National Art prize and traveling scholarship awarded by the French Council of Fine Arts, JULES JOETS by name, is the son of a house painter and began life by working with his father. When a child the sight of a painting by RUBENS in the Cathedral of Saint Omer stirred within him the desire to be an artist. At twenty years of age, however, he was still employed as a house decorator. Then an artist, passing through the village where young Joets lived, was impressed by his work, and took him into his own studio for six weeks. This was the beginning of a career which at twenty-nine years of age brought him into prominence in the art world.

The Moving-Picture Manufacturers Require Some Very daring adventures of those who are the heroes and heroines of their films. Recently this exploit was executed in order to produce a particularly sensational picture story: A bandit chased by soldiers finds a balloon tied to a post. He fastens his horse to the air craft and unties the mooring rope. Immediately he is carried aloft and the film shows balloon, horse and rider sailing through the air and finally dropping into a sheet of water, whereupon the bandit loosens the ropes and escapes. This feat was put through only a short time ago in Germany, where aerial adventures in connection with the present war are likely to be frequent.

How Low a Man May Stoop Was Illustrated by an Act of a Hebrew undertaker in New York who is charged by the father of a child recently deceased with having omitted to inter the body in the cemetery and with subsequently selling it for anatomical purposes for the pitiful sum of fifty cents. The story is almost incredible. It is a painful reflection on human nature to conceive it possible. Some hold that we ought not to recite tales of this sort, but while we are tempted to think so highly of humanity as to fancy the race has outgrown the tyranny of sin, it is well for us occasionally to see into what depths the human spirit can descend.

A Tree Was the Only Object which a Blind Man Found to correspond with his previous conception of it when his sight was restored to him. A Swede who was born blind was successfully operated on for glaucoma. It was at first impossible for him to understand what most of the things he saw represented. He seemed to have a fair appreciation of colors, but the human face baffled him. He still finds it difficult to recognize people, and his judgment of distances and perspective is likewise unreliable. He is thirty years of age. The infant begins with the same difficulties, but his limitations do not embarrass him, because his intelligence is not great enough to appreciate them. With the development of his mind there is a corresponding growth in the facility to use his senses. It is not strange that an adult in years should be puzzled when he begins to perceive with the undeveloped faculties of a child.

Bishop McIntyre.

We expect the flowers to wither in the fall; we expect the sun to go down at evening; but that the sun should grow dim whilst it is still early afternoon and the rich rose of devotion wither whilst it is still in mid-bloom strikes the heart with sorrow and surprise. Robert McIntyre was but 62. He had the well-knitted and oak-like frame of the best type of Scot; he was in temperament and poise, master of himself, even, urbane, optimistic; he was for many years in a position to shield himself from exposure; he had a home blessed with all the good sense and profound romantic devotion that we associate with the Scotch character; it does seem strange, therefore, that at the youthful age of 62, this gentle, strong devoted servant of the Church, and the Church's head should be taken from earth. Bishop McIntyre was attacked with carbuncles such as on a moment's warning laid Bishop Goodsell and President Bayliss low. August 14, he was taken to Wesley Hospital, Chicago, and there, near the scene of his great ministerial triumph, he breathed his last.

The career of Bishop McIntyre was remarkable. Born to the poverty of the heather, November 20, 1851, his father a Scotch weaver, he came at six years an immigrant to this country. Here he learned and followed the trade of bricklayer, working on the walls of the Tremont Hotel, Chicago, after the great fire, and in due course, laying brick, also on the old Lindell Hotel, St. Louis. As a lad, Robert McIntyre had the Scotch trait of cross-questioning ideas, and a Scotchman's appetite for solid books. He carried the new psychicists, Huxley, Tyndal, in his jeans to his work with trowel and mortar, and in the sort of debating club into which boarding-houses sometimes seem organized, could hold his own against all comers who attacked his agnostic creed. None the less, like the cry of a child out on the moor, there was always crying in his soul the cradle songs of faith of that Christian mother, back in the old land of the old years. It chanced, therefore, that one evening the young man entered the First Methodist church, South, in St. Louis, and there like a tide, old convictions rushed upon his soul, and there he found the joy of salvation. This was in 1877 and the young man was then a traveling book agent. The next year he entered the Illinois Conference, Dr. Chris Galcener being a classmate. His first charge was Easton, and they still tell how when a church was needed, the young bricklayer with his own hands put the bricks in the wall. That trowel hung in Bishop McIntyre's study all the rest of his life; nor did he ever forget the toilers in whose ranks he always felt himself to belong; rather he pointed to his trowel and his card of membership in the bricklayers' union as symbols of his real life.

Dr. McIntyre's rise was rapid. Gifted with an eloquence and an elocution that enchained the greatest congregations, he was rapidly advanced from the lowest place to the highest; but always at heart he was the same, humble, real, practical and absolutely innocent of any assumption.

After serving the churches at Marshall, Charleston and Urbana, he was appointed to Grace church, Chicago. This shocked him. Accustomed to forget his powers as an orator and to think lightly of himself, he has told us often of his shrinking from that then the most responsible Methodist pulpit in the West. But he made this discovery, the principal difference between the vast throngs that poured out to hear him, and the little handsful of his earliest charge in the Illinois prairies, was that "in Chicago there were more of them." That was all. He found that at bottom, all human hearts are human; they are alike; and because the Scotch bricklayer, orator, pastor, bishop, keenly felt it and never forgot it, he was able to sweep all heart-strings with his God-given powers. About this time, just before he came up to Chicago, he felt he needed the vision of Palestine. Only a few weeks ago, in the radiant sunset on his porch in Oklahoma City, he went over again the story of that trip, not forgetting the experiences he had in his poverty, sailing steerage. The congregations at Grace were so large, special street cars were massed to carry away the people. When Dr. McIntyre concluded his Grace pastorate, he was taken to Denver, where at Trinity, he had the largest congregations of any Methodist on the planet. The gorgeous Tiffany windows, the majestic organ, the stately service formed the setting of the chief gem, the sermons of Dr. Robert McIntyre. Again the street cars gathered in long lines to take away the throngs. Who there will ever forget the series of Sunday evening lectures on the creative days, or the lessons he drew from his poetic dreams in the Holy land.

Dr. McIntyre's popularity as a lecturer was scarcely surpassed by any American. His greatest lecture was the Wyandotte Caverns, though it was not the most frequent; in it his searching imagination and power of climax were seen at their best; the battle between light and darkness, the single candle in the midnight cavern, the rush of the blood in the midnight stillness. From Trinity, Dr. McIntyre went to St. James, Chicago, where a like triumph attended him; and from St. James, to First, Los Angeles, where that vast structure was immediately all too small.

But there was something lacking, as yet in this humble man's ministry. It was the added touch, the deeper note, of the Spirit. There was needed the unction of a deeper baptism; and men used to say, "What will Robert McIntyre do when once he enters more deeply into that experience of salvation?" The moment came. We know right well the simple evangelist whose expositions showed the way to Robert McIntyre's people, and to their shepherd. Baptized with power from on high, Robert McIntyre became again a new man in Christ Jesus. He had now one message, permeating, illuminating all his preaching —the blessedness, the power of full salvation. Naturally a poet, naturally a romanticist, his religious experience became that of a mystic; Robert McIntyre became known not as Robert McIntyre, the orator, but as Robert McIntyre, the saint.

It is the smallest part of his record to speak in statistics, and yet it is worth while to state that in Los Angeles the membership of the Church ran to 2,100, and the Sunday-school to 3,000. Often the searching sermons of the pastor were followed by altar services. At the foot of the cross he had learned how.

In 1908 at the Baltimore General Conference, Dr. McIntyre was elected and consecrated bishop; thus he had the honors and severer responsibilities of the high office for six years. During four years his official residence was St. Paul, Minn.; in 1912, he and Bishop Quayle, whose official residence for the quadrennium had been Oklahoma City, exchanged residences. A mystic, a poet, a writer of verse, Bishop McIntyre surprised his pastors and superintendents by that fund of hard Scotch sense and sound judgment which really accompanied his residential supervision. If he was lacking in any elements of execution, enthusiasm or proportion, and left the administration of the perplexities of the churches perhaps too largely to the pastors and district superintendents, he still threw himself in for the dedication of churches and raising of debts and never failed in scoring a victory. He did that part well. He was careful as an administrator. In that he will be remembered.

But that is not the trait on which his fame will rest. This will rise upon his record as preacher and poet, as dreamer and mystic, as one who from the bricklayer's trade was summoned not by ambition, but by the Holy Spirit to the high places of influence and power; into his hands were delivered vast concourses of people, and by God's help he lifted them to the height of his own vision.

And now he for a time is parted from our sight. May the mantle of his deep spirituality, his humility, his seeking for the deep experience of the inner life—if not his marvelous eloquence—fall upon many. Farewell, brother, friend; hail, immortal friend; hail the near dawn, when we shall clasp hands again.

♣ ♣

Central Christian Advocate

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER, Editor.
JOHN D. BATEMAN, Asst. Editor.

Kansas City, Mo., Wednesday, September 2, 1914

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
Publisher.

A Vision.

Is this, from *Harper's Weekly*, any less than prophecy? It is entitled "A Vision."

I see a sorrowing face lifted in a far garden,
I hear a voice upon a lonely hill—
I see uncountable millions of other faces
Of women and huddled children and helpless old people
And the pale, unafraid faces of strong men going to death,
It is the desperate rally of dying monarchy.
It is the last crucifixion of the rights of man.
It is a resurrection and the day of judgment
Pronounced upon the war-gods by unescapable wisdom,
That men may learn the eternal wickedness of war.

Men Are Cheap.

Napoleon, after the battle of Borodino, galloped over the field and saw that the greatest loss of life had been due to the capture of the main Russian redoubt.

"How many men did that cost?" he asked.

"Five thousand," was the reply.

"It was cheap," he remarked. "We had to have it."

After all, about the cheapest variety of war material is men. Think of it, the total armies of the nations at this minute at war is nineteen million men. More than four millions are already in the field. Life blood must be cheap indeed when such an expenditure of it is possible.

The Other Side of the Street.

The little lass of six sat opposite us at the steamer table. One day we fell to talking of chocolates and bonbons. Did she like caramels? She loved them. But is there not a candy store between her home and church? There certainly is. Is it open on Sundays? It is.

"Well, then, little lady, when you have a nickel for Sunday-school and that candy store is right there, how do you get past it?"

The little face lit up with a profound philosophy: "I walk on the other side of the street."

Wise little teacher, thou dost not run into temptation. On the contrary thou dost run away from temptation. If all thy elders would follow the same philosophy there would be far less sin. Ofttimes we fall because we knowingly go on that side of the street where the snare lies We fall, in fact, when we deliberately chose to walk where we knew beforehand temptation would assail. Wise little teacher, would to God every living soul would follow thy example.

Death Rate Less.

A bulletin recently issued by the Census Bureau shows that the death rate in the United States for the past year was 14.1 per 1,000. For the years 1901 to 1905 the average was 16.2, while from 1906 to 1910 it was 15.1. An analysis of the figures

meet advancing bodies of troops over the field would be appalling. But it is exactly what is being done. Gravelotte was child's play in comparison with Charleroi."

By the time this issue of The CENTRAL is in the hands of its readers the figures (possibly) of the vast battle now raging may be given to the world; if they are, "the price" will be seen to be appalling. As it is, we already know that the wounded and dying were in such heaps on the field that the cavalry actually could not advance. God in heaven, is it not awful?

War Strength of European Nations.

The war in Europe has called attention to the military strength of the nations that may become involved in case of a general European conflict. The two nations directly involved, Austria and Servia, are unequally matched, Austria having a war strength of 2,000,000 men and Servia only 240,000. Should the natural allies of Austria be included—Germany, Italy and Bulgaria—the war strength of these would be 8,700,000 men. If to Servia's strength we add that of Russia, France, Great Britain and Rumania, the total is 10,970,000. The peace armies of these two groups amount to 1,570,500 and 2,391,500, respectively.

Deathbed of the Esquimaux.

A missionary of the British and Foreign Bible Society tells us that nothing could be more hopeless than the deathbed of the heathen Esquimaux.

"A man is dying in his walrus-skin tent. He calls out to his wife, 'I am passing away, going into the great darkness.' He groans in his death struggle. The wife in her frenzy tears off her clothing, throws it in all directions and then swoons. The bystanders drag her out naked and throw her into the snow to die with her husband. We find her, pick her up, carry her to the station and cure her. During these scenes the tent fills with Esquimaux who groan and wail. The dogs, too, approach and begin to howl, for they know that soon there will be a dead body on the rocks for them to tear limb from limb.

"But among these people the Book does its work. 'Many of them carry it with them in their furs on crossing the great ice fields, reading it when they are waiting, crouched perhaps for twelve hours at a stretch, for the walrus to rise to breathe. Or they take it on their week-long chase for polar bear. Gradually their hearts are transformed and they come for baptism.'"

Here is a field for missions too long neglected. Someone will take these heathen on his heart some day, and die for them among them.

Tuberculosis—A Treatise.

A treatise on "Air and Its Relation to Tuberculosis" has been issued by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. The author of the treatise is Guy Hinsdale, M.D. This medical expert believes, with other physicians, that climate may be utilized as an adjunct of great value for carrying out the hygienic, dietetic treatment of tuberculosis. Of first importance, he says, is an abundance of bacteriologically pure air, which is available only outside the cities and away from dwellings. Sunshine, next to pure air, is held to be most valuable for the cure of the disease. The best combination, the author says, is a low humidity and a moderately cool temperature. While the treatise is not for general distribution, it will be distributed free to libraries and physicians and through one or the other of these agencies will no doubt be available for any one interested.

The missionary statistics of Japan show that during the past year the number of organized Christian congregations increased from 745 to 847; the number of ordained native preachers, from 702 to 728; and the number of communicants showed a gain of 7,000.

THE BRICKLAYER — THE GREAT PREACHER — THE SWEET SINGER BISBOP ROBERT McINTYRE

WE had no thought when we quoted entire Bishop Robert McIntyre's poem, "The Word You Did Not Say" in our issue of last week that we would be called to chronicle his translation to the heavenly country this week. Robert Colyer, known wherever the English tongue is spoken, a one time Methodist local preacher, always a favorite speaker at Cornell University, has left his memorial there in the shape of an iron horse shoe which showed how skilful he was at the anvil. His proudest title was "the Blacksmith Preacher." And the Methodist Robert McIntyre was better pleased when he was called the Bricklayer Preacher than when referred to as Bishop. The eastern part of our country heard about him from afar—but from Chicago to Los Angeles his name was a household word in Methodist homes. The biographies of many good men are dull reading. There is so little but their goodness, out of the regulation order, but the life of this great preacher, lecturer, and no mean poet reads like a romance. Born in Scotland of Presbyterian parents, sixty-three years ago, he came to this country when he was only seven years old. Bereaved first of his mother and later of his father at seventeen years of age he was guide and support of those left in the little home. He wrought as a bricklayer. When he was the pastor of the most prominent Methodist Church in Chicago he used to point with pride to the buildings he had helped to build when Chicago emerged, Phoenix like, from her great fire The bricklayer and orphan was always the sympathizing friend of the toiler and mourner. His conversion at St. Louis after his lapse into infidelity was like himself remarkable. He never tired of telling of it. He believed in conversion for he had been converted His call to the ministry was clear and definite.

When he joined the Conference he showed his Caleb and Joshua spirit by asking to be sent to the hardest field in the conference. His request was unanimously granted by the Bishop and Cabinet! He had a glorious victory Such men do not fail. There are young men who still make such requests but not in such numbers as to embarass the appointing power!

As a presiding officer Bishop McIntyre had the amused indulgence of the annual and General Conference. In temperament, taste and previous condition of service, he had no preparation for such work. He loathed and abhorred the parliamentary hair splitter. But put him in the pulpit and he became master of assemblies. As a pictorial preacher, a word painter, he had no superior in American Methodism. Our Church in this generation has not had a greater lecturer. Who that heard him describe the Chicago fire, a dish of strawberries, Niagara Falls or the Wyondotte Cave can ever forget those word pictures! His poetry while not devoid of humor rather suggests the sober and pathetic phases of life. Some of his poems were simply his great addresses condensed into poetry. His poem found in last week's Northern on "The Word You Did Not Say" was his lecture, "Buttoned Up People" set to music.

That tuneful voice is hushed, that eloquent tongue is still, the pen of the ready writer has been laid aside.

ROBERT McINTYRE

By Albert Osborn

Rest, ardent son of toil and friend of men,
Our hearts grow sad at news of thy swift call,
Beats of thy great heart throb within us all,
Enlarging visions through thy voice and pen.
Rare product of thy life, once and again
Transport us to the shining jasper wall,
Music and love from all thy harp-notes fall.
Charmed by the magic of thy poet-ken,
Into the channels of thy soul we glide;
New zest for work thy burning words impart,
Thy muse to every noble cause allied
Yields fruitage sweet to feed both mind and heart.
Rise, builder both of walls and men of strength;
Enter thy Master's joy; rest, crowned at length.

Washington Grove, Md.

ROBERT McINTYRE; BISHOP, PREACHER, SAINT

ROBERT McINTYRE was a Scot by birth, and a Celt by instinct. His American boyhood and education modified his racial inheritances but did not obscure them.

Before he was a preacher he was a bricklayer. Before he was a Christian he was a contender against the faith. He never forgot that he had been a useful wielder of the trowel, and it was part of his lifelong pride. Nor did he ever forget that he had once denied the value and validity of the Christian faith. This gave him a great sympathy with unbelievers, based on a clear understanding of practical unbelief.

Through all his ministry Robert McIntyre was truly a preacher-pastor. The pulpit was his place of power. With an eloquence which many coveted, but none other could quite command, he drew thousands to his ministry. In his last pastorate, at the First Church in Los Angeles, he had the distinction, increasingly rare in these days, of attracting multitudes far beyond the capacity of the church to hold them.

There was something beautifully simple about Bishop McIntyre's eloquence. It never soared out of the reach of his hearers. It was in the best sense of the word "homely" speech, for he talked of common things, as his Master did, and made them live again in the memory of those who had long forgotten them. He appealed to the common emotions, the great primal passions of humanity.

And even when he was at his marvelous best, he was so much at one with his hearers that any man of them felt that the preacher was uttering what he himself had thought of saying, in a moment of a little more than ordinary exultation and thoughtfulness. In a word, Robert McIntyre interpreted men to themselves, and the world to men. And then he showed them the way to God. An illustration of the homely quality of his work is in his poems. They are more like those of Riley than of any other singer, but in no sense are they imitations of the Hoosier poet. They find their inspiration in everyday matters, in neighbors, and loved places, and simple, satisfying delights.

Of Robert McIntyre as an administrator, it is not important to speak He did not care much for the intricacies and details of the Episcopal task. He felt—and who shall deny a measure of truth to this feeling?—that much of this multiplicity of routine might easily be made superfluous by the exercise of an unselfish and friendly common sense. And in his case, it was He had Bishop McCabe's incapacity for precedent and form If he lacked any of the McCabe vigor and aggressiveness, he made it up in simple sincerity and singleness of purpose.

To see Bishop McIntyre was to look into the face of a saint Without any doubt he was wholly and always human, but some great quality of the unseen world had made its mark upon his face, so serene was it, so unclouded and fair.

And now he has taken that clear brave look of his, which reflected heaven, into the heavenly places. They will not be strange places to him. Robert McIntyre will be very much at home. For, as he helped with trowel in hand to build the new Chicago on the ruins of a great disaster, so he has helped to build the new Jerusalem, and has wrought into it many a life which had been broken and scorched by sin

Heaven has a great welcome for such souls as his!

and unselfish service of humanity. Loyalty to the vision of the guiding eye inspires spiritual enthusiasm.

Those who desire a guide to the summit of a lofty mountain secure him in the valley and follow him from it. He guides them up the steep and snow-clad peak because he guides them all the way. We shall certainly need the guiding eye at the last, then let us be true to it now. We need it in all the activities, perplexities, mysteries and troubles of our pilgrimage; and if we cherish and are true to it, we shall arrive where the sunshine is serene and eternal. Ours will be the beatific vision and the companionship of those that have come up out of tribulation.

Bath, Me.

THE BUILDER OF WORLDS

By Rev. Edwin Whittier Caswell

ALMIGHTY GOD was a Father before He became a Creator. He loved His children from before the foundation of the world. No doubt God thought "I will build the universe first, as a sanctuary for My children." The plan had been in the mind of the Infinite Architect for ages. He marshalled all the forces of His omnipotence, all the atoms of all the spaces, away back in the beginning. He began to lay the foundations and then reared the superstructure of worlds; it may be by sudden fiat, or by the slower processes which we call evolution. When our little earth was finished, our Father said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Let there be growth, and the earth was covered with beauty. When the Invisible had produced the visible, when the earthly home was completed, He called it "very

"The Infinite Tendency of Wisdom, Power and Law," but we exclaim, "Our Father!" We do not pray to trees or stars, but to the heart of the Fatherhood. We follow the example of Jesus, who said, "Our Father, who art in heaven!" "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hearest Me." "Father, save Me from this hour." "My Father, if this cup cannot pass from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." And after the resurrection He said, "Mary, go and tell My disciples that I ascend unto My Father and your Father, My God and your God."

We are born into this family of God by divine birth, not of blood nor of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God. He sends the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, so we may cry out with holy joy, "Abba, Father." All you have to do to enter this family is to believe on the name of His Son, "for as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

Our Father's family is in two great divisions As Paul said, "Of whom the whole family in earth and heaven is named." It is only one Household, with many mansions, or abiding places; we go from the lower stories to the higher.

There are many figures used to describe the family of the church of the living God. It is called a building, fitly framed together, with Christ as a chief cornerstone, or a tree, spreading its branches over the whole earth, or a vine whose branches are laden with fruit It is called a body with many members of different gifts, with Christ the Head. It is the bride, with Christ the bridegroom, but the figure of the family seems the most complete and precious of all the comparisons.

We are named after Christ—Christians. We are baptised in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as Christian children of one family. We have the family resemblance, for we shall be like Him when we see Him as He is. The same atoning blood of Christ courses through our moral nature. The same eternal home is our dwelling place in oneness and unity forever.

Why, then, should we sorrow when our loved ones are promoted, graduated into the endless life, carried home by ministering angels, welcomed by the Father, Son and the Mother Spirit in the presence of the glorified, redeemed family?

"There is my house and portion fair:
My treasure and my heart are there.
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

130 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—By the orders of the Holy Synod the priests all over Russia are preaching a holy war against Germany, which is arousing a tremendous zeal among the Russian people.

Conversion cannot occur unless the unconverted come within reach of the gospel. Continued emphasis on evangelism does not bring the audience. Most Methodist preachers have the fire and power if the unconverted were within reach. Here are a few general methods that some chapters might profitably take up to help their pastors.

Secure an empty store window and make an attractive display in it. It may be in a building for rent. The owner will not refuse, for if the window draw folk, prospective renters will be more likely to see its value. Almost any merchant would be glad to lend window space for such an exhibit.

