UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
MISSION BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

BISHOPS – MISSIONARIES

ID#

/73
OLDHAM, BISHOP WILLIAM F.
MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES
TESTIMONIAL
DINNER
ADDRESS
OF
BISHOP
WILLIAM
FITZJAMES
OLDHAM
❖
TESTIMONIAL DINNER
ADDRESS
OF
BISHOP
WILLIAM FITZJAMES OLDHAM

AT THE
BROAD STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
COLUMBUS, OHIO
DECEMBER 17, 1929
FOREWORD

A banquet in honor of Bishop William F. Oldham, on his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, was held at the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Columbus, Ohio, December 17, 1920. The Committee in charge desires to share with the friends of the Bishop the notable address he delivered upon that occasion.

What he said is itself worthy of attention, but its value is greatly enhanced because Bishop Oldham said it. His spirit, his deep consecration, his triumphant faith breathe through all he said.

To have heard this message from his lips was indeed a high privilege. We trust all who read it will receive something of the same inspiration and benediction which came to those who heard it.

COMMITTEE:

W. C. Haringer, Chairman

E. E. Miller          Theodore Glenn
E. H. Callahan        W. J. Vansickle
E. T. Crawford        B. T. Kerr
George T. Spohn        Walter A. Jones
BISHOP OLDHAM'S ADDRESS

LET me begin by saying that this is Mrs. Oldham—and she is the secret of the family.

Bishops! Bishops! Bishops to burn! But not one of them dry enough and yet they are coruscating a good deal.

Oh, my friends, my friends! I am so happy with Mrs. Oldham to be in the presence of these loving and gracious friends and to look at these dear ladies, who waited on this table—everyone of them a personal friend. Everything has been done with a loving hand.

Now I understand what old Doctor Samuel Johnson meant. David Garrick had built him a house and insisted that Doctor Johnson should visit it. The old moralist tramped through the house saying, "Oh,
Davey, Davey, this is the kind of thing that makes it so hard to go to Heaven."

I shall turn in three directions to express my gratitude in reviewing the past. First, I thank my Father God. From Him came every good. In every event, it was He, it was He! He came to the thoughtless young man who was fast going to the bad, and saved him by His grace. He was just a young surveyor under the Indian Government and was fast learning evil ways. But God converted him. Soon after, he stepped outside of his tent in the moonlight, sat down on a little rock, and God talked to him. It is wonderful how we can talk to God in the quiet of the night. "You are called to be a missionary," said the voice and the man consented.

Leaving this little lady, I found my solitary way across the ocean and turned my steps to Allegheny College. Here I met Doctor Bugby, father of our Lucius, present editor of our Sunday School literature. Allegheny College, where your own Doctor Callahan went to school, as did Bishop Lester Smith. From that hour to this, up and up, God has opened doors, this way and that, through it all and I have felt God's presence—the God-consciousness has been with me. I would be a wrong-headed man not to recognize and thank God for all this.

Second, I am thankful to the United States of America. I was born under the noblest flag that floats outside of the United States, but I am a Methodist and I believe "in going on to perfection." Thirty-six years ago I arrived and became a citizen at Pittsburgh. You see, I am a citizen of no mean city. The United States gave the stranger from a foreign land what a young man wants more than anything else, "opportunity." Should I not be a most grateful citizen?

Third, I give hearty thanks to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Under God she sent an evangelist halfway around the world to bring me to my Saviour and set before me open doors from step to step all along the years. Above all, in two great matters she gave me a glorious chance.

Returning from school in America, we landed in Bombay. Doctor Thoburn met us. The India Conference had already adjourned. Eagerly I said to him, "Doctor Thoburn, what is our appointment?"

He hung his head in a way not natural to him and said, "You are not appointed to any place in India."

"What's the matter?" I thought perhaps there was no assignment at all.
“We want you to open a new mission at Singapore.”

I had a vague idea of Singapore. I knew as much about it as the average one of you. It is small, afar off, and hot.

Thoburn asked, “Will you go?”

I turned to Mrs. Oldham. She drew herself up to her full stature and said, “Doctor Thoburn, if we are appointed to Singapore, we will go to Singapore.”

And we went. What this lady says usually goes. Without salary, without any money, we started. I earned my own way. I was a teacher and loved to teach. Thus I founded the mission in Southeastern Asia.

Reaching Singapore, Doctor Thoburn held an evangelistic meeting for ten successive nights. A small church was organized. Three of its members were selected as officials. One young woman and two men. On the night of the meeting, the woman was afraid to come. One young man was too sick to come, and the other came. Doctor Thoburn organized him. He told him he was the Board of Trustees, the Sunday School Superintendent, the Board of Stewards, et cetera, et cetera, and finally, he was the committee on estimating the preacher’s salary.

“What will it cost them to live?” asked Thoburn.

The man replied, “They can squeeze through on seventy dollars a month. They must have a carriage, for it is too hot to walk, and a house to live in.”

“Brother, you are the Board of Stewards to raise this sum. Do you think you can do it?”

I shall never forget the answer the man made.

“If Oldham can stand it, I can.”

And so the mission was founded. Then, under the pressure of necessity and of the eager desire, a school was founded. There are today over three thousand boys in that school, and branching out from it were other schools, until probably about fifteen thousand young people are in the hands of the Methodist Church. All these schools are doing something for God and humanity.

Then came the time when, broken in health, I returned to a pastorate in Butler Street, Pittsburgh, and from there to Delaware, Ohio, and thence to Broad Street. I was at Broad Street only two years. What a church! It just got hold of me. Now that First Church and Broad Street are together, pity the man that tries to escape from that! The love ties will hold him.
But I speak of Broad Street. The Old Guard were there then. There sat D. S. Gray, and, behind him, William Walker. Here on the left was Z. L. White, and there was Charlie Munson. You could not seat him anywhere. You could always see him running up and down the aisles, here and there. You never could put your finger on him. A stranger born and a stranger bred, but they took me right in to their hearts. I have been Pastor Emeritus ever since.

Then that last adventure. I was elected a bishop and appointed to South America. When the General Conference committee suggested this I made no objection, for I had sent out many a young man to a place he did not desire and I must now take my turn. After the assignment, Bishop Bashford, that mighty man, came to me with encouragement.

"Will you breakfast with me?" he asked. He did not eat much, for he had a great deal on his mind.

"You are going to South America and you wanted to return to Malaysia. Do not grieve. You have the biggest job in the Methodist Church except my own."

And what he said was true. What an opportunity! What a field! It is the tremendous task of the future. I speak now not as a missionary advocate. I am trying rather to impress you as North American citizens. You are not thinking enough about the fruitful values of getting a sympathetic hold on these tremendous lands, especially the Argentine, the brightest star in the southern heavens. I speak not only as a missionary, but of economic and commercial values. Its commerce with us is larger than that of all Asia put together. North America begins to awake to this fact. When Mr. Hoover slipped away to that land to get a first-hand view of things, it pleased me much. He understood the value of cultivating the closest relations.

They have built an Oldham Hall in Singapore and are planning another Oldham Hall in Buenos Aires. I just heard about this the other day. I usually do not know anything about intended honors until the day after they are settled upon. It has pleased God to give us no children. Mrs. Oldham would have liked six sons and she would have mothered each and every one of them. Our name and tradition will die out—no, not if they put an Oldham Hall down in Buenos Aires. And you will do it! It has pleased God to use a poorly endowed man for the founding of educational institutions of large value. It is marvelous what God can do if only a man will stay humble and follow the leading of God. He may become the instrument of great works, for God can accomplish anything if we will obediently follow directions.
I want to thank you again with all my heart. The days that remain are few. My travel is almost over. It has always been joyous travel, and, if the end be near, what does it matter? A few more days and then how fine it will be to have the Evening fold me in its arms and carry me quietly away. And after I have gone the span of my years will be surpassed by this dear little lady who sits by my side.
FROM THE FIELD

Bishop Oldham's Last Days

The following excerpts are from a letter of Mrs. Karl Anderson, in whose home Bishop Oldham spent the last few years of his life, to a friend in Bangalore, and will be greatly prized by the friends of the deceased Bishop:

Now my heart urges me to write and tell you of the last days and the home-going of our dear Bishop Oldham. During the last few months he has been in much better, more like the Bishop of the old time in Bangalore. His voice had come back, so he sang bass through the hymns on Sunday nights when we had our hour especially for him. A touch of his old wit and repartee had returned. He took two walks a day with the young man attendant, and stood straighter than any time since he came from India.

He and Mr. Anderson played checkers every afternoon; every morning he dictated letters that went to the corners of the earth; every morning he wanted the news from the daily papers, and every afternoon someone must read to him from a late book. This was his programme up to Monday, March 22nd.

That morning he had a sore throat; and we sent for the doctor, since there was much flu around. By evening he had some fever; Tuesday morning he was better. Tuesday night his fever was higher, and the doctor advised that he go to the hospital, where they had apparatus for heat and light treatments, and oxygen inhalations. Wednesday morning I went with him, and had two beautiful hours by his bedside, until a special nurse came on the case. Thursday morning he asked for us, and from that time we were with him most of the time until the end, Saturday at 10 p.m.

On Tuesday night, when the doctor had advised his going to hospital, he called me to the bedside and said, "If I slip away, take care of the little lady." I assured him we would. Then he gave a testimony so characteristic of his humility and faith. He said: "In the words of Wesley, 'I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.'"

Good Friday morning, we spoke to him of what day it was, and he responded, "Yes, and he died for me." We asked if he would like the Communion; he was much pleased, and we sent for Dr. Oehsli, district superintendent of Los Angeles district, but formerly a missionary in Singapore, and one of Bishop Oldham's boys. He and Mrs. Oehsli, Dorothy and I had Communion together. We sang at the first, "In the cross of Christ I glory," one of the Bishop's favourites, and at the close the Bishop asked for "Nearr, my God to thee." Friday afternoon and night his breathing was so laboured it was painful to watch him. Saturday morning they put him under the oxygen tent, and the relief was so apparent we began to hope for his recovery; but he breathed less deeply and more slowly, until at last he just quietly slipped away. His great heart was so strong that it beat a half minute after he stopped breathing.

We miss him so keenly; his room is so empty; and we seem to find nothing else of importance yet. It has been a great blessing to have him with us these two years. He went through his Gethsemane these latter years, but went to heaven Easter morning, about the time Easter was beginning in the eastern lands which he loved best.

You probably know that Mrs. Oldham has been in a sanatorium since last September, where she is having every care and comfort. She seems quite well physically, but is very thin. Miss Florence Gibson has been a tower of strength to us these past months.

The missionaries in Singapore had asked the Bishop that he and Mrs. Oldham might consent to rest finally in Singapore, and he said he would feel it a great honour. So his body is in a vault here in Forest Lawn. The nearest of kin to Mrs. Oldham, the sisters in England, must give their consent to her cremation when she dies, as she cannot now be consulted. If they consent, Bishop Oldham's body will be cremated, awaiting the time they both can be taken to the orient.

Bishop and Mrs. Oldham were always so interested in the schools and Church in Bangalore, and recently when the Baldwinians came we had to read them all to him. He got a letter with several enclosed from Baldwin boys, and Edwin read them to him the Saturday before he went to hospital. Tell Mr. Weston how splendid it was they arrived when they did.

Dr. Oehsli was appointed guardian for Bishop and Mrs. Oldham last December, so has charge of all their affairs.
the temple. (Lk. 2:49). The idea is embodied in the Sermon on the Mount were undoubtedly exemplified in his home. 
In all things, he learned obedience (Lk. 2: 51, 62; Heb. 5: 7-9).

industry, honesty, obedience, co operation, religious devotion, and mutual love—traits possible in the humblest of homes.

III. Song: "A Charge to keep I have." (No. 250.)
IV. Study for the month:—Subject, "Congo Crosses Review" by Mrs. Tweedy.

