UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
MISSION BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

BISHOPS – MISSIONARIES

ID#

188
QUAYLE, BISHOP WILLIAM A.
“Billy” Quayle lacked by five votes of being elected a Bishop at Baltimore on Saturday. The wise ones say the ballots are in the box over Sunday that will elect him. And that is not so bad for a boy who sawed wood for his grub and boarded himself in a little room at Baldwin twenty-five years ago.—Lawrence Gazette.

A number of Kansas City men who knew Bishop Quayle intimately have suggested that the general conference should be held in his Episcopal residence here. “I believe the Methodists here would buy a home and present it to the church for that purpose,” said one. “Bishop Quayle was a great favorite here. He was born in Missouri and near Kansas City. He now owns a little farm, of which he is very proud at Baldwin, Kan.—Kansas City Times.

A man who travels for an implement company here once met Bishop Quayle on a train out in Kansas. The minister wore a business suit and was crouched down among his valuables with his feet on the opposite seat. “Shove over, old man; give me room. Don’t see any other seat,” said the implement man, taking Bishop Quayle for a brother salesman. “Sure,” said Bishop Quayle, making room. “Who are you traveling for?” The implement man told him. “Who might you be traveling for?” “Jesus Christ & Co.,” was the minister’s brief reply. And they got acquainted.

“Dr. Quayle is so good to come and see the members of his church,” said a gray-haired widow who was a member of one of his former congregations in Kansas City. “He never stays long at my house. Most of the time he opens the door and preaches in on me at my work and says: ‘How are you, auntie? That’s all of the visit, but my heart goes singing all the rest of the day.”

W. J. Metes, of Kansas City, received a letter from his son, Lloyd, who is attending the conference in Baltimore. “There is no one here,” it reads, “who is so popular as Dr. Quayle. It is almost impossible for him to go anywhere. ...
In the early '90s when he was president of Baker University, Dr. Quayle had the appearance of a "seedy" farmer. One time he had occasion to answer a summons to the East on important matters concerning the church. The pastor of a fashionable church in Philadelphia was apprised of his coming. He invited Dr. Quayle to appear in his pulpit.

Dr. Quayle arrived at the Philadelphia church late on the Sunday he was to preach. The congregation was seated and the pastor, who had never met Dr. Quayle, was becoming nervous.

"Is Brother Quayle in the audience?" he asked.

A thickest man, wearing clothes very ordinary in appearance, arose from a rear seat and walked down the aisle. Every man and every woman looked at him in surprise.

"He was the commonest looking preacher I ever beheld," a Philadelphia woman said afterwards.

"But when he began to speak—why, we all forgot the man and listened to his message—wonderful, rhythmic, beautiful. No preacher

city sustain a great loss."

Kansas City did not furnish him hall room enough to reach all the people who wanted to hear him. Sam'l McRoberts, a Baker graduate who had been a student under Prof. Quayle is now connected with the large wealthy interests of the Armourers at Chicago. He probably receives the largest salary of any Baker graduate today. — Mr. McRoberts is quite influential in the Baptist Church of Chicago.

W. J. Moles, of Kansas City, received a letter from his son, Lloyd, who is attending the conference in Baltimore. "There is no one here," it reads, "who is so popular as Dr. Quayle. It is almost impossible for him to go anywhere for being stopped so often by people who want to talk to him. When he is in the lobby it looks as if he were holding a reception."

About 30 years ago a little reduced orphan boy went to the district school at Peoria, this county. People who called him anything called him "just a boy." His boy associates were more liberal in tribute and called him a good fighter.

To day that boy was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, the highest honor the church can bestow, a place of honor equal to if it does not surpass a United States senatorship.

The boy was and the bishop is William A. Quayle. — Ottawa Herald.
A good many retailers seem to be so absorbed in the search for new customers that they don't have time to take the right kind of care of the old ones, and in this way they are driving business to the mail-order houses faster with one hand than they are taking it away with the other, says one man who has carefully studied trade matters. We do not mean that a retailer should not always be trying to enlarge his list of customers. That is exactly what he should do, but he must give even greater care to holding the old than to getting the new. The regular customer is the life of almost every business. He is the fellow you should have in mind when you are buying. He is the fellow you should decorate your store to please. He is the fellow you should try in every way to accommodate, for he comes to see you regularly and it is his money you depend upon to pay your bills.

Your show window and advertising can be largely aimed at the customer you are trying to get, but they must also give much information to the "regular." If you would make them effective, and you must never forget that your style for the new customer is not with the object of making a single sale, but to add him to the "regular" list. In this "regular" list which you want to grow, for its growth means your business growth, and for this reason you must not be satisfied with just adding to the list. Keep them on the list. Give just as much attention to holding the "regular" already in stock as you do to adding to the "stock" and you are a good way further on your road to success. City retailers cannot generally be criticized so much on this score, although some of them depend too much on landing the new "sucker" which is supposed to be born every minute, but country merchants, who have very few opportunities to land new "suckers," and should be extremely careful of their "regulars," seem to be most wonderful of them.

Very few of them take the trouble to thank a regular customer for his trade and work him back again. They take it for granted that he knows his business is appreciated and that he is always a welcome visitor. It does not cost much to do so to each time he is in the store, however, and do it in a manner which will have no doubt of the "welcome." That is what makes his blood flow warmer, and causes a big bump to swell up in the corner of his eye for you and your store, and the first time you make some mistake this bump comes to your aid and tells him, so he comes back to you and explains things instead of lying down the mail-order catalogue and sending away for his next order. Then when you see the "bump," has done the good work for you, be sure to thank the "regular" with a hearty manner that will be welcome to him. The retailer who is able to make every customer feel that he is a personal friend is not likely to feel hard times, and if he has the other points of a good merchant equally well developed, he cannot help being a success.

How to Advertise.

Advertising is telling people what you have for sale and why they should buy. It should be as easy as going to sleep in a feather bed on a cold night. Every merchant advertises in some form or another. He may use nothing

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No, you're right," said Hummel, "I once visited a German student in Heidelberg. As we conversed on dialing in the students' sitting room a waiter knocked, entered and said politely:

"'The landlord of the Keg presents his compliments and wishes to know if you are trying of stepping across this evening, sir.'"

"'What does he want to know that for?' the student inquired.

"'Please, sir, if you don't,' said the waiter, 'it will greatly be worth while to toss a fresh barrel to-day.'"

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NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body. The blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and every her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy. She makes a terrible suffering for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C.—gave her up. Dr. X.—recommended the Cuticura. He will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We bought about eight cakes of Cuticura. Soon and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durville, Va., Oct. 14 & 22, 1906.

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GALLANTRY.

Wendy Williams—Excuse me, miss, but I see that you have had a lift with your lover, and he has left you. Allow me to escort you home instead.

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The Young Idea.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he asked. No one answered. "And yet," continued the school inspector, "all of you eat an apple in the course of a year and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and at recess the teacher invited them down the little girl, getting her companions around her, gravely said:

"Now, children, just suppose I am Mr. Taylor. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll all grow up to be fools. Now, tell me, Minnie," she continued, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers are there on a hen?"

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Preparation for Knowledge.

No man can learn what he has not prepared for learning, however near to his eyes it is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secret to a carpenter, and he shall be powerless to the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate.
with this the young man rose we.

"My dear girl," he said, "had I the strength of a rhinoceros and the agility of a Japanese wrestler, to say nothing of the skill of a Hermau, I would reach over carefully, take your beautiful face in my hands, and kiss you. But somehow or other I can't seem to get my mind on it."

And with this he ordered a taxi- meter cab and in a few moments he was nothing but a cloud of gasoline smoke on the horizon.—Judge...

Policemen to Study Electricity.

In addition to his other fund of information, the Philadelphia policeman, who is esteemed by Mayor Retourn as the finest in the world, must have but a small body of knowledge of electricity. The order has been issued by Director Clay, and Chief McAnabgh- lio of the electrical bureau is instructing his first class.

The wizard of the city hall believes on the best should know of the daily Clay

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How to Advertise.

Advertising is telling people what

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sleep in a feather bed on a cold night.

Every merchant advertises, in some

form or another. He may use nothing

but his voice and a few signs, but he

advertisements, in some form or other, al-

ways: "What is the best way? How

can he reach the most people? That

means, what medium should be used.

The newspaper is a good vehicle for

advertising for it is read by great

numbers of people. The local paper

is best, for it reaches the people liv-

ing near at hand. The store sign, the

window, other means for conveying

advertisements are useful in varying

degrees. There is another thing to be

considered—how to do the advertising,

what to say and how to say it. Ap-

proach, be succinct, say something

about the goods, make a specialty of

something in each advertisement

or series of advertisements.

A Human Zoo.

"Just look at those people," grumbled

the ill-humored man in the Fulton

street subway station. "Not one of

them can stand still for two seconds.

Up and down they pace, round and

round they whirl, waiting for the next

train to come along. What makes 'em

do it? It is that restlessness that

turns a station platform into a regu-

lar inferno. No matter where you go

there is somebody bumping into you

and all because nobody will stand

still."

The man's wife coughed timidly.

"What did you say, dear?" she asked.

"I said, "I know, she returned, "but

you were rushing around all the time

from here to there to post and back, and

I couldn't catch half of it."—New York

Press.

little girl, getting her companions

around her, gravely said:

"Now, children, just suppose I am

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carpenter, and he shall be forever the

wiser—the secrets he would not utter

to a chemist for an estate. God

seems us even more from premature

ideas. Our eyes are held that we

cannot see things that stare us in the

face until the hour arrives when the

mind is ripened; then we behold them,

and the time when we saw them not

is like a dream.—Emerson.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily in-

quiry the physician meets with. Do

not hesitate to say that in my judg-

ment a large percentage of disease is

caused by poorly selected and inap-

propriately prepared food. My personal

experience with the fully-cooked food,

known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to

speak freely on its merits.

From overwork, I suffered several

years with malnutrition, palpitation of

the heart and loss of sleep. Last sum-

mer I was led to experiment person-

ally with the new food, which I used

in conjunction with good rich cow's

milk. In a short time after I com-

menced its use, the disagreeable symp-

toms disappeared, my heart's action

became steady and normal, the func-

tions of the stomach were properly

carried out and I again slept, as sound-

ly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a per-

fect food, and no one can galley but

that it has a most prominent place in

a rational, scientific system of feed-

ing. Any one who uses this food will

soon be convinced of the soundness of

the principle upon which it is manufac-

tured and may thereby know the

facts as to its true worth." Read "The

Read to Wellness," in psps. "There's

a Reason."
The Birth of a Bishop

THOMAS H. MARSH

The author, whose research on the life of Bishop Quayle is sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation for Research, received the following information about the bishop’s birth from Mona Quayle Shumway, sister of Bishop Quayle.

During the spring of 1860 a wagon train moved slowly across the state of Missouri. This train, like many similar ones, was made up of people from Ohio and points east who were headed for Colorado, hoping to find wealth in the gold mines of this frontier state.

There was a young couple among these travelers who were natives of the Isle of Man. They had come to America only recently and had met, fallen in love and married in Cook’s Corner, Ohio, less than a year before. The man was Thomas Quayle, and the girl was Elizabeth Gell. They were very much in love, and Thomas Quayle was proud of his bride because of her wit, her depth of understanding, her boundless energy, as well as for her striking beauty.

As the wagons jolted across the ruts and rocks of Missouri, Elizabeth Quayle felt herself getting faint. She spoke quietly to her husband:

“Tom, we must stop soon. Our child; it will not be long.”

On June 25, 1860, the wagon train stopped on the outskirts of Parkville, Missouri. That evening a son was born to Elizabeth and Thomas Quayle, and they named him William Alfred.

Early the next morning the wagon train moved on, but the Quayle family stayed behind, waiting for the young mother to regain her strength. The young couple hoped to join another wagon train later, and thereby gain protection from the Indians who were at times so obviously numerous in the area.

After a few days in camp Thomas Quayle heard news of Indians being nearby, and he therefore took extra precautions to protect his wife and son. He stayed within calling distance, and at night as they slept in the wagon he covered his wife and child, except for their faces, with a blanket and some hay. It was understood that if Tom signaled his wife during the night with a light tap on the wheel of the wagon, the mother was to cover her own and the baby’s face with the blanket and hay. As an added precaution the young father slept on the ground nearby so he could be acutely aware of any disturbance during the night.