It may be made tasty with bunting and other adornments. It may reproduce the Church building in miniature, with grounds and surroundings, with people entering the doors. Or it may contain dolls representing the nations of the world, and so teaching a missionary lesson. Or it may hold an attractive display of photographs, reproducing the various kinds of work carried on. We use the photographer too little in Church work. A picture of the whole Sunday School or a gymnasium class, or the mothers' meeting, or the official board, or the probationers' class received, or the crowd attending an entertainment, all demonstrate to the people that the Church is really serv-

fences throughout the adjacent country. Farmers and travelers would see them and be helped to thoughtfulness

A New York up-state pastor who could not paint signs and was unable to discover anyone willing to do it without cost, evolved a usable method. He clips from a newspaper or magazine any picture he wants reproduced. This he pastes on a piece of glass which is placed in his stereopticon. The canvas is then hung at the right distance from the stereopticon so that the picture thus thrown onto it will be the size he wants to paint. The light will throw the outlines of the picture, clipped from the magazine or newspaper, onto the canvas. While it is there he will then mark out with paint and brush the outline he wants.

WHERE WE STAND
—1914—

25% of Members Enrolled in Morning Watch
Central Office and District Dues Paid
25% of Members Subscribe to Epworth Herald
25% of Members Subscribe to District Messenger
Represented in District Convention
Payment of 50c per Member to Java Fund
10% of Members Tithe

the best reason for the presence of that picture. The one who prepared the "copy" did not himself know why that picture was picked. Several hundred replies came, and naturally all of those who answered first talked about the Church at their homes. It was just before Easter. One said it was there "to remind us to get up early Easter morning to attend the communion service at 7 o'clock" Another said, "It reminds us of Christ's warning to Peter, "Before the cock crows twice thou shalt deny me thrice.'" A third said that "it was to emphasize the fact that our Church had services worth crowing about"

A business man, on the advice of the writer, recently printed a large advertisement through which were scattered twenty misspelled words. He offered a reward to those who would send him the corrected list. In two days eight hundred letters came as a response. This plan could also be employed by a Church though it would be necessary to give everyone the same reward who sent in the replies by a certain date. If the number were limited to the first twenty or the first hundred, it would be in the nature of a lottery, and unfair. Some kind of a reward could be given to everyone who replied correctly. If it were a New Testament double good would be done.

Local advertising men are always glad to help devise new methods. The young peo-

RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP M'INTYRE.

BY LAWRENCE W. NEFF.

One winter night in the year of 1907 I went to the First Methodist Church in Los Angeles, attracted chiefly by the reputation of the pastor. The auditorium seated about twenty-five hundred people. It was filled to the most remote corner of the galleries. Rather than consent to go away disappointed, I concluded to stand at the rear of the room long enough to hear the opening part of the sermon. Possibly an hour and a half later, when the benediction had been pronounced, I left the place in a sort of daze, with an amended conception of the possibilities of preaching, and stood for half an hour waiting for the street car upon a corner which it did not pass.

The preacher was Dr. Robert McIntyre, for six years past a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The congregation, as I learned subsequently, was about up to the average and afforded a good illustration of the pastor's remark that when the Lord called a man to preach he always called a congregation to hear him. This privilege was mine upon some twenty occasions within two years, and the transcribed though incomplete shorthand notes which I made upon the discourses delivered have since been an unfailing source of interest and inspiration.

Always the method of delivery was the same. After the reading of the Scripture lesson the speaker closed his Bible and walked away from the pulpit a distance of fifteen feet or more, announced the book, chapter, and verse of his text and then repeated the passage twice, each time slowly and distinctly. His disdain of written notes for pulpit use was summed up in the terse remark that paper was a poor conductor of spirituality as well as electricity.

The volume of his voice was not great, and any movement in the congregation or upon the street outside rendered his words undistinguishable; but for flexibility and clear, penetrating quality I have not heard its equal. Seemingly without effort, in tones wonderfully smooth and rounded, and for the most part at conversational pitch, he spoke with the utmost deliberation, yet the thought embodied in his words and the spirit that prompted them were of such impressive

not heard its equal. Seemingly without effort, in tones wonderfully smooth and rounded, and for the most part at conversational pitch, he spoke with the utmost deliberation, yet the thought embodied in his words and the spirit that prompted them were of such impressive

ness that the hearers waited until the close with almost breathless eagerness.

One evening, after my return from a country appointment which I supplied while pursuing some university studies, it so chanced that Dr. McIntyre made use of the same text from which I had spoken in the morning; and I had a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in the difference between good and poor preaching. After the service I noticed him standing alone in the shadow of a building at a near-by corner waiting for a street car, so I made bold to introduce myself as a Southern Methodist preacher. His eyes beamed with cordiality as he put his hand upon my shoulder and said: "I'm glad to hear that. Don't let anything turn you aside. It's the greatest work in the world and the grandest." When I mentioned our use of the same text and the almost immeasurable difference in its treatment, he smiled kindly and replied: "That's all right. I couldn't have done a bit better at your age."

The story of Dr. McIntyre's conversion, as I heard it from his own lips, was deeply impressive. It occurred about 1877 at a small Southern Methodist chapel in St. Louis. Apparently he became a member there; for the same year he was enrolled as a student in Vanderbilt University, looking toward the ministry of our own denomination. This comprised the whole of his college training, it seems. At a time when feeling ran high between the two sections of the country it was but natural that his sympathies should incline more toward the North, where he had spent most of his life, and his almost immediate marriage there indicates another partial explanation of his change of Church relationships.

Throughout his life he retained a deep appreciation of the South and its people. I have heard him pay high tribute to them collectively, as well as to such men as Henry Grady, and exclaim with deep feeling: "I am glad the Union bullets did not kill Stonewall Jackson!" Yet he deferred in a measure to the sectional prejudices of his hearers and sometimes probably irritated the abnormally tender sensibilities of a Southerner, as by the declaration that the only badge he ever coveted wearing was that of the Grand Army of the Republic. This, however, was less irksome than the burst of applause that swelled up from the main floor and echoed from the galleries, which were probably alike filled with abnormally patriotic Northerners. To one hearer at least it was unprecedented and seemed in extremely bad taste.

A rare treat was the course of lectures which Dr. McIntyre delivered about the same time to students in the University of Southern California who were looking toward the ministry. His conception of the purpose and scope of preaching may be of value to other ministers and even to some who are not ministers. It can be summarized best in a few sententious utterances as they fell from his lips:

"Preaching is a cordial presentation of the vitalized truth as it is in Christ Jesus. It must be cordial, fervid, burning, and it must be vitalized by passing through the preacher's own soul."

"There are various kinds of truth, as of coin—gold, silver, nickel, copper. Next Sunday morning half the preachers in America will preach secondary truths. Here and there one who has had a deep and rich experience will preach the gospel—not merely about it nor leading up to it nor away from it. O how my heart protests against some of the things that are called gospel preaching! What the world needs to-day is simply the application of the gospel for the relief of the suffering caused by sin. There is no need to defend the gospel; that time has gone by if it ever existed. Nor is there need to decorate or dilute the gospel, but only to declare it. Intellectual truths, compared to spiritual, are like dewdrops compared to diamonds."

"Preachers are the best product that can be made out of the material available. They are made of laymen. If we had better clay, we might make better bricks. But the man who trusts the American people is safe. They will never desert him nor betray him if he is absolutely and remorselessly honest. When the people know you are honest, they will let you skin them."

"The greatest help I have in my ministry, the most valuable asset I possess, is my unbounded trust in the common people that make up my congregations. A man once said to me: 'It never dawns on you that a soul in the congregation will doubt a word you say.' The one abysmal sorrow of the ministry is that they will not hear you when you tell them of your Lord. That is your crucifixion. But there is always at least one good, true soul at every point on every circuit who will welcome you when you come and pray for you when you are gone."

"A crushing sense of unworthiness has haunted me throughout my ministry. Sometimes I am no good for days at a time. It may be that I will feel the same way in heaven. But if one soul comes along and says, 'Brother McIntyre, it was by you that I was led to this place,' that will all be changed. If two or three should come along and say the same thing, I will begin to feel really at home."

It is now true of the great-hearted and sweet-spirited Bishop McIntyre, as I once heard him say of Francis Murphy, that he has spent his first Sunday in heaven. We cannot doubt for a moment that many were there to give him the welcome he craved and that many more will follow after him, for his life was devoted to loving helpfulness, and, to use his own expression, which may well have been taken as the motto of his ministry: "Flesh and blood cannot stand against love embodied in lowly service."

THOMASTON, GA.

"A man never becomes true to himself until he begins to resent an attack upon his character as much as he does an attack upon his reputation."

...has passed might be the adding of Colorado to the list of prohibition States. Such a consummation would be worth all it has cost.

SHALL WE WORSHIP IN THE OLD WAR SONGS?

BY REV. C. H. BUCHANAN.

No part of our Church worship is more important, more difficult to manage, and yet more neglected than the singing with which we worship God. We have been leaving the management of the music to unconsecrated choir leaders and ambitious singers till the matter of the kind of music our people are to use in their worship has well-nigh slipped from our grasp. Hence our Church music has too often become little better than song pyrotechnics or voice gymnastics, ranging from "pianissimo" to "fortissimo," with all the "double-semiquaver-tremulissimos" possibilities, to the weariness and disgust of many of our waiting and devout worshipers. Are we to sit like helpless fledglings in the nest, with wide-open mouths, and devour anything handed out?

How different all this is from the soul-stirring music of the days of our fathers! It is to be admitted that, with the inevitable change everywhere and always where people are alive, our Church music must also be transformed. But in the matter of this change are we to have no voice and content ourselves with trusting to mere chance to give us the better? True, the old definition of a hymn, or what the purpose of singing is, may be far different to-day from what it was in other days; but in Charles Wesley's day the singing was as much a matter of religious instruction and soul uplift as any other part of the public worship. Hence we find in the old Methodist hymns some of the very best expressions of our soul-saving theology. And other Churches who differ widely from us in doctrine have not hesitated to adopt many of the Wesley hymns, which so truly teach the truths of the Scriptures. To read them thoughtfully is indeed food for the soul. They are the very cream of devout and soul-stirring thought, hence they have floated into the

when in truth he is responsible only for | we can imagine, which ideal we hope

the good.

I tossed a boy into the water over his head to teach him to swim. If he had drowned, I would have been guilty of his death. A man drew his gun to shoot his neighbor to death. Another man standing near knocked the gun up, and it fired into the air. In the first instance I was responsible for the whole transaction. I put the boy in; I must get him out. I deserve no credit. In the second the man was entitled to credit for preventing the evil which another intended. Sin intended murder, good prevented it

Again, Brother Betts refers to Naaman and the little maid. Did God put it into the hearts of those robbers to steal the maid and sell her into captivity? If so, then this cowardly crime was a very pious act—just fulfilling God's will; that's all. Sin sent this maid into captivity, and God, finding her there and finding her faithful, used her to reveal himself to the heathen.

God is a Father. He wills good and only good. He does good and only good; and wherever evil comes it comes not as the result of God's choosing nor as the result of his sending, but as a result of sin in the world. Let us quit laying evil at the door of the Almighty.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AS A MEANS TO AN END.

BY MISS GRACE NEWLAND.

In studying the Sunday school as a means to an end let us consider it as a stepping-stone to a higher, more ideal state. Essentially a school is an organization in search of knowledge—a place where ideas may be exchanged. In the Sunday school the Bible is the textbook, and all else is or should be subordinate and merely for reference. In a sense all Sunday school workers are missionaries, and it is not necessary to be a teacher in order to be a worker. Even the smallest child can tell the glad story, and in this enlightened land there is no reason why any one should die, as did the gypsy boy, without having heard the good news in story or song.

Here in the Sunday school many thoughts are sown in young, receptive minds, and we grow to be like what we think of. Note the progression, will you, in Thackeray's quotation: "We sow a thought and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap a destiny." Is the teacher not greatly responsible for the kind of seed sown?

Again, man's knowledge should be practical. Of what use is an education of any kind if it does not make him better or is of some service to him? The learned man knows, but the practical man *knows how*. A knowledge of the Bible does us no good unless we know how to apply its truths. All learning enables us to grasp something higher. All through our lives we are learning; and though perhaps unconscious of its presence, there always exists an ideal, the combination of the best sometime, somewhere to attain. It is natural for little ones and even older people to make some tangible thing or some one their model. Instinctively the child at first wants to be like its parents; that's the best he knows. As his experience broadens, his ideal is placed higher. And who knows but that some soul is shaping its life by yours? Be careful how you lead it. To the young let me say: Aim high. You'll never be better than your ideal.

It is God's plan to develop gradually. Since the creation gradual development has been a fixed law. So the work of the Sunday school is to aid in gradually leading the mind to grasp greater things. This school has for its purpose the preparation of pupils that they may be fitted to take their place in the onward march of life and serve their Creator in a higher sphere—the Church.

Primarily, the Sunday school is for the children, and for them a greater care should be taken. However, it must not be left to them alone; the responsibility rests on the older members. I think a common error among our older Sunday school people is that they are too much inclined to say to themselves "O, they don't need me here to-day. I won't be missed. Besides, I'm feeling so stupid; I'll just stay at home" Pity for you if you are not missed. Help at least by your presence. Jesus's command was, "Feed my lambs." This is a commission to give spiritual food to the youngest and weakest in his flock. The Sunday school is the only organization outside the home that provides for this training. It is here that they have the Bible truths explained in a simple manner and impressions are made on plastic minds which last perhaps throughout life. Just as the shepherd especially cares for the tender and delicate lambs so that they may become sheep of his fold, so must the children be cared for in the beginning of their spiritual life if we would have them grasp the more complex subjects. The Sunday school and the Church are inseparably connected, the former preparing for the latter; and as we grow in one, we necessarily enter the other.

It is the prerogative, then, of the Sunday school to feed the little ones with food they are capable of digesting. It is a common mistake to hand it to them unprepared. The Saviour was a model Teacher, and the Gospels abound with beautiful illustrations of his method. From them we deduce the principle of reasoning from the known to the unknown, from the earthly to the heavenly. The lily, the sparrow, the sheep, the fig tree—all were used to teach spiritual truths. Then he reasoned from ourselves to others. Human nature is the same in all ages and conditions. He who is well acquainted with himself is well acquainted with his neighbor. The golden rule is based upon this principle, and he who obeys it will in the main do right. It is a law to the teacher as to method and management in teaching and in the government of the class. Children can ap-

Pittsburgh Christian Advocate

JOHN J. WALLACE, Editor | THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914 | T. H. WILKENSON, Assistant Editor

Bishop Robert McIntyre, D.D.

The eloquent voice of this distinguished son of the church and loyal servant of God is silent. He will paint no more entrancing word-pictures for us here. He will thrill no more audiences with climactic paragraphs. He will plead no more for the sons of toil, of whom he was one, and all of whom he loved with the affection of a brother who had a great heart. Bishop McIntyre is dead, and the church mourns, and men grieve who were not connected with the Methodist Church, or, for that matter, with any church.

Robert McIntyre was born in Selkirk, Scotland, November 20, 1851. He came to America and for some years plied his trade as a bricklayer. He regarded himself a skeptic, and took delight in using his reason and voice in debate on religious subjects, combating the Christian faith which he afterward preached with such conviction, fervor and power. He was converted in one of the churches of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in St. Louis, and never had any doubt concerning the reality or marked character of the changes wrought in him by Divine grace in that hour. Near the spot where he was born from above we heard him relate the story of his conversion, in response to a toast at a banquet. He did it with the simplicity of a child, the wisdom of a mature Christian, and the eloquence of a master. It was acknowledged to have been one of the most effective after-dinner speeches ever heard by a company accustomed to listen to that form of address.

He was a student of Vanderbilt University in 1877, following his conversion, and entered the ministry in 1878, serving as pastor at Easton, Marshall, Charleston and Urbana, Ill., at St. James Church, Chicago, Trinity Church, Denver, and First Church, Los Angeles. During the thirty years of his pastoral service he became known throughout the country as a lecturer also, and his platform work was only second to his preaching. Thousands of people learned how to be more open, frank and human as they heard him tell

in his inimitable way of "Buttoned Up People." But the pulpit was his throne and his ministry in leading churches made his name familiar to the whole church, so that when it was said at Baltimore in 1908, "We ought now to elect a pastor, and preferably one from the Far West," Robert McIntyre's name was suggested, appealed to the delegates, and he was chosen to the position of gravest responsibility and highest honor in the church. He strove diligently and faithfully to fulfill the duties of the episcopacy.

As a Bishop he voiced the faith of the church with his old-time loyalty and eloquence. He was fraternal and faithful in making the appointments. He had, however, no appreciation of the importance or methods of administration and legislation in the church. With the temper of an orator and an idealist, he was to a large extent unfitted for the details of administrative work. He took little active interest in shaping the policy of the enterprises of the church. This statement is not at all to the discredit of Bishop McIntyre as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ and prophet of the coming kingdom. Many of the greatest preachers of all times have had little concern for organization or ecclesiastical affairs. Some prophets are also statesmen, however, and there must be men of affairs in the church. The Bishop was concerned in the great mission of the church to save souls and further the kingdom—the brotherhood. He was a great preacher and a great brother—a manly man in the ministry and a faithful minister among men.

His death occurred in Wesley Hospital, Chicago, after an illness of two weeks, which began with carbuncles, as in the case of Bishop Goodsell. His body is to be removed to Oklahoma City, and from thence to Los Angeles, Cal., for interment. No funeral services were held at Chicago.

Bishop McIntyre's is the only death that has occurred among the Bishops on the effective list since the General Conference of 1912. Bishops Warren, Walden and Bowman were on the retired list. The serious illness of Bishop Bristol has also menaced the active list. He too was elected as a pastor.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana poet, pays this tribute of appreciation to the late Bishop Robert McIntyre: "A man who found a pleasure in the sternest duties. He truly loved his fellows and was happy in their happiness. His life was a continual good deed."

AS THE COMBATANTS SEE IT

The articles which have appeared for the past month in this section of the editorial department of the ADVOCATE were written before the war. In the "Notable Events of the Week" and in the Editorial notes on page eighteen the war in Europe has received attention, the events and some of the underlying causes have been dealt with in a succinct and suggestive manner. On the Editor's return from a brief immersion in the quiet of the country, where he purposely abstained from reading current events except in desultory way, he finds the papers filled with opinions and prophecies concerning the titanic struggle for supremacy or life among the nations of Europe. Moreover, the conflict is widening to take in the Far East, and the war is bound to be the one great subject of discussion until it is over—when that shall be God only knows. All human interests are involved, and all other subjects of discussion are affected by it. Among the multitude of discussions we find in the "Congregationalist" of recent date an attempt to present the war from the point of view of the leading nations engaged in it. It is a difficult and delicate task, but the "Congregationalist" comes so near succeeding in the attempt as to make its article both informing and suggestive. We reprint below the leading paragraphs:

The Way the German Looks at It

We spoke last week of the Austrian point of view—the dynastic interests affronted by the assassination of the Archduke, the hatred between the Slav and the German and Magyar ruling forces of the Empire, and Austria's disappointment at finding herself shut out from a long-desired way to the East. As the German looks at it, he stands in mid-Europe with potential enemies of great force upon either side. Russia and France in alliance demand the support which Austria alone is in a position to give. The German declares that the enormous armaments which have burdened the taxpayers and made a soldier of every citizen are justified by this condition of peril between the Slav and the Frenchman. He could not have deserted Austria in her Servian quarrel without forfeiting a right to claim Austrian assistance in his own moment of danger.

Germany has long felt that the decisive contest between Teuton and Slav must some day be fought out. The unreasonable refusal of Russia to keep out of the quarrel between Austria and Servia made war a necessity. France the German regards as an ancient and implacable enemy, who has long desired revenge for a monumental defeat.

The German is fighting for his life against an enormous combination of enemies, with the whole nation united for heroic defense of German commerce, culture and art, which carry the promise of the future. The triumph of Germany will result in an uplift of order and civilization all over weakness which followed that defeat, Germany again and again thwarted Russian plans, and held over her head the threat of war. She drew back from fighting when Austria, contrary to the treaties, absorbed Bosnia and Herzogovina.

For seven and a half years, the Czar is reported to have said the other day, Russia has given way to German threats and warnings. The new attack upon Servia, followed by Germany's unqualified support of Austrian aggression, broke the patience of the Russians. It is doubtful whether the Czar, had he been a strong man instead of a weak one, could have held back the anger of his people. Russia, too, feels that long-awaited war between Teuton and Slav must be fought out, and has made recovery enough from her Asiatic reverses to encourage her to resist an arrogant policy of dictation which could not be submitted to without dishonor.

What the Frenchman Thinks

The Frenchman has not forgotten his defeat of forty years ago, and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. If he had been willing to forget, the recent military stupidities and cruelties in the lost provinces would have been sufficient to remind him. France would never have gone to war with Germany for the recovery of these provinces as a single issue; but she, too, has felt the strain of an enormous military power on her northern frontiers, and the arrogance of German threats and warnings. It is this fear, rather than intellectual or moral sympathy, or even the great French loans to Russia, which has made her welcome and maintain the Russian alliance.

That Germany in a single-handed contest could crush France, as she did in the days of Napoleon the Little, no patriotic Frenchman would concede; but the contest would have been an unequal one, and the French situation demanded the effective support of Russia. For that effective moral support in the years gone by, the Frenchman is now willingly paying the price of a war which he maintains has been forced upon him. He has shown a forbearance under provocation and a delay in striking under insult which he believes merits the commendation of the world. He has maintained a neutral ground of French territory on the German border some six miles wide. The purpose of Germany to take away the French colonial power officially expressed to England, is further evidence of German greed, the Frenchman says. That France went to war unwillingly is clear enough from the utterances of her statesmen and the remarkable self-control of her people.

The Englishman's Point of View

England is a commercial nation, which purchases much of the food she eats by exchanges of manufactured goods with other nations. Germany has been her best customer, and the kinship of race and of intellectual and moral interests has been close. There has never been real bitterness of feeling between the German and the British peoples; but the German ruling classes have for years preached a doctrine of war against British interests and made proph-

bombs on the wireless barracks. Montene
the Austrians at Boljanitz, in Herzegovina

September 7 The British Press Bureau
plans of General Joffre were being carried o
then being fought on a 160-mile front from

Death of Bishop McIntyre

It will be startling news to many Methodists to learn that Bishop Robert McIntyre passed to his reward from Wesley Memorial Hospital on the evening of Sunday, August 30, after an illness of two weeks. The bishop in returning from Michigan to Oklahoma stopped off at Chicago, as he was too ill to proceed on his journey. He was taken to the hospital, where his illness, due to uræmic poisoning, became acute and his recovery was despaired of for several days. He leaves a wife, two daughters, Ruth and Nellie, who were with him at his bedside at the end; and a son, Carlyle of Los Angeles, who was unable to be present at the last but will be at the funeral at Oklahoma City. After the services at the above named city, the body will be taken to Los Angeles for burial. We hold our forms to give the following brief biographical sketch:

Bishop McIntyre was born in Selkirk, Scotland, November 20, 1851. His father and mother were long-time Presbyterians and Robert was christened in the local kirk. The father was a weaver. The parents came to America as emigrants in 1858, landing at Philadelphia. Soon after, the mother died and Bishop McIntyre's father married the second time. He died leaving a family of small children for Robert to care for and father. He learned the trade of bricklayer and went to Chicago, after the fire, to help rebuild it, when he was twenty years of age.

Bishop McIntyre received his education in the public schools of Philadelphia and spent one year at Vanderbilt University. In 1896 he received the degree of doctor of divinity from Denver University.

