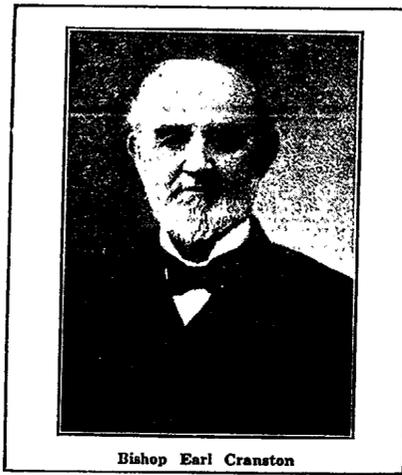


**CRANSTON, BISHOP EARL AND
MRS. CRANSTON**



Bishop Earl Cranston

By the disciplinary rule as to age limit, three well-beloved bishops—Earl Cranston, John W. Hamilton, and Joseph C. Hartzell—are relieved from the heavier duties of their office. For many years these men have borne burdens, and each one has distinguished himself for some special service to the church.

At the same time, by their own voluntary act, two missionary bishops—Merriman C. Harris and Isaiah B. Scott—retired from active service.

* * *

Earl Cranston, the senior bishop, is an Ohio man, who numbers the whole constituency of the Western among his friends. He was ordained to the ministry in 1867, after having served three years in the army. Though his ministry began in Ohio, he was later called to serve churches in Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, and Colorado, in all of which parishes he is still held in loving memory. He spent six years in Denver, Colorado, as pastor and presiding elder, and in 1884 he was elected one of the Publishing Agents of the church and stationed at Cincinnati, where he had once served as pastor for three years. His twelve years in the Book Concern here won him many new friends, and it was with sincere regret that they parted from him and his family when he was elected to the bishop's office and moved to Portland, Oregon, in 1896. Later he visited the missions in China, Japan, Korea, Mexico, and various European countries. He was one of the Commissioners for the Methodist Episcopal Church on the union of Methodism in Japan. In the city of Washington, where he has been resident bishop since 1904, he has been a worthy and distinguished representative of our great Methodism. One of Bishop Cranston's fondest hopes has been to see the union of the churches North and South, and to his wise and

tactful efforts must be credited much of the success of the recent move in that direction in the present General Conference. His big heart has overflowed with joy as he participated in the impressive scenes of the beginning of this union.

* * *

Wesleyan Chris
A. Dr.

CE

MAY 31, 1916

he was actuated by the same kind of motives as those which led him to champion the cause of the ill-used natives of the rubber-country; but he allowed himself to become so obsessed by one set of facts as to lose all sense of proportion, and he never saw that he was creating far more wrong than he could ever right; and he used methods which were calculated to reduce to chaos all that helps to make corporate life stable and sweet. His career, even while still a minister of the Crown, was so marked by eccentricities that it is hard to look upon him as anything other than a very dangerous type of criminal lunatic.

With great unwillingness the government has at last come round to the policy of compulsion; and it is quite outside the scope of this letter to argue for or against it. Only those who are in the inner circle of the administration know the whole facts upon which the decision is based, and only they ought to know. It is a gross misuse of language to speak of it as conscription, for that term has been long appropriated to the designation of a permanent system of normal organization on a military basis in times of war and peace alike; whereas this is only an emergency measure designed to meet a very exceptional need. It is much to be regretted that so many good men and women are talking as they are about their "conscientious objections" in regard to national service. The state has provided for meeting the case of the man who has conscientious objections to taking life, by giving openings for performing non-combatant services of national importance, but many have dragged the name and idea of conscience through the mud by refusing to perform even such services. It is really hard to see what right such men have to the advantages of English citizenship and protection, when in the time of the country's need they refuse to perform even non-combatant services on the plea that they are imposed by the combatant organization, the military power. But surely that is a matter not of conscience, but of intellectual differentiation.

ory"

me a helpful letter." In 1841 Dr. D. P. Kidder, under "Sketches of Travel," wrote of Brazil, an almost unknown land at that time. In 1846 J. B. Finley wrote exceedingly interesting personal reminiscences of frontier life in Ohio and Kentucky, and of experiences with Indians;

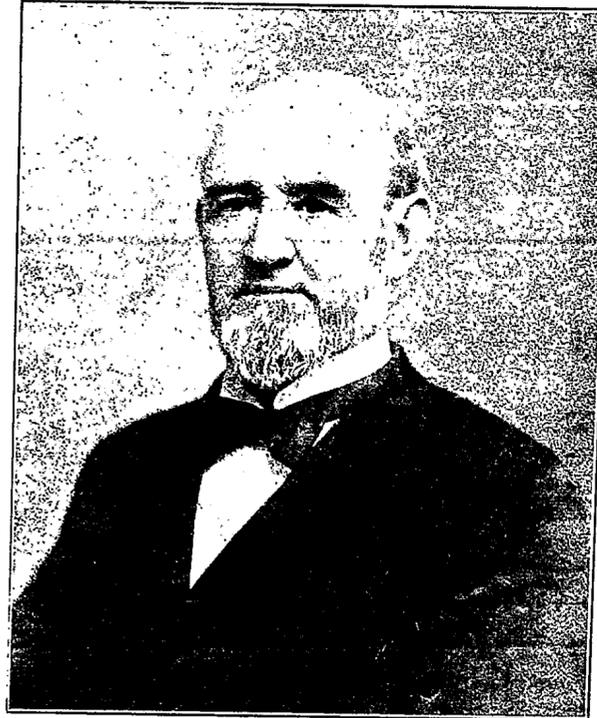
Our English Letter

The Rev. W. Fiddian Moulton, D.D.

ism, a survival of a feudal conception of human relationships, a man with whom the courts had to deal in a drastic fashion because—although a double millionaire, as it has since transpired—he would make no advances in the direction of his tenants.