Not many days later, about nine o’clock one evening, soon after he had wrapped himself in a blanket for the night, Thomas Quayle heard a twig crackle not many yards from where he was lying. He tapped gently on the wagon wheel and listened intently until he heard a response from the floor of the wagon. He cocked his rifle and lay still. Presently the forms of two men appeared in the dim light of the camp fire. Tom stood up with his rifle pointed at the first of the two Indians, who in turn said nothing, but advanced to the flickering camp fire and threw on some wood. As the light flared up the Indians still made no effort to communicate and simply ignored Tom Quayle and his rifle. They began looking around the camp as if they knew what they were after but couldn’t seem to find it. They walked up to the wagon and looked in but they saw was a trunk, some wooden boxes, and a pile of hay. They looked around the camp further but didn’t seem to find what they wanted.

Tom Quayle drew a sigh of relief as the Indians started walking away from the camp, but suddenly one of them stopped, said something to his companion and pointed toward the pile of hay in the wagon. Both Indians walked toward the hay and as they approached, Tom Quayle’s heart pounded. He didn’t want to shoot the Indians and start trouble for the whole countryside, but he was determined to protect his family, so he kept his gun leveled on the more aggressive of the two red men, ready to pull the trigger at any given instant.

The Indians found what they were looking for at last. They pulled the straw and blanket from the young mother and her child and immediately started trying to bargain for the mother. The Indians had evidently been spying on the young couple and were attracted by the white woman’s long, dark-red hair. Tom Quayle shook his head at each thing the Indians offered in exchange for his wife, and finally when the Indians were convinced that he was unwilling to sell his bride at any price, they walked away into the darkness.

Tom Quayle knew that the Indians would return in greater numbers and take by force what they had been unable to buy. Before the Indians had time to add to their number and return for the prize they were so anxious to acquire, the young father hitched up his team and drove from the camp into the safety of Parkville.

The Quayle family had to remain in Parkville for some months, for Elizabeth’s strength did not return to her as quickly as they had hoped. The father did what work he could find in order to buy food and medicine for his family.

There was little danger of being attacked by Indians now that they were living practically in the town, but there was another danger which the Quayle family faced that came nearer to costing them their lives than their experience with the Indians.

Thomas Quayle was a man who held certain definite convictions, and it was his habit to state his convictions openly. In 1860, the state of Missouri, like other states in our young country at that time, was a hot-bed of turmoil over the question of slavery. Thomas Quayle spoke frankly of his belief in the rightness of Abraham Lincoln’s stand on slavery, and his family had to pay the penalty for his frank utterances. A band of pro-slavery advocates formed a gang “to get that nigger loving Tom Quayle.” A friend of the Quayle family evidently discovered the plot the afternoon of the day which was set to wipe out the “nigger lovers,” and warned Quayle that he had better drive fast as soon as it was dark. Elizabeth Quayle was not physically able to stand the lurching and bouncing of a fleeing wagon, but there was no other choice. As soon as night fell the Quayle wagon was ready to travel and the race was on for the Kansas line.

The editor of the St. Louis Globe Democrat describes the above incident in the life of the younger Quayle by stating in the March 11, 1925, issue of this paper:

“he was hurriedly taken across the line into Kansas by parents who, of Lincoln’s viewpoints, sought, as veritable fugitives, escape from the political intolerance of the time.”

Thus were the circumstances surrounding the birth and first few weeks of William A. Quayle’s life. After one is acquainted with the environment of William A. Quayle’s early life, it seems quite natural to find such remarks as those written by Angelo C. Scott about his friend Quayle:

“There was indeed something elemental about him. In his great passages he made one think of nature’s own forces at work, of crashing and reiterated thunders, of vivid lightnings, of furious and driving tempests.”

There had to be something elemental about Quayle if he was influenced at all by his early surroundings, and all men are so influenced. One example will illustrate the lasting impression some of his earlier experiences made on Quayle. His mother’s health never recovered from the shock of that wild ride from Missouri into Kansas, and when William was but three years old his mother
The Year In Religion

WINFRED E. GARRISON

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General approval greeted the award of the Nobel Peace Prize for 1947 to the American and British Friends Service Committees. The Quakers have been foremost in the work of postwar relief and rehabilitation in which Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish agencies have been active.

Church World Service, most important of the general church agencies, set itself a goal of $60,000,000 for relief during the year. The office of the World Council of Churches, in Geneva, has been a central agency for collecting specific information about needy places and for administering relief. All that has been done has been too little; but if the need has been vast beyond precedent, so also has been the effort to meet it.

Observers will probably agree that the American churches have been busier than usual in the pursuit of their own institutional ends. Most churches have had substantial increases in membership, larger attendance at services, more social activity, and ample funds for carrying on their work.

The accumulated need for new or enlarged buildings has been reflected in many plans, but less actual construction has been launched than was anticipated at the beginning of the year, when it was reported that church building projects totaling $60,000,000 were about to be undertaken.

Reasons for the hesitation to sign contracts and start building will be evident to anyone who has recently tried to get the south porch enclosed or a new set of front steps built. Certainly the over-building of which some had been apprehensive has not occurred. There are, however, signs in a few areas that some of the urgently-needed construction is beginning.

The paradox of high denominational morale together with an accelerated drive toward union is still visible, as it was last year, and is perhaps even more conspicuous. The denominational consciousness expresses itself in, and is enhanced by, the evangelistic and financial campaigns now in progress, the revival of foreign missions, with some tendency toward a greater degree of cooperation but far less than many hoped for, and the stress upon world-wide denominational fellowship by some of the larger communions.

Lutherans from thirty countries, meeting at Lund, Sweden, June 30, formed a Lutheran World Federation. The Baptist World Alliance crowded the little city of Copenhagen with 5,000 visitors at the end of July. The seventh Methodist Ecumenical Conference met at Springfield, Mass., late in August. The Disciples of Christ held a World Convention at Buffalo, N.Y., early in August.

The movement toward Christian unity, in America and elsewhere, marks definite progress during the year. Abroad, the most notable event was the inauguration of the Church of South India. A service in the cathedral at Madras on September 27 signaled the consummation of prolonged efforts dating from 1919. This church unites the Anglican, Methodist and “United” (Presbyterian and Congregational) churches of that area into a single body with about 1,100,000 members, including families.

In America, the union between the Evangelical Church and the United Brethren, forming the Evangelical United Brethren, with a membership of about 700,000 became an accomplished fact at the uniting conference in Johnsonstown, Pa. A proposed merger of the Congregational Christian Churches with the Evangelical and Reformed Church is so far advanced that its completion is probable news for 1948. Disciples of Christ and Northern Baptists have commissions consulting in regard to union, and the national conventions of both bodies this year gave encouragement to the project.

(Continued on page 1261)
BISHOP QUAYLE: A CHARACTER STUDY

It was our privilege in Baltimore to hear Bishop Quayle in his first sermon after his election, delivered in our First Church. The crowd filled every seat and packed the aisles almost an hour before time for beginning service. The sermon was from the text, "The sparrow hath found a nest for herself, even Thine altars, O God." It would be useless to try to report it. The bishop laid it onto the poor sparrow so hard that we began to feel sympathetic for the abused little bird and inclined to tell a point of order and enter a protest in the name of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He showed how numerous and frequent he was; how small and insignificant; how unimpressive and lacking in gorgeous plumage; how ungifted in song; how limited in architectural capacity—generally stealing or "renting" a nest; how quarrelsome and unneighborly; how unsparing—contenting himself with short flights (like lyrical poetry) and never soaring high. And yet this mean and "ornery" little bird—"two of them sold for half a farthing, and if you bought a whole farthing's worth you had seven thrown in extra"—had a friend in God and its nest in God's very altars.

And so he made the bird the type of "just common folks—and that includes most of us;" the people of one or two talents only—the conspicuous, unknown, common-place run of people that make up the great mass of humanity; people that don't belong to the Four Hundred, whose names or pictures are seldom or never in the papers, who are not known beyond a narrow circle, who live rather humdrum lives, who are not very brilliant in conversation, art, or music, and who have the general list of failings and faults of poor, erring, sinful humanity. "Just folks." But God loves and cares for every one of them. Like the sparrows, they are to find a place for themselves in the great, wide-open Church of Jesus Christ, whose warm heart went out to the multitude. The Church is not for perfect people, but just for the most faulted and imperfect, to help them along. Let people who think it hard work to join a Church be shown, by the unconditional welcome extended them, that there's nothing easier in the world. Let those who say they have doubts and hardly know whether they believe what the Church believes or not be shown that the chief thing is not dogma but life, and that right thinking will generally follow an honest endeavor after right living with God's help, and therefore the Church is the place for them. Let those who feel acutely that their lives are stained and who say that they are not good enough to join the Church be assured that the Church exists for just such as they—to help them in their desires and struggles for stronger, holier characters.

Such was the broad and gracious thought that the good bishop developed with touching anecdote and incident, moving his audience now to smiles and now to tears. His manner is inimitable and unrepeatable. He is unique, original, sui generis—like Hood's Sarazenilla, "peculiar to itself." His largest charm consists in his individuality. The most of us have been run into molds rather similar, and our variations are not striking. The mold that God used in shaping Quayle was evidently broken up soon after. He is all himself and he is all there. Who could either mimic or describe that inimitable drawl that amazes prolongation of the vowel sounds? If any of our young preachers are tempted to pattern after his delivery, they will find the task too much for them and, if they attempt it, will make plopplays of themselves.

If any more "profound" and "logical" preacher is inclined to criticize the taste of the crowds who came to hear preaching that he characterizes as "light," let him reflect that in such a case as this, surely, the old adage is true that "nothing succeeds like success." The crowds come to hear such preaching because that's the kind they like, and they like it because it strikes the human note. It gets hold of the heart. It has to do with everyday life and emotions. They feel that the speaker loves them and is in sympathy with them in their daily grind, their ordinary joys and sorrows, and the up-and-downs of their trying to be good and decent. And the crowd is not to be blamed for going after such a man. Let the rest of us, whom the crowds are not running after to any alarming extent—at least not so as to imperil the safety of the church building—keep respectfully still and thank God that there are some few preachers who, in this age of religious indifference and non-church-going, are able to draw people to them by the magnetism of their personality and humanity and by the charm of their matter, voice, and manner. While we gladly recognize this, let us ourselves not get discouraged. God has use for us, too, though we may move in narrower circles and minister to fewer hearers. A true man's true message is never lost in the world.

For ourselves, we are quite reconciled to the fact that William A. Quayle is made a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. We have known him of old. We assured him in Baltimore that we never allowed any such comparatively insignificant thing as that of a man's being elected bishop to interfere with our personal friendship for him. We will strengthen the Episcopal Board by the very fact that he is "another kind." We want men of legal talent, of pronounced administrative and executive ability on the Board—men able to interpret knotty points of constitutional law; men who, when presiding, know what to do with amendments, substitutes, and previous questions, when they come ambling down the aisle—but we also need men whose chief characteristics are brotherliness, red-bloodedness, geniality, loveliness, with the "human" in them felt in every electrifying handshake; and we need men that shall bring into the Board the genius for literature, the love of poetry, the touch of sentiment. Now, Bishop Quayle will not find himself alone in these particulars among his colleagues. It would be invidious to particularize, but "there are others," both among the recently elected and their predecessors—men, like himself, that have preached to big audiences and men that can lecture and can write poems on occasion and books that are real literature. Like the little band of the twelve apostles, the Episcopal Board represents many varieties of talent and temperament, and it is well.

But how about that "unit rule"? Will Bishop Quayle be smothered under that blanket? More than once have we heard it asserted that, no matter how interesting and original a man may be, after he's been bishop for a time his angularities are all rubbed off, he runs along smoothly in his appointed groove and becomes conventional and unexceptional. But we shall see.
Bishop Quayle
ARTHUR A. GHIOBNE.

It is reported that Dr. William A. Quayle, of Chicago, is to be one of the new bishops of the Methodist church. A story goes with this announcement—one of those thrilling romances of the rise of the lowly which fill the annals of everyday American life.

Some twenty years ago, when we were all that much younger, "Billy" Quayle was a tall, rawboned, lanky youth, a student at a Methodist college—"working his way through." He was a shrewd, the gray college cut-up, used to say of him that his feet didn’t "tread." They made considerable noise of him, and smiled condescendingly when he was mentioned.