V. News from the world-field.

VI. Offering; Business.

VII. Song: “Jesus shall reign where’er the sun.” (No. 311.)

VIII. Benediction:—1 Thess. 3: 12.

Note:—As far as possible, have different individuals take the various parts of the programme, with carefull..."...and goes to live permanently with her husband. Trial marriage is very common. In some sections a man may make a higher dowry but insists that marriage be permanent until he dies. In this case a wife must be replaced by her father if she dies or becomes useless. This custom often leads to cruelty or wife-murder. Slave marriages usually start with a debt—sometimes no more than of the price of a goat or a chicken. If the debtor cannot pay he may give his daughter, sister, or niece in payment. Such slave-wives are not considered as wives and may be rented out for gain. It is of these that H. Wilson wrote:

"No wife is she, but slave, for naught debars Her being sold for fifty copper bars."

Spirit marriage is also practiced. In such a marriage the girl is married to a tree, a bubbling spring or to some otherwise strange phenomenon in nature. Such brides of the spirits can never be married to men. A princess may marry whom she wishes even if the man is already married and she may dismiss him when she tires of him.

The bride's wedding outfit is very simple—usually a loincloth of skin or of cotton cloth, a few copper bracelets and some blue beads by way of ornaments and a complicated, fantastic hair-dressing. It is said that some brides spend fifty or sixty hours in the "beauty parlor" to have their hair dressed. The new home into which she goes has little by way of furnishing—a few clay pots and some simple reed mats which are used alternately as beds and doors—beds at night and doors in the daytime or when it rains.

It is because of some of these revolting marriage customs that almost every mission station is a "City of refuge" for girls who find themselves in marriage difficulties. In many cases the missionaries repay the dowry money for such girls and send them to school or teach them a trade and later arrange a suitable marriage for them. But, however humanitarian and necessary such "cities of refuge" may be, the ultimate redemption of these must come from a new standard of womanhood. It is at this point that the educational and evangelistic work of the churches holds an important place in the social life of the home.

The work of the Methodist Church in the Congo centers around Katanga province, the chief stations being Elisabethville, Katanga and Jadotville. Medical, evangelistic, educational and social service work is carried on. These will be discussed more in detail in a future review. The W.F.M.S. is placing special emphasis on the education and evangelistic training of girls. It has been truly said "to educate a woman is to educate a community." Out of these mission schools have gone many girls with new ideals to found homes along the lines of Christlike living and to transform the community in which they live.

A great many people are looking forward to happiness. They do not realize that probably present conditions are as unfavorable for that happiness as they ever will be in this world. A while ago a friend said to us, "I am more than fifty years of age. I have had a successful life. I have always looked forward to happiness which has not yet come to me."

That man is just like the average man. He refuses to get his happiness out of his present circumstances. In a little while his life will be over and his quest will be unrealized. If he could only see it, his life to-day could be made full of joy. If he would only give away some of the thousands he is piling up, what joy it would give him! If he would only travel a bit, how it would help him to forget himself! If he would only have a few friends in for dinner, how bright and cheerful it would make the evening! If he would only send a box of flowers to his worried wife, how he would rejoice in her rejuvenated countenance! Happiness is here. Will you reach out your hand and grasp it?

Watchman-Examiner.
By RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING

Dear God,

The time is late, the hour is late,
I stand with patience at Thy gate;
No heavy, fruit laden branch I bear
To make the crown that Thou shalt wear
A simple child that went astray
I caught the beauty of Thy way;
An honest man that had no guide
I comforted until the end.
And heard his final prayer for peace
Before he found the Great Reserve.
A sinful woman’s face looked up
And drank with grace her bitter cup.

From winding path and distant sea
These are the memory bourn I keep.
No credit of my own I claim.
Tears but the magic of Thy name.
For darkness pride and sins I cast
That do not fit in Thy presence fail.
These live that thus by Thee I served.
Deserved I have with love I serve desired.
Already have I had my pay
As I have come along my way.
I cannot ask a mansion blessed
In which no sorrow beareth witness,
But somewhere let me turn my feet
By busy mart or noisy street.
And let me find my paradise
In some repose eternally ever.

"God Keeps"
A Personal Testimony of Spiritual Experiences
by DISHUP W. E. OLDHAM

Now I come to that great hour in my life when by the mercy of God my feet were turned into new paths, and an entirely new career opened to me.

As a surveyor I had grown utterly careless of any religious duty. Religion was simply not in my thoughts. I was one of a group of three who lived together in bachelor fashion. We spent our Sundays in indolence. One Sunday afternoon a surveyor of another group came over to see us, bringing the news that he had discovered a hill where an "American" was speaking each night. Would we go with him?

"An American?"

"Yes, a really, truly American, a fellow with a long beard like a preacher Arab; and he sings well and talks grandly." He was referring to William Taylor (afterwards missionary bishop of Africa), who had come to India, as I learned later, at the invitation of Dr. Thoburn. As was his custom, he began to preach in Bombay, and a great work of revival began among the English and the English-speaking people of that port. Thence he had come to Poonam and was starting the composer of the nominal Christians of that beautiful hill town.

Our First American

Not one of us had ever seen an American. Forty years ago Americans were a rare sight in any foreign land. My only ideas of Americans were those derived from the comic papers and Dickens. I supposed that all Americans were loud, lean, stubbied; that they all chewed tobacco, spurned distances and told impossible stories. And now there was actually one within hearing, and Mr. MacCall had come to show us the way to the hall. 'God! We wouldn’t miss the fun for a great deal!' Later in the evening we found ourselves in “Kyte’s Castle,” a big hall, seating perhaps two hundred persons. There was nothing ecclesiastical about the looks of the place: a table with a glass of water on it, and a small American organ beside it. Another smaller table had a pile of paper-covered hymn books on it. The floors were bare, the seats uncomfortable, but filled with curiosity, we got places in the row nearest the entrance. Behind the table was seated a grave man, bearded, not of the striking appearance we had been led to expect.

one of his lieutenants, D. O. Fox of Michigan; one of the early pioneers in the self-supporting mission in India that William Taylor founded.

The bareness of the surroundings, the absence of pulpit, surplice and choir were perplexing, perhaps disappointing, but the little group on the back seat busied themselves looking over the audience, in which they discovered several of their number from other survey parties, and at least one group of young ladies in whom they were already interested.

The service began. A hymn was announced. The man behind the table read it through very gravely. The organ played a few bars, and then the people sang. How they sang! Is there anything more effective than when all the people sing?

After the hymn, the leader knelt on the bare floor and prayed a very long prayer, all of one piece, without any liturgical responses; at the close he said “Amen,” pronouncing it “a-men.”

And so the service went forward in ways unfamiliar to an Englishman, and not attractive—except when the people sang.

That he liked much.

A Strange Doctrine

And then came the sermon. What the text, or what the sermon I remember not at all, for I paid little heed. The art of hearing is perhaps as necessary as to cultivate as the art of preaching to make any sermon effective. Nor had I my training and experience up to that time been such as to arouse in me any lively anticipation from any sermon. The man, moreover, was not astonishingly American. True, his accent was strong, as were some of his words, and it is also true that a mispronounced English was noticeable in his tones, but his talk was very religious, and did not seek attention from a wandering and unsatisfied mind.

After a time the young man began to listen in order to learn how near the close the preacher was. But he showed no signs of quitting. Rather, he seemed to be in very deep earnest, and in the most compelling way he was saying that “Men might know their sins forgiven and learn to know Jesus as personal Saviour.”

It was evident that he really believed what he said, and he seemed to convey the impression that the Jesus of whom he spoke was actually there by his side.

The effect on the back seat was startling. Our experience with official “clergy” up to this time had never before brought us messages of such urgency and fervor. We forgot the lapse of time and learned forward to hear.

Presently the man’s voice was lowered, and in quiet, commensurate tones he was saying that there were many there that might question his statements. But as for him he knew of a certainty the truth of them, and there were others of the community, people whom we all knew, who could bear witness to the truth of his statements. Would they arise and tell their neighbors that what he had said was true and bear witness to these things from their own experience?

Out of Many Witnesses

Then began the most astonishing and arresting scene we had ever witnessed in a religious meeting. For surely, the words of the preacher spoken, when up rose a British colonel, a handsome, well-dressed man, first officer among the bearers. He told us very simply and in direct soldier fashion how William Taylor had come to him with a letter of introduction from Bombay, and how, in a very short time this big American had him on his knees crying to God for mercy. “You know me,” he said, “and I fear you have known me for a wicked, Godless man. But I have asked God to forgive me, and I want you to know what the preacher says is true. God has forgiven repentant sinners, and does come into a man’s heart to live there. I know it. He is in mine.” And with that, Colonel Eeckhard, visibly affected, sat down.

I cannot attempt to describe the tumult of feeling his words aroused in one young heart. Simply “deep calleth unto deep” and God’s Spirit from the depths of my weaved soul calls to the depths of all others. One and another followed the colonel. Then, finally, arose one of the young ladies. I had already met her and had begun to desire her companionship, and here she was on her feet, under the stress of deepest emotion, with quivering voice and tear-filled eyes, saying, “I, too, know that Jesus saves us from sin and wrong; He saves me, and I wish you would all seek him.”

My soul was swept with a very storm of desire to prove the truth of these words for myself. As I write, the grateful tears that had run down my face, and my heart is aches with
gratitude to God for the voices that sounded the words of His great salvation into my ears that night.

The Invitation

Soon afterwards the preacher arose and said very quietly, "It is enough. You have heard from your own friends and companions. You know they are telling you the deepest truths of their lives. I invite you now to join them in finding for yourselves Jesus as pardoning Saviour and abiding Friend. Those of you who will do so, arise to your feet, and we will pray for you and help you find your way to God."

For the first time in my life I had heard a distinct gospel statement, and for the first time I was distinctly invited to choose God as Saviour and Friend. I cannot tell the gladness of my heart at the invitation. It seemed the only thing to do was to accept it quickly. The words were scarcely spoken when I was on my feet, and soon there were over twenty others with me. My companions sat holding their chairs, but apparently unwilling to rise. I was the youngest of all, but I cared not at all.

The preacher again spoke. "Kneel down," he said, "and tell God you want to leave your sins and find in Him your Saviour."

At once we went on our knees, but I could not pray. It seemed as though the surge of the sea was in my ears and unutterable but voiceless longing was in my heart. How long we were thus I do not know. When I came to myself the minister was beside me. The people seemed to have ceased kneeling and were going out. He was saying he was compelled to meet another engagement that night and must close the service, and leave me and the others. Would I keep on "seeking the Lord," and would I come to the "class meeting" next evening, Monday, at 8 o'clock, at Brother Desouza's? I had never heard of a "class meeting." What was it I did not know, but God had given me great confidence in the preacher of the evening, and I would not agree to do anything he might ask.

I walked up and down the floor and turned in my companions who were waiting for me at the door. A few strangers greeted me with sympathetic eagerness, but most of the people had gone.

The Childhood Prayer

The inner glow of feeling passed away before I reached home. Perhaps my silent companions, who seemed to studiously avoid conversation, helped to depress me. Before I slept I was full of question as to the wisdom of the step I had taken. But there is a touch of stubbornness in me, and I could not confess even to myself any regret; and besides I was very sure the voice I had listened to were altogether such as lead to and behind all the confusion there was real longing to find my Saviour.

I tried to pray, and my childhood prayer came to me at once. "O Lord, save me. O Lord, Christ, convert me." With intensity of fervour and earnestness of desire I prayed, but my un instructed heart found no way out. All the next day I was in deep confusion of mind, and lived like a man in a dream. My companions were strangely silent. We behaved as though someone were dead. There was a solemn quiet all about.