He was converted in the year 1877 in a revival meeting in St. Louis. It was held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South The pastor was Dr. Finney, but Dr. Bowdish, one of our own pastors, was the preacher. The bishop was at that time a traveling book salesman. He at once started preparation for preaching. In 1878 he entered the Illinois Conference in company with the Rev. Chris Galeener, a member of the General Conference. He served as his first appointment Easton, Ill. The other Churches served in order are: Marshall, Charleston, Urbana, and Grace Church, Chicago, all in Illinois. He then went to great Trinity Church, Denver, which he always packed. He remained the full time limit of five years. He then went to St James, Chicago. He remained five years and then rested for one year At the end of the year he became pastor of First Church, Los Angeles During the six years' pastorate in Los Angeles the membership grew from 1,100 to 2,100.

Dr. McIntyre wrote two books, one a collection of poems called "Early Candle Light." The other is a religious story entitled "A Modern Apollo"

He was married in 1877, just after his conversion, to Miss Ella Chatten of Quincy, Ill., the daughter of the Rev. Barzilla Chatten, then a member of the Illinois Conference.

Bishop McIntyre was regarded as one of He was famous as a lecturer. Among the most popular of his lectures was one on "Abraham Lincoln" and another on "Buttoned Up People."

Because of his former experience as a laboring man he was especially sympathetic on labor problems. He kept the trowel with which he worked as a mason hanging on the wall of his study. He never was ashamed of his former occupation.

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Mention

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Dr. George A Simons, superintendent of the Russia and Finland Missions, has cabled to the Board of Foreign Missions at New York that the Finland Annual Conference was to open August 26 In the absence of Bishop Nuelsen, Dr. Simons had been requested to preside.

Bishop Anderson is in Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland, with his family, also awaiting developments The two bishops are in correspondence by cable, and as soon as conditions permit they plan to meet in London and proceed upon their joint episcopal tour in Africa

The Rev. George Eayrs of Bristol, England, is visiting the United States and Canada Mr Eayrs has distinguished himself in historical lines and is a fellow of the Royal Historical Society. He has several published works to his credit and in this country is recalled by his articles in the coöperative history of Methodism published some years ago as "The New History of Methodism"

The Rev I M. Hargett stopped over for a few days with Pastor J. O Crawford at Ogden Park, Chicago, last week on his way to Ohio, where he is to be one of the evangelists in a camp meeting He reports a fine and growing Church at Wessington Springs, S. D., where he is completing his fourth year as pastor The annual conference will meet with them in their new church this fall.

The Rev. A. J Kynett of Philadelphia stopped at the NORTHWESTERN office en route to the Western States where he will represent the interests of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension Dr Kynett will be at Drew Theological Seminary October 7, the day fixed for the celebration of the semicentennial of the founding of the society. Garrett Biblical Institute and Boston School of Theology will hold similar celebrations later.

Cazenovia Seminary, Cazenovia, N Y., has engaged Miss Muriel H. Steele of Denver, Colo., as teacher of French. She is the daughter of Professor Wilbur F. Steele of Denver University and the granddaughter of Dr Daniel Steele, who was connected with the Syracuse University at its beginning. Miss Steele was born in Berlin and has spent several years abroad She speaks French and Spanish fluently and is familiar with German and Italian.

In the death of Mrs. Wilson, wife of President Wilson, the Boy Scouts lost one of their best friends. Mrs. Wilson believed in the work of the Boy Scout Movement and did much to encourage and promote it. She showed her interest in many ways and on the occasion of the fourth annual meeting in Washington she received the national council in the White House. On this occasion she pinned the Eagle Scout badge on the breasts of five Scouts who had earned the right to that honor.

After a ten days' delay, the "Shinyo Maru" left San Francisco for the Orient, August 24. The Methodist party sailing at this time included Dr. Frank Mason North, corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, his son, Eric M. North, Ph.D.; Dr. William I. Haven, head of the American Bible Society at New York, with Mrs. Haven and their daughter; the Rev. Frederick W. Heckelman and family, who, after furlough, are returning to their work at Sapporo, Japan; and the Rev. and Mrs. Edgar K. Morrow, newly appointed missionaries for service at Shanghai. For several years Mr. Morrow has been connected with the depart-

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Mention

while in this country, and may be addressed at Olathe, Kan.

Dr. George A. Simons, superintendent of the Russia and Finland Missions, has cabled to the Board of Foreign Missions at New York that the Finland Annual Conference was to open August 26 In the absence of Bishop Nuelsen, Dr. Simons had been requested to preside.

Bishop Anderson is in Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland, with his family, also awaiting developments The two bishops are in correspondence by cable, and as soon as conditions permit they plan to meet in London and proceed upon their joint episcopal tour in Africa

The Rev George Eayrs of Bristol, England, is visiting the United States and Canada Mr. Eayrs has distinguished himself in historical lines and is a fellow of the Royal Historical Society. He has several published works to his credit and in this country is recalled by his articles in the coöperative history of Methodism published some years ago as "The New History of Methodism"

The Rev I M. Hargett stopped over for a few days with Pastor J O Crawford at Ogden Park, Chicago, last week on his way to Ohio, where he is to be one of the evangelists in a camp meeting He reports a fine and growing Church at Wessington Springs, S. D., where he is completing his fourth year as pastor The annual conference will meet with them in their new church this fall.

The Rev. A. J Kynett of Philadelphia stopped at the NORTHWESTERN office en route to the Western States where he will represent the interests of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension Dr Kynett will be at Drew Theological Seminary October 7, the day fixed for the celebration of the semicentennial of the founding of the society. Garrett Biblical Institute and Boston School of Theology will hold similar celebrations later

Cazenovia Seminary, Cazenovia, N Y., has engaged Miss Muriel H Steele of Denver, Colo., as teacher of French. She is the daughter of Professor Wilbur F. Steele of Denver University and the granddaughter of Dr Daniel Steele, who was connected with the Syracuse University at its beginning. Miss Steele was born in Berlin and has spent several years abroad She speaks French and Spanish fluently and is familiar with German and Italian.

In the death of Mrs. Wilson, wife of President Wilson, the Boy Scouts lost one of their best friends. Mrs. Wilson believed in the work of the Boy Scout Movement and did much to encourage and promote it. She showed her interest in many ways and on the occasion of the fourth annual meeting in Washington she received the national council in the White House. On this occasion she pinned the Eagle Scout badge on the breasts of five Scouts who had earned the right to that honor.

After a ten days' delay, the "Shinyo Maru" left San Francisco for the Orient, August 24. The Methodist party sailing at this time included Dr. Frank Mason North, corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, his son, Eric M. North, Ph.D.; Dr. William I. Haven, head of the American Bible Society at New York, with Mrs Haven and their daughter; the Rev. Frederick W. Heckelman and family, who, after furlough, are returning to their work at Sapporo, Japan; and the Rev. and Mrs. Edgar K. Morrow, newly appointed missionaries for service at Shanghai. For several years Mr. Morrow has been connected with the department of income of the

Bishop McIntyre

A Tribute by JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

AFTER reading the tributes to the memory of Bishop McIntyre, some of which are both touching and descriptive, I think that perhaps there is room for further emphasizing of his character.

I have not heard any of his famous lectures, which brought thousands from far and near; neither have I heard more than one of his sermons; but I have had several conversations with him, which, in my mind, always turned into a study of human nature, as exhibited by the Bishop. Also I have asked him to converse with me on spiritual subjects in connection with his conversion, and his acquiescence was of much benefit.

Some months after I first met him, I saw him leave a train in Chicago, holding a valise in his hand. I was about to speak to him, when I saw he was completely absorbed in thought; he seemed above the crowd; his eyes apparently were fixed as though to see one afar off. I passed him several times, and observed him from the opposite side of the street for several squares. Sometimes he stopped quickly, looking at the numbers. Verily, though he was not "in a fine frensy rolling," he had "the poet's eye." His expressive silence and abstracted look said to me, "Here is a poet." I did not break upon his musings.

In 1892 Bishop Vincent gathered seventy ministers in one of he meetings of his Itinerant Club in Denver, and invited me to leliver several lectures.

Dr. McIntyre was then pastor of Trinity Church in that city. 'he death of the poet Tennyson had occurred a few days before his, and Dr. McIntyre had announced Tennyson as his theme for Sunday night. The church held 1,500, but at that time many hundreds desiring to enter could not.

Sitting with him in the pulpit, I soon saw that the pictorial quality of his oratory was the most conspicuous, the rhetoric natural, at times ornate to the verge of excess, but relieved by humor. The poetry of Tennyson was critically analyzed, and many of his finest passages were quoted in illustration of the purity, the polished character and the religious spirit, which pervade his works. It was clear that the orator had been familiar with the works of Tennyson for a long time. The sermon extended to ninety minutes, and was delivered extemporaneously with the aid of notes, which were consulted every fifteen or twenty minutes. Toward the close of the sermon it became powerfully impressive as a religious address.

In November last the General Committee of Foreign Missions met in Decatur, Ill. In one of its sessions the Bishop presiding called upon Bishop McIntyre to pray.

I always follow a *public* prayer, in its words and sentences, as well as its ascriptions, confessions and petitions. Thus I followed the prayers of Janes, Simpson, Foster, Beecher, Spurgeon, Guthrie and Arthur, and many others. Without reservation I can say that that prayer of Bishop McIntyre equaled any of the others in language, scope, pertinency, reverence, spirituality and a sweet solemnity.

Bishop McIntyre was a shining example of a SELF-MADE man. But beneath it was "The Light of the World" who saved him, and sent him forth to preach the gospel.

Robert McIntyre, a Christian Character.

By REV. D. G. MURRAY.

God knew Robert McIntyre and marked him His man, just as He knew Peter and Nathaniel before they were introduced to the Savior. I first met this man of God at Marshall, Ill., in his second pastorate. He was reading the *Indianapolis Morning Journal* and was smiling over James Whitcomb Riley's new poem—"The Swimming Hole" "Listern," he said to my brother, "what a captivating poem Riley has given us." and he threw the paper aside and recited it word for word. He then talked to us young men for an hour, and I remarked as we walked away, a noble man, a wonderful mind. I next saw him at the Illinois Conference in 1886. He was the dignified, eloquent and beautiful man preacher and orator, the attraction of laymen from many charges. Many aspiring and gifted men, such as Driver, Charley and Frank Crane and Bruner, were in evidence in that Conference. McIntyre was not concerned about his appointment, but got one of the best, and said, "Better than I deserved."

I saw and heard him as lecturer in his prime. The famous lecture, "Buttoned Up People." The lecture was new then, but the vast audience laughed and cried, mouths watered and some rose to their feet at his will. I heard the same lecture twenty years after as resident bishop in Oklahoma City. It had more profound effect upon me. I went to him in the pulpit as he sat exhausted after the effort, told him I was helped, lifted up: he thanked me and said, "That is my only reason for lecturing now—to help people. I would rather preach." But as I saw him at home in his retreat—study—this stalwart Christian character towered highest. Here he talked of his experience in California and his conversion in St. Louis and his concern for the Church. He was concerned for the maintenance of that doctrine for which our Methodism stands—holiness. He cautioned me as a district superintendent, that I discourage fanaticism, but to encourage, everywhere, preaching, teaching and living, that holiness which is characterized by love to God and man. He believed in a definite work of grace, as distinctive from conversion, a second work, a pentecostal blessing for every man who will make consecration of his life for service. His fear was that the Church would lose her power unless she rung clear clarion notes in preaching the Gospel so full of this everlasting truth. As this white soul joins the celestial choir in the grand anthem of "Holiness Unto Our God" in the Glory Realm. Let his brethren in the ministry, from the episcopal ranks down to the humble circuit rider upon these Western plains, go to the upper room and wait upon our knees until the live coal from off the altar shall touch our lives, and then go forth to preach a saving, sanctifying Gospel.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

bending branches of a great oak. He climbed upon the rock, and sat awhile in the shade absorbed in thought, then threw himself upon his back with his hands clasped under his head, and looked up through the rustling leaves to a patch of clear, blue sky. It was an old battlefield of his, this wide, secluded area of rock in the heart of the wood. On the war-map dear to heaven where the conflicts and victories, yea, and even the defeats of noble souls are marked by crosses of honor, this spot would not be unknown to the angels who succor such souls when the enemy has been driven back.

In the Teller's Cage

That morning John had seen for the first time the woman of his dreams. He had been standing at his usual post in the bank, and had just slid a roll of greasy notes to a grimy contractor outside the screen, when a young woman passed in a check which read: "Pay to the order of Eleanor Odell one hundred and twenty dollars. Julius French."

The signature of the president of the town's largest stock company was as familiar to the teller as his own. He reversed the check and saw that it had been properly indorsed in a firm, legible hand. Then he suddenly remembered that Mrs. French had been very ill and had employed a trained nurse from New York city. He transferred his glance involuntarily from the bit of paper to the face at the window. A pair of lucent hazel eyes, like those of the Augsburg Madonna attributed to Dürer, and also, as in that picture, matching exactly the color of the waving hair of the owner, met his own with a serene directness. A sudden light illumined his soul and shone from his features.

The world has never been without its wireless telegraphy. The basic patent was taken out in that garden between the four rivers. The electric assurance of mental and spiritual kinship flashed from John's eyes into Eleanor Odell's and back again. For a second the blood surged to his head and he was blind and deaf and dumb. The woman slightly averted her face, suffused with the flush of a great surprise. John bethought himself to inquire if she preferred the amount in large or small bills. Her voice trembled slightly, but she answered as a woman who under-

with his heart beating calmly, for duty had won in the conflict with self.

An Emergency Call

Six weeks later he was called suddenly out to Denver concerning a legacy of a few thousands left to Mrs. Hallimore. He had arranged everything for her safety and comfort before he went, and it was a shock to him when he was boarding the train for home to receive a telegram that she was very ill. He had never allowed his mind to dwell on her trying peculiarities, and now he only recalled her utter reliance on himself. He hoped that she might be spared until he could hold her once more in his arms and stroke her soft, pretty white hair.

"Poor little mother!" he said to himself over and over, and the knowledge that he had always done what he could for her underran his sorrow like a river of peace. Then as the car-wheels whirled through the darkness, he ventured to draw the curtain from the inner shrine and look long into the face that he dared to cherish there.

When he unlatched the gate of his home in the dusk of the third day he breathed more freely, for no sign of trouble was visible. The house wore a cheerful appearance. Shades were lifted that were usually drawn down closely, and the light from the low lamp in the library shone out upon the twilight. He let himself in quietly and felt a changed atmosphere. A white-covered stand bearing a bronze jar filled with early golden glow stood in the angle of the stairs. He sprang lightly up the stair-case, and turned to go into his mother's room. Some one came out from her door—some one all in white, who seemed to be the center of all the light and peace and sweetness of the house. He gave one swift comprehending look. His face glowed as it did when he first saw her. "It is you, *you!*" he said, holding out both hands. The nurse drew back in confusion.

"O," she cried softly. "I did not dream—I did not think when they sent for me—"

She did not finish the sentence, but covered her face with her hands. John realized the folly of his greeting. "Pardon me!" he said humbly. "How is my mother?"

Eleanor Odell pointed to the half-open door. "She is better

ficult to get one started where there is none. In three former pastorates I found class meetings in good running order when I went there. I found no difficulty after six months to start and maintain such a meeting in my present pastorate. One of two things is absolutely necessary to start a class and keep it going; either the members must have a definite experience of the love of God in their souls, to which to testify, and be permitted to sit under a ministry that will prompt them to speak of it to the glory of God, or they must become so conscience-stricken over the fact that they have no such experience of which to speak, that they will be willing to confess the same before the brethren and ask to be prayed for. If what I have written is worthy of publication, and the brethren would like to know something about the time, the leadership, the methods and the results, I will be glad to write more concerning these class meetings.

Bishop Nuelsen in South Italy.

By Rev. B. M. Tipple, D.D.

Below the toe of the boot, across the Straits of Messina, beyond beautiful Taormina and snow-capped Etna, past Catania, the great commercial port, forty miles southwest of ancient and modern Syracuse, almost at the edge of the Great Sea, are grouped fifteen thousand souls, and they call themselves Sicilians.

Sunday afternoons armed with their agricultural implements and blankets

been steadily looking forward to it. Practically all the townspeople were at the station to welcome him when he arrived. It was the first time they had seen a Methodist bishop. The simplicity of his dress, and his clear, earnest, sincere words deeply impressed them. They did everything in their power to show their appreciation. Great meetings filled the hours of the Sabbath. Sunday after-

at once, sew them on the filing leaf and paste the small clippings in the spaces of large leaves that you don't care to file subject.

3. How to Number Clippings. Number pages of leaves 1, 2, 3, etc.

4. How to Record Clippings. Many subjects should be placed in two or three places in your record. For instance, "How an Infidel Helped a Revival" should be placed under "Infidel and Revival"; or, for instance, "Love of Children to Dumb Animals" should be placed under "Love, Children and Dumb Animals." Arrange your subjects in your record alphapetically as you think best. If the subject is found in Box 1, write after the subject A/3/12, which means: Found in Box A, third page and twelfth sub page.

5. Material That Should Be Filed. Only file in this record that which can be used in years to come. Subjects that are constantly changing, such as missions, temperance, negro problem, etc., should be put in a filing box by themselves so you can use or throw away as

Tributes to Bishop Robert McIntyre.

DR, FRANCIS A, SEYMOUR.

How unreal it seems. Can it be that our Chrysostom is no more? I recall the first glimpse I had of his noble countenance, and the first words that fell from his golden mouth.

Looking across the sea of upturned faces that challenged his attention I said. I could trust him anywhere, and always.

He became my friend. And to me his taking is an immeasurable personal loss. It was my glad privilege on behalf of his only California charge to bid him welcome. It was my sad privilege on the same behalf to bid him farewell. He was unselfishly good. He was the only pastor I ever knew to refuse an increase of salary, and that repeatedly. His record shows that before coming to California he had more than once reduced his own salary in time of stress.

His generosity was as flexible as his justice was inflexible. He did not feign infallibility, but he sought to be as nearly right as human judgment made possible. He was emphatically open-minded.

Few could equal him in argument, yet it was an easy matter for him to change sides when convinced. The countless beautiful characteristics that constituted his identity leave for the multitude who loved him a memory of imperishable fragrance.

THE REV. CHARLES E. LOCKE, D D.

The First Methodist Church of Los Angeles is submerged in sorrow because of the sudden passing of their former pastor, Bishop Robert McIntyre. For six years he was the dearly beloved and increasingly popular pastor of this Church, and the Church has always enjoyed the distinction of having him step from its pulpit to the larger honors and responsibilities of the Episcopacy.

Born of sturdy Scotch ancestry he was a tireless worker, and as a young man gave promise of a notable career. On the threshold of his public life just as this young ambitious chevalier was issuing forth as a defender of the false theories of infidelity he had a vision of the Christ whom he was intending to persecute; and after an honest inquiry, "Who art thou?" the young brick mason reverently asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

From the beginning he showed signs of pre-eminence in the profession of the ministry. He was what is sometimes erroneously called a self-made man, but unlike the charge which John Bright made against Disraeli, he did not worship his maker; for with all his colossal personality and extraordinary gifts, Robert McIntyre was a modest man of devout habits His reserve could be attributed to his modesty and not to his pride, for while he was a well-poised man who was sufficiently sure of himself, yet he possessed a natural restraint which was the result of his true humility.

In his strong and striking character, dignity and simplicity, reserve and frankness, seriousness and humor, vision and reality, vigor and gentleness, were combined in such excellent balance as to produce a personality of unusual symmetry, and grace, and power.

He had a warm and tender heart, and because all the world loves a lover, people loved him. He was an idealist who dreamed the dreams which some future year would realize. Even on the crowded street he was often found so absorbed in his contemplation of the achieving of the impossible that he was perfectly oblivious to men and things about him.

He was pre-eminently a preacher because he was a prophet and a seer. His incorrigible optimism made him a modern Isaiah, who did not fail to rebuke the evils of the present, but confidently looked forward to the triumph of all righteousness, when "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" and "when the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

In common with many true prophets he possessed to a marked degree the poetical instinct, and in his preaching he was able to carry his congregation in triumphs of faith and joy to Pisgah's exhilarating summits where the promised land was not only revealed but could be promptly entered.

Robert McIntyre was a good man, a fond husband and father, a faithful friend, a rapturous patriot, a versatile scholar, a brilliant and persuasive preacher, and a humble and holy disciple of Jesus Christ his Lord. Such men are a vindication of the wisdom of God in creating man!

Hail, brother, and farewell!

THE REV. F. D. MATHER, L.L.D.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

During the six years that Bishop McIntyre was the Chrysostom of Southern California Methodism, entrancing and edifying the people with his golden-mouthed utterances, it was my privilege, with others, to learn his greatness and his worth

Ingenuous, transparent, broad-minded, warm-hearted, unselfish, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," he was truly "a prince and a great man," whose presence with us was a blessing and whose memory is an inspiration.

W. L. CLEVELAND.

Late in the evening of an October day of last year, traveling through western Ohio on a train that was due at Indianapolis about midnight, where we were to be present at the opening of the National Convention of Methodist Men the following day, I awoke from a doze to discover a man sitting opposite me across the aisle, whose face and form seemed very familiar to me, and yet there was something that made me hesitate about immediately recognizing and speaking to him After a time I said, "Pardon me, but do you know Bishop McIntyre?" "I have met him," said the passenger. "Well," said I, "you look enough like him to be his brother at least and I have been tempted to call you that." Then in that well-modulated voice that all of his friends loved to hear, there came the answer, "That's my name." It was my great joy for the next few hours to talk with him about things of mutual interest, the coming convention, the state of the Church, and other matters of general import, but most particularly about Los Angeles and the friends here. Name after name came to his lips as he asked about this one and that one with whom he had been associated in First Church and in the work of this Conference. Often he referred to Los Angeles and the happy years of service he spent here and he said, "Dear old Los Angeles, the finest place on earth and the best people on the footstool." I suggested to him that some day we might have an Episcopal residence in Los Angeles and if so it would be a delight to our people if he might be the first of the Bishops to occupy it. "No," said he, "I do not expect to go to Los Angeles as a resident Bishop, but when I am laid on the shelf, just as soon as I can get my things packed, I shall hie me to Los Angeles where I shall expect to spend the balance of my days."

Bishop McIntyre had aged greatly since leaving California and it was because of this that I failed to recognize him when I first saw him. He looked like a man of 70 or more, rather than one who had just passed 60. His form was as erect as formerly, but the hair had whitened and the face had thinned and there was hardly the same flash to the eye.

I shall cherish the memory of that midnight ride with Bishop McIntyre, and be glad that it was permitted me to spend those hours of communion with him.

While not a member of First Church, Los Angeles, when he was the pastor, our relations were very close, as we were associated in the work of Methodism in general, and I esteemed him highly, and deeply regret his going away from us

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W. F. CRONEMILLER.

Bishop McIntyre, or Dr. McIntyre as I knew him best, and under whose preaching I sat for six years, was a true expounder of the Word. He "declared the whole counsel of God" and was a firm believer in the merits of the Atoning Blood of Jesus to save and keep men from sin. He was the friend of the poor and the needy and always endeavored to show by word and action to the laboring men that the Church was for their good and that they were welcome to all its services and privileges. He was a meek and lowly follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As a pulpit orator he had few equals: many distinguished lawyers and platform speakers attended his services, to get the inspiration of his oratory. He was the author of many poems of much beauty and clearness of thought.

