

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

MISSION BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

BISHOPS – MISSIONARIES

ID#

188

**QUAYLE, BISHOP WILLIAM A.**

4753  
The Baldwin Red Jen,  
Baldwin, Kans., May 29, 1906.

## IS BISHOP QUAYLE

Baker's Former President  
Elected at Baltimore

### ALL BALDWIN REJOICES

It is now Bishop Quayle. It is a long step from the farm at Auburn to the episcopacy, but men take long steps now-a-days. It is quite a change from high water pants and a little blue hat on a sorrel top head to the quiet and becoming clothes of a hishop, but Americans can do most anything these times. Yes, it is now Bishop Quayle, but that doesn't mean a long faced, stiff collared ecclesiastic who whirls along in a cab, bows in a stately manner to the "common people" and feasts sumptuously in private every day. The great Methodist church never had a bishop who is more democratic. He came from the grass roots and he will ever revel in the soil with those who stay there. His heart is as warm as his hair, and he will never forget the hills of his young manhood. That no man shall take away from him such scenes, he has purchased one of the hills above Baldwin and comes here frequently to abide for a time away from the multitude that need and receive his generous ministrations.

We all know how old he is, so it isn't necessary for a Kansas paper to give his age. He is old enough to have much learning and young enough to be able to give the church at least twenty-five years in this high office. That he is a Baker product from student to college professor and president we also know, but we like to tell it again and again. The college loves to honor him and the town is always pleased to see him among her people.

You have seen his beautiful books, you have listened to his burning eloquent sermons and lectures, you have received the hearty hand grasp and cheering words that he has for every one. Whether he pleads for righteousness in the crowded city, administers to the wants of a heathen world, smooths the careworn brow of a dusky laborer or speaks sweet words of solace at the open grave, you know his life alone is worth the whole cost of this college and you

I ever heard before or since could say things like Mr. Quayle said them."

Dr. Quayle wrote many poems. Here is one he wrote as a Christmas greeting to his congregation, "The Nightless Day:"

There is a land of nightless day  
Where gloomy shadows never rise,  
Where twilights come not, dim and gray,  
To shame and darken glory's skies.

This is God's land, His land and mine  
Of Spring-time morning, chase delight,  
With service radiant and fine  
Which needs no respite and no night.

My heart sings glad and wistful hymns  
What times it foldeth hands to pray.  
But all its lonely longing dims  
While dreaming of this nightless day.

There is power in the voice of Dr. Quayle. In the pulpit or on a lecture platform he is convincing. He is eloquent without a trace of grandiloquence, and it has even been said of him that he "electrified" his audiences on occasions. In the first three years of his pastorate here, says the Star, he increased his congregation from 500 to 1,100. He was always in demand as a speaker and there was seldom a large public meeting at which he was not called upon for an address. He is a man who makes friends easily and keeps them. He is "good company" in any gathering and it was with great regret that the Grand avenue congregation parted with him. At the farewell reception to him Dr. Claudius B. Spencer summed up his work by saying:

"Dr. Quayle has touched and inspired many interests here—religions, social, civic and literary. He has figured in so many functions as pastor, preacher, lecturer, counselor, writer of books, worker in the jail and in the Frisco machine shop—in short, wherever human beings gather together—that for one man to attempt to define the full scope of his influence in Kansas City is impossible. I can only say that in his departure the church and the 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 Armour at Chicago.—He probably receives the largest salary of any Baker graduate today.—Mr. McRoberts is quite influential in the great St. James M. E. church of

"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 Cityans who knew Bishop Quayle intimately have suggested that the general conference should be petitioned to locate 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 also owns a little farm, of which he is very proud at Baldwin, Kas.—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 valises with his feet on the opposite seat.

"Shove over, old man gimme room. Don't see any other seats," 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 only opens the door and peeps 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. Medes, 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

You have read his delightful books, you have listened to his burning eloquent sermons and lectures, you have received the hearty hand grasp and cheering words that he has for every one. Whether he pleads for righteousness in the crowded city, administers to the wants of a heathen world, smooths the careworn brow of a dusky laborer or speaks sweet words of solace at the open grave, you know his life alone is worth the whole cost of this college and you who have sacrificed in its behalf can now begin to see your reward before your very eyes.

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 thickset 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 Armour at Chicago.—He probably receives the largest salary of any Baker graduate today.—Mr. McRoberts is quite influential in the great St James M. E. church of Chicago and he began a movement to get Dr. Quayle in Chicago. Wealth and influence called him to Chicago but he did not devote all his time to the wealthy. One day he was calling on his members and while calling at the home of a very wealthy parishoner he remarked that he could not find the home of Mrs. — and the hostess remarked with raised eyebrows that said woman lived in their barn adjoining the alley. It is not necessary to say that Dr. Quayle's visit to the poor sewing woman who lived in the alley was twice as long as the one he made to the home in the brown stone front.

About 30 years ago a little red-headed 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.

Today 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.

most of the time he only opens the door and peeps 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. Medes, 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."

lies wholly in the construction of the combination. If properly put together, it may accomplish the ends desired without curtailing the freedom of the associated individuals. However, we desire to say a word about working in harmony, whether in actual association or without any definite organization.

When partners work together the accomplishment of the firm is far greater. When merchants of a town resolve to work together for the benefit of themselves they do things worth doing. When the business interests of a state resolve to bend their united energies to the fulfillment of something needed the chances of success are multiplied by geometrical progression.

There is not a city in the country against which at some time the charge has not been laid of selfishness and hoggishness. Yet these cities are no more selfish than any other aggregation of people. The man who sets at outs cities and towns and countryside may not do it through any save a mistaken sense of loyalty to his home; but for all that he does damage. He makes a mistake. It is a selfishness in itself to try to belittle one's competitors. It leads to envy and a host of evils.

Your town may have all the good, honest, generous folks on the face of the earth, but we doubt it. We think we have known a few elsewhere. Your market city may possibly be the abode of thieves and liars only, but we have known many honorable citizens and upright business men in it. Work with them and not against them, and together you may pull the cart out of the rut. With you tugging at one end and he sweating at the other, and both of you cussing each other and lifting at different times, nothing can ever be accomplished. Work together in all legitimate and desirable deeds.

#### TOO MUCH OF A JOB.

**Lack of Qualifications Kept Young Man from Embracing Girl.**

An innocent young man with an honest ambition and a fund of inexperience once called on a modern maiden in a great city.

After the usual preliminaries, he thought it was about time to begin, so he edged along on the sofa.

"Be careful," she said, warningly. "It cost me nearly two dollars to have my hair done up. It is set for a week."

With great respect avoiding this point of contact, he endeavored to put one arm around her waist.

"Look out!" she said. "Don't get tangled up in this Irish lace. It cost \$400, and it might be expensive for you to have repaired."

With this the young man got up.

"My dear girl," he said, "had I the strength of a Gando and the agility of a Japanese wrestler, to say nothing of the skill of a Hermann, 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-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 Reyburn to

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 windows 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 strife for the new customer is not with the object of making a single sale, but to add him to the "regular" list. It is 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 criticised so much on this score, although some of them depend too much on landing the new "sucker" that is supposed to be born every minute, but country merchants, who have very few opportunities to land "suckers" and should be extremely careful of their "regulars," seem to be most neglectful of them.