"Billy" Quayle wore "jeans," the gray variety which seem to have now disappeared. His "pants" were of the "hiawatha" variety, and the girls were disposed to laugh at him. All of which seemed to trouble him not at all. He went on saving wood and making corn and turning his big, red, chapped hands to whatever there was to do that might make it possible for him to learn things. In the time between he studied his books hard and burned his smoky kerosene lamp for the night. The next day he was always alertly "on the job" at recitations and made the fancy lad feel foolish when it came to a "quiz." He had, withal, a delightful sense of humor, the world seemed a good sort of place to him, and his philosophy was of the smiling sort.

Even in these days he developed an ability to get up on his legs and talk effectively in the debating societies. So he chose the ministry and shaped his course toward the time when he should be ordained to preach the Methodist faith, with a leaning toward a religion of happy optimism rather than a preoccupation of "hell fire.

They "tired him on the dog," frequently, sending him out to the nearer country neighborhoods to deliver sermons in school houses and at cross-road churches. A few who heard him understood the rare quality of his mind and soul. He was the 霣 of many of them, who expected the regular thing in rural exhortation. Gradually he attracted the attention of those who appreciated the better part and "Billy" Quayle, with his gentle humor, his practical good sense, his knowledge of the best books, which came from long hours of well-directed reading, and his downright straightforward way of being noticed and discussed by those who knew the kidney of a big man. When he graduated he was given an abbey position and formed his little church. He preached them a gospel free from sultry fumes and threats of punishment. He made them laugh and cry. He taught them that sympathy and charity and brotherly love was the true religion. He divorced them from their allegiance to the hoggy-God who seemed always terrible in wrath. The young man, big physically and mentally; big in his sympathies and in his faith, led his people nearer the Numine and the God that is good. The work he did as a country preacher bore fruit and many were made better thereby.

He was not long relegated to crying in the wilderness, however. The church elders heard of him, and he was called to the presidency of his alma mater. There his usefulness wrought greater works. He wrote books, traveled abroad and lectured on pertinent things where a few thoughtful were gathered together. The largest church in Kansas City called him from the college, and he was there the strongest man among the pulpits, as he had been in his smaller capacities.

The world needs such men and goes out in search of them, so in due time he was drafted by the chief Methodist church of Chicago. In the larger city he has been a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. His image is stamped on Chicago's affairs so indelibly that Dr. Quayle is no small institution in the big lake city.

And now, "Billy" Quayle is going to be a bishop, the greatest American church before him will part forty. He is by long odds the biggest man Methodists have summoned to the seats of the mighty in recent years. And like a boy, remember him when he saved wood and "smoke house" to make his way through a free-college college, while the other boys and girls "bored on Dad" and made fun of his clothes and his awl-threads. Yet they say there is no chance for a poor boy or girl in this country, and that the iron hand of poverty is upon us. They said it when "Billy" Quayle was at Butler university, just as they do now, and yet "Billy" Quayle is a bishop and one of America's really great men. —Portland Oregonian.

The Birth of a Bishop
(Continued from page 1253)
died. He wrote of her death:
"My earliest recollection was this: a dead woman's face, and she was my mother. I never see her face flushed with life, and her eyes glared with the sunlight of that infinite mercy called a mother's love. I never see that, but only the dull, cold marble, passionless as if it had forgotten the beauty of love."
Thus it was that the atmosphere surrounding Quayle's birth and youth included the struggle against loneliness and poverty which was so characteristic of frontier life.

Just as Thomas Quayle labored in gold mines, worked in the fields of Kansas and fought Indians, so his son William sought the elements of sin he found in the hearts of men, his early life being a training ground for the work he loved. Yet, there was something elemental about the birth and life of William A. Quayle, and that something was sensed by the men and women who listened to him preach.

Little Stories of the Bishops
A few days ago, while Bishop Quayle was lecturing under the auspices of the Chautauqua at Bona, Ill., the roar of a large aeroplane was heard growing louder and louder. Those upon the outskirts of the audience became restless and a few started to leave. The nervous men to expectorate with the speaker, let the aeroplane go. It was a quick for two. He expected that the aeroplane would come back, but the aeroplane flew away. It scattered like children from school, but when the last aeroplane had disappeared the audience returned to their seats, and Bishop Quayle. They were waiting to see him and hear another story. However, the bishop did not: he carried his audience with him, and it was not until he had said the last word that they were dropped to earth again.
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SCIENCE AND PROGRESS
The era has a single estate covering 90,000,000 acres.
It is estimated that the total amount of coal in North China, where most of the coal fields, is 650,000,000,000,000 tons.
In China the salt tax is a government monopoly. It is one of the principal sources of the empire, yielding about $2,000,000,000 a year.
The deepest hole in the world has been bored in Siberia. It has reached a depth of about 7,500 feet and passed through 82 beds of coal.
Canada's three prairie provinces will spend the aggregate sum of $1,325,000 in constructing telephone lines this year to be owned by the government.
The population of the world is now estimated to be about 1,500,000,000. Of this number 150,000,000 are black, 600,000,000 yellow and 700,000,000 white.
During 1907 the Chinese government spent nearly $100,000 for students studying in foreign countries. Japan got only half the money and the United States about one-fourth.

In the hope of discovering a preven

VESPER SERVICES
By DWIGHT A. JORDAN
The Fulfillment of Type—Refuge
in Messiah and the
Jesus—Prophet, Priest.
5. Jesus—the King.
William Alfred Quayle
1860-1925

A GREAT BISHOP . . . A FAMOUS PRESIDENT OF BAKER UNIVERSITY (1890-1894)

A freckled faced, freckled handed, red haired penniless young man of 21 came to Baker University seeking an education. Despite his lack of money, he was encouraged to pursue his goal. He had to work hard himself, but the doors of learning were opened to him and he was able to enjoy the rich treasures of the Bible and the world’s classic literature. He became Baker’s professor of Greek and other ancient languages, and nine years after he was a freshman, in 1890, he was elected president of Baker University.

His gift of the precious Quayle Bible Collection was a tribute to his alma mater as a place where young people will find encouragement to grow mentally, spiritually, and in all aspects of the complete personality.
Because Bishop Quayle loved Baker, because he loved young people, and because he loved books, he left his precious Bible collection to Baker University.

This bibliophile, this lover of nature, this author, this man of God, this Man among men emerged from obscure surroundings to greatness.

The late Homer Ebright, beloved Baker professor and oftentimes lecturer on the Quayle Bible collection, said of Bishop Quayle: "How can one explain him? His compelling magnetism which held audiences spellbound, his marvelous wizardry with words, his boundless energy which seemed never to need sleep, so that he read nearly all night—how can one explain such a many-sided personality?"

Born in Parkville, Missouri, in 1860, he early was orphaned, and came to make his home with relatives near Baldwin. After graduating from Baker in 1885, he quickly rose from adjutant professor, to preacher, to professor, to college president, to renowned as lecturer and preacher, and to bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His biography, written by his good friend and contemporary, Dr. Merton S. Rice, is entitled The Skylark of Methodism, and points out his Manx heritage and his love of nature: "The Manxman cannot be separated from the sea. He may be transplanted to some faraway land and tucked away across low-lying prairies over against the heavens, climbing mountains, but the sound of the sea is still in his soul."

With the first money he ever earned he purchased a copy of Shakespeare and all during his lifetime he continued to collect books. His lecture tours took him all over the country, and he always found time to browse in book stores. He kept in touch with rare book dealers, and when he died he left to Baker University the library known as the Quayle Bible collection.

People still living who heard him talk say his personality, his voice, and the words he used were of such power that hearing him speak was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Illustrating his gift of

"God Sows the Mind to the High Thought"

WILLIAM ALFRED QUAYLE

Bishop Quayle kept company with master minds of all ages. Poets, philosophers, essayists, theologians, novelists challenged his surging intellect, companioned with his titanic brain and enlivened his life with the wealth of their resources.

Bishop Quayle caught rare glimpses of God's truth and imprisoned them on paper to cheer and strengthen thousands. Fresh interpretations of nature and of God opened like lightning upon his heart, and he was eager to share them with God's world of people. —from early Baker literature

Words is this passage from his essay, "Books As a Delight":

"The lure of the book and the delight in the book! When a body remembers where a body has been and when a body remembers where a body may go, and when a body remembers what a book will do to a soul, and how it will lift a lad's feet out of the dirt and out of the stone-brises, and put him where there is not any dirt and where there are not any stone-brises, and where you don't have to wash your feet—that is heaven for the boy. Just those three things—no dirt, no stone-brises, and no washing of the feet, and the boy calls that heaven; he wants no better. Now, if Treasure Island will do it, isn't that good for the boy? And if Robinson Crusoe will do it, isn't that good for the boy? And if Tom Sawyer will do it, isn't that good for the boy? We men are all boys yet—please God. When a man gets so old he is not a boy, then he should die; he is not worth staying around. These unboyish men, how they do jitter up the world!"

When he retired, he chose to live in Baldwin at his home, Dreamhaven. At his death in 1925 the bell in his yard was rung as he had requested, for it was a day of triumph. His tomb is a shrine for Methodist pilgrims who come from all over the world. On the stone is carved the sentence which he had chosen, " Allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel."

Since 1962 the famous Bible collection has been housed in the Spencer-Quayle Wing of the Baker University Library. This wing was erected and equipped by the Kenneth A. and Helen F. Spencer Foundation. With its seventeenth century English room and magnificent furnishings, it provides a fitting setting for the collection.

Looking at these rare old Bibles, one can imagine the joy Bishop Quayle found in possessing volumes with such entrancing nicknames as the "He" Bible, the "She" Bible, the "Wife-beater's" Bible, the "Whig" Bible, the "Breecher" Bible, the "Busti" Bible, the "Bug" Bible, the "Tweedle" Bible, the "Vinegar" Bible, and the "Cizzle" Bible.

Bishop Quayle's love of books and his genuine interest in young people made possible this collection at Baker. It has been maintained and added to since that time by others who are devoted to the beauty of the Book and to the education of youth.

Gifts to increase the Quayle collection of Bibles and of related books invite lovers of fine books to Baker and honor the memory of one who exemplifies the Baker University motto: "Let him first be a man."
THE QUAYLE BIBLE COLLECTION

"I give and bequeath to Baker University my collection of Bibles . . . where these books, illustrative of chirography, printing, and the poetry of religion, may be always before the eyes of students to the end that thereby they may be incited to scholarly love of books and deep enjoyment of them and abiding love of God."

The Quayle Bible Collection consists of four parts:

1. Books and other writings before the advent (in the Western World) of printing by movable type.
2. Incunabula or books printed before 1501 A.D.
3. Biblical works since 1501.
4. Non-Biblical works since 1500.

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- Biblia in Paste, Latin, 1471
- Coguerger Bible, Latin, 1475
- Venetian Biblia Sacra, Latin, 1476
- Coguerger Bible, Latin, 1477
- Venetian Biblia Sacra, Latin, 1478
- Biblia, Latin, 1479
- Biblia Sacra, Latin, 1482
- Venet Biblia Vulgata, Latin, 1453

*William A. Quayle, "Last Will and Testament." (unpublished papers, Baker University, Baldwin City, Kansas)

For additional information, write:
QUAYLE BIBLE COLLECTION,
BAKER UNIVERSITY,
BALDWIN CITY, KANSAS 66006
Bishop William

The Methodist world has long known Bishop Quayle as a peerless preacher. It must now rate him also as a prophet hard. This richly endowed son of nature and of God sings for very joy. For the first time in the history of Methodism one of our major prophets has claim to the garland of the poet. The little volume of 225 pages entitled "Poems, William A. Quayle," contains over 200 titles of quatrains, sonnets and more extended verse. As is well known Bishop Quayle is a Manxman and the surge of the everlasting sea is in his ears always. Thus in "A Son of the Vikings" he sings of his forbears:

A son of the Vikings, I,
Who walked on the wave,
Whose mother was the sun and sky,
And had the sea for a state.

A son of those men who drong
To sunsets in battle:
A son of those men who sang
On seacreatures by roll.

A son of those valiant old
Who knew the sea was wide,
And loved the dim waters that cuffed in their skirts the
But had the sea in their heart.

