UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
MISSION BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

BISHOPS – MISSIONARIES

ID#

157
JESUS, OUR HEART'S JOY.

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Bernard of Clairvaux.

Jesus, thou Joy of Loving Hearts!  
Thou Font of Life!  thou Light of Men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on thee call;  
To them that seek thee thou art good,  
To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still;  
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

O, Jesus, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

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BISHOP MOORE'S PERILOUS VOYAGE.

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Mrs. Sue Harrington Couland.

It is not often that I have anything of particular interest to write for The Pacific Advocate, and at the same time, time in which to write it, but I am sure your readers will be glad to receive word in regard to Bishop and Mrs. Moore. They and their son Julian have had their headquarters recently at this Shanghai Missionary Home. When we arrived here three weeks ago, we heard they were expected shortly from their long and difficult trip to West China. Some days passed before they really arrived, as their steamer had encountered the Yang-tse shallows, a not unusual experience at this time of year. However, they arrived safely in the course of time and after some days here, Bishop Moore embarked on the steamship Sungari, which left Shanghai on the morning of February 6th, for Chemulpo. This is a Russian boat belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, and running in connection with the Siberian railway. Of course, the beginning of war was recognized by the Bishop, but his episcopal duties called him to Korea, where he was asked to sit on a conference, and he determined that he should get there as quickly as possible to give every assistance to the two missionaries there in the crisis. Mrs. Moore remained here until Monday, when she sailed for Bombay by the P. & O. steamer Maleva. As you will know long ere this, Japan viewed the first news from the Bishop was to have called his arrival and no word came from him, either that day or later. Instead came rumors of the opening of hostilities, but no mention anywhere of the Sungari, until on Thursday, the morning papers stated that she had been destroyed on Tuesday. To make matters harder for poor Mrs. Moore, people knowing that Bishop Moore had sailed from here on that steamer jumped to the conclusion that he had gone down with the steamer, and a "special" to that effect was issued and circulated. Mr. Lacy and others went to the steamship companies and the American and Japanese consulates, but no news had been received in regard to the Sungari, and no one could say whether the steamer had been sunk before or after she had landed her passengers at Chemulpo, which was the crucial question. However, as she was due to arrive there at daybreak on Monday, and she was not destroyed until Tuesday it is at least highly probable that the passengers (only two in number, and both Americans, we hear) were safe above before the fight. The fact that no telegrams have come through for some days from Chemulpo, whether because of the lines being closed by censorship or breakage no one knows—would account for no news having arrived from Bishop Moore himself. The American consul cabled to Tokio for information, and the official reply arrived yesterday, bringing comfort to all our hearts: "My last information is that the Sungari was sunk, and no lives were lost." We are hoping for further news very soon, but with things as they are now in the North, it may be some time before word can be got through.

You can understand what a very trying time this has been, and am, for Mrs. Moore. We are all filled with sympathy for her in the uncertainty so hard to bear, but through it all she has been simply a heroine. No other word is strong enough to tell what she is. To let him start on such a journey, which we know could not but be dangerous, and then to bear up so bravely during these days of suspense when no word came from or of him, and then when rumors were flying thick and fast and multiplying, as it seems to me they can do quicker here in Shanghai than in any place I know of—simply hero. To say in such circumstances, 'Whatever has happened is for the best,' is all right. He is doing his duty, as one who to whom few of us, I fear, have attained.

We will be glad to know how Bishop Moore, who does not hesitate to say that Bishop is doing God's work, which he faced once in a lifetime, but that we have just as much reason to be thankful for the right path he is walking. It is a great thing for her that Mr. and Mrs. Moore have just arrived, and that the Bishop has just arrived from Japan, which is fortunate, for she is not only a bishop and missioner, but a mother, and Bishop Moore is safe, and would not be out of touch to arrive here at any time, sent off to Japan from Shanghai.
It is not often that I have anything of particular interest to write for The Pacific Advocate, and at the same time, time in which to write it, but I am sure your readers will be glad to receive word in regard to Bishop and Mrs. Moore. They and their son Julian have had their headquarters recently at this Shanghai Missionary Home. When we arrived here three weeks ago, we heard they were expected shortly from their long and difficult trip to West China. Some days passed before they really arrived, as their steamer had struck on the Yang-tse shallows, a not unusual experience at this time of year. However, they arrived safely in the course of time and after some days here, Bishop Moore embarked on the steamer Sungari, which left Shanghai on the morning of February 6th, for Chemulpo. This is a Russian port belonging to the Chinese & Eastern Railway Company, and running in connection with the Siberian railway. Of course, the imminence of war was recognized by the Bishop, but his episcopal duties called him to Korea, where he was soon to hold a conference, and he doubtless felt that he should get across as quickly as possible to give every assistance to the missionaries there in the crisis. Mrs. Moore remained here, and was to meet the Bishop later in Japan, to attend the Conference there. Their son Julian remained here until Monday, when he sailed for Bombay by the P. & O steamer Malwa. As you will know long ere this, Japan struck the first blow on Monday, February 8th. That was the day on which the Sungari should have reached Chemulpo at daybreak. No word was received during the day from the Bishop, but instead a cable arrived from Korea saying that Mr. Allan, the consul, advised the Bishop not to go, and that missionaries from the interior would not be able to get down for conferences. Naturally, this cable made Mrs. Moore very anxious, particularly North, it may be some time before word can be got through. You can understand what a trying time this has been, and be, for Mrs. Moore. We are all filled with sympathy for her in the uncertainty so hard to bear, but through it all she has been simply a heroine. No other word is strong enough to tell what she is. To let him start on such a journey, which she knew could not be dangerous, and then to bear up so bravely during these days of suspense when no word came from or of him, and then when rumors were flying thick and fast and multiplying, as it seems to me they can do everywhere in Shanghai than in any place I know of—is simply heroic. To say in such circumstances, "Whatever has happened or is to happen, it is all right. He is doing his duty," says a spirit to which few of us, I fear, have attained.

We may well be proud of our Bishop, who does not hesitate in the dangers in doing God's work, which he faced once before for his country, but we have just as much reason to be proud of his wife, who meets trial so bravely and sweetly and unselfishly. It is a comfort to her that Mr. and Mrs. Longden have just arrived from her station on his way home which is fortunate, as she is not without members of her own church and mission with whom to converse. Personally, I have felt and do still feel some concern that Bishop Moore is safe, and would not be great surprise if he should arrive here at any time, sent such as a non-combatant from the seat of war. Or he may be in Korea or in Japan, or even somewhere about Dalny, as one of the many flying rumors is that the Sungari went to that port instead of Chemulpo when she left here. Very likely, before this reaches you word will have been received by cable of his safety and movements, but even in that hope-for event you may be glad to hear some of these particulars.

[The Bishop arrived safely and held the Korean conference.—Editor.]

As to my own movements I will merely add that after a delightful trip across America and an unpleasant one across the Atlantic, the three little people were brought over in Edinburgh, and on December 18th, I saw him, my husband in China. The passage was 40 days in some respects dreary, but 2 by only two times

Of one these, that at Singapore. I hope to tell you my husband now from here, where he is working with one of our missionaries on medical nomenclature in China. We look forward to our own work at Chao Chou in the near future. We are all glad indeed to put back again, after three and more than one journeys.

With greetings to friends, old and new.

Shanghai, February 12th.
Current Comment

With her insurance money in hand, Baltimore is jumping into the work of reconstruction. The debris alone is worth the enormous sum of $10,000,000—a large item to the underwriters.

The Great Northern's steamer "Dakota" has been safely launched at New London. The vessel is 620 feet long and has a tonnage of 25,000. It is built of steel and is to cost $3,500,000. It is designed to ply between Puget Sound ports and the Orient. There is no larger freight steamer afloat.

An order for the first of the new Louisiana Purchase Exposition postage stamps has been sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It calls for the printing of 90,000,000 of the one-cent stamps, bearing the portrait of Robert L. Livingstone; 275,000,000 of the two-cent stamps, bearing the portrait of Thomas Jefferson; 7,500,000 of the three-cent, with Monroe's portrait; 5,500,000 of the five-cent with McKinley's portrait, and 5,500,000 of the 10-cent stamps, with a miniature map of the United States, showing the territory acquired by the Louisiana purchase.

The examination of witnesses in the Reed Smoot investigation before the Senate Committee in Washington develops facts that demonstrate the blunder committed by credulous statesmen when Utah was admitted as a state of the Union. President Smith unhesitatingly acknowledges himself an open law-breaker in sustaining polygamous relations with his five wives all these years, but sailely states that he is "amenable to the laws of his state." He has had eleven children by these wives since 1890, but he knows himself to be immune from punishment since no jury could be found to convict him and no court to punish him in a community where social and business and political ostracism await any man who takes a stand against the peculiar institution. Apostle Lyman, who is slated to succeed President Smith, made the same shameful admission as to his present polygamous relations. This witness was placed in a very awkward position by his testimony that the law of the church forbidding polygamy was divinely given, and his confession that he openly and continuously disobeyed it. We are thus shown the true inwardness of Mormonism. Its professions are utterly worthless. The testimony thus far does not seem to incriminate Mr. Smoot. The witnesses are very careful in that particular. But Mormonism as a system is getting some heavy blows.

emphatic way. But it is now stated that the Italian government is negotiating for a cloth of Italian manufacture that will render its soldiers immune to bullets, even when sped by smokeless powder.

The armor is a soft felt, the stuff being capable of adaption to any form whatever; for example, a breast plate with a collar or a sort of coat which completely envelops the wearer and absolutely guarantees him from gunshot wounds. The thickness of the protector varies from one-sixteenth to seven-sixteenths of an inch, according to the arm, the effects of which it is designed to destroy. In the numerous experiments which have been made—in firing at a distance of several yards—the ball, whether it be of lead or steel, when it strikes the protector is arrested and deformed, in some cases rebounding and in others being almost reduced to a pulp. These results are not limited to ballistic effects, for in the recent experiments it was sought to pierce the armor with a dagger driven with all possible force. The point of the arm, however, could not penetrate the felt, and was bent into a shapeless mass.

We have no taste for hearing about people being killed, and so wish all success to this invention for which such remarkable claims are made. It will tend to keep the peace.

That Japan has the sympathy of the American people in her struggle with a giant foe is due not merely to the admiration felt for the pluck that tackles so powerful an enemy, but because Japan has good cause for armed resistance to the encroachments of the Czar. The story of her wrongs and the ground of her tears can be soon told. After the victory over China, Japan was awarded Port Arthur and a large strip of Manchuria, and her influence in Korea was dominant. But the Triple Alliance—France, Germany and Russia—voicing, as was believed in Japan, Russian sentiment, told Japan that it would be a menace to the peace of the world for her to occupy the awarded territory, and Japan yielded the fruits of her great victory. It was but a few months after Russia demanded Port Arthur, and the right of way for a railroad through Manchuria, and straightway took possession. From that time a struggle between the two nations seemed inevitable. Japan protested against occupancy of Manchuria, and the powers backed up her protest, and Russia promised to evacuate in October last. But on one pretext or another the Bear kept his paw on that part of China. Believing with good reason that the next move will be occupation of the Korean peninsula, Japan sees a belligerent, grasping power approaching her coast so near that its guns can command
facts that demonstrate the blunder committed by credulous statesmen when Utah was admitted as a state of the Union. President Smith unhesitatingly acknowledges himself an open law-breaker in sustaining polygamous relations with his five wives all these years, but naively states that he is "amenable to the laws of his state." He has had eleven children by these wives since 1890, but he knows himself to be immune from punishment since no jury could be found to convict him and no court to punish him in a community where social and business and political ostracism await any man who takes a stand against the peculiar institution. Apostle Lyman, who is slated to succeed President Smith, made the same shameful admission as to his present polygamous relations. This witness was placed in a very awkward position by his testimony that the law of the church forbidding polygamy was divinely given, and his confession that he openly and continuously disobeys it. We are thus shown the true inwardness of Mormonism. Its professions are utterly worthless. The testimony thus far does not seem to incriminate Mr. Snoot. The witnesses are very careful in that particular. But Mormonism as a system is getting some heavy blows.

We have more than once made mention in this column of the invention of bullet-proof cloth. The article is produced, is fired at, pronounced a wonderful success—and that is the last we hear of it. Soldiers are shot down just as they used to be, and war is still what Sherman pronounced it in his

six hundred thousand magazines was suggested, but at a point so remote from the kind of transportation required as to make successful distribution an impossibility. Being a business in periodicals solely, prompt and regular distribution by mail was a primo necessity. As this could not be obtained, the enterprise and the plant must needs be abandoned.

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Among the many advantages resulting from a consolidation of our manufacturing plants, the value of which your committee believes, can not be over-estimated, is that of a unit policy in managing the several departments of a great business—as, in the purchase of material and supplies, and the use of the same kinds of machinery and material for the same work. It is a surprising fact that each plant—Eastern
Hymns of the Heart

By the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

To the richest and sweetest of all modern hymns of the heart we have paid our tribute of affection. The name of its author, Charles Wesley, should be exceedingly dear to every lover of Jesus. To him belongs the glory of having written, not only more hymns than any other man, but also of composing one sacred song which takes rank next to the "Dies Irae" and the "Rock of Ages."

Since his day several new and beautiful contributions have been made to that class of hymns which may be called "Songs of the Soul." Like many of David's most precious psalms, they are the musical outflow of a deep inward experience. Let us now banish the thought of the modest brow of the composers of one of these sacred songs.

Her name appears in most of the lately published collections, yet few know anything about her. She was born at Cambridge, England, in February, 1805. Her father, Mr. Benjamin Flower, was the editor of a weekly paper. Her mother was a woman of fine gifts and culture. Their youngest daughter, Sarah F. Flower, was worthy of her name. For "Sarah" signifies a "princess," and sweeter fragrance has rarely exhaled from any "flower" in the garden of the Lord.

The gifted girl married Mr. William B. Adams, an English civil engineer of superior abilities. She was of frail constitution, and amidst many bodily sufferings, she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. One of these was a religious drama. Another was a volume for children, entitled "The Flock at the Fountain." At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have not learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit emitted the odors of a childlike submission to a chastening Father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. As in the case of Topham and Charlotte Elliott and Ray Palmer, the singer little dreamed that her song would be "heard through the ages."

Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics, published by a Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1842. The author did not live to catch the echoes of the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1849, at the age of 44. She was buried near Harlow, in Essex, and for several years her name was known to but few beyond the circle of loving friends who read it on her monument.

But we must draw these reveries with the hymn writers, and these counsels for the heart, to a close. As a labor of love have we written. We trust that the labor has not been in vain in the Lord. We close with those glorious lines of good old Bishop Ken, which have been sung oftener than any other four lines in the English language:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"  
"Praise him, all creatures here below;"  
"Praise him, ye heavenly host;"  
"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"  
—From "Heart Life."

Forgetting the Past

When you have had a "awful night" or a "hard day," say nothing about it. Refuse absolutely to carry burdens. Throw off what you do not want, and cease to remember what you would rather forget. To continue to think or speak of an unpleasant experience is to make it a part of your mind; but we cannot afford to place defective bricks in the mansion of life. Many a structure, that was otherwise perfect, has fallen to the ground because there were too many bricks of that sort in its wall. The day is done, it may have been a hard day, but to go to sleep brooding over its rough places will not tend to make the morrow more smooth.

Forget the day that is done, and prepare to make the coming day the best day you ever knew. Expect the new day to be the best day you ever knew, and you will do your best to make it so. Meet the new day in this attitude, and whatever the day may bring forth will serve you well. Meet life as a king, and you will be treated as a king; meet life as a weakling, and a place among weaklings will be the only place to be offered to you.—Eternal Progress Magazine.

Tact is, after all, a kind of mind reading, for sympathy is of the mind as well as of the heart.—Sarah Orne Jewett.

Make the best of everything; think the best of every body; hope the best for yourself. It so doing you will be lifting yourself and those about you to a higher plane of living.—Great Thoughts.

Time praise must grow out of the experience of God's goodness. We must remember in the midst of the struggles of the day the morning gift of strength, and ask a little of the evening grace of peace.—Bolitho Jones.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are formed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have first seen the gate of heaven.—E. H. Chapin.
time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have not learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit emitted the odors of a childlike submission to a chastening Father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. As in the case of Toplady and Charlotte Elliott and Ray Palmer, the singer little dreamed that her song would be "heard through the ages."

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Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs for worship. It crossed to America. It was heard with delight in our prayer meetings. It was married to the noble tune of "Bethany," and everybody caught the glorious strain. In noonday gatherings for prayer it soon became so familiar that, if anyone "struck up" the hymn, the whole audience joined in and sang it from memory. Last year, Professors Smith, Hitchcock and Parks, as they wound their way down the foothills of Mount Lebanon, came in sight of a group of fifty Syrian students, sitting in a line, singing in full chorus. They were the students of the new "College of Beirut," and at Rieh, and they were singing in Arabic to the air of "Bethany." As the professors drew near they caught the sublime words:

"Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee; Even though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee."

"I am not much given to the weeping mood," said Professor Hitchcock, when describing the thrilling scene, "but when we rode through the ranks of those Syrian youths, I confess that my eyes were a little damp." If it be permitted to the departed people of God to witness the transactions of earth, we may imagine with what rapture the glorified one sang:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,---"

His health failed, and in 1847 he was obliged to sail for Nice, where he soon fell asleep in Jesus. The last Sunday that he spent with his flock was the day of communion. Towards evening he handed to a friend a manuscript containing eight exquisite verses. They proved to be his own death song of holy faith. Life's brief day was ebbing swiftly to its close. The lay he sang is the most pathetic in our modern hymnology. Let any reader open to it, and his eyes will fill with tears as he reads:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim—its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me!

"Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word, But as thou dwellest with thy disciple, Lord— Familiar, condescending, patient, free; Come, not to adjourn, but abide with me!

"Come, not in thunders, as the King of kings, But kind, and good, with healing in thy wings; Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me.

"I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can fill the tempter's power! Who like thyself can guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

"I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; I know no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

you will be lifting yourself and those about you to a higher plane of living.—Great Thoughts

True praise must grow out of the experience of God's goodness. We must remember in the midst of the struggles of the day the morning gift of strength, and ask a little of the evening grace of peace.—Bolton Jones.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seasoned with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have first seen the gate of heaven.—E. H. Chapin.

There are comforters that have been born into service, and disciplined, not so much through personal experience of trial, as through a perfect communion with the great Peace-giver, in whom the springs of comfort rise. Love and sacrifice hold the meaning of all that is great and true and beautiful for one's own soul, and must hold the secret of all powers of helpfulness to the world.—Anon.

All providences are doors to trials. Even our mercies, like roses, have their thorns. Our mountains are not too high, and our valleys are not too low; for temptations, trials lurk on all roads. Everywhere, above and beneath, we are beset and surrounded with dangers. Yet no shower falls unpermitted from the threatening cloud; every drop has its order, ere it hastens to the earth. The trials which come from God are sent to prove and strengthen us.—C. H. Spurgeon.

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least, against sudden intrusions of trouble, and under our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body, or the weariness of the soul; in everyday wants; in the aching of sickness, or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injuries, reproaches; in hardness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.—E. B. Pusey.
SOUTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

Bishop Moore--An Appreciation

By Bishop Cranston

No alumnus of the Ohio Wesleyan University has become more widely or favorably known than David Hastings Moore. Athens has given Ohio and the country some notable men, but no man of them all has done more to bless humanity than the Methodist bishop, who, having traveled the world around and won many honors, is still at heart an Athenian, whose love expands just a little when he says: "I was born at Margaret's Creek, near Athens."

The date of that auspicious event was September 4, 1858. His parents having taken up residence in the town, he entered the university at seventeen and graduated in his twenty-second year. Ardent in temperament, bountiful of good fellowship, abandoning in social force, the only child of dating parents whose resources and high social position might have been the occasion golden links—was presented to their parents by the children.

This wise from Cincinnati was greatly appreciated, and doubtless voices the sentiments of many who read these lines:

"Golden are these years thus far,
   Golden the evening star,
   And at the close of a golden eternity."
   —From Western Christian Advocate.

Bishop Moore and Mrs. Moore in the Heart of Their Loved Ones

Front Row—(sitting, from left to right) Julia Pitkin, Bishop Moore, Marion Pitkin, Mrs. Bishop Moore, Mildred Moore.
"residence in" the town, he entered the university at seventeen and graduated in his twenty-second year. Ardent in temperament, brimful of good fellowship, abounding in vital force, the only child of doting parents whose resources and high social position might have been the occasion of peril to such a nature as his, it stands more to his credit that his student life was absolutely clean and his records well maintained. His graduation and marriage (which occurred on consecutive days) were happy public events in which the entire community felt a genuine satisfaction, because he was everybody's David, beloved and respected by Faculty, students, and townpeople. Never an athlete, yet his ondaughter in the scrimmage of old-time football, or when he rushed a comrade for a tackle, was something to be remembered. As a literary society and fraternity man, he was not only loyal to his own, but so honorable to rival societies that he would expose treachery against them rather than have his own society profit by an act of betrayal.