Very few of them take the trouble to thank a regular customer for his trade and invite 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 tell him so each time he is in the store, however, and do it in a manner which will leave no doubt of the welcome. That is what makes his blood flow warmer, and causes a big lump to swell up in the corner of his heart for you and your store, and the first time you make some little mistake this lump comes to your aid and tells him, so he comes back to you and explains things instead of taking down the mail-order catalogue and sending away for his next order. Then when you see the "bump" has done this good work for you, be man enough to make the wrong right in such a hearty manner that when he leaves your store again the "bump" will have grown considerably. 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 sounds 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

dearied with price.

"No, you're right," said Hummel. "I once visited a German student in Heidelberg. As we conversed on dueling 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 thinking of stepping across this evening, sir?"

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

"Because, sir, if you don't," said the waiter, "it will scarcely be worth while to tap a fresh barrel to-day."

#### 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 carry 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 to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C— gave her up. Dr. B— recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

#### GALLANTRY.



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

#### 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 many 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 overheard them discussing it. A 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?"

#### Preparation for Knowledge.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God

Gulf  
ng it  
insas  
e re-

pa.  
drug-  
o the  
nited  
ly in-  
late  
a car  
on of  
eces-  
hurt  
Mrs.

4.  
t and  
l por-  
Mon-  
temnt

With this the young man got up.  
"My dear girl," he said, "had I the strength of a Sandow and the agility of a Japanese wrestler, to say nothing of the skill of a Hermann, 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 taximeter 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 Reyburn to be the finest in the world, must hereafter have an elementary knowledge of electricity. The order has been issued by Director Clay, and Chief McLaughlin of the electrical bureau is instructing his first class.

The wizard of the city hall believes

of the  
daily  
r Clay

have  
sh be-  
t, and  
on a

ock of  
eman  
d trol-  
e elec-  
loesn't  
of his  
-Phila.

general  
it was  
of the  
med to  
went

ism.  
' p. m.,  
itor of  
neces-  
ur the  
e seen  
i cans,  
use.

rtment  
of the

was  
othing

wrong right in such a hearty manner that when he leaves your store again the "bump" will have grown considerably. 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 sounds 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 but his voice and a few signs, but he advertises just the same. The merchant should consider advertising from the standpoint of utility. He advertises in some form or other, always. 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 living 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. Appeal to interest, 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," growled the ill-humored man in the Fulton street subway station. "Not one of 'em 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 regular 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," answered the man; and then he said it all over again. "It's funny you didn't hear what I said in the first place," he added. "I talked loud enough for everybody to hear."

"I know you did," she returned, "but you were rushing around all the time from here to that 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 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?"

#### Preparation for Knowledge.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we can not 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. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# 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 jostled 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 all 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 the white man 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."

Such 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 livid 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

*Copyright 1947 by Religious News Service*

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 local activity, and ampler 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 \$650,000,000 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, made 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 Johnstown, 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)

## ZIONS HERALD

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association

EMORY STEVENS BUCKE  
Editor

*Special Contributors*

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD      HAROLD W. RUOFF  
H. ELLIOTT CHAFFEE      RALPH W. SOCKMAN  
CHARLES M. MCCONNELL      WILLIAM L. STIDGES  
RAYMOND H. HUSE

*Subscriber to Religious News Service*

Issued every Wednesday by the Boston Wesleyan Association, 581 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special postage rate as provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 12, 1918.

Subscription price, \$2.50 a year, including postage. \$6 for 3 years. Single copies, 10 cents. All stationed Methodist ministers are authorized agents for their locality.

Unsolicited manuscripts will not be paid for.

VOLUME CXXV      Boston, December 31, 1947      NUMBER 53

### Thus Ends 1947

The year 1947 has been a popular year for reactionaries. The activities of politicians who represent vested interests have been disgusting; the witch-hunting throughout many areas of our democratic society has filled the headlines of the daily press; the rise of bigotry and the open clash between certain Roman Catholics and Protestants has had full sway. Attempts to sabotage United Nations have been frightening, and the open break between the east and the west, divided more and more by a psychological and economic iron curtain, has driven the most optimistic believers in world peace into a sense of obligation unparalleled in history.

But there has been a significant minority of public opinion set over against the stark pessimism of 1947. Civil liberties are being examined with amazing frankness: President Truman's Commission on Civil Rights has brought in a report which will embarrass every reactionary so long as it is up for consideration. The Supreme Court has before it some cases which involve the right to use public funds for sectarian religious education, and the court is also considering whether or not restrictive covenants in real estate may be exercised. The question of the rights of labor and the rights of employers is by no means settled by the Taft-Hartley law, and the mere fact that there is dis-

before the Supremacy of that not won out co:

In the field of work in seeing to apply the Gospel strength more important in the past year religion has grown a combination of careful attention to religious ethics numbers of churches that phase of l

The minority able to keep churches in international significant Oslo Co youth from all Jesus Christ as churchmen believe understanding communist govern

1947 saw the the establishment of The role of a person was an important rights of the Jews years, and now which gives justice to live in Palestine this important result of a constant a pitifully small hands with the

The minority a greater sense of nationalism have agents are doing did even a year for the union of time since the spirit of unity and not organized low churches and humanism running through ship there is .



### 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 call 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 unattractive 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 unambitious—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 one 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 inconspicuous, 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 faulty 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 unreportable. He is unique, original, sui generis—like Hood's Sarsaparilla, "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 and that amazing 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 popinjays 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 ups-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 respectably 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. He 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 pike—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. GREENE.

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 freshwater college "working his way through." He was adolescent, a rangy, awkward boy, whose distinguishing features were prominent joints, a shock of tow hair and a plentitude of freckles. The boys, the smooth, college cut-ups, used to say of him that his feet didn't "track." They made considerable game 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 "high-water" variety, and the girls were disposed to laugh at him. All of which seemed to trouble him not at all. He went on sawing wood and milking cows 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 far into the night. The next day he was always strictly "on the job" at recitations and made the fancy lads 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 preponderance of "hell fire."

They "tried him on the dog" frequently, sending him out to the nearby 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 over the heads of many of them, who expected the regular thing in rural exhortation line. 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 manliness came to be noticed and discussed by those who knew the kidney of a big man. When he graduated he was given an obscure pastorate and reformed his little church. He preached them a gospel free, from sulphur fumes and threats of pain.

Mich. C. C. 27 Fe. 18  
Biog. p. 13.  
MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN A

boiling. 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 ancient boggy-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 Nazarene 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 leaders 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 pulpiteres, 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 impress is stamped on Chicago's affairs so undeniably that Dr. Quayle is no small institution in the big lake city.

And now "Billy" Quayle is going to be a bishop of the greatest American church before he is well past forty. He is by long odds the biggest man Methodists have summoned to the seats of the mighty in recent years. And I, as a boy, remember him when he sawed wood and "done chores" to make his way through a freshwater college, while the other boys and girls "lived on dad" and made fun of his clothes and his awkwardness. Yet they say there's no chance for a poor boy or girl in this country, and that the iron heel of plutocracy is upon us. They said it when "Billy" Quayle was at Baker university, just as they do now, and yet "Billy" Quayle's 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 glad 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 fought the elements of sin he found in the hearts of men, his early life being a training ground for the work he loved. Yes, 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 Pana, Ill., the roar of a flying aeroplane was heard growing louder and louder. Those upon the outskirts of the audience became restless and a few began slipping out. The manager arose to expostulate with his audience, but the bishop was too quick for him. He insisted that the audience be dismissed to see the aeroplanes. If they wanted to come back afterward, all right; if not, all right. They scattered like children from school, but after the last aeroplane had disappeared they returned to the tabernacle true to form and heard the bishop out. They were returning to look upon and hear another flyer. However, the bishop did more than the aeroplane without; he carried his audience with him, and it was not until he had said the last word that they were dropped to earth again.