THE REV. BISHOP EARL CRANSTON, D. D. LL. D.

This trusted officer of the Church was born in Ohio sixty-four years ago. He is descended from an ancestry that was very prominent for many years in the history of Rhode Island. His forefathers at different times occupied the position of Governor of that state for a number of years. His own father and mother were married when his mother was in her sixteenth year. His father died a few months after this marriage, and about six months before the birth of the child whom he never saw. The girl-widow with the finest heroism gladly took up the burden of supporting herself and her child. This work she did to such perfection, and with such cheerfulness, that though the struggle must have been a hard one, the child never realized that they were poor. The son was trained with care and educated so liberally that he graduated from the University of Ohio in his twenty-first year. He entered the army at the beginning of the war in 1861 and rose from a private to the position of a captain at its close. After the war he took up business and became a very successful commercial man. Under great stress of mind during the sickness of his only son, who was lingering between life and death, he had such a struggle with his conscience under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit that he gave himself unreservedly to the Lord for the work of the ministry. He entered this work and became prominent from the beginning. He had pastorates in Cincinnati, Jacksonville, Ill., Winona, Minn., and Denver, Colo., in all of which he had conspicuous success, being a strong preacher, a faithful pastor and a pre-eminent administrator. While serving as pastor of Trinity church, Denver, he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Denver district, where his splendid administrative qualities shone with such brilliancy that he was elected at the General Conference in 1884, senior Publishing Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern. His great work in the Denver district consisted in the chief part he had in establishing the University of Denver. He gave himself to the University without stint. He attended to the work of his district and also was the main financier of the University, and this without salary, but on account of his love for the Church. The twelve years of his incumbency of the position of Publishing Agent in Cincinnati were marked by business proficiency, farsighted and diligently wrought out plans, brotherly interest and helpfulness toward all the preachers. These qualities of character with many others made him a conspicuous man in the Church and the logical person for the Episcopacy when in 1896 the General Conference determined to elect two men to this highest office in the Church. Since his elevation to the Episcopacy he has with great wisdom administered the affairs of the Church in the Northwest and he has also shown himself a man of great capability and thorough efficiency in his work in China and his service in Mexico. He leaves Portland with a record behind him which has touched and blessed every part and every interest of the Church in this Northwest region. Though a very humble and retiring man he is constantly in-



BISHOP CRANSTON.

time

Pacific, July 20, 04 ~~page~~
page 1.

the Methodist Episcopalian of unimpeachable character. He is a man of civic and political and does not hesitate to denounce corruption. Sometimes he is here other people see him. His own conviction is clear that any derelict by anyone brands him as a derelict, if

it would seem that it is of great interest or speculation outside the states of Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana. It seems difficult to improve upon the microscopic differences of politicians to discover any important issue between the two old parties. Hence it seems probable that the Prohibition party will have a larger following at this presidential election than ever before in its history.

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

The whole United States has been greatly stirred of late on account of the burning of the Straits of Juan de Fuca last December, and likewise of the Iriquois Theatre in Chicago, near the same time. How it has come about that these things can be passed by so lightly and no one be punished, is told by Supervising Inspector Uhler in Washington, who says:

"What is the use of having the laws? They no longer act as a deterrent. We go out, discover a boat with rotten life-preservers, bad boilers, and a dozen other things, which someone is operating in defiance of the law. This is punished by a heavy fine. That is the limit of our

The violator of the law, senator or congressman in political authority, I know of no fines have been re-imposed. \$20, and others from \$1,500 have been re-

Suppose that the owner of a steamer cares for the lives of hundreds of dollars? Of course

they themselves take this papers shall voice the

pointed, shall do his duty in providing for the comfort and safety of the traveling public.

MEMORIAL DAY AND SECTIONALISM

The recent observance of Memorial Day was attended with several notable incidents illustrative of the fact that "the war is over." One of these occurred during the memorial exercises in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. A young girl was reciting a poem based on an incident in the Civil War, when the Confederate flag, which she was using to illustrate a passage in her recitation, fell to the floor and was raised by a veteran who had fought against it, and who now placed it carefully on the chair from which it had fallen. There was a burst of applause, and then the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the audience arose to its feet. More significant than this was the gathering of thousands of Union and Confederate veterans in the National Cemetery at Arlington, where they placed upon the graves of those who had fell for the Lost Cause the floral emblems of remembrance and immortality. There for the first time the army of the United States, through its representatives, helped to decorate the resting-places of those who had once been in revolt against it. And who is there now, North or South, who does not rejoice with heartfelt joy over these evidences that the "bloody chasm" has been closed and closed forever?—Leslie's Weekly.