A son of those warriors and robots,
Whose wave and wind were strong,
The sea of a thousand lights,
Whose winds wet not their cheeks.

A son of those fearless men,
I must not falter now,
But with the wild strength of ten
Must seek where danger is.

And then shall death come to waken?
And then shall death come to waken?
And then shall death come to waken?

This bit of autobiography rang well
Which sings itself. The muse and thym
Of the ever-sounding sea moves in it.
His tribute to his mother is a rare bit
Of poetic description. Love and reverence
Fills his heart as he writes. This woman
Of whom he never knew much,
Through the lines in spectral beauty chases
The soul of our poet giving life and
And as he dreams of her across the
We must quote this hymn entitled
"Mother" entwined:

I knew her. She had a soul
Across the rare celestial blue
To seek her mother's sphere with God.
Ambled the mountains and the sea.

A fair sweet love to mother had
A mother, of woman worth.
A mother, of woman worth.
A mother, of woman worth.

Her heart was won for her life,
But her eyes were solemn, soon for it.
With devotion had a mother had,
Her heart was won for her life.

Her love for mother, love for life,
That love in which the soul is found
That love in which the soul is found.
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Her love for mother, love for life,
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That love in which the soul is found.

Her love for mother, love for life,
My patient, men shall come and pass,
Exalt as the wild lark's song,
And trample on your flowers and grown.
Nor know that name a love made strong.

Ye had for me the very breath
Of liberty—a grasping, we live.
I cannot be undone by death.
Ye need me of Eternity.

He is exalted by the flowers that grow on the prairies' fertile slope and lifts his voice in high refrain in praise of the "Desert Goldentaad.

Beneath a sky immeasurably clear,
Where barren, strewn with ashes were
The last light.
And desert rose the valley and the light.

The desert golden red resplendent grew
Upon its arid fame no drop of dew
Had ever damped, nor ever it might
Have borne to flood it stilled as a light.

But all its lifeblood from the world was swept
A wondrous splendor like a central sun.
A flame, exalted above all nature's flavor
A friendly ray like desert veldt at dawn.

A lily emblem of wild triumph worn
A subtle fruit for which no name
A mystery of the desert rise and roam.

Our poet sings of God and heaven and love and trust and life and death and deity. He speaks of the ultimate hopes of life fearless and unafraid. His Christ was marked the way before him and the cross is safe.

There is a field across the stream of death
Where a few few of earth's seminal seeds
Had found and made the crossing Site the valley.

The stream which had taken the first breath
The beveled brows, the thought of war drunk.

The stream across, the which no tears roll
When time old and pernicious death has dole.

With slumbering powers, we move on the brood.
Then the same lone path he trod the stream.
And all its beauty and its meaning less.
And standing, and walked, without as may
Marry's maid from start to crossing and suppying.

He found the fool and marked it with His Cross.
So none might miss the fold them-over days.

Death is not "the king of terror," but an angel with a smiling face to him. Listen as he pictures this radiant being.

I saw an angel with a smiling face
And beard like that which stood with grace
When a host of stars were measured.

And coming near him all at once
Far, as he stood, his manner ever most sweet.
And in a gentle break beside his feet
He swiftly cast a river of light
Some walk and cheer and brightness all day.

Surely needed and won a listen to the best.

But still the path in the stream he took.
And from his shoulders, swept heavy wine of the light.

"Tell me, sir, what is this," said I.

And there he stood, as in a manner.
As if to say, Wherever, I replied
"My Father. There I may say it in a manner.

"Lo, Wata!"—prairie fire of high renown, quick to the wind, the heat and burning of the day
And are tempted to complain of the sever

ity of the battle and the roughness of the way.

"I know the fight well,
The shock of battle great,
But I love Christ better near
To help me on and live.

I have a business here.
In this great world and field,
If I person with holy cheer,
Able to do my share.

So long as I may live,
A helper to the earth,
So long as I may work with Thee:
My work shall be my ministry.

Not one complaint I bring
Of toil or peril dark.
But at my work, content, safe.
Like Pilgrim at God's ask.

The reader may readily grant that this is fit to be a companion piece to Charles Wesley's immortal lyric, "A Charge to Keep I Have."

The list might be continued indefinitely. We may open the volume at any page and find refreshment for the jaded soul. It is a book that cheers and heartens and inspires the pilgrim on his way to the New Jerusalem. We close with the watchful verse entitled "The Nightingale's Day."

There is a land of milk and honey
Where flowing fountains never cease,
To drink and fill every desire,
Where joy and gladness evermore.

This is the Land, His hand and arm, to give
That life in all its beauty, grace, and charm
With never a sad and never a tear
Which needs no help and has no night.

My heart since school and youthful years
What time it labored, hands to play,
But now in kindly leading done.

While the rhythm of this meadow day,

Rev. P. W. Key, and wife, started from New York by Steamer St. Louis, July 18th, upon their return to Philadelphia, Euston Hotel.

Accompanying them were John Hudak Robinson and Miss Myrtle Robinson, son and daughter of Bishop J. E. Robinson, both of whom were en route to India.

"Still" It Was.

One day an old negro was brought in from the mountains of Georgia on suspicion of murdering an Irishman. There was no evidence against him.

"What's your name, prisoner?" asked the judge as he passed the shadefield black man.

"John Henry Jordan, judge," was the reply.


"No, judge," was the rapid answer, "in God's name.

"That's not what I thought you did make the moon shine."

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

"A train on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad stopped for lunch, bed and water," according to a story told at an Ohio railroad, and by Senator Burton, "and in a few minutes the train was ready to start. When we got to the point, the windows were all down, and the platform was perfect for a passenger to see the landscape.

"Isn't this fascinating?" he remarked to a man standing near.

"No, sir," replied the man, who happened to be a native and with his wife. "This is Grand Junction." Philadelphia Tele.
The Black Man and the Christ

The Semi-Centennial Address of The Freedmen's Aid Society, Delivered by Bishop W. A. Jones, D.D., at St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio

To a thoughtful mind and to a manly heart this must appear a momentous occasion, because it has to do with a race. Nothing on this earth is of any special importance save man. God built the world for him, and if man moves out of this world, God will dismantle it like an unoccupied house. It was one of the weighty sayings of Mrs. Palmer recorded by her husband in that fascinating biography of her he penned, "Nothing counts but people." The novelists know that; the dramatists know that; the historians know that; the schoolteachers know that; the preachers know that. We have passed that station on the road where one class of supposedly superior people counts, and are running into the station where all kinds of people count. A novelist entitled his fiction, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." It is the title of the world's most momentous interest. Some men have inherited Plato; all men have inherited Jesus, but Jesus, not Plato, is Lord of the society of the planet now and of the society of the future. Plato is like a tale that is told; Jesus is like a tale which is just barely begun in the radiant telling. Wherefore, Humanity's thrilling narrative is only beginning to be recited.

A race! What an electrical word that is, shot through with light and flame! A race—a huge block of men, a kinshipship by blood, by history, by suffering, by shipwreck, by survival. What a fervid, vital thing a race is! How weighty like a mountain range and, like a mountain range, cold and bleak and dangerous and high and smitten with health and cooling with its pines and streams—a Great Divide of History and Civilization. A race is a momentous thing and an agonizing thing.

We are here tonight to look a race in the face and take a race by the hand and give a smile and a word of cheer to a mighty race at march toward the what it is to be.

It is hard to quiet the pulse if we get the significance of this scene. This is no pleasant passing of compliments to a little company on whom we wish to confer some blemishments. This is no hour of flattery. This is no hour of mummery. This is no hour for speaking formal speech. This is no hour for a little rosewater to be sprinkled on the uplifted face of a congregation. This is an hour with a race, and with a race twice the size of the English race at the time of the Puritan Rebellion, and three times the multitude of the American people at the time of the American Revolution. And a race which,
sum totally, occupies the second largest
of the continents.

My friends and brothers, we are this
night facing our masters and talking to
our masters. These are men of world bulk
and world destiny. "It doth not yet ap-
pear what they shall be!"

We are not here to patronize this race.
There is no man competent to patronize
any race but God, and God does not do it.
He does not patronize a race. He loves
it and died for it. I am vexed with the
cheap condescension of small men who
would blandly smile on a race as to say,
"You do well, for you and I notice your
presence and progress, but, to be sure, be-
tween us is a great gulf fixed." God may
some day wither such little souls with a
word, or he may omit the word and use
only a look. As touching races we be
brothers. The thought is God's and must
later or sooner become ours. Toward it
we do well to run. God stands on the top
of that Hill.

It is the black race we are here to cele-
brate; the bond-servants of the centuries,
the burden-bearers, the men of the wide
foot crushed flat with centuries of heavy
loads, and with faces burnt black by ex-
posure to the centuries of scorn of suns;
the black race bound for the thousands
of years and hunted from their jungles;
their black and sweaty bulbs shot in ship-
holds like swine, cursed, despised, bought,
sold, hearts broken: a race cast down, but
not destroyed—thank God, "but not de-
stroyed"!

A race which since the twilight of the
morning of history has been the servant
of mankind. For how long a time has
that word "servant" been a reproach, an
underling! A sneer was ever on the lip
which pronounced "servant." "Nobody
but a servant," "a mere servant," a scull-
ion, a watcher of swine, a server of tab-
les, a doer of kitchen work, a holder of
horses, a thing for everybody's beck and
call, a servant whom any one might snipe
in the face at will, or lash on the back,
dismiss, kick, shroud, and no word be
spoken in reply. It was a long, long road
the road where the servants staggered and
fainted and fell in the way, and no one
cared enough to bury them. The vultures
and hyenas rendered that kindly service.

Then came Christ, and himself became
a servant, a manual, a body servant to
lepers, a street cleaner of the world, a
washer of feet, girding himself with a
towel and at the same breath saying, "I
am Master and Lord," and "I am the serv-
ant of all."

And on that day the world swung to a
new center. At that center it stands. Noth-
ing occurs to remold it to the old des-
perate littleness and leniency. The serv-
ants are the ruling class of history now.
We see that still Jesus was here.

The working class has become the ruling
class. Russian peasantry has climbed into
a throne which is the last lordly exhibi-
tion of the majesty of the under man. That
irretrievable change would make Cesar
pale as if the Gauls smote him on the helmet. We are in the thick of the new régime. In the days of Louis XVI it was the rule of the aristocrat; in the days of the French Revolution it was the rule of the proletariat; in the days of the twentieth century it is the rule of the democrat. Man has come to the throne. The working man is clothed in purple and holds scepter and sword.

This black race has worked since it was born from its mother's arms by the slothful and sloth. Christ has enthroned the servant. "He that would be chief among you, let him be servant of all." If that be not the setting the black race in the seats of the mighty, I cannot catch the meaning of words.

We celebrate therefore tonight a race that is a world-worker. He is singing; he is uncomplaining; he is a light sleeper; he is not penniless in the choice of a job; he easily and quickly adjusts his shoulders to any load; he complains little save on the lands and to God. He is born in the tropics; he has been at the North Pole. That black but brooding race is present here this night and owns this occasion. The night is his, not ours. The ten millions of black faces—babies, child, man, woman—who have fluttering across their foreheads the shadow of a flag lit with stars, they peer at us tonight. This is their hour. Think not that we who seem to sit at this gathering are the real audi-
tors. These ten millions of black Ameri-
cans constitute this congregation. They gather black as a wide cloud shone through by the white stars, and they are not all this pleasant, sunny, uncomplaining company. More than a hundred million men are footing it this way. Africa is tramp-
ing across the highway of the sea. Either they come. This is one of the days of the Son of man. We who come hither are brethren of that friend of Africa and friend of God who on a night while at prayer in an African jungle was hushed to sleep by God. We are brethren of Da-

vid Livingstone, and are grandly set to heal the open sore of the world, which is not solely the slave trade. We are set as men to give black Africa its place in the Sun. It must have Sun-up. It must have a book and read. It must have a pen and write. It must have a holiday and sing and play. It must have an open road to a man's chance. It must have safe conduct from mob violence while it walks across the ages. We are here for that. We are not playing here tonight. We are praying here tonight. We are dreaming our lead here tonight. We are sing-
ing tonight. We are seeing here tonight that crowd that walks into the world's white to-morrow.