## IN FASHION AS A MAN

By JAMES ROBERTSON CAMI

The author bases his thoughts on the text: "Holding the form of a servant." He applies this principle to the life and death of Jesus as they are made known to us in our own experience. He shows the phraseology but of fact, and answers to the truth.

16mo. Cloth, 15 cents net; postage, 2 c

## SOCIAL PLANS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE FOR PLEASURE AND PROGRESS

By CHRISTIAN F. REISNER

This book ought to be in the hands of every young person in church work. It tells all about the plans which are to be put into operation to secure and hold the interest of young people in church; what plans will work and what will not work; school teachers, Epworth Leaguers, Christian Endeavorers who want to know—

How to Win Young People to Christ Through Their Social Joy;  
How to Develop Pure and Heartening Fun at Your Social Occasions;  
How to Take Advantage of Special Occasions for Social Joy;

How to Melt Strangers into Friendliness;  
How to Stimulate Intelligence and Educational Development;  
How to Plant Religious Information Through Social Channels;  
How to Turn the Energy of Social-Hearted Young People into Practical Problems by I

will find many very helpful suggestions in this volume.  
12mo. Cloth, 75 cents net; postage, 10 c

## THE OLD TESTAMENT PRINCIPLES

By ALBERT C. KNUDSON

This booklet was prepared as an inaugural address at the Boston University School of Theology, and retains its original form. Its publication is due to numerous requests to have it also from those who read it as a privately printed pamphlet. It will help to awaken the true word of inspiration.

16mo. Cloth, 25 cents net; postage, 3 c

## A PLAIN MAN'S WORKING PRINCIPLES OF BIBLICAL INSPIRATION

By ALBERT J. LYMAN

Prof. C. W. Rishell, of Boston University, author of Foundations of the Christian Faith, says: "A single sitting that great little book, A Plain Man's Working Principles of Biblical Inspiration, by A. J. Lyman. I wish it were read by every Methodist preacher and layman. It is written with the vigor which is born of affection and it tends to call the attention of the students of this school to the attention of the students of this school."

12mo. Cloth, 50 cents net; postage, 3 c

## THE COST OF CHRISTIANITY

By WILLIAM N. BREWSTER

This little book is written to answer the question: "What is the cost of Christianity?" It is written for men and money to evangelize the world in a scientific manner, showing the strategic importance of this generation, laying down the principles of horticulture, and applying them carefully in view of the growth of population and missionary activities, and earning just what will be the probable cost in evangelizing the whole world within the next thirty years.

16mo. Cloth, 35 cents net; postage, 4 c

## THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF CHILDHOOD

By W. S. EDWARDS

This treatise sets forth what the author believes is the true nature of childhood that can be logically and consistently maintained in its moral nature, and with the possibility of spiritual unfolding on Christian lines and for the earliest dawn of intelligence. Insisting that Childhood is a Kingdom, it claims that it may be kept there, and it is the duty of the church to do so.

12mo. Paper boards, 25 cents net; postage, 2 c

**MAINS, 150 Fifth Avenue**  
**in Avenue DETROIT: 21 Adams**

## WORLDWIDE CHRISTIAN ADVANCEMENT

leaves on the paper an impression of the fullness of all the possible meanings of the character.



## SCIENCE AND PROGRESS

The czar has a single estate covering 100,000,000 acres.

It is estimated that the total amount of coal in north China, where are most of the coal fields, is 605,000,000,000 tons.

In China the salt tax is a government monopoly. It is one of the principal revenues of the empire, yielding about \$9,000,000 a year.

The deepest hole in the world has been bored in Silesia. It has reached a depth of about 7,000 feet and passes through 83 beds of coal.

Canada's three prairie provinces will spend the aggregate sum of \$4,325,000 in constructing telephone lines this year to be owned by the government.

The population of the world is now estimated to be about 1,503,000,000. Of this number 150,000,000 are black, 600,000,000 yellow and 750,000,000 white.

During 1907 the Chinese government spent nearly \$100,000 for students studying in foreign countries. Japan got nearly half the money and the United States about one-fourth.

In the hope of discovering a preven-

## WORLDWIDE SERVICES AND PUBLICATIONS

### WORLDWIDE VESPER SERVICES

By DWIGHT A. JORDAN

Long Line of Messianic Prophecy.

The Fulfillment of Type—Refuge in the Redeemer.

in Jehovah to Father.

Jesus—Prophet, Priest.

Ch. 5. Jesus—The King.

ta  
ev  
tu  
of

Today marks the close of the third year in which we have been meeting each week in this corner of ZIONS HERALD. I would like to be very personal this once and send greetings to some of the friends I have met because of these little essays. It will, of course, be impossible to mention the more than one-hundred messages I have had from readers, but to all of them a very Happy New Year.

There is the woman in California, whose card I was not able to answer because there was no address on it. She wanted to remind me that teachers are very understanding people and do make allowances for the effect of the weather on Johnny's school report. Having been a school ma'am myself, I agree with her, and thank her for her card. Happy New Year out there in the sunshine!

There's the proof reader at ZIONS HERALD whom I have never met, who liked "Cookies on the Lower Shelf" well enough to write and thank me for it, saying "You have started my morning off happily." May all the mornings of 1918 be happy for her.

The woman in Maine who thought she

ventures. In a financial operation now known as the Formosan Sugar Deal, a transaction involving the sugar, camphor and estate and many other things, she made \$50,000,000 in one fell swoop. She is not a shareholder in a corporation. She is the corporation. Since her husband's death she has been solely responsible for his business. He is now a modest little man who is content with a modest household and prescribed education of the old school—she was trained to arrange flowers, serve tea, rear children and please a husband.

"Women are hurrying up the pace of new workers," says Mrs. Parkhurst. "The challenge of 111,000 women working beside the men made England wake up. When women started out to work after they learned the tricks of trade they began to turn out more work in far less time than men were doing it. Of course when they began setting a new pace for their output the men were horrified. They begged the women to go slower. 'We came to work because we must win the war,' was the only answer the women gave them. 'Nothing else'.

## 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.

**B**ECAUSE 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 Ebricht, beloved Baker professor and oft-times 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 adjunct professor, to preacher, to professor, to college president, to renown 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 heaven 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 collection now 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 enriched 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-bruises, and put him where there is not any dirt and where there are not any stone-bruises, and

where you don't have to wash your feet—that is heaven for the boy. Just those three things—no dirt, no stone-bruises, 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 litter 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 "Breeches" Bible, the "Burnt" Bible, the "Bug" Bible, the "Treacle" Bible, the "Vinegar" Bible, and the "Girdle" 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."





Quayle Bust by Elden Tefft

## A GROWING COLLECTION

Since Baker University acquired the collection, many gifts and purchases of Bibles and other rare items related to the history of writing have been added. G. Murray Ross provided funds for the catalogue. Purchases have been made with funds provided by the Albert C. Espenlaub Memorial, an endowment for maintenance of the Quayle library; by the Jennie M. Brooks bequest designed especially for the purchase of Bibles; and by the generosity of many other friends and benefactors. Some of these gifts have been unusual Bibles which belonged to the donors. Such a gift is the Cambodian New Testament presented by Mrs. Fred Johnson. Others have bought Bibles especially for the collection: the 1960 Gutenberg facsimile presented by Milton McGreevy; the second and third editions of the Coberger Bible given by the William C. Markham family; the 1763 Baskerville made possible by Mrs. Leroy Wolfe who presented the Bible in honor of her mother, Jennie Wolfley Lytle. The Nuremberg Chronicle, not a Bible, but a milestone in the history of printing, was purchased with funds provided by Rollie B. Hall.