UNDERSIZED AMERICANS.

Phillips Brooks and two other Americans crossed the ocean on the same steamer and booked their names at the same hotel for their first night in Liverpool. Each was some inches more than six feet in height. Opposite their hotel they saw a placard announcing a lecture on America. "Let's go and see what they say about us," said one, and it was agreed. They separated at the door of the hall. After some very absurd statements about the American people, the lecturer went on to say that they were quite undersized. At once Bishop Brooks arose and said, "I am an American, and when at home my height occasions no remark."

Then the second man in a remote corner arose and said, "I too, am an American, and at home my height is not alluded to as being uncommon."

Then off in an opposite corner arose the tallest of the three, and began to say, "I also am an American—" but by this time the audience was in a roar of laughter, and the little man who was lecturing beat a hasty retreat from the platform. —Mrs. G. H. French.

NOTICE TO THE IDAHO CONFERENCE

Rev. W. J. Harvey, pastor of our church at Hailey, Idaho, authorizes the publishing of the statement that the annual conference session will be held in Hailey, the contrary idea in some way being extant. J. D. GILLILAN,

BISHOP CRANSTON TO BE BURIED HERE

Methodist Clergyman, Who
Died Last August, to Be
Buried at Arlington.

1932
Funeral services for Bishop Earl Cranston, resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church here from 1904 to 1916, who died at his home in New Richmond, Ohio, near Cincinnati, last August 18, will be held in Foundry Methodist Church at 10:30 a.m. tomorrow.

The body, which was temporarily interred in Ohio, will arrive at 8:30 a.m. at Union Station and be taken directly to Foundry Church. Burial will be in Arlington National Cemetery.

The services at the church will be in charge of Dr. Benjamin W. Meeks, superintendent of the Washington district of the Baltimore Annual Conference. Addresses will be made by Bishop John W. Hamilton and Bishop Edwin H. Hughes. Prayer will be offered by Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, pastor of the Foundry Church. Scripture lessons will be read by Chaplain James Spera Montgomery and Dr. Edward L. Watson of Baltimore. Justin Lawrie will sing a solo. The benediction will be given by Dr. Robert F. Coates, superintendent of the Washington district of the Washington Annual Conference.

Pallbearers Selected.

The honorary pallbearers have been selected from those associated with Bishop Cranston during his residence in Washington. The laymen: John C. Letts; Dr. Arthur C. Christie, Irving O. Ball, Col. Wade H. Cooper, W. S. Dewhurst, Dr. T. W. Stanton, L. E. Breuninger, Charles H. Gray, William L. Clark, Orlando Smith and Maurice Otterback. The ministers: John Reid Shannon, A. S. Mowbray, Chancellor Lucius L. Clark, H. Wilson Burgan, Richard N. Edwards of Washington, Charles W. Baldwin and C. E. Wise of Baltimore, Disston W. Jacobs of the Wilmington Conference, Morris E. Swartz of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, Robert F. Coates and George E. Curry of the Washington Conference.

Active pallbearers will be a detail of soldiers assigned by the War Department.

Entered Ministry in 1867.

Bishop Cranston, who retired in 1916, while resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church here, entered the ministry in 1867. He had a long and distinguished career as pastor, presiding elder in the Colorado Conference, 12 years as publishing agent in charge of the publishing house in Cincinnati and 24 years in the Episcopacy. He left Ohio University in 1861 in response to President Lincoln's first call for troops and served four years in the Army, rising from a sergeant of Ohio Infantry to captain of West Virginia Cavalry. Burial in Arlington National Cemetery is in accordance with his last request.

QUESTIONS

HASKIN.

ed by Dr. William Beebe in his
ve?—A. L.
A. It was designed by Otis Barton
and Capt John Butler.

Q. How long has the Southern
Farmer been published?—R. E. S.
A. It is now in its sixty-first year. It
was started by the founder of Hampton
Institute, Gen. Samuel Chapman Arm-
strong, in 1872, and has continued with-
out interruption as a monthly magazine
devoted to the interests of the Negro
and Indian populations.

Q. How large was South Carolina's
cotton crop this year?—H. F. S.
A. Clemson College marketing spe-
cialists estimate it at 704,000 bushels;
which brought \$650,000.

Q. Can foreigners take up homestead
land in the United States?—M. B.
A. Homestead entries may not be
made by foreign-born persons who have
not declared their intention to become
citizens of the United States.

Q. How should a wedding invitation
be declined?—J. B.
A. Emily Post says that an invita-
tion to the church only requires no an-
swer whatever unless the wedding is so
small that the invitation is a personal,
written note. An invitation to the re-
ception or breakfast is answered on the
first page of a sheet of note paper; al-
though it is written by hand, the words
must be spaced as though they were
engraved. The regret reads as follows:
"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown
regret that they are unable to accept
Mr. and Mrs. John Huntington Smith's
kind invitation for
Thursday, the first of June."

Q. Did the Children of Israel help to
build the pyramids?—E. A.
A. There is abundant evidence that
the Children of Israel, captives in
Egypt, assisted in the work of building
the great pyramids. There are many
picture writings which show laborers
with strong Semitic cast of features
engaged in the work of building.