The Class Meeting

That night I found my way to the class meeting. It had already opened when I entered. They were talking of their personal religious experiences. At last my turn came, and the leader asked for my experience. I was embarrassed, but managed to say out loud, "I could not talk about my own matters that I had been told to come for the minister who preached the night before that I had had a very unhappy day. Would they please help me to find my way to the Saviour I was seeking, but had not found?" The class leader called the company to prayer at once. They all knelt around me. And, oh! such a chorus of earnest prayers as began to be spoken.

I am writing in Buenos Aires, in South America, of an event that happened in far-away India forty-one years ago, but the sound of those voices and the profound stir of those moments are as vivid as though they happened in the next room yesterday. God forever bless William Taylor and Daniel Garnston Fox and all that company of earnest-hearted Methodist men and women who gathered around a young stranger. While they prayed, I somehow learned to pray for myself. The sacred fire that burned in them leaped to my poor heart, and I found myself saying, "Father, I have found my Lord," and I kept on using words that seemed given me, for they were strange to my ears, even as I spoke them.

I explain it as any man will, it is a solemn and a joyous fact, and one for which I shall give thanks through all eternity. There came to me in that Indian home, kneeling amongst those earnest-hearted people, a vivid realisation of God's pardoning and comforting presence and a strange warming and uplifting of heart that has survived all the rough-and-tumble and attritions of life for over two score years.

Since that night I have traveled in many lands, have had rather a full variety of human experiences. I have known much happiness and some sorrow, have had trials and defeats many, and successes not a few. But in all the varied experiences of a fairly eventful life the light that came to my heart that hour, though often dimmed, has never been quenched, nor the strange warmth and gladness ever wholly lost.

It may interest some to know that the little lady whose testimony on the Sunday evening was so effective was at the Monday class meeting also, and that for many years she has been the companion of the man she helped to lead to His Lord. Many of my readers know her as Mrs. Marie Oldham.

(The rest of the story is another time and place."

"The Terror by Night"

By Annie M. Burbridge

Two Scenes in the Season of Air Raids

Wales

It was a glorious Sabbath evening in mid-August, as we tramped along the cliff path to the little Bethel perched on the mountain side above the tiny Welsh village where we were spending a brief holiday. In that cool little sanctuary overlooking the sea "the hidden shrine of war" seemed to have the wild fancy of a disordered brain. How those Welsh men and women could sing and pray! Unknown tongue as it was to me, I felt the thrill of contact with the Unseen. Halfway through the service one of the officers seated within the communion-rail made his way to the pew where I was sitting. Putting a question in Welsh to my good landlady, and receiving a nod in reply, he climbed the pulpit stairs, and had a word with the minister. He in his turn announced that, as a lady from England was worshiping with them, he would like them to sing a hymn in English to make her feel more at home. As I had no idea what he had been saying, judge of my surprise when they began to sing, slowly and softly, "How do Thy mercies close my round;" their voices swelling to a triumphant note of praise in the fourth verse—

I saw my fears be gone,
What can the rocks of Ages move?

Everything around was apparently so safe that to suggest that we were fearful seemed absurd.

II

London

We are back again in London, the besieged city, with its noise and dirt and restlessness, and yet its never-failing fascination. It is our circuit rally, and a large congregation is gathered in the fine old chapel which is "the head of the circuit." Five of our ministers are on the platform. "The youngest minister of the team," as the "Sup'r." (Taylor) for superintendence designates him, is speaking to an enthusiastic audience, when a steward carries up the Bible, and whispers in the chairman's ear. A moment's suspense, and then the "Sup'r." lays his hand on his colleague's shoulder and as calmly as if he were announcing the collection, informs us that a raid is imminent; will we leave the chapel, go into the schoolroom below, and continue the meeting here. Immediately the organ and choir strike up "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and we file quietly down the long passages and stairs, and pack ourselves into the schoolroom. And now I find the room thick with smoke, and light, and voices singing, and crying, and weeping.

I am so glad we did not remain, for there is a rest in our victory that seemed given me, for they were strange to my ears, even as I spoke them.
that adventurous and consecrated spirit clung to itself upon his spiritual descendants to the third and fourth generations.

I was peculiarly fortunate in finding my first pastor in brother D. O. Fox, whose mortal body sleeps in the Poona cemetery. After thirty-five years of devoted and self-sacrificing labor he died in the city in which he had given most of the years of his manhood. I had the rare privilege to sit beside him during the last week of his life and to thank him with full heart for the immemorial service he had rendered me, when he called me to repentance and faith. It was peculiarly affecting to have him treat me with a word of deference as his bishop. I have always found great souls most humble. I heard the witness that D. O. Fox, one of the first of William Taylor's missionaries to India, continued fearless in spirit with deep humility and though not wide in the range of his powers he achieved a moral greatness which much affected my earliest Christian thinking:

"He Who Hears Must Say, 'Come.'"

I had the pleasure of seeing both my comrades of the surveying group take a decided stand for Christ soon after I did. Then one glad day William Taylor, returning from Bombay, burst in upon us in our own home. In a few minutes we were at one ease with him and then he said, "Brothers, I would like to pray with you." Immediately we were on our knees and God's great servant prayed for each in turn. He came to the youngest. "O God," he said, "bless William Oldham. Teach him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and teach him that he who hears must act now." Instantly there was born in that young heart something like contempt for ease and self-indulgence. And there rested upon the young mind the beginning of a deep conviction that God wanted him to be separated as a witness-bearer. Never is the young heart so susceptible to the highest teaching as in the early days of the Christian life. Many a pastor loses golden opportunities by not speedily leading the newly born souls of the Church into the deep truths of God's Word.

Inside the Methodist Circle

Two matters of large significance emerged soon after my arrival. At the end of a few months a much respected member of Bombay wrote me asking if I would join the Methodist church. I had left Poona and was out in camp. I wrote my father asking his permission. He replied that it had been a long time since I asked his advice or consent about anything, that if the Methodist church asked upon me to me of leading to my writing to him for permission he would advise my joining them quickly. He did not know them, he said, but they were evidently doing good. I took his advice and had little doubt that the entire of the Methodists upon his son led my father a bit later to attend some of William Taylor's meetings. He was convinced, and both he and my stepmother became earnest Methodists.

The other matter was a considerable controversy that arose in the Poona church on the subject of "holy" kissing. The church seemed to split into two parties. The one was convinced and tended to fanatical and fantastic claims. The other was critical and practical and the peace of the church was disturbed. I had close friends in both parties and the more upon me was to listen upon the whole matter as divided and objectionable I knew but little of the teaching. I was unhappy witnessing the results of the exaggerated emphases and too much extreme that sometimes take place under the sacred name of "holiness," and in deference for years as a part of my preachers' training I was married. I had to marry Miss A. Hardie, who was a very young and delicate lady.

A Peculiar People

In Poona and later in Bombay we found that the inhabitants people had the greatest difficulty in teaching the children without subjecting them to all manner of petty restrictions because they were "Methodists." Methodism, when it ferment, simple seem to present a different appearance from the worldliness by which it is surrounded. The children were therefore taught by their parents and sometimes by elder brothers on their non-conformity with worldly ways. It is this the Methodists, as such, were fair sport for any one, for they were in all western and northern India an unknown people. The unfamiliar is easily the unhelpful. I was one of a small committee to consider the opening of a school for Methodist children. All our efforts to import a missionary teacher from America were
"God Keeps"

A Personal Testimony of Spiritual Experiences

By BISHOP W. F. OLDHAM

Foreword

The exacting demands of missions spread over half the South American Continent leave a Methodist bishop but little time for literary efforts. But a promise is a promise. I proceed to keep the promise made to the Editor of The Christian Advocate to write a simple statement of the religious experiences that have marked a somewhat eventful life. I have, my self, been as much helped by the experiences of others, that I send forth these simple notes in the hope that many whom I have known may have their faith confirmed in Him who cares for His people and is ever showing how safely they may trust Him. I have just completed an all too brief and imperfect series of sketches of incidents in the life of Bishop James M. Thadburn, that saint and prophet. The preceding note is in "God keeps." In the equally brief sketch of Bishop Oldham, perhaps the outstanding teaching may be "God keeps."—W. F. O.

IAll writing, not a biography, but a recital of how God has led me into and along paths of peace. Something, however, of my surroundings must be told to make the tale clear.

An Indian Boyhood

I was born in India and was for many years the only white boy in my father's regiment. The soldiers were Sepoys, Indian troops. Major Armstrong's little girl was the only other white child. My Ayah (nurse), a much beloved, a woman of India, had entire charge of me, for my mother died when I was very young. The Ayah filled me with all manner of superstitions. To this day, I confess, I am obliged to call upon my reserves of faith and philosophy to encounter a dark night among unfamiliar surroundings with anything like composure. I often wonder whether this kind of courage is a native gift, or dependent upon childhood's experiences and training.

When later in life I was thrown among other grown boys and men I was ashamed to confess my timidity, though if I had done so would doubtless have found many who were as frightened of the dark as I. For India is full of devils and ghosts and my nurse's implicit belief in them was shared by all her neighbors. It would be impossible to grow up in India without such belief. Strongly enough, it has been my lot through most of my years to spend many nights in strange lands among unfamiliar surroundings, and among the victories of grace have been my deliverances from unreasoning fear. God "keeps" even a naturally timid heart under trying circumstances.

A Boy's Prayer

My first religious impression was at six years of age when a missionary couple called to see us. My father escaped by the back door and I was left with the nurse to meet them. I guiltlessly told how my father had just fled and the missionaries laughed aloud. This set me at my ease and when a little later the good woman drew me to her side and asked whether I prayed and went on to explain what she meant, my nurse quickly answered, "Yes, Yes, he says Ram, Ram, Visu Visu" (Ram is a Hindu god and Visu means Jesus). The lady did not even smile, but kindly looking down at me said, "My dear, let me teach you how to pray." She had me kneel, folded my little hands together, and in tones that went to my childish heart she had me say after her, "O Lord, save me. O Lord Christ, convert me." I promised to say this every evening, and for fifteen years, whatever sin and forgetfulness and folly was mine, I never failed to say before closing my eyes at night, "O, Lord, save me. O Lord Christ, convert me."
I ignorantly I prayed, but God in His mercy heard an ignorant child's prayer, and after many years answered it in wonderful ways.

Soon after this missionaries' visit Mrs. Armstrong took to sending me an evening, and, as she served all manner of little cakes with umber tea, I was glad to go. She would then have her little daughter sing children's hymns to me, and I learned some of them. Particularly I remember she had me write out, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." I was not seven, and my handwriting has never been a strong point, but that hymn was written most painstakingly, and mounted on a cardboard was presented to my father, who seemed interested in reading it and commented the lad on his improved writing.

The Armstrongs went home and the missionaries passed out of my life. For many years the mere occasional church-going had no power to attract or influence me. I learn all manner of evil and particularly as I grew into my older boyhood my surroundings were far from helpful.

A boy may go wrong anywhere. But in a non-Christian land there are forms and depths of evil from which I would have every child—white, brown, or yellow—delivered. God hasten the day.

The Bible in the School

Our whole family had been Roman Catholics, for we were largely Irish, but father had left that church because of an episode that reflected no credit on a Roman priest, and he was ever afterward anti-Romanist. Indeed, his hatred of the system provoked in me a counter feeling of sympathy, the more so that one of my uncles was a priest and yet a most likable man. The Protestant ministerial chaplains were, I fear, for the most part merely official rather than men of God, and though I often met them I was not drawn to them, nor did any of them pay me the faintest attention. Yet during all my boyhood years as a student in American parochial schools, I learned more of the Bible than our children in America gain from any source. And I remember in my fifteenth year to have been much impressed by Paley's Evidences of Christianity, in which subject I won a prize over a very keen competitor so that the examiner's report said that I was but "A shade of a shade better than the next lad." I think we deprive our children of untold good by failing to put into our earliest school curriculum strong foundations of religious knowledge.