A race solemn, yet glamorous, this event. A race breaks on our vision like a head-
lord of the sea up-plunging through salt sea fogs.

Pulsably a race would suffice to make this night sublime; yet, is not that all the
biography of this hour. This is a race invited by God! A stilled and broken people to whom God has come with laughter on His face and in His voice, and a rainbow in His hand to put above their heads. We celebrate fifty years of the Holy Methodist Episcopal Church in Its high attempt to bring the black race Christ and comfort and holiness and health, freedom of the brain and heart. To be sure, whoever helps the black man is the perpetuator and benefactor of America. No savor benefactor has arisen under our flag of dawn and stars than the Freedmen's Aid Society. As an effort of American patriotism nothing has excelled it in felicity of conception and wisdom of execution. But the Society was more than an effort of Americanism. It was a wild exploit for God, like a Columbus venture across the inclement seas. The men are dead who dreamed this dream. I wish they might be here. They should hold a high festival. I wish John M. Whalen of the crazy yet tender heart were here, who went to Kansas to help make it free and came to Cincinnati to be a brother to a race, which for so long had had no brother save the Father Brother Christ. No orchid is beautiful as the Freedmen's Aid Society. I can see God standing and looking and smiling as he looks upon His loveliness. It is doing what Christ did when he was our neighbor on the ground. Help for the neediest. Not a Red Cross Society, but a White Cross Society. A giver of hope, a teacher of big but ignorant hands, a teacher of housekeeping and homemaking, of farming and building, of cleanliness and health, of political economy of the practical sort; but above this hand-employment a teacher of brain and will, a stimulator of intelligence, a maker of teacher and doctor and preacher, but beyond a maker of women and men. Not above the teacher of mankind condition of the servant, but the constructor of a human soul, the planting the inebryable in the brain and heart, the giver of courage, the nurturer of valor, of virtue, of holiness, the missionary of the holy gospel of the clean heart, being the prelude to all melody, the giver of a bond-servant race to understand it was a man, and that God had set a rainbow on the black man's path, where hitherto had been no visible presence but the cloud at storm—that is the Freedmen's Aid Society. Oh, Freedmen's Aid Society, what skies of sunshine you have spilled on the black man's path till where his thorn-pierced, naked and bleeding and bruised feet pressed the hard road, the spring flowers bloomed, and by the way the songbirds with their shining wings fluted their melody! A beautiful Society, if ever you have been downhearted and questioned the worth-whileness of your service, know that in His beautiful book of biography of things that ought to be God has a shining page set apart to thee. the heading whereof is: "The Christlike Helper of Helpless Folk Whom
But God leans over that shining page!

If the “Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed,” is a far-sounding word said by Christ, Nations nor men have caught that majestic import yet. We are so slow to learn. The safety of the world lies only in the possession of the Christ, and in the presence of the Christ; and in the proclamation of the Christ. Give men Christ, and all things worth the having will ensue. So says Redemption. So says History. Battling millions captained by Grant and Lincoln had changed a race from things to men. They should be sold no more unless they sold themselves. But history had seen race after race sell itself body and soul, and those men who founded the Freedmen’s Aid Society had read history enough to know that real Redemption comes only from God and that a race unfettered was a dangerous race until it had a new heart. Master whose other name was Christ. So Christian brotherliness took a hand. Christ bade down and took the black man by his bleeding hand, saying: “I say unto thee, Arise and walk.” And brethren of Christ took his hand and said, “Walk this way. This way goeth Christ.” So our event is the intrusion of the Abolitionist and All-loving and All-tender God upon the scene, and men at work with him. God at work upon a race! He had done this before. It was not new work to God. He had wrought so with Israel. He had wrought so with the Anglo-Saxon. He would do as much for Africa. He was not new in this making and remaking of a race; but we were new. Such stirring business was an untried instrument in our hands. Bricks with straw had we made, but not bricks without straw. Yet God had spoken, saying, “Help those folks of mine,” and the Freedmen’s Aid Society sang out, “We hear Thee and obey.” This night celebrates a conspiracy of God and good men to redeem a great hurt race.

A half century working at being a Christian brother, a half century of seeing how august a business is the making of a race and the tuition of a race by God! The sight has always charged my blood with martial fervor above the beat of battle-drums. I see the race; I see the Christ, and Him marching smilingly at its head and smiling, always smiling, looking back and smiling; looking down and smiling, looking forward and smiling, and the black race wiping its tears away and forgetting its age-long wounds and looking and smiling!

These black folks present two aspects on which we do excellently well to dwell. First, they are citizens of America; second, they are citizens of Africa. We cannot split this sphere into hemispheres. It abides a sphere. In American Africa resides the destiny of African Africa. The deed is vast, like the making of a world or the spilling of a star, yet by so much the more does the trumpet sound. "Do the
sublime deed." We must keep this thing in its magnitude always before the eyes of our mind, of our patriotism, our heart, our world-instructed and endeavor. Whoso helps African Africa helps America. This is a study in patriotism, a service under the flag and for it. We need not fool ourselves. No program of nullifying the Constitution which guarantees these citizens of America certain rights can long continue. The voice of right has strange carrying power and cannot permanently be stifled. The black man is a citizen. He did not come here, as all of the others of us came here, voluntarily to be a citizen. He was stolen and brought here to shoulder our burdens gratis. Never mind. He is here. That is the one assured thing. He is here; he will stay; he has a right to stay; he pays his board; he works his way; one tenth of the bulk of the population of the United States of America is black. That tenth will have the deciding weight, the deciding voice, the deciding arm, the deciding sword. That black giant looms extravagantly vast. His name might readily be Ever. His name is Hope.

In my public life, sowing in loving people of every race, I have observed certain things about the black man: (1) He is not a tramp. Not three black men in my lifetime have begged at our door. Thousands of other men have. (2) He is self-supporting. That is what the above credential means. He does not ask alms; he wants work and usually gets it; he expects no favors, and God knows he has received few favors. He remembers his asking bread which has made him the recipient of a stone. If he has little work he lives on short rations, but is no beggar. If some active mind is thinking, "he takes things"; my reply is, he takes little. That old allegation is accurate. In Southern States many hotels have no keys, though their rooms often open on the "gallery." The white race may well refrain from speaking of thievery till its honesty improves. (3) He does not solicit the bounty of burial. He does not find his last bed in a pauper's graveyard. A multitude of black men and women in America is insured in some organization to insure his being buried at his own charges. Many people not black might wisely copy this self-respecting ordinance. (4) He is not a Socialist. He does not care for the exploit of dividing other people's goods up, nor holding goods in common. (5) He is not discontented. He is not a haranguer. He does not support a walking deputation. For years I have listened to the street-corner orator, the warer of discussion, and have not found the black man much in evidence in the audience, and seldom a congratulator of the unscrupulous and unprincipled speaker. (6) He is never an anarchist. He believes in man, in God, in the divine and human government. Though he has suffered much at the hands of men and governments, he has not grown pessimist, nor anarchistic. He does not
decent order and law. He laughs, which is not a deed the anarchist is expert in. (7)
He is social. He enjoys his kind. He
lovers with his fellows. His make-up is
musical, sociable, quick to see humor, and
sure neighbor to wholesome laughter.
(8) His bias is religious. He feels the tug
divine command and divine love. His
nature is unwearying and amenable to the
divine. God thinks this a mighty matter
in man or race. So must wise men and
statesmen. The black man does not quite
square his profession and his conduct.
Neither does the white man nor any other
man. Conduct, however, will ultimately
climb to the altitude of the faith pos-
sessed. The black man has a God; and
that faith, that love, has all ascent in its
feet. No Calvary will be missed in ascent
for him in due time. (9) He is not bitter.
We could not blame him if he were. He
has had abundant, superabundant cause.
To his praise, he is not. He has not culti-
vated the venom of apps. Though poor
and often in penury, he does not rant nor
grow vicious in discontent. He has drunk
sunlight. He is not. When members of his
race have been hushed (insulted men, it
often turned out afterwards), I have not
heard him sap in bitterness. His gentle-
ness made my heart weep bitterly. (10)
He is an American. In this present time
of our national life that is not a bad thing
to have around. When so many have been
traitors and when so many are essentially
traitors now, it is stabilizing to have an
absolutely true American in our midst.
When so many have come hither for the
"pursuit of happiness," in which they have
succeeded, and possess equality, comforts,
riches, and the peaceful pursuit of their
vocations without enforced military serv-
ices, yet these same people are volitionals if
not operative, traitors to the land which
should be the land of their love, then the
black men, with not a tithe of their reason
to be patriotic, are as firm as a rock for
America. No one thinks of a traitor
among them. The thought would provoke
laughter. They love the flag. Can any
as much? Does any American who knows
the black man think that that race would
hesitate to die for the flag? Nay. He
would run to the battle. He is brave.
The black man, as I have seen him, knows
no fear. Getting hurt does not worry him.
Harshness does not make him peevish.
While machinists have instigated our
next-door neighbors to stab us in the back,
it is good to know that our black American
citizens will man every mile of wire fence
which borders Mexico off from us, and that
dwellers along the fence could go to sleep
without having a lamp lit, and wake in
safety. The black sentiment would not
shudder nor fail. For these reasons
among others I count the black one of
America's assets. He works. He laughs.
He is American in instinct and devotion.
He squares with our sense of law and free-
dom and with the high sense of our Amer-
ican inheritance as Christians.
But his enemies say he is lazy. Let the white race, whose labor he has so long sweated under, be slow to throw that stone. They say his women lack virtue. Until the white man becomes a gentleman with a helpless womanhood he has disdainedly debauched, let that word sink into silence. They say he is brutal. While white men continue bruising black men with inhuman delight, let that accusation wither on the lips. They say he is barbarian in his looks and deeds, to which the caustic reply civilization has to make is that in the presence of deeds in the matter of inhuman warfare, the black man is a saint and deserves canonizing.

No, brothers, the non-black races will do admirably well to observe a discreet silence. Compared with many of them the black man is a petty sinner. I marveled at the intellect of critics of the black man. They should study humor lest they be considered grotesque. I am not here as a panegyrist of the black man and the black woman. Truly, they have their abundance of failings, weaknesses, faults, coarseness, sensuality. I overlook none of these, but solely contend that these are not black-racial; they are racial. All races made in that sorry bag of pitch. I contend for fair play. I contend that no race known to history has done so much for itself and for its elevation and bettering in so brief a space as those lately liberated black men. If we are not dead to wonder we shall stand amazed. If we are not dead to progress, we shall lift the song. I do not deal in statistics. They are printed and can be read. They read like a tale of adventure and outshine Andelin's lamp. With so few for them, with so many against them, with the jungle in them with its teeth and claw, with the jungle about them here and everywhere, with its teeth and claw, with their lukewarm friends, with their hostile critics, with their humorously friendly critics lacking profound and prophetic forecast of their destiny, with their own failure to bravely make themselves to their own self-help, with their flaw of striving to be like the white race rather than establishing the pride of their own race—yet, with all, they have surprised God. My heart aches when I think of the hot mart their naked feet have trodden; but my heart sings when I see the swiftness of their journey till it seems to me they have run with b Mild's feet and sometimes have taken the wings of eagles.

As history reckons ago, they are we children. What is a half century to God or civilization? What speed did the Anglo-Saxon make? He was chafed in his doddering last. Modernly in history hurried much. Israel was distinctly rocky. You cannot name a swift runner among all the races. God will set this solitary race in families. He will light their candle, nor suffer any wind to blow it out.

Brothers, what we need in this race ascent is the penetrative sense of God.
Ethiopian was the first missionary exploit out of Palestine. And we read that God was the missionary’s chariot to bring him to the mission field. This missionary who had to borrow a ride from God, found himself barefooted near an Ethiopian in a chariot. We shall need to acclimate our thought in history to the Ethiopian in his chariot. He is scheduled to ride in the chariot and, for ought we can say, to have a white man for his chauffeur.