These and many more friends of the Quayle Bible Collection help keep alive the memory of Bishop Quayle and his avocation—collecting and loving rare and unusual Bibles.

YOUR GIFTS WELCOME

## 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.

Among the holdings:

Terra Cotta Cone, circa 2060 B.C. UR  
 Cuneiform Tablets, circa 2000 B.C. UR  
 Snyagogue Roll, circa 12th or 13th century  
 Latin Codex, 13th century.  
 Latin Codex, 14th century.  
 Eggesteyn Bible, Latin, 1469.  
 Rodt and Richel Bible, Latin, 1470  
 Biblia in Parte, Latin, 1471  
 Coberger Bible, Latin, 1475.  
 Venetian Biblia Sacra, Latin, 1476.  
 Coberger Bible, Latin, 1477.  
 Venetian Biblia Sacra, Latin, 1478.  
 Biblia, Latin, 1479.  
 Biblia Sacra, Latin, 1482.  
 Venice Biblia Vulgata, Latin, 1483.

\*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 A. Quayle, Poet.

The Methodist world has long known Bishop Quayle as a peerless preacher. It must now rate him also as a prophet bard. 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 lays 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 lollicked on the wave,  
Whose honor was the sea and sky,  
And had the sea for a grave.

A son of those men who chum  
To sea-wrecks manifold;  
A son of those men who swum  
On sea-waves icy cold.

A son of those sailors lost  
Who knew the sea was wide,  
And loved the dim wrecks that float  
But had the sea for a bed.

A son of those wastes and fights,  
Where wave and wind crew bleak,  
The son of a thousand fights,  
Which whiten'd not their cheek.

A son of those fearless men,  
I must not frightened grow,  
But with the wild strength of ten  
Must rush where dangers go.

And then thou shalt come to wreck?  
But what is that to me,  
Aye-long on the vessel's deck,  
And sired by man and sea?

This bit of autobiographic song well-nigh sings itself. The music and rhythm 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 women whom he never knew move through the lines in spectral beauty clad. The soul of our poet grows tender and mellow as he dreams of her across the years. We must quote this hymn entitled "Mother" entire:

Before I knew her she had trod  
Across the rare celestial blue,  
To make her dwelling-place with God,  
Amidst the murmur and the dew.

A fair sweet face my father said,  
A witchery of woman youth,  
A golden glory crown'd her head,  
Her heart was eager for my birth.

Her eyes were solemn, wonder lit,  
With dreadful love a steady look,  
That gazed through all and set me out fit  
For faith, and sunrise in the East.

A woman far removed, at birth,  
Across wide seas from native land,  
And at life's exultant breath  
From mountain heights her spirit came.

Great things she had with God dwelt,  
Where seraphs spend their life,  
And on the cliffs the heather smile,  
And snow-drops fed the firs of home.

Her dreaming eyes dived on the hills  
Which climbed to snowy heights sublime,  
A mountain pure her spirit fills,  
The East she drifts from hours of time.

She looked my father in the face  
With look he dreamed on till he died,  
And said she loved him, and that peace  
Would set her with the glorified.

She looked at me; her early born,  
With skies of love in her sweet eyes,  
'I wait for him in the far morn,  
The timeless morn of Paradise.'

Her hands fell, wandering, on my face  
Like a benediction; and awed,  
She gently prayed a moment's space  
And so stepped out to dwell with God.

Nor yet I know my mother's look,  
Nor have I felt my mother's kiss,  
But shall some daytime cross the Brook,  
And press her mother lips in bliss.

The Brook is Death; beyond lies Life,  
Its holy meadows sown to stars,  
There mother dwells where nothing dies,  
Nor aught the age-long glory mars.

She loveth still her little lad,  
Nor is she aught in love amiss,  
But will some happy day be glad  
To give to him his morning kiss.

This tender sweet refrain falls like a cool benediction upon the world-wearied hearts of men and women to whom mother is the greatest inspiration of their lives.

Our poet is a fond lover of nature too. The wild, unquiet sea fascinates him and he apostrophizes it in elevated strain in the poem entitled "O Sea!"

So gray, so wild, so wide, so strange, so bleak;  
So swift with all the weapons of despair,  
So sowed with faces drowned and floating hair  
Spread all abroad, and empty hands and weak

Above thee lifts the azure sky and domed,  
Below thee builds the level of the world,  
Across thee are the foaming tempests hurled,  
Athwart thee have the gentle zephyrs roamed.

Upon thy stretching sands the ships have schooled,  
And far aloft the mystic clouds have curled  
Like little banners by the wind unfurled,  
And on all shores thy wander waves have rolled.

Their glory palpitant, their strength sublime;  
Their bridge across the spaciousness of earth,  
Their rapture and their passion strong as death,  
Thou art the ruthless majesty of time.

He loves the wide-rolling prairies too with the illimitable reach of their vast expanses and the fragrance of the wind-swept flowers is as incense in his nostrils.

My prairies, how ye stretch afar  
Nor ever faint or weary grow  
From morning dawn to evening star  
Ye widely wander to and fro.

Ye are the veridands of earth  
The emerald majestic ride  
Of wind-blessed spaces, sown to death  
And fertile growing, side by side.

My prairies, where the blither flower  
Is whipped every way by roaring wind  
That bough to be belaguered so  
To glow that never respite finds.

My prairies, when I had my birth,  
Where my sweet mother learned to die,  
Me best where, at the first on earth,  
My rest place shall be, when men no more.

Me from your windy spaces where  
I leaved, through all these sun-drenched  
years

By day or night or dusk, to fare  
With heart that looked through smiles and  
tears.

My prairies, men shall come and pass,  
Exultant as the wild lark's song,  
And trample on your flowers and grass,  
Nor know that mine a love made strong.

Ye had for me the very breath  
Of liberty—grass-tanged, so free,  
It can not be undone by death  
Ye mind me of Eternity

He is enamored of the flowers that  
grow on the prairies' fertile bosom and  
lifts his voice in high refrain in praise  
of the "Desert Goldenrod."

Beneath a sky immeasurably blue,  
Where barren sun-etched wastes give  
back the light,  
And desert owns the valley and the  
height.

A desert golden rod exultant grew  
Upon its ardent fires no drop of dew  
Had ever dropped, nor ever any night  
Had come to lend it shadow or affright  
But all its life-blood from the day it grew  
A grouped splendor like a central sun,  
A tank, exultant clasp of strange flavor:  
A yellow fire like desert town at bloom;  
A ready emblem of wild triumph won;  
A subtle glory for the which no name—  
A rapture of the desert fire and bloom.

Our poet sings of God and heaven and  
ove and trust and life and death and  
ternity. He fronts the ultimate issues  
of life fearless and unafraid. His Christ  
has marked the way before him and the  
going is safe.

There is a ford across the stream of death  
Where a scant few of earth's serene  
souls

Had found and made the crossing safe:  
The tolls

Escaped which death had taken the forced  
breath,

The ice-dewed brow, the thought that wan  
died,

The stern dismay, the which across met  
polls

What time old and penurious death out  
doles,

With shivering fingers, we move gasping  
breath,

Then One came down elite who knew the  
stream

And all its heartache and its meaning less,  
And, singing, onward walked, without as  
may,

Man's road from start to crossing; and  
supreme,

He found the ford and marked it with His  
Cross

So none might miss the ford thenceforth  
alway.