At the close of my fifteenth year I entered the Madras Christian College, and came under the influence of its strong Scotch missionary teachers. Surrounded by the keenest Hindu minds, I can now see that I was deeply gratified that the staid Scotchman were always too much for the argumentative Hindu students who came regularly to the Ilid tribe study hour, primed with all manner of objections and arguments. I was not religiously interested, but I was well content not to have non-Christians triumph over the men who supported what I felt to be the teachings and traditions of my race. In my later missionary life I have had my success in meeting Oriental students in religious matters with any degree of helpfulness it is partly owing to very close contact with them in the Madras Christian College. Particularly have the strength and the winsomeness of those Scotch teachers affected me in my attitude toward students all my life.

Immediately after leaving college I took charge of a small school of the London Missionary Society in Madras, India. There I daily taught the Scriptures and was every Sunday in attendance upon the church services, but there was no life of the Spirit anywhere manifest.

Going from here to an assistant missionarieship in Bishop Cotton's grammar school, Bangalore, I came under the influence of a very remarkable high church man, the Rev. R. H. Pope. He was kind and lovely and able, but my Scotch teachers and my earlier Scotch experiences did not incline me to his views. I never quite felt that the whole matter was genuine. There always seemed a touch of the hysterical about it. Perhaps my father's bitter anti-clericalism had gotten into my bones without my knowing it.

Triangulating India

In a year or two I joined the "great trigonometrical survey of India," and in the freer life of this picked corps of engineers I went religiously from bad to worse. Our life in fair weather was out in the open country. During the wet months we returned to some suitable station to transfer our field work to the maps we drew.

This brought my party to spend the monsoon months in Poona, not far from Boulay. Little did I think when I reached Poona, shivering with fever and ague, that the great critic-
November 15, 1917

On the Road to Emmaus

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

On the far road to Emmaus,
Behold! two of them went their way,
Damned, distressed, unconsolled.
They tread the road that day.
Then one came walking by their side,
A stranger to their hidden eyes.
"How is it that thou dost not commune
In this sad wonderland?"
He questioned, and one made reply:
"Thou art a stranger, then," he said.
"Thee thou didst know concerning me,
Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet great indeed,
But now condemned and crucified.
And three long days it hath been since
Our blessed Lord hath died.
Now women coming to the tomb
Before this early morning dawn.
Hast thou seen them? 'An angel stood,
But our dear Lord was gone.'
Weepful we were and trusted much
That Israel should be released
By this same Jesus, but, alas!
It is as if we dreamed.

Ah, we so deep of heart did know,
Tis Jesus walking by our side.
Constrain Him, for His endurance—
With us, O Lord, abide.
With us abide, the day is spent.
Footsore and weary, we would rest.
Come, tarry with us, stay with us,
Our King, our Lord, our Guest.

A Preacher's Son in Pershing's Army

The writer is First-Lieutenant Ray Ernest Smith, U. S. A., Medical Corps, son of the Rev. William H. Smith, pastor of Grace Church, Schenectady, N. Y., who served an apprenticeship in his profession in the field, while he was overseas with the U. S. A.

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
SOMETHING IN FRANCE, OCTOBER

WELL! here we are. Landed yesterday. We are in a temporary resting camp, from which we shall go on in a few days to our permanent winter quarters.

This little town has had over five thousand deaths as a result of the war. As a result mourning is seen everywhere. One might readily think that black draperies and arm bands was the national costume. German prisoners are working on the streets and a sorry, weep-begone lot they are, although they seem to be well fed. Such articles as sugar, soap and tobacco are very hard to get, but cakes, melons, pears and other fruit are cheap and very delicious. One thing we note about everything else is the absence of water. There is no such thing as a spring or brook or well in all this section. The water we have is brought here in barrels and then chemically purified. It is hard to get enough for a bath and almost impossible to drink the stuff. It is no wonder the universal drink is wine. No such thing as sanitation is known here.

We left our temporary camp six days ago and have traveled several hundred miles since then. The trip was wonderful to me, as I saw many a strange and interesting country. We passed miles and miles of vineyards, then through the most beautiful snow-covered country I have ever seen. The picturesque country side was dotted with snow-covered châteaux. French castles all the same size and all looking alike. Through towns and cities of every size, by roads that were old and well worn. We left Paris and crossed the Channel into France. We were in the midst of French vineyards, eating the most delicious wines, and sipping the rarest châteaux, while the poor live on black bread and drink some "vin ordinaire" much like our brandy. The trip back to our journey was the transportation. The roadsides are wonderful. Built of brown rock, drained and walked on each side. The right of way is as smooth as a bathroom floor and at every crossing a little house in which lives the gate-keeper, whose business it is to open and shut the two iron doors that guard the highway from the track. There are no railroad accidents in France. There cannot be. But the rolling stock!! Little cramped-up cars, stuck up on wheels that lift the coach high in the air. Pullmen are unknown. Even in the first-class cars there is
"God Keeps"
A Personal Testimony of Spiritual Experiences
By BISHOP W. F. OLDHAM

Singapore

AFTER several years in Allegheny College and Boston University, schools to which we owe a debt of undying gratitude, the time came for my return to India. Appointed by the board, we sailed for Bombay. There we were met by Dr. Thoburn, the real bishop of India, though the Church had not yet certified that fact. Real bishop, I mean, not in malodorous officiousness, but in his wide knowledge and devotion and the deep confidence of his brethren. He told us we had been appointed by Bishop Jurat, the Bishop from the home Church, to open a mission in Singapore. There was no money, nor other provision, but we were to go. It was not what we would have chosen. Perhaps we may have had a right to refuse. We had been away, both Mrs. Oldham and I, for years to prepare to meet a specific need. Now a stranger bishop whom we had never seen stepped in to order us nine days' journey away to open a new work without a penny to pay expenses or to carry on with.

I can see now how well the old Taylor training has served us. The thought of questioning the appointment never entered our heads. We had been ordered to Singapore, to Singapore we would go. Hardship! Too much to ask! It did not even occur to us, and I think the Church at large will bear witness that the subsequent history of this enterprise has proved that both Bishop Jurat, who made the appointment, Dr. Thoburn, who counseled it, and we, who unhesitatingly obeyed instructions, were all moving in paths of the Divine choosing. Perhaps an overconsciousness of being fitted for special tasks, and the demand that only such be given us, may not be the wise way for missionaries any more than for ministers in a system like Methodism, which asks all its preachers to yield their right to choose and trust themselves to the godly judgment of their elders.

A Great New Adventure

The appointment to Singapore was a great inner disappointment. But I trust that fact did not outwardly appear. And soon it was swallowed up in the intense excitement of a great new adventure.

It is not the purpose of these brief papers to do anything but sketch the religious unfolding of a man. Let me therefore rapidly pass over all subsidiary matters.

Only let me with adoring gratitude acknowledge that God's providence did not fail us, nor His grace come short of our needs. In wonderful ways He opened doors of service and influence to us and particularly He gave us access on the one hand to the high officials of the various governments with whom we had to do, British, Dutch, and semi-independent Malay, and on the other hand to the hearts of the people, Chinese, Tamils, English and Malay alike. Particularly through our schools, self-supporting as they were from the day they were opened, did we gain access to hundreds of families through the children. And while, of course, varying circumstances must govern our course in different lands, I make no doubt that our utter dependence on local resources both won us many friends and rallied to our support many others who would have less fully responded if we could have survived without them.

Here again was partial demonstration of the value of William Taylor's theory of "self-support." This theory will return again and again to trouble our wonderfully organized plans, unless abundant provision be made for it by our regularly constituted societies. For here is at least a partial truth which needs not

S MUDGE, ST.D.

People Called Methodists

urons were at first called Bryanites, but soon took the name of Bible Christians.

A small secession took place in 1827, growing out of the erection of an organ in Bruns-wick Chapel, Leeds. Those who objected to it, and who

N ADVOCATE

November 15, 1917

courts tell us that this means to protect public health and public morals, that these are essential to the perpetuity of the govern-ment. The liquor traffic undermines or destroys both. If the safe-guarding of the health and morals is essential to the perpetuity of the government, as it is, and if the liquor traffic is a menace to these, how can we be loyal to the government and help carry out its fundamental purpose if we foster, protect and encourage this crime-producing, drunkard-making traffic?

For every reason that we want democracy to be safe, patriotism to be pure, health and morals, politics to be clean, progress to continue and the nation's welfare to be safeguarded and promoted, the national constitutional prohibition amendment should be adopted.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
HONORING
BISHOP AND MRS. OLDHAM
John Crawford Bickel

In three continents he has planted the cross, and has enhanced the name and fame of Jesus Christ, which has gone. No one can show him now, no man, how we can boast upon him the erection of a pyramidal memorial, will be adequate to save his deserts.

Bishop Smith followed Bishop Blake. He gave a character sketch of Bishop Oldham, revealing, as already his two colleagues who had spoken revealed, the love for the man who had failed so unceasingly over such a vast territory—a love that was steadfast. There were three qualities Bishop Smith named:

First, an innate graciousness and winsomeness, a feeling of deep sympathy that freestudy shone to him. Second, a considerateness, such as St. Paul expressed, that Christ possessed him and that he possessed

d chased you to see! I don't deserve it, but instead I thank you from the bottom of my heart for saying it!" Then he told of his conversion—his surrender to God at the age of twenty—a youth already on the downward path caused by the evil—the call to repentance of William Taylor, a messenger whom God sent half way around the world, to Bangalore, India, his birthplace, to compass his salvation. He told how he yielded to the spell of Dr. Thoburn; how he came to America, to Allegheny College, to Boston University; there, with full privileges Americian citizenship, returning as a missionary of the cross to his native India. It was all an inspiration, colorful, inspiring. Suddenly he uttered the sentence: "Thank God for Methodism! Methodism saved me, and I am to save the world if we will but let it!" He recounted the blessed, hallowed labors, in his beloved Singapore and Malaya, the innumerable tokens of regard that had been shown him in Ohio—reputation elections to membership in the General Conference, promotion to associate honors, and all of it crowned with election to the general superintendency. Surprisingly beautiful was his account of his yielding to the will of the Committee on Episcopal Appointments and of his taking up his abode in South America, there to close his marvellous career with twelve golden years of devotion to the Master.

In closing the bishop said: "God has never seen fit to give me dear wife and me any sons. I beg for six; but if you see fit to erect this memorial, I will let you in the place of sons." At the close of Bishop Oldham's address, just as at its beginning, there was prolonged applause.

Near the start of the program, Governor Myers Y. Cooper came in and asked to be heard for a moment. The governor said: "I have an important engagement that I must attend to, but I wanted to come here first. I want you to tell you how much I esteem Bishop and Mrs. Oldham—how much all Ohio esteem them, too. I have been intimately associated with Bishop Oldham in that great college he is to the place of sons.” At the close of Bishop Oldham’s address, just as at its beginning, there was prolonged applause.

I remained for Dr. Diffendorfer to speak the final, the authoritative, the eagerly anticipated word. He did it in a most homiletic manner. Going directly to the point, Dr. Diffendorfer said: "I represent the Board of Foreign Missions. I wish to say to you that the board is backing this memorial to Bishop Oldham. Argentina needs a great, strong college at Buenos Aires. The cause of Christ needs it, and North America needs it as a tie to link two great continents together. It is precisely in line with what President Roosevelt is attempting to do in the direction of unity and good will. Whatever you give toward the erection of Oldham Hall will receive World Service credit. If you choose, your Christmas offering can be applied there!" In his very impressive address, Dr. Diffendorfer remarked, "I can never forget that I have to do with Bishop Oldham in the closing address at Ohio Wesleyan University.”