I conceive then that this ten million Africans in America are the most magnetic fragment of any living people. They hold the more than a hundred millions of Americans in Africa in their molding hands. As extremes of the world we must look this giant in the face. He is not asleep nor paralyzed. Friends of the human race are under oath to be friends with the black race even as American patriots are under oath to be friends of the black American patriots. Africa is the most splendid theater for coming history this world presents and its subject is redemption and at the hands of these American Africans. Black humanity converted, sanctified, as it has been redeemed by the great kind God, is the theme of this hour. God and the black man, God and the red man, God and the brown man, God and the yellow man, God and the white man—that is history not come to catastrophe, but come to virtue, valor, diligence, frugality, contentment, glory and honor, and to the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

As, in this view, black Americans are not a liability, but an asset, so black Methodists are not a liability, but an asset. We are Christians, though Methodists. We must not forget where we are and what has happened to us. We belong to Christ, the world Bretheren and the world Saviour. We are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ. The cross is on every hill where we are to make our oblation and our prayer. That is not primarily a Methodist doctrine. It is primarily a universal Christian doctrine. There is no color line with God. God is color-blind. I bless him that that is so, for our complexion are such a pestilential commodity. We all need complexion powder.

I hope God may not give scrutiny to our skins, but look deep into our hearts, as his age-long custom has been, and he will, for was not his Son, after the flesh, a Jew?

Two Methodists would become one. There is one way to become one: namely, to have fewer than two. Making more than two and calling the product one, betrays an ignorance of arithmetic. Either the addition table or the multiplication table could give the process of forming accurately. The Methodist Episcopal Church is a world church. That is its glory. Such church Christ loved and died for. The world of politics and commerce has come to the world in a mad, To retreat from a world church would be to sin against our century and the sense of largeness we have learned of Christ. Now, if
two Methodisms are to become one, to ig-
nore the black man, to snub him would
not only be inexcusable in a democracy,
but will be sin against God. The black
man is a logical and redeemed and im-
pressive part of Methodism. It is one of
its most notable missionary trophies and
treasures. Methodism is not an artific-
racy, with one class clad in purple and
fine linen and the other class a Gibeonite
hewer of wood and drawer of water. We
are common guests at the common table
of our God. The Lord's Supper is our com-
mon feast. The Board of Bishops of the
Methodist Episcopal Church declared the
black man a part of Methodism, equal in
privilege and service, and that Methodism
wanted it so. In this the Board under-
stood the General Conference to concur.
Who, then, is qualified to suggest to the
man with a black skin that his place is
preferable to his company? The answer
is patent. Nobody is qualified. If the
union of Methodism is to be paid for with
such a price, the price is too high. Chris-
tianity is at the issue; the missionary en-
terprise of the future is in the issue; the
world kingdom of Jesus Christ is in the
issue; fidelity to the Son of God who loved
us and gave himself for us all is in the
issue; an unfragmented Christianity is
in the issue.

One member of a household by any other
of that household, or by anybody outside
that household, must not be invited out or
down. The table is set. At its head sits

nothing but Christ; and who can tell
whether the Beloved Disciple is to be
white or black in the perpetuated festival
of love and sacrifice and salvation for man-
kind?

Yes, brothers, we must hold with Christ.
I question the motive of no church or man.
I only mark the motive of God. His face
is set. His Jerusalem has in its popula-
tion "clad in vesture dipped in blood" peo-
ples come from every tribe under heaven;
and they are there to constitute one tribe
in heaven. We dare not sell our birthright.
For myself, I want to belong to no white
church. I want to belong to the church of
the living God, which is without spot be-
fore him, and whose communicants are
from all the races redeemed by the very
precious blood of Christ.

Holding a black conference once, I
found a father and a son members of it,
and I made remark in hearing of the Con-
ference how it moved my heart to see fa-
thar and son in the fellowship of the min-
istry, and in the name of Methodism I
thanked the father for giving his son to
the ministry of the church of our common
love. Wherein he arose and in his
courtesy of manner said: "Bishop, this
boy is the son of my first love, long gone
from me; and I sent him to school. I ped-
dled oysters to get the money. I paid his
way. I asked no help. It was my joy.
When I am dead I will leave him to the
Methodist church of my love." And the
Conference nodded, and I with it, and then
we sing! Can you think, brothers, that a race which can produce such poetry of fatherhood will not come in due season to distinction, honor, and far-distant benediction to the world.

I want to see the heavenly harps harping on their harps. 'Twill be a famous orchestra. I hope to sit near and see the harpins' fingers what time they play the tune of Redemption, called "The Song of Moses and the Lamb"; and if I sit close (being privileged of God), I surely will see the fingers glancing like rain down the strings of the harps—red fingers of America's primitive race, yellow fingers of Asia's farthest East watching the sunrise, brown fingers of India's folk lifting their eyes for morning on Himalaya's crests, black fingers of Africa schooling to lift heads what time they lifted song white fingers of the race whose joy it was to spread abroad the gospel of the Son of God—all fingers uniting the harpins given into rhapsody.

"Now, unto him that loved us and gave himself for us, be glory, glory, glory!" Hands, hands, the multicolored hands of a redeemed race!

And in the midst of the tumult of harps, heaven shall climb to kiss the feet of Christ!

The Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a corporation under the laws of the State of Ohio, having its headquarters at 429 Parnell Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, has given over half a century of home service in the industrial, intellectual, moral, and religious education of the Black Race in America. Circuits of information concerning its schools and their students will be sent on request.

Correspondence.—All correspondence relative to the administration of the Society should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. P. J. Maxey or C. Garnett Webber, 429 Parnell Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Donations.—They should be sent in drafts, checks, registered letters, or post-office orders to the Treasurer, Rev. John H. Rine, 429 Parnell Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; or in the Corresponding Secretary.

FORM OF REQUEST.

While this work is upon your mind, make a decision in your heart in the interest of this Society.

Form of Request: I give and bequeath to the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a corporation under the laws of the State of Ohio, the sum of.

The receipt of the Treasurer thereof shall be sufficient discharge for any executor for the same.

ANNUITY BOND.

Permits future funds when they fall due to be paid to the loan's name, and first need the income while they live, may pay any sum now, and this Society will pay the interest thereon at the rate of.

These Annuity Certificates are executed by the Government bond, with double the interest paid semiannually. Write the Secretary about this plan.

THE ASKED FOR RESULTS.

HERE THEY ARE.

Part I.—Five years ago long-promised promises were left unfulfilled amid the mass of modern civilization. School building, library, literary, artistic, scientific, and religious institutions of all sorts were founded. When the work of these were completed, somethings was given them, but the American Negro was asked.

Part II.—The great Christian churches, baring with the problem of the heathen peoples, reached to the assistance of the millions of helpless, ignorant, and hopeless souls.

They established schools, and churches among these millions, and prepared their leaders to guide and instruct them in the broad principles of our na-
...tional life, viz., intelligence, industry, morality, and religion, principles without which no race has ever yet amounted to anything, and which has always been the sure forerunner of national progress, decay, and death.

Fact III.—The Free-Soil Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the leader of the abolitionist movement in this great movement for the salvation of the Negro race.
It was organized 1850, fifty years ago in Trinity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, by twelve wise and far-seeing men, all of whom have since gone to recover the "well done, good and faithful servants" of their Lord.

Result I.—Twenty-one Christian schools located in strategic centers in the "Black Belt" of the South.

Result II.—Ten hundred thousand young people educated in these schools and sent out into the innumerable and growing masses to solve the problem, through the spelling book and the Bible, the red schoolhouse on the hill, and the little white church in the valley.

Result III.—In fifty years, The Methodist Episcopal Church has made:

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<td>Students enrolled</td>
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</tbody>
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| All of this at an expenditure for the entire fifty years of $10,000,000

Result IV.—In this half century, the Negro people have gone from nothing until they now own:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Homes to the number of</td>
<td>500,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land amount to, acres</td>
<td>200,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total property value of</td>
<td>1,000,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church buildings</td>
<td>50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total members</td>
<td>1,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young school teachers</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children in public schools</td>
<td>2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newspapers and periodicals</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farms owned by Negroes</td>
<td>200,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Prosperity.—If we continue this great work of Christian education for another fifty years, what: No race problem.
BISHOP QUAYLE

William Alfread Quayle was born in Parkville, Mo., June 25, 1860. His parents soon moved to Kansas, and all his life previous to his first pastorate was spent in that State.

From the public schools he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kan. After several months here and several more at the State University at Lawrence, he entered Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1885. During his years in college he had served as a supply at various appointments.

On graduation he was elected adjunct-professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he resigned and took his first appointment at Osage City, Kan., in the Kansas Conference. He was permitted to remain here only one year when he was elected professor of Greek in Baker, and four years later he became vice-president of the University. One year after his election to this office Dr. Wocin, president of the university, resigned and Professor Quayle was elected to fill his place, being then the youngest college president in America.

In 1894 he entered the pastorate again, and held the following appointments: Independence Avenue, Kansas City; Meridian Street, Indianapolis; 3334 Avenue, Kansas City, and St. James's, Chicago. In 1903 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
He is a man widely known as pastor, professor, college president, lecturer and author.


His Episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.
BISHOP DAYSE

Illiss Alfred Rayle was born in Parkville, Mo., June 25, 1860. His parents soon moved to Kansas, and all his life previous to his first pastorate was spent in that state.

From the public schools he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kan. After several months here and several more at the State University at Lawrence, he entered Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., where he received the degree of bachelor of arts in 1883. During his years in college he had served as a supply at various appointments.

On graduation he was elected adjunct-professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he resigned and took his first appointment at Osage City, Kan., in the Kansas Conference. He was permitted to remain here only one year when he was elected professor of Greek in Baker, and four years later he became vice-president of the University. One year after his election to this office R. Cobin, President of the University, resigned and Professor Rayle was elected to fill his place, being then the youngest college president in America.

In 1894 he entered the pastorate again, and held the following appointments: Independence Avenue, Kansas City; Central Street, Indianapolis; Central Avenue, Kansas City, and St. James, Chicago. In 1906 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He is also widely known as pastor, professor, college president, lecturer, and author.


His episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.
ILLIAN ALFRED MAYLE was born in Larkville, N.Y., June 25, 1860. His parents soon moved to Kansas, and all his life previous to his first pastorate was spent in that state.

From the public schools he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kan. After several months here and several more at the State University at Lawrence, he entered Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1885. During his years in college he had served as a supply at various appointments.

On graduation he was elected assistant professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he resigned and took his first appointment at Osage City, Kansas, in the Kansas Conference. He was permitted to remain here only one year when he was elected professor of Greek in Baker, and four years later he became vice-president of the university. One year after his election to this office Dr. Cobin, President of the University, resigned and Professor Mayle was elected to fill his place, being then the youngest college president in America.

In 1894 he entered the pastorate again, and held the following appointments: Independence Avenue, Kansas City; Meridian Street, Indianapolis; Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and St. John's, Chicago. In 1900 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church.

He is a man widely known as pastor, professor, college president, lecturer and author.

Among the books he has written are: "God's Calendar", "The Prairie and the Sea", "In God's Out-of-doors", "The Lost and the Other Lasses", "A Hero and Some Other Folk", "A Study in Recent Social Theories", "Books and Life", "The Blessed Life", "Eternity in the Heart", "Lowell". His episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 1, 1816.
William Alfred Mayle was born in Rockville, O., June 25, 1860. His parents soon moved to Kansas, and all his life previous to his first pastorate was spent in that State.

From the public schools he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kan., after several months here and several more at the State University at Lawrence, he entered Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1885. During his years in college he had served as a supply at various appointments.

On graduation he was elected adjunct-professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he resigned and took his first appointment at Osage City, Kan., in the Kansas Conference. He was permitted to remain here only one year when he was elected professor of Greek in Baker, and four years later he became vice-president of the University. One year after his election to this office J. H. Cabin, President of the University, resigned and Professor Mayle was elected to fill his place, being then the youngest college president in America.

In 1894 he entered the pastorate again, and tells the following specialties: Independence Avenue, Kansas City; Cordian Street, Indianapolis; Union Avenue, Kansas City, and 5th. June’s, Chicago. In 1898 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At the time he was pastor, professor, college president, lecturer and examiner.


His episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 1, 1916.
BISHOP-ELECT QUAYLE

The election of William Alfred Quayle to the episcopacy is a high tribute to a man of peculiar and brilliant genius. He was born in Parisville, Mo. June 29, 1866. His parents almost immediately moved to Kansas, and all of his life premature to his first pastorate was spent in that State. His mother died soon after his birth. His uncle, Edward Gill, for many years a member of the Kansas Annual Conference, raised him. His parents both came from the Isle of Man. One of his strongest lectures is on Halie's "The Negation," as have been on "Glory Quayle." The parents were married in this country both being Methodists in the old homeland, and immediately identified themselves with the Church of America. The father died in Sutler's Creek, four years ago. William Alfred was an only child and cared for without a mother.