Q. Are competitive examinations
given for the position of post office in-
spector?—N. M. G.
A. This position is filled by promotion
within the Post Office Department.

Q. What is it that the scientists
call atomic energy?—A. McO.
A. The atomic theory shows that an
atom contains in suspense a vast
amount of energy. The particles which
make up the atom—itsself too small to
be visible—revolve in a world of their
own. It is believed that if their orbit
could be interrupted they would throw
off a tremendous force. The experi-
ments attempting to split the atom,
which are noted in newspapers from
time to time, are directed toward in-
vestigation of this energy.

Q. What per cent of the freight in
the United States is handled by motor
trucks?—F. H.
A. The amount of commercial freight
handled by trucks in 1930 is estimated
to be between 15,000,000,000 and 20,000,-
000,000 ton-miles, or about 4 per cent
of the rail ton-miles.

"Salma."

her there and the patrol watches beneath the hot arches over the blistering sands. Reports of raids wishes reach us, while hope prays that peace at all prevail.

mer vacation planned for the benefit of the spiritual to be the purpose of every Christian. Physical be turned easily into dissipation, and the spiritual neglected suffers beyond repair. Seek a vacation Christian center where the influences will draw you

Many a person has gone to a camp meeting only under Christian auspices and there received a new life that made them more devoted than they had ever been, while within their hearts they came into such peace and contentment as their religion the sweetest thing of their lives. Fathers and mothers, take your children and go to Lake-Encaster (Ohio) camp meeting this summer. Seek your family under religious influences. It will mean more happiness and your own satisfaction and peace

spirit of unity is abroad in the world. Old lines of prejudice are disappearing; venerable prejudices are being thrown to the junk heap; age-long bigotry fed on priviledge and social caste is being discredited and shorn of its tinsel. Men are getting together. Religion in which men believe the same God, have faith in the same Christ, and pray at the same altar, should find all men as brothers. But divisions and dissensions have prevailed, even the prayer of the Author and Finisher of our faith. Union dawned. The world has been watching the progress toward federation and consolidation in Canada between the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches. Many have predicted that the plan would never be consummated. One party to the contract would balk. But the vote was taken and organic union was sustained by a large majority. Canada was not disappointed in its hope for the betterment of Christian conditions through federation. Now they stand with solid front to face responsibilities the future may present. Their example will have its influence on other religious bodies concurring in similar action.

Loss of life this summer by drowning is almost unparalleled. The report is surpassing any season for years. Each day and evening as the daily paper is read, the number of deaths increases. What can be done? Men and women are advised to keep away from the water. They will be warned. Indeed, swimming and bathing is becoming the most popular summer diversions. For a man or woman to be rushed into judgment by sudden death is one of the greatest calamities that can happen. The shock of bereavement imposed upon those who lose their loved ones is heart-breaking. Often they are left without hope and soon settle about them from which their faith never returns. There is a great number of people in whose memories is written this dark and ineradicable sentence, "Our loved one lost by drowning." It produces a life-long grief. Grief never lifts. How boys and girls ought to take heed, and be cautious. In every home each day there

couched in wisely chosen words, preceded by a surveying the purpose of education and the possibility of introducing any interest, exercise, or purpose that contained in our educational ideal. The National Education Association may always be trusted as a conservative organization. It may at times appear progressive but it is never radical.

This is a day of crushing calamities. Death stalks earth and fearless men are his prey. Cringing thought of death seems to have largely passed and a consciousness of the modern man seems to have lost all caution. It is a fearful thing to be carried without preparation into the presence of God. Death is more than a transition into the dark. It is a leap, but also a landing, not into the unknown, or in the realm of the unknown. It is the continuation of an indestructible life. We witness a life that counts its story with gladness until it becomes complete. Every Sabbath thousands of motor cars start out on pleasure trips. God and his worship is forgotten. (The obligations we owe him are forsaken. The command "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is violated. The churches suffer, the congregations are empty while men and women go seeking their own pleasure. The morning papers publish the record of Sabbath accidents. Hundreds of people have been hurt, or killed in motor accidents. Man becomes a victim of his own pride. Special providence becomes a theory without foundation and a hardened faith in a hopeless fatalism settles. Give God his day. Do not forget him. After worship and praise make place for pleasure.

Our readers will be interested in the outcome of a lawsuit brought by the late John A. Patten, of Chattanooga, Tenn., against the American Medical Association, terminated recently in the courts of Chicago. The suit was a personal attack on Mr. Patten as a man, who, it was claimed, was president of a company that manufactured a "fraudulent medical preparation of opium sold by misrepresentation." At the time of the trial through the columns of the American Medical Association Journal, Mr. Patten was chairman of the Book of Confessions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one of the influential laymen. The accusations made against him reflected also upon the church, in which he was a devoted member, a liberal giver, and a prince among leaders. Upon his Christian character drove him to seek vindication in the courts. The trial proved one of the hardest legal battles in the history of Illinois. The struggle for vindication of his reputation and defense of his Christian character was so severe he was taken ill, and notwithstanding every effort made by eminent physicians and surgeons he died. This was the tragedy of the trial, and from which his family and friends will not soon recover. The death ended the suit for personal damages, which is reported to have said would have been granted in the final decision of the jury gave the Chattanooga Medical Association damages of one cent. This closes one of the saddest incidents that has arisen in our church in recent years. It is to be hoped that this record will give the history and rest it with the eternal judgments of

BISHOP EARL CRANSTON

Earl Cranston, Methodist Episcopal Bishop (elected 1896), was born at Athens, Ohio, June 27, 1840, and was the son of Earl and Jane (Montgomery) Cranston. He was graduated at Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, in 1861 (A.M. 1866; LL.D. 1897; D.D. Allegheny, 1882).