Bishop McIntyre will have many stars in his crown: his death will be mourned by many thousands throughout this country

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

S. P. MULFORD.

It does not seem possible to me that Bishop Robert McIntyre (whom I loved as a brother) has passed on and out to meet his Master and loved ones in that beautiful city which he so often eloquently portrayed in his matchless sermons. I first met him one Sabbath morning in June or July, 1902. He had come to the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles to hear our then

This author shows that war is a wicked waste of infinite values. War is a wanton waste of money values, mechanical values, industrial values, social values, spiritual values—war is an infinite waste of every conceivable value.

The money cost of war piles up swiftly into bewildering billions. The press tells us that one idle fleet in the North Sea is costing the nation that built it $5,000,000 a day. The most reliable experts in military matters with reference to money expenditures of war are telling us that four great nations like Germany, Austria, France and Russia engaged in war would cost about $18,000,000 a day. Our own awful war cost our country fifty years ago eleven billions of dollars. If this European war should continue in full battle from now until our next sweet Christmas morning when church bells around the world should ring glad welcome to the Prince of Peace—it will have cost those warring countries seventeen billion or eighteen billions of dollars.

But all of that cost is trifling compared with the cost of men. Our own dreadful war tragedy cost us more than half a million young men The war historian of the world reports that during the last one hundred and twenty-five years twenty millions of men have fallen on the world's battle fields We should need to borrow the most tragic terms of the world's tragedians and put their throbbing meanings all in one to even hint the awful cost of war.

The greatest generals themselves have felt its criminal character, have turned sick at heart and pronounced against it.

The Duke of Wellington said to Lord Shaftesbury, "War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God that you might never see another." General Grant said, "It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other American general, but there was never a time during my command when I would not have chosen some settlement by reason rather than the sword." General Sherman said, "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have never heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell." Washington said, "War is the plague of mankind" Napoleon said, "War is the trade of barbarians." Sir John Sinclair said, "The profession of a soldier is a damnable profession." Taking the testimony of the warriors themselves war is a crime.

Tamerlane was called the great Oriental conqueror. It would be telling the truth to call him the great Oriental criminal His criminal request convicts him at the court of mankind. He asked for 160,000 human skulls with which to build a monument to his memory. I would rather be remembered by service to souls than by the scalping of skulls. God could not let a great soldier and a great statesman, David by name, build his Temple—because his hands were stained with blood. Bloody butchers do not build God's altars any time or anywhere.

What did Napoleon mean when he said that "War is the trade of barbarians," except that the whole bloody business is the criminal butchery of men's brothers? Even this man felt a sense of sorrow and shame when away from the insane excitement of war. Amid the solemn solitudes of St. Helena he sobbed out his despair, saying, "I find myself out of harmony with the purpose of the universe." Surely so. For salvation and not slaughter has always been God's purpose in the world. No wonder the black nightmare of remorse settled upon his soul. He had been the bloody leader in the slaughter of three millions of men. If all the perfumes of Arabia could not wash the blood smells from the guilty hands of Lady Macbeth, surely all the perfumes of the world could not wash the blood smells from the warrior hands of Napoleon. Leigh Hunt crowded into one brimming sentence the story of this mighty soldier's undoing. He said concerning this man of blood, "Napoleon had no great principles to stand by him at the last." He is a mighty sinner, be he Duke, or Prince, or King or Emperor, who spends his days and nights in studying the business of human slaughter. The war that wages now across the sea is a crime against the world.

Some cartoonist was showing us the other day the picture of a soldier man telling his little girl good bye. Her arms were about his neck and she was asking the tender human question. "Papa, are you getting ready to go and kill some other little girl's papa?" You may dignify the war business as you please, that is what it means. It is a crime to orphan the world's little children by killing their fathers.

The physician would tell us that if we would cure the disease we must remove the cause We can never cure war till we cure the warrior And what ails the professional warrior?—spite, selfishness, sin.

But there are certain things that nations must cease doing, if war is to cease. A glance at three or four things will make this proposition plain.

First: we must cease to consider war a necessity under any conditions. In the nature of the case it may be necessary for man to have differences, but it is never necessary for men to kill one another. "Follow peace with all men"—that is the Christian standard. On any basis of reason or righteousness our own war was not a necessity. Second: Nations must cease manufacturing and exploiting weapons of warfare for the purpose of killing men. It is a bloody business and unworthy the highest type of people. Many years ago Victor Hugo said at a peace conference in Europe over which he presided, "A day will come when a cannon-ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people wil be amazed that such a thing could ever have been." The great Frenchman said this in Paris in 1849. It inheres in the right of any nation to prohibit the manufacture of anything that is a menace to mankind. In the language of the southerner "gun toting" in the South was never conducive to peace. The more guns the more quarrels. The more quarrels the more murders. What we need is more sense and less shot. We need more character and fewer cannon. God Almighty calls upon us this hour to cover up our bloody bullets with the white blanket of a world-brotherhood. Third: Militarism must cease to be a part of the nation's policy. It is in the very psychology of militarism to breed war Powder is no pacificator It does not produce peace in your breast to have a man march back and forth in your yard pointing a loaded gun at you. You have seen two ferocious dogs showing their teeth and growling at one another. That performance was simply the preliminary part of a bloody fight. That is surely the psychology of militarism under another name.

With insignificant exceptions every nation which is now burdened with debt is bending under a burden put upon her back by some wicked war. Any man who wants the facts may find the figures Dr. Hillis is authority for the statement that if all the men in the labor unions of the world were to join hands in the grasp of brotherhood there is enough of them to make 20 lines around the world But if the soldier garments of their brothers who are engaged in war were tied together it would make a bloody band that would reach eighty times around the earth. Well, that is a startling picture. The brotherhood of honest workmen could sing "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts," but the men engaged in shedding the blood of their brothers would hear God saying, "The blood of thy brother crieth unto me from the ground" That is militarism and before we can have world peace militarism must be eliminated from the life of the world. Fourth: When rulers in all lands shall hear and obey the voice of God which says "Blessed are the peacemakers," "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation," "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"—when rulers hear this and obey—permanent world peace will have come. Speed thou its coming, thou blessed Prince of Peace

TO THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

Greeting:

The Interdenominational Peace Committee of the Pacific Coast Churches of the United States, representing many of the Christian Organizations on the Pacific Coast of the United States of America, desires through the person of its authorized representative, Mr. Wm. C. Allen, a Minister of Religion, of San Jose, California, to send our heartiest GREETINGS to the People of Japan.

We are thankful for our traditional friendship and for the Commercial and International Ties that bind us together as two Nations. We rejoice to know of the prosperity of your great Country. We pray God that His peace may rule more and more in your hearts and in our own. We sincerely hope and trust that neither you nor we shall be in the least wrongly influenced by the efforts sometimes made to sow discord between us. We hope that all possible may be done, by means of Treaties of Arbitration and in every other way to hasten the era of good will and peace among the Nations.

As Christians and as believers in the Religion founded on Divine Love, we desire to do all we can to draw your Country and ours closer together in the feelings of mutual friendship, sympathy and good will, until together we may more and more help forward Universal Peace.

Respectfully Submitted,
ROBERT DOLLAR.
President.
HARVEY HUGO GUY,
Secretary, pro tem.

THE HOME LIFE

TO A FIELD SPARROW.

I hear you as I come along,
My wee brown brother in the grass,
The field's peace in your liquid song
Wells up to greet me as I pass;

Wells up and floods your green domain
And calls me like a vesper bell,
It bids me join thy prayerful strain
And all my humble blessings tell.

I cannot tarry, little friend,
My way lies toward the city's heat,
But thy song's mem'ry will attend
And bless me in the crowded street.

So chant, my chorister of brown,
Thy canticle from mead to mead,
Nor let thy psalm the thrushes drown,
It serves the quiet spirit's need.

I hear you as I pass along,
The day is warm, the wind is spent,
Yet from the fountain of thy song
My spirit sips of thy content.
—Eleanor Robbins Wilson, in Our Dumb Animals.

HOW DREAMS ARE MADE.

Lulu Gates Oleson.

Wide-Awake was a very energetic little maiden, and on this particular day, unusually occupied with what was going on in the new neighborhood into which her parents had moved. Her mind was busy storing information away in her brain, much the same as mother rolled up the pieces left from the different garments and placed them on the high shelf in the sewing room.

That morning mother did not lay out one of the best dresses, but instead, an old one that Wide-Awake liked very much, with nice comfortable sleeves. And when the man came to help with the cleaning and used the long hose to wash the windows on the outside, Wide-Awake was delighted to see him and glad to have on that dress, for she could play in the water ever so much better with short sleeves. How she enjoyed hearing the water splash! splash! on the panes! It sounded like a rain storm.

At noon, when papa was coming home, a kind friend drove up in an automobile and brought him right to the door. Wide-Awake thought that was grand! Then they had lunch, and 'twas like a picnic, she told mother, for they had nabisco wafers. If there was anything Wide-Awake enjoyed eating, it was these crisp, honey wafers.

In the afternoon, she was entertained by watching the large, strong horses draw the heavily loaded wagons. This was a busy street and the little girl saw many new sights before dark and bedtime came. After dinner, and prayer at mother's knee, our tired little Wide-Awake became Fast-Asleep. Then what do you suppose that mind of hers did? Can't you guess? Well, it behaved like a gossipy, prying neighbor and looked in all those bundles laid away in the brain, and made up the queerest story about them something like this:

It seemed to Fast-Asleep that she was Wide-Awake and going to a picnic on a big wagon. After reaching the grove where they were to eat dinner, Fast-Asleep found that she had on the short-sleeved dress and all the other little girls were wearing their best. This made her so unhappy that a kind lady was sorry for her and said she would starch some cuffs and sew them on, giving Fast-Asleep (who felt really Wide-Awake) a black dress to wear while this was being done.

They had a lovely time eating their dinner under the trees and had honey wafers, and all too soon it was time to start home. The cuffs were not dry but nobody minded that, not even Fast-Asleep who was too happy now to care about dresses. When they came to get on the wagon it was found to be so crowded and such a heavy load for the horses that one of the fathers said he would take several of the children in his auto and Fast-Asleep was among them. They had a delightful ride and were nearly home when it began to rain—and then Fast-Asleep became Wide-Awake and ran down stairs to tell her dream. Mother listened, remembering what had been done the day before, and she knew why her Wide-Awake had dreamed of these things when she was Fast-Asleep.

San Diego, Cal.

HIS BASIS OF CRITICISM.

Grant Allen relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker.

A sheik looked at him sadly, and shook his head. "Murray good," he said in a solemn voice of warning; "Baedeker no good. What for you see Baedeker."

"No, no; Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen. "Why do you object to Baedeker?"

The sheik crossed his hands, and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam.

"Baedeker bad book," he repeated; "Murray very, very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown'; Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"—Exchange.

A BOY'S CURIOSITY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Boys and girls and little people are often responsible for great results, and maybe you do not know that the discovery of that important instrument, the telescope, may be traced to the curiosity of a little boy, and this is how it came about. The little boy I am telling you about was the son of an optician who lived in Holland. He and his sisters loved to play about their father's workbench, and often they amused themselves by looking at the sea through the little smooth concave glasses which their father used in his work. Now, one day it happened that the boy, while playing with two of those glasses, chanced to hold them before his eyes in such a way that the face of the cathedral clock seemed very near. This surprised him, for the clock was so far away that he could scarcely see the hands with his naked eyes. He stared at the clock and then at the glasses, each of which he tried in turn; but the clock was as far away as ever, and so it remained, turn them as he would, until by chance again he held both up together, when, lo; as if by magic, the clock stood beside him. "O, I know, I know!" he cried aloud. "It's the two together." Then in great joy he ran to his father and told him of his remarkable discovery. The father tried the glasses in his turn and found that the boy had spoken the truth when he said he could bring the great church clock nearer. So this was the way people learned that putting a concave and a convex glass together in just the right position would make distant objects seem near. Without this knowledge we should never have had the telescope, and without the telescope we should have known little of the sun, moon, or stars. So if you ever have a chance to look through a telescope and see the wonders it has to reveal, just remember the little boy who once lived in far-off Holland.—Exchange.

LOSSES IN THE EUROPEAN WAR.

On August 11th it was officially announced that the German losses during the siege of Liege were about 22,000—that is, 2,000 killed and 20,000 wounded. The enormity and horror of the present war can to some extent be realized if we remember that this opening engagement has cost the defeated army more than the battle of Waterloo cost Wellington. At Austerlitz, in 1805 Napoleon lost only 12,000 men, the allies less than 13,000. The Germans lost 9,000 at Sedan, the culminating battle of the Franco-Prussian War. And the battle of Liege must be reckoned only a minor engagement.

The figures constitute a sufficient comment on what war can be with modern weapons and modern armament. "It was not until the time of the Russo-Japanese War," says the New York Times, "that the casualties of battle became so fearful. On the great battlefield of Shaho in Manchuria the Russian combatants numbered 260,000 and their casualties amounted to 75,000 men."

Incomparably vast, incomparably destructive, incomparably cruel, incomparably wicked is the gigantic conflict that is thus threatened and as the Times says, those who fall beneath the bolts of war will be "the young, the strong, the breadwinners, the stay of families. Not only will precious lives be taken, but poverty and privation, helpless sickness, hopeless suffering and want must follow. The imagination wearies and sickens with the effort to form any conception of the disaster that has befallen the world. History affords no precedents. Calculation can set no bounds to the certain evil, much less to that which is probable or possible. We can understand that the homes that will be desolated and destroyed are as sweet and sacred to their members as that of each of us who is blessed with a happy home. The shocked consciousness of mankind stands appalled, resentful, despairing."

DID NOT FEEL LIKE A MARTYR.

"Yes," remarked a gentleman, prominent in business in one of the most thriving little cities of central Illinois, "wonderful changes are coming over public sentiment in regard to the liquor traffic in towns like ours. Places nobody would have dreamed of going 'dry' half a dozen years ago, are now 'dry' for keeps. Hundreds of men have changed over to the anti-saloon side. I'm one myself.

"The change that has amazed me more than anything else, though, was in my father. He is now eighty-four years old; he's living out in a little town in Nebraska. My father was born in Germany, and from childhood he has

greatly beloved pastor, Romain S. Cantine, since deceased.

Our Pulpit Supply Committee (owing to the failing health of Dr. Cantine) had for several weeks and months been in quest of a strong and able man to succeed him. About a year previously Dr. McIntyre, upon advice of his physician, gave up his pastorate at St. James Church, Chicago (owing to some throat affection) and came to Los Angeles, purchased a home and settled down with his family for a long rest. On this account our committee had not thought of him as being available for our pulpit. Incidentally that morning the writer asked him if he would not preach for us some Sunday morning. His reply was very significant and full of encouragement: "You know I am on the shelf." "Yes, but you preached in the First Church, Pasadena, a short time since," was our response; to which he replied, "Well, Brother Mulford, some times I wish I was back in the harness again. My throat trouble seems to have disappeared and I am feeling fine."

This ended our conversation. Taking this as an indication that he was available and knowing his record as a great preacher and pulpit orator, our committee lost no time in gaining a conference with him the next day and secured his consent to become our pastor at the beginning of the next conference year in the fall of 1902, "subject to the approval of the bishop," as he expressed it. That same evening our Quarterly Conference unanimously passed a resolution inviting Dr. McIntyre to the pastorate of our church. Dr. Cantine and Dr. Geo. F. Bovard (then presiding elder), armed with this resolution, personally visited Dr. McIntyre at his home and extended to him the call of one of the greatest churches in Methodism. This was really the stepping stone for him to the highest office in the gift of the church. He began his ministry with us in October, 1902, and for nearly six years, until May 1908, when he was elected Bishop, multitudes from all walks in life, regardless of race, color or creed, the rich and the poor, assembled in old First Church, Los Angeles, Sunday after Sunday, morning and evening, until every seat and all standing room in the church were taken and hundreds were turned away at every service. His eloquence, humor, charming personality and persuasive arguments in presenting Christ as a personal Savior, caused hundreds and thousands to give up a life of sin and turn their faces heavenward. The announcement of his election to Bishopric was recognized by his congregation and the citizens of Los Angeles as a great honor most worthily bestowed. Nevertheless, it was a source of deep regret to his friends and admirers that he had to leave us.

He was always public-spirited and upon all moral questions from platform and through the press he eloquently and convincingly spoke against sin and vice in high as well as low places without fear or favor. Monday, June 22, 1908, after his election, a public reception was given to Bishop McIntyre at the Temple Auditorium in Los Angeles. About five thousand citizens of all professions and walks in life gathered to pay their respects and hear the farewell address of one of the most popular and best loved men that ever left the city of Los Angeles. On the printed program of that noted meeting was a handsome life-like picture of the Bishop which was distributed as a souvenir. The Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, then pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, was chairman. Addresses were made by the Mayor of the city and representatives of six different denominations including the Catholic church. It was a memorable occasion, a day of sadness and joy combined never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to be there.

By birth Bishop McIntyre was a Scotchman, and like most of his countrymen had a mind of his own and at times seemed a little austere and autocratic to people who did not know him, but those of us who were associated with him intimately in the church work and felt the throb of his great and tender heart and inner self, can truthfully testify that while he was always positive, firm and unswerving in his devotion to true ideals of life as he saw them, nevertheless he was always most kind, gentle and considerate of the opinion of others who did not see things as he did. He made an ideal presiding officer and worked in perfect harmony with his official board and looked well and faithfully after the spiritual and moral interest of his church. He loved everybody. Truly the world was his parish.

And now he is gone.

Multitudes of his friends who were profoundly helped by his masterly sermons hold him in grateful remembrance.

Truly the name of Bishop McIntyre to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles is as the ointment poured forth.

Our hearts go out in most tender sympathy and love to the widow, two daughters and son who shall miss him most. May God's richest benediction be their constant solace and comfort, is our prayer.

THE REV. A. W. ADKINSON, D.D

Superintendent of the Arizona Mission.

The news of the death of Bishop McIntyre came to us with startling suddeness. Others had said to me that he was failing but I said, he always looked frail. I could not believe that he was really a sick man.

And then when the news came that he was gone I found that the shock was not primarily that we had lost one of our great leaders, but that I would never again clasp the hand of my friend.

Our real acquaintance began when I was assigned to the presiding eldership of the Los Angeles District, and he was pastor of First Church

For four and a half years our personal and official relations were most delightful. With his magnetic leadership among his great church into line in support of every great forward movement. When we launched the City Missionary Society he preached a wonderful sermon on City Missions and then led the great offering with his own pledge of $100.

Bishop McIntyre knew his tremendous power as an orator and never hesitated about any call however demanding, but on the other hand he was one of the most modest of men. When we were balloting for bishops at Baltimore he would not admit that there was any chance for his election until it was absolutely assured. I presume not one in twenty who voted for him ever grasped his hand for when the Conference would adjourn he would quietly pick up his hat and walk to his modest hotel. Men said "that man is not trying to be elected bishop" and their hearts were instinctively drawn to him.

I never saw him preside over an Annual Conference but a young man who was a member of the First Conference over which he presided said to me; "We never had a bishop whom we all loved like we did Bishop McIntyre."

Under what seemed to some who did not get close to him, like a cold and somewhat forbidding exterior throbbed one of the warmest hearts that ever occupied a human breast. A great pure man, a brother to every son of man; a friend to every worthy cause; a peerless orator; an humble child of God has gone to his reward. In our sadness we would say the world is the poorer for his going; rather in our gladness let us say this world is vastly richer because he came.

THE REV. D. F. HOWE, D. D.

I heard a great orchestra render Beethovens Fifth Symphony. Long afterward in quiet hours the simple melodies on which it is based would sing themselves over again in my mind. They were the ever living soul of the symphony. For over thirty years I have known Bishop McIntyre I have heard the music of his voice on all kinds of occasions. Now the Symphony is ended; but in the silence the simple melodies on which his life and character were based still sing sweetly. The melody of a great poetic insight that ever saw in things common, that which was uncommon. And from the common, lowly things mounted larklike, singing upward into the vaster amplitudes of truth. As did his countryman, Burns The melody of a sympathy for hearts bowed down. A sympathy that knew no lines of social cleavage. A sympathy made intense by the background of his own early struggles. The melody of a great cheery brotherliness. And the melody of an unshaken faith in the redeeming power of the Father's love, and of the ultimate triumph of the Christ whose face he now sees.

DR. H. W. BRODBECK.

It is a difficult task to say what our beloved Bishop McIntyre has been to me. As a pastor, a friend and brother in Christ he was ideal. The personal loss I feel staggers me with grief, but that I was counted one of his friends affords a consolation. It was my privilege to serve the great church as superintendent of the Sunday School during his pastorate, previous to his election to the Bishopric, and never has relationship been more congenial nor harmonious than that which existed between us He was always kind, considerate and even jealous for the prosperity of the school, and there never was any request too lowly for his most earnest consideration His unstudied simplicity and ease of manner, induced a charming fellowship when in consultation with him. He was great from every standpoint, and his career so fully demonstrates the possibilities of such a leader. The young men of our church can find inspiration and encouragement in the fact that he made his own way from obscurity to fame, and those who are nearing the sunset of life can find consolation and example in the superb manner in which he fought his last battle. His was a most useful life, and he achieved distinction as few have in presenting the truths of the Gospel of Christ. Matchless in eloquence, to hear him was never to forget him. But it remains for those in closer ties to fully appreciate the genius, the true worth and Christian character of this gifted man.

Translation of Bishop McIntyre

METHODISM will hear with grief of the death of Bishop Robert McIntyre, which occurred Sunday evening, Aug. 30, at Wesley Hospital in Chicago, where the Bishop went to be treated for numerous carbuncles. The condition of his heart was such that he failed rapidly. His wife and daughters were with him at the end. A dispatch received from the Book Concern at Chicago says that the body was taken to Oklahoma City for the funeral, no services being held in Chicago, and that interment would be in Los Angeles. Owing to the lateness at which news of his death is received, we are unable to devote the space we would desire to give

THE LATE BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE

to a tribute to this gentle spirit among the chief pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

No man was more beloved in the pastorate and more honored for his work as preacher than Robert McIntyre, who, in the course of a ministerial career of thirty-six years, occupied some of the most important pulpits of the Middle and Far West. He was essentially a preacher. He was a word painter of rare skill. Many who have heard him on the platform will remember his thrilling descriptions of the Chicago fire and of Niagara, as well as of other objects and incidents. When describing the grace of God, His love for the sinner, and, equally, when inveighing against sin, this remarkable gift was used to stir the imagination, move the emotions, and convince the will. Listening to him, men felt that they were in the presence of a prophet of God.

Bishop McIntyre began life poor. He came from Scotland, where he was born Nov. 20, 1851, and worked in this country as a bricklayer. When pastor of one of Chicago's largest churches he used to point with pride to one of the great hotels of the city which as a journeyman bricklayer, years before, he had helped build. The story of his conversion, as related so often by himself with such telling effect, was remarkable to a degree. He was immediately called to preach, and obeyed the voice. Throughout his career in some of the most commanding pulpits he never forgot the working man. He was always his brother, as he was also that of the immigrant. A friend of the lowly was Robert McIntyre, preacher and bishop, as was his Master before him.

He was elected to the episcopacy at Baltimore in 1908, when serving First Church, Los Angeles, and was stationed four years at St. Paul, then assigned to the Oklahoma City residence in 1912.