With these high ideals and an enthusiasm that coveted battle, he entered the Methodist ministry. He was born for that militant host. The circuit had no terrors for him. He asked no favors as the son of his father. His success was immediate. He passed rapidly by merit, towards the better appointments. That generous, captivating Antony which had made him the pride of the Athenian Society, and his remarkable gift of extemporaneous speech that has become known the world around, easily made him the master of assemblies. His manner is frank, hearty, and unaffected. His humor is always wholesome.

nunciation of wrong in high places or low. His industry in study and in official duty is unflagging. He is up to date in literature as well as in church and social affairs. His aptness in utterance on special occasions, serious or festive, educational or religious, is remarkable. When was he ever at a loss for the right word, however unexpected the call?

Probably no other man in his day has made so many people of various circles and conditions feel that he was their personal friend. From the section hand on the railroad, the cowpuncher on the plains, to the bankster, the jurist, the educator, and the political leader, he cultivates men out of pure good will and great heartiness. Never obliterating his religious opinions, never boasting his spiritual attainments, his robust faith is nevertheless readily discovered, and his many allegiance to Christ and the doctrines of his own chosen Church always apparent. He is a fighter rather than a compromiser, a soldier rather than a lawyer, adventurous rather than cautious. He has won many a battle while mild tactics were considering the expediency of yielding an engagement.

Such a man could not play chaplain when there were need of captains. Out of the pulpit to the front he went on Lincoln's call. Surrendered with his comrades at Harper's Ferry, he turns up a fourth one cry of distress. The friends of the cause could not abandon such a leader to his fate. The preachers loved him, the people revered him, the students idolized him. A strong movement was projected to make him governor of the State, and out of this grew the irritations that finally led to his resignation.

The regents of the State University at once called him to the chair of Political Economy, but almost before he was seated he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate in Cincinnati. In this highly important and influential post he continued until 1900, when he was one of the two men chosen for the highest office in his Church. As an editor he was progressive and not afraid of new departures in religious journalism. He championed the cause of the Negro, and was an aggressive leader of the movement to allow women in the General Conference. He expressed his friends, who wished to make him bishop sooner, by insisting that he would rather be where he could use the lance than to wear the mitre.

There is just enough of the Irish in Dr. Moore to "enjoy a wrap," yet no man would do more to serve an antagonist. His manliness is equal to his courage. His nature is characteristically chivalrous. He could not be mean even to an enemy. As a bishop his contentions are not exciting. Wrestling with church debts is to him a sort of recreation. Fighting his way up the rapids of the Yangtze for weeks was a congenial diversion. Jousts with his colleagues he enjoys, but he never fights a man whose gloves are lighter than his own. His later years
David Hastings Moore — The Bishop Beloved

On Monday morning, November 22, Bishop Moore, coming from the West to Cincinnati to attend the marriage ceremony of Bishop Anderson’s daughter, was found, on the arrival of the train, unconscious in his berth and suffering from asphyxia. He died the same night at Christ Hospital.

So sudden was the silver cord snipped asunder and broken the golden bowl, the pitcher at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern. David Moore with his waving, silver hair; his ringing, cheery greeting; his warm, hearty, handshaking; his sunny smile, has gone from us to lay himself down to rest in the God’s Acre of his earliest and most loved earthly home, the beautiful and classic town of Athens, Ohio, where he was born, the only child of his parents, the Hon. E. H. and Mrs. Amy Moore, and where he was educated. He ceased at once to labor and to live.

How shall we miss him? He had such a wide circle of loyal friends who have been drawn to him as steel filings fly to the magnet. It is no wonder that Bishop Cranston, less than two years his junior, born in the same town, graduating from the same University, cherishing through life an intimate friendship, which began in boyhood, should, with utmost difficulty, restrain his emotions while speaking over that silent but peaceful-looking form lying before him.

Throughout the length and breadth of the old and honored Ohio Conference, to which he was so deeply attached — whose roll call at each session he made it a point of pride and honor never to miss unless absolutely prevented — Bishop Moore will be sincerely and deeply mourned. And many an “Old Ohio” will grieve for their translated comrade, who was with them through the Civil War, was under Sherman and shared in the historic march to the Sea, enlisting as a private and coming out as a Lieutenant Colonel. And after his death, a letter was received from a former Confederate officer voicing the admiration of the men in gray.

Indianapolis, where, for several past years, he has made his home, will lament sincerely his departure, as will also Portland, Oregon, where he was stationed for the four years from 1904 to 1908. Well deserved were the special degrees conferred upon him by our universities—Ohio Wesleyan, Mount Union, Denver—who will be careful to keep open the doors of their alumni halls.

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"Permit me to say," he went on, "that for many years a simple little verse has been a sort of guide and inspiration to me: 'Whichever way the wind doth blow, Some soul is glad to have it so. So, blow it East or blow it West, The wind that blows, that wind is best.'

"Now I have for you, dear brethren, nothing but the profoundest respect. You have done what you thought was your duty; and as a loyal member of our Church, I am submissive to your decision. No matter how you feel or voted, that does not cut any figure with me at all. I shall love you as well, I shall pray for you as earnestly, and as ready to do anything in your power for you, as though I knew you had supported me. You have discovered that I am not effective, that I have not been able to do some things, and I submit that your judgment is better than mine."

He then referred to the literary work of Cicero, undertaken when he was ninety-four years of age; also to Cato, Simondeles, Goethe, and others, spoken of by Longfellow in his "Morituri Salutamus;" and he expressed the hope that he "might do something of the remainder of his life to show how far the Gulf Stream of Youth may be carried into the Arctic Regions of old age." He referred lovingly to his anticipation of retiring to the scenes of his childhood, "among the hills of Hocking Valley, where he could watch over the graves of his loved ones and answer duty's call, and with the help of God illustrate how an old age might be serene and bright and lowerlier than a Lapland night."

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David Hastings Moore—The Bishop Beloved

On Monday morning, November 22, Bishop Moore, coming from the West to Cincinnati to attend the marriage ceremony of Bishop Anderson's daughter, was found, on the arrival of the train, unconscious in his berth and suffering from apoplexy. He died the same night at Christ Hospital.

So sudden the end was snapped asunder and broken the golden cord, the pitcher at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern. David Moore with his waving, silvery hair; his ringing, cheery greeting; his warm, hearty, hand-shake; his sunny smile has gone from us to lay himself down to rest in the God's Acre of his earliest and most loved earthly home, the beautiful and classic town of Athens, Ohio, where he was born, the only child of his parents, the Hon. E. H. and Mrs. Amy Moore, and where he was educated. He ceased at once to labor and to live.

How shall we miss him? He had such a wide circle of loyal friends who had been drawn to him as steel filings by the magnet. It is no wonder that Bishop Cranston—less than two years his junior—born in the same town, graduating from the same University, cherishing through life an intimate friendship, which began in boyhood, should, with utmost difficulty, restrain his emotions while speaking over that silent but peaceful-looking form lying before him.

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The Funeral of Bishop David H. Moore, D.D., LL.D.

The funeral service of Bishop David Hastings Moore, D.D., LL.D., was held in Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Friday morning, November 26, Bishop William F. Anderson presiding. A large company of representative Methodists were present, many coming from other cities to pay their last respects to one whom they had known through years and loved to love devoutly. About the casket were banked wreaths, sprays, and designs of flowers until the altar of the church presented a floral tribute of the tenderest love and deepest regret. After the singing of the first hymn, Dr. A. N. Courtenay, Superintendent of Columbus District, Ohio Conference, led in prayer, Dr. A. J. H. Abbott, Dr. Levi Gilbert, and Dr. J. H. Fiske read passages of Scripture appropriate to the occasion. Bishop Anderson, in his introductory remarks, touched on high points of the career of the venerable Bishop and read telegrams of condolence from the Faculty and Trustees of Denver University, of which Bishop Moore was first Chancellor, and from the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States. The Bishop in referring to the deceased's optimism let drop this epigram, "Life's highest art is to be able to grow old gracefully." Bishop Earl Cranson was entrusted with the honor of delivering the sermon, which was given in the form of reminiscences. He stood in a most familiar relation to the lamented Bishop. They were reared in the same community, graduated from the same school, were members of the same literary society and fraternity. "The brother of my heart," he tenderly called him. Often through life in introducing Bishop Cranson, David Moore would say, "We are twin brothers, born of different mothers." The Bishop spoke feelingly of his departed friend, and it was evident to all that he sought to control himself at every thought he gave lest the feeling of his great loss would overwhelm him.

Bishop W. F. McDowell, of Chicago, who followed him in the Chancellorship of Denver University, spoke of his great generosity. He shared his best possessions with others, having at least six passions—patriotism, Grand Army of the Republic, friendships, education, personal devotion, and courtesy. The Bishop said, "If followed him in the field of education, I followed him into the Episcopal Church; I will follow him into the World of Light and Love."

Resolutions of respect were read by Dr. C. E. Schenk for the Cincinnati Preachers' Meeting; Dr. Joshua Stahr for the Indianapolis Preachers' Meeting; Dr. D. Lee Atkinson for the President's Aid Society; Dr. C. W. Bodgett for the Grand Army of the Republic; Dr. B. L. Thomas for Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church; and Dr. A. Robinson for the Emmanuel Church, Denver. The beautiful service closed with prayer by President Herbert Welch, of Ohio Western University.

The life of David Hastings Moore will, no doubt, be written by some one chosen to perform that task, with a motive of love and adoration. We predict that a story will be written of the highest human quality. He was born at Athens, Ohio, September 4, 1858, graduated at Ohio University, 1880. During his student days there came to Athens that marvelous man of God, William Taylor. During the revival meetings he held, David Moore, son of a banker, scion of a long line of splendid men and women in whom culture, intellect, and high spirituality had flowered, with Earl Cranson, went to the altar to give themselves to God. Before that meeting closed both boys had consecrated themselves to the Christian ministry. Then began the career of David Hastings Moore, preacher, soldier, educator, editor, bishop, patriot, saint. As bishop he had a great life of service, an eloquent preacher, interesting lecturer, with a mind to see like a statesman as well as a prophet. He had this distinction, he was the only American ever made a Thirty-Second Degree Mason in China. While a resident there in 1900-1904, a Scottish Rite Consistory was organized in Shanghai. He became a charter member and at his death was a member of that Consistory. He was a member of a large number of organizations and associated with almost all social and religious institutions that have for their purpose fraternity and the good will of men. He leaves to mourn his loss and grieve his name the following: The eldest son, E. Hastings Moore, is a member of the Faculty of the University of Chicago, and is one of the five greatest mathematicians of the world. Wm. A. Moore, of Denver, is a member of the law firm of Cranson, Pitts & Moore. A daughter, Miss Amy Moore, married Robert Pitts, of Denver, son of the former Governor of the State. The other sons are A. Truman Moore, financial editor of a New York publication; and Julian Moore, a lawyer of Denver; and Miriam, who was his companion in his declining years.

He was laid away to rest at Athens, Ohio, by the side of his wife, Julia, for whom his love burned bright and his heart longed even unto the hour of his passing, when with the happiest anticipation he expected to soon be with her.
Jehovah Yearns over Backsliding Israel

Fourth Quarter — Lesson XI — December 12th

Verse to Commit: 8, 9.
Golden Text: “I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.”—Hosea 11. 4.

IN BRIEF.

All the tenderest things in human relationships are not enough to suggest the compassionate love of God.

God's love is gathered up and given to nations and races of men.

It is given also to every brave servant of his, and to every weak, sinning child of his.

Jehovah's great pity cannot save his people from bitter exile and the devouring sword of slaughter.

But even behind this punishment the divine forgiveness will be waiting.

The mercy of God lays a heavy obligation of mercy upon us.

“He that will not forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he himself must cross.”

“He that sins because of God's mercy shall have judgment without mercy.”

LESSON THEMES

First: Prophet Hosea. Ten years after the prophetic period Hosea appeared in Israel. He was a native of the

is fond of using the plural of intensity, and he liked to express the tender aspects of the Godhead. He thinks of God as “the Holy One,” separated from men in ethical qualities, especially in compassion. Hosea has no abstract doctrine of man. Nor does he think specifically of men in general, Israel is his interest. His underlying conviction is that Israel's behavior cannot destroy Jehovah's love.

His Advance Beyond Amos. The quality of tenderness and mercy is far more marked in Hosea than in Amos. We have noticed the anguish with which Hosea contemplates judgment against the nation. Then again Hosea makes frequent reference to the past kindnesses of Jehovah. Third, Hosea holds out many promises for the future. The first and third are new compared with Amos, and his reference to past kindnesses are made in a different spirit than in Amos. Here Hosea ranges out beyond his predecessor, as like him in many ways. And so the condition of the people is hopeless than in Amos, because the perishing and the glory of recovery are more definitely before Hosea's mind.

Law and Mercy. In this strange, pitiful, beautiful Book we see the age-long conflict in the mind of man between the idea of law and the idea of love. Perplexity is one of the keypoints of the Book of Hosea. The prophet knew that the laws of Jehovah were absolute, and yet he felt, with an earnestness of persuasion which transcended all logic, that the mercy of God would find a way to redeem a transgressing
Appreciations to the Memory of Bishop Moore

My Soul Mate
Bishop Earl Cranston, D.D., LL.D.

He was the brother of my heart. We were twin brothers born of different mothers. We found Christ on the same day; consecrated ourselves to the Christian ministry during the same meeting. Our paths have gone parallel through all the years. I have known him but to love him, and find pleasure and comfort in his fellowship. He has gone on, and I look forward to follow in God's good time.

Wise, Genuine, and Sentimental
Bishop John H. Vincenzi, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop Moore was wise, genuine, and sentimental as a neighbor and friend, as he was consistent as a Christian, and efficient as a prominent official in his Church. He leaves a spotless reputation as a man, and will always be respected as a well-balanced and effective representative of the Episcopal Church. It is a pleasure to recall his career as pastor, educator, editor, and bishop. And it is sad to know that we shall no more see his face in earthly fellowship.

A Genius for Friendship
Bishop W. F. Anderson, D.D., LL.D.

The career of Bishop David H. Moore is suggestive of that fine saying of Anselm—"To live is to achieve a perpetual triumph." As collegian, soldier and patriot, pastor, educator, editor, and bishop in the Church of God, he wrought nobly and well. As he moved from point to point upon those high levels of opportunity, he carried with him always a smiling countenance, genial disposition, and a warm heart. His ruddy complexion betokened a glowing soul which shed its radiance upon every circle in which he moved. He had a perfect genius for friendship. Men loved him instinctively and gladly; it was this quality that secured for him the epithet of "Uncle David" among his colleagues, and even in a wider circle.

His administrative duties covered a wide area in this country and in the Orient. In every relationship he was the conscientious administrator, the great-hearted friend and brother.

With what luxury did these fine qualities of his royal nature shine out at the last General Conference? To grow old gracefully is the highest art of living. Hear him, in that great moment of the General Conference, which none who witnessed can ever forget, as he said: "I submit that your judgment is better than my own; therefore, as a loyal soldier I accept this retirement. I shall be permitted to show how the great Gulf Stream of my youth may be carried into the Arctic regions of my old age, and with the help of God I shall be permitted to show how an old age may be serene and bright and lovelier than a Lapham night."

He entered the General Conference greatly beloved as a Bishop throughout the Church; when he left it he was the beloved man in the Church.

He has given us an illustration and set us an example of true and abiding worth. He is immortal in his influence among men, and our faith assures us in his personal happiness at the right hand of God.

It is not a time for mourning. It is the occasion of the exaltation of one of God's noblest souls. The record of his life is the achievement of a perpetual triumph and he has entered into the reward of the same.

A Great Human Quality
Bishop W. F. McDowell, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop Moore's character was partly indicated by the name, given in affection, by such large numbers of people. "Uncle David" was a term at once of endearment and confidence. If he had not been so genuinely human, men of all sorts would not have called him by that name, nor would they have turned to him with such assurance of treatment which would be both kind and faithful.

The name did not wholly inhere his character. The basis of his life was its human quality, but that quality flowered out in abundant and manifold form. He had many courage of the highest order, courage which was shown in many ways. It was physical courage, intellectual and moral courage, not blind or blustering, but steady and ready. He had the bravery and the tenderness of a knight. Such words as chivalry, gallantry, courtesy, and kindness at once come to our minds as we think of him.

This human quality was the root, under divine influence, of his noble passions—his passion for his country, his passion for his church, his passion for his friends, his passion for his home. Patriotism was not a profession or a pursuit. To the day of his death it was passion. So with the others—they were quick, alive, regnant in his life.

This human quality was the root from which grace produced the fair and beautiful flower of his generosity to, and recognition of other men. He rejoiced whenever any man did a praiseworthy thing.

We loved him and he knew it. He loved us and we knew it, for he was so human that he everywhere won the love he craved and showed the love he felt.

A Wholesome Partisan
The Rev. H. C. Jennings, D.D.

Few men have been more loved than Bishop Moore. He was absolutely without cant and hypocrisy, a wholesome partisan on the right side of all questions. His life was a continuous enthusiasm for whatever he undertook to do, whether serving his country as soldier, or his Church as pastor, educator, editor, or bishop. He worked for the love of it, and in the joy of it. His was a good life and a strong life. My own has been enriched by his friendship and confidence.

A Lover of Folks
The Rev. John H. Race, D.D.

Bishop Moore literally loved folks. He was no sickly sentimentalism, but a real constructive affection. Whatever the individual's station in life, he simply knew that this great-hearted, Christian gentleman was his sincere friend. So lavishly did he love folks that each one who knew him, honestly felt himself admitted to the inner circle. He helped folks because he loved so sincerely. Yes, he possessed the three great Christian graces: Faith that never wavered an iota; Hope that made him the inspiring Christian optimist; but Love was his greatest asset. Bring all the analytical processes to bear upon his life, and in my estimation you will find that the secret of his helpful service was in the fact that he invariably loved humanity as becomes the devoted disciple of Jesus, his real exemplar.

A Personal Tribute
The Rev. Joshua Stansfield, D.D.

And now he has gone! My good friend, Bishop Moore—a noble, generous, impulsive, virulent, Godly man. For ten years we were privileged to know him, but it has been in the past three years, since he came to live in Indianapolis, that we came to know more fully and deeply the sterling worth of this noble soul. When his daughter Marion, who has been a most useful member of our church, united with us, the Bishop, in his gracious way, said: "I, too, want to be a boat-lift member of Horizon Street Church," and he certainly became such, not officiously, but in word and deed, in prayer and testimony and service. Searcely ever did he miss a Thursday night prayer meeting, where he gave much—and according to his frequent statement—also received much. The residence of Bishop Moore in Indianapolis in these three years past has been of great worth to the religious life of our city. His presence was a real benediction in and upon all the life and interests of the church. His brotherly spirit and genuine fellowship with the preachers was most helpful, and the ripening and mellowing of his spirit—the highest and best of a true Christian culture—which was marked in the last years, endeared him to us as "the genial, generous, Godly Bishop Moore." A deeply spiritual man and an ardent and true friend, his memory, to us and ours, will always be "blessed," and his name as "ointment poured forth."
The Church in the City

The religious approach to the consideration of the problem of the modern city is one which is attracting an ever-increasing number of serious minds. The cities are rapidly becoming the centers of our population, and as such they furnish the greatest task both for State and Church. It has been said, and often repeated, that the city is the hopeless task of Christianity, that religion fails, moral conviction disappears, and the Church struggles for its life amidst overwhelming forces. However, the same statement may be made concerning the secular government, the city is the problem for the State, and without the most strenuous political activity on the part of its best citizens, becomes a menace to all free institutions. Any indictment made against the Church for its lack of mastery in the rapidly developing municipalities may be made with equal certainty against the State. Problems always attract attention of serious minds. The few announcements works like magic, drawing an ever-increasing group until the application of intelligence produces the solution of the problem. The challenge of the city has gone forth in this modern age; both State and Church have been forced to take it up. It may be said, without fear of misapprehension, that the Church is quietly, but certainly, adjusting herself to secure the religious life and the control of her influence in every civic center in this land. Time will prove that, as God lives, we will succeed in making the religion of the city a real vital and dominating thing.

In a study of the problem it has been discovered that the twentieth century has developed a new type of the spiritual life, a sort of suburban religion, a by-product enjoyed in luxury and received as a plaything by the rich and well-to-do. It is not the religion of the poor, neither is it looked upon as an essential ingredient of the life to comfort and support the heart when conditions would unstint and confine the life. For the religion of the suburbanite is conventional and condescending. Much of it is mere homage to the accepted gods of the community. Even the section that is honest and deliberate is often partly lacking in certain essentials of an active and aggressive Christian endeavor. It upholds a decent life and clean moral standard with much individual piety. But it is far too content to limit its outlook to its own family or church, heedless of the chaos of confusion and failure which lies at its very doors. In many cities this type of religion has come to dominate those who have the power to undertake large things for the Kingdom of God. The Church in the market place has been abandoned and largely forsaken. Mother Churches in the downtown districts become the dependents of the more recently built churches of the suburbs. While the great, working, struggling city, where people are ground in the industrial and economic machinery, becomes more and more a thing apart in which the man of the suburb has less and less interest. Here lies the problem of the city church—

the Godless center and the ease-loving suburb.