He served in the Ohio Infantry and West Virginia cavalry in the Civil War, 1861-4, as First Sergeant, First Lieutenant, Adjutant and Captain. In 1867 he entered the Methodist Episcopal ministry in the Ohio Conference. He was elected Publishing Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church and served from 1884-96. He spent two years (1898-1900) in episcopal visitation in China, Japan and Korea; and was one of the commissioners for the Methodist Episcopal Church on the Union of Methodism in Japan.

He had charge of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Mexico in 1903.

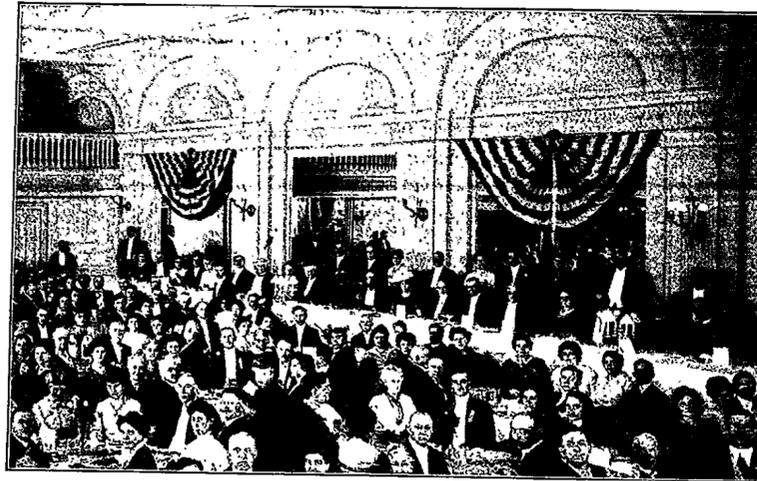
As resident bishop in Washington, D.C., from 1904 to 1916, he was a worthy and distinguished representative of his Church. To his wise and tactful efforts should be credited much of the success of the movement toward the union of Methodism North and South.

Nov. 1, 1918.

WASHINGTON LETTER

On the Evening of June 2, at Rauscher's, the place where many of the most noted social functions of Washington are held, 400 Methodists gathered to greet officially, for the last time, our former resident Bishop, Earl Cranston, D.D., LL.D., and to do him, in part, at least, the honor which he has so richly merited.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE



IN BISHOP CRANSTON'S HONOR

The photograph shows the speakers' table and a small section of the great company which assembled to do honor to the retiring Bishop. At the head of the speakers' table was Bishop Cranston, with his wife at his right and the President of the United States at his left. With them were Bishop Berry, Bishop Quayle, Bishop John W. Hamilton, Bishop and Mrs. Franklin Hamilton, Bishop Nuelsen, Secretary Josephus Daniels, H. M. Canter, D.D., Presiding Elder, Washington District, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Mrs. Canter; Mrs. D. B. Street, Dr. and Mrs. D. Olin Leech, Dr. and Mr. W. R. Wedderspoon, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Montgomery, Dr. Edward Hayes, Rev. John T. Ensor, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. McDowell and Dr. Lucius C. Clark.

It was a brilliant scene, the banquet hall itself being very beautiful, the touch of spring bloom here and there, the costumes of the ladies and the rich flood of softened light over all.

District Superintendent W. L. McDowell presided. President Wilson was the first speaker and with that fine mastery of phrase which has characterized all his public utterance, paid gracious tribute to the service that Bishop Cranston had rendered by his personal character. The President was followed by Bishop John W. Hamilton, Bishop Joseph F. Berry, Bishop Franklin Hamilton, Bishop John L. Nuelsen, Bishop William A. Quayle and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. Bishop William F. McDowell was unable to be present, but sent a telegram full of appreciation and gracious wishes, which was read by Dr. Lucius C. Clark.

Bishop Cranston replied to the greetings in felicitous speech and the company dispersed with the consciousness that our great Church had paid a worthy tribute in a worthy way to one of her most capable and devoted leaders and that Washington Methodism had reason to congratulate itself on the success of its effort to be the agent of the Church in rendering this tribute.

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k during the past quadrennium, the number of fine buildings erected, new institutions blished and the possibilities before us in present awakening of young womanhood he work of the Church.