The poetic gift of Bishop McIntyre found expression not simply in the pulpit, but also in print, some of his poems having appeared in the columns of the HERALD. His lines were chaste, his vision clear, his thought comprehensive, his themes timely, and above all and through all, his spirit devout. His poems were sermons, in which he pleaded for the weak and unfortunate, denounced sin and error, and proclaimed the Christ spirit. As the church bids him farewell from the earthly scenes, it can well repeat his own words in "Easter Morning" as upon his lips now in the glad Easter above that has already come to him:

O the dawn of Easter morning! O the sad sweet day!
When the resurrection glory on the urn doth play
"Let not your heart be troubled your place I will prepare.
For you must be beside Me now wherever I may fare.
Henceforward all My blessedness My love be with you surely share."
O Saviour there is nothing in Thy happy heaven above
That we desire a portion in so much as in Thy love.
Often hast Thou heard us pray
'Elo. when all the race is run welcome us with Thy 'Well done.'"
In the dawn of Easter morning O the sad sweet day!

Bishop Robert McIntyre.

A Scotchman by birth, an American by training and conviction; a bricklayer by trade; a preacher by God's call; a poet by instinct; an orator by temperament; a brilliant lecturer, he charmed the multitudes by the gift of an imagination which would make his hearers see darkness or hear silence and could make the fruits of the earth glow with the love of a providing God. He poured himself into speech until his hair turned white before the time. Not a parliamentarian or a lawyer, or an administrator, he loved his way through the tangles of debate and lifted upon his brethren the face of a saint, that stilled tumults and estopped criticism. His last word on earth was "lovely." It was doubtless his first word in Heaven. Could God send him back to us, with the memory of that Holy City, no tongue would be more nearly equal to describing pearl gates, jasper walls, streets of gold, and the light never seen on sea or land. At first admired as an orator, he died beloved as a brother and left to his church and his colleagues the gracious memory of simple and unaffected fellowship.

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War Risk Insurance

FOR the first time in American history a federal marine insurance has been established, brought into existence because of the European emergency. The bill creating a bureau and appropriating $5,000,000 for this purpose, which passed the Senate a week ago, was passed by the House Saturday by a vote of 230 to 58, after a very lively debate. It insures American vessels, their freight and passenger moneys and cargoes, "whenever it shall appear to the secretary of the treasury that American vessels, shippers or importers in American vessels are unable in any trade to secure adequate war risk insurance on reasonable terms." It is intended as supplementary to war risk insurance furnished by private concerns, which declare that they have not enough capital to give complete war risk insurance. The President is authorized to end federal insurance and abolish the bureau whenever he finds the necessity has ceased. At this writing the bill awaits concurrence by the Senate in a few minor amendments made by the House, when it will be ready for the President's signature.

Progressives Select Candidate

AFTER many vicissitudes, New York Progressives finally came to an agreement on a gubernatorial nomination Thursday, Aug. 27, when Frederick M. Davenport was made the unofficial choice of the party. Much anxiety has been felt among leaders for some time, owing to the attitude of Colonel Roosevelt. After the failure attending his endorsement of Harvey D. Hinman, Republican, in the expectation that he would become a fusion candidate, he held a conference with William Sulzer, who was impeached as governor of the Empire State a year ago, and now desires to run for the office on the Progressive ticket. Sulzer's visit to Oyster Bay aroused resentment among Progressive leaders, but it proved of no avail to him in the convention. The platform adopted by the convention declared that the one great issue of the campaign was the fight on corruption and machine politics. Mr. Davenport, who will now appeal to the rank and file of the party at the primaries, is a graduate of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., class of '89, and professor of law and politics in Hamilton College. He is son-in-law of Hon. John E. Andrus, Republican member of Congress from 1905 to 1913, and prominent as a member of the Methodist Book Committee.

How Ohio Is Becoming a Dry State

OHIO furnishes a very excellent example of what persistent and consistent work in behalf of temperance will accomplish. It is twenty-one years since the temperance forces of that state organized in the Anti Saloon League. Of the eighty eight counties of the state, forty-five are now entirely dry; of 782 cities and towns, 584 are without saloons, and of the 1,372 townships, 1,300 are also without license. Whereas twenty years ago there was one saloon for every 312 of population in Ohio, there is now but one to every 900. The temperance forces have been gaining ground so rapidly that it has been determined to try issues with the advocates of the saloon, in 1915, by calling upon the voters of the state to express their will on state wide prohibition. An interesting feature of this situation is that an amendment to the constitution has also been proposed by the wets, which would operate against "prohibiting the sale, furnishing or giving away of intoxicating liquors." This will make a double-headed fight, and it is quite possible that through misunderstanding both forces may win. This, of course, would be brought about through ignorant voting. However, legal authorities are clear, that in case a sufficient vote should be cast to carry each amendment, the law provides that "in such cases the measure having the greater number of votes becomes law."

Farm-to-City Plan Successful

THAT the farm-to-city parcel post service, as a means of direct exchange between farm producers and city consumers, has come to stay is the opinion of Postmaster General Burleson after six months' trial of the scheme in ten selected cities of the country. Consumers and producers have both welcomed the innovation. The system will need perfecting in some details, principally in providing new containers for goods. The cities selected for experiment included Boston and Lynn in

By Bishop Cranston.

Just how it has come about no one knows, but notwithstanding the precautions taken by the Commission on Federation to guard against such an error, there seems to be an impression abroad that the Plan of Unification proposed last May by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had been previously commended as such by the concurrent action of the commissioners of the three Methodist bodies in conference at Chattanooga May 10-12, 1911. Such a misunderstanding tends to profitless discussion, and should therefore be corrected at once. The truth is that neither commission, nor any member of either commission, individually, was committed to the advocacy of that or any other definite plan of union, as will appear from the record of the proceedings of the joint session which formulated the original instrument referred to.

The commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal, South, and the Protestant Methodist Churches met in joint session at Chattanooga, May 10-12, 1911, to receive the report of a sub-committee of nine, which had been appointed at Baltimore in early December, 1910. This sub-

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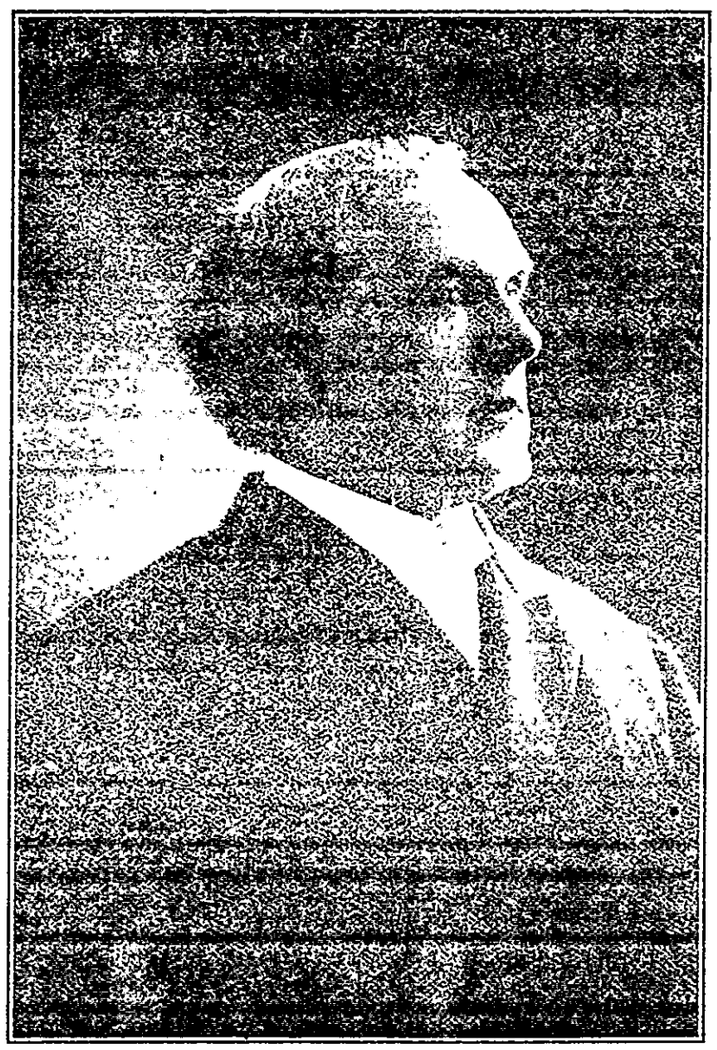
BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE, LL.D.

ROBERT McINTYRE dead! This is the telegraphic news of August 30th which shocked and grieved the members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church all over the United States and especially in Southern California. It came without the slightest warning that the good bishop had been seriously ill. About two weeks previously he had been taken to the Wesley Hospital in Chicago suffering from carbuncles and died Sunday afternoon, August 30th. Mrs. McIntyre and the two daughters were with him when the end came. His son, Carlisle C. McIntyre, lives in Los Angeles. The bishop had been assigned to preside over five conferences this fall. The first one was the Northwest Nebraska, which met at Alliance Septem-



ber 3. The other conferences which had been assigned to him were as follows: Nebraska, Oklahoma, Southern German, Southern Swedish Mission, Texas and West Texas.

Bishop McIntyre was born in Selkirk, Scotland, November 20, 1851. He was a student at the Vanderbilt University in 1877. He joined the Illinois Conference in 1878, and was transferred to the Rock River Conference in 1888, and served Grace Church in Chicago for three years. He was then transferred to the Colorado Conference, where he was pastor of Trinity Church for five years. At the expiration of this pastorate he was transferred to the Rock River Conference again and stationed at St. James' Church, Chicago. In 1902 he was appointed to First Church, Los Angeles, where he remained until his election to the Episcopacy in 1908 by the General Conference which met in Baltimore. During his pastorate in Los Angeles his church was always crowded and often many were unable to gain admittance to hear him. He was one of the most popular preachers and lecturers in the entire church, and while his death will bring sorrow to the entire church, it will bring a sense of special loss and grief to his many friends in Southern California, where he was so greatly loved and admired. Los Angeles people always looked forward to the time when he would become a resident of that city. The remains were taken to Oklahoma City and later will be taken to Los Angeles for interment. The family will have the sincere sympathy of the friends of the entire church. We hope to publish words of appreciation in a later issue of our paper.

Funeral of Bishop McIntyre

The funeral of Bishop McIntyre was a very simple service held in First Church, Oklahoma City, Thursday afternoon, September 3. The family arrived from Chicago early Wednesday morning and went at once to the episcopal residence. The casket was kept there until the time of the funeral next day.

At the church the service was in charge of T. J. H. Taggart, superintendent of the Oklahoma City District. The prayer was offered by R. L. Selle, D.D., of Little Rock; C. R. Robinson, D.D., superintendent of the Tulsa District, read the forty-sixth psalm and Edward Hislop, D.D., president of Oklahoma Methodist University, read the passage from the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. A select quartet sang appropriate hymns. D. G. Murray, E. R. Houck, and H. C. Case, members of the Oklahoma Conference, spoke briefly upon the life and character of the bishop.

J. A. Klein of West German and H. B. Collins, L. D. Corning, J. L. Patterson, G. H. Simons, and Thomas Pingry of Oklahoma Conference were pallbearers from the ministry, while members of the Men's Brotherhood of First Church were the active pallbearers.

Resolutions sent by the Houston District of the Texas Conference and messages from the conferences in Arkansas were read.

A number of the many beautiful floral offerings were sent from many of the Churches of which the bishop had been pastor.

The casket was placed in the receiving vault of Fairlawn Cemetery, awaiting the removal of the family to their home in California.

BISHOP McINTYRE

A Tribute from a Deaconess

FRANCES PASSMORE GRIFFITHS

IT was my great privilege to be the assistant of Bishop McIntyre at St. James' Church, Chicago, for five years, and to have an intimate acquaintance for fifteen years with him and his family. During all this time there was no ripple of disagreement or dissatisfaction. The fine spirituality of the man governed and guided him in all the relations he had with those who labored with him. His high aim and his large, spiritual ideals tempered all his conduct as an individual or as a leader.

One of his highest qualities was a combination of love for the common people and an instinctive understanding of the rich and influential. He governed his official board with supreme dignity and power, and held them to high ideals by his own devotion to the work of the kingdom of God. Consequently the church machinery ran with such smoothness and beauty that an assistant's work was one of joy and satisfaction. And after knowing such parishes as Center Church, Malden, and Chestnut Street Church, Portland, I can still say I never saw greater loyalty and devotion than that of St. James' Church for Bishop McIntyre.

To me he was in spirit like Christ. He controlled with love and wisdom those who labored with him. These are the qualities which made him a kingly man. To know such a life and to labor with such a leader is a rich reward for any deaconess.

Cambridge, Mass.

The death of Bishop Robert McIntyre was a blow to Southern California, as it had not been realized that he was in so serious a condition. The event elicited widespread comment, and appropriate action was at once taken by the Los Angeles Preachers' Meeting. A strong committee was appointed, consisting of Drs. W. B. Tilroe, G. W. Wilson D. F. Howe, C. E. Locke, and Matt. S. Hughes, to prepare a suitable memoir for public reading. This will be presented at a special session to be held later. The First church, Los Angeles, has also under advisement the holding of a memorial service in the church, of which he was pastor when elected bishop. These services, however, at this writing are not fixed, owing to the possibility of a public funeral in Los Angeles. Bishop McIntyre was a prince of orators, a modern Chrysostom, whose eloquence will long charm the lovers of beautiful speech. His memory is very fragrant to dwellers in this section.

The Attitude of the Student Towards Socialism.

SOME PERSONAL REACTIONS DURING A SEMESTER'S STUDY.

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph.D.

The University of Southern California is endeavoring to supply a rapidly increasing demand on the part of the great progressive body of teachers of Los Angeles and vicinity by providing Saturday and late afternoon classes in several departments of study Thus the ambitious teacher in the grades may advance towards the baccalaureate degree or the California high school certificate without surrendering the teaching position; and the alert teacher of any rank may find courses leading to

gregate on the Plaza and patronize the North Main Street saloons," but nevertheless had "a vague and very divergent idea that somehow all Christians should at heart be socialists in the sense of believing in equal opportunity to all." One efficient principal expressed the presupposition of a small group He had previously counted himself a mild socialist, but this course had shown him a mistake, having left him a progressive, "but a socialist—never"

class collectively, ents were not only atifyingly teachable, stakable desire not mselves with every argument or to fill larts to hurl at every but to sit down to re study of a great that is too seldom the college lecture circle. It was exset that the object ither to make social- from socialism but he profoundest and vements of any age. were canvassed by from the class, and Executive Committ- Party was agreed to viz., "the modern orking class to abolership of the social n and distribution or it of a system col- and democratically enefit of the whole

ersonal reactions of ng the semester's place, it should be many had previous- portance to the sub- onfusion of thought ral ignorance, all be- terested and many the study still fur- astic principal pro- dy he has concluded not only interesting romising student of becomes convinced ial evolution is com- avoid it; the pres- ment is one of the ard the real goal." hose ideas had been l from reading Lon- Wells, finds her mind a result of impartial : "I want to know sm and watch it pular high school essed that he had ry peaceful (because mind, finds his men- dely disturbed, leav- st. Happily his pur- a clearer conception and until that time lgment that we 'may One other expres- d at this point—it is profoundly impressed a man should have a ng of the conditions y in order to properly e justly in his rela- man."

s suggest the general absence of real dogmatism—not to mention rant—from all the papers under inspection. Thus a woman to whom at the beginning of the course, socialist "was a name that carried with it the content of ridicule, rather than respect, that flavored of street-corner harangues and irrational conduct—tinctured with dynamite and anarchism," closes her confession by saying the course has led to "a great desire to know more of the social conditions of the world." The general attitude of a number of those who began with the strong but prejudiced conviction that socialism is impracticable is well expressed by a man who admits he "has come to feel more kindly toward the program upon which present-day so-called socialists are working, be that socialism or something else."

The loftiness and purity of socialism's best ideals is generously admitted by many who cannot accept the full socialistic program. An earnest Christian gentleman says: "I have been convinced that the general aims of socialism are not out of harmony with the highest aims of all education, science, and government, and that therefore the ideals of socialism are not in question."; but he does very seriously question the specific means and methods invoked. A young woman of rare insight refers to socialism as "a call from all sides for fairness, a living wage for all, and equal opportunity. It asks for politictl, industrial and social evolution for the benefit of the masses," etc.

Nevertheless it must not be imagined from the above expressions of toleration and confidence in certain ideals that no one came out of the semester's study with a firm opinion or clear-cut convictions as to the whole subject matter of socialism. Note two or three relevant statements. "I was persuaded that socialism was simply a round-about road to Utopia with the sign posts torn down. I am flatly opposed to socialism because I am unable at present to see the future salvation of the race in the economic interpretation of history." One who had held socialism in very low esteem concludes by saying: "There has developed a feeling that socialism represents something bigger and better than the man or the organization; that it is the modern reincarnation of the spirit of universal brotherhood that has cropped out every now and then in the history of the world in some form or other." One of the most widely read members of the entire class presents the case thus: "Socialism cannot be wrong, for if it were, and is to gain ascendancy, it will do so by authority of a majority of peoples after extensive growth and change both in it and in the people's attitude towards it; a movement such as it is carries its standard of judgment with it." One more statement, quoted from a male teacher who has handled many boys in the school room: "My reaction is a plea for individual excellence. If a boy is a truant, hating his books—blame the teacher, the school, anything except the boy himself! If a man is a drunkard, a tramp or a vagabond, blame competition, capitalism—anything except the individual! If a man is thrifty, industrious, so that he achieves success while another is fickle and a spendthrift—blame the wage system, don't reform the individual! To my mind this is the socialist point of view."

A careful perusal of the bunch of personal-reaction papers reveals with marked frequency the opinion directly stated

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of health and nearly blind, but always his voice rang out clear and strong in the conflict and on the right side. We might also say "Rare" Jenne Smith. Severely bedridden for years and suddenly restored to strength and soundness of body in direct answer to prayer, as she believes, she has been for more than forty years a tireless, sweet-spirited, simple-hearted but flaming evangelist, especially among railroad men, bringing thousands of them and their families to Christ. A great meeting of her friends was held a few days ago and she is to have a home of her own in Washington, the gift of grateful hearts.

The dean of the retired Methodist ministers in Baltimore is Dr. John T. Wightman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and, though he is eighty-five years of age, he continues to be one of the ablest and most sought-after preachers of the city. He discourses with great vigor, clearness, and unction and preaches almost constantly in various churches He has just finished in good strength a series of able summer sermons in the Strawbridge Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Lynn H. Hough of the faculty of Garrett Biblical Institute preached at the Mount Vernon-place Church, where he was recently pastor, on Sunday, August 30 He had just arrived from Europe and was given a royal welcome. His sermon was a remarkable deliverance.

Student Work

New plans by the student work committee of the Commission on Evangelism indicate an unusually extensive campaign for the present academic year. As a result of conference held during the summer, it is believed that greater efficiency and larger results will characterize the meetings this fall and winter. Bishop Henderson, chairman of the committee, held three conferences, at Lake Geneva, Northfield, and Eagles Mere, with student leaders from our institutions, Association workers, college presidents and teachers, with a number of the men who are to conduct the special campaigns. Frank discussion of the problem of religious work and various details has led the forces.

MASSACHUSETTS is aligning itself solidly against the liquor traffic during the present week. With an address by Rev. Dr. H. H. Russell, founder of the Anti-Saloon League of America, delivered in Melrose, Sunday afternoon, the campaign in behalf of nation-wide prohibition was inaugurated. Although we have in hand at this writing reports from only the Sunday and Monday meetings, we are able to state that everywhere throughout the commonwealth thus far the utmost enthusiasm is being manifested by churches, civic organizations, and the public in general. The temperance crusade is making its impression upon the state in such a way that leaders are confident that Massachusetts will play an active part in the support of national prohibition.

"Last year," said Dr. Russell, "was the jubilee year of the Anti-Saloon League—the twenty-year jubilee. It began in November, 1912, with a state victory, West Virginia voting 'dry' by 92,400 majority. The jubilee was cheered also by a national victory on the last day of February in the Senate and on the first day of March in the House, when the National Congress passed, over the veto of the President, the Webb-Kenyon bill, insuring drought in dry territory for the future." Dr. Russel then reviewed the arrangements for the demonstration at the National Capital when a committee of 1,000, swelled to 2,000 by enthusiastic friends, marched up Capitol Hill and presented petitions askin;

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sion of The Methodist Episcopal Church was opened in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Ogden, Utah, Thursday, August 27th, 1914, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, D.D., L.L.D, presiding. Hymn No. 208 was sung from the Methodist Hymnal, after which the Bishop led in prayer. Hymn 207 was sung and the Bishop addressed the Conference on the presence of Christ among believers.

After the address Bishop Hughes, assisted by Drs. T. C. Iliff and H. J. Talbott, the Rev. E. E. Mork, District Superintendent, and G. F. Rassweiler, pastor of the Ogden church, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Bishop Hughes called for the reading of the roll and the folowing preachers responded to their names: S. Allison, W. A. Betts, C. W. Barr, E. E. Carter, T. P. Cook, B. T. Fisk, H. Fryer, T. G. Godwin, T. Manwaring, J. H. Mitchell, E. E. Mork, A. C. Oliver, G. F. Rassweiler, M. Thomas.

Samuel Allison was elected secretary,

Appreciations of Bishop Robert McIntyre

From James Whitcomb Riley (By wire)

"Bishop Robert McIntyre: A man who found a pleasure in the sternest duties. He truly loved his fellows and was happy in their happiness. His life was a continual good deed."

From Bishop McDowell

Dear Robert McIntyre! This was the spontaneous exclamation from the lips of many when the news of his death came. Twenty years ago the Church at large greatly admired him as a brilliant and popular preacher and lecturer. On the day he fell the Church admired him no less, but tenderly loved him much more. He still stood almost by himself as preacher and lecturer. The people, common and uncommon, continued to flock to hear him. He always spoke to a throng. But a warmer note came into the feeling of the Church as it watched him aging before his time. And it was a joy to tell him during the last days that he had the full love of the Church which he loved. And he was glad.

He will be remembered chiefly as great preacher and lecturer. In Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles he had commanding pastorates. His preaching was heard by multitudes and there never was a destructive or uncertain or unwholesome note in it. It was warm with deep human sympathy and feeling, full of poetry and flashing humor, vivid in description, and always formed in abiding faith in Jesus Christ and the eternal virtues of the redeemed life. I asked one of his Denver people once why he liked his pastor's preaching so well. "O, it is so wholesome, so interesting, so human, so Christian. I have no trouble seeing what he means and he always means something good for me," he replied. His lectures had that same wholesome human note.

He came to the episcopacy six years ago after insidious disease had already begun to do its fatal work. He had not paid much attention to the machinery of the Church or to the routine of an annual conference. He knew his limitations, frankly admitted them, openly sought counsel and advice, freely confessed such technical mistakes as came along, and went ahead with his work. And he made his way through many a tangle by the simple straightforwardness and integrity with which he did things. Right intention found the safe way and the men who knew him trusted that right intention, even when they knew he could be tangled on a point of law. He would not be tangled in his purposes and spirit.

In the Board of Bishops he was a most attentive and patient listener to those of us who talk much more than he did. But when on rare occasions he did speak the whole board was delighted. He always spoke with wisdom and good feeling and helped the situation by every participation in debate. We shall sorely miss him. No man among us was more loved by his colleagues. We weep and are not ashamed of our tears, as we think that he is gone. He looked more and more like a saint as the years went on. His looks agreed with his inner life. It is a special comfort to me that I was able to see him several times after he came to the hospital. He died knowing that we loved him. His last, painful days were as brave as a knight's and as tender as a poet's. For him all is well, "He cannot be where God is not."