Dr. Quayle, like Bishop-elect Anderson, was convoked in a country school revival meeting and that event occurred at Prairie Center School House, when he was 18 years of age. He immediately decided to enter the ministry. The meeting was conducted by Rev. J. C. Cook, who was a regular minister, but had retired to a farm. He gave himself the best possible preparation for his life work.

Bishop-elect Quayle attended the public schools in the county and town until he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kans., after fall corn-harvesting was done. This school had as president Rev. J. E. M. Johnson, a pioneer Methodist minister. He then attended the State University at Lawrence, Kans., for a few months. He finally, however, entered Baker University at Baldwin, Kans., the pioneer Methodist school of the West and one of the earliest colleges in all the West. The faculty of the college had been organized in the East and taken out in a body by Rev. W. R. Davis, the father of Bishop Quayle. The student William did not have an easy time. Rumor declared that he sometimes saved bread to add to his income. He graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1885, in a class of 14. The other four members were Rev. C. R. bright, of Davenport, Iowa; Prof. Geo. Knapp, of Alton, Ill.; Harry Armstrong of Fall Lake, and A. M. Lumpkin, Allegheny College. He gave him the degree of Ph. D. and Baker University that of Lit. D. and D. D. of Arts.

The young man preached a few times while in school. He supplied for his uncle, Edward Gill, one summer at Clay Center, Kan. He also filled a vacancy for six weeks at Maysville, Kan., the graduation he was elected adjunct professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he strongly desired to preach that he resigned and took
early left without a mother.

Dr. Quayle, like Bishop-elect Anderson, was converted in a country school revival meeting and that event occurred at Prairie Center School House, where he was 18 years of age. He immediately decided to enter the ministry. The meeting was conducted by William Cowles, who was a regular minister, but had retired to a farm. He gave himself the best possible preparation for his lifework.

Bishop-elect Quayle attended the public schools in the country and towns until he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, after the corn-husking was done. This school had as president Rev. Joe Damion, a pioneer Methodist minister. He then attended the State University at Lawrence, Kansas, for a few months. He taught, however, entered Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas, the pioneer Methodist school of the West and one of the earliest colleges in all the West. The faculty of the college had been organized in the East and taken out in a body by Rev. W. B. Davis, the father of Miss Quayle. The student William did not have an easy time. Rumor declared that he sometimes saved wood to add to his income. He graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1884, in a class of six. The other four members were Rev. R. Robinson, D.D., of Ottawa, Illinois; Prof. Geo. Krup, of Alva, Oklahoma; Harmony Armstrong, of Salt Lake City, Utah, and A. M. Lumpkin Allegheny College gave him the degree of Ph. D. and Baker University that of Lit. B. and De Pauw a D.D.

The young man preached a few times while in school. He supplied for his uncle, Edward Gill, one summer at Clay Center, Kansas. He also filled a vacancy for six weeks at Morgantown, Kansas. On graduation he was elected adjunct professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he strongly desired to preach, but was refused and took his first appointment at Osage City, Kansas, as a member on probation in the Kansas Conference. He was only permitted to remain there one year when he was elected professor of Greek in Baker. He held this position for four years, when, over his protest and during his absence from town, he was elected the president of the university. Rev. Dr. H. A. Good, afterwards president of De Pauw University, was then president. One year after election to the office he, Good resigned and Prof. Quayle was made president, the youngest college president in America. In 1884 he resigned this position to become pastor of Independence Avenue Church in Kansas City. He remained here five years—the house in which he bought the farm. He then went to Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, where he had a denominational senator, Phineas and Rev. Judge. He remained there four years, and getting hung for his old hands, he went back to Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City. He was appointed to St. James Church, Chicago, a little over three years ago.

Bishop-elect Quayle is the first Bishop to be chosen who was born and raised in the West. He spent all of his life
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO CONSIDER THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON THE UNION OF METHODISM IN JAPAN

Your committee, after careful consideration of the report of the commission recommend the following action by the General Conference:

1. The commission has faithfully and judiciously carried into effect the instructions of the General Conference of 1964, resulting in the organization of the Methodist Church in Japan by the union of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Methodist Church Canada.

Invoking the blessing of God upon the United Church, we sincerely trust that our Japanese brethren may justify, by faithful adherence to the doctrines and polity embodied in the basis of union, the confidence reposed in them by the mother churches and realize all the advantages sought by them in their earnest petition for union and independent existence.

2. We welcome with unfeigned satisfaction the witness of our commission to the sanguine hopes entertained by our Japanese brethren for the church that was given them under the autonomous church. We shall ever be solicitous for the safety, growth and success of this child of the Church, and we shall do all in our power to assist its advancement to the position and influence that we have so fully expected from it in the spiritual field.

We accept the responsibility placed in the previous report of the General Conference and act forth in the spirit of union, and authorize the General Committee of Foreign Missions to continue negotiations for union, with such gradual transition as may be consistent with the interests involved.

3. We recommend the cordial action of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Japan in moving to all missions of the mother church.

REPORT No. 24.


W. O. SHEPARD, Secretary.

REPORT No. 25.

Your committee on Resolution 25, having considered the memorial from the Theological Seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the North Carolina Methodist Seminary, Association, and other like memorials, asking that the word 'superannuated,' and similar words be changed to 'Retired,' and that the word 'in free of such charges' be changed to 'in free of such expenses,' recommends that these be made throughout the Discipline except in Part I of the Discipline.

E. F. ROBERTSON, Chairman.

W. O. SHEPARD, Secretary.

REPORT No. 26.

Your committee in response to your
be composed of representatives from the Episcopal Board, the pastor, and from the leading educators of the Church. It is further recommended that the reorganized course of study shall provide for a Systematic Study of the Holy Scriptures, the Life of Christ, and the History and Life of the Early Church.

E. P. ROBERTSON, Chairman.
W. O. SHEPARD, Secretary.

REPORT NO. 25.

Your committee, having carefully considered the memorials from the Troy and Wyoming Conferences, the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting, of Kansas City, Mo., and vicinity, and the North Indiana Retired Ministers' Association, and other like memorials, asking that the words "Superannuate," "Superannuated," and "Superannuated," be changed to "Retire," "Retired," etc., report in favor of such changes and recommends that they be made throughout the Discipline, except in Part I of the Discipline.

E. P. ROBERTSON, Chairman.
W. O. SHEPARD, Secretary.

REPORT NO. 26.

Your committee, in response to memorials on the subject, respectively recommends for your adoption the following:

1. Add to Paragraph 50 and in Paragraph 51, the words: "In the Southern Asia Mission Field, Missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, wives of missionaries when appointed to work, and dependents, shall be ex-officio members."

E. P. ROBERTSON, Chairman.
W. O. SHEPARD, Secretary.

REPORT NO. 27.

Your committee, in response to memorials from H. B. Williams and B. F. Taylor, recommends for adoption:

1. Amend Paragraph 9, Section 8, by inserting the words: "Church Periodicals," and "after the word "out" of item 4, so that item 4 shall read: "The Church Periodicals and Tracts."

2. Also, amend Paragraph 15, by inserting the words: "the proportion of the circulation of the Church Papers in the charge, and after the word "for" the last line, so that the above change is amended shall read: "And said conference shall appoint a committee, of such size, the pastor shall be chairman, who shall be to devise and execute plans for the promotion of the circulation of the Church Papers in the charge, and its Local Year's Editions."

E. P. ROBERTSON, Chairman.
W. O. SHEPARD, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICES

DEACHENES AT HOME

The committee of the Deacons' Board will meet at 4 p.m. on Thursday, May 5, in the Parlor of the Church, for the election of new Deacons.

ANOTHER H. M. S. CONFERENCE MEETING

A conference meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held in Madison Avenue M. E. Church at 2 P. M., Wednesday, May 5, Mrs. Williams

F. Anderson presiding.

Emergency appeals in charge of Misses

W. L. Smith.

Advances will be given by Mrs. Elders of Kansas, Mo., and Dr. H. L. Finley.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY REVIEW

To be published every Thursday, at $3.00 a year.
The Bishop Comes To Town
THOMAS H. MARSH

In a one-room country schoolhouse in Johnson County, Kansas, I stood before the visiting parents on a Friday afternoon in 1909 and repeated as my part of the exercises, "Lives of great men all remind us / We can make our lives sublime, / And, departing, leave behind us / Footprints on the sands of time."

Numerous experiences at various periods of my life have caused these words to come back to me time after time. A recent experience with which this story deals illustrates further the truth of Longfellow's lines which I memorized forty years ago.

Only a county or two away from the little school mentioned above, there grew up a country lad who at the time I was taking part in the Friday afternoon exercises was already nationally famous as a preacher and lecturer. Just the year before, on May 23, 1908, at the age of forty-eight, W. A. Quayle had been elected as a bishop by a vote of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church meeting in Baltimore, Maryland.

Although I was raised near where Quayle was brought up, I have never seen him. Starting, then, with only a desire to know him, I have re-created the man Quayle during the past four years by means of footprints alone.

The first bit of truth which this study makes vivid is that individual men as well as civilizations do leave traces of their identity which may be used to reconstruct their former mode of living. This process of reconstruction has taught me more about what a dead man used to believe, think, and feel than I ever understood about any man I have known personally. I read the twenty-eight books he wrote; I read great numbers of his sermons not in book form, including one hundred and thirty sermons which were serigraphically reported and printed in full each week on the editorial page of the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean, sermons which were preached while he was pastor of the St. James Methodist Church in Chicago, from 1904-1908. I read scores of his articles published in magazines, and newspapers, and magazine articles about his preaching, lecturing, and personality.

I talked to people who knew him as a boy, as a student, as a preacher, and as bishop.

I followed his life from the time he was born in a covered wagon near Parkville, Missouri, June 25, 1860, until he took the greatest of all adventures on March 9, 1928. I was thrilled by the narrow escapes of his parents not long after his birth, as the Indians tried to buy his attractive mother because they were so enchanted by her long red hair. I watched the wagon hump and lurch across the trails of Missouri in a wild flight from a mob of hostile Missourians who were going to hang young William Quayle's father because he had voted for Abraham Lincoln.

A feeling of loneliness and emptiness was thrust upon me as I read about the death of young Quayle's mother when he was but three years old, and how that his first recollection was the memory of a dead woman's face, "and it was my mother's."

I watched as his religious attitudes were being determined while he was raised on the prairies of Kansas by two Methodist circuit riders, an uncle and the other a "soldier-blacksmith, turned preacher."

I felt the heat of this young man's mind as he began to devour the literature of the world while he was yet in college, not less than a book a day being his schedule for reading.

His sensitiveness and loyalty to family is illustrated by his act of immediately selling a pony which his father gave him as a present the day he graduated from college and using the money for a trip to Colorado in an attempt to locate his mother's grave.

I was led into the intimacy of family life in the beautifully told "Story of Margaret," an experience which describes with touching reserve the suffering and death of his daughter who wasted away for twelve years as a result of cancer.

It was an interesting trail to uncover as I followed Quayle as a preacher. He started his full-time work at Independence Avenue Church in Kansas City. The church grew from 500 members to 1,500 members during his four years there. After four successful years at Meridian Street Church in Indianapolis, he returned to Grand Avenue Church in Kansas City where such crowds attended his services that policemen had to be present at all main services in order to control the crowds that jammed themselves into his church. From Kansas City Quayle went to the St. James Church in Chicago, and was while he was pastor here that his most mature preaching was done.

If one were to follow Quayle day by day for over twenty years, he would discover that in addition to his sermons his lectures averaged more than one a day. During all of his mature life he collected rare editions of books; his collection of Bibles which he bequeathed to Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, being the second most complete collection in the United States and valued at more than a million dollars. What a trail of footprints he left behind!

The last stage of this study up to the present time has been to start with the year in which Quayle was made a bishop and to discover all of the information possible about him during the years he worked for the church in this capacity. I had read what the church press had written about him, and the comments his church had made. The next step was to find out what the world press had recorded. When Quayle came to town as a bishop, what had the daily press written about him? In search for the answer to this question led me to the towns where Quayle was resident bishop from 1908 until 1924. What could be found out about a man elected a bishop forty years ago and now dead for twenty-three years? This I set out to discover for myself.