However, this problem has been dealt with recently in "The Church in the City," by Frederick De Land Lecte. The Bishop does not call himself a man of metropolitan experience, though he merits that title. He has held five pastorates in large cities, and has always been a careful student of the religious life. When he came to write this volume it was with a feeling that he had something in his heart burning for expression. He does not approach his theme as a scientist with a great number of facts from which he has deduced a system of procedure, by which he may present a program for the city pastor and laymen. He takes the attitude of a scholar—a philosopher—writing out of experience, preserving a discussion and a treatise. He sets out to thoroughly examine the Church in the city, and studies it from every possible angle. He begins with the Church in the market place, and after thirteen chapters brings his reader to the presentation of "The City Redeemed." He carries his reader to the depths, and permits him to look into the darkness of "The Downtown Problem," and stir pity over "The Children of the Town," and permits him to look over "The Brink of the Cañon." He takes him to the heights with "The Metropolitan Pastor," discusses "The Trend Toward Institutionism," and flashes his vision of "The City Redeemed" like an apocryphal of the soul. His chapters on "The Church Layman" and "City Missions and Suburbanites" ought to be read by every official member in Christendom. Bishop Lecte has written a book of superior value, which, at this time, will find a sympathetic public.

David Moore's Biography of Bishop Walden

The Rev. Gustave Hiller, D.D.

Of course by David Moore I mean the Rev. Bishop David H. Moore, D.D., LL.D. Those of us who have come frequently in contact with him during these latter years know that he was never more enthusiastically a bishop than in his so-called retirement—so benign in his influence, so abundant in labors, and so solicitous for the Church and her ministers he has been. Still, those who had the privilege of knowing him before he was lifted into the Episcopal Olym, love to think and speak of him as Brother David Moore. And in discussing the book, just issued by the Methodist Book Concern, entitled "John Morgan Wahlen: Thirty-fifth Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by his Colleague, Bishop David H. Moore," I wish to say first of all that it is as David Moore, rather than as Bishop Moore, that the author has retold for us the story of his career and life-long friend, J. M. Wahlen. In pursuing his graphic pages one is made to feel that he has not only well succeeded in paying a debt of gratitude to his colleague, but also has added another link to the long chain of services that he himself has rendered our Church, and I said to myself: This man Wahlen was favored by many advantages in life, and now he is also fortunate in death by the selection of such a biographer, who, as we go to press, has stepped beyond the veil.

Personal reminiscences would be out of place in this little review of his biography, but I do feel that to all of German Methodist I should speak a word of appreciation of the services rendered by Bishop Walden to this branch of our beloved Church. Was the fact that he was converted under a Methodist preacher of German nationality a motive that led him to take our German work especially to his heart? Perhaps. But the fact must be acknowledged that among all the Bishops we have had since the days of Morris and Clark—though I know of none who was not kindly disposed toward us—we German preachers have never had a better friend than Bishop Walden, nor was there, in his day, another Bishop who was so thoroughly acquainted with our work, both in America and in the Fatherland, and who more fully appreciated its importance than Bishop Walden.
Bishop Moore
The Rev. Benjamin Copeland

The first three verses of the following poem were written immediately after Bishop Moore’s memorable address before the General Conference at the time of his retirement, May 16, 1912. The last verses were written when the author learned that the beloved Bishop had joined his wife and dear children in the heavenly land.

"Back to the home of my childhood,—
Back to my children’s graves;"
So, calmly, the soldier-Bishop
The unknown future brave.

From sorrow and bitter repining
God’s peace his spirit frees;
"Let me show how the heart’s warm gulf-stream
May pierce life’s polar seas."

"Back to the home of my childhood,—
Back to my children’s graves!"
It is all, with our love, we can give him;—
It is all, it is all he craves.

II
And now, life’s journey ended,
Life’s battle fought and won,
God crowns His faithful servant
With the blest word, "Well done!"

And see! the darling children,
Whom he followed to their graves,
Are gracing his brow with flowers!
Tis all, tis all he craves.

Back to the home of his childhood,—
The "Father’s house" above:
The soul’s eternal longing,—
The bosom of Infinite Love!
harbor playing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"? Was it not perfectly natural to add a benediction to our New Year resolution? It was Dare who led us to sing softly, reverently, prayerfully

"Long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light Protect us by thy might, Great God our King."

No Evil
L. D. Stearns

Clear and spotless the New Year lies beside our hand, an unwritten chapter in the great Life Volume that is ours. On its white text page what better word to write than this,—

"I will fear no evil!"

If we make but that one resolution, and keep it, we will have marked, before the year closes, a long step onward in the line of progress, health, and efficient service.

We are hampered by fear more than we know—fear of life, and fear of death. The fear of poverty or sickness, in the distance, pusher us to strain every nerve to the snapping point in an intensity of desire to gain more against that day when it may come, until, through shattered nerves and worn-out cells, we bring about the very thing we dread. We fear old age. We fear lest we lose our positions. Fear of accident—misfortune—dim half the joy of living.

In the heavens above, year in and year out, through an eternity of ages, the stars have calmly shone through rain and shine. The worlds have run; the seasons gone their round. And is the Power that rules a Heavener, too..."
The Funeral of Bishop David H. Moore, D.D., LL.D.

The funeral service of Bishop David Hastings Moore, D.D., LL.D., was held in Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Friday morning, November 26, Bishop William F. Anderson presiding. A large company of representative Methodists were present, many coming from other cities to pay their last respects to one whom they had known through years and learned to love devoutly. About the casket were banked wreaths, sprays, and designs of flowers until the altar of the church presented a floral tribute of the tenderest love and deepest regard. After the singing of the first hymn, Dr. A. M. Courtenay, Superintendent of Columbus District, Ohio Conference, led in prayer, Dr. A. J. Nust, Dr. Levi Gilbert, and Dr. J. H. Race read passages of Scripture appropriate to the occasion. Bishop Anderson, in his introductory remarks, touched the high points of the career of the venerable Bishop and read telegrams of condolence from the Faculty and Trustees of Denver University, of which Bishop Moore was first Chancellor, and from the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States. The Bishop in referring to the deceased's optimism let drop this epigram, "Life's highest art is to be able to grow old gracefully," Bishop Earl Cranston was entrusted with the honor of delivering the sermon, which was given in the form of reminiscences. He stood in a most familiar relation to the lamented Bishop. They were reared in the same community, graduated from the same school, were members of the same literary society and fraternity. "The brother of my heart." he tenderly called him. Often through life in introducing Bishop Cranston, David Moore would say: "We are twin brothers, born of different mothers." The Bishop spoke feelingly of his departed friend, and it was evident to all that he sought to control himself at every thought he gave lest the feeling of his great loss would overwhelm him.

Bishop W. F. McDowell, of Chicago, who followed him in the Chancellorship of Denver University, spoke of his great generosity. He shared his best possessions with others, having at least six parsons—patriotism, Grand Army of the Republic, friendships, education, personal devotion, and courtesy. Bishop said: "I followed him in the field of education. I followed him into the Episcopacy of world service for the Kingdom of God. I will follow him into the World of Light and Love."

Resolutions of respect were read by Dr. C. E. Schenk for the Cincinnati Preachers' Meeting; Dr. Joshua Stearns for the Indianapolis Preachers' Meeting; Dr. E. L. Aultman for the Freedmen's Aid Society; Dr. A. W. Bledgett for the Grand Army of the Republic; Dr. H. L. Thomas for Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church; and Dr. W. A. Robinson for the Elizabeth Camble Deaconess Home and Training School and Christ Hospital. The beautiful service closed with prayer by President Herbert Welch, of Ohio Wesleyan University.

The life of David Hastings Moore will, no doubt, be written by some one chosen to perform that task, with a motive of love and adoration. We predict that a story will be written of the highest human quality. He was born at Athens, Ohio, September 4, 1838, graduated at Ohio University, 1860. During his student days there came to Athens that marvelous man of God, William Taylor, and David Moore, son of a banker, scion of a long line of splendid men and women in whom culture, intellect, and high spirituality had flowered, with Earl Cranston, went to the altar to give themselves to God. Before that meeting closed both boys had consecrated themselves to the Christian ministry. Then began the career of David Hastings Moore, preacher, soldier, educator, editor, bishop, patriot, saint. As bishop he had a great life of service, an eloquent preacher, interesting lecturer, with a mind to see like a statesman as well as a prophet. He had this distinction, he was the only American ever made a Thirty-second Degree Mason in China. While a resident there in 1900-1904, a Scottish Rite Consistory was organized in Shanghai. He became a charter member and at his death was a member of that Consistory. He was a member of a large number of organizations and associated with almost all social and religious institutions that have for their purpose fraternity and the good will of men. He leaves to mourn his loss and grace his home the following children: The eldest, E. Hastings Moore, is a member of the Faculty of the University of Chicago, and is one of the five greatest mathematicians of the world. Win. A. Moore, of Denver, is a member of the law firm of Cranston, Pitkin & Moore. A daughter, Allie Amy Moore, married Robert Pitkin, of Denver, son of the former Governor of the State. The other sons are A. Truman Moore, financial editor of a New York publication, and Julian Moore, a lawyer of Denver; and Miriam, who was his companion in his declining years.

He was laid away to rest at Athens, Ohio, by the side of his wife, Julia, for whom his love burned bright and his heart longed even unto the hour of his passing, when with the happiest anticipation he expected to soon be with her.
Jehovah Yearns over Backsliding Israel

Fourth Quarter — Lesson XI — December 12th

Verses to Commit: 8, 9.
Golden Text: "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."—Hosea 11. 4.

IN BRIEF.

All the tenderest things in human relationships are not enough to suggest the compassionate love of God.

God's love is gathered up and given to nations and races of men.

It is given also to every brave servant of his, and to every weak, sinning child of his.

Jehovah's great pity cannot save his people from bitter exile and the devouring sword of slaughter.

But even behind this punishment the divine forgiveness will be waiting.

The mercy of God lays a heavy obligation of mercy upon us.

"He that will not forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he himself must cross."

"He that sins because of God's mercy shall have judgment without mercy."

LESSON THEMES

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is fond of using the plural of intensity, and he liked to express the tender aspects of the Godhead. He thinks of God as "the Holy One," separated from men in ethical qualities, especially in compassion. Hosea has no abstract doctrine of man. Nor does he think specifically of men in general. Israel is his interest. His underlying conviction is that Israel's behavior cannot destroy Jehovah's love.

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The Appeal for the Field.

"Go ye into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature."

The great need of the work in Ceylon are two: Wesleyan Missionary work and mission work along with medical work. That tradition after the mission work is most marked. The mission work is the work of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and as such work is often of the greatest importance. We have on the scene a large number of Wesleyan Missionaries who are doing splendid work. One of the most important of these is Mr. N. L. Hazlewood, who is in charge of the Native Mission in Ceylon. The picture is of Rev. N. L. Hazlewood.
Mrs. David H. Moore.

To have been such a wife and such a mother as was Julissa Sophia Carpenter, wife of Bishop David Hastings Moore, and mother of a large family of such daughters and sons, was not to live in vain. Mrs. Moore came from a pioneer family in New England, belonging to that stock which immigrated westward, crossed the river at Marietta and laid the foundations of the Western Reserve, the stock which made Ohio afterwards so evident in Church and State. Miss Carpenter's ancestors were Cephas Carpenter of Vermont and her mother was Marie Theresa Hawkins, a pioneer family of Massachusetts. Blood will tell. The strong Puritan characteristics of quiet strength, practical wisdom and unfailing courage were visible in her from the first, and much of the success to which her distinguished husband attained was due to her traits, her constancy, her quietness and her great mental force.

Miss Carpenter was born in Athens, Ohio, a college city whose very name indicates the pioneer stage of the Western Reserve. The little town is but a little more than a day's march west of the Ohio, where these New England Argonauts crossed into the Western Reserve. Though founded in 1797 it has now scarcely 2,500 souls. But it has a college opened in 1809, and at that college David H. Moore, Earl Croston and Charles C. McCabe went to school. Miss Carpenter knew them all. It was the gallant soldier, preacher, educator, editor and bishop. David Hastings Moore she married and whom for more than a half century she blessed.

Miss Carpenter was educated at Athens, in Massachusetts and in the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, where she graduated with the highest honors in 1829. At 20, when David Hastings Moore, of the same age, and who entered the ministry that year, won her heart and her hand. The war came on. It was impossible for the son of Ellakim Hastings Moore—who had been a member of Congress and a banker, and a most illustrious patriot—not to respond to his country's need. He entered a private life by rapid strides to be lieutenant colonel. His wife awaited his return with intense but controlled suspense. She welcomed him to a passage at Columbus and Cincinnati, making his home a refreshment and an inspiration. She recited that a daughter married the Hon. R. J. Pitkin, son of Governor Pitkin of Colorado, and that the law firm of Cranston, Pitkin & Moore perpetuates the friendship begun between families even before the distinguished children were born.

A few weeks ago the golden wedding of Bishop and Mrs. Moore was celebrated in Denver. The mother was radiant, the husband, children and grandchildren were too happy for words. The picture of the group lies before us as we set this down.

While Bishop Moore was in Denver at the General Committee meetings a telegram came announcing that his house had been attacked, if not destroyed, by fire. He hurried to Cincinnati. Mrs. Moore showed the effect of the shock; a little later a paralytic stroke came upon her and Friday last, as if asleep, she ceased to breathe. Her family were about her. The funeral occurred at Walnut Hills on Monday afternoon. Even while we write and close the forms of this issue the sacred remains will be taken to the dear old town, there on the bluffs, and there at Athens by the side of her parents and her three children, her body will await the judgment morrow. She was adored by her children. They saw the halo. Beloved, thrice beloved, are the dead who die in the Lord. Death can no longer have terrors when such as this pure and exalted character moves into its restful shadows. Those who remain follow her as she followed Christ. They follow the gleam.

A new public library scheme, with governmental backing, for the wider circulation of really enlightening literature, is announced from Belgium. A central library consisting of the output of 15,000 choice volumes, is to be created in Brussels, and any inhabitant of any part of Belgium owning a savings bank book will be entitled to borrow from it and receive by post any book for a period of a fortnight on checking a penny off his savings bank book at the postoffice, his money at the bank serving as a guaran-
FUNERAL OF BISHOP MOORE

Impressive Services Held in Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati

The triumph of a life lived in fellowship with Jesus Christ and rich in love and service to his fellow men made the services held over the body of Bishop David Hastings Moore a season of thanksgiving instead of a time of mourning. "I am the resurrection and the life," took on new meaning to the loved ones, fellow laborers, friends and those to whom he had ministered when they filled the Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Friday morning, November 28th, at 9:30, to honor by their presence a man whose life work had been for so many years among them.

For an hour previous to the services the body lay in state in the rear room of the church, under the guard of a detachment of post commanders of the local posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, in charge of Captains H. R. Monfort, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Dr. C. Wesley Bishop, past commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of the State of Ohio.

This guard of boys in blue preceded the casket at the funeral procession, led by Bishop William F. Anderson, who succeeded Bishop Moore as resident Bishop of Cincinnati, in 1912, those who were to participate in the services, the pastors of the local churches, nearly all of whom Bishop Moore had at some time appealed to their charges, and the love-sure pall-bearers, marched toward the altar. Bishop Earl Craunton, senior Bishop of the Church and life-long intimate friend, met his brother at the altar. The casket was covered with the Stars and Stripes from the Military Order United States Loyal Legion, the bishop having been a Life-Lieutenant-Colonel in the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ohio Infantry in the Civil War.

In announcing the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," Bishop Anderson said: "I never knew a man to have an expression of Christian faith more than Bishop Moore loved this hymn," Dr. A. M. Courtenay, of Columbus, superintendent of Columbus District, Ohio Conference, offered prayer. Dr. Albert J. Sart, editor of the Christliche Volkszeitung, read the thirty-seventh psalm and Dr. Levi Gilkey, who succeeded Bishop Moore as editor of the Western Christian Advocate, read the nineteenth psalm. The lesson from Corinthians was read by Dr. H. R. Race, publishing agent of The Methodist Book Concern.

Bishop Anderson gave his brief appreciative sketch of the public life and activities of his predecessor, emphasizing his varied abilities, manifested as pastor, educator, journalist and Bishop, and above all his beautiful example of what a happy, serene old age may be by its more living to minister to those who come within the sphere of his beneficent influence.

"David is not dead," said Bishop Croxton, who had been the comrade of a remarkable friendship since the days when they were fellow members of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity in Ohio University.

"To me, as to his Lord, he will never die. If you will pardon me, I will say nothing about Bishop Moore. To me he was David, brother of my heart." And then those present heard a tribute to his friend and to the man's life. It was a "David" who led Bishop Croxton into the Christian ministry, and the last years since have been filled with labors and experiences that have constantly intertwined. It was a union which would be called upon to preach the funeral sermon of the other. But as he was an upper-classman when I was an under-classman in the old college days, so it is today. He is a little in advance of me. He first has gone into the presence of the King. Resuming the difficult problems which his friend had met and solved in his service for the Kingdom the speaker made the hearers feel the strength of will and determination of purpose that went together with the loving heart to make up the character of the man with whom all who ever met him felt well acquainted. "His last trip was around the circle of love. It was a journey of triumph and affection. And just as he comes into the city God speaks to him and he wakes up with a smile on the fourth anniversary of his funeral."

After the singing of "Faith of our fathers," announced by Dr. Charles E. Schenck, superintendent of Cincinnati District of West Ohio Conference, Bishop William Fraser McDowell, resident Bishop in Chicago, who succeeded Bishop Moore as chancellor of the University of Denver, in 1889, spoke of the courtesy of the men we honor. Some we admire, some we love, some bring no tears to our eyes. But there is one man whom we have wept over, his smile as a child, to let his emotions run, his feelings have free course. For we loved him. He knew it. And he loved us."

He prised the passions which had held his love and service—patricianism, the Grand Army, friendship, Christian education, the cause of Christ, human welfare and his love for his children—and called attention to his "generous attitude toward another man in the same position as his own."

Dr. Schenck presented a tribute in behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which Bishop Moore made his church home during his episcopal residence in Cincinnati. Dr. E. H. Thomas praised his regularity at the services of the church and magnified the richness of grace that supported him throughout his life. Dr. William A. Robinson, corresponding secretary of the Church, spoke for the Elizabeth Gumbel Department Home Association, and Dr. Sidney St. John, pastor of Methodist Episcopal Church,入股, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, said: "He was a great heart. The State as well as the church has lost a great man." Bishop Moore was a member of the St. Paul's Society, Cincinnati. In behalf of the official board of Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church, which Bishop Moore made his church home during his episcopal residence in Cincinnati, Dr. R. L. Thomas praised his regularity at the services of the church and magnified the richness of grace that supported him throughout his life. Dr. William A. Robinson, corresponding secretary of the Church, spoke for the Elizabeth Gumbel Department Home Association.

Dr. Herbert Weil, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, made the concluding prayer and said the feelings of all when he referred to Bishop Moore as "this gracious gentlemen." After the singing of "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," announced by Bishop Anderson, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Daniel MacIntosh, pastor of the church.

The pallbearers were all members of the family. E. Hastings Moore and R. H. Hastings Moore, Jr., of Cincinnati; William A. Moore, Jr.; A. F. Moore, New York; Julian Moore, Denver, and G. H. Croxton, Cincinnati. Receipts of the bishop's home included two daughters, Mrs. Robert James Pitkin, of Denver, and Miss Marian Moore, of Atlanta, Ga., and the Bishop.

The honorary pallbearers were: ministers, Dr. C. E. Schenck, Dr. L. A. Adamson, C. W. Bishop, V. F. Brown, of Cincinnati, and J. C. Jackson and A. W. Courtenay, of Columbus; lay, E. L. Shipley, J. M. Joslin, J. R. Clark, W. B. Meicher, J. E. Marshall and L. D. Jones.

Bishop and Mrs. Croxton accompanied the family to Atlanta, Ga., where Bishop Moore was born September 1, 1848, and where, after a service for the home folks, his body was laid to rest beside that of his beloved wife, who passed away a few years ago.
December 2, 1915

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

harold b. hunting

THE STORY OF OUR BIBLE
HOW IT CAME TO BE WHAT IT IS


Those who know and love David Grayson's "The Friendly Road," will stretch forth eager hands for "Hampstead." This is, probably, more nearly a real novel than the author's previous books. The observant "David" is the medium through whom the tale reaches the reader. He most perfectly reflects humanity in its truest essence. Those who like to do their own interpreting of events will find a pleasing background of David's own interpretation. It is, however, a good method for the thousands who like prearranged mental food. David Grayson writes gracefully and with rare beauty. Add to this a wholesome, large, humorous, somewhat economically applied outlook upon men and things and one may have the author's well-named, "Hampstead," to please and profitably amuse. (Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, Price, net, $1.50.)