Death is not "the king of terrors,"  
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 gentle look who stood a little space  
Across a field of sweet forget-me-nots,  
And coming over many death thoughts

For, as he stood, his smiling grew more  
sweet:

And in a gentle brook beside his feet  
He swiftly cast rose petals not a few:  
Some sweet and chaste and lustrous with  
dew;

Some naked and wan as bitten by the  
frost

But still rose petals in the stream he lost  
And from his shoulders swept strong wings  
of light

That shone like stars across a summer  
night

A hush fell on the scene as his feet  
And there he stood with serene face  
As if to say, Where I stand

"My home is 'There,' I said, 'at  
God's feet

'Come in here, I say,' said he, 'I  
am  
Dead.'

"A World's News" contains a note of  
high interest to those who are  
leaving the heat and burden 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 severe,  
The shock of battle great,  
But I have Christ forever near  
To help me soon and late.

I have a business here  
In this great world and far;  
If I pursue with holy cheer,  
Alert to do my share,  
So long as I may be  
A helper to the earth,  
So long as I may work with Thee  
My work shall be my mirth.

Not one complaint I bring  
Of toil or peril dark,  
But at my work, exulting, sing  
Like high-priest at God's ark

The reader will 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  
wistful verses entitled "The Nightless  
Day."

There is a land of nightless day,  
Where gloomy shadows never rise;  
Where twilight come not, dim and gray  
To shame and darken glory's skies.

This is God's Land, His land and mine  
Of spring-time morning, chaste delight  
With service radiant and fine,  
Which needs no respite and no night

My heart sings glad and wistful hymns  
What time it tobleth hands to pray,  
For all its lonely longing days  
While dreaming of this nightless day.

G. H.

Rev. P. W. Keys and wife started from  
New York by Steamer St. Louis, July 31st  
upon their return to Inhambane, East  
Africa. Accompanying them were John  
Fletcher Robinson and Miss Muriel Rob-  
inson, son and daughter of Bishop J. L.  
Robinson, both of whom are en route to  
India

#### 'Still' It Was.

One day an old negro was brought in from  
the mountain district under suspicion of  
maintaining an illicit still. There was no  
real evidence against him.

"What's your name, prisoner?" asked the  
judge as he peered at the shambling black  
man.

"Mah nam's Joshua, judge," was the reply.

"Joshua, eh?" said the judge, as he rubbed  
his hands. "Joshua, you say? Are you that  
same Joshua spoken of in Holy Writ—the  
Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, judge," was the hasty answer.  
"twan't me. Ah'm de Joshua dat made de  
moon shine."

#### A Case of Mistaken Identity.

"A train on the Denver and Rio Grande  
Railroad stopped for lunch, ice and water,"  
according to a story told at an Ohio ban-  
quet by Senator Burton. "and in a few min-  
utes the through passengers were walking up  
and down the station platform to take out  
the knicks.

"One of the passengers, an elderly tourist,  
stood breathing the rarified atmosphere, and  
delightedly gazing at the snow-capped moun-  
tains.

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

"No, sir," replied the man, who happened  
to be a native filled with civic pride. "This  
is Grand Junction." Philadelphia Tele-  
graph.



**The Black Man  
and the Christ**

By  
BISHOP W. A. QUAYLE, D.D.



THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY OF THE  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

## The Black Man and the Christ

The Semi-Centennial Address of The Freedmen's Aid Society, Delivered by Bishop W. A. Quayle, 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; and 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 kinsmanship by blood, by history, by suffering, by shipwreck, by survival. What a vivid, vital thing a race is! How weighty like a mountain range and, like a mountain range, cold and bleak and dangerous and high and sunlit and wide with health and cooling with its pines and streams—a Great Divide of History and Civilization. A race is a momentous thing and an august thing.

We are here to-night 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 blandishments. This is no hour of flattery. This is no hour of mummery. This is no hour for speaking feigned 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 appear 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, between 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 celebrate; 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 exposure to the centuries of scorch of suns; the black race hounded for the thousands of years and hunted from their jungles; their black and sweaty bulks shut in ship-holds like swine, cursed, despised, bought, sold, hearts broken: a race cast down, but not destroyed—thank God, "but not destroyed"!

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 scullion, a watcher of swine, a server of tables, a doer of kitchen work, a holder of horses, a thing for everybody's beck and call, a servant whom any one might smite in the face at will, or lash on the back, dismiss, kick, upbraid, 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 menial, 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 servant of all."

And on that day the world swung to a new center. At that center it stays. Nothing occurs to remand it to the old desperate littleness and leanness. The servants are the ruling class of history now. We see that since Jesus was here.

The working class has become the ruling class. Russian peasantry has climbed into a throne which is the last lordly exhibit of the majesty of the under man. That incredible change would make Caesar

pale as if the Gauls smote him on the helmet. We are in the thick of the new regime. 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 torn from its mother's arms by the slothful and doless. 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 to-night a race that is a world-worker. He is singing, he is uncomplaining; he is a light sleeper; he is not picky in the choice of a job; he easily and quickly adjusts his shoulders to any load; he complains little save on the banjo and to God. He is born in the tropics; he has been at the North Pole. That black but not brooding race is present here this night and owns this occasion. The night is his, not ours. The ten millions of black faces—babes, child, man, woman—who have fluttering across their foreheads the shadow of a flag lit with stars, they peer at us to-night. This is their hour. Think not that we who seem to sit at this gathering are the real auditors. 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 puissant, sweaty, uncomplaining company. More than a hundred million men are footing it this way. Africa is tramping across the highway of the sea. Hither 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 David 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 to-night. We are praying here to-night. We are dreaming out loud here to-night. We are singing to-night. We are seeing here to-night that crowd that walks into the world's white to-morrow.

A race saddens, yet gladdens, this event. A race breaks on our vision like a headland of the sea up-plunging through salt sea fogs.

Palpably 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 shamed 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 surer benefactor has arisen under our flag of dawn and stars than the Freedmen's Aid Society. As an effort of American patriotism nothing has exceeded 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 high festival. I wish John M. Walden of the craggy 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 scant brother save the Elder 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 its 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 alone the teacher of mundane condition of the servant, but the constructor of a human soul, the planting the ineffable 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 prologue 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 of 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! O beautiful Society, if ever you have been down-hearted 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

Nobody Helped"! And 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 brave Master whose other name was Christ. So Christian brotherliness took a hand. Christ leaned 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 Almighty 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 these 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 sphering 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-instinct and endeavor. Whoso helps American 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, volitionally 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 Fear. His name is Hope.

In my public life, spent 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-respecting. That is what the above credential means. He does not ask alms; he wants work and usually gets it; he expects no

favours, and God knows he has received few favours. 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 anemic. 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 delegate. For years I have listened to the street-corner orator, the sower of dissension, and have not found the black man much in evidence in the audience, and seldom a congratulator of the vociferous and vituperative 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 misanthrope. He does not

deery order and law. He laughs, which is not a deed the anarchist is expert in. (7) He is social. He enjoys his kind. He loiters 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 of divine command and divine love. His nature is answerable 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 possessed. 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 cultivated the venom of asps. Though poor and often in penury, he does not rant nor grow vicious in discontent. He has drunk sunlight, rather. When members of his race have been lynched (innocent men, it often turned out afterward), I have not heard him speak in bitterness. His gentleness 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 peaceable pursuit of their vocations without enforced military service, yet these same people are volitional, 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 all say 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. Hardship does not make him peevish. While machinators 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 hedges Mexico off from us, and that dwellers along the fence could go to sleep without leaving a lamp lit, and wake in safety. The black sentinels would not slumber 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 freedom and with the high sense of our American inheritance as Christians.