From Bishop Berry

The telegraphic request of the NORTHWESTERN for an estimate of the character and work of Bishop McIntyre is my first intimation of his death! How startling the news! And yet not so startling, either, for who has not observed during the last two or three years evidences of declining health?

I saw much of Robert McIntyre during his two Chicago pastorates, and used often to hear him preach. But I did not get close to his big heart until we both journeyed to Los Angeles one winter in search of rest and health. During several weeks we were much together, and I learned to love him as one loves a brother.

Robert McIntyre was a superb preacher before he became pastor of First Church, Los Angeles, but his preaching was rhetorical and eloquent rather than spiritual and evangelistic. Early in his Los Angeles pastorate his spiritual life was greatly quickened, and there came to him the definite experience of full salvation. Instantly his sermons took on new richness, new fire and power. He was always a painstaking and sympathetic pastor but no former pastorate even approximated his Los Angeles career in popularity and usefulness.

As a bishop Robert McIntyre maintained the best traditions of the fathers for compelling pulpit power. He did not like the monotonous details of conference work and had little taste for the tasks involved in general administration. But on the platform during the session and in the pulpit on Sunday morning he was a prince. Multitudes always swarmed to hear him preach, and many of his congregations he swayed as the forest is swayed by the wind.

In the bishop's semi-annual conferences and in general committees Bishop McIntyre did not often speak. But he was invariably in his place, and watched the proceedings with eagerness and solicitude. His colleagues loved and trusted him utterly. He was transparent, frank, sincere, and lovable. His friends were fastened to him by bands of steel. Robert McIntyre was our poet, seer and white-souled saint. He must have had a great welcome in the city of God.

A Tribute—Illinois Conference

Robert McIntyre! He of the genial spirit, poetic mind, helpful nature! That he is gone out from us seems hard to credit.

In his death literature loses an ornament and the lecture platform one of its brightest stars; the Episcopal Board one who met certain exigencies in their gatherings; the Church a brilliant preacher and evangel, and humanity a friend most true.

In a very recent poem, "The Latch String's Out," Bishop McIntyre honors the name of Ripley, the little charge where as a supply he made the humble beginnings of a great and luminous career; and where, as in the places of his larger ministries, his name is as "ointment poured forth."

His former comrades in the Illinois Conference would lay a bright immortelle upon his bier! CHARLES F. M'KOWN.

Farmersville, Ill.

From Bishop Smith

Bishop McIntyre was a lovable man, gentle, kindly, sympathetic. Acid and vitriol were omitted from his composition. But he was in no sense weak. He had the well-known Scotch elements of character—firmness, consistency and loyalty to convictions. In manner he was reserved, timid and at times seemed unsocial, his thoughts being elsewhere than in his immediate surroundings. Yet when brought into vital touch with his associates he was remarkably free and full of genuine wit and wisdom. To have heard him and Bishop Quayle in a friendly bout of wits in the lighter vein of episcopal associations is one of the pleasures of memory. At such times his prevailing seriousness and aloofness gave place to the quickest and sharpest of intellectual activity, and an entirely different phase of the man's character was displayed. This made him a really delightful companion.

Bishop McIntyre was preëminently a preacher and platform speaker. Here he was really a master. Into this work he put the whole strength of his being—his time, his mind, his soul. As a result his "oil" was always "beaten." Nothing was left to chance. Everything was put in place by a firm and masterful hand. He never ventured an extemporaneous speech. He took his message too seriously for that. His delivery was memoriter a most laborious method, but from the tax it imposed he never flinched. He believed the message the Master gave him to deliver was worthy of the full measure of his manhood and this he gave ungrudgingly. The result was that on the platform and especially in the pulpit he had few superiors. Multitudes always attended his ministry.

The sincerity and simplicity of his personal Christian faith and experience no one could doubt who knew him, or who heard his message. He was an "Israelite indeed," in whom there was "no guile." CHARLES W. SMITH.

The Rev. Frank C. Bruner (Rock River Conference)

Like a bolt of thunder from a cloudless sky came the message of the passing of our old-time friend. He belongs to the geniuses of the platform. Who that heard him can ever forget his lectures on "Abraham Lincoln" and "Buttoned-up People"? His masterful word-painting had a gallery all its own. He was the Apollos of Methodism, whose pulpit gifts at intervals rivaled the dramatic eloquence of the noted Joseph Parker of London and the matchless oratory of the eloquent Beecher. It was Bishop Fowler who, after hearing him in the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Los Angeles, Cal., three Sundays in succession, said,

BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE'S CONVERSION

Some time ago we addressed letters to the bishops asking for an account of their conversion. Among those who responded was Bishop McIntyre. We reproduce that account believing that its appearance at this time in the NORTHWESTERN *will be of inestimable comfort to many.*

My conversion, briefly outlined, was on this wise: I am a trophy of prayer. A boy's prayer, a man's prayer, a woman's prayer made the threefold cord by which the human trinity drew me out of the horrible pit of atheism, and by God's immeasurable love and unfathomable mercy set my feet upon a rock and established my going. Lying prone at an altar in a sanctuary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in St. Louis I was convicted after days of inward conflict, completely humbled in spirit. I feared, struggled, agonized. My will was broken, my heart riven, my flesh cold, my breath choked. I could barely live on the border-line of consciousness, I had denied the deity of Christ, and still blinded by mental and moral perversity, I shrank from the one great final leap to the Cross. As I brokenly moaned the Deist's invocation, "O God, save me," a silver-haired saint ceased singing in the band near by, kneeled beside the chancel rail, listened to my piteous cry, saw the knot that was strangling my spiritual life, and swiftly loosed it with the words, "Ask God to save you for Jesus' sake." In desperation I flung all my infidelity from me, hung all my hope on His holy name, called him by faith my Lord forever, and said the sentence which was my soul's solemn and eternal committal to the Most High in his appointed way. I took the omnipotent words from her, dipped them deep in my heart's blood, and slowly, as one who faces doom and has no other plea, sobbed out, "O God, for Jesus' sake, save me." While yet the Name was on my lips a light sweetened all my being, the pressure of a mountain of guilt lifted, a stream of mercy flowed around me, smiles broke through my tears, and stammeringly, wonderingly with holy awe upon me I tried to tell it, as I have done ever since. I knew little of conversion up to that time as I shunned revivals and scoffed at the Bible. I soon learned I had been through a typical Wesleyan experience. Five days later when I laid all my life on the altar for the ministry I received the second work of grace and knew the Holy Spirit had accepted me in the Beloved. I wept when I learned this, my joy overflowed, even as it does now.

ONCE again we are called upon to chronicle the departure from our midst of one of the Church's chief men in the death of Bishop Robert McIntyre. He had been fighting physical infirmity, it now develops, for years, though so calm and unperturbed was his demeanor but few were conscious of the struggle which ended at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago, the evening of Sunday, August 30.

There are certain elements about this man of God that make striking appeal to the common man and tend to exalt the Church he served. He came up from the ranks of labor. To the day of his death he carried about with him his card of membership in the bricklayers' union. Back in the early seventies his trowel rang forth from the walls of a new-born Chicago—a city that was destined to listen to the then humble bricklayer with profound emotions as he stood in one of her most prominent pulpits. We print above the story of his conversion fresh from his own pen. The study of this experience will reveal the depth of the man's soul. He went at nothing by halves. Indeed, his former opposition to Christianity assumed the form of actual unbelief in the claims of Christ. And when he saw the better way he entered therein with a manly stride that never altered.

Though he was the recipient of the highest honors the Church could bestow, he remained in the lowlands of humility. Immediately after his election to the episcopacy at Baltimore he made the request that he might be permitted to preach his first sermon following his elevation in the little church in Philadelphia where he received his first religious impression—at the same time declining an invitation to preach in one of the first pulpits of the East. That was the man, first and last. His poetic talent was exercised by lowly, human themes such as "The Country Road," "The Sugar Camp," "At Early Candle Light," "The Breadwinner's Ballad," "The Whistling Boy," "The Lilacs," and scores of others appearing in his published volume entitled "At Early Candle Light." He never forgot the valley though his feet were upon the mountain top.

Bishop McIntyre will go down in the history of the Church as one of its greatest pulpit orators. His imagery was tropical and at the same time fruitful. True to his nature he made glorious by verbal art the common things of life, so painting them that they glowed. His was an inspired utterance, necessarily No mere technique or rhetorician's trick could have brought fire from the common stone. He was a true orator of the old school whose like is rarely heard to-day. But with his power in the pulpit and on the platform he was as gentle as a child, as tender as a wŏman—a rare and beautiful combination.

That his ministry had foundation was evidenced by the crowds that flocked to hear him week after week and year after year. He never exhausted his theme for he built his word about the Cross, and in the center of his most expansive imagery he placed his Christ. He would undoubtedly have been just as well known had he remained in the pastorate. In fact, much of his episcopal labor made no particular appeal to him. He was not one to be governed by a too rigid program, and the most lasting impressions at the conferences he held were the public addresses and "conference sermon." And when conference adjourned and the pastors returned to their charges, they carried lasting impressions of a great man.

In this day when materialism so protrudes in the life of the world, to have a man of Bishop McIntyre's mystic form was a spiritual asset of no mean force. Such characters are all too rare. If we had more dreamers, more poets, more men possessed of the power of spiritual interpretation, the world would not now be violated by the shock of materialistic conflict. We can ill spare such, but God calls and we wave him adieu.

I want to take off my hat now to the greatest preacher in Methodism." His comradeship in the ministry to them who knew him best was ever a friendship among the thorns. He started to preach in the Illinois Conference as a supply at Ripley in Brown County. He knew the sorrow of the humblest preacher in that distinguished body. When the heart of his brother was sore and the support was scanty, many a doorstep chat when the sun had gone down and the shadows began to creep, then came the good cheer of this preacher-companion. Like a tiny white stream the evolution of his life rose until it widened into a broad silvery river of marvelous influence.

A man of unsullied character. After his highest promotion he grew into the ripe humiliation of the Son of God. He was a rare boon to the common people in modern Methodism. With him brotherhood was greater than patriotism, it appealed to him as more divine. The trend of his writings, especially his poems, were freighted with the idea of the oneness of mankind. A square deal for the cheapest mortal was ever in his thought. He was a great lover. The augmentation of the years mellowed him. The household was his garden There he found his chief comfort. When he reached the home stretch on the highway of time, he longed for his domestic haven. When the little woman who had kept close to him along the itinerate trail said familiarly to him, "Rob, we have come to take you home." he smiled up in her face and said, "That is lovely." He knew the end was nearing but marched bravely on in his official duties of the Church. Then a little stop in Chicago on one of his great old fields. In the gray evening twilight he heard his Master's voice, "It is enough, come up higher." Without a shadow to curtain the visage of his Saviour, with a glory-smile of victory washing his face into beauty, "He was not, for God took him." Adieu my brother, friend, companion of the ministry "Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away." Thou hast a rare welcome in the homeland.

The World in Action—A Review

The War and Christian Neutrality

The war is the chief topic of conversation and the daily press is full of it. It is not easy to find much else to comment upon. But comment on it is out of the question. There is little change from day to day. Just how much reliable information we are getting it is impossible to estimate. Most of the papers are reputable and doing their best to serve the public at this point and no doubt some reliable and fairly accurate information has been furnished. When the German ambassador places all centers of information outside of Berlin in the "Ananias Club" he reduces his judgment to a questionable quantity and makes his

ment do not feel that the order will interfere at all with th food supply in Vera Cruz. General Funston, commanding th American expeditionary force in Vera Cruz, does not seem t be worried and has not reported on the matter to the Wa Department for a week. A decree has been issued abolishin the double customs duties between Vera Cruz and Mexico City The general elections have been called for November and th country will remain under military rule until these are held The government has issued an order prohibiting the confiscatio of property by army officers without a signed order from Gen eral Carranza; the decree also prohibits military arrests on

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A Trophy of Grace—By Bishop Robert McIntyre

I HAVE been asked to write an account of my conversion, and gladly do so with the hope that it may help others, who have not found peace with God, and to whom life is joyless and filled with inward disquietude.

As a child, I had the usual traditional belief in Christianity which comes to the offspring of pious parents. I accepted without question the faith of my father and mother, but had no personal experience to confirm it.

When death took them both from me and I was left head of a household of little children, while only a boy in years, my hereditary religion was too weak to bear the strain. I lapsed into blank atheism for a time, and declared that a God who would rob a poor helpless family of its natural support was no God at all. In bitterness I renounced all my mother's teachings and denounced as hypocrites or deluded fools all who worshiped my father's Saviour. For years I scoffed at the Bible, scorned the Church, and tried to hinder others in the way of life. I was utterly miserable in my soul, even while uttering my pharasaic boasts that I was morally clean and far superior to the weak Christians whose limitations and defects I decried. Shame flushes my face as I recall my mean censure of struggling Church members, and a sinking sense of my ignorance and cruel misjudgment of humble folk far better than myself comes over me as I think of it. O, the spiritual tragedies all around us! O, the pitiful struggles unseen by us in the hearts of those we meet! Good people prayed for me all this time, but I rebuffed all efforts to lead me aright, and gloried in my godlessness, but His loving kindness endureth forever.

Slowly I was forced out of atheism by the proofs of design in nature, and became a deist. I fell under the spell of Thomas Paine. I carried his book, "The Age of Reason," in my pocket and was ready for a debate with anyone.

Working as a bricklayer, I infected my fellow toilers with infidelity and in our boarding houses was the leader in spreading the poison of doubt and denial. When the light broke on my darkened spirit, my first strong cry in prayer was that I might undo this evil, and bring as many into the Kingdom as I had turned away from its gates, and to this day I beseech the Lord to nullify my unholy influence and cancel all the harm I did to my young companions in those black days when Satan led me captive at his will. "Depths of mercy, can there be mercy still reserved for *me?*"

One cold February night in 1877, as I passed First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on Washington Avenue, near Eighth Street, in St. Louis, Mo., I heard singing and went in. There was a revival service going on, and only about fifty people present. The pastor of the Church was Dr. Finney, but Dr. Bushong of Central Methodist Episcopal Church of the same city, happened to be there and Dr. Finney asked him to preach. He consented to do so, and as I sat listening to this stranger, a curious sensation crept over me.

I had heard many sermons, but this one was addressed to me. The Holy Spirit had given the speaker a map of my wanderings, and he swiftly opened my stubborn mind. For the first time I saw "sin" as it is, and the sight shook me like an aspen. When he presented Christ to us, tears wet my face and divine love gloried within me.

A man who knew me, and sat near said, "Go to the altar," but the mood of rebellion was dominant and I whispered, "No." After repeated calls I was still rebellious, and as the congregation went out my friend said, "Come up and meet the preacher." I did so. He noticed my agitation and asked if he could help me. I said, "I would like to talk with you." He said, "Come to my study at 3 P. M. to-morrow."

I was there and we two discussed the problems of salvation a long time. As the short winter day closed and darkness crept into the room, he rose and said, "How do you feel now?" I said, "Doctor, I feel worse than when I came here."

He had allowed me to use my familiar arguments and I had talked myself back into my bewildered and mutinous frame of mind. I said, sadly, "There is no hope for me." He said, "Have I failed then?" I said, "You have." Serenely he replied, "Very well, I have a Friend who never fails in a case like this." I thought he intended to send me to another man and said, "Where is this friend?" He said, "He is here; kneel down with me."

I did so, and in one moment realized I had lost my battle and was in another sphere of teaching. I could not speak, or make reply, quote scriptural difficulties, or recite shortcomings of others. I could only listen, and O, how he pleaded for the sinner and entreated God to help me, and when I began to pray, too, the Friend came into the twilight place where we bowed and both were deeply affected. When we rose, he said, "Are you saved?"

I said, "No, sir, but I must go farther in this matter. Will you be at the Church to-night?" He said, "I will be there if you attend."

He was there, and as I recall the scene, he preached that evening. Dr. Cunningham of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was present and thinks he preached the sermon. This may be, as, my mind being highly wrought up, I may have forgotten. It is possible both men spoke that night as it was the custom then for one to preach and another to exhort after him.

At any rate, Dr. Cunningham was there, and well remembers all the facts. God bless them both for their aid to me!

When the call for penitents was made I was deeply convicted, yet, in stiffnecked defiance, I refused to go; I had often ridiculed the "altar" and would not surrender.

I was violently exercised, a psychological storm raged within, my deepest nature seemed rent and torn. I held fast to the seat and said, "If I get out to the street I will keep away from this place."

Thus I struggled, pale and trembling, until the preacher raised his hands for the benediction.

Then I heard a voice saying, "Young man, if you leave this place unsaved, you are forever lost."

Then the flood of pent-up feeling burst the dike, and I ran to the chancel and fell prone. I recall nothing for some moments but soon heard above my sobs the sweet old hymn, "Come to Jesus Just Now."

A mountain of guilt pressed me to the floor. I could scarcely live; my spirit seemed to rive my very flesh; with laboring breath I prayed the deist's invocation, "O God, help me."

A saintly white-haired woman heard my plea, and divined my difficulty, which was to accept Christ as Lord and Saviour. She said to me, "Son, repeat this prayer with all your heart: 'O God, for Jesus' sake, save me'." I did it and on the word the mountain fled away and a sea of heavenly love swept over me. I, even I, was pardoned, reborn, adopted. I saw the Father's face over me, I knew the Father's arms under me, I felt the Father's heart against me.

All the world seemed new and all the dear ones round me rejoiced as with streaming eyes I tried to tell in my first stammering rapture what a glorious Redeemer I had found.

I slept but little for joy that night, and

next morning I preached my first sermon in my boarding house, while we waited in the sitting room for the breakfast bell. I said to the men who knew me as foremost in opposition to the gospel, "Friends, you know my past, how outspoken I was against religion. Now I am a Christian, converted last night, and resolved to serve Jesus with a glad spirit and obedient will. I hope I have your good wishes and that you will go with me on the heavenly way."

Some wished me well and shook my hand fervently, some scoffed at me, even as I prayed for them. Then I tasted the bitterness I had given others, and thus began the pilgrimage of one who goes "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."—*The Christian Advocate.*

"Too Much Church"

By George P. Eckman

DO not be afraid of too much Church. The youngest old people to be found in our congregation go to service twice a day on Sunday and almost never miss the midweek prayer meeting. They seem to renew their youth by drinking frequent draughts of religious devotions. That is the prescription of the Bible for increasing one's energies: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

The average Christian does not get enough spiritual tonic in one service on Sunday to ward off the contaminating influences of a whole week of immersion in the worldliness of this age. One of the problems in constructing airships is to store enough power for a sustained flight, so as to avoid the necessity of coming to earth for a fresh supply of motive energy. That is the main difficulty with the modern Churchman; he does not imbibe enough vital force from the brief worship of his one service a week to keep him in proper working order. By the end of the week he is flat on the ground, and it requires a generous reinforcement to revive him.

Some people explain their absence from the second service on Sunday by protesting that they cannot take in more than one sermon a day. Those who make that plea probably do not assimilate even one sermon. But that does not give them dyspepsia. It rather induces starvation. Out of two sermons they might get enough nourishment to make them approximately hale and hearty.

But there we touch another weak spot: people do not pretend to meditate any longer. That being the case, the preacher can only hope that, by repeated impressions made upon the spiritual consciousness of his hearers, they will at length be helped to a higher and richer life. But he ought to have as many opportunities as possible to drop the good seed into the soil. The old saint's explanation of the way that continuous preaching does its work in the soul is philosophically correct. The story is an old one. She pointed to some linen sheets bleaching on the grass and said: "These do not grow white in a day, but little by little they are changed; and so my heart is made pure, and my life is made sweet, by hearing the blessed gospel over and over again, though I do not always understand everything I hear in the sermon."

Give yourself the benefit of frequently applied religious instruction. It will not bring on nervous prostration. You will sleep better at night and work harder by day if you have the refreshment of public worship twice on Sunday, and of as many other religious services as you can properly crowd into the week. Religion does not consist altogether in going to Church, but the best Christians, apart from those who are shut off from the sanctuary by infirmity or sickness, are those who frequent the place of prayer and testimony with habitual regularity, and who say as often as they are invited to Church: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

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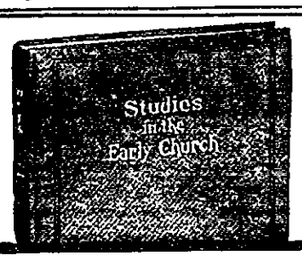

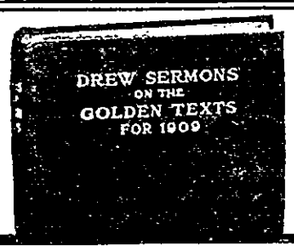

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Daily Christian Advocate, May 27, 1908.

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BISHOP-ELECT McINTYRE

On the sixteenth ballot Robert McIntyre, pastor of First Church Los Angeles, was elected Bishop Dr McIntyre was born in Selkirk, Scotland November 20 1851 He is therefore 56 years of age His father and mother were longtime Presbyterians and Robert was christened in the local kirk The father was a weaver The parents came to America as emigrants in 1868, landing at Philadelphia Soon after the mother died and Dr McIntyres father married the second time He died when Robert was 17, and left a family of small children for this lad to care for and father Dr McIntyre learned the trade of a bricklayer and went to Chicago, after the fire, to help rebuild it, when he was 20 years of age

Dr McIntyre received his education in the public schools of Philadelphia and spent one year at Vanderbilt University In 1896 he received the degree of doctor of divinity from Denver University, the same school which bestowed a similar degree on Bishop-elect Nuelsen

Dr McIntyre has one brother who is a retired Methodist minister now living in Seattle He has one half-brother who is a miner living in Butte Montana He has one half-sister living in Melrose Montana

Dr McIntyre was converted in 1877 in a revival meeting in St Louis It was held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South The pastor was Dr Finney, but Dr Bowdish, one of our own pastors was the preacher Dr McIntyre was at that time a traveling book salesman He at once started preparation for preaching In 1878 he entered the Illinois Conference in company with Rev Chris Galeener, a member of the General Conference He served as his first appointment Easton Ill The other churches served in order are Marshall Charleston Urbana and Grace Church Chicago all in Illinois He then went to the great Trinity Church, Denver, which he always packed He remained the full time limit of five years He then went to St James Chicago which has been recently acquired by Bishop-elect Quayle He remained five years and then rested for one year At the end of the year he became pastor of First Church Los Angeles one of the great institutions in Methodism During the six years pastorate in Los Angeles the membership has grown from 1100 to 2100 The Sunday School has over 3,000 members The audience room holds 2300 people and one-half hour before the service the church is often packed The services are evangelistic and are often closed with an altar service

Dr McIntyre has written two books one a collection of poems called Early Candle Light The other is a religious story entitled, A Modern Apollo

Dr McIntyre was converted in 1877 just after his conversion to Miss Ella Baldwin of Quincy Ill sister of Rev Bascom Chatten, then a member of the Illinois Conference. She has three brothers still residing in Quincy—Harvey, an architect Ernest a surveyor and Charles a business man Dr and Mrs McIntyre have three grown children all at home Miss Ruth, Carl aged 26, and Miss Nellie The family life is ideally happy

Bishop-elect McIntyre is a remarkable preacher—a word-painter seldom equaled and never excelled He has had remarkable pastorates and has handled them with great executive ability. He will be an ornament to the position and hundreds of heart warm friends will pray for his success

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1060 (12) WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCA

Bishop Robert McIntyre, D. D.