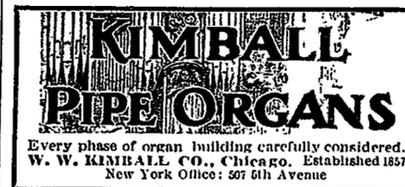
report of the relief committee showed al- t \$13,000 has been paid out for relief in the past four years.

ports from the various standing commit- showed great activities and intense inst in the work of the association.

he General Deaconess Board gave a ban- Wednesday evening, May 17, at the mbian Hotel, to all deaconesses attending General Conference. It was a most def- ful occasion.

he following officers were elected: Honor- president, James N. Gamble, Cincinnati, honorary secretary, Lucy Rider Meyer,

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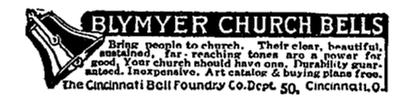
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Watervliet (West Troy), N. Y.



Editorial.

Bishop Earl Cranston, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop Earl Cranston was born in Athens, Ohio, about sixty years ago, graduated from the Ohio State University, and went as soldier to the Union Army, and began his ministerial career in 1863. He was a popular preacher in Ohio and Southern Indiana, and later in Colorado. In 1884 he was elected Senior Book Agent for the Western House, to succeed Dr. John M. Walden, who was elected to the episcopacy. It was in this capacity that Dr. Cranston revealed his abilities. From 1884 to 1888 the Western House made a profit of \$342,000. The like of this had not been known in the entire history of the Book Concern. He stirred the whole Church of the Western States. The plant at Cincinnati was enlarged, and the Western House pressed its way to the front rank. Bishop Cranston had the rare insight to know at a glance the character of literature. The orderliness of his methods put all departments at their best. He had the happy faculty of getting the maximum results from everything he undertook. The very machinery recognized the touch of his genius. His thorough business methods were tempered together with such kindness that harmony prevailed throughout the whole establishment. He not only mastered the business from a business standpoint, but made himself acquainted with public sentiment on the line of religious literature until he was an expert on that subject. He knew two things well. He knew by a predetermining insight, amounting almost to an instinct, what the average reader wanted, and he knew the best methods of supplying this demand. Bishop Cranston was among the first to clean out the old shelves at "any cost," and push new books. In 1888, 1892, he was practically re-elected by a unanimous vote. In 1888 he received 216 votes for the episcopacy. In 1896 he was chosen to that high office. He has spent some time in China and Japan, besides holding many of our conferences in this country and Mexico. His official residence is in Portland, Oregon. Everywhere Bishop Cranston has shown himself a fine administrator. He is thoroughly acquainted with the enthusiastic spirit of the West. He has assisted in a great campaign in the Northwest, raising the debt on the Willamette University, Salem, Ore. He comes to California with a personal knowledge of our Methodism and its needs. We have no doubt but that he will give great satisfaction in the work of the California and Arizona conferences.

opening China's closed doors. From the days of the Nestorian Christian in the third century, the priests of the Church of Rome in the thirteenth, or the coming of the Protestant adherents in the beginning of the eighteenth, the missionaries have penetrated far into the heart of the country, and have invariably been the frontiersmen for trade and commerce. The unselfish devotion, perhaps in individual cases tinged with bigotry of sect, but notwithstanding, a most admirable, unselfish devotion, has characterized the labors of the missionaries in China. While in a state of progress the work must have seemed discouragingly slow, yet, looking at it as a whole at this time, the zealous and philanthropic boards in America and England, which have sent out their representatives, must see much reason for encouragement."

In our issue of a few weeks ago we had on the front page an admirable picture of the Dr. Hopkins' Memorial Hospital, just dedicated in Peking. It is specially gratifying to read what this envoy extraordinary from China to the United States has to say about the medical missionary work in China. "That which, undoubtedly, above all else," he says, "has made the way for the missions are the medical missionaries and the hospitals which they have established. * * * The gospel of healing is one that makes its own way into the hearts of the people, for suffering makes the whole world kin, and it can be said without controversy that the medical missionary can enter homes where none of his colleagues can. The Christian hospitals and dispensaries—there are approximately 200 of them in the kingdom—are revolutionizing the natives' ideas of the treatment for the sick. Particularly is this true in regard to the women of China." How infinitesimally small some of these American critics appear in the light of these magnani-

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... representing self-sacrifice is announced.

Then the fellowship of the conference is specially unique. The presence of the lay association brings lay members from every part of the conference territory. They meet former pastors, and pastors meet on every hand their class-leaders, league presidents, Sunday school superintendents, and office bearers in every department of church work. The joy of meeting these friends and fellow-laborers cannot be measured. The fellowship of the itinerancy is close. The work of the ministry

T. C. J.

Bishop Cranston's Birthday Message to Methodism



Bishop Earl Cranston and His Grandson, Rev. Earl Cranston, 3d, Whom It Was the Bishop's Privilege to Ordain during the Recent Session of the General Conference at Des Moines and Who Is to Go to China as a Missionary