A letter from Dr. Ralph C. Watt, executive secretary, dated December 8, 1923, stated that World Service credit would be given any White Christmas offering for the Bishop Oldham Memorial. Perhaps it cannot be too large in the matter of World Service credit, as the Christmas offering is considered for the year. But it requires to move a certain amount of the money received, for the W. C. F. B. and the World Service. A letter from Dr. Diffendorfer dated January 12, 1924, arranged for a durable and lasting memorial to Bishop Oldham and Mrs. Oldham.

Long ago it was written, "A thy heart upon the white for thou shalt find it after many days." This prophecy is being fulfilled in the life of the splendid man of God and his faithful companion. The days of kindness have scattered are turning to him in my heart.
Chiefly About People

- Christmas Carol in five languages featured in a recent chaplet service of the School of Religion Education of Boston University.


- Dr. Ralph E. Diffenbaugh, corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, has been elected president of the International Association of Agricultural Missions.

- President Homer E. Ward, of West Virginia Wesleyan College, is the author of a volume published recently entitled "A New Era in Missions," Bishop Herbert Welch writes the foreword.

- Bishop Horace M. DuBois, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will be one of the speakers at the Farmers' Week Conference of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, February 9-10, 1939.

- Stockton Raymond, general secretary of the Family Welfare Society of Boston since 1919, has resigned that position to become head of the Community Fund of Columbus and Franklin County, Ohio.

- President Matthew S. Davage, of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Davage, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, December 11, with a reception at the university in the evening.

- Presentation of the "Merry Man," on December 18, was the special feature of the pre-Christmas observances at Ohio Wesleyan University this year. More than twenty students composed the chorus for the oratorio.

- Dennis O. Stoval, whose wholesome stories for boys have long been a feature of the Target and other church-school papers, is a Methodist layman and is Boy Scout executive of the Department of Religion and Sociology at Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S. D.

- The third National Study Conference on the Church and World Peace will meet in Easton, Ill., February 23-25, 1939. The first of these conferences was held in Washington in 1928, and the second in Columbus in 1929. It will be held at the time of the five-power naval conference in London.

- Miss Mei Gin Sung, a distinguished Chinese government for the memorial to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, received a prize of 5000 yen from the Chinese government for the best composition submitted for the purpose. She is a Methodist student of Szechuan University, and a former teacher in the college of Nan-kou.

- The Rev. William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College, Kentucky, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Chicago on the occasion of the installation of his son, the Rev. Prof. William J. Hutchins, at the university.

- The Rev. William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College, Kentucky, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Chicago on the occasion of the installation of his son, the Rev. Prof. William J. Hutchins, at the university.

- Dr. H. C. Chamberlain, of the College of Liberal Arts, died recently. Prof. Chamberlain was noted as a scholar, author, and editor. Dr. Chamberlain was a professor of surgery at the school of medicine. He was a capable instructor and a surgeon.

- Fred R. Smith, moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, is an

 Do This To-day

YOUR address label may read December 29 or January 30, which would indicate that the subscription has been extended for renewal.

-A musical program, duplicating the first piano recital ever given at DePauw University in Greenfield, Indiana, December 4, at the age of ninety-eight, was given by the editorial staff of the American Public Relations Union from 1861 to 1931. When he became honorary editor, Mr. F. E. Page, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., is a distinguished electrical engineer. Mr. Rice was the author of numerous publications appearing on Sunday-school work.

- The appointment of Dean T. Lawrence Davis, of the College of Practical Arts and Letters of Boston University, to the position of author in the field of administration, has been announced by the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Professor Davis is the first American to be named to the position.

- The Hon. Rice W. Means, former United States senator from Colorado, is now residing in Washington, D. C., was elected treasurer at the annual meeting of the board of directors. Archbishop of the Catholic Church in Washington, D. C., has held the position temporarily, following the death last summer of William D. Galt, who had served as treasurer from the time of the establishment of the board.

- A religious service was recently held at the University of Chicago, attended by the students and faculty of the university. The service was held in the chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the occasion of the installation of its new pastor, the Rev. Prof. William J. Hutchins.

- The Rev. Prof. William J. Hutchins, of the College of Liberal Arts, died recently. Prof. Hutchins was a man of many parts, and his work was a source of inspiration to all who knew him.

- The Rev. Prof. William J. Hutchins, of the College of Liberal Arts, died recently. Prof. Hutchins was a man of many parts, and his work was a source of inspiration to all who knew him.

-January 2, 1939
BISHOP OLDHAM,
NOTED MISSIONARY

Served Methodist Episcopal Church in South America and Asia Many Years

DIES IN CALIFORNIA AT 82

Last of 'International Circuit Riders'—Born in India, Son of British Army Officer

Bishop William FitzJames Oldham, long a noted Methodist Episcopal missionary, who served his church in Asia and South America and was formerly corresponding secretary of the church's Board of Foreign Missions with offices here, died of pneumonia on Saturday in Glendale, Calif., the board announced yesterday. He was 82 years old.

Retired since 1928, Bishop Oldham was described yesterday as the last of a group of 'international circuit riders who spread the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church across Asia."

When he was stationed in Buenos Aires he had all of South America as his episcopal area.

Born in Bangalore, India, Dec. 15, 1854, he was the son of James Oldham, a British Army officer, and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Darling Oldham. After attending Bishop Cotton's Grammar School at Madras, India, and the Madras Christian College, he became an engineer and surveyor in British Government service in India.

He stopped in a Calcutta street to listen to a 'walking' Bible conference by the evangelist William Taylor, in 1878. Bishop Oldham sought out the evangelist and became his friend. He gave up his government post to enter evangelistic work under Mr. Taylor and Bishop James M. Thoburn.

Coming to the United States in 1878, he studied at Allegheny College and at Boston University, receiving an A. B. degree from the latter institution in 1883. In 1889 he received a D. D. degree there.

In 1893 he returned to India and in 1894 he inaugurated in Singapore, Straits Settlement, missionary work, founding there the Malayan Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He founded, in 1895, the Anglo-Chinese School in Singapore, which now has 2,000 students. He aided also the founding of numerous churches and schools in the Malay Peninsula.

He remained in Singapore until 1909, when ill health forced him to come to the United States. He
Retired since 1888, Bishop Oldham was described yesterday as the last of a group of "international circuit riders who spread the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church across Asia."

When he was stationed in Buenos Aires he had all of South America as his episcopal area.

Born in Bengaluru, India, Dec. 15, 1854, he was the son of James Oldham, a British Army officer, and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hurley Oldham. After attending Bishop Cotton's Grammar School at Madras, India, and the Madras Christian College, he became an engineer and surveyor in British Government service in India.

He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1883. In 1893, Bishop Oldham sought out the evangelist and became his friend. He gave up his government post to enter evangelistic work under Mr. Taylor and Bishop James M. Thorburn.

Coming to the United States in 1893, he studied at Allegheny College and at Boston University, receiving an A.B. degree from the latter institution in 1893. In 1893 he received a D.D. degree there.

In 1893 he returned to India and in 1894 he inaugurated in Singapore, Straits Settlement, missionary work, founding there the Malay Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He founded, in 1895, the Anglo-Chinese School in Singapore, which now has 2,000 students. He aided also the founding of numerous churches and schools in the Malay Peninsula.

He remained in Singapore until 1898, when ill health forced him to come to the United States. He served as pastor of American churches and in 1898 founded the chair of Missions and Comparative Religions at Ohio Wesleyan University, serving as professor of that course until 1900.

Bishop Oldham became assistant secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1900 and Missionary Bishop for Southern Asia in 1904. He spent the next eight years in Singapore and India.

He then resigned from the missionary episcopacy and from 1912 to 1920 he was corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. In 1916 he was elected a Bishop of the church and was assigned to South America, with headquarters in Buenos Aires. He labored in South America for twelve years and then retired.

His South American work included the establishment in Chile of an agricultural and industrial project to train men in modern agricultural methods and equipping them to work on their own economic betterment. He also directed work for improving education facilities in Bolivia. Schools and churches have been named in his honor in India, Malaysia and in several South American countries.

He lectured on missions at the Boston Theological School in 1920, contributed to the religious press and was the author of "Thorburn--Called of God," "India, Malaysia, the Philippines" and "Malaysia--Nature's Wonderland."

His widow, the former Miss Marie A. Mulligan, survives.
WANAMAKER'S

W

The W

orning. Stay until 9 in the fun, food, frolic, and in this precious program. Or, Pied Piper (Carlos Restivo, accordion—not pipes) from All these gala events are in of what—in the opinion of editors, and home furnishing THE HOME STORE IN AMERICA! charge) in the Fun Room.

of Events

Platter. Experts will show you how with kitchen gadgets. Kitchen Shop.

Badminton

Le

Gu

An

Ge

Wi

Ar

Ch

Yo

Tennis

Art Neu

bait cast
William F. Oldham, Missionary Extraordinary

BISHOP OLDHAM, the last of a group of "international circuit riders" who spread the missionary work of our church across Asia, and who later had all of South America as his episcopal area, died in Glendale, Cal., on Saturday, March 27. Death followed a brief illness from pneumonia.

Bishop Oldham, who retired from the active ministry in 1928, was eighty-three years of age. Funeral services were held from the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Glendale, Cal., on April 1. Dr. Leonori Cecchi, of Los Angeles, was in charge, assisted by Bishop Titus Lowe, of Portland, Ore.; Bishop George A. Miller and Bishop Charles E. Locke, both retired and living in California.

Bishop Oldham was born in Bangalore, India, on December 16, 1854, the son of an officer in the British Army. He was educated at Malmsbury College, and became an engineer and surveyor in the service of the British Government in India.

In 1875, while thus engaged, he went to a service conducted by Daniel O. Fox, a trusted lieutenant of William Taylor, the famed evangelist whom James M. Thoburn had brought from California to conduct services in the populous centers of India.

Young Oldham was converted. He gave up his government post, and entered evangelistic work under Taylor and Thoburn. In 1879 he decided to come to the United States, the better to equip himself for Christian service. He spent four years at Allegheny College and at Boston University, was admitted to the Michigan Annual Conference and transferred to India.

But Bishop Thoburn met young Oldham at Calcutta and proposed that he go to the distant city of Singapore, in the Malay Peninsula, and initiate missionary work for our church there. The proposal was accepted, and during five years Oldham harvested what is said to be the greatest ray in the world.

He founded the famous Anglo-Chinese School in Singapore; it has become a monument to the period of his service. Many churches and schools on the peninsula and adjacent islands owe their founding to his initiative and encouragement.

In 1888 he was invited by ill health to return to America. After successful pastors he founded the Choir of Mission in Ohio Western University, and did much to make that institution a great "missionary training" school. Then in 1901 Dr. Oldham was chosen a missionary bishop and assigned to his old post in Singapore.

On the occasion of Bishop Oldham's seventy-fifth birthday (1920) a dinner was tendered him by the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Columbus, Ohio. From Bishop Oldham's address on that occasion, the story of his missionary beginnings is worth repeating:

"In the beauty of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Under God she sent an evangelist halfway around the world to bring me to my Savior and set before me open doors from stop to step all along the year. Above all, in two great matters she gave me a glorious chance.

"Returning from school in America, we landed in Bombay. Dr. Thoburn met us. The India Conference had already adjourned. Eagerly I said to him, 'Dr. Thoburn, what is our appointment?

"He hung his head in a way not natural to him and said, 'You are not appointed to any place in India.'

"'What's the matter?' I thought perhaps there was no announcement.

"'I had a vague idea of Singapore. I knew as much about it as the average one of you. It is small, far off, and hot.'

"Thoburn asked, 'Will you go?'

"'I turned to Mrs. Oldham. She drew herself up to her full stature and said, 'Dr. Thoburn, if we are appointed to Singapore, we will go to Singapore.'

"And we went. What this lady says usually goes. Without salary, without any money, we started. I earned my own way. I was a teacher and loved to teach. Thus I founded the mission in Southeastern Asia.