Report of the recent death of Bishop Robert McIntyre, D. D., whose residence for this quadrennium was at Oklahoma City, has reached the borders of the Church. He came to Chicago three weeks ago under physical depression and great suffering from boils which had broken out in many sections of his body, causing him unbearable distress. He had not been in robust health for some time, and on a number of occasions had been compelled to reserve his strength and forego duties which were under his episcopal supervision. Those who were closely associated with him regarded his health as being in a very precarious condition, but did not feel that the end of his journey was so near. In Wesley Hospital all was done for him love and science could provide. But the condition of his physical system was such that the seat of his trouble could not be reached. He gradually grew worse, and ere his nurse and attending physician knew, he was drifting out beyond their aid.

Bishop McIntyre was a unique personality. He was born in Selkirk, Scotland, November 20, 1851, and was the son of Charles and Elizabeth McIntyre. At an early age he came to this country and later entered Vanderbilt University. He did not finish his course there, and left school and married Elizabeth Chatten, of Quincy, Ill. He was ordained to the Methodist Episcopal ministry and began his work in the pastorate at Easton, Ill. His career as a minister reached its height as pastor of First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., from which he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1908. In this position he has held a place of distinction. As a public speaker he found the expression of his genius. As he came into possession of his powers he found the lecture platform demanding his talent and offering a wide field of usefulness. Here he gained considerable eminence. Everywhere he went he was received with magnificent crowds and the wild enthusiasm. He gained the sobriquet, "The Word Artist of the Platform." His marvelous descriptive powers held vast audiences by magic under the spell of his oratory. He had the vision of a poet and published many poems of first-rate value.

The personal side of the bishop was intensely human. In his early life he was a brickmason and knew the hardness of toil. He never forgot the "pit from which he was digged." He always stood for democracy and the underman. He kept his old trowel in his library and often looked upon it to keep his spirit humble. His conversion was on the line of the old type. He sought God through Christ and was wonderfully blessed, and all things were changed for him. Christ found him at a certain time and place, and the discovery awakened his soul into new activities and he began to live in a greater world. He has told and written his conversion for those who doubt supernatural conversion to read and profit by. From that experience in his youth he never drifted. It was the anchorage of his soul. In the height of his fame, and when he had every reason to trust in his own powers and feel that fame had made him great, the poise of his life was maintained by the memory of what Christ did for him. This debt to a Savior grew into fathomless gratitude as the years passed with him. He felt he owed all he was to Christ. All the genius with which nature had crowned him he consecrated to the larger ministry of service to God and man.

When the Church crowned him with the authority of its highest office, he entered upon his duties with a humility becoming a great soul. He always strove to do his best for those who were dependent upon him. Now that God has called him home, there will be many who will feel the loss of a friend, and the Methodist Church a strong leader whose life has been a blessing to many.

Bishop Robert McIntyre

When the General Conference held in Baltimore in 1908 selected Robert McIntyre for the episcopacy it placed its hands upon one of the choicest spirits in the church. His had been a remarkable life. Born in Scotland, emigrating to this country, working for a time as bricklayer, converted in manhood years, seeking then an education, called to the ministry, touched by the divine gift of oratory, he had risen from the humblest station to the very highest in the gift of the church. Thousands throughout the country had hung upon his words as he wove with that matchless gift of his the fancies that were created by his imagination. He was a word painter, one of the greatest orators that American Methodism has produced. He was elected to the episcopacy from the pastorate. He had served some of the leading churches of the denomination, including several in Chicago, and was pastor of First Church, Los Angeles, at the time of his election. He was only sixty two when he died, the end coming by a strange coincidence in Chicago, in which city he had spent many years of his active ministry. He was accustomed when there always to stop at a certain hotel, and this for sentimental reasons; for, as he said, he had helped to build it, working upon those walls as a bricklayer. Robert McIntyre was a poet preacher, and in his features and in his bearing carried with him the poetic atmosphere.

ay School Lesson

THE REV. EDWARD S. LEWIS, D. D.

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emphasized this element. Fear of hell was deepened into despair and a sense of absolute helplessness. A sentence from a sermon of Jonathan Edwards will illustrate the type: "The bow of God's wrath is bent and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow; and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood." This was during the New England awakening in 1740-50.

The Wrath of God. Much later, in the early part of the nineteenth century, Charles G. Finney was the outstanding representative of evangelism. Finney was more moderate in his theology, but without pause or pity he appealed to the emotion of fear. He held that whoever comforts the sinner does him an injury "as cruel as the grave, as cruel as hell." His sermon from the text, "The wages of sin is death," depicted the place of punishment as a bottomless pit upon whose walls were written in gigantic letters the words, Wages, Wages, Wages, so that the condemned might read them over and over throughout all eternity. Finney once spoke in a schoolhouse in the neighborhood of Antwerp, N. Y., where up to that time there had been no preaching of any sort, from the words, "Up, get you up out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city." At the end of a quarter of an hour the people began to fall from their seats in every direction. "If I had had a sword in my hand," said Finney, "I could not have cut them down as fast as they fell." In another community Finney thus addressed the "brazen-faced and stiff-necked" youth of the town: "Now mark me, young men, God will break your necks in less than one week, either by converting some of you or by sending some of you to hell." The leader of the young men was

Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. The Board shall also consider applications from any church within the bounds of the district for donation or loan, and without the recommendation of the District Board the Annual Conference Board shall not consider an application. The Board shall also give a very favorable ear in the collection of loans.

The District Board shall make a report annually to the secretary of the Annual Conference Board of all its transactions during the year, and also to the Annual Conference.

The District Board shall also be a Board of Church Location. As such it shall prevent as far as possible the selection of improper sites, and shall consider and determine all questions relating to the selection of new church locations which may be referred to it by the presiding elder or by the vote of any quarterly conference. The decision of said Board shall be final unless overruled by the Annual Conference, and it shall also consider the duty of this Board of any request by the presiding elder or the pastor before action by the church upon locating the erection of new churches or the considerable remodeling of an existing one, to review carefully the necessities and conditions of the case as well as the subscriptions and other assets to build the new enterprise, together with the plans and specifications with a view to determine whether the project is feasible or not. The Board shall report its conclusions to the presiding elder and quarterly conference. Its decision in such instance shall be considered advisory.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE AND HOME MISSIONS AND CHURCH EXTENSION

It shall be the duty of each Annual Conference to examine strictly into the

The board shall hold its meetings in the City of Philadelphia. It shall have power to make By-laws for the regulation of its own proceedings not inconsistent with the Charter, the Discipline or the directions of the Home Missions and Church Extension Conference. It is hereby authorized and empowered a Loan Fund to establish and administer Annuity Funds either in connection with or separate from the Loan Fund as it may deem wise to take and hold in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church any real or personal property to dispose of the same for the use and benefit of the Church and generally to do all and singular the matters and things which shall be necessary and lawful in the administration of its trust. Provided, however, That all moneys received on account of the Fund shall be applied to the purposes for which they were given. And provided further that the aggregate amount of interest to be allowed to annuitants shall not exceed the aggregate amount of interest receivable, and provided, also, that an equitable proportion of the expenses of administration of the business of the board shall be charged to and defrayed out of the interest received on the loans made by the board from the Loan Fund and the Annuity Funds respectively.

The Board also shall have authority to provide and recommend a uniform plan for the organization of local Boards of Home Missions and Church Extension

crated life, and the ministry of that sort of patience is perhaps the greatest gift that a man can give the world.

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cate the present problem of government will be lessened. If the mutual feelings of laborers and capitalists were really Christian, one of the great and ominous problems of the present would be solved. Indeed, of many a problem of the present it may be said:

Vainly might the brain of Plato revolve it,
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it!

These religious feelings must be evoked and trained by religious truth, and that truth is in the Bible. Healthy and helpful feelings are the products of the truth, and especially of the truth that the Scriptures contain. Even patriotic feelings, which are of such great political value, are best created by teaching the Bible. Moses was a greater patriot than Washington, and Jesus as He weeps over the doomed city of David is the most sublime patriot of all history.

A superficial criticism declares that the churches should not educate, because there is no Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Methodist mathematics or biology. The fact is undeniable; the conclusion is unwarranted. The spirit of Kepler when he said as he was discovering laws of astronomy, "O God, I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee," is even more precious than the laws which he discerned and formulated. The biologist who, unsandaled, approaches God's mysteries of life, as Moses the burning bush, is no less a scientist and is a far greater and more useful man by reason of his reverence.

It is the duty of the denominational college to broaden education until it ceases to be exclusively intellectualistic. The truly cultured man not only possesses knowledge and mental power, but he pulsates with love for God and man, and love is of its own right the regal emotion of the human spirit.

OXFORD, GA.

THE SANCTUARY

"Cy" Warman's Last Poem

The author of the song "Sweet Marie," railroad man, story-writer and poet, died April 7, at the age of fifty-nine. His last poem was read by him at the West Branch Young Men's Christian Association, in Philadelphia, a few weeks before he "went around the curve":

Oft, when I feel my engine swirl,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
If all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals "Slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak of those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end -
I hope the lights are white!

A Trophy of Grace

Bishop Robert McIntyre's Conversion

[This article, which was written by Bishop McIntyre at the request of Dr. Buckley, is reprinted from THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE of December 17, 1908.—EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.]

I have been asked to write an account of my conversion, and gladly do so with the hope that it may help others, who have not found peace with God, and to whom life is joyless and filled with inward disquietude.

As a child, I had the usual traditional belief in Christianity which comes to the offspring of pious parents. I accepted without question the faith of my father and mother, but had no personal experience to confirm it. When death took them both from me and I was left head of a household of little children, while only a boy in years, my hereditary religion was too weak to bear the strain. I lapsed into blank Atheism for a time, and declared that a God who would rob a poor helpless family of its natural support was no God at all. In bitterness I renounced all my mother's teachings and denounced as hypocrites or deluded fools all who worshiped my father's Saviour. For years I scoffed at the Bible, scorned the Church, and tried to hinder others in the way of life. I was utterly miserable in my soul, even while uttering my pharisaic boasts that I was morally clean and far superior to the weak Christians whose limitations and defects I decried. Shame flushes my face as I recall my mean censure of struggling church members, and a sinking sense of my ignorance and cruel misjudgment of humble folk far better than myself comes over me as I think of it. O, the spiritual tragedies all around us! O, the pitiful struggles unseen by us in the hearts of those we meet! Good people prayed for me all this time, but I rebuffed all efforts to lead me aright, and gloried in my godlessness, but His loving kindness endureth forever. Slowly I was forced out of Atheism by the proofs of design in Nature, and became a Deist. I fell under the spell of Thomas Paine. I carried his book The Age of Reason in my pocket and was ready for a debate with anyone. Working as a bricklayer, I infected my fellow toilers with infidelity and in our boarding houses was the leader in spreading the poison of doubt and denial. When the light broke on my darkened spirit, my first strong cry in prayer was that I might undo this evil, and bring as many into the Kingdom as I had turned away from its gates, and to this day I beseech the Lord to nullify my unholy influence and cancel all the harm I did to my young companions in those black days when Satan led me captive at his will. "Depths of mercy, can there be mercy still reserved for *me*?"

One cold February night in 1877, as I passed First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on Washington Avenue, near Eighth Street, in Saint Louis, Mo., I heard singing and went in. There was a revival service going on, and only about fifty people present. The pastor of the church was Dr. Finney, but Dr. Bushong, of Central Methodist Episcopal Church of the same city, happened to be there and Dr. Finney asked him to preach. He consented to do so, and as I sat listening to this stranger, a curious sensation crept over me. I had heard many sermons, but this one was addressed to me. The Holy Spirit had given the speaker a map of my wanderings, and he swiftly opened my stubborn mind. For the first time I saw "sin" as it is, and the sight shook me like an aspen. When he presented Christ to us, tears wet my face and divine love gloried within me. A man who knew me, and sat near said, "Go to the altar," but the mood of rebellion was dominant and I whispered, "No." After repeated calls I was still rebellious, and as the congregation went out my friend said, "Come up and meet the preacher." I did so. He noticed my agitation and asked if he could help me. I said, "I would like to talk with you." He said, "Come to my study at 3 P. M. tomorrow."

I was there and we two discussed the problems of salvation a long time. As the short winter day closed and darkness crept into the room, he rose and said, "How do you feel now?" I said, "Doctor, I feel worse than when I came here." He had allowed me to use my familiar arguments and I had talked myself back into my bewildered and mutinous frame of mind. I said, sadly, "There is no hope for me." He said, "Have I failed then?" I said, "You have." Serenely, he replied, "Very well, I have a Friend who never fails in a case like this." I thought he intended to send me to another man and said, "Where is this friend?" He said, "He is here; kneel down with me." I did so,

Are You Under the Thumb of this King?

In a recent number of Farm and Fireside appears the following

I am the mightiest king that ever lived. Other kings have yielded to me as a child to its sire; even have I laughed at all the gods of every land, from Osiris to Jehovah.

With my breath have I wiped whole nations from the face of the earth.

For me have men discarded honor and women virtue. I destroy ambition, shame priests, debauch nuns, ruin statesmen—and still, still they love me.

I fill insane asylums and prisons, house my subjects in hovels and feed them on husks. Still they love me.

Fathers give me their sons, mothers their daughters, and maidens their lovers, and beg me to stay.

With one touch have I ruined great industries.

Judges yield to my power and advocates forget under my spell to plead.

I burn cities. With one touch have I sunk navies and destroyed great armies.

I never sleep.

I turn gold into dross, health into misery, beauty into caricature, and pride to shame. The more I hurt the more I am sought.

I, by turns, raise a man to highest heaven and sink him to deepest hell.

I am Satan's right-hand man. I do his work freely, cheerfully, and without pay, yet he is ashamed of me.

My name is RUM. Have you ever heard of me?

and in one moment realized I had lost my battle and was in another sphere of teaching. I could not speak, or make reply, quote scriptural difficulties, or recite shortcomings of others. I could only listen, and O how he pleaded for the sinner and entreated God to help me, and when I began to pray, too, the Friend came into the twilight place where we bowed and both were deeply affected. When we rose, he said, "Are you saved?" I said, "No, sir, but I must go farther in this matter. Will you be at the church tonight?" He said, "I will be there if you attend." He was there, and as I recall the scene, he preached that evening. Dr. Cunningham, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was present and thinks he preached the sermon. This may be, as, my mind being highly wrought up, I may have forgotten. It is possible both men spoke that night, as it was the custom then for one to preach and another to exhort after him. At any rate, Dr. Cunningham was there, and well remembers all the facts. God bless them both for their aid to me. When the call for penitents was made I was deeply convicted, yet, in stiff-necked defiance, I refused to go; I had often ridiculed the "altar" and would not surrender. I was violently exercised, a psychological storm raged within, my deepest nature seemed rent and torn. I held fast to the seat and said, "If I get out to the street I will keep away from this place." Thus I struggled, pale and trembling, until the preacher raised his hands for the benediction. Then I heard a voice saying, "Young man, if you leave this place unsaved, you are forever lost." Then the flood of pent-up feeling burst the dyke, and I ran to the chancel and fell prone. I recall nothing for some moments, but soon heard above my sobs the sweet old hymn, "Come to Jesus Just Now." A mountain of guilt pressed me to the floor. I could scarcely live; my spirit seemed to rive my very flesh; with laboring breath I prayed the Deist's invocation, "O God, help me." A saintly white-haired woman heard my plea, and divined my difficulty, which was to accept Christ as Lord and Saviour. She said to me, "Son, repeat this prayer with all your heart: 'O God, for Jesus' sake, save me.'" I did it and on the word the mountain fled away and a sea of heavenly love swept over me. I, even I, was pardoned, reborn, adopted. I saw the Father's face over me, I knew the Father's arms under me, I felt the Father's heart against me. All the world seemed new and all the dear ones round me rejoiced as with streaming eyes I tried to tell in my first stammering rapture what a glorious Redeemer I had found.

I slept but little for joy that night, and next morning I preached my first sermon in my boarding house, while we waited in the sitting-room for the breakfast bell. I said to the men who knew me as foremost in opposition to the gospel, "Friends, you know my past, how outspoken I was against religion. Now I am a Christian converted last night, and resolved to serve Jesus with a glad spirit and obedient will. I hope I have your good wishes and that you will go with me on the heavenly way." Some wished me well and shook my hand fervently, some scoffed at me, even as I prayed for them. Then I tasted the bitterness I had given others, and thus began the pilgrimage of one who goes "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

Social Service Activities in Methodist Churches

The following interesting array of Methodist social service activities is taken from the Social Service Bulletin.

The community work at Maple Avenue Church, Terre Haute, the Rev. A. E. Monger, pastor, is constantly developing new features. A summer campaign of out-door recreation has been planned in co-operation with a neighboring church. More than three hundred are enrolled in the gymnasium classes, and a boys' chorus from among this number recently formed the principal feature of a Sunday evening service.

Systematic service to the sick is being carried on by the young people of Fifth Street Church, Philadelphia, in connection with the local hospital. A secretary devotes a certain amount of time to the institution each week.

Finding out why girls leave home was one of the pieces of work done during the past winter by the Rev. Ralph S. Cushman of Fall River. He investigated eighteen cases and reported to his membership and to the community the conditions surrounding the lives of these run-away girls.

Serving on the minimum-wage commission of the State is a privilege which has recently come to the Rev. M. H. Marvin, Sunnyside, Wash.

A new social center room has been opened in connection with the Anthracite Social Service Mission at Tamaqua, Pa. Evening classes in English are conducted, and the place is used as a library, reading room and general meeting place for immigrants.

A wireless telegraphy club is a feature of the boys' work at Center Church, Malden, at Fall River, and at Fifth Street Church, Philadelphia. Other features of the Malden work are a Nature Club, a troop of Boy Scouts, a class in camp cookery and a boys' choir.

The League of the Kindly Tongue, which has for its motto "The law of kindness is on her tongue," has been organized by the Rev. W. D. Marsh, Appleton, Wis. Members to the number of five hundred are to be found in ten different States.

Wednesday evening is known to the membership of First Church, Danville, Ill., as "church night." On that evening each week the members meet at seven for a study hour; there are classes in this period for the study of the Bible, missions, church history, personal and social evangelism. In the second period of the evening all meet together in a devotional service, at which the International Uniform Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday is discussed. The third period is given over to a social hour, with opportunity for committee meetings.

Getting the church in touch with the community is the distinctive feature of the work of Plymouth Church, Buffalo, E. L. Waldorf, pastor. A series of meetings was provided for this purpose. "Neighborhood night" at the church served to introduce to the community the public officers who were responsible for its welfare—the teachers, the policemen and firemen. "City night" gave an opportunity for the city officers to tell of their work for the community. On "State night" two legislators spoke to the men of the church and on "national night" the outstanding national issues were discussed.

Plymouth Church is in a district where it was thought that a Methodist church had no future. But the pastor went to work deliberately to colonize the district: he established a "rooming bureau," advertising rooms for rent in good families; he discovered where the good boarding houses were and advertised them among the young people of the district; he established a "renting bureau," showing what desirable houses were available. His new church, with the largest auditorium in the city, is now a flourishing institution, not the least valuable of its features being an effective employment bureau.

Appreciations of Bishop Robert McIntyre

From Bishop Quayle

I have deep sadness in the heart at the going of Bishop McIntyre. I had hoped he would rally and be in strength again. As I saw him last, I see him now at the bishops' meeting with that strangely winsome smile lighting his face like a lamp. He has gone smilingly out into his Father's house. It is the lonely and apart man that impressed me and impresses me. How often have I seen him in the city streets where the throngs crowded, walking as in a dream. He was as lost as if he had been in some distant desert. The Scotch moors were not more lonely nor more sad than his spirit. I used to watch him in bishops' meetings and there he was listening, listening, but often not hearing. His spirit had gone on a walk out somewhere he loved—I used to think of the Wordsworthian line, "I wandered lonely as a cloud." He was ever a dreamer, a mystic, a beautiful mystic. He accused me of that, but certainly he was a mystic spirit brooding. He would sit at the fire and watch the flame dance as I have seen him do in our own home, and be a million leagues removed from us and from himself. I wonder how he will wander through the mystery of light and love in his Father's house?

At the last bishops' meeting his prayer on a day was so tender, so tearful, so hushed in great calm, so near the great Christ that I was smitten with its holy wonder and urged out toward God in its heavenly rush of soul. He was dreaming with his God; and we were at the dream. I shall always recall him at that voice and at the nearness to the Holy One of Israel. Robert McIntyre loved God. Things unseen and eternal were very sure to him; his Scotch nature was not hard but had mist on its moors and rivers and the fall of rain and the burnie's wimple and then the gushes of sunlight that smote the heather, wild with purple laughter. Scotch he was; resolute, clean, craggy, and neighboring the sea.

I was a successor to him in a pastorate, and there always men said, "McIntyre was a man." He was. It was good to hear that of him. Patches of tenderness would smile out on you like a pool of violets upon a sunny bank. His eloquence was haunting. His voice had the violin effect on me, weird, pathetic, tearful, and ever a minstrel. Once on a car in a certain city a man said to me, "I have heard to-day one of the two great sermons of my life. One of the sermons was preached by Bishop McDowell; the one to-day was preached by Bishop McIntyre. It was sweet to hear." I told Robert of it and his smile shone out on me and he was helped in courage. We shall miss that voice and that tall, erect figure and that sunset phrase and that winsomeness of soul which one must know the man well to encounter at the full.

I love to think on our love one for the other, and how love does not die but only in the Christ goes on a far and fairer journey. May this walker in the throng find long spaces sown to stars in the heavenly land where his poet-heart may wander at his will, not lonely and not sad, but solitary for an hour to come back with the smile eternal on the face. He fares forth now upon the heavenly hills, and with him is the Comforter.

Arkansas Methodism Mourns

THE REV. ROBERT L. SILLE

Arkansas Methodism bows in mourning at the shocking news of the death of Bishop McIntyre. When he came to our state at the beginning of this year every preacher in our two conferences, one white and the other black, felt that in him he had a friend, a brother, a Christian, a man with whom to deal ecclesiastically, and not one in the whole number was given grounds to feel that he was disappointed in the least in his estimate of the bishop. May his kind be multiplied in proportion to the need of the Church and abide until the millennium.

Little Rock, Ark.

From the Illinois Conference

THE REV. ROBERT STEPHENS

Bishop Robert McIntyre was a Christian gentleman; was never ashamed to tell of his conversion to God; was a big-hearted man; was a faithful preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ; was happy in his pulpit preaching Jesus Christ; was ready to strike hard blows for what he believed to be the right; was never sitting on the fence on any question very long; was a true friend to the working man and his family; was a true friend to his old friends, and was never better pleased than when he had time to chat with them; was a true Methodist to the doctrines and polity of his Church; was never above his fellow preacher because he was a bishop; was a great friend of the retired preachers of his Church; was a true American and was always ready to say a good word for American institutions; was a wonderful word painter and people who ever saw him at his work will never forget him and his stirring life; was never ashamed of the fact that he was born in a poor man's home; was ready when the call came from the Master, for he had been expecting the coming of his Lord for some time and could say "Welcome, Lord Jesus." Good-by, old friend, I will meet you by and by in the land where they never die.

From Dr. Locke

On Sunday night, September 6, in formally announcing the death of Bishop Robert McIntyre to the congregation of the First Methodist Church, Los Angeles, Dr. Charles Edward Locke, the pastor, said:

"The First Methodist Church of Los Angeles is submerged in sorrow because of the sudden passing of their former pastor, Bishop Robert McIntyre. For six years he was the dearly beloved and increasingly popular pastor of this Church, and the Church has always enjoyed the distinction of having him step from its pulpit to the larger honors and responsibilities of the episcopacy.