BISHOP EARL CRANSTON, who retired from the active duties of the episcopacy four years ago, after twenty years of unstinted service in the highest office in the gift of the church, and who since his retirement has continued to take a deep interest in everything that concerns Methodism, particularly in the cause of unification, having been chairman of the Commission on Unification of the Methodist Episcopal Church, celebrated his eightieth birthday on Sunday, June 27, by preaching a sermon at Epworth Heights, Ludington, Mich. The services at Epworth do not regularly begin until the first Sunday in July, but a special service was arranged, that Bishop Cranston's many friends at this Methodist summer resort might hear him preach on his natal day. At the close of the sermon the secretary presented to the bishop, as a token of love and esteem from the cottagers, eighty American Beauty roses. The bishop, deeply moved, stood for a moment with his face buried in the mass of blooms that filled his arms. Then he exclaimed, "Oh, this is beautiful! I think the rose is the most beautiful flower that grows. Can you think of the rose blooming without feeling it is asking you to love it? I thank you very much. They will wither, of course, but God will gather all the roses of affection and deeds of kindness and mercy and compassion that you and I have strewn, no matter whether our lives be a score or fourscore. The glorious gardens of heaven are made up in just that way. Come along and bring your flowers with you. But the Lily of the Valley, the Most Beautiful, the Help, the Light, after all, will be Jesus Christ, our God, our Saviour." The bishop's sermon, which was delivered in a voice clear and strong, centered about the principle that "in itself, of itself, by itself, to and for itself alone, nothing abides or survives." The sermon closed with a clarion call to Methodism in this hour when "politicians are inventing issues and confusing principles to divide the people into warring factions, lest they agree and God and love come to dispossess the profiteers in Government." "O Methodism," cried the bishop, "God is calling thee to fill the breach left by pitiless greed and selfish ambition; calling thee to show to the despairing peoples the unity of the spirit in the bond of enduring peace; calling thee to live as well as preach the brotherhood of the cross as above all that breeds or fosters strife and selfish contention; calling thee to forget thy traditional divisions and to lead the multitudes that come from the north and the south and from the east and the west to crown thy one Lord and Saviour.

Let not that profiteering parasite which has ever sought to feed on the body of His church, ecclesiastical institutionalism, the promoter of jealousies and of partizan pride, hold thee from thy place in the van of victorious conquest. Let the high priests of Judaism deal with the conscious betrayers of the Lord of Love. Be not thou unwittingly of their spirit." The HERALD joins with the rest of the church in extending to Bishop Cranston its heartiest felicitations on his attainment of fourscore years, and prays that the blessings of God may richly attend him as he passes the evening of life in unquestioning confidence that "the best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made."

The Age of the Golden Rule

REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND, S. T. D.

*A better day is dawning!
The day long since foretold,
When the Golden Rule of the Master
Supplants the rule of Gold.*

*The earth shall brighten with gladness,
With the rising of the day,
And avarice, envy, and hatred
With the night shall pass away.*

*No more beneath the heavens,
Shall greed or wrath destroy;
And where was war's wide misery
There shall be peace and joy.*

*One aim and aspiration—
The true, the just, the good—
Shall bind the world together,
In one blest brotherhood.*

*The loving Christ, their Saviour,
The nations shall confess,
And a little child shall lead them
In the paths of righteousness.*

*For the knowledge of God's goodness
In every heart shall be,—
And the earth shall be full of His glory,
As the waters cover the sea.
Buffalo, N. Y.*

The Neglected Walks of Life

REV. WILLIAM S. BOVARD, D. D.

NO flights of idealism can give us complete freedom from our bondage to sense. We are in the body; we are dependent on mother earth for our physical welfare, and so far as this life is concerned, we are dependent on the physical resources for our spiritual prosperity. This essential physical basis of life provides for a natural gravitation of the masses of people into the walks of life where the main business is to secure a living. The livelihood callings are not so much chosen, as entered upon as a matter of course. There is no relative shortage of people entering the realm of material values; no need for a systematic campaign throughout the country to urge young men to till the soil, to work in factories, to enter the marts of trade. There may be temporary embarrassment

Why a Shortage in Volunteers?

In the first place the home has very largely abrogated its responsibility for guiding the life service choices of youth. The privileges of the home in this respect and many others are so unique that they simply cannot be transferred to any other agency. We must, therefore, go back of the school and church to the home and quicken the sense of responsibility in the parents for giving their children the inclination that will warrant their choice of life service in the fields of education and religion. We must learn more about the determining influence of mother's counsel and prayers in the matter of life investment. Our homes must be helped to give the claims of religion a better chance at developing youth than obtains to-day. The conversation, reading, and conduct of

gree, while we endeavor to show that all the walks of life are abundant in opportunities for important Christian work.

A Concerted Movement for Recruits

One of the forward-looking actions of the recent General Conference is the provision made for a concerted movement on the part of all the boards of the church to present to the youth of the church the claims of the unified world program of Christianity for life investment. The church has registered her interest in such a program by an unparalleled offering of money. We believe the youth of the church will match this offering with an unprecedented number of volunteers for definite Christian service.

The new Council of Boards should recognize the vital importance of the life service promotion to the educational and financial enterprises committed to it. If there is any matter in which all the boards are interested that should be directed from a common center it is this matter of life service enlistment. The whole church expects the Council of Boards to correlate such methods and approaches as are employed by the various boards. There is reason to believe that our young people have been thrown into serious confusion by the many independent approaches which have been made.