The survey of Penelope's Progress, than which Kate Douglas Wiggin never wrote anything more delightful, has naturally this sequence of books to Penelope's Possibilities. Unlike the previous volumes, these contain matter of more importance than the documents in which they are told. True to their nature of posibilities, these lack any story element. What does develop in this book is the literary style of the author, and in itself this furnishes the reader with genuine pleasure. It is smooth, vivid, crisp, always humorous and always entertaining. The tiny portly appendages—minatures—of which Penelope runs across in her journeys are excellently drawn. (Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, Price, net, $1.50.)

With the present war as her theme, Zena Gale has written a clever story, "Helen's Aim," entailing in a little Western mining camp, but ending in the capital at Washington. The author with considerable devotion has woven a charming little love story as a foil in which to prove that "people are all hearts and hands here for their work, and when the nations want to interpolate," The book is a marvelous help in showing how much in Katrina Trask's "In the Vanguard," or The Teacher, the recent war will mean to our soldiers, for the author, in the words of one, "in the war, the quiet man may or may not be able to escape the grip of Miss Gale's story. (The Macmillan Co., New York, Price, net, $1.25.)

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“Am Just Off for the Home Run”

It was not a surprise to hear flashed over the wires on Tuesday, November 21, that Bishop Moore had fallen. We had just spent ten days with him at the General Committee meetings in Southern California, and there noted what had never been detectable before—impairs in his remarkable memory. He had just gathered himself together after an attack at San Diego as if in one supreme effort to make the round and extend farewells to his many admiring friends in the Northwest before going home, from where he would mount to his Eternal reward. Just one week before his death he was in Portland and was given a most enthusiastic reception and banquet at the Commercial Club. From Spokane he wrote to President B. Lee Paget, of the Portland Men’s Methodist Social Union, later whose auspices the banquet was held: “Am just off for the home run. Before starting I want to express my high appreciation of the gracious courtesy and send through you my heartfelt thanks to Portland Methodists. God bless you, one and all.” How characteristic; and as if by premonition he employed the striking sentence, “Am just off for the home run,” for in less than three days he had made the final “run” and had reached “home,” and his sudden departure has, like a falling meteor, left a bright light against the sky.

David Hastings Moore was born in Athens, Ohio, September 4, 1838; graduated from the Ohio University in 1860 and entered the Ohio Conference in the fall of the same year. He was given the Master’s Degree by his alma mater in 1883 and Ohio Wesleyan conferred upon him degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1875 and Mount Union College gave him the degree of L.L.D. in 1886. He enlisted in the Union Army as a private soldier and raised many volunteers for the service. He was elected Captain of his company, captured at Harper’s Ferry, paroled on exchange and assisted in raising a new regiment, of which he became Major and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel. After his service in the army he re-entered the ministry in the Ohio Conference, and was afterward transferred to the Cincinnati Conference and became pastor of Trinity Church in Cincinnati. From 1875 to 1880 he was President of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College; from 1880 to 1885, President of the Colorado Seminary and Chancellor of the University of Denver. From there he went to the chair of political economy in the University of Colorado, in which capacity he served for one year, when he was elected, upon the death of Dr. Bayhuis, Editor of the Western Christian Advocate by the Book Committee, a position in which he was twice re-elected by the General Conferences.

The General Conference of 1900 elevated him to the episcopacy, where he served the Church with great acceptability until his retirement in 1912. His first Episcopal Residence was Shanghai, China, where he had jurisdiction over the Missions in China, Japan and Korea. He was then stationed in Portland, Ore., and the last quadrennium in which he was active he was stationed at Cincinnati, Ohio. Since his retirement he has lived most of the time in Indianapolis, but a few months ago gave up his residence there and moved to Athens, the city of his birth, and, as he said in giving his reason for retiring, the place where his parents lived, the old homestead and the family cemetery where his father and mother, his wife and children were buried. He would frequently say, “The monument is there and my name is on it, and all they will need to do is simply lay me away. I can sit on the front porch and see the grave of my dear wife.” Bishop Moore was an earnest, zealous worker in whatever sphere he was placed. Big-hearted, sympathetic, generous and full of enthusiasm, he always brought things to pass. An illustration of the character of his friendship was told in his reminiscence of the Civil War, where he related his experience in having been captured by Col. Coleman, of the Confederate Army, and from whom he later escaped and afterward made a Union prisoner of his former captor. This made an opportunity for a fine friendship to grow up between these two Colonels, and they made a covenant whereby they should keep in touch with one another and the survivor was to be notified of the comrade’s death. The news of Col. Coleman’s passing was flashed to Bishop Moore on January 24, last, and referring to the same, he said: “Escape from Col. Coleman I did, but the escape did not set me free, for the affection, whose seed was planted while I was his prisoner, watered by the dew of peace, sprang up in both our hearts and grew with the passing years, and being God, mocking the fruits of death, shall grow on forevermore.”

Mrs. Moore was for many years an invalid, and it seems as though the devoted Bishop became more and more tender in ministering to his companion. The grip of years fastened upon him with velvet tenderness. He became so thankful. God’s twilight cast about him a rich, mellow glow. His fine character illuminated his noble face, and now he has made the “home run.” The world is better because David H. Moore, minister, educator, editor, Bishop and man lived.

December 2, 1915

Personal

Bishop David H. Moore

The Rev. Bishop David Hastings Moore, D.D., L.L.D., who died at Cincinnati on Tuesday, last, was born in “on Margaret’s Creek, near Athens, O.,” September 4, 1838. He was the son of Rhulam Hastings and Amy Fumba Moore, who lived to celebrate their golden wedding. He was graduated from the Ohio University at Athens in 1860, with the “summa cum laude,” honor, and on the following day, June 21, was married to Miss Julia Scott Carpenter, of the same town. Six of their nine children are living, four sons—Professor E. H. Moore, of the University of Chicago; William A. and Julian H., lawyers of Denver, and Alfred F., journalists of New York; and two daughters, Mrs. Robert James Paton, of Denver, and Miss Marion, of Athens, Ohio. The three who went home earlier were—Kingsley, David and Julia. All the living children, with the grandchildren, were present at Denver, in June, 1916, when the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the happy family was celebrated with exceeding joy. Mrs. Moore has been awaiting her husband’s home-coming since November 21, 1911.

David H. Moore entered Ohio Conference in 1860 and was on Board of Supervisors at junior preacher. In 1863 he was at Whitewater Chapl. Marietta. The Civil War broke out and after serving in the recruiting of several regiments, he enlisted as private soldier, serving in the Eighth and Twenty-first Ohio Infantry. He was captured at Harper's Ferry, in 1862, and again by Morgan’s raiders, in Ohio, in 1865. In May, 1862 when leaving his regiment at Rock Face Ridge, Ga., he was shot three times, but seemed to be immediately preserved.

Returning to the pastorate he served the same circuits of the Woman’s Cincinnati Wesleyan College until 1855 when he was President of the Colorado Seminary and Chancellor of the University of Denver. He had been appointed to the chair of political economy in the University of Colorado, when, in 1885, on the death of James H. Bayhuis, editor of the Western Christian Advocate, the Book Committee called him to the vacant chair, to which he was elected and re-elected by the General Conferences. He was a member of the Commission of 1888, 1892, and 1904, and 1908. In 1904 he was elected to the episcopacy, having 521 votes to 564 for the first slate. His first episcopal residence was at Shanghai, China. In the second quadrennium he was at Portland, Or., and in the third to Cincinnati, since the General Conference of 1912 placed him on the retired list he has lived at Indianapolis and for the past year at the Ohio ministrant town of his boyhood.

Bishop Moore received honorary degrees as follows: Doctor of Divinity, Ohio Wesleyan University, Doctor of Laws, Mount Union College, and Doctor of Divinity, University of Denver.
An Address to the Church

Tend before the General Committee for Foreign Missions at its meeting in Los Angeles, Cal., November 9, 1915.)

○ the People of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States:

HIS appeal comes from your brethren and servants who compose the General Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions. It is written when the world trembles with fear and hope; written also at a time when the United States is most signally free from adversity among the greater of the world's nations. Our fellow citizens in other Protestant countries are now feeling the heavy burdens of war. In respect of support for world-wide work for Christ, we are strong, and in our strategy and support, not only of those that are weak in the use that they have not our faith, but also of those that

Appeal of the General Committee of Home Missions and Church Extension

To the Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church—

Greetings:

THE General Committee of Home Missions and Church Extension, deeply impressed by the present world-situation as a challenge and an opportunity to be recognized, not only by Christianity and America, but also by Methodism, appeals to the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church to devote their prayers anew to the high ideals of that civic righteousness which exalts a nation, that God may find Methodism equal to the great task which confronts her and our country.

Providence has placed the United States in such relations to the other nations of the world that the future of Christian civilization would seem to be largely given to her controlling and directing influence. Therefore, as at no other time in our history, “America for Christ” means “America for the World and the World for Christ.”

At this, the most critical period in modern world-affairs, “America for America’s Sake” means an abnormal and selfish national pride which will sooner or later react to our national shame and humiliation. What America needs is spiritual preparedness for her true defense and spiritual resources for her true prosperity and for the perpetuity of her free institutions. “America for Humanity” means the Christian consciousness of national responsibility for her share in that moral progress of mankind that will culminate in the brotherhood of nations, the federation of the world.

But, the redemption of the world will depend very largely on the redemption of America. The work of Home Missions and Church Extension is so vitally related to the salvation of the complete evangelization of our country that our people should see the pressing necessity for a most loyal and generous support of its entire program.

Our cities, the centers of vast and rapidly increasing masses of evangelized people; our rural districts suffering from the attractive force of cities and yet furnishing conditions for the preservation and development of many of the best elements of our national life; our frontiers, the regions sought by the on-rushing migrations from all sections and all lands, needing schools, churches and missions; the millions of our foreign-speaking populations waiting political, social, economical, intellectual and spiritual assimilation in our body politic, call for the most unselfishly patriotic devotion, the most Christ-like self-sacrifices and the most strenuous educational and evangelizing efforts that the Christian Church has ever known. There are, today, many urgent calls for aid in our Home Missionary and Church Extension fields of operation to which the Board cannot respond for lack of money. Will not our Methodist people quickly and liberally contribute to meet these emergencies which seem to call upon the Church with the imperative of a divine command? But, our special appeal is for an immediate advance all along our Home Missionary line that shall be worthy of the greatness of Methodism.

In view of the action of the General Committee of Home Missions and Church Extension touching the creation of a

(Continued on page 4)
Translation of Bishop Moore

BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE, who died Tuesday of last week in Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, aged seventy-seven years, had been in failing health for some time, although it was not be feared the end was near. When stricken he was returning from the Pacific coast, where he had been attending the meetings of the bishops and of the General Committee. On his way West he had stopped at Denver for a few days, to take part in the closing of the campaign of Denver University, of which he was at one time chancellor. When in Denver he was taken ill, and came near being unable to proceed on his trip to the coast. He rallied sufficiently, however, and presided in his turn at the meetings, and was apparently in fair health, although weak. At the close of the meeting of the General Committee on Home Missions and Church Extension, in Oakland, he started back by way of Portland, the city of his episcopal residence for four years, remaining there for a few days. He was stricken while traveling between Chicago and Cincinnati, being taken from the sleeper in an unconscious state on Tuesday morning. The dispatches stated that he was in a coma at that time, passing away in the evening.

David H. Moore was born in Athens, O., Sept. 4, 1833, the son of Hon. Eliakim Hastings Moore. He was graduated from Ohio University in 1856, and immediately entered the Methodist ministry. At the opening of the Civil War, fired with patriotism—a virtue that characterized him throughout his life—he enlisted as a private in Co. A, 87th Ohio Infantry, which company he himself raised, and soon after was made captain. For bravery on the field he rapidly rose in the ranks, and was lieutenant-colonel of the 125th Ohio Infantry in the closing scenes of the Civil War. Following the war he returned to the pastorate, serving in Columbus, Cincinnati, and other centers, until 1875, when he was elected president of Cincinnati Wesleyan College, where he remained until 1880, when he was made president of Colorado Seminary, and later chancellor of Denver University. He was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate in 1865, and served a year, when the General Conference of 1866 elected him to the episcopacy.

As a bishop he was first stationed in Shanghai, where he had special jurisdiction over the missions of the church in China, Japan, and Korea, and for four years gave his energies to developing our missionary enterprise in that part of the world. In 1894 he was stationed at Portland, Ore., and in 1908 at Cincinnati. He was retired at the General Conference of 1912.

Bishop Moore had the gift of enthusiasm for work, and when in 1912, he chose Indianapolis as his residence, at the solicitation of the Methodists of that city. He was intensely interested in the work of Methodism in this center, and was in much demand for all manner of occasions. He made use of his days of retirement also in preparing a very readable life of his lifelong friend, Bishop John M. Waiden, who died a little over a year ago. After failing health came to him, however, within a few months, he left Indianapolis for the home of his birth and boyhood in Athens, where, amid the scenes of his youth, and cared for by the tender ministries of his daughter Marion, he was spending the eventide of his life.

Bishop Moore had the gift of intense friendship, was thoroughly devoted to his work, and was a staunch and consistent supporter of Methodism at all times and under all circumstances. In the various positions that he filled as pastor, educator, editor, and bishop, he gave of his best. A loyal servant of the church has closed his career in the death of David Hastings Moore, the forty-fifth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

One of the most tender friendships that existed in the episcopal board was that between Bishop Moore and Bishop Earl Cranston. They were both graduated from the same university, and had worked together in many of the great enterprises of the church. One of the sons of Bishop Moore and a son of Bishop Cranston are members of the same law firm in Denver.

Bishop Moore died on the fourth anniversary of his wife's death. He is survived by four sons—E. Hastings, a professor in the University of Chicago, a noted mathematician; William A., a member of the law firm of Cranston, Pitkin & Moore; A. Truman, financial editor of The New York publication, and Julian, a lawyer in Denver; and by two daughters, Amy, who married Robert Pitkin, of Denver, son of a former governor of Colorado, and Marian, who, since the death of her mother, has cared for the home.

The funeral services were held Friday, the four sons of the bishop acting as pallbearers. Bishop Cranston was in charge, assisted by Bishops W. F. Anderson, of Cincinnati, and W. F. McDowell, of Chicago. Interment was in Athens, O.
THE TESTING HOURS

It has been said that no one of us is too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, to be useful to some one. There is a stimulating thought in this, and there are many of us who need just this sort of an arousement at times. Moses needed it, and the Lord said: "Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Elijah needed it, and the Lord said: "Yet have I left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." John the Baptist needed it, and Jesus said: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." It is the testimony of all the ages that God is ever ready to dispel the discouragement of the man who would look Him full in the face.

And yet, there have been the times when some of us have known how Moses felt. Very many of us have known how Elijah felt; and some of us have known what it is to have cast doubtfully about as did John the Baptist. Seasons of discouragement are the portion of even the most optimistic. No one of us can control the affairs of his life that no trouble will come; it will invade every life. And the way we take it, when it does come, is the test of character.

That there is ever ready of access a loving Father, who will provide all that is required with which to withstand the assault, to override the dreaded calamity, and to enable us to come through it all, chastened, but with shining faces and voicing His praises, is one of the blessed assurances that is vouchsafed the Christian. The God of Elijah still lives—now, today. Let us remember that. The discouragements may settle down upon us till we know not which way to turn; they may seem even to be about to overwhelm us. If they are like that, and if we feel that the time has come when we can hardly bear up longer under the load, let us repeat to ourselves, "Elijah's God still lives today." If that is so, there can come nothing that should not come to the man or woman who puts trust in Him. Moses learned that in the long ago, and Elijah learned it, and John the Baptist learned it. God would have us learn it, too.

Illion, N. Y., has observed the eighty-seventh birthday of Eliphalet Remington, the last of his line. He has always been a loyal and active worker in the local church, and although aged, still takes keen interest in the church of his youth and vigorous manhood.

Rev. J. E. Washburn, president of the American Institute at La Paz, Bolivia, accompanied by Mrs. Washburn, arrived in New York Nov. 12, coming to the United States on furlough. They may be addressed at 15 Wonders Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

Mrs. Hinckliffe, wife of E. V. Hinckliffe, pastor of Paulkner Church, Maiden, has been in Carlsite, Pa., for over a month helping to care for her sister, Mrs. W. H. Quitely, who has been, and is still, crit-
THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE. After the Painting by Ernst Zimmermann

A Man from a Far Country

A young boy, dressed in the costume of a Japanese peasant, stood beside his father, who was engaged in a conversation with some of the other villagers. The boy looked up at his father and said, "I wish I could learn more about the American way of life." His father smiled and replied, "You will have to wait and see."
heard him, and in Europe we hear much about him which
does not tend to prejudice one in his favor; but if what
I have seen in that Western city is a sample of the lasting
results which God accomplishes through him, I do not
need any more evidence of his usefulness."

There is danger that ministers, fascinated by Mr. Sun-
day's success, will make the easy mistake of copying his
superficial marks, while missing the heart of the matter.
Some are already carping about the platform, clamoring
upon the desk, enacting the stories they tell, and speaking
familiarly of the patriarchs as "Mr. and Mrs. Abraham." 
And they wonder why results do not come. They must go
deeper than that to find the source of his power, and of
the power of all evangelists worthy of the name—absolute
sincerity and purity of life and unswerving faith in the
gospel they declare, based on personal experience of its
saving grace. Without these Billy Sunday would be in-
deed the charlatan and the mountebank which his enemies
would like to have the world believe he is.

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**Mementos**

I

The relation which bound David Moore and Earl Cran-
ton together was doubtless stronger and sweeter than
any that ever existed between two of our Bishops. Born
in the same town, students together in college, yoke
fellows in the Western Methodist Book Concern as editor
and publisher, colleagues in the Episcopacy, their lives
continuing the fellowship as lay partners, it is a clas-
sic friendship that will pass into history. In the
memorial number of the Western Christian Advocate, the
senior Bishop touches tenderly upon the subject:

> **MY SOUL MATE**

He was the brother of my heart. We were twin brothers
born of different mothers. We found Christ on the same
day; consecrated ourselves to the Christian ministry during
the same meeting. Our paths have gone parallel through all
the years. I have known him but to love him, and
find pleasure and comfort in his fellowship. He has gone on,
and I look forward expecting to follow in God's good time.

II

While the General Conference of 1912 was in session at
Minneapolis Bishop David H. Moore received the fol-
lowing letter from Washington Gardner, president, teacher,
soldier, congressman and sometime National Commander
of the Grand Army of the Republic. It recollects the future
Bishop as he looked to his comrade and his commander at
the age of twenty-six:

> **ALBION, Mich., May 5, 1912**

> **My Dear Bishop Moore:** I wonder if it has occurred to you
> that forty-eight years ago today we were together on Rock
> Face Ridge, Georgia? I read Colonel Opylslye's official report
> of the battle, indeed, I have it before me as I write, and
> among other things he says, in speaking of the assault on the
> Confederate works: "Lieutenant-Colonel Moore rushed ahead
> with about thirty brave men and got close to the enemy's
> works, but could not carry them." Again he says, "Lie-
> tenant-Colonel Moore was hit three times but seemed to
> miraculously preserved." And again in the same official
> report the brave Opylslye says: "I soon after received a severe
> flesh wound in my arm which, from loss of blood, obliged me
to turn the command over to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore."

> These words coming from so competent and gallant a com-
> mander as Emerson Opylslye, ought to make your ten-
> nis-tingle with the loss of red blood, even though almost a half
> century has passed since they were first written.

> With best wishes I am as ever sincerely and fraternal
> ly yours.

> **Washington Gardner**

III

When Lieutenant-Colonel David H. Moore was in Ohio
on furlough, in the summer of 1862, camp John H. Mor-
gan's men in camp under guard eastward from Indiana.
From Representative Methodists.

Rev. David H. Moor, D.D.

David H. Moore was born near Athens, O., September 4, 1838. His parents still reside there, loved and honored by a wide circle of friends. In 1859 he was graduated B.A. from Ohio University. Entering the Ohio Conference in the fall of 1860, he was sent to Bainbridge Circuit as junior preacher, his colleague being the Rev. E. H. Dixon. He was married the same year to Mrs. Julia R. Carpenter of Athens, who has nobly shared his trials and labors. In 1861 he was stationed at Harrisville. The Civil War was on. His valiant service is raising volunteers, and in May, 1862, volunteers as a private, but was elected captain of Co. A, 37th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was surrendered by General Miles at Monter's Ferry, but was paroled at once and soon exchanged. He assisted in raising the 125th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of which he was major and lieutenant-colonel. He served in West Tennessee, and in the Atlanta campaign.

After the fall of Atlanta, he returned to civil life, and renewed his ministerial labors in Ohio, serving prominent churches in the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences. In 1875 he was made president of the Ohio Wesleyan College for Women, resigning in 1880 to pioneer our educational work in Colorado, as president of the Denver Seminary and Chancellor of the University of Denver, which position he now occupies.