"Born of sturdy Scotch ancestry he was a tireless worker, and as a young man gave promise of a notable career. On the threshold of his public life just as this ambitious young chevalier was issuing forth as a defender of the false theories of infidelity, he had a vision of the Christ whom he was intending to persecute; and after an honest inquiry, 'Who art thou?' the young brick mason reverently asked, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"From the beginning he showed signs of preëminence in the profession of the ministry. He was what is sometimes erroneously called a self-made man, but unlike the charge which John Bright made against Disraeli, he did not worship his maker; for with all his colossal personality and extraordinary gifts, Robert McIntyre was a modest man of devout habits. His reserve could be attributed to his modesty and not to his pride, for while he was a well-poised man who was sufficiently sure of himself, yet he possessed a natural restraint which was the result of his true humility.

"In his strong and striking character dignity and simplicity, reserve and frankness, seriousness and humor, vision and reality, vigor and gentleness were combined in such excellent balance as to produce a personality of unusual symmetry and grace and power.

"He had a warm and tender heart, and because all the world loves a lover, people loved him. He was an idealist who dreamed the dreams which some future year would realize. Even on the crowded street he was often found so absorbed in his contemplation of the achieving of the impossible that he was perfectly oblivious to men and things about him.

"He was preëminently a preacher because he was a prophet and a seer. His incorrigible optimism made him a modern Isaiah who did not fail to rebuke the evils of the present, but confidently looked forward to the triumph of all righteousness, when 'the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose'; and 'when the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.'

"In common with many true prophets he possessed to a marked degree the poetical instinct, and in his preaching he was able to carry his congregation in triumphs of faith and joy to Pisgah's exhilarating summits where the promised land was not only revealed but could be promptly entered.

"Robert McIntyre was a good man, a fond husband and father, a faithful friend, a rapturous patriot, a versatile scholar, a brilliant and persuasive preacher, and a humble and holy disciple of Jesus Christ his Lord. Such men are a vindication of the wisdom of God in creating man!

"Hail, brother, and farewell!"

Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Chicago, Illinois,
Wednesday, September 16, 1914

Vol. LXII No. 38

To Your Knees, O Christians!

By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation:

Whereas, great nations of the world have taken up arms against one another and war now draws millions of men into battle whom the counsels of statesmen have not been able to save from the terrible sacrifice; and,

Whereas, in this, as in all things, it is our privilege and duty to seek counsel and succor of Almighty God, humbling ourselves before Him, confessing our weakness and our lack of any wisdom equal to these things; and,

Whereas, it is the especial wish and longing of the people of the United States, in prayer and counsel and all friendliness, to serve the cause of peace;

Therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do designate Sunday, the 4th day of October next, a day of prayer and supplication, and do request all God-fearing persons to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God that, overruling the counsel of men, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in His mercy and goodness showing a way where men can see none, vouchsafe His children healing peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit or toil or thought in the world; praying also to this end that He forgive us our sins, our ignorance of His holy will, our willfulness and many errors, and lead us in the paths of obedience to places of vision and to thoughts and counsels that purge and make wise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-ninth.

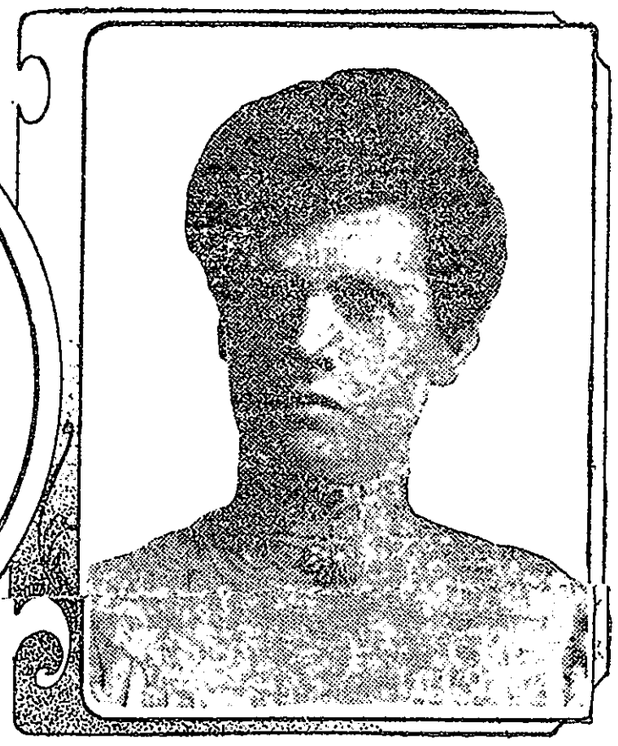
WOODROW WILSON.

By the President.
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
Secretary of State.

CHURCH ACQUIRES GREAT BISHOP AND CITY LOSES GREAT PASTOR

BISHOP M'INTYRE

MRS. ROBERT M'INTYRE



MISS NELL M'INTYRE

CARLYLE C. M'INTYRE

MISS RUTH M'INTYRE

Contest
9th
or before this date.
packages. Send

'SOMETHING' 'DOING'

The 5th STREET Store

STANDARD PATTERNS

BROADWAY. COR. FIFTH ST.

10c I
Silkol
Full yard wide; ex
designs on light
value, 8 to 10, 5c

-Up Sale Rugs, Draperies, Curtains

ere never better prepared to offer you values than now. Our assortments of draperies, rugs and curtai
est in Los Angeles. These values for tomorrow will have no parallel in this city.

1.50 Smyrna Rugs, 8 to 10, 75c

ly reversible, heavy quality; 5 feet long, 30 inches wide; hand-
ew designs; attractive colors; fringed ends, rugs that retail
ly for $1.50. No phone or mail orders. Sale, 8 to 10, 75c.

$3.00 Axminster Rugs $1.98

feet, heavy rugs; door mat size; new floral and oriental pat-
terns; $3.00 grade $1.98.

$6.50 9x9 ft. Rugs $4.98

Heavy, reversible ingrain rugs; wonderfully attractive in design and color combinations; exceptional $6.50 values at $4.98.

40c Floor Oilcloth—Heavy quality, in neat tile and geometrical patterns; short lengths to 4 yards; worth 40c a yard. Thursday..... **25c**

$35 Velvet Axminster Rugs—9x12 ft., high grade, beautiful rugs; exquisitely designed; richly colored. Sale price..... **$21.00**

Draperies at ½

20c White Swiss, 40-in. wide .	9c
20c Cathedral Madras	9c
20c Fancy Cretonnes	10c
50c Curtain Nets	25c
50c Silk Cross Stripes Dprs. . .	25c
60c Oil Opaque Shades	25c
10c Extension Rods	5c
8 1-3c Shelf Oilcloth	5c

$1.50 Swiss Curtains 75c Pa.

New fancy dotted, figured and striped swiss muslin c
made with good, full hemstitched ruffles; curtains 2
long; worth regularly $1.50. In this sale, Thursday, 75c

25c Lace Door Panels, 8 to 10, 1

On sale 8 to 10 only at this price—Arabian Nottingh.
door panels, with fancy medallion centers, 25c value 1

$2.00 Curtains 9

Fine white lace curtains, 50 inch
3 yards long; exquisitely designed
$2.00 value 98c a pair.

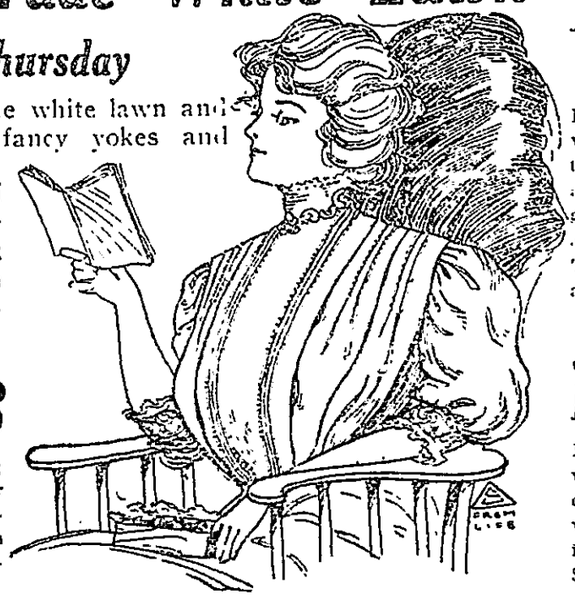
$3.50 Lace Curtains—Fine white and ecru; Scotch net and madras weave; beautiful border designs; pair, Thursday... **$1.75**

$2.50 Couch Covers—Heavy Negus tapestry; 60 ins. wide, 3 yds. long; fringed all around; Turkish and oriental designs... **$1.48**

$5.00 High Grade White Lawn Waists $2.3

A Big Feature Thursday

5 beautiful waists, made of fine white lawn and
oss-bar muslin; some with fancy yokes and
onts; others exquisitely trimmed
ith embroideries in a variety of
raceful designs; buttoned in the
ack; ¾ length sleeves; all sizes;
n unparalleled offering in high
rade waists; $5.00 values Thurs-
ay $2.39.



$3.25 Lawn and Batiste Waists . $1.98

lso cross-bar swiss waists in this lot;
ome trimmed with German Val., Baby
ish and Maltese lace; others trim-
ed with embroidery; many new plain
ilored models; perfectly finished gar-
ents. Regular $3.25 values $1.98.

$1.25 Waists 65c

Half price for a lot of white la
waists, plain tailored or variou
trimmed; also fancy waists with b
and black polka dots, garments
genuine merit, thoroughly well m
and finished, regularly sold at $1
This will bring a crowd Thurs
at 65c.

$1.25 Short Kimonos . . . 45

Made of fine Japanese crepe in
wonderfully attractive assortment
designs and colors; neatly trimm
with folds and button-hole stitc
ing, full kimono sleeves, ¾ lengt
$1.25 value. Sale price 45c.

REV. DR. M'INTYRE ELECTED BISHOP

Late Tuesday afternoon news was received in Los Angeles that Rev. Dr. Robt. McIntyre of the First M. E. church had been elected a bishop at the general conference in Baltimore on the 16th ballot.

Of the 757 votes cast on the 16th ballot 514, or 12 more than required, were cast for Dr. McIntyre. Next in favor stood the Rev. Frank M. Bristol of Washington, D. C., who later was elected the eighth and last bishop, with 428 votes.

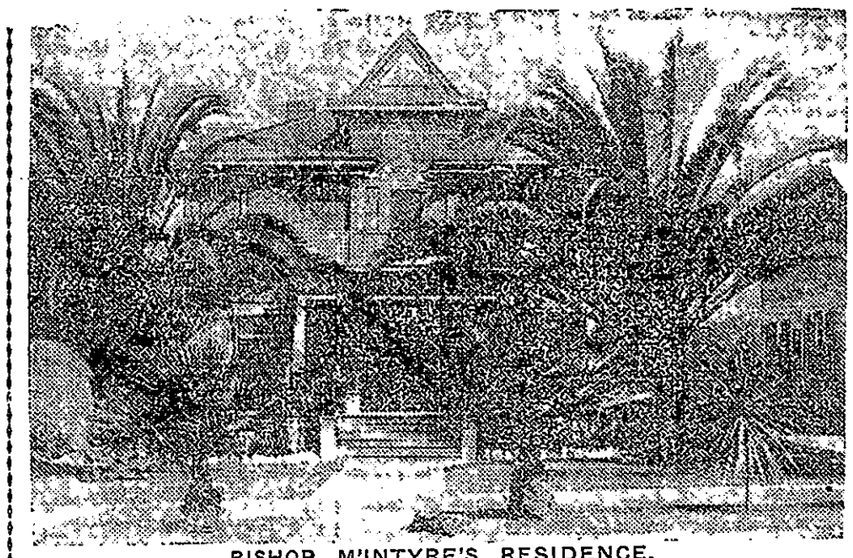
At the election of Dr. McIntyre to the office of bishop there is general rejoicing in Los Angeles and California. Since the news was first received here Tuesday congratulations poured in at the family home, 1033 S. Alvarado st., where Mrs. McIntyre and her two daughters received the tidings of the honor. Shortly after 6 o'clock Tuesday evening Mrs. McIntyre sent a telegram of congratulations to her distinguished husband.

The rise of Dr. McIntyre has been romantically rapid. Though many take him for an older man, he is only 56 today, and at the highest grade of his vigor. By sheer personal force he climbed the ladder from his occupation as a bricklayer the pinnacle of ecclesiastical greatness in a period of 30 years.

He was born in Selkirk, Scotland, Nov. 20, 1851, and came to this country with his parents when about 7 years old. He attended the public schools of Philadelphia and learned the bricklayer's trade. He was working at this when he was converted to the Methodist church, south, in St. Louis, and when he felt that he was called to the ministry he went to Vanderbilt university. On Dec. 3, 1877, he was married to Miss Ella Chatten, and soon after he entered the ministry.

The story of how he built his first church at Easton, Ill., has followed him through his ministry. It was he who laid the bricks for the foundation. He was ordained at Jacksonville, Ill., in 1878, in the Northern M. E. church. He served at Marshall, Charleston, Urbana, Chicago and Denver before coming to Los Angeles, six and a half years ago. The church has a membership of 2000 and a seating capacity of 2400. According to the custom of the Methodist church, the newly elected bishops must take what is left after the older ones have been placed in the best localities, and at present the districts considered least desirable are China, South America and Rome (Italy).

There is a strong probability that Dr. McIntyre will be sent to one of these fields, unless, by courtesy, the other bishops consent to consider the strong desire of his friends to retain him here.



BISHOP M'INTYRE'S RESIDENCE.
1033 Alvarado Street

Rev. Robert McIntyre's election to the Episcopacy marked the crowning point in the career of a self-made man.

From the bottom rung of the ladder he has mounted upward through trials and hardships until he has attained the highest honor in Methodism to which a minister can aspire.

Since his conversion in St. Louis in February, 1877, he has labored faithfully and devotedly in the cause of Christianity.

On the last day of that year he was married to Miss Ella Chatten of Quincy, Ill., and together they labored in the interest of the work he had begun only a few months before. Devotedly she has stood with him and has been an inspiration that has done much in the promotion of his success.

"His work was my work," said Mrs. McIntyre today. "From the very beginning of our married life we have labored together constantly."

Marked with devotion and sacrifices there has been no wedded life happier than that of Dr. and Mrs. McIntyre.

After spending his last dollar to obtain a theological training Dr. McIntyre, with forlorn hope, was looking forward to his approaching wedding day.

It was then that Mrs. McIntyre took her first step in the life in which she has labored so faithfully and happily. After Dr. McIntyre related his circumstances, his wife suggested a way out of the supposed difficulty.

"I was willing to get married and live in my mother's home until Robert got a start," said Mrs. McIntyre. "We were married on the last day of December, 1877, and for a few months resided at my home.

"In the spring of 1878 Dr. McIntyre was ordained to the ministry at the Methodist conference in Jacksonville, Ill. His first charge was at what was known as the Easton circuit.

"We borrowed $100 from my mother and went to housekeeping at Easton, Ill. Later Dr. McIntyre occupied pulpits at Marshall, Charleston and Urbana, Ill.

"While at Urbana Dr. McIntyre went to Europe for a short vacation, but I did not accompany him, as it was im-

FIND LONG BURIED CITY UNDER CAMPUS

Berkeley Society for Psychical Research Makes Important Discovery in Grounds of University of California

By Associated Press.

BERKELEY, May 26.—Buried a few feet under the classic soil of the University of California campus lies a city of the stone age whose massive walls respond to the instruments of the members of the Berkeley Society for Psychical Research and show their well defined locations according to the investigations made by Prof. Joseph Voyle, president of the local psychical society, and other members.

The series of investigations to find the lines of the buried city, which antedates by thousands of years the time of Columbus, have been carried on quietly for the last month since the society took up this important branch of their studies.

None of the professors of the university has as yet thoroughly investigated the findings of the society, but it is likely that if their discoveries are found to have a foundation excavation work will be begun at once along scientific lines.

LIGHT TACKLE EXPERT LANDS HEAVY SEA BASS

SAILOR LOSES LIFE IN ASSISTING IN RESCUE — OWNER AND CAPTAIN OF LAUNCH ZEUS IS MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING.

AVALON, Catalina, May 27.—(By Pacific wireless.)—After drifting for three days in the launch "Zeus" in the open channel between Catalina and San Clemente, E. E. Easton, a mining ... wife, two children ...

MISSING WOMAN GRE... FRIEND MONI...

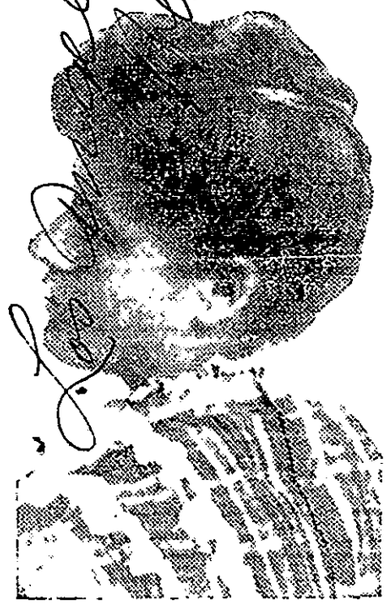
VENICE, May 27.—It is possible ... lor has found a grave in the Pacifi... Santa Monica, an old friend of Mrs ... missing Los Angeles organist on th...

"I stopped and spoke to her," ... gratulated her on her marriage. It ... her since then. She answered me ... queerly. She was walking backwa... nervous. I saw her for only a minu...

MOTHER PLEADS FOR AID IN SEARCH.

I appeal to the people of Los Angeles to help me in the search for my daughter. I feel sure that she is hiding in or under some empty building, and I wish every person in Los Angeles and the suburbs would make it their business to hunt for her in the empty houses near them.

MRS. ELLA SHOWALTER,
1832 S. Union av.



MRS. ADA SHOWALTER TAYLOR.

Another line of search for Mrs. Ada Showalter-Taylor was commenced Wednesday by her husband and those who are trying to locate the missing musician.

They will visit every house on the east side, especially the vacant houses, to see if she is hiding in any of them or has gone to the home of some person who does not read the papers and is caring for her without making any attempt to locate her people.

TO SEARCH EMPTY HOUSES

It is intended that this search of empty houses shall be general an...

hoes and Oxfords $2.48

...ple footwear from the Golden State Shoe Co.—vici kid, ...nt colt and gunmetal; lace, blucher and button shoes; tan, ...sian calf, vici kid oxfords and pumps; high grade, snappy ...es; excellent $3.50 and $4.00 values. Remarkable saving ... at $2.48.

$1.50 Children's Shoes 95c

Sample shoes and oxfords; black patent colt and tan vici kid; also white canvas lace shoes; sizes 5 to 10. $1.25 and $1.50 values at 95c.

$1.75 Canvas Oxfords $1.19

Women's hand-turned white canvas oxfords; ribbon ties; kid lined, and have Cuban heels; stamped Rosenthal & Co. $1.75 oxfords at $1.19.

Great ...

UN...

50c meat platters; s... damaged..... $1.20 doz. water g... perfect..... $6.00 doz. Haviland ... plates, each..... $1.00 dozen plates, ... ware, each..... 25c tin sauce pans ... eral sizes..... Chambers, large siz... ered.....

TAX FUNDS MISSING IN SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—It is reported that $37,572, representing the taxes paid under protest in 1903 by the United Railroads, is missing, presumably from the city and county treasury. The sum represents the difference between the valuation placed on the holdings of the United Railroads by the state board of equalization, and the assessment of Washington Dodge, city and county assessor, and which has been in litigation.

Judge Seawell decided the case in favor of the city and was upheld by the supreme court. The alleged shortage is said to have been discovered when the remittitur was handed down.

SUES PACIFIC ELECTRIC

John J. Goldworthy has filed suit against the Pacific Electric Railroad ...mpany to collect $45,200 damages, al...ging negligence of the company in an ...cident June 11, 1907, when his two-...ar-old son, Edgar, lost his right arm.

Original List

Knabe Upright
Knabe Square
Knabe Grand
A. B. Chase
Mathushek
Kimball
2 Fairbanks
2 Kaytons
5 Clarendons
3 Metropolitans
4 Ludwigs
4 Price & Teeples
3 Fischers
Tracy & Robinson Square
Wesley & Co.
Kingsbury
Harrington

Cabinet Players

...1912.

LOS ANGELES METHODISTS REJOICE; BISHOP POPULAR

Methodists of Los Angeles and all over Southern California were jubilant yesterday afternoon when it became known that Dr. Robert McIntyre, pastor of the First Methodist church, had been elevated to the episcopacy by the sixteenth ballot of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, now in session in Baltimore.

Bishop McIntyre, as he will henceforth be known, is one of the most prominent men in Methodism.

Many regular Methodist lovefeasts were held in Los Angeles last night, and many more will be held tonight, the regular prayer meeting night of the various churches.

Expressing the feeling of all the ministers of Los Angeles, Rev. E. P. Ryland, president of the Church Federation of Los Angeles, yesterday afternoon sent the following congratulatory telegram to the new bishop:

"Bishop Robert McIntyre, General Methodist Conference, Baltimore, Md.—"The Church federation of Los Angeles authorizes me to extend to you most hearty congratulations on your election. E. P. RYLAND, President."

Has Had Rapid Rise

The life of Bishop McIntyre is one of rapid rise all through its fifty-six years. Born in Felkirk, Scotland, the future bishop was brought to this country by his parents when 7 years old. He received a public school education in Philadelphia, and then became a bricklayer, which trade he followed several years. During this time he was a skeptic to a marked degree, and was very antagonistic tow... rd ... the

Bishop Robert McIntyre.

A Scotchman by birth, an American by training and conviction; a bricklayer by trade; a preacher by God's call; a poet by instinct; an orator by temperament; a brilliant lecturer, he charmed the multitudes by the gift of an imagination which would make his hearers see darkness or hear silence and could make the fruits of the earth glow with the love of a providing God. He poured himself into speech until his hair turned white before the time. Not a parliamentarian of a lawyer, or an administrator, he loved his way through the tangles of debate and lifted upon his brethren the face of a saint, that stilled tumults and estopped criticism. His last word on earth was "lovely." It was doubtless his first word in Heaven. Could God send him back to us, with the memory of that Holy City, no tongue would be more nearly equal to describing pearl gates, jasper walls, streets of gold, and the light never seen on sea or land. At first admired as an orator, he died beloved as a brother and left to his church and his colleagues the gracious memory of simple and unaffected fellowship.

Just how it has come about no one knows, but notwithstanding the precautions taken by the Commission on Federation to guard against such an error, there seems to be an impression abroad that the Plan of Unification proposed last May by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had been previously commended as such by the concurrent action of the commissioners of the three Methodist bodies in conference at Chattanooga May 10-12, 1911. Such a misunderstanding tends to profitless discussion, and should therefore be corrected at once. The truth is that neither commission, nor any member of either commission, individually, was committed to the advocacy of that or any other definite plan of union, as will appear from the record of the proceedings of the joint session which formulated the original instrument referred to.

The commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal, South, and the Protestant Methodist Churches met in joint session at Chattanooga, May 10-12, 1911, to receive the report of a sub-committee of nine, which had been appointed at Baltimore in early December, 1910. This sub-