"Reaching Singapore, Dr. Thoburn held an evangelistic meeting for ten successive nights. A small church was organized. Three of its members were selected as officials, one young man and two women. On the night of the meeting, the woman was afraid to come. One young man was too sick to come and the other came. Dr. Thoburn organized him. He told him he was the Board of Trustees, the Sunday School superintendent, the Board of Stewards, etc., etc., etc., etc., and finally, he was the committee on estimating the presbyter's salary.

"'What will it cost them to live?' asked Thoburn.

"'The man replied, They can squeeze through on seventy dollars a month. They must have a carriage, for it is too hot to walk, and a house to live in.'

"'Brother, you are the Board of Stewards to raise the sum. Do you think you can do it?'

"'I shall never forget the answer the man made.

"'If Oldham can stand it, I can.

"And so the mission was founded."
ment to this period of his service. Many churches and schools on the peninsula and adjacent islands owe their founding to his initiative and encouragement.

In 1880 he was forced by ill health to return to America. After successful pastorates he founded the Chair of Missions in Ohio Wesleyan University, and did much to make that institution a great "missionary sending" school. Then in 1901 Dr. Oldham was chosen a missionary bishop and assigned to his old post in Singapore.

Eight years were spent in Singapore and India. This period was followed by his resignation from the missionary episcopacy, and by four more years in America as a corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions; and finally in 1915 by election to the office of a bishop of the church.

Bishop Oldham's assignment in 1916 was to South America, with headquarters at Buenos Aires. Here for twelve years, in his work of administration and organization, he crossed and recrossed the missionary paths of his friend, Bishop Taylor. He advised and encouraged the schools founded on that continent forty years earlier by Taylor.

In India, in Malaysia, and in several countries of South America, there are schools and churches named in honor of Bishop Oldham, and many thousands of people hold his name in reverence.

Bishop Oldham is survived by his widow, who was Miss Marie A. Mulligan.

April 8, 1937
Central

C. A.
Letters to the Editor

The President's Opportunity

To the Editor: In the main, I agree with your splendid editorial of March 15 in regard to a world peace conference and the President's opportunity.

It is not possible to frame a neutrality law that will keep us out of war if there should be a general European conflict. That is the opinion of many who have made a study of the subject. The biggest navy, the largest army, and the greatest army will not keep us out.

If it is impossible to find security from war by neutrality laws or armistices, it would seem that the only other course open to us would be to co-operate with other nations of good will.

The United States is in the best position to make a conference as you suggest. The time seems to be ripe for it.

The nations are all stalling for more time, for none of them seems to be quite ready for war. They are all beginning to realize the folly of each trying to build the largest navy and army.

If a general war comes, all the nations involved will become bankrupt, millions of lives will be lost, indescribable misery and suffering will be endured by all mankind, including innocent women and children, and in the end there will be a conference between the nations, when compromises and concessions will be made. How much better it will be to have such a conference before rather than after a war.

I am in favor of the United States taking the lead and assuming its share of the responsibility for maintaining peace in cooperation with other nations of good will. It will cost much less in money and lives than it will to try to act alone, and we owe something to humanity as well as to ourselves.

The nation has received benefits from other nations and owes something to them. The Bible says that he who saves his life shall lose it, and he who is willing to lose it.

What steps can be taken to "try the spirits"?

Here are some suggestions: (1) We should refuse to believe that anyone is a Communist until we have made a personal investigation. (2) Know what bills are being presented in Congress now, or are about to be presented, and who is sponsoring them. The National Council for Prevention of War, 322 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., can supply some interesting information on this. (3) Write to your congressmen and senators and ask them what they think of the industrial mobilization and war profits bills, and ask them to send you copies of bills on this subject. (4) If we are satisfied to give up all our liberties without a struggle, let us do nothing about this, and we may have the chance.

Very truly yours,

JIM HACKLER.

Indiana, Iowa.

The Goblins 'll Get You!

To the Editor: Little Orphan Annie's tales were no doubt scary and interesting to young children in that little Indiana home.

The role of Little Orphan Annie is now being played by missions makers, certain newspapers and magazines, "professional patriots," and others with an axe to grind. The goblins and witches, according to these same tellers, are now called communists.

Farmers organizing cooperative oil companies and creameries and black marketing associations, are they not communists? According to the modern Orphan Annie? Certainly labeling such trying to get a living wage have been called by that name, even though they are not as bloody and utterly repugnant as the So-called communists.

College teachers who honestly searched for the truth about economic questions and encouraged students to think for themselves, have been accused in the same way, as have ministers of the gospel who called attention to social problems.

Rummage Sales Have Their Use!

To the Editor: In a recent Advocate someone found fault with the church for not giving freely; without a go-between. Several ways of raising money were condemned; among them, rummage sales.

Well, I can say in regard to rummage sales that without them a good many persons, thousands, would practically go naked.

I have dressed "free" rummage sales for twenty years or so, and I'm sure I don't see any chance left for it, or dishonesty, for a church to conduct such. The Salvation Army always furnishes old clothes as a part of its curriculum.

Women who can sew and "make over" profit by their ingenuity, and the church or club honestly makes a few dollars. The clothes are seldom overpriced, and I think it is better for poor persons to be compelled to pay as they go, rather than to get in the habit of being given everything. That is too much of a "dole" habit.

People are being spoiled enough by relief (some of them), so they should be made to pay out at least as much as possible.

A Reader.

The Club List Continues to Grow

Descriptions to "The Advocate" to insure the required number is ten per cent membership.

CONFERENCE:

Schwengel, S. L.

SPRINGFIELD:

Chuch, H. B.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE:

Church, H. B.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS CONFERENCE:

Spencer, B. E.

SOUTH DAKOTA:

Coyle, L. C.

SOUTH DAKOTA:

Oklahoma Conference:

Steele, L. C.

STEVENS COUNTY:

Steele, L. C.

FARMER'S CHURCH:

Steele, L. C.

WEST WISCONSIN CONFERENCE:

Steele, L. C.

WISCONSIN CONFERENCE:

Steele, L. C.

The Christian Advocate
April 15, 1937.

Mrs. William E. Oldham,
521 Burchett Ave.,
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Madam:

It is with regret that I have just learned of the death of your husband and I wish to extend to you my sincere sympathy.

As you will doubtless receive applications for biographical material on his career, I write to say that there is a comprehensive biography of Mr. Oldham in a recent issue of The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography which was prepared under his direction from material which he furnished for the purpose.

This Cyclopaedia is in use in the leading libraries, newspaper offices, historical societies and educational institutions throughout the United States and even abroad.

Now that your husband has passed away, it is incumbent upon us to complete the record and re-print it in the permanent series of the National Cyclopaedia. For this reason I will you be so kind as to send us the latest facts of his career, particularly a resume of his life work which we consider the most important part of the biography. A page-proof of the sketch is enclosed for your convenience. You will incur no obligation in assisting us in our work.

Very truly yours,

[Signature]

[Name]

Managing Editor
THE NATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

A Statement

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography is now approaching its fiftieth anniversary. Its broad scope, completeness and original features have developed the work into a continuous publication that has become a permanent institution in American literature. The volumes, as published, have been sold to public libraries, educational institutions, historical societies and newspaper offices throughout the world and the larger libraries have purchased second and third sets. The Library of Congress recently ordered its seventh set.

The success and standing of this Cyclopaedia have resulted in various attempts to publish similar works, usually under the name of some fictitious historical society or press association, rather than under a personal name. Such volumes rarely reach a library and, then, only by gift.

The reputation of The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography may readily be verified by consulting a librarian. The latest "Guide to Reference Books," the official "vade mecum" of the American Library Association, calls this Cyclopaedia the "most comprehensive American work . . . ."

JAMES T. WHITE & CO.
PUBLISHERS
ESTABLISHED 1875
INCORPORATED 1902
by dear Mrs Anderson /

Through the courteous kindness of Mr Borchardt I have this evening had the extreme pleasure of reading an account of the Funeral Service for the beloved Bishop Oldham, and I have been deeply moved by the testimonies given by many who best in his activities in the Service of our Master.

In this family of ours we knew the Oldhams intimately, ever since our first meeting at the door of our home in the late 1870s. In my journey to Beragte Springs as a delegate from the foundation of this society, I was in lodging to the Oldhams without having previously known them. Last meeting with him in your own home, I read with pleasure that your family kindred in their care for the dear soul during his last years has been recognized in the address of Bishop Locke.

It has truly been merited, and as one who loved Bishop Oldham I feel my heart warm towards you and your friends when I think of the service you rendered him up to the time of his crossing the river.

Then the Bishop's Committee is struggling over the whole world, where he had spent his life, and that it was unfair to designate a man of sixty years to a new field; I did not think it was fair to our field! They stayed with us during their first South American Conference in early 1917, and it took us about one week to convince us of a mistaken estimate. I wish there were many of our Church leaders, and those of every other Church, during the last forty years, and the brotherly relations which existed between William F Oldham and this river, since 1917, is one of the memories which may be termed "hallowed." We travelled together and often were on the same platform in most of the republics of this continent, and in many cities of our own country.

A long motor tour on Great Britain visiting the home and pay of the places of national significance. Our hearts are always bright when I am here in this city. I have not been here since late, but I am looking forward to more than any other friend — the strong bond by my side in the most trying time of my life. I am your Forty-seventh Bishop, and the neath of my name was spoken many a day on this subject, and the story of our souls has proved real in those moments.

I am going to read this story to the congregation in the English-speaking Church in this city. I wish Bishop Oldham had made the possibility — and which he always said was originating by my late wife, years ago.

"That happy day we have passed in this home of ours!" And again, Thank God for the life of William Oldham, and again, Thanks to the Andersons for what they did for him in his last days.
With my heartiest regards to each of your family circle. I do not travel long distances from home as I have been doing for the last thirty years, but I have the hankering to once again go round by California for a last look at Yosemite, and in case of realizing the "dream" I hope to find you somewhere round Glendale.

Yours most Sincerely

[Signature]

Herbert R. Coats
FUNERAL SERVICES
FOR
BISHOP WILLIAM FITZ JAMES OLDHAM

Held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church
of Glendale, California

April 1st, 1937
INVOCATION BY DR. W. C. HODGSON, Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Glendale, California.

HEMED by the Congregation: "Jerusalem the Golden".

DR. LEONARD ORIOLESI:

Bishop William Fitz James Oldham was a saint of God and a statesman of the Christian Church who wrote his name large on three continents of earth and ministered to an innumerable host of folks who loved God. This has been attested by messages that have come to us from all over the world since his going.

Bishop Wm. F. McDowell and Edwin H. Hughes - We join in grateful and affectionate tribute to Bishop Oldham; a wonderful teacher, pastor, missionary. He never failed in good work anywhere whether in the United States, Malaysia, India, South America; in toil and in suffering he met the Will of God as a spiritual hero. We both mourn for him as a beloved comrade and rejoice with him in his assured reward.

A letter from Dr. Webster E. Browning, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church: I have learned of the death of my very dear old friend, Bishop Wm. F. Oldham, and wish to send a word expressing my own deep personal sorrow because of his going. Bishop Oldham was a great man in the Methodist Church, but he was first of all a great man in the Christian Church. I had the inestimable privilege of working with him for some twelve years in South America and came to know him intimately. I have also maintained correspondence with him since he retired from active work and I shall now miss his friendly and cheery letters. Please put me down on the list of those who mourn his going but rejoice because of the great contribution which he made to the advance of Evangelical Christianity throughout the world.

Many telegrams have come, including messages from Bishop Gattinoni of Buenos Aires, Bishop and Mrs. A. F. Shaw of New Orleans, and Bishop Edwin F. Lee of Singapore. I think we may not have time to read all of them, but I must read you some excerpts from letters that have come:

Mrs. Sara Parish of Columbus, Ohio: What a really great man he has been, a real saint of God, who went about doing good in the world and trying to hasten the coming
of the Kingdom to this world of ours. How we shall miss his letters, but what
sweet memories we shall always have of him.