He has also served congregations in several as pastor. With liberal supporters, hearty sympathy, and wise counsel, he has seen a noble institution grow up from nothing, and is devoting himself with unswerving aim in carrying the University to greater results. His A.M. is from his Alma Mater, and his D. D.
BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE, D. D.

Athens, Ohio, deserves to be congratulated. We doubt if in all time over one city of its size will turn out three Bishops to the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was thought remarkable two years ago that two should be elected - one had been born in this little city, and yesterday morning a third of her sons was honored by the election to the same position. Athens deserves to be congratulated and also to be thanked for these gifts to the Church.

David H. Moore, who on the seventeenth ballot was elected Bishop yesterday by a vote of 322 out of a possible 632, was born near Athens, Ohio, in 1837, graduated from the Ohio University in 1859, and entered the Ohio Conference in the fall of the same year. He enlisted in the Union Army as a private soldier and raised many volunteers for the service. He was elected captain of his company, captured at Harper's Ferry, paroled and soon exchanged, and assisted in raising a new regiment of which he became major, and afterwards lieutenant-colonel.

After his service in the army, he re-entered the ministry in the Ohio Conference, the afterward transferred to the Cincinnati Conference, and was pastor of the First Methodist Church in Cincinnati. He was also president of the Wesleyan Female College in that city and chancellor of the University of Denver. In 1868, on the death of Dr. R. Liss, he was elected by the Book Committee editor of the Western Christian Advocate, a position to which he was twice re-elected by the General Conference.

Bishop Moore is a most zealous worker in whatever sphere he may be placed. Large-hearted, sympathetic, generous and enthusiastic, he never fails to ring things to pass, and attaches his friends to himself with a strength of personality so rare in a man. As a preacher he is strong and spiritual. He carries his congregation with him and lifts them up to the plane on which he is standing.
David Hastings Moore.

When the train that carried Bishop David H. Moore home-ward from the General Committee meetings on the Pacific Coast reached Cincinnati on Tuesday of last week, it was found that the bishop was unconscious in his berth. During the night he had been stricken. He was tenderly carried to Christ Hospital. He did not regain consciousness, but at 10:40 p.m. passed into immortality.

It was but yesterday we were in the company of Bishop Moore, in Los Angeles and in Oakland we were at the same hotels. Many were the moments spent in that fellowship which has been for thirty years both an inspiration and a standard of what it should mean to bear the name of Christ. He had aged, but he was the same. He had the same zest in what is good and just, the same heartiness, the same speed in humor and in reports—only there was, if possible, a gentler gentleness, a mellower accent, a radiant spirituality, as of one walking in the cool of the day and hearing in the twilight his voice alone. Looking back at those days, they seem like those of Elisha must have had with Elijah in those mysterious moments ever the master was away.

Bishop Moore was born in Athens, Ohio, September 4, 1838. He was, therefore, in his seventy-eighth year. He was two years the junior of Bishop McCabe, also a playfellow in old Athens; and he was two years the senior of Bishop Cranston, also Athens born. We can but think that a shade of loneliness must pass over the spirit of Bishop Cranston as he stands columnar facing a younger generation—many years yet to that strong brain and loyal heart!

David H. Moore was the son of Hon. Elijah Hastings Moore, a member of the General Conference, who gave to his first-born, now for twenty years head of the Department of Mathematics in the University of Chicago, and as author and editor, recognized as one of the most eminent mathematicians in the world. The elder Elijah Hastings Moore, a Congressman, an orator of the first rank, was an outspoken patriot in that outspoken Western Reserve, offspring of the best New England blood, a trait that dominated every heart and soul and attitude of his distinguished son, so that when he was 1860 the young man had won his A. B. at the Ohio University at Athens, and he was ordained to the ministry. The earliest shots of the Civil War found a target in his soul, and, at twenty-four, he entered as a private in Company A, Eighty-seventh Ohio Infantry. He rose to the rank of captain, major and lieutenant-colonel, and as such led his regiment in Sherman's March to the Sea. He left his wife and babe in Marietta and to them returned to be appointed pastor in Columbus and in time to Trinity church, Cincinnati. He was then elected president of Western Female College in Cincinnati. In 1875 he followed Dr. Earl Cranston to Colorado to become president of Western Seminary and a founder and first chancellor of Denver University.

His labors in that office are among the treasures of Rocky Mountain tradition. His vast genius for friendship, his democratic habits, his short cut to the hearts of the plainsmen and mountainers, his great oratorical powers, his indomitable personal courage, made him a power and made the young university a power. The older men in the Rocky Mountain country will never forget the abandon with which he threw himself into the welfare of the institution and of the state. They will still see him in the full view of his forty, on the backboards and stage, humming through the canons of Colorado and Wyoming, a builder of a civilization of strong men. He might have been governor of Colorado. His speeches are still remembered with thrilling enthusiasm.

In 1859 that strong personality, whose pen as editor of the Western Christian Advocate, was as a weaver's beam, Dr. Jeremiah H. Bayles, at Bay View, N.Y., fell a victim to sudden death. Well do we recall the moment, just after his wonderful voice fell on the ear, beneath the glories of a sunset in Lake Michigan, his theme, "There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea." Dr. Earl Cranston, a cousin, also, in arms in the field of Dr. Moore, was then publishing agent of the Book Concern in Cincinnati. And so again they became neighbors, for the Book Concern was in the editorial chair of the Western Christian Advocate, Dr. David H. Moore. If ever an idealistic in Methodism had "ringing" editorials, the Western rang clear and strong under David H. Moore's incumbency. There was the epistle, the charge, the direct attack, of the evil in it, nor ever was there a dull hour when David H. Moore's pen had wrought. The Damascene blade was polished with rhetoric. The blade hung at his side. He was heart of fraternity, but that blade never was exactly in its scabbard. He was a champion of the rights of the woman, particularly at that time as regards membership in the General Conference. He was champion of the Fremonts. No Gordanian creed of conventionality or human law ever held an unrighteous institution or creed whole before him, for his pen and voice were more than Alexander's sword.

In 1896, Dr. Earl Cranston ascended to the episcopacy. That same General Conference sent into the purple also the Athens boyhood comrade, Chaplain Charles C. McCabe. Dr. Moore continued his dashing work with his pen and voice. We observed him at the Toronto International Convention, the Epworth League, and we hope to stop for a hearty laugh, to recall how the barber had not only given him a close trim, but had waxed the ends of his mustache a bit, and this hero of friendship, completely oblivious of the barber's incomprehensible art, walked the deck of the extension steamer, his arm around some comrade in the glorious ministry. In the Western, he fought the good fight of faith, of justice, of equal rights, of the new social righteousness; he did not trim his attitude or his words; the gleaming blade cut a clean gash, but it cut clear through. He was in great demand at all sorts of educational and civic occasions. He did not learn the art of bowing down.

The General Conference of 1900 elected David H. Moore and John W. Hamilton to the episcopacy. Bishop Moore was stationed at Shanghai, China, with special supervision over our work in all China, Korea and Japan.

Bishop Moore was scarcely settled in China before the Boxer uprising broke out. In May, when Bishop Moore was elected, several villages had been burned and Christian converts massacred. By June, the country was being overrun with Boxers. June 20, the German minister was assassinated, and at 4 that afternoon the Chinese opened fire on the foreign legations.

Who can forget the speech Bishop Moore delivered before the General Conference on Foreign Missions at Albany in November, 1902. The Boxer uprising had subsided. The reprisals of Russia on 5,000 Chinese, for example, were stiffing the Cossacks into the Amur were at an end. But the air was heavy with the stories of the Chinese Christian who rather than deny Jesus Christ had suffered the unspeakable tortures and martyrdom. On the walls of the church in Albany hung on green banners in Chinese characters the names of our martyrs. The occasion fitted the man and the man the hour. A lifetime would hold no memory more thrilling. The day followed. Bishop Moore gave a scarcely less memorable address on Korea and Japan. There is no space here to characterize those addresses. The thing which stands out is Bishop Moore's "living loyalty" to the workers, and his picture of the higher life, particularly of Japan. This second address was nearly two hours in length. It was a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence, of wit, and of unqualified devotion to the men of the field and the work which, under God, Methodism is called to carry forward without faltering or a moment's hesitation till the end.

In 1904 Bishop Moore was transferred to Portland; in 1908,
to Cincinnati. Thus he came back in God's good time to the city where he had given the devotion and labors of years. He was again active in the interest of the colored man, as president of the Freedmen's Aid Society. The years passed swiftly, and in 1912, at the age of seventy-four, he was given release from the task of traveling through the connection to administer the Annual Conferences. How he felt at the vote of the General Conference is seen in this note he immediately wrote this writer.

Dear Central Church,

I shall be greatly honored for the vote of the Conference. I shall now be permitted to rest. But may the threefold cord of faith, hope and love be an evermore binding bond.

Your affectionate friend,

David H. Moore

His interest and his activities did not abate. He was commissioned to write the biography of his dear friend, our great Churchman, John M. Walden. If circumstances had been a little different, it is known to those to whom it is known, the preparation of that volume might have been incumbent on another; it is our joy that Bishop Moore was selected. For that volume perpetuates not only in most graphic and philosophical grasp the life and influence of Bishop Walden, it perpetuates also in his only published volume the brilliant and telling style of Bishop Moore. Thus works the Divine Providence better than we know.

And so it came to pass that on his journey homeward from the General Committees on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, that ocean on the bitter shores of whose mighty basin lay the lands of China, Korea and Japan, where he had invested some of his most heroic years, on the way home from those meetings where he had again done his part, and where he had heard about him the chasening and uplifting influence of his spirit as ready for courtesy—on his homeward way he came again to Cincinnati, the scene of his greatest labors—and there, aged seventy-seven years and two months, he fell on sleep. And, after fitting services, he was laid to rest—all that is mortal—in the quiet churchyard at Athens, where he was born, completing thus the circle of a human life. What a romance is God! Mrs. Moore preceded him within the veil. Their married life was the idyll of holy love. Their children call them blessed.

It has been the lot of this editor now to write the biographical sketch of eighteen bishops, one—Bishop Fitzgerald—died whilst we were on the ocean; nineteen in all. The Church has had, since the beginning, sixty-nine bishops; sixty-two are dead. They were good and great men, types of that composite thing which makes the universal man. Great and good they were, but who amongst them has been more a brother, more a fellow man, more an example of outspoken loyalty to his principles and his friends, to the things and the persons he believed in, than David Hastings Moore, the forty-fifth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church?

** Illinois Woman's College. **

It is now the turn of Illinois Woman's College to step, not exactly to the scaffold, but certainly to the crisis that comes sooner or later to every educational institution. Denver University came face to face with it a few weeks ago, and gloriously came forth. Now our great foundation at Jacksonville faces her crisis.

If the hundred thousand still remaining to be secured by December 31 is subscribed, the immediate effect will be to standardize this institution for women till the world's latest afternoon, multiplying her efficiency at every point.

If the end comes and the hundred thousand is not got, well, the effect will be, if not calamitous, at least hampering and restricting for many long years. That calamity must not be permitted. Every alumnus, every student, every friend of the higher education of women should write President Harker immediately, pledging in some tangible way some sum to save the college to the highest level attainable. No institution is better located. None more worthy of promotion. None with a possibility more deserving of energetic and instantaneous help. Today in the precious increment of time. Today do the utmost.

** Glances to Right and Left. **

All hail to the services of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in St. Louis this week.

Ex-Governor Edlin of Indiana sees no other practicable candidate for President on the Republican ticket, but former Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks.

Brother Pastors. Can you commiserate with your congregations a more helpful Christmas present than a year's subscription to the CENTRAL? Is not the second Sunday in December a good time for such a campaign?

We have to note the bereavement of our dear brother and colleague, Dr. R. Robert Zaring, in the death of his father, a venerable and very efficient Methodist minister, holding for years our Indiana Methodism.

The sessions of the Gulf and the Arkansas Annual Conferences are held this week, the former at Port Arthur, and the latter at St. Louis, under the presidency of Bishop Thriftfield; the latter at Stuttgart, Ark., under the presidency of Bishop Broughton. To each of them we send heartiest greetings.

Secretary Henry J. Coler has been recalled by the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension from the Commission on Finance, to which he was loaned for the past two years. From now on, his office work and addresses will be devoted more especially to the interests of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.
OUR CHEVALIER BAYARD

DAVID H. MOORE was a soldier to the last. He had courage and dash, a sensitive patriotism and the touch of romance which is at the heart of every good soldier. Also he was a poet. When the last General Conference called on Bishop Warren to speak his farewell word, the response was an utterance of lofty dignity, quite in keeping with the rugged yet gentle character of him who spoke it. But when Bishop Moore arose, his word was filled with intimate tenderness. It was a sweet and imaginative taking of everybody into his confidence.

Here is a bit that suggests the quality of the whole:

"I take it for granted that you don't expect me to retire absolutely, and I do think that in the remainder of life I shall be permitted to show how the Gulf Stream of my youth may be carried into the Arctic regions of my old age. You will expect I shall be parted from my old episcopal residence as if I had been separated from an old pastorate; and as I would not go before a community where I had been pastor, so you may expect to find me amid the scenes of my childhood among the hills of the Hocking Valley where I can watch over the graves of my loved ones and answer duty's call, and with the help of God illustrate how an old age may be serene and bright and lovelier than a Lapland night."

Bishop Moore's life was varied enough to be truly American. A private, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel in the Civil War, pastor of leading Churches in Ohio, president of Wesleyan Female College, chancellor of the University of Denver, editor of the Western Christian Advocate, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church—elected 1900, retired 1912—he found full use for all his versatile and exceptional talents.

As bishop he served four years in China, four years his residence was in Portland, Ore., and the last four years of his episcopal activity his home was Cincinnati.

The bishop's army training made him "all this life a lover of discipline, but more a lover of men. If anything must yield, he put the man first, and then the system. And that same soldier experience helped to emphasize his strong sense of democracy. For he came up from the ranks, and knew what it meant to obey, as well as to command. And he believed in the democratic idea of putting men where they can best serve the common wealth, to obey to or to command, or both, as the occasion might require."

Bishop Moore was a man greatly loved. His genial naturalness, and in the later years his fatherly affection, invited friends, and they came in multitudes.

The funeral services were held at Cincinnati, Bishop Cranson, McDowell, and Anderson spoke, Bishop Cranson at length, for the man whom he had come to honor was his boyhood friend, companion in conversation, and brother beloved for more than sixty years.

At Athens, his beloved Athens, the body of Bishop Moore was laid to rest. There, where he was born, where he began the Christian life, whence he set out as a soldier of the Union, he came back at the end of the long journey. God gave him to the world in that hush. Ohio town seventy-seven years ago, and the town with solemn pride now receives his body and will count its presence a benediction.

But his soul goes marching on!
NEW BOOKS ONE OUGHT TO READ

By Edwin L. Shuman

THOUGH the grim shadow of war rests on all the world, it has not prevented the ripening of a rich harvest of new books in these autumn days, giving promise of many happy hours beside the evening lamp. To single out those most worth while is always a delicate and more or less presumptuous undertaking. In the present article, therefore, I wish simply to recommend certain new books, seventy-five or so, which I know to be good, irrespective of what the rest may be. As no one person "ought to read" seventy-five new books unless Fate is to be a reviewer, it will he

enced Hawkes, the blind writer of nature books, tells the brave story of how he has found "starshine in thirty years of night." It is an inspiring, deeply human narrative of courage in the face of terrible odds. Mr. Hawkes' account of how he became a successful author is as interesting as that of how he sees a baseball game without eyes—for he is an ardent "fan." Another little book that is also a record of courage is FAXON'S COSMOS OWN STORY (Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.00), the life of the aged hymn writer told practically in her own words by her friend, S. Tevena Jacks.

Of course to note are any as before the man usually are devoted thanks to Columbus being discovered by w. h. w. we have such as AMERICA, BY HARRISON & BROTHERS, $1.50; and the other marvels are the Grand Canyon, the Yellow-stone, and Lake Tahoe. Another fine book is The Rocky Mountain Wonderland (Houghton Mifflin Company, $1.75). Mr. Mills, the good genius of Long's Peak, who led the movement which has created the Rocky Mountain National Park, takes his readers along with him on adventurous wanderings, in which one can share his delightful nature studies.

The late John Muir's Travels in Alaska (Houghton Mifflin Company, $2.50) is one of the noteworthy volumes of the season. It is made up largely from his journals, written on the spot, and describing his adventures and mountains and glaciers, and on the sea in Indian canoes. A smaller book of much the same quality is ALASKA DAYS WITH JOHN MUIR (Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.00), in which S. Hall Young, a missionary who accompanied Muir on many of his journeys, tells of the explorer's endurance, his enthusiasm, and his deeply religious nature. Mr. Hall's account of how John Muir saved him from a mountain precipice by sheer strength and courage is in itself a revelation of the man's character.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON, by Clayton Parkinson (8.50). The story of R. L. S. and France, and the days when Stevenson and Mark Twain traveled together, with twenty-five pictures, is pure travelogue interest and in itself a Turkish character study's well-illustrated volume. The Romance of Old Belgium (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.50), tells the romantic story of historic landmarks, many of them now shattered by war. My Japanese Year, by T. H. Sanders (James Pott & Co., $2.50), is a sympathetic interpretation of a fascinating life, with the story of the author's wanderings, appropriately illustrated.

But the fiction readers are waiting impatiently, and they, like youth itself, will be served in these latter days. Let us begin soberly with some thoughtful English novels.

Here is H. G. Wells' stimulating novel of revolt, The Research Magnificent (The Macmillan Company, $1.50), telling the story of a brave man who undertook to live the king's life, the life of courage and service that makes one worthy to rule the world. Benham's splendid ideal leads him into adventures, into marriage, into mistakes, into failures, but still he declares passionately, "Nevertheless there is nobility, there is a King, or this earth is a dunghill and mankind a kind of skin disease upon a planet." There are unowned spots here and there in the book, but in the main it is fine and memorable.

John Galworthy's latest, The Freemas (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50), is a good love story mingled in an engrossing conflict for the reform of old tyrannies connected with land ownership in England. Its character drawing is excellent. And here we have the concluding volume of the trilogy which Arnold Bennett began in "Clayhanger." It is called These Two (George H. Doran Company, $1.50), and depicts the stormy period of adjustment between man and wife. It is the finest of the three, and will rank with "The Old Wives' Tale" as one of the best novels of our time.

No list of the season's best fiction for mature readers should omit Ola's Daughter, by Edith Wharton (The Macmillan Company, $1.50), in which the famous Darrow author depicts the life of a Methodist community at a slate quarry in Cornwall. The main theme, the love of two good men for one worthy woman, is complicated by a question of conscience that makes the men rivals in moral heroism. There are many characters, all depicted to the life. The author's realistic creed produces a few touches that an idealist would have omitted, but the dominant note is one of inspiring nobility.

Now some American novels. One of the best of the year--after Winston Churchill's A Far Country--is Dorothy Canfield's The Next Time (Henry Holt & Co., $1.50). It is the love story of a typical American girl from the Middle West, her education, and the building of her strong, sound character. In this book the author of The Signpost, Canfield has proved once more that she can weave the finest threads of our national life into an engrossing novel. The Song of the Lark, by Willa Cather (Houghton Mifflin Company, $1.40), is good American fiction, with a singer for heroine. Part of the action takes place in Chicago in the days of Theodore Thomas, and the story interprets both the spirit of
Our eyes were startled on Wednesday of last week by the headline in a morning paper, "Bishop Moore Dead."

The item was dated at Cincinnati, November 23, and read:

"Bishop David H. Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died tonight at 10:25 at Christ hospital, from a hemorrhage of the brain. Bishop Moore arrived here this morning at ten o'clock from Chicago and was found in an unconscious condition in his berth by the porter. The bishop was identified by the name on his baggage. Apparently he had suffered a stroke of paralysis during the night."

This sudden summons was quite in keeping with the heroic character of the man; he lived in energetic labor and ceased at once to work and live.

Bishop Moore was elected to his high office at the Chicago General Conference in 1860, by a vote of 594 out of a possible 665, on the seventeenth ballot.

He was born near Athens, Ohio, in 1837, graduated from the Ohio University in 1860, and entered the Ohio conference in the fall of the same year.

He was a veteran of the civil war, having enlisted as a private soldier, and was then elected captain of his company. He was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, paroled and exchanged, and assisted in recruiting a new regiment in which he became major and then lieutenant-colonel.

After his military service, he became a member of Cincinnati conference, and was appointed pastor of Trinity church in that city.

He afterward became president of the Wesleyan Female College, and then chancellor of Denver University.

In 1883, on the death of Dr. Baylies, he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate, serving for eleven years. At the time of his election by the Book Committee he was traveling in the west, and on being notified by telegram, he wired back this la-

Bishop David H. Moore.
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In 1888, on the death of Dr. Baylis, he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate, serving for eleven years. At the time of his election by the Book Committee he was traveling in the west, and on being notified by telegram, he wired back this laconic reply:

"If the orders are imperative, I am a soldier."

From the tripod he went to the episcopal chair.