But his enemies say he is lazy. Let the white race, whose labor he has so long sweat 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 diabolically debauched, let that word sink into silence. They say he is brutal. While white men continue lynching black men with inhuman delight, let that accusation wither on the lips. They say he is barbarian in his lusts 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 marvel 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 wade in that sorry bog 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 these 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 Aladdin's lamp. With so few for them, with so many against them, with the jungle in them with its tooth and claw, with the jungle about them here and everywhere with its tooth 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 mass 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 marl 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 hind's feet and sometimes have taken the wings of eagles.

As history reckons age, they are wee children. What is a half century to God or civilization? What speed did the Anglo-Saxon make? He was club-footed in his doddering haste. Nobody in history hurried much. Israel was distinctly poky. 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. The

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 aught 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 citizens 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 patriot. Africa is the most splendid theater for coming history this world presents and is subject to redemption largely 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 whose we are and what has happened to us. We belong to Christ, the world Brother 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 complexions are such a peevish 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 Methodisms 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 figuring 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-mood. 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 ignore the black man, or 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 impressive part of Methodism. It is one of its most notable missionary trophies and treasures. Methodism is not an aristocracy, 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 common 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 understood 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. Christianity is at the issue; the missionary enterprise of the future is in the issue; the world kingdom of Jesus Christ is in the issue; fealty to the Son of God who loved us and gave himself for us all is in the issue; an unfragmentary 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

nobody 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 mankind?

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 population "clad in vesture dipped in blood" people 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 before 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 Conference how it moved my heart to see father and son in the fellowship of the ministry, and in the name of Methodism I thanked the father for giving his son to the ministry of the church of our common love. Whereupon 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 peddled 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 sobbed, and I with it, and then

we sang! 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-flung benediction to the world.

I want to see the heavenly harpists harping on their harps. 'Twill be a famous orchestra. I hope to sit near and see the harpists' 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 schooled to lift loads 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 smiting the harpstrings 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 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, has given over half a century of heroic service in the industrial, intellectual, moral, and religious education of the Black Race in America. Circulars of information concerning its schools and their students will be sent on request.

**Correspondence.**—All correspondence relating to the administration of the Society should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretaries, Rev. P. J. Maveety or I. Garland Penn, 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Donations.**—These should be sent in drafts, checks, registered letters, or postoffice orders, to the Treasurer, Rev. John H. Race, D.D., 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; or to the Corresponding Secretaries.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

**Form of Bequest.**—"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 to my executors for the same."

#### ANNUITY BOND.

Persons having funds which they plan to have go to the Lord's cause, and yet need the income while they live, may give any sum now, and this Society will pay interest upon it during the person's life. These Annuity Certificates are as good as a Government bond, with double the interest, paid semi-annually. Write the Secretaries about this plan.

#### YOU ASKED FOR RESULTS.

##### HERE THEY ARE.

**Fact I.**—Fifty years ago 1,000,000 ex-slaves were left stranded amid the mazes of modern civilization, without knowledge, property, or experience in taking care of themselves. When the serfs of Russia were freed, something was given them, but the American Negro was naked.

**Fact II.**—The great Christian churches, busy with the problem of the heathen peoples, rushed to the assistance of these millions of helpless, ignorant, and wretched black people. They established schools and churches among them, that leaders might be trained to guide and instruct them in the basic principles of our na-

tional life, viz., intelligence, industry, morality, and religion, principles without which no race has ever yet amounted to anything, and the loss of which has always been the sure forerunner of national dryrot, decay, and death.

Fact III.—The Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the hand of Methodism aiding in this great movement for the salvation of the Negro race.

It was organized just fifty years ago in Trinity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, by twelve wise and far-seeing men, all of whom have since gone to receive the "well done, good and faithful servant" of their Lord.

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

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

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

Freedmen's Aid schools . . . . .	21
Teachers in these schools . . . . .	317
Students enrolled . . . . .	5,279
Trained and sent out from these schools	
in fifty years . . . . .	200,000
School teachers sent out . . . . .	13,000
Colored Conferences created . . . . .	26
Ministers in these Conferences . . . . .	2,168
Church members . . . . .	350,000
Children in Sunday schools . . . . .	210,000
Churches . . . . .	3,630
Valued at . . . . .	\$4,000,000
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:

Homes to the number of . . . . .	500,000
Land amounting to, acres . . . . .	20,000,000
A total property value of . . . . .	\$1,000,000,000
Churches . . . . .	31,393
Valued at . . . . .	\$6,000,000
Sunday schools . . . . .	24,280
Sunday-school scholars . . . . .	1,500,000
Illiteracy reduced to . . . . .	25
Day-school teachers . . . . .	30,000
Children in public schools . . . . .	2,000,000
Newspapers and periodicals . . . . .	398
Farms owned by Negroes . . . . .	250,000

Prophecy.—If we continue this great work of Christian education for another fifty years, what? No race problem.

### BISHOP QUAYLE

William Alfred 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. Gobin, 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; Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and St. James, Chicago. In 1908 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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

He has written the following books: God's Calendar, The Prairie and the Sea, In God's Out-of-Doors, The Foot's Foot and other Essays, A Hero and Some Other Folk, A Study in Current Social Theories, Books and Life, The Blessed Life, Eternity in the Heart, Lowell.

His Episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.

### BISHOP QUAYLE

William Alfred Quayle was born in Clarkville, 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 W. Cobin, 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; Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and St. Jane's, Chicago. In 1908 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 Poet's Poet and other Essays", "A Hero and some other folk", "A Study in Current Social Theories", "Fools and Life", "The Blessèd Life", "Eternity in the Heart", "Lowell."

His episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 1, 1918.



William Alfred 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, 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 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; Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and St. James, Chicago. In 1908 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 poet's foot and other essays", "A Hero and some other folk", "A study in current social theories", "Ecks and Life", "The Blessed Life", "Eternity in the Heart", "Lovell". His episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 1, 1918.

William Alfred Quayle was born in Parkville, Mo., June 25, 1850. 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 Osgood 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. R. Cobin, 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; Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and St. James's, Chicago. In 1904 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He has served 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 Lord's Feet and other Essays", "A Hero and some other Folk", "A Study in Current Social Theories", "Books and Life", "The Blessed Life", "Eternity in the Heart", "Howell."

His episcopal residence is at St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 1, 1918.

Daily

Christian

Advocate

May 26, 1908.

(Episcopacy.)