Mrs. Alla L. Poindexter, of Salem Oregon: Your message came just as we were going
to the Sunday morning service, and I am sure it gave added inspiration and meaning
to my husband’s Resurrection sermon. Surely we who knew him and loved him should
rejoice, and we do, yet mingled with it is such a feeling of sadness and bereave-
ment. We teachers who worked with him in the Southland hold such an especially
tender and affectionate feeling toward him. Really we feel as if we are his sons
and daughter. How we thank God for the inspiration of his wonderful life, and for
the fact that we have been the recipients of his love and friendship. We had hoped
so much to have him with us here in our home, and I wanted to have had him lay his
hands in blessing on our little lad that bears his name.

Dr. R. E. Diffendorfer of the Board of Foreign Missions: “Bishop W. F. Oldham was
the last of a great group of "international circuit riders", who, in Methodism's
missionary days helped spread Christianity across Asia and South America. This
extraordinary apostle, this man who could literally say with Wesley—'The world is
my parish', numbered among his intimate friends and co-laborers for the Kingdom such
men as William Taylor, James M. Thoburn, Frank V. Varne, William Butler, Charles W.
Drees and a host of others; and today, in many parts of the world are Christian
leaders who looked to him as their spiritual father. In four major fields and in
four major capacities, Bishop Oldham touched and helped mold the missionary service
of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a pioneering missionary in Malaya, as a
missionary Bishop in India, as a corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign
missions, and as a Bishop assigned to oversight of Methodist work in South America.”

DR. CECHOLI:

I suppose there are a host of people who, when the news comes to them of the
passing of our beloved Bishop Oldham will have a flood of memories flashing through
their minds. I shall never forget the first time I heard him speak at a great
missionary meeting in Boston, and then in Baker University out in Kansas when he
spoke in the chapel, and I followed him to the railway station, for an opportunity
to talk with him and ask if there might be a chance of my going to Malaysia. Then again in the chapel at Boston University, in his characteristic way, with that touch of humorous whimsicality which he so often used. In that address he said he wanted to make seven points, first Bombay; second-Calcutta; third, Singapore, and so on around the world. He said "I want seven men and their wives to go out to these places and I would be interested in talking with young men who want to go." Scores of men interviewed him all day. A few months later seven couples, one of them Mrs. Cechsli and myself, went to these seven points. What an inspiration he gave to us in that chapel in Boston; he touched our lives with something of the living Presence of God Himself. Surely he walked in the Presence of God; all of us have felt that touch of his life.

These last few days and weeks, what a blessing it has been after that very serious illness of some time ago that he came back and seemed to recover his strength and health better than for some time; the old flash of his eye; that sense of humor and wit that was constantly flushing forth from him. I count it one of the great privileges of my life to have been permitted to be with him during these past few months. Before we used to have prayer together; how his face shone when we sang and prayed together.

On his 75th birthday friends gathered with him in Columbus, Ohio to celebrate that event. How characteristic are his words! "Oh, my friends, my friends! I am so happy with Mrs. Cechsli to be in the presence of these loving and gracious friends and to look at these dear ladies, who waited on this table — every one of them a personal friend. Everything has been done with a loving heart.

Now I understand what old Dr. Israel Johnson meant. David Garrick had built him a house and insisted that Dr. Johnson should visit it. The old moralist tramped through the house saying, "Oh, Davey, Davey, this is the kind of thing that makes it so hard to go to Heaven!"

That last night before we took him to the hospital he called me to the bedside and said, "If I should perchance slip away I want you" to do this and that and the other, and he remembered not himself but others, those who had cared for him during
these last days; the Anderson's, who during these last two years faithfully
and tenderly ministered to his wants and cared for him; the young men today
acting as pallbearers who cared for him during the last few days; "If I
should slip away"-- and then he went on to speak of what he would want
for them.

His last words to me before going to the hospital were- "I want
to go home", and then, as if remembering Mrs. Oldham, he added- "And yet
I am betwixt two straits". It is perhaps difficult to understand why these
two good people should have been called upon to pass through the deep waters
at the end of their way and that it was not possible for them to be together
to the end. There was really nothing for him to live for when they could
not be together. On one occasion, in his loneliness he spoke to me of "the
hunger of an old man's heart for the sweetheart of sixty years".

The closing words in the address referred to before at Columbus, Ohio,
were prophetic: "The days that remain are few. My travel is almost over.
It has always been joyous travel and, if the end be near, what does it matter?
A few more days and then how nice it will be to have the Evening fold me in
its arms and carry me quietly away. And after I have gone the span of my
years will be surpassed by this dear little lady who sits by my side."

Some of us have promised him that whatever happened, we would care
for her to the end.
ADDRESS BY BISHOP GEORGE A. MILLER

This is not a time for formal adresses. No word spoken here can add to or detract from the name of Bishop Wm. F. Oldham. I bring you a personal word on my own account and shall speak only what I have already said to Bishop Oldham in person. Bishop Oldham has meant more to me in my own life than any man except my own minister father. I have known him for thirty-three years; most of the time I have been intimately associated with him in missionary labors. Knowing him I have come to certain attitudes and convictions in my own heart that would otherwise have been impossible.

I hesitate to use the adjective "Christ-like", but in this case it applies. Knowing W. F. Oldham has made it easier for me to understand Jesus Christ and to face some of the problems of thought that at times occupy all of us who try to find our way through to God.

Bishop Oldham was a world citizen; born in India of British parents, educated in America, missionary statesman in India, Malaysia, the Philippine Islands and South America; Missionary Bishop, Missionary Secretary, General Superintendent in foreign administration, he included in his sympathies the welfare of all men and thought in catholic terms of every problem of human redemption. His world-mindedness was born with him and did not come about because of any conscious effort on his part.

Measured by any one or all of a number of standards, Bishop Oldham was a great man, one of the greatest Missionaries that our Church has ever sent to the regions beyond our own borders. He was great in his nobility of soul, with a certain courtly dignity that never left him. To be with him was to feel like doing one's best to be a better man, though he said nothing about that. I remember of a troubled little missionary wife and mother who told me that once when the Bishop came to Conference she arranged her complaints in order and went to tell them to the Bishop. When she came in he smiled and asked, "How are you getting along?", and when she looked at him she forgot her problems, visited a half hour, and walked out as having seen a vision. He did that to
visited a half hour, and walked out as having seen a vision. He did that to all of us. He was a mystic, the greatest I have ever known, and brought to everything he touched that sense of far horizons and eternal values. An outstanding English business man in Peru said to me one day—"In any century and any country, Bishop Oldham would have been called a saint."

Bishop Oldham was great as an administrator. He gave us utmost freedom of expression of our ideas and suggestions, but after we had talked ourselves into confusion, he spoke and usually in the space of about one minute cleared the whole issue and got a unanimous vote. He was never a man to become immersed in details, making tables and charts and analyzing things in one, two and three order. But he had the gift of the Hebrew prophets in that he could unerringly put his finger on the main issue in any problem or situation and then had the clairvoyant gift of seeing the end from the beginning without trudging through the intermediate steps to the goal. The only relaxation I ever knew him to take was an occasional game of chess, and he planned his work something after that pattern, seeing and foreseeing the next move and the one after that and then on through from the beginning.

Bishop Oldham was great in his tolerance with those who differed with him and especially so with men who failed in their work. No man ever practiced the gospel of the bruised reed and the smoking flax more completely than did he. He sometimes reminded me that our task is to stand by the weaker brethren and let the strong men take care of themselves.

Bishop Oldham and I did not always agree on matters of policy, but as I look back over the years I have to bear witness that in most cases he was right, and he had the high privilege of living to see most of his major plans and projects come to substantial success. He had a way of sending men to humanly impossible tasks, and did it without apology. He would tell a man to go to the ends of the earth and do the most difficult things, and they would walk out and put their utmost into the work assigned them. There was something about him that stimula-
ted high endeavor and released reserves of spiritual energies that otherwise lay dormant in personality.

In 1920 Bishop and Mrs. Oldham came to Buenos Aires to visit us and see for the last time the faces of those with whom he had labored for twelve years. One day he said to me "I am appalled by the decay of my physical powers". I made some remark about, "if your earthly house of this habitation were dissolved", and he said, "Yes, that it is. Then this is all over I will be with God". Today he is with God, but that is nothing new for him. He has been with God a long time, and God has been with him. And now in another realm where the ills of the flesh shall trouble him no more, he waits serenely for that devoted wife who walked faithfully with him through the years and now awaits amid the shadows for the day of their reunion yonder.

---

ADDRESS BY BISHOP TITUS L. L.

I think I have only one reason for standing here this afternoon; I am one of the old employees of the firm. There are a good many of us. That is, I am one of those who in his pastoral days he called to the field to serve. Whatever these other brothers may say concerning the Missionary Secretary, the Missionary Bishop, the great missionary, the practical mystic, the note that everlastingly rings in my heart is the note that came directly from his heart in the period from 1890 to 1896. That is a long time ago now, and yet that is the period to which I must refer in my relationship with Bishop "F. F. Oldham, the man who affected my own life more deeply than any one else I have ever had anything to do with until this hour.

I wonder if some of you know that W. F. Oldham was a perfectly tremendous success as an American pastor. I am thinking of the days in Pittsburg; the hosts of people connected with the Butler Street Church. There were horror haunted men
who worked in the steel mills and the like, and yet this gentleman with the amazing outreach of missionary understanding had likewise that human quality to such an extraordinary extent that this old church on innumerable occasions was jammed to the rafters.

Human! I wonder if all of you here today remember the voice of the Bishop. You never heard a lovelier voice in this world than the voice of W. F. Oldham, in utter loveliness of timbor, and when he would come to the end of his sermon and would stand there and say- "Will you yield now to the impulse of the spirit that is upon you?" the voice was irresistibly lovely in its pain.

There was a human quality about Bishop Oldham, and an imperial quality. W. F. Oldham to me has been one of God's very wonderful gentlemen. There was romance in his life of high order. If it were in order this afternoon it would be easily possible to thrill you with stories of Singapore - how one single student grew to nearly seventy thousand.

Years ago at a conference, Bishop Oldham and Bishop Shepherd were to be our speakers one night. It was rather stormy, but an overwhelming crowd was there. Bishop Oldham was the first speaker. I do not remember his subject, nor how he developed it; all I remember is that as he proceed that night we were all overwhelmingly impressed by the immediacy of the presence of the power of God. On this stormy night in Nebraska there was a lift to all of us. The Mount of Transfiguration was actually being repeated and we were all there upon it, and, bye and bye, at the close, when Bishop Shepherd spoke, he looked around and said- "My brothers, I think maybe I am not overly sensitive about some things, but if ever this soul of mine was in the presence of Almighty God, it is this night. It is for me to bow my soul at the feet of my Saviour. Any of the brethren who feel as I do I am simply suggesting that we bow our souls together". And in a moment all of us were there.

He was an extraordinary friend. I had reason to know that. There came a day in my life when it seemed as though the sun would refuse to shine. It seemed for a
(Bishop Lowe- 3 )

period as though life were not worth the living. At that moment Bishop Oldham was thirteen thousand miles away, but by cable there came this word: "Dear Titus, stick close to the Heart of the Saviour". There is something utterly sublime about W. F. Oldham. I have lost the most intimate friend that I have ever had in this world, but I will not lament, and if the tears come they are not the tears of sadness at all. Rather I will think in this moment of the land beyond the Great Divide.

I think it was rather kind that this man should spend his first morning in Paradise on Easter morning; rather fine to think of our friend associating with whimsical Bishop Warlow, with tall and lanky Bishop Bashford.