He was a vigorous, earnest man, energetic to a high degree, large-hearted, full of enthusiasm, magnetic in his friendships, a powerful preacher and a ready, well poised presiding elder. At the last General Conference he was placed upon the retired list, but continued in such activities as remained to him to the very end of life.
they can at least have the kitchen for the devil, or if not quite that much a three-legged stool for him in the scullery. That illustration sets forth clearly the temptation of the young Christian. The world is eternally saying, “It is all right to be good, but don’t be too good. Just divide up things a little and enjoy all the good things of life. If part of the allegiance is given to God it is enough. You need to see and experience something of the world in order to avoid the temptations.” Every young Christian has met this subtle temptation and either conquered it or divided his kingdom. Young men and women are so afraid that if they surrender all they will be led into something hard and distasteful, but if they give divided allegiance they will keep on good terms with both God and the world at the same time. 

Evangelists say that the people who sit half way back in the church during revival services and will not budge from their seats are the most difficult ones to reach. Their whole attitude seems to proclaim loudly, “I’m going to get something out of this meeting, but I’m not going to get too much.”

But with all the examples of history and literature before them and the “living epistles known and read of all men” who have tried this program, young men and women are beginning to see that a divided kingdom is never successful from any standpoint. The men who compromised years ago are the fall-

before his death, and gave as his reason that the next twenty years would offer greater opportunities for the Christian minister than any other like period in history.

Only men of talent and consecration can be used to advantage by the Methodist Episcopal Church today. For this is a time of theological achievement and statement, a period of
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Only men of talent and consecration can be used to advantage by the Methodist Episcopal Church today. For this is a time of theological readjustment and restatement, a period of uncertainty and unrest with reference to religious truth. The critical spirit is so dominant in pulpit and pew that fundamental doctrines are called in question. Men and women who do little or no thinking themselves are among the people who just now need the advice and assistance which only a thoroughly trained and fully consecrated pastor can give. Our passion for men must lead us to see the possibility of lost souls who have for years been prominent members and sometimes officials in the great church which we love. Isms are arising with a strong appeal to our people, isms that will lead them far, very far from God. And I am convinced that in the great day when we shall be called to give account of our stewardship, many will discover that they have been unfaithful in presenting the fundamental doctrines laid down by the Christ, and because of this failure men and women have sought the help which they so much need, not from their pastor, but from false teachers, "blind leaders of the blind."

John R. Mott is right when he says that: "Neither ignorant and blatant infidelity nor more or less ably reasoned skepticism and agnosticism can be ignored by the ministry, but must be understood and met with scholarly thoroughness and fairness, and always in the Christian spirit. . . . The widespread religious indifference which is more largely due to uncertainty about Christian truth among Christians themselves than is generally realized, must be dealt with at the sources. Large service can be rendered by all who help to restate the old facts and the
nation's life. The servant of Naaman is also an interesting character in this account. When he said to his master, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? He spake better than to wash and be clean." We should be thankful for common-sense folk who are willing to take God at His word though they cannot see how He will accomplish His word.

IV. God's Gracious Promises. Our reading lesson, Hosea 14, bristles with promises which show God's mercy, love and goodness. But all the lessons of the quarter contain promises of help and of prosperity. They are conditioned on obedience to God. Failing in their obedience to Him they lapsed into decay and ruin. God wanted to bless and help them, but could not. Their stubbornness, their wickedness, defeated God, defeated themselves.

BISHOP DAVID HASTINGS MOORE

The writer cannot refrain from adding a word to those already so nobly spoken and written concerning the remarkable character of the late Bishop Moore. For fifty-five years he was one of the warmest friends in the writer's circle. We joined the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church within a year of each other, entered the army during the Civil War the same year, and after its close finished our conference course and were ordained in the same class; later served churches at the same time in the city of Zanesville, O., here he married the writer in his church during that period.

Bishop Moore was the greatest man the writer has ever known. Not in the sense we usually apply this term, but in quite another and different one. He was not the greatest student, the most intellectual, the best scholar, the deepest thinker, the best theologian, nor the most brilliant writer; nor was he the most careful and successful in the episcopal office. In no sense are these statements criticisms; nor is it a criticism to state that it was always the judgment of the writer that Nature never intended him for that office. He was not elected to this chair because his ministerial brethren supposed him especially adapted to it. The writer was a daily visitor in the sessions of the General Conference at Chicago, when this election took place. Many ballots were taken before it occurred, and the vote came at last secured, very largely, by the ballot of the lay delegates present. His election was one of pure, unadulterated, and undiluted love of the man. And what higher or better reason can ever be given for honors bestowed on anyone? Who has he been so deeply admired? For one reason only: He was supremely worthy. His success in the pastorate, and everywhere else he had served, was assurance he would not fail here. He did not fail; but his greatest success was not in that chair, and for reasons already intimated. He could not win the results, was too impulsive, too full of even-suppressed energy, too social, and too eager always to reach the goal. He lived under constant high pressure, with steam always up, fire roaring, and belivers at the bursting point. The machinery had to be kept moving or there would be an explosion. He worked only by short cuts, was always ready with reply, never embarrassed, and in social intercourse had no thought for self; but when pressuring over a delicate body, it was always difficult for him to be deliberate. He was not secretive. His life was an open book, and on such occasions he grew restless waiting for the end of long discus-
"THE MASTER'S SERVICE FIRST"

1889—1919
Four Years Then Cometh the Jubilee

"The only crown I ask, dear Lord, to wear,
Is this, that I may help a little child;
I do not ask that I should ever starve.
Among the wise, the worthy, or the great.
I only ask that softly, hand in hand,
A child and I may enter at the gate."

Who can forget that ever heard our incomparable leader of children, Mrs. Harrison, recite her creed in her tender, vibrant voice. And listening to them, they felt at one with the child life of a nation in the pulse of the progress of that people and thrilled with a desire that their children should live better, broader, nobler lives, for the children of today are the workers of tomorrow. If our society is to be perpetuated it will be through the training of the children of today.

On Saturday morning, as Mrs. Harrison finished her report and was leaving the platform, Mrs. Butler came quickly forward, introducing Mrs. Graham, who said, "I have been asked to do a wholly impossible thing, to express to Mrs. Harrison the appreciation of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for her service of twenty-five years as secretary of our children's work, laying at her feet the admiration, the love, the loyalty of our offsprings, and I should never starve our society. She has built her own monument. Her task has been so persistently, so quietly, so splendidly accomplished, each year's work so faithfully done, that our society is beginning to feel the new life coming into it from the boys and girls she inspired twenty-five years ago. What a commentary on the side rise up and call her blessed, and when she lays her crown at the feet of the Master, who is always to be in the East and the West, from the North and the South, from the Orient and the Jewels she lays at the feet of her Lord." And presenting Mrs. Harrison with an exquisite chrysanthemums, she added, "The perfume of these flowers is symbolic of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful spirit, expressed by her contagious smile, these petals are the expression of the love and appreciation we bear her; the whole represents our joy and gratitude for her faithful and efficient service through twenty-five years of useful service."

Mrs. F. H. spoke in behalf of the

Ench, as she spoke, gave Mrs. Harrison her blossom. Mrs. Butler added, "These golden blossoms represent not money alone but lives given to this service."

Then occurred a spontaneous demonstration not on the program. Mrs. Bland announced that Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Harrison and herself wished to make the first of the thirteen hundred life members, that member to be little Marie Nuelsen, daughter of Bishop Nuelsen, born in Europe since the war opened.

Dr. Mary Stone greeted Mrs. Harrison as "blessed mother of thousands" bringing to her the love of the children of China, who are being rescued from infanticide, foot-binding and ignorance; the girls and maid of all the nations who are being taught by the children's missionaries."

Mrs. Patten prayed, O, so tenderly, for the work Mrs. Harrison has so well cared for the children here and the children there with pithful faces and outstretched hands, waiting for the Saviour. Then all joined in singing,"Like a Shepherd, Lead Us," and as they sang a wee girlies leaned confidently against Mrs. Harrison, and unconsciously Mrs. Harrison's arm slipped around her while the others crowded near. The gracelessness—a study for an artist!

Mrs. McDowell rose to announce the next member, a lady in the audience asked permission to make a life member; she was followed by a man who was not to be outdone, and then another and another—seven in all. Mrs. Harrison called the children Christian.

And the children were there on Saturday afternoon, hundreds upon hundreds of them, following gladly Mrs. Harrison. With twenty-five of the fifty life members were they marched up the platform and said their names and churches, and how fast the names of new life members came in—thirty-six, and ten paid for by the collection. "Such a thing never happened before!" cried Mrs. Harrison joyfully.

Then there was a splendid program given by the children's missionaries; a scene by the Indian missionaries; Miss Parks, in the pretty costume of the women of the Philippines, spoken greetings; Dr. Mary Stone sang "Precious Jewels" in Chinese. There were four Russian children. The big Japanese umbrella and enormous Korean hat provoked much mirth. The little one of ten, after having been a martyr to chrysanths, was exalted to the top of the column and the "I am the truth," not to be resisted.

It seemed the verdict of the existing offices, or history, seems to have been on the formulas for are worn out, and is for a fresh start.

Ench stated its idea of a perfectly abolition of the rut delivery of a skeleton scheme of instruction by all the hands in Chicago. The men preached to his drip, the time and space. But really the only bound of the original soul, and added the, the's outside office. They are presented to the as a layman, the men's doctrine had no critical sanction. It is. As Tomsen put very similar verity in the new, Harrison on one hand, yet the truth, not,"It was as when

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Waving Farewell.

By Bishop Hamilton.

I have just learned at this point in crossing the continent of the sudden death of our greatly beloved brother, Bishop Moore. I cannot tell you how deeply I am moved by the great loss which we of the inner circle of his close friends, as well as the whole Church, have sustained. David and I have been as David and Jonathan, and our immovable convictions, in his make-up as in the measures and methods with which he earned success. His great heart made him a boyish, bounding athlete of such noble impulses as required all his main strength, and sometimes ours, to restrain him. He came of a race of runners who were winners from the start. From the days of his forefathers, whom Paul found in Galatia, down through all the Celtic tribes and Scottish clans, his family have brought leaders to every nation from those out of which they have gone. It is almost impossible to keep a Scotch-Irishman from office as a man with money from going to California.

Whether as preacher, soldier, teacher, editor or bishop, his heart palpitated so strenuously, warmly and lovingly that he had gathered multitudes of friends about him, and he leaves a train of grief behind him in every circle where he had moved.

His courage mounted up far above all his other impulses, save his loyalty to his convictions and his friends, and though he said in his first speech in the General Conference when he was recognized by the presiding officer, "Now that I have the floor, I am nearly scared to death," he stood others far more than he was ever scared. When in the absence of the brigadier-general, he assumed command in the engagement with the Confederate forces in the Civil War, he sent the Southern forces flying through the mountains and valleys of Tennessee and Georgia in almost as many directions as there were soldiers to hunt for them, and though in retirement he has been the same cavalry officer ever since. He never could rid himself of his war memories. He told the story of the Morgan raid in his lectures so vividly it could be seen how vigorously he had made the chase. He smelt the battle from afar and heard the thunder of the guns wherever war in any part of the world was waged, as did the horse that had borne him thirty years ago.

In crossing the bay with him at San Francisco a fortnight ago, he said a warship a half dozen cable was length ahead, and he swung to the side of the ferryboat and flung his handkerchief to the breeze until every sailor in the gray gunboat responded. He was a bishop on horseback to the last, and though it was an iron steed he rode, the fitting place for him to die was on a journey for the Captain of his Salvation and far to the front.
Creed or Life—Which?

We often hear well-meaning people say: “In religion it is not the creed, but it is the life that counts.” Such people are laboring under a strong delusion and are treading on the ragged edge of destruction, for while they admit they are not Christians, they contend that it makes little difference what a man believes, if his life is right.” Just as though everybody does not know a man’s habits and conduct are all founded upon his opinions! No man’s life will be right while his beliefs are wrong.

An old farmer was grinding an ax, and it occurred to him he ought to have the assistance of one of his five boys. So he called and shouted, but not a boy appeared. When dinner was ready, of course, they all came without calling.

“Where were you fellows about two hours ago when I called for you?” said the old man.

“I was in the shop settin’ the saw,” replied one.

“And I was in the hen house settin’ a hen,” said another.

“I was in grand’mama’s room settin’ the clock,” answered one.

“And I was up in the garret settin’ a trap,” replied another.

“You are a remarkable set,” remarked the old farmer. “And where were you?” he demanded of the youngest.

“I was just out on the doorstep settin’ still.”

So we find many people set on their own plans, and not heeding God’s plans for their salvation, and so the minister comforts himself with the thought, “I am honest and temperate, and that will save me!” The moralist right here is substituting honesty and temperance for regeneration. He preached regeneration: “Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.” The moralist makes his mistake right here—a man may be honest and temperate, yet not be regenerated; but a man cannot be regenerated without also being made honest and temperate. And so Christ teaches that repentance and regeneration by faith in Him are the first and essential conditions to salvation. Creed comes first, and the correct moral life must follow in harmony with it. The test of religion is the morality it produces. The sinner, whether moralist or criminal, must be honest and temperate and keep the moral laws—but he must also repent and be born anew, if he expects to be saved from judgment. We are to be saved, not by honesty or temperance, but through repentance and the new birth—for by the deeds of the law, shall no flesh be justified.

The trouble with the moralist is that he is an unregenerate and unforgiven sinner, just like any other. His honesty and temperance will not wash away his sins, nor change his unregenerate heart. Without repentance and regeneration he must die in his sins, just like any other sinner. Nothing can take the place of repentance and regeneration in the plan of salvation. So do not be deceived. Do not attempt to change God’s plan of salvation. Do not try to substitute honesty and temperance for repentance and regeneration—you will fail. The pebbles from the brook look worthless—but take it to the laboratory. All the difference between the pebble and the gem is in the and so the difference between a saved soul and a lost one is repentance and regeneration.

God deals with all men as sinners. Your honesty or temperance will not change your conditions, or your relation as a sinner to God, but your repentance and regeneration will. This change profoundly affects a man’s opinions and life for the better. God forgives him. He comes into sympathy with the Heavenly Father and with His work among men. He breaks away from wicked opinions and habits, and tries to win his evil companions to the better life. Conversion is a silent and mysterious work within the soul of man. So are the operations of the great forces in nature. We can hear the wind draw up into the sky the tons of water, which drift in clouds away to water the earth. So our hearts the grains of the fibers of the oak, as it grows and expands from the sapling to the giant of the forest. So the will reaches its decisions silently. God moves silently upon the heart. His wonders to perform—the joy and showing come afterwards.

A man’s conduct and character are shaped by his beliefs. In the river one day a strange, ill-shaped fish went swimming away in front of the boat. It was only a flounder. Ag ossa showed how the flounder could change its color. Placed on dark tiles, it soon became a dark color; then moved over to the sand, it turned to a lighter hue, and when placed among seaweed it turned greenish in color. There are many human flounders also who take their color from their surroundings. They are good-Lord or good-devil followers, according to the crowd they are with.
BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE ANSWERS
THE ROLL CALL

Bishop David H. Moore, the beloved, is dead. The earth is richer because of his long and honorable career, and heaven is nearer because he is now there. Thousands upon thousands of men, women and children loved David H. Moore, and he loved them. It was not love based upon some fanciful theory, but the world-old love of heart responding to heart. Bishop Moore was so unconventional and informal that persons who came near him could see at once, through the office he filled, whether he was Colonel, University Chancellor, Editor or Bishop, the man, and they loved him for his own dear sake. There was no sham or pretense about him. He might have been blunt or at times abrupt, but this was more than overbalanced by the unmistakable sincerity, frankness and uprightness of the man. David H. Moore was not a modern diplomat, who thought one thing and said another, or who said one thing and meant another: when he spoke he spoke in the open. He was a diplomat of frankness, fearlessness, sincerity and integrity, with nothing to hide. He believed intensely in truth, right and honesty, and when he reached a conclusion, no one was ever in doubt as to his position.

There was never a time when David H. Moore put up the white flag or showed a yellow streak. Who will forget his valiant stand at the General Conference of 1912, just on the eve of the vote for his retirement? His speech was temperate and well balanced, but there was in it the ring of the brave soldier that he was. A man of conviction spoke, and he spoke his conviction. If the General Conference shrank from its duty of retiring Bishop Warren because of his lowering intellec tual, superb leadership and compelling personality, likewise did the General Conference shirk from retiring David H. Moore, because the delegates loved him, and loved him because he was brave, and brave because he was true.

David H. Moore was a soldier until his dying day. He served in the Civil War as chaplain, and later as Lieutenant-Colonel, and the impulse of the soldier never left him. He belonged not to the reserves, but to the advance guards. Thus among the advocates of moral questions he was easily in the front ranks. This quality was uppermost in all his public addresses, and particularly was this strong point of his character noticeable during his term as editor of the Western Christian Advocate. He championed that which met his approval, and condemned, with equal force, measures and movements which to him were not for the good of the country and the Kingdom. Upon this one trait alone we might rest the statement that he was a great editor, but he had other claims for true greatness as an editor. His literary style was brilliant and fascinating. His matter was always fresh and pertinent.

The colored people regarded Bishop Moore as their friend. He had fought for their freedom during the Civil War, and in every position since his war he never lost an opportunity to say a word for their larger freedom. He believed in the race implicitly and the race had in him an uncompromising and able champion.

Bishop Moore attended the General Committees on the Pacific, and made the return trip to his home at Athens, Ohio, as far as Cincinnati, when on the morning of Tuesday, November 23rd, he was found by a porter in his berth unconscious. He was identified by checks and papers, and Dr. D. L. Aultman was notified and the Bishop was removed to the Christ Hospital. He did not regain consciousness, although physicians worked with him all day Tuesday. He died that night.

David Hastings Moore was born at Athens, Ohio, September 4, 1838. He was the son of Hon. Elijah Hastings and Amy (Barker) Moore. He was graduated with the degree of A. B. from Ohio University in 1860, and three years later received the degree of A. M. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him in 1875 by Ohio Wesleyan, and the degree of LL.D. by both the Mt. Union College and the University of Denver. He married Julia Sophia Carpenter of Athens, Ohio, on June 21, 1860, and in the same year he was ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Moore served in the Civil War as a private and as Captain of Company A, Eighty-seventh Ohio Infantry, and Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 125th Ohio Infantry.

As a pastor he served some leading appointments, including Columbus and Cincinnati. He was President of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, 1875-1881; President of the Colorado Seminary and Chancellor of the University of Colorado, 1880-1889; professor of political economy in the University of Colorado, 1889; editor of the Western Christian Advocate at Cincinnati, 1889-1900. He was elected Bishop in 1900 at the General Conference held in Chicago. His first Episcopal residence was Shanghai, China, where he remained four years, then four years at Portland, and in 1908 he was assigned to Cincinnati. On retirement in 1912, upon the hearty invitation of the Methodists of Indianapolis and vicinity, he selected that city as his residence and he was returned to as the Resident Bishop of Indiana. Recently he moved to his boyhood home, Athens, and with his daughter, Miss Marian, who has been his constant companion since the death of Mrs. Moore, the Bishop spent the past year with the friends of his youth. The Bishop is survived by two sons, Messrs. William Moore and Julian Moore, and his daughter, Miss Marian.

Thus there goes out from us one of the stalwart characters of Methodism. He proved his patriotism by actual service in war, and in full surrender to the Prince of Peace achieved distinction as a Gospel minister. He was an educator of no mean ability and an editor of high rank. As Bishop, all the qualities of his many-sided life were employed for the advancement of the Church, which he loved better than his life.
These colored conferences are at present presided over by white bishops, who also preside over every church of the white churchmen. The colored membership of the Church is perhaps unanimous in their desire and demand for Negro bishops. And the overwhelming majority of the Negroes demand colored bishops for the colored membership at least. We emphasize the “at least,” for that is the crux of the whole matter as it is discussed among Negroes. There is no difference of opinion among them as to the desirability of colored bishops: the only point of discussion is, whether to accept Negro bishops whose superintendency shall be limited to the Negro membership. A small minority is opposed to the constitution of bishops with a limitation; all are opposed to the limitation, as such, but the great majority are subordinate in that consideration to what they consider the vastly greater consideration of having the superintendency of Negro bishops for their own church only. In other words, this minority has decided to do what civilization has done ever since it first opened its eyes; namely, if it cannot go directly to the thing it is striving to reach, it will go toward it at least, rather than to recede or to secede.

We learn also that the great white majority, which necessarily controls the vote, has been promising the colored membership a colored bishop for many quadrinnia,-thus always acknowledging the principle but always breaking the promise. So that many of the colored people have come to feel that the promise was never sincere, but was only made in a false kindness and pity, just as we tell a child idle tales in order to content him and lead him on. Again we learn that the suggestion for a bishop limited to his own race was first made by the white people, as an answer to the persistent pressure from the colored people for a colored bishop; but that as soon as the Negroes began to look with favor upon the suggestion, the white people began to ridicule and belittle the idea, and persuaded even the Negroes to reject it. This was another shrewd use of psychology: just as if a child should be kept despising something which I did not mean to give him at all, but finally, in order to cool his impatience, I should offer him a slightly inferior article and say: “Johnny, I will give you this one now, if you insist, but if I were you I would not accept this little old artificial one when by waiting just a little longer and growing a little bigger you can get a large fine, sure-enough one.” The actual offer of a thing always lessens the anxiety for it; the very offer of the inferior article strengthens the confidence and hope for getting the better one. The Negro says that ridicule caused him to reject the proposition when it was made by the white people, but that now he has exhaled, revived and espoused the cause for himself, and that he is now proof against both ridicule and sophistry.