## 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 Parkville, Mo. June 26, 1861. His parents almost immediately moved to Kansas, and all of his life previous 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 Conference, reared him. His parents both came from the Isle of Man. One of his strongest lectures is on Hall Caine, who was born in this island and is referred to in "The Christian" as here in line, Glory Quayle. The parents were, however married in this country. Both were Methodists in the old homeland, and immediately identified themselves with that Church in America. The father died in Santiago Cal. four years ago. William Alfred was an only child and 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, when he was 18 years of age. He immediately decided to enter the ministry. The meeting was conducted by William Cooley, 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 country and towns until he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan Kas., after fall corn-husking was done. This school had as president Rev. Jos. Denison, a pioneer Methodist minister. He then attended the State University at Lawrence, Kas., for a few months. He finally, however, entered Baker University at Baldwin, Kas., 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 Mrs. Quayle. The student William did not have an easy time. Rumor declared that he sometimes sawed wood to add to his income. He graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1885, in a class of five. The other four members were Rev. C. R. Robinson, D. D., of Ottawa, Ill.; Prof. Geo. Knapp, of Alva, Okla.; Harmony Armstrong, of Salt Lake City, and A. M. Lumpkin, Allegheny College, gave him the degree of Ph. D., and Baker University that of Lit. D., 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, Kan. He also filled a vacancy for six weeks at Morganville, Kan. On 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, when he was 18 years of age. He immediately decided to enter the ministry. The meeting was conducted by William Cooley, 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 country and towns until he entered the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kas., after fall corn-husking was done. This school had as president Rev. Jos. Denison, a pioneer Methodist minister. He then attended the State University at Lawrence, Kas., for a few months. He finally, however, entered Baker University at Baldwin, Kas., 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 Mrs. 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 1885, in a class of five. The other four members were Rev. C. R. Robinson, D. D., of Ottawa, Ill.; Prof. Geo. Kneip, of Alva, Okla.; Harmony Armstrong, of Salt Lake City, and A. M. Lumpkin, Allegheny College gave him the degree of Ph. D., and Baker University that of Lit. D., 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, Kan. He also filled a vacancy for six weeks at Morganville, Kan. On 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 his first appointment at Osage City, Kan., as a member on probation in the Kansas conference. He was only permitted to remain here 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 vice president of the university. Rev. Dr. H. A. Gobin, afterwards president of De Pauw University, was then president. One year after election to this office Dr. Gobin resigned and Prof. Quayle was made president, the youngest college president in America. In 1894 he resigned this position to become pastor of Independence Avenue Church in Kansas City, Mo. He remained here five years—the time which the Disciples then fixed. He then went to Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, where he had as parishioners Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge. He remained for three years, and getting hungry for his old haunts he went back to Grand Avenue Church, Kansas City, Mo. 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

except the three years at Indianapolis and the three years at Chicago within seventy-five miles of his birthplace. He was nearly nine years a pastor in Kansas City, within twelve miles of where he first saw the world's light. He is a loyal friend, best loved by those who have known him longest. His old neighbors get his choice attention. He never grows away from them.

Bishop-elect Quayle was a delegate to the General Conference of 1896. He had only been a member of the great Rock River Conference a little over three years, but he received all but 18 votes of the whole conference. He was married to Allie, the daughter of Rev. Werber R. Davis, D. D., January 28, 1886. Dr. Davis has been a Methodist minister for fifty-eight years, having helped to found Baker University—now having one thousand students—and assisting in laying broad foundations for Methodism's future. Mrs. Quayle has two sisters, Mrs. Kate Linn, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Minnie Meeker, of Seattle. One brother is the Rev. Henry T. Davis, pastor of the Methodist Church at Kreen, Kan. Another, Werber R. Davis, is a newspaper man in Denver, Colo.

Two delightful children dwell in the Quayle home. One is a son, Wilfred Russell, aged 20, and the other a daughter, Allie Gayle, aged 15 years.

Bishop-elect Quayle is a marvelous reader, a widely-known and striking lecturer, a spiritually discerning preacher and a voluminous author. No other books issued by the Book Concern during the quadrennium have had the sale enjoyed by his productions. His first book appeared in 1897, and was the "Poet's Poet," which still sells. At different times the following have come out, all of them from the Methodist Book Concern Press: "God's Calendar," "The Prairie and the Sea," "In God's out of Doors," "The Poet's Poet and other Essays," "A Hero and Some Other Folk," "A study in Current Social Theories," "Books and Life," "The Blessed Life," "Eternity in the Heart," "Lowell."

Bishop-elect Quayle is a tireless worker of finest health and cheery optimistic faith. He is always hopeful and never sees a cloud unlined by silver. He has a brotherly heart, a wide acquaintance with men, a poised temper, and a rare gift of intuition. He is a unique and inspiring preacher and friend that arouses ministers and men in all walks of life to do their best. That he is a poet of nature and a dramatist of no slight ability when interpreting the great masters adds peculiar charm to his abilities without making less the great strength of character, which becomes the high office to which he has been called.

such post.  
J. FRANK HANLY,  
Chairman.  
WILLIAM H ANDERSON,  
Secretary.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEES  
APPOINTED TO CONSIDER THE  
REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE UNIFICATION 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 1904 resulting in the organization of the Methodist Church of 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 infant 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 petitions for union and independent existence.

2 We welcome with unfeigned satisfaction the witness of our commissioners to the filial regard felt by our Japanese brethren for the churches that gave them ecclesiastical autonomy. We shall ever be solicitous for the safety, growth and success of this child of Christian missions. The separation has cost us pain, relieved only by the hope that the militant spirit of that vigorous people may characterize the young Church in its aggressive campaign for the spiritual regeneration of the empire, and we shall joyfully hail the confidently expected tidings that our Japanese Methodists are bearing to new triumphs the banner consecrated to victory by their spiritual ancestors, and that the flag of the land of the Rising Sun is gathering new splendor in the glory of the Risen Sun—the Light of the world.

We accept the responsibility implied in the previous acts of General Conferences and set forth in the basis of union, and authorize the General Committee of Foreign Missions to continue appropriations for work in Japan, with such gradual reduction as may be consistent with the interests involved.

3 We recognize the cordial action of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Japan in offering to all missionaries of the uniting churches

wards.

Statesman's Viewpoint

n China

ina

a

r the World

China, W. F. M. S.

China

According to the requirements of the Discipline: Paragraph 71 Section 1.

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

REPORT NO. 24.

The Committee on Revision after carefully considering a memorial from the St. Paul Preachers' Meeting recommends that a commission be appointed by the Bishops to thoroughly revise the conference course of study, and commission to be composed of representatives from the Episcopal Board from the pastorate, and from the leading educators of the Church. It is further recommended that the revised course of study shall provide for Systematic Study of the Holy Scriptures, the Life of Christ, and the History and Life of the Early Church.

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

REPORT NO. 25.

Your Committee on Revision having carefully considered the memorial from the Tex. and W. Va. 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," "Superannuates," and "Superannuation," be changed to "Retire," "Retired," etc., reports in favor of such change, 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 memorial

be composed of representatives from the Episcopal Board, from the pastorate, and from the leading educators of the Church. It is further recommended that the revised course of study shall provide for 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 on Revision, 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," "Superannuates," and "Superannuated," be changed to "Retire," "Retired," etc., reports in favor of such changes and recommends that they be made throughout the Discipline, except in Part 1 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:

Add to Paragraph 88 and to Paragraph 96, the words "In the Southern Asia Mission Field, Missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, wives of missionaries appointed to work, and deaconesses, 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, recommend for adoption:

Amend Paragraph 9, Section 9, by inserting the words "Church Periodicals and" after the word "on" of item 4, so that item 4 shall read "On Church Periodicals and Tracts."

Also, amend Paragraph 433, by inserting the words "the promotion of the circulation of the Church Papers in the charge, and" after the word "for" in the last line, so that the entire clause as amended shall read, "And said conference shall appoint a committee, of which the pastor shall be chairman, whose duty it shall be to devise and execute plans for the promotion of the circulation of the Church Papers in the charge, and Local Tract Distribution."

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

## SPECIAL NOTICES

### DEACONESSES AT HOME

The Deaconesses of the Baltimore Deaconess Home will be at home to all deaconesses and their friends on Tuesday evening May 26, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

### 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 3 P. M. Wednesday May 27, Mrs. William F. Anderson presiding.

Devotional services in charge of Mrs. W. L. Shepard.