I would not have one atom of sorrow in this hour; indeed I would have blessed memories, for this beloved friend of ours is not dead, thanks be unto God. He is living and will forever live with God. Thanks be to Jesus Christ our Lord for a life like this. And then thanks be unto God for that other day which is not so far distant for some of us here today, that other day when there will be no more parting, no more sighing, where there will be no more tears. Thanks be unto God! Amon!

---

ADDRESS BY BISHOP CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE

In the annals of affection to comrade-ship that was a memorable day in the radiant autumn of 1879 when there appeared on the picturesque campus of dear old Allegheny College a tall, cultured, serious young man, a bit shy but of ingratiating personality, accompanied by his dainty, refined little wife. There were Mr. and Mrs. William Fitz James Oldham of India. They had come to complete their preparation for the Methodist ministry. He had been born in India and was the son of an honored British Army officer.

This accomplished young gentleman, with the gracious manners of a courtier, soon took rank as a foremost scholar among the students. In a couple of years
he received his A. B. degree and then went on to Boston University for post-
graduate work, in order to be fully equipped to return to his native land as a
Christian missionary.

He was a protege of the beloved Bishop James M. Thoburn, who discovered the
extraordinary possibilities of this promising and talented young man. His first
important achievement was with Bishop Thoburn, to found the Malaysia Mission,
and later Doctor Oldham established the Anglo-Chinese School for Boys, which now
has two thousand students - most flourishing.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"
(2 Samuel, 3:38). Yes, our Abner is gone. We had him so long that we
almost took him for granted. It will be dreary without him:

"As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs
   Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
   And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

As a son, he was dutiful and faithful; as a friend, he was loyal and true;
another "Fidus Achates", binding men to himself with "hoops of steel". As a
scholar, he was erudite and classic, a fascinating and facile writer and a master
of half a dozen languages. As a preacher, he was persuasive and convincing; as
a citizen, he was patriotic and sturdily; as a Christian, he was humble and holy;
as a husband, he was a gallant lover and knightly protector through sixty-two
years of unalloyed happiness. As a Bishop, he was sagacious and reticent, a
discriminating administrator and a discerning leader, with vision and prophetic
intuition, an ecclesiastical statesman and strategist.

Among his notable personal characteristics was his humility and unobtrusiveness.
We have hardly known a man who talked so little about himself. The Church literally
thrust him into places of increasing honor.

His religious life was peacefully tranquil and profound with unwavering confi-
dence as he sought to "do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly", including
an abiding affection for his fellow man.

He had fruitful pastorates at Columbus, Ohio, at Broad Street Church, and at
Butler Street Methodist Church, Pittsburgh, where my father was pastor when I was born.

When I contemplate his character and life I think of a deepening stream sublimely following through exquisite landscapes. He was dignified, unpretentious, prophetic, reticent almost to bashfulness, poised, truly Christlike. Fides et fidelitas.

A brilliant Indian savant said to our Stanley Jones - "I am not only against Christianity, I am against all religions, but it is men like you who are my chief difficulty."

And men like Wm. F. Oldham, Christ-filled men, the fuit accompli in human achievement. Noble examples of true Christianity, the rapprochement between the human and the divine; the apotheosis of self-renunciation and self-denial.

The Cross! The Cross!

"For if a man through all his days
Is never on the Cross,
How shall he know, the High from Low,
The clear gold from the cross."

The Cross! The Cross! Only the Cross matters. Character is the fine art of giving up. The Cross!

"But to every man there openeth
A high way, and a low.
And every man decideth
Which way his Soul shall go." The Soul! The Soul!

A man who was lost in the Alps, inquired of a boy - "Can you tell me where Randerstag is?" He answered - "I have never been there, Sir, but, (pointing to a dim trail), that's the way to it. If we could find the elusive and ecstatic trail that Brother Oldham took when he left us, I know it would take us to the glorious City Celestial - The Home of the Soul!

"What care I for robe or stole; It is the Soul! It is the Soul! What for crown, or what for crest; it is the heart withing the breast.

It is the faith, it is the hope; it is the struggle up the slope.
It is the brain and eye to see One God and One Humanity!"
The Soul! The Soul!

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land
    The faraway Home of the Soul!"

"Jesus Lover of my Soul, Let me to Thy Bosom fly!"

Let us pray:

    We thank Thee for his rich and full life, replete with gentle ministries
of kindliness and sympathy, of faith and fidelity, of noble achievement and sacrificial
endeavor, and heroism. We beseech Thy gracious favor in behalf of his
loving comrade of the years in the midst of her sore affliction.

    May the benedictions of Thy grace be vouchsafed to the dear people who
made a sweet cozy home for them in the consoling intimacies of their own family
circle, as if done for the Master Himself.

    Comfort us all with the plenitude of divine ministrations, especially
the great Church, and his colleagues, and all ministers and missionaries and fellow
workers in the home land and in the far away fields, and hasten the glad time when
"every knee shall bow and every tongue confess".

    Help us to emulate this good man in his life of consecration and self-denial. In Jesus' Name:

    Our Father who art in Heaven
        Hallowed be Thy Name
    Thy Kingdom come
    Thy Will be done
    In earth as it is in Heaven
    Give us this day our daily bread
        And forgive us our trespasses
    As we forgive them that trespass against us
    And lead us not into temptation.
        But deliver us from evil
    For this is the Kingdom
    And the Power
    And the Glory, Forever! Amen!
“Get Me That Book!”

Reporting a thrilling incident from the early life of the late Bishop Oldham and contributed by a member of the Society's Board of Managers

BY JAMES R. JOY

Although it happened many years ago, I am glad to be able to furnish a stenographic report still another of those incidents that must ever challenge the sacrificial concern of world-minded Christians.

Bishop Oldham, a native of India, related this incident at a student conference at Silver Bay, New York:

Let me tell you a story. I was a Christian man, living in India, a surveyor in the employ of the Government, and was sent to survey the desert of Rajputana in the Northwest. I entered the desert with the necessary accoutrements. When night came on I would send a message to the little oasis (it is amazing what a number of Hindus can live on a little piece of green ground, supported on less than two cents a day); my servants would go and say, “Our master will be here and after the evening meal he wants to see you.”

They knew I was an official of the Government, and perhaps there was a suspicion that I had a Government message.

When the time came I stepped out of the tent, and there were the people. There was the great silvery moon, dropping such light as is seen nowhere else as in the tropics. There was the moon, and there were the people, all men. I stood and looked out on that company and was strangely moved. I was six weeks out in the desert, 180 miles from any town in any direction. I suppose my thought was absolutely true that those who were listening to me had probably never once heard the name of Jesus Christ. Let me say that there is a certain high tension of spirit, a certain sense of tremendous responsibility, accompanied with a certain profound gladness, when you feel that those who are listening are absolutely hungry, famine-stricken without the Word of God.

I talked to those men that night. I spoke their language. At the close of that earnest and perhaps somewhat long address—who could help it?—this happened:

An old man came forward. He was the son of a king, his long beard flowing down to his waist. He came up to me, leaning on his staff. The young men courteously made way for him. He stood there looking up at me, his strong face alert in that bright moonlight. He said: “You are a young man, and yet the things you have been talking about—how do you know these things? How do you know them?”

I answered, “Father, I have not known these things because of my own personal righteousness or wisdom. But these questions which have troubled your heart and all human hearts—our Great Father has written down the answers in a Book, given to men of olden time who struggled with these questions. And the answers to these questions were written in a Book.”

“Do you mean there is a Book with all these things you have been telling us about—about a love that is good, and all the rest of it?”

Then I said, “There is a Book. It is God’s Book, and the answers are in it.”

“Young man,” said he, “is that book in my language? You speak my language. Did you read it in my tongue?”

“Yes, I have the Book.”

I wish you could have seen that old man. He straightened up, and pointing his long finger at me, I shall never forget it as he said:

“Get me that book!”

I ran back to my tent and brought back two copies of the Bible in their language. Forty brown hands were stretched out for them as I returned. I put one into his hand, and when I told him that the answers to the questions were in that Book, the old man looked up and said, “Sir, how long has this book been in the world?”

“It has been here for hundreds of years; for hundreds of years.”

“Did your people have it?”

“Yes.”

“And I am an old man. All my friends have died hopeless. I am nearly gone myself. And all this time the book was here and nobody brought it to me. Why didn’t someone bring us the book long ago?”

The question of the old man rings in my ears constantly, and I pass this question on to you. I pass it on to Christendom. Why has not that Book been put into every language in the world? Nineteen centuries after Christ came, and two thirds of the human family still says, “Why have you not brought us the Book?”
GRASS-ROOTS CHRISTIAN CULTURE

George Cavan and Ethel Wallis are here teaching Mazatec Indians to read the Gospel in their own tongue, which has only recently been reduced to writing, so that God might speak to them. Not only in Mexico but in many other places in both hemispheres this basic task of world evangelization is going on.
Dear Friend:

Knowing how anxiously the friends of our dear Bishop Oldham will await
some word of his Home going, we are using this means of sharing with them the last
precious days and hours of his earthly sojourn.

Up to Palm Sunday the Bishop had been unusually well, often indulging
in that refreshing humor his friends so much enjoyed. On Monday there developed
a slight respiratory infection which alarmed his attending physician. Wednesday
morning he was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles. Despite the
very best of care, the disease advanced rapidly, until Saturday night, Ten o'clock
(Pacific time), March 27th, 1937, "when he was not, for God had taken him."

Dr. Leonard Oechslie, District Superintendent of the Los Angeles district,
and long time friend of the Bishop, was with him at the last almost constantly day
and night, as were also his dear friends— the Anderson’s, with whom Mrs. Oldham and
he had made their home since returning from India and for whose thoughtfulness loving
care he so often expressed deep appreciation. Everything possible was done which
might relieve the sufferer and restore health. His friends were loath to have
him "Go Home", regardless of his oft repeated wish to do so. Dr. Leland Stanford
Chapman, whose service was one of loving solicitude, lavishly gave his best in
medical care and skill, but to no avail. It was Easter, and God’s time for his
coronation; he could wait no longer. How beautiful that he should go so near the
time of his Lord’s Resurrection, and at the identical hour when all Methodism
would be celebrating that event. On Good Friday he had partaken of the Sacrament
of the Lord’s Supper, after which he requested the singing of "Hark! The\nHerald\n
When one of the friends made some mention of Good Friday, he responded— "Yes, He
died for me."

At the time of his going to the hospital he called Mrs. Anderson to his
bedside, and after some final appreciations, he said, in the words of Wesley: "I
the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." Not only of himself did he think
in those last hours; as always, so now, his major consideration was for others.
After planning for the care of Mrs. Oldham, his beloved companion of nearly sixty-
two years, he thoughtfully considered the interests of the young men who had helped
care for him; also for his faithful secretary—Dorothy Anderson, he had a special
message.

After his severe illness of some months ago, when his life was despaired
of, he had a remarkable come-back, and was much better than he had been previously.
Twice daily he would go walking with his attendant and accompanied by "Argonne",
the big shepherd house-dog who, from the day of the Bishop’s arrival, had appointed
himself guardian of the good Bishop, walking beside him, often licking his hand as
they strolled along. Then there were the hours of reading, followed by hours of
dictation, when messages of inspiration and courage were started round the world.
Every day a message was sent to his beloved kriis, who for some months had been
confined in a private sanitarium.

In the afternoon he was always 'at home' to the friends from far and near
for a little chat and a cup of tea. Sunday evening was "The Bishop's Hour", when
he would choose his favorite hymns. Among these were "Abide With Me", "In the
Cross of Christ I Glory", "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross", and always "Jerusalem
the Golden". Then would follow the prayer by himself or some one designated by
him, as was his custom every evening at family prayers. At the last "Sing" on
Palm Sunday his deep bass voice rang out so clear and strong it was suggested that
soon he might preach again. And then came Monday, with the sudden turn in the road.

--WILLIA D. CAFFRAY.