Johnny and the fair promises did not thing which I have learned, before I tell you positively and unmistakably what I think. This thing I have been learning not merely in the last year or two, but during all the years of my life; that there is an ugly and foreboding widening of the gulf between the white and black races in the United States. Whoever successfully narrows this gulf and lifts it into a “new valley” of friendly and fruitful co-operation, will some day be called the chief of American patriots. So far as I know the Methodist Episcopal Church is the biggest bit of interracial co-operation in America to-day. Not only the Negro, but other races, are represented in this organization. With this varied representation the Methodist Episcopal Church presents a solid, even if a somewhat unstraightforward front, for human brotherhood. If the Negro is taken out, this solid front will be broken and the enemy of mankind can thrust a most dangerous blight into the breach. The Negroes are right in their instinctive opposition to suggestions of separation. They are almost unaninously against withdrawing from the Church as they are in favor of having bishops of their own race. It is also true and evident to every honest and thoughtful Christian that the white people of the Church who are willing at present to vote the Negro into the general, unlimited superintendency, are a hopeless and pitiful minority.

For all practical purposes, then, the question resolves itself into these: 1. Will the colored people of the Church remain as they are and wait upon that indefinite and uncertain reign of reason in this organization? With this varied representation the Methodist Episcopal Church presents a solid, even if a somewhat unstraightforward front, for human brotherhood. If the Negro is taken out, this solid front will be broken and the enemy of mankind can thrust a most dangerous blight into the breach. The Negroes are right in their instinctive opposition to suggestions of separation. They are almost unaninously against withdrawing from the Church as they are in favor of having bishops of their own race. It is also true and evident to every honest and thoughtful Christian that the white people of the Church who are willing at present to vote the Negro into the general, unlimited superintendency, are a hopeless and pitiful minority.

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2. And will waiting higher up postpone the arrival of that indefinite and uncertain time any more than waiting lower down? And now let us tell what we think.

The first question is like the question of a whole loaf, a half loaf and no loaf at all: if the choice is between no loaf and a whole loaf, choose the whole loaf; if the choice is between a half loaf and a whole loaf, choose the whole loaf still; but if the choice is between no loaf and a half loaf, then he who will not choose the half loaf. The question can be partially answered by saying that the eating of the half loaf certainly will not weaken you, and may even better prepare your strength to contend for the whole loaf, to which you are entitled. The question is not to legislate for everything, but to legislate him into something,—something less than he wants (perhaps less than he is entitled to), but something more than he has. The proposition to elect Negro superintendents for specific work is not and must not be shaken by any other proposition that the Negro thereby excluded from the general superintendency. If the American Negro should ask for generals in the American army and should be offered generalships in command of the Negro troops, would it be wise to re-
Translation of Bishop Moore

Bishop David H. Moore, who died Tuesday of last week in Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, aged seventy-seven years, had been in failing health for some time, although it was not beived the end was so near. When stricken he was returning from the Pacific coast, where he had been attending the meetings of the bishops and of the General Committee. On his way West he had stopped at Denver for a few days, to take part in the closing of the campaign of Denver University, of which he was at one time chancellor. When in Denver he was taken ill, and came near being unable to proceed on his trip to the coast. He rallied sufficiently, however, and presided in his turn at the meetings, and was apparently in fair health, although weak. At the close of the meeting of the General Committee on Home Missions and Church Extension, in Oakland, he started back by way of Portland, the city of his episcopal residence for four years, remaining there for a few days. He was stricken while traveling between Chicago and Cincinnati, being taken from the sleeper in an unconscious state on Tuesday morning. The dispatches stated that he was in a comatose condition all day, passing away in the evening.

David H. Moore was born in Athens, O., Sept. 4, 1838, the son of Hon. Elijah Hastings Moore. He was graduated from Ohio University in 1850, and immediately entered the Methodist ministry. At the opening of the Civil War, fired with patriotism—a virtue that characterized him throughout his life—he enlisted as a private in Co. A, 87th Ohio Infantry, which company he himself raised, and soon after was made captain. For bravery on the field he rapidly rose in the ranks, and was lieutenant colonel of the 136th Ohio Infantry in the closing scenes of the Civil War. Following the war he returned to the pastorate, serving in Columbus, Cincinnati, and other centers, until 1875, when he was elected president of Cincinnati Wesleyan College, where he remained until 1889, when he was made president of Colorado Seminary, and later chancellor of Denver University. He was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate in 1889, and served a year, when the General Conference of 1890 elected him to the episcopacy.

As a bishop he was first stationed in Shanghai, where he had special jurisdiction over the missions of the church in China, Japan, and Korea, and for four years gave his energies to developing our missionary enterprise in that part of the world. In 1899 he was stationed at Portland, Ore., and in 1908 at Cincinnati. He was retired at the General Conference of 1912.

Bishop Moore had the gift of enthusiasm for work, and when retired in 1912, he chose Indianapolis as his residence, at the solicitation of the Methodists of that city. He was intensely interested in the work of Methodism in this center, and was in much demand for all manner of occasions. He made use of his days of retirement also in preparing a very readable life of his lifelong friend, Bishop John M. Walden, who died a little over a year ago. After failing health came to him, however, within a few months, he left Indianapolis for the home of his birth and boyhood in Athens, where, amid the scenes of his youth, and cared for by the tender ministries of his daughter Marian, he was spending the evening of his life.

Bishop Moore had the gift of intense friendship, was thoroughly devoted to his work, and was a staunch and consistent supporter of Methodism at all times and under all circumstances. In the various positions that he filled as pastor, educator, editor, and bishop, he gave of his best. A loyal servant of the church has closed his career in the death of David Hastings Moore, the forty-fifth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

One of the most tender friendships that existed in the episcopal board was that between Bishop Moore and Bishop Earl Cranston. They were both graduated from the same university, and had worked together in many of the great enterprises of the church. One of the sons of Bishop Moore and a son of Bishop Cranston are members of the same law firm in Denver.

Bishop Moore died on the fourth anniversary of his wife's death. He is survived by four sons—E. Hastings, a professor in the University of Chicago, a noted mathematician; William A., a member of the law firm of Cranston, Pitkin & Moore; A. Truman, financial editor of a New York publication, and Julian, a lawyer in Denver; and by two daughters, Amy, who married Robert Pitkin, of Denver, son of a former governor of Colorado, and Marian, who, since the death of her mother, has cared for the home.

The funeral services were held Friday, the four sons of the bishop acting as pallbearers. Bishop Cranston was in charge, assisted by Bishops W. F. Anderson, of Cincinnati, and W. F. McDowell, of Chicago. Interment was in Athens, O.
THE TESTING HOURS

It has been said that no one of us is too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, to be useful to some one. There is a stimulating thought in this, and there are many of us who need just this sort of an arousement at times. Moses needed it, and the Lord said: "Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Elijah needed it, and the Lord said: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." John the Baptist needed it, and Jesus said: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." It is the testimony of all the ages that God is ever ready to dispel the discouragement of the man who would look Him well in the face.

And yet, there have been the times when some of us have known how Moses felt. Very many of us have known how Elijah felt; and some of us have known what it is to have cast doubtfully about as did John the Baptist. Seasons of discouragement are the portion of even the most optimistic. No one of us can so control the affairs of his life that no trouble will come; it will invade every life. And the way we take it, when it does come, is the test of character.

That there is ever ready of access a loving Father, who will provide all that is required with which to withstand the assault, to override the dreaded calamity, and to enable us to come through it all, chastened, but with shining faces and voicing His praise, is one of the blessed assurances that is vouchsafed the Christian. The God of Elijah still lives—now, today. Let us remember that. The discouragements may settle down upon us till we know not which way to turn; they may seem even to be about to overwhelm us. If they are like that, and if we feel that the time has come when we can hardly bear up longer under the load, let us repeat to ourselves, "Elijah's God still lives today." If that is so, there can come nothing that should not come to the man or woman who puts trust in Him. Moses learned that in the long ago, and Elijah learned it, and John the Baptist learned it. God would have us learn it, too.

gress at the center of personality, is the object of attack, and pressure is laid upon it in order that the will may be coerced into right action. This method ensures the more desirable element of permanency in moral behavior, and a greater steadiness in the attitude of the life toward God.

This change of appeal from the emotions to the understanding has been caused by the enlarged mental view in both pulpit and pew. This enlarged intellectual view has been induced primarily by the advanced curricula of our schools and colleges, while opportunity for public expression has been given by the better education of the growing youth of our land. Thus the pulpit is often led into a discussion of some particular phase of religious belief or moral truth, to the great intellectual profit and pleasure of the whole congregation.

But this ampler view of the whole field of mental research has unconsciously altered the tone of the preaching. The prophet, with his subliminal consciousness stirred to the depths by the inward conviction that he is the mouthpiece of the Almighty, has been changed to the teacher with cap and gown, who, perhaps, is able to give the views of all who ever came before him on any one particular subject, but who lacks the tone of authority which was the one distinguishing mark between the Great Teacher and the scribes of His day.

Paul loses his grip on the reader when he leaves his prophetic throne and tells us that he is about to say is not of divine authority, but simply his own private opinion on the matter in hand. John the Baptist was only a "voice," but the sentiments uttered by him were given by the indwelling God and they resound in our ears even unto this day. A single "Thus saith the Lord," driven home with all the passion of intellectual, moral, and spiritual conviction, will make the dead to life, whereas the simple intellectual dissertation upon some moral theme is apt to put the audience into an attitude of somnolent repose.

But, whether for weal or for woe, the old appeal to the emotions is giving way to the appeal to the understanding. This is made compulsory by the gradual change in the tone and temper of present-day

seventh birthday of Benjamin Hinecliffe, the last of his line. He has always been a loyal and active worker in the local church, and although aged, still takes keen interest in the church of his youth and vigorous manhood.

—Rev. J. E. Washburn, president of the American Institute at La Paz, Bolivia, accompanied by Mrs. Washburn, arrived in New York Nov. 12, coming to the United States on furlough. They may be addressed at 15 Woodcrest Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

—Mrs. Hinchcliffe, wife of E. V. Hinchcliffe, pastor of Faulkner Church, Malden, has been in Carlisle, Pa., for over a month helping to care for her sister, Mrs. W. H. Quigley, who has been, and is still, critically ill with another severe illness.
OUR EYES WERE STARTLED last week by the headline in a morning paper:

"Bishop Moore Dead."

The item was dated at Cincinnati, November 22, and read:

"Bishop David H. Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died tonight at 10:26 at Christ hospital, from a hemorrhage of the brain. Bishop Moore arrived here this morning at ten o'clock from Chicago and was found in an unconscious condition in his berth by the porter. The bishop was identified by the name on his baggage. Apparently he had suffered a stroke of paralysis during the night."

This sudden summons was quite in keeping with the heroic character of the man; he lived in energetic labor and ceased at once to work and live.

Bishop Moore was elected to his high office at the Chicago General Conference in 1900, by a vote of 534 out of a possible 665 on the seventeenth ballot.

He was born near Athens, Ohio, in 1837, graduated from the Ohio University in 1860, and entered the Ohio conference in the fall of the same year.

He was a veteran of the civil war, having enlisted as a private soldier, and was then elected captain of his company. He was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, paroled and exchanged, and assisted in recruiting a new regiment in which he became major and then lieutenant-colonel.

After his military service, he became a member of Cincinnati conference, and was appointed pastor of Trinity church in that city.

He afterward became president of the Wesleyan Female College, and then chancellor of Denver University."

In 1889, on the death of Dr. Bayliss, he was elected editor of the Western Christian
regiment in which he became major and then lieutenant-colonel.

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He afterward became president of the Wesleyan Female College, and then chancellor of Denver University.

In 1859, on the death of Dr. Baylis, he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate, serving for eleven years. At the time of his election by the Book Committee he was traveling in the west, and on being notified by telegram, he wired back this incisive reply:

"If the orders are imperative, I am a soldier."

From the tripod he went to the episcopal chair.

He was a vigorous, earnest man, energetic to a high degree, large-hearted, full of enthusiasm, magnetic in his friendships, a powerful preacher and a ready, well poised presiding officer. At the last General Conference he was placed upon the retired list, but continued in such activities as remained to him to the very end of life.
they keep the best part of the house for God, they can at least have the kitchen for the devil, or if not quite that much a three-legged stool for him in the scullery. That illustration sets forth clearly the temptation of the young Christian. The world is eternally saying, "It is all right to be good, but don't be too good. Just divide up things a little and enjoy all the good things of life. If part of the allegiance is given to God it is enough. You need to see and experience something of the world in order to avoid the temptations." Every young Christian has met this subtle temptation and either conquered it or divided his kingdom. Young men and women are so afraid that if they surrender all they will be led into something hard and distasteful, but if they give divided allegiance they will keep on good terms with both God and the world at the same time. Evangelists say that the people who sit half way back in the church during revival services and will not budge from their seats are the most difficult ones to reach. Their whole attitude seems to proclaim loudly, "I'm going to get something out of this meeting, but I'm not going to get too much."

But with all the examples of history and literature before them and the "living epistles known and read of all men" who have tried this program, young men and women are beginning to see that a divided kingdom is never successful from any standpoint. The men who compromised years ago are the fall.

"I want to live," said Phillips Brooks, shortly before his death, and gave as his reason that the next twenty years would offer greater opportunities for the Christian minister than any other like period in history.

Only men of talent and consecration can be used to advantage by the Methodist Episcopal Church today. For this is a time of theologi-
"I want to live," said Phillips Brooks, shortly before his death, and gave as his reason that the next twenty years would offer greater opportunities for the Christian minister than any other like period in history.

Only men of talent and consecration can be used to advantage by the Methodist Episcopal Church today. For this is a time of theological readjustment and restatement, a period of uncertainty and unrest with reference to religious truth. The critical spirit is so dominant in pulpit and pew that fundamental doctrines are called in question. Men and women who do little or no thinking themselves are among the people who just now need the advice and assistance which only a thoroughly trained and fully consecrated pastor can give. Our passion for men must lead us to see the possibility of lost souls who have for years been prominent members and sometimes officials in the great church which we love. Isms are arising with a strong appeal to our people, isms that will lead them far, very far from God. And I am convinced that in the great day when we shall be called to give account of our stewardship, many will discover that they have been unfaithful in presenting the fundamental doctrines laid down by Christ, and because of this failure men and women have sought the help which they so much need, not from their pastor, but from false teachers, "blind leaders of the blind."

John R. Mott is right when he says that: "Neither ignorant and blatant infidelity nor more or less ably reasoned skepticism and agnosticism can be ignored by the ministry, but must be understood and met with scholarly thoroughness and fairness, and always in the Christian spirit. . . . The widespread religious indifference which is more largely due to uncertainty about Christian truth among Christians themselves than is generally realized, must be dealt with at the sources. Large service can be rendered by all who help to restate the old facts and the
David Hastings Moore, Knight

“It is good to be rich. It is good to be strong. But it is better to be beloved by many friends.” With this sentiment Bishop Moore began his valedictory message to the General Conference at Minneapolis a moment after the announcement that he had been placed on the retired list. So perfectly did the quotation apply to the speaker’s own situation that the eight hundred delegates sprang to their feet as one, cheering and waving handkerchiefs, and could hardly repress their emotion sufficiently to hear the words, warm, tender, almost playful, and with never a tinge of bitterness, with which the good soldier of Jesus Christ accepted his honorable discharge from active duty.

In that trying hour David Hastings Moore was absolutely true to his record of loyalty to the Church, to whose work he had given himself unswervingly for more than half a century, whose burdens he had borne manfully, and whose highest office he had filled with characteristic fidelity to trust.

Another column (page 35) gives the facts of Bishop Moore’s birth, education and family, and of his ministerial, military, educational, editorial and episcopal service. Even the bare enumeration of the titles, offices, names and dates furnishes chapter heads for an imposing biography. Pastor in Ohio, soldier of the Union, college president in Cincinnati, university builder and chancellor in Denver, eloquent, dauntless champion of the causes he loved, editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and General Superintendent for sixteen years, he entered with glowing ardor into the various life of his generation, and made a Christian patriot’s full contribution to his country’s welfare.

It was his removal to Colorado in 1880 that took him beyond the narrow Ohio circle which he had already impressed with his ability. The nascent University of Denver was not much more than a name when he landed himself to its fortunes, and began to win it friends and fight its battles. Nine years later, when he retired, he had given it strength and reputation, and had incidentally found a recognized place for himself among the leading citizens of his adopted State.

Then Dr. Jeremiah B. Bayless died and Dr. Moore came home to Ohio, broadened and strengthened by his far Western experience, and took up the editor’s task. He made the columns of the Western Christian Advocate throng with sympathy for every cause which appealed to his responsive heart. These were his golden years. With voice and pen he interpreted and defended the progressive movements of the day in State and Church. In the rugged struggle for the admission of women to the General Conference he carried his lance with a knightly valor which commanded the respect of his doughtiest opponents and made him the hero of a host of followers.

In 1888 he had sat for Colorado in the General Conference. In 1892 Ohio welcomed him returning, and placed him first in her delegation. The General Conference of that year approved the Board Committee’s choice and elected him to the editorship to which he had proved his title. In 1896 and 1900 he again headed the Ohio delegations. In the former year his name appeared in the episcopal balloting, and in the latter year, beginning with one hundred and thirty votes, his following grew until on the seventeenth ballot he had 534 votes, ninety more than the required two thirds, and was elected the forty-fifth Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Moore’s first episcopal residence was at Shanghai, in the last of the troubled period of the Boxer rising and the first part of the Russo-Japanese war. In the second quadrennium he was at Portland in the Pacific Northwest. His last official residence was at Cincinnati. The details of episcopal administration do not appeal with equal force to all General Superintendents, and Bishop Moore would probably have been among the first to confess that, despite his ardent temperament, he never fell in love with this part of his episcopal duties. But he was generously endowed with a quality without which the Board would have been poor indeed. He knew the human heart, and, by the quick thrill of his own, he had learned to know and to share other men’s joys and sorrows, and to admit his feelings to a community of interest with his intellect in all that he had to do. “I probably no other man in his day,” said Bishop Cranson, his fellow townsman and dearest friend, “made so many people of various circles and conditions feel that he was their personal friend. From the section land on the railroad, the cowboy on the plains, to the banker, the jurist, the educator and the political leader, he cultivated men out of pure good-will and great-heartedness.”

In Colorado “the preachers loved him, the people revered him, the students idolized him.” This was the case wherever this generous, chivalrous gentleman went, practicing the democracy of Christ. Even Mosas’s raiders, who captured him in 1863, were in turn so captivated by their prisoner that after the war they made him an honorary member of their command, and now declare their affection for him “as a comrade and a Christian brother.”

And so it was that, when the Church which had com-
missioned him gave the signal for retirement, he bowed gracefully to the call, closing the remarks first quoted with these, that which no finer have been spoken on such an occasion:

"I take it for granted that you do not expect me to retire absolutely, and so it is possible that I may do something in the remainder of my life that shall show how the fair Gulf Stream of my youth may be carried into the Arctic regions of my old age. You will expect that I shall be parted from my episcopal residence, as if I had been separated from an old pasture; and as I would not go before a community where I had been pastor, so you may expect to find me amid the scenes of my childhood near the hills of the Hocking Valley, where I can watch over the graves of my loved ones and answer duty's call, and with the help of God illustrate how old age may be serene and bright, and lovelier than a lapland night."

Bishop Moore was true to his promise. After a brief residence in Indianapolis he went back to his boyhood home at Athens. He was frequently in the chapel of the churches to preach, to dedicate, to lend himself to any financial effort in their behalf, to counsel with the Boards and General Committees, and especially to plead the cause of the Southern Negro, whom his own blood and blood had helped to set free.

As was his wont, he attended the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Bishops at San Diego, Calif., last month, and took part in the sessions of the General Committees at Pasadena, Los Angeles and Oakland. At the Home Missions Committee he presided briefly. It was his last official function. On November 13 the members of this body visited the Panama Exposition grounds in San Francisco, and were entertained at luncheon by the Young Women's Christian Association. Bishop Moore was the speaker, and met the demands of the hour with the grace and gallantry of his prince. The fair Gulf Stream was still master of the Arctic current. A few days later, as he passed through Portland on his homeward journey, friends in his former residential city welcomed him. When he arrived at Cincinnati last week Tuesday morning the Arctic chill had fallen in the night. He was taken to Christ Hospital, and tended with a love and skill of which he was no longer conscious, and at 10.15 o'clock in the evening the spirit passed from the earth which had been brightened by his presence, to that other country for whose citizenship his whole life was a preparation.