Addresses will be given by Mrs. Elder of Boz, Ala., and Dr. D. C. Christy, superintendent of Southern Methodist

# 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 recreated 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 stenographically 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 numberless 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 faced the greatest of all adventures on March 9, 1925. 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 enamored by her long red hair. I watched the wagon bump and lurch across the trails of Missouri in a wild flight from a mob of loyal Missourians who were going to hang young William Quayle's father because he had voted for Abraham Lincoln.

A feeling of loneliness and aloneness 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, one 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 farmer 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 it 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 close friends had made. The next step was to find out what the public press had recorded. When Quayle came to town as a bishop, what had the daily press written about him? The search for the answer to this question led me finally 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



back copies of daily papers. "but why not try the *Daily Oklahoman*?" To the *Oklahoman* building I went. "No," the man in charge of the files said, "we don't keep files on individuals here. Try the library on the fourth floor."

The Oklahoman did have 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 to 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 the story of the bishop's coming to town gradually unfolded.

*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 caps 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 26th General Conference, meeting in Minneapolis. The opening made a wonderful picture, stated the paper, nearly 3,000 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. I. 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 towns 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 Naphthali Luccock, Bishop Quayle pictured their meeting 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 his 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 wit, 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! Wooing, winsome, beautiful words. Expressive words. Words fitly spoken. To Solomen 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 O me, the wind was wild that night! It was as stormy as on a wide sea, the storm that beat 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 down 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 lad 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 scene of years ago, in the wind-swept schoolhouse on the wide prairie, 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, pleadingly, prevailing, masterfully, because he has first gone through the dictionary. He knows words; he reverences them, caresses them, conjures with them. Swift and true messengers are they to convey his thoughts to other men. Fitly 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 as an inspiration to low purposes and holy deeds. Whence this power? He was converted kneeling at the dictionary and has fellowshipped therewith 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 exercise this hindering spirit?

ing. This exhibit is directed by J. T. C. Blackmore. Beggars and curio sellers mingle with the crowds of sightseers.

India village scene and Indian marriage procession, with the bridegroom riding an elephant, are included in the plans of Dr. Lewis E. Linzell, of India, who is in Columbus to direct this building for the Centenary.

In an immense Kaffir kraal containing five full-sized huts and a cattle enclosure, 60 Ethiopians will be found working at various typical industries, as a part of the African exhibit. The desert life of northern Africa with Bedouin tents and Moorish town is pictured in another section of the African building. This exhibit is directed by J. T. C. Blackmore, of Algeria, who is also directing a reproduction of early Roman civilization in the same building.

Another part of the African building is devoted to Roosevelt and Rainey motion pictures, episodes from the life of Dr. David Livingstone, lion hunts and Kaffir dances, the Uganda railway and African mission scene. 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 gray walls of Kwang city confront 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 homes, and a Methodist church, such as is found in the Celestial republic.

Art, medical and educational exhibits revealing the progress of Christianity in that country form a part of the plans of Dr. John M. Gowdy, of Fuchau, who with Y. C. Yong, of the Chinese legation in Washington, is directing this building.

Devastated France and Belgium are realistically represented in the European section, under the direction of Dr. E. M. Tipple, who has recently returned from abroad. The reproduction of a ruined French cathedral which seats 500 people will be used for lectures and motion picture views. Through the shell-shattered walls are seen the plains of Lombardy and ravaged Belgium.

Separate sections dealing with Russia, Scandinavia and the Balkans occupy a large share of the European building. Dr. G. B. Winton, Dr. W. H. Teeter and S. A.

There are courses of study in mission work, in music, in pageantry, and stewardship. In addition to the central pageant, which will be given daily in the coliseum, there is a large number of other pageants provided in the program, all of which are already in rehearsal.

The Pageant of Patriotism, which is to be presented in the open as a church contribution to the Fourth of July celebration, will trace in panoramic review pivotal epochs in the development of the American republic, from Revolutionary times through the recent world war. Incidents and institutions typically American will be featured, thousands participating in the procession which will march to patriotic music.

The Pageant of Prophecy, the date of which is yet to be announced, will be made up of all the stewards and the participants in celebration pageantry, and the singers enlisted in Centenary service. Its motif is "The Forward Movement of the Church Through Individual Service."

An attraction of wide appeal, planned in connection with the celebration pageantry, is the Children's Pageant, written by Mrs. Madeline Sweeny Miller, of Johnstown, Pa., who names her cleverly constructed dramas for juveniles. "The Children's Crusade." The synopsis covers two periods of twelve months each—the year 1212 A. D. and 1919 A. D.

The Children's Pageant will be presented out of doors on the lake front.

Pageantry as an educational feature of the celebration will be presented in infinite variety in the exposition buildings which house exhibits. Daily dramatic demonstrations will be given, nationally typical of forty or more countries of the Old and New World. Native costumes will be

#### SAYS ATTORNEY GENERAL PALMER.

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

"As the law stands, the manufacture of beer whether it contains two and three-fourths per cent or any alcohol, is prohibited. We expect to enforce war time Prohibition very strictly. Prosecution will be under the Department of Justice

Mission work among the negroes, Orientals in America, Eskimos, Hawaiians, and a long array of other nationalities. Plays illustrative of each racial type, flanked by an army of informational stewards will drive home the missionary moral.

#### Between Times.

Between the afternoon conference meeting 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-acre farm, reaching from the pike—High street extension—to the Olentangy river. Scores of Centenary visitors are to enjoy more than a passing call at the home, since the trustees have opened the grounds to Centenary campers. A drive of six to seven miles over excellent roads, or a trolley ride with transfers will offer connection with the Fair Grounds, the celebration site. On the Children's Home property are several fine camping locations, one next to the grove of the Columbus Epworth League Fresh Air Camp, with a lively outlook, shade and living water; another on a plateau beside the glen, and a third fronting on the Columbus, Delaware and Marion car line and the pike.

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

No longer time is needed to visit the grave of Leatherlips, Chief of the Wyandots, in Wyandot Grove. While the grounds are private club property, the hospitality is open to those interested in the tribe of Indians which responded to the Methodists' first home missionary efforts.

At Westerville, little more than a half hour's trip by auto—forty-five minutes by interurban—the National Anti-Saloon Headquarters with extensive printing plant, officered for the most part by Methodists, will lure many by inspection. And here, it must not be forgotten, in one corner of Otterbein Cemetery overlooking Alum Creek, where the singer had fished and skated when a lad in school is the resting place of Ben Hanby, whose "Nellie Gray" will be sung times without number by the Centenary Negro Jubilee chorus. A retired spot, with a simple stone, marks the passing of the man whose best monument is his own melody.

A half day or more should be set aside by the devotee to Methodism for Delaware

BISHOP QUAYLE

Bishop William Alfred Quayle was born in Parkville, Mo., June 26, 1861. 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 in 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. Gobin, president of the university, resigned and Professor Quayle was elected to fill his place, being then the youngest college president in America. In 1891 he entered the pastorate again, and since then has held the following appointments: Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Meridian Street, Indianapolis; Grand Avenue, Kansas City, and Saint James's, Chicago, where he has been stationed during the last three years. The following books written by him have been published by the Methodist Book Concern: God's Calendar, The Prairie and the Sea, In God's Open Doors, The Poet's Post and other Essays, A Hero and Some Other Folk, A Study in Current Social Theories, Books and Life, The Blessed Life, Eternity in the Heart, Love II.

Condensed  
from material  
published in  
Daily Christian  
Advocate,  
May 26.