It is becoming increasingly clear that we must not wait until the youth have reached the college age before attempting seriously to lay upon their hearts the claims of the Christian ministry and the call to the mission fields. In the beginning of the teen age period the aspirations of youth, and the commanding influence of the example of heroic servants of God, make them peculiarly susceptible to the claims of Christian adventure. Special supervision in the matter of life service should obtain all the

characteristics of the principal cities and industrial centers of the United States. In the avenues of industry a man without a regular business, or who is not concerned in the development of some industry, is as a fish out of water. Nowhere, we are assured, is the struggling youth more kindly encouraged, more generously aided and more readily trusted than in America; and it is pleasant to read of an *esprit du corps* among works managers which one would hardly expect to find in a land of such feverish competition."

The Late Mrs. Laura Alden Cranston

The funeral services of Mrs. Bishop Cranston occurred at Forest Avenue Church, Cincinnati, at 2.30 P. M. Sunday afternoon the 15th inst. Sorrowing friends filled the spacious auditorium at an early hour, while a multitude more were prevented from being in attendance by the extreme inclemency of the weather. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Edmonds, announced the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," which was touchingly rendered by the choir. The Rev. Dr. D. L. Rader, pastor of First Church, Tacoma, Wash., read the Ninetieth Psalm, and the Rev. Dr. A. N. Fisher, editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate, read portions of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Bishop Walden offered prayer, and Bishop Moore read the beautiful sketch which appears on this page. The choir sang, "It is well with my soul," and the Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust pronounced the benediction. The beautiful simplicity of the service perfectly accorded with the spirit and character of the Christian woman, the memory of whose gentleness and fidelity will linger like the fragrance of flowers in the hearts of those who knew and loved her so well. The Western extends deepest sympathy to Bishop Cranston and his family in their great sorrow.

Laura Alden Cranston,

BORN IN EASTON, MD., DECEMBER 3, 1857; DIED IN SILAO, MEXICO, FEBRUARY 7, 1903

The cautioning finger upon the lips of our sister admonishes us that "a simple sketch" is the limit of her permission for this service, into which we are fain to believe she knew we would otherwise have poured the tides of our sorrowing love and appreciation.

When Eudora Alden and Nicholas Martin wedded, there was a blending of Puritan and Cavalier in a noble type of pure and lovely womanhood in the daughters who blessed the union, the youngest of whom is the subject of this sketch.

Laura Alden Martin was born December 3, 1857, in Easton, Md., which city it was planned she should revisit with her now stricken husband, who is to preside there, next month, over the Wilmington Annual Conference of our Church.

The former domestic institutions of Maryland left an indelible trace upon the character of those reared under their influence. Accustomed to be obeyed and served, Southern womanhood came readily to accept as its due the chivalric homage of knightly men. Hence, that line

of hauteur, at once unconscious and gracious, that no subsequent conditions and environments can efface, the charm and the protection of Southern womanhood. Blend this with an ineradicable and Puritan piety that makes the cross and the prayer-book the soul's ornament and insignia, as deeds of loving ministry are its truest recreation, and you have the spirit enshrined in the sweet and saintly features of Laura Alden Martin, and the key to her inflexible devotion to duty.

In early life doubly orphaned, she was blessed with the wise and loving guardianship of her elder sister, Mrs. Wadsworth, to whose constant and self-denying care she acknowledged an incalculable indebtedness, which her husband and children gratefully recognize and loyally assume.

Between this young and gifted worker in his congregation and Sunday-school and Dr. Cranston, then pastor of Grace Church, Jacksonville, Ill.—at that time become the home of her family—there sprang up a friendship that speedily ripened into love.



Laura Alden Cranston

They were married in May, 1874, and until her translation, February 7, 1903—almost twenty-nine years—

"Walked this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

This marriage was blessed with four daughters, the first-born of whom, Dora, died in infancy, during Dr. Cranston's pastorate in Trinity, Cincinnati; the others, Ethel, Laura, and Ruth, who received her lifelong and unstinted devotion, are here to-day, reverencing her memory and consecrating their lives anew to the aims and principles she held sacred. No less deep and sincere is the loving reverence of her stepson, the Hon. E. M. Cranston, to whom she was at once companion and mother, and whose heartfelt tribute to her worth is one of the truest measures of the loss sustained by her death.

Young and inexperienced as she was when called to be "mistress of the manse" in the important Churches of which her husband was pastor, the royal qualities of her nature promptly responded to her new responsibilities, and enabled her to meet every situation and discharge every duty to the delight and satisfaction of young and old. As pastor's wife she was unobtrusive, modestly but unhesitatingly entering doors opened for her, presiding or serving with equal grace; always with self-forgetful purpose to forward the Master's work. Such, also, was her life when her husband was called to yet wider fields of Christian service. For seven years she has been the honored president of the Columbia River Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, whose hearts bow with ours before the sorrow that sweeps over us to-day.

Though but forty-five when called away, she had resided for varying periods in Maryland, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Colorado, and Oregon. One-third of her life was spent here: three years in Triunty, and then, during her husband's connection with the Book Concern, a year on Walnut Hills, and the remainder in Avondale. On this beautiful hill she planned the home in which so many happy years were spent; and in this city she made scores of warmest, truest friends, toward whom, even to the last, her heart turned with affectionate desire.

When