**A Traveler's Hint**

An American lady, writing from Sao Paulo, Brazil, reports to The Christian Advocate that in the otherwise well-stocked reading room of the Lencourt & Holt line on which she traveled from New York to Rio she failed to find The Christian Advocate and certain other valued religious weeklies. "In view of all the movements for circulating religious literature," she says, "I rather marvelled at this, but the doubt that there must have been an omission somewhere was met by the American Bible Society placing such literature on ships, regardless of what nation they belong to?"

She was right in thinking that the papers should be on those ships, and on all passenger boats plying from American ports, but she erred in supposing that to place them there was in the province of any organization. The Bible Society is chartered to distribute Bibles only. The Trust Society furnishes its own publications. No Methodist Board considers it to be within its province to place the denominational weeklies on ships, boats or Pullmans, though we are confident that copies thus made accessible to the travelling public would accomplish much good. What person who has crossed oceans or continents will deny that, when daily papers were lacking and books were scarce, he has devoured strange periodicals, and even advertising booklets and trade journals? The Christian Advocate, it would seem, are not so blind to the missionary opportunities of domestic and foreign travel, for well-thumbed copies of their religious journals are usually to be found in public reading rooms afloat and ashore. If the Home Missionary Boards do not embrace this opportunity it will continue to be neglected, for very few publishers can afford to supply such copies gratuitously. If, however, any private persons feel disposed to make a beginning by subscribing for one or more copies of this paper to be placed upon the steamers to South America or the overland trains, we shall be glad to hear from them.

**Detached Service**

The following authentic story, which is vouched for by Bishop P. J. McO'Neill, having supervision of Mexico, is respectfully commended to the attention of any preacher who may be under temptation to leave the regular pastorate for any sort of "field service," educational, editorial, financial or secretarial.

General Jesus Carranza, brother of the First Chief, being sent to Tehuantepec to chastise the southern bandits, invited the Rev. Alonso Herrera, one of our ministers, to accompany him as private secretary. There was a little honor here, a greater enmity, and an opportunity for a patriotic revolutionist to do his bit. Herrera accepted. But something went wrong. The expedition was ambushed and captured. Jesus Carranza was shot, and his companions, including Herrera, were taken up against the wall for a similar fate. But there was something about him that attracted the notice of the bandit chief. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I a Methodist preacher," said Herrera.

"How came you in this company?"

"As secretary to the general."

"Step to the left!"

Herrera sidestepped with alacrity and the rifles cracked.

He was blindfolded, led far from the trail and abandoned by his captors in the tropical forest. Traveling by day and by night for more than a week, he made as straight as he could for his Annual Conference, which was in session. His brethren hailed him as one risen from the dead. They welcomed him with cheers and demanded a speech. He told his remarkable story, and ended with the words which we wish to emphasize, and which nearly earned the dignity of the presiding Bishop: "In these troubles times the only thing for me to do is to stick to our task of preaching. I must confess that when I looked down those five rifle barrels I had serious regrets that even for three weeks I had turned aside from the legitimate work of the ministry."

**Munitions for the Devil's War**

President Wilson and the United States Congress were pilloried by the "Laymen's Convention" in Boston, last month to stop the traffic in New England rum which is ruining the native races of West Africa. Europeans and Americans are drenching the British West African colonies with liquor. Nearly seven million gallons annually are poured into Nigeria, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Gambia in the period 1900-12, an increase of two million gallons a year over the average of the year just preceding.

Milkwives in Nigeria wash newborn babies in gin to give them the superior power of the white man, which they attribute to their favorite beverage. At weddings and all celebrations of a social or domestic character the natives indulge in alcoholic orgies, which sometimes last for weeks. Bottles of gin pass as current coin, and until recently—perhaps to this day—the British colonial gov-
Life in the Spirit

David Hastings Moore
Harvey Reeves Calkins

The love to me was wonderful.

A Bishop of the Church of God, unsullied
Of native candour or of kindly grace
By churchly pride! The men of might who toiled
Beneath the sun, and set them in the face
Of age-long infirmities, and dared to trace
A coming dispensation in the lines
Of God's unfathomed purpose—knew to place
The keeping of the Ark of God by signs
Infallible: A Bishop's heart the Ark enshrines.

Strong Bishop of the Church of God, and pure
As strong: The healing of a stricken land
Is iron work for iron men; the curb
Of ancient shame lies ever in the hand
Of kingly souls whole potent wills withstand
The principalties and powers of wrong;
The girding of the Spirit's flaming brand
Is knightly work: life's Grail is sought through long
And weary wars, nor fails the master-word: Be strong.

Ex: Galahad of Arthur's Table Round
Hath spoke the princely praises of the knight
Who seeks the Holy Grail: He must be found
Puissant with a more than human might,
His strength in all the weary war of Right
Must be the strength of ten become because
His heart is pure. Would children of the light
Assume a prince of meaner mold? Who draws
His light of life from God must know God's hidden laws.

Pure Bishop of the Church of God, and strong
As pure: The hiding of a princely name
Lies deeper than the will to conquer wrong—
For him who loves the Christ there is no shame
Save blanished truth; for him 'twere deeps. 1
To dim the inner light than seeming fail
In all his fight for men; the father's fame
Of God's eternal judgment holds the scale—
And let the pure in heart have found life's Holy Grail.

NOTE: These lines were read in Calcutta at the sixtieth birthday anniversary of that missionary Great-Heart. Bishop John E. Robinson. With permission they are used again—for, in God's world-war for men, Bishop Moore stood forth as Galahad, Great-Heart, in the face of ten thousand perils.
somewhat impatiently. “Carter’s ten-acre lot was full of dogs just making for me; and I guess you’d thought there was fifty if it had been you.”

“Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousands; have you any idea how many?”
Andrew did not like to calculate, so he only shook his head. But his father continued:

“I know no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration, than to tell the children of the trouble you had in going after the colt. You run like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, traveled more than a dozen miles to get a half mile; expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede, and when you reached home you were nearly dead.”

“He didn’t, father, the boys and girls will laugh themselves to death.”
“Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not, surely.”
“But, father, I never, never will stretch things again if you won’t tell them,” pleaded Andrew.
“I hope not, my child, for it will finally cost you the faith of all your hearers. Nobody relies upon the word of one who is given to habitual exaggeration. State things just as they are. Habit grows with years, and becomes in time so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished truths, unless you check the foolish habit in which you indulge every day of stretching simple incidents into most marvelous tales.

The Story the Old Canvasser Told

“Good morning, madam. Can I interest you in my line of specialties?”

It was the same old inquiry that was made at my door that bright spring morning; but, ordinary as the words might be, I realized instinctively that it was no ordinary canvasser that thus addressed me. Voice, manner, and pronunciation evidenced that my caller was a man of culture and refinement. The slender form and slightly stooping shoulders bore witness to scholarly habits.

It is a pathetic sight, and one which strangely appeals to me to see an aged person striving to eke out a scanty living by going about with the inevitable handbag of light wares. —broom handle from house to house. The man who stood

other in Central Africa. We last saw them two years ago.

. . . We shall not see them again till we hold our family reunion on the other side.”

I had ceased to examine the samples before me. I was looking on the drama of a life; I was listening to music from the harpstrings of a human heart.

“Our daughter,” continued the old soldier of the Cross, while the harp strings were swept still more tenderly, “our daughter developed talents that justified us in giving her the best musical education that our means could command. But just as she had begun what promised to prove a successful career, she failed so rapidly in health that an immediate change of climate was the only hope held out to us—comfort to me that
THE RACE QUESTION ILLUMINATED

The strong owe something to the weak—a something which, if ignored makes the strong weak. Missionary endeavor is not a prerogative, but a compelling duty. Christianity is a paradox, the more we send abroad the more we keep at home. Finally there are no foreign missions and all the world is within the home mission field of Jesus Christ. The Negro at our door is worth as much to the Kingdom of God as the Negro elsewhere. It costs less in men and money to save him. Our schools are missionary posts, evangelical as well as educational, and the do not exist merely for intellectual culture, but they are a part of the program for the building of a race.

The Rev. B. F. Riley, D.D., LL.D., of Birmingham, Alabama, has published a striking volume on the race question, which is essentially a plea for more consistent missionary endeavor among the Negroes on the part of the Southern white people, based upon the recognition of the Negro's worth, his humanitarian and God-given rights and the imperative duty that the Southern white man owes to him. The book is entitled "The White Man's Burden," being as the author says: "a discussion of the inter-racial question with special reference to the responsibility of the white race to the Negro."

In the course of the discussion, Doctor Riley says: "Every thoughtful person must recognize the fact that our Southern situation is largely involved in the treatment which we accord a weaker race, which God has placed within our hands as trustees for their elevation and improvement as well as for His glory."

Doctor Riley is a native Southerner, a son of an original slave holder. He writes with a boldness that is refreshing, and speaks on this subject, to which he has given so much time and thought, as one of authority. The entire volume is pitched on a very high plane. It is convincing and is evidently written out of a burdened heart that is dead earnest for the alleviation of the friction that exists between the races. He says the present talk is actuated "from a genuine desire to perform a humanitarian and patriotic duty."

Books upon the Negro question are numerous. A man who writes logically, impartially, and scholarly upon other subjects often mingle with the Negro race than any of the other colored races. ultimate adjustment of the relation between the races when white men of the type of Doctor Riley have the ascendency in the thought of the South and when they become the controlling factor. That is, when the genuinely Christian, intelligent, high-minded white man is thoroughly emancipated from the fear of social ostracism that he will dare to speak out what he thoroughly believes to be just and right on the Negro questions then the good day will be near at hand.

Doctor Riley very pertinently observes: "Another of the principal causes mentioned is due to a sociological change which was occasioned in the South in consequence of the chaotic conditions produced by the Civil War. With the overthrow of slavery in the South came the crash of its industrial system. Along with this, too, came a decline of the influence of the aristocratic class—the original slave owners. Then, too, with the subsidence, for a period of years, of this aristocratic influence, there came into partial and temporary prominence, men of a lesser class of influence whose conditions fitted them the more to grapple with the conditions of the tumultuous than the men of the aristocracy. Many of this latter class, though far less powerful, came to political ascendency and to the domination of public affairs. To this fact can be traced the decline of power of the South in the leading councils of the nation. Once dominant in these high circles, the South has, for a period of years, been at a vast disadvantage because of the scarcity of its greater spirits among the leaders of the Union. Not in every instance, but in most, the politician of the South has succeeded the statesman of former days."

What we need in this situation is the coming forward in a very strong and definite way of that class of men represented by Doctor Riley.

A SUGGESTION FOR CO-OPERATION OF THE RACES

A little incident in connection with the Greenville District Conference, of the Upper Mississippi Conference held at Ina Bera, shows how acute the relation is between the races in the South, and how careful especially the Negro must be to avoid
In the course of the discussion, Doctor Riley says: "Every thoughtful person must recognize the fact that our Southern situation is largely involved in the treatment which we accord a weaker race, which God has placed within our hands as trustees for their elevation and improvement as well as for His glory."

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Books upon the Negro question are numerous. A man who writes logically, impartially, and scholarly upon other subjects often goes to pieces when he begins to discuss this question, which is the American vexation of vexations, this is due largely to the fact that he is biased in his vision and is unable to disassociate himself from his prejudices. This Doctor Riley has been able to do in a more successful way. He thoroughly understands the race situation and no one who purposes to study this question can afford to leave this volume out of his course. One of his significant observations is this: "It is an unfortunate fact that one of the principal assets of the race question is that of mutual ignorance of both races concerning one another." This is patent to all who have studied the race question even in a most casual way. The people who are loudest in their profession of knowledge, absolute and incontrovertible, on the Negro, are the most ignorant. The new Negro of aspirations, yearnings for the nobler and the better things, the Negro who has converted his hovel into a home, who has shaken off a lethargy inherited from slavery, and is thrilled by the spirit of American activity, is scarcely known. The better classes of Negroes rarely come in contact in any intimate way with the white race. In the first place this class of Negroes are most retiring and are possessed of such self-respect that would not permit them for a moment to intrude where they are not wanted. The closest point of contact between the Negro than any of the other colored races. He is a more faithful and a more loyal friend than the Japanese, the Chinese, the East Indian, or any of the races that are dissimilar to the Anglo-Saxon. The Negro's fidelity and loyalty are proverbial, and this should count for something in the final adjustment of our relation.

We must meet to-day the same principles that were present in the race question for the abolition of slavery. The principles that adhered then exist now in but slightly changed form, and if there is a change at all it is in intensity. On this point the author says: "The iniquity of the system of slavery has wrought and still works. That wrong principles abides yet in the American life. It works unseen, works with silent force and transmutes the plans, the schemes and acts of men into agents in the consummation of its ultimate results." And this must be taken into consideration always. The grandsons of the former slave holders have not recoiled from the position of their forebears. While the descendants of slave-holders may be convinced that slavery was wrong, and while there could not be mustered together to-day what would be known as a pro-slave party, yet there is a very strong feeling, thoroughly akin to the feeling before the war, that the Negro's place is that of "heaver of wood and the drawer of water," and that he has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. We will approach more easily and more satisfactorily the fact that can be traced the decline of power of the South in the leading councils of the nation. Once dominant in these high circles, the South has, for a period of years, been at a vast disadvantage because of the scarcity of its greater spirits among the leaders of the Union. Not in every instance, but in most, the politician of the South has succeeded the statesman of former days."

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A little incident in connection with the Greenville District Conference, of the Upper Mississippi Conference held at Itta Bena, shows how acute the relation is between the races in the South, and how careful especially the Negro must be to avoid embarrassment to all concerned. At the dismissal of the audience one evening, as usual, the people were urged to return and to return on time. This exhortation was very proper and very necessary. But some member of the audience either misunderstood or maliciously framed the statement and said that the people were urged to come at a certain hour and "if necessary to quit their jobs." And the gossiper added that it was stated that there were "plenty of jobs that could be secured." Now this may seem a small matter, but it occasioned no little talk in the town of Itta Bena. Some of the white people thought, and did not fail to state, that this was a very improper exhortation on the part of the preacher. Of course, it never was said, and but for the confidential relation existing between the better thinking colored people and the white people of that community, the situation might have been serious. For there have been conflicts between the races on grounds not a bit stronger than the one we have recited. Meetings have been broken up, and in some cases not until after there were a number dead and wounded. But for the prompt denial of this statement and the vigorous handling of the situation, there is no telling what might have happened. Of course, the fault is not all on the one side. The white people of the South should not give credence to gossip that comes often from mischief. (Continued on Page Eight)
SOUTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

Gold Wedding of Bishop and Mrs. Moore

August 12, 1910

Away back in 1852 the young life of Athens, Ohio, was stirred pleasantly by the return of a little maiden from a long sojourn with relatives in Massachusetts, following her mother's untimely death. The Hills of Heath had left a glow upon her cheeks, and her eyes, like those of her Hawkes ancestry, were black and lustrous. "A vision fair to look upon," thought an Athenian lad, whose "heart was strangely warmed." She was devout, and, though her family were communicants of another church, found the peace of great price at the Methodist altar. Her place was never vacant in Sunday school, prayer meeting, or public services. Not so with the lad, who had not learned by personal experience the facts of the Christian life. But when his ride behind the best horses in the town could not tempt her away from prayer meeting she seemed to him to be quite worth while.

"He sat up and took notice." Her influence was wisely used, and a new light dawned upon his soul—he too, became a Christian and a Methodist. They exchanged autographs. Here they are at sixteen and fifteen. Then came school years for her in the Western at Oxford, under Miss Peabody, where faith, hope, and zeal grew same; for him at the old Ohio University under Solomon Howland, and John M. Leavitt and William H. Young and Robert Alyn, and others of like noble fiber, where he came to feel called of God to the Christian ministry. He was about to go to Cornell, Methodism's only school of the propters, but the need of workers was so urgent that B. A. was not followed by B. D., and he became a preacher in the Ohio Conference September, 1881, and was appointed junior preacher in Rainsbridge Circuit. He had his own views of the disciples being sent forth "two and two," and, therefore, on June 21, 1883, led to the altar Julia Sophia Carpenter, the lilt, woman who five years before had exchanged pictures with him. In 1881 they were sent to Whitney chapel, Marietta, where there able son now Dr. Moore, of Chicago Uni-

cago came their eldest son, Dr. Eliakim Hastings Moore, of the University of Chicago, with his wife, Mrs. Martha Young Moore, and his son, Eliakim H., Jr.; from New York their third son, Alfred Freeman Moore, a well-known financial writer; with them from Cincinnati, their youngest daughter, Miss Marian Moore.

The circle was completed by the other three children and their families, resident in Denver—viz., William Augustus Moore, second son, attorney; his wife, Mrs. Stella Newton Moore, and their daughter, Mildred; Robert James Pickin, attorney; his wife, Amy Moore Pickin, eldest daughter, and their daughter, Julia, and Marion; and Julian Hawkes Moore, attorney, and his bride of six months, Mrs. Orra Bowman Moore. The time was Mr. William A. Moore, where Mrs. Alfed M. Britton, Mrs. Moore's mother, was auxiliary hostess. Parents, children and grandchildren surrounded the banquet board and spent the afternoon with old-time family pictures and reminiscences. The bishop tenderly reviewed his life's labors, joys and sorrows, and freely ascribed, under God, to his wife the inspiration and strength of his career. The three little ones, whom God called away in Cincinnati—Kingsley, David, and Julia—were brought into the thought circle, and seemed to deepen and sanctify the boys of the reunion, as was the golden wedding of his father, Eliakim Hastings Moore, and his mother, Amy Bunker Moore, at the Maples, in Athens, attended by all the children now present in Denver, in their life's early morning twenty-two years ago.

The culminating day, June 21st, which was golden in deed for Bishop and Mrs. Moore, also marked the eighteenth wedding anniversary of Paul and Mrs. F. H. Viole and was only one day past the fifteenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Pickin, while the tenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. A. Moore had been only a little earlier in the month.

The anniversary reception was informal, invitations having been issued only through the press and to the guests; yet several hundred came to congratulate the happy bride and groom.

Eight Methodist bishops were represented at the reception—Bishops Warren and Moore in person, Bishops Cranston, Bowman, and Walden, as before related; Harrist, by his son, John L. Harrist; Bishop Wesley, by his daughter, Mrs. R. N. Jones, and Bishop Fost, by his daughter, Mrs. James R. Thorpe.

Mayor Robert Speer represented the official city of Denver, while scores of old-time friends from the churches and university, and from out of town crowded the residence of the bishop, daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Pickin, where the reception was held. Letters from everywhere and telegrams from Mexico and all parts of the United States bore a great

Bishop David H. Moore, D. D., LL.D.
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Bishop and Mrs. Moore at Sixteen and Fifteen Years of Age

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Letters from everywhere and telegrams from Mex-
ico and all parts of the United States bore a great
burden of love and good wishes. Poems there were
also, and this offering by the venerable Rev. Dr.
Ammi Bradford Hyde, professor of ancient lan-
guages at the Denver University, a fellow-worker
there with Bishop Moore in the institution's early
days, and so well remembered in Meadville and
Allegheny educational circles, is well worth repro-
ducing:

"Morning and mid-day family call
For stress of mortal toil and care;
You took the burden meant for all;
Bravely you bore your share.
Now eastward shadows, cooler air,
And evening's fragrant dews arise;
Peace, as the later hours march by,
With fringing dawn towards Paradise!"

While it was the bishop's express desire that the
whole occasion be entirely informal, and that no
presents be offered, there was a procession of floral
gifts, including fifty roses from the Denver
Preachers' Meeting. And some friends persisted in
obeying the instruction: "Gather, and send ob-
jects of more permanent value. Boulder, the
bishop's last pastoral charge, sent an official letter
and check. Cincinnati was conspicuous in this re-
gard; and among the most highly prized moments
of the occasion is the Minutes of the Cincinnati
Methodist Preachers' Meeting of June 13th last, in-

all too short for the social entertainments in honor
of the event. Besides the immediate family, Bishop
Cranston's son, the Hon. Earl Montgomery Cran-
ston, and his wife; Bishop Bowman's son, Mr. S. B.
Bowman and his wife, a daughter of Bishop Wal-
den; and Mr. and Mrs. George Van Law, whose
fathers were formerly well known ministers in Ohio
(Jose Van Law, Ohio Conference, and Jesse Dur-
bin, of the North Ohio), extended untinted social
cheer.

The anniversary week began with the bishop's
sermon, Sunday, June 19th, at the morning service
of the Capitol Hill Methodist Episcopal Church,
Dr. Frost Craft, pastor, from Gen. 15:15, "And
thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be
buried in a good old age." He expressed with
plainness, force, and eloquent persuasiveness, his
views of life as it develops from youth through age
to the life beyond death, simply as to family and
personal friends, and directly as to his own rich and
varied experience. Those present felt, perhaps,
as they had never felt before, the compensations,
indeed the triumphs, of old age when it is the right-
ful heritage of young years wisely spent.

The most intimate gathering of the complete
family circle followed at the Park Hill residence of