In Oklahoma City, the Carnegie Library did not have

ZIONS HERALD
The Oklahoma City librarian said, "We don't keep files on individuals here. Try the library on the fourth floor.

The Oklahoma City librarian had a file of half a dozen clippings on the bishop, but the information was about his death, not about his arrival in Oklahoma City. Back in the basement I went and requested the files of forty years ago.

"We can't hand out these papers just for people to thumb through," said the keeper. "You must have a mighty good reason in order to get those files."

I had heard such talk on numerous occasions before, so I countered with "Who is the person that has the final say about these files?"

The papers were available presently, and as I turned through the pages I saw the bishop's coming to town gradually unfold.

Sunday, May 24, 1908. It was believed that it would be announced the next day that W. A. Quayle and E. H. Hughes had been elected bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the members of the General Conference meeting in Baltimore, Maryland.

Tuesday, May 26, 1908. The announcement was carried that W. A. Quayle had been elected bishop, and that it had been decided at the conference that a resident bishop was to be sent somewhere in Oklahoma for the first time.

There was also the announcement that the Committee on Revision had recommended elimination from the baptismal service the declaration that all men are conceived and born in sin.

Thursday, May 28, 1908. An announcement that W. A. Quayle, recently elected bishop, would probably be sent to the newly decided upon location of Oklahoma City.

Friday, May 29, 1908. A front page announcement made in large type contained the information that Quayle was definitely coming to Oklahoma City, and that the new bishop was one of the foremost platform lecturers in the United States.

My next move was to St. Paul, Minnesota, where I was told by the reference librarian of the public library that their building had burned in 1916 and that all records previous to that date were gone. The Minnesota State Historical Society, I was informed, would probably have the papers I wanted. The Historical Society did have the papers and the local story of the transfer of Bishop Quayle from Oklahoma City to St. Paul came to life. The St. Paul Daily News, starting with the issue of May 1, 1912, carried a daily report of the 28th General Conference meeting in Minneapolis. The opening made a wonderful picture, stated the paper, nearly 3000 men and women being present.

The Sunday paper for May 26, 1912, carried the story in headlines that Bishop W. A. Quayle of Oklahoma City was to be transferred to St. Paul as the Bishop of Minnesota. Other comments about Quayle's fame as an orator, and the addresses he had made during the conference were also a part of the article.

After arriving in St. Louis, I began searching the Globe Democrat for announcements coming from the General Conference which had met in Saratoga Springs, New York, in May 1916. The May 24th issue of the paper told of Bishop Quayle's request that due to the delicate health of his wife he be located further south than St. Paul. The conference respected his wishes and assigned him to St. Louis, Missouri.

The Globe Democrat of June 30, 1916, announced the arrival of Bishop and Mrs. Quayle in St. Louis, and told of their experience hunting a residence. They were entertained at luncheon that day by the Rev. and Mrs. B. A. Crissman. The evening before they had been dinner guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Shoemaker.

Thus it was that Bishop Quayle came to town, and through the process just described it has come about that I discovered the circumstances surrounding his arrival. Only a few of these circumstances have been enumerated, but I learned great numbers of them. The bishop not only came to the town where he was resident bishop, he came to hundreds of other towns. Then one cold rainy day he moved to a city where he had never visited before. He had thought a lot about this particular city, and not long before his arrival he had described how he thought it would be there, while preaching the funeral sermon of his dear friend Bishop Napthali Lucock, Bishop Quayle pictured, then living in this greatest of cities, and with his characteristic sense of humor imagined his friend rushing up and greeting him with, "Well, Quayle, how did you get in here? I am surprised!"

Rufus M. Jones
1863 - 1948
William Wistar Comfort

The personality of our dear friend was so pervasive that we, his neighbors, cannot yet realize that he has been taken from us. Though attaining a great age, he did not survive himself, but carried on many interests to the end. It will require time to collect the materials for a proper biography of this remarkable man. But even now The Friend wishes to record the passing of this Maine country boy who became and remained the best known Friend in Quakerdom and one of the recognized spiritual forces in America.

Rufus never forgot or allowed his friends to forget that he was from New England, and more specifically from the State of Maine with its rural wild, its big potatoes and its sunset views from the porch of his South China cottage. He always retained his membership in New England Yearly Meeting and shared annually in its deliberations. His place in the gallery at the annual meetings of Philadelphia Friends was the natural tribute bestowed upon an elder statesman experienced in all affairs affecting Quakerism. It was as a member of New England Yearly.
Bishop Quayle and the Dictionary.

By ALLEN P. DELONG.

"Oh, people, there isn't anybody who ever drew breath, that knew how to draw the bow of steel and aim the arrow of strange words, who can use words beautiful enough." So says Bishop Quayle. Ah, that is it then! Herein lies the secret of convincing, persuasive power. Golden words! Woeing, winsome, beautiful words. Expressive words. Words fifty spoken. To Solomon they were as apples of gold in pictures of silver. Whether or not we understood the art of using them, others do, and because they do they bewitch us.

In a little leaflet written by the bishop entitled "The Task Golden," in which he tells us of his conversion, there is a sweet humor. And perhaps at first this is all we see. But beneath it there lies a great truth. He says:

'The preacher came over to me and said, 'Billy, you belong with Jesus!' He was a kind of a farmer fellow, and grew all crops but hair, and he wore farmer's clothes, and spoke about farming and sowing: and he said that there was a sower that went out to sow, and there was a great harvest. And everybody paid heed. And then he came and put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Billy, God wants you to be one of his farmers!' and I came up the aisle of the schoolhouse: not to the chancel—there wasn't anything but the dictionary in the schoolhouse, so I came and bowed at the dictionary. And 0 me, the wind was wild that night! It was so stormy as on a wide sea, the storm that lay upon that prairie schoolhouse. The wind had its chance, and it blew like it did on the Sea of Galilee; and Christ came over and said, 'Boy, what do you want done here?' And I said, 'I want Thee, O Christ.' And he said, 'I have come.'

You see the simplicity and sweet humor of it. He came forward expecting to find an altar, and there was none, and led like he was bewildered. He wanted something to kneel down by, and seeing the dictionary, he, as he says, bowed down by it. A good place to commence a Christian life, especially a ministerial life. If there had been an altar, and still he had knelt at the dictionary, might it not have been the wiser choice? You will agree with me that if there be any other piety—which we question—intelligent piety is the most potential. So while the dictionary may not be numbered with things ecclesiastic and sacred, we know of no better shrine at which youth can bow, if Christ be there. And do you know of any place where Christ can more easily and comprehensively come to a human soul than in a schoolhouse with a bible on the desk and a dictionary for an altar? Who will say that the dictionary is not the best help a man ever had in the interpretation of the Bible message of human redemption? He best preaches who best understands words, and has the largest number of them at command.

As it seems to us, that some of years ago, in the wind-swept schoolhouse on the wide plains, was a prophecy of things that now are. This man—this poet, preacher, literatus; interpreter of nature, of history, of revelation—walks through our souls, pleasingly prevailing, masterfully, because he has first gone through the dictionary. He knows words; he reverences them, entreases them, conjures with them. Swift and true messengers are they to convey his thoughts to other men. Pily chosen, they come at his bidding like shafts of light, to illumine any subject he touches. He dreams dreams, and with the skill of an artist visualizes them in word colorings. While he paints we wonder. When done it is no longer a dream, but a reality that lingers with us; an inspiration to lower purposes and holy deeds. Whence this power? He was entertained kneeling at the dictionary and has fellow-sentent therefrom ever since.

There is a dumb devil in the world, as there was in the days of Jesus. The dumb devil of men is a beggarly vocabulary. But why should a preacher be dominated thereby, when an honest hour with the dictionary every day, will exorcise this hindering spirit?
There are courses of study in mission work, in music, in pageantry, and stewardship. In addition to the eight-week program, which will be given daily in the coliseum, there will be innumerable other pages provided for the program, all of which are already in rehearsal.

The Pageant of Prophecy, which is to be presented in the light of a church contribution to the life of the world, will trace in panoramic view the influences of the great faiths in the development of the American republic, from Revolutionary days through the present world. Participants and institutions typically American will be featured, thousands participating in the procession which will march to amidst the audience, who is also directing a reproduction of early religious pageantry in the nation.

Another part of the African building, in development and planning with fine murals and pictures, evidence from the life of Dr. Davis, the Egyptian, Roman, and Greek, as well as other nations, the Uganda railway and African mission scenes. Other sections of Africa are fully represented in the large building, which is under the direction of Dr. E. H. Richards, of Oberlin.

The high walls of Kwame city confine the visitor at the entrance of the Chinese building. At the left is a farm scene; inside the walls are the principal exhibits, including a large Chinese restaurant open to the public, curio shop, money exchange, Confucian temple, typical Chinese restaurant, house, and all such as is found in the Celestial empire.

The arts, medical and educational features of the building is the celebration of the opening of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, with the participation of the Philadelphia Society of the arts in Philadelphia. The Children's Crusade is a period of two months, the year 1215 A. D., and 1315 A. D.

The Children's Pageant will be presented outside of doors on the front lawn.

Says Attorney General Palmer.

Honorarble A. M. Palmer, Attorney General of the United States, has set forth the program of the Department of Justice in this paragraph:

"As the laws stand, the manufacture of beer without a tax of two and three-fourths per cent or any alcohol, is prohibited. We expect to enforce war time Prohibition. The Prohibition will be under the Department of Justice.

Between Times.

Between the afternoon conference meetings and the evening pageant, there will be ample time to "cool off" in the motor or interurban car by running out into Worthington, where the Methodist Children's Home Association of Ohio has its beautiful two-hundred acres farm, reaching from the pine-Herc street extension to the Olentangy river. Scores of Centenary visitors are to enjoy more than a pâté event at the home, which has opened its grounds to Centenary visitors. A drive of six to seven miles will lead the visitors to the home, where the celebration is the offering of five fine camps to the children and the celebration are several fine camps to the children and the celebration of the Children's Crusade is a period of two months, the year 1215 A. D., and 1315 A. D.

This is where the Council Bluffs District has secured a reservation for the train which will motor under Dr. Cobbs's direction from the Mississippi to the Centenary.

No longer is needed to visit the grave of Leif Henni, Chief of the Wyandots. Chief of the Wyandots and grounds are private club property, the hospital is open to those interested in the tribe of Indians which responded to the suggestions of the Methodist Church as a part of the plans of Dr. John M. Gorey, of Pueblo, Colo., and the Indian Council in Washington, is directing this building.

Dissatisfied France and Belgium are both sections under the direction of the Europpean Church, which has recently returned from abroad. The French cathedral which seats 500 people is the largest of all the buildings, and has given wonderful views. Through the shell-shattered walls is seen the dome of Lambeth and the rainbow Belgium.

Separate sections dealing with Russia, Scandinavia, and the largest of all the European buildings, Dr. H. B. Winton, in W. H. Taylor and W. W.
BISHOP QUAYLE

Bishop William Alfred Quayle was born in Parkville, Mo., June 28, 1867. He parents soon moved to Kansas, and all his life previous to his first pastorate was spent in that state. From the public schools he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kan. After several months here and several more at the State University at Lawrence, he entered Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1888. During his years in college he held various appointments, and after graduation he was elected assistant professor of ancient languages at Baker University. The next year he was elected and took his first appointment at Osage City, Kan., in the Kansas Conference. He was permitted to remain here only one year, when he was elected professor of Greek in Baker, and four years later he became vice-president of the university, the year after his elevation to this office Dr. Giblin, president of the university, resigned and Professor Quayle was elected to fill his place, being then the youngest college president in America. In 1893 he entered the pastorate again, and since then he has led the following appointments: Independence, Kansas; Alcorn College, Alcorn, Miss.; Meridian Avenue, Kansas City; and Saint James', Chicago, where he has been stationed during the last ten years. The following books written by him have been published by the Methodist Book Concern: God's Plan, The Patriot and the Priest, The Critic, The Poet's Pore and other Essays, A Horse and Some Other Folk, A Need is a Current Thing, The Books and Life, The Blessed Life, Eternity in the Hand, etc.

Condensed
from national
published in
Daily Christian
Advocate.
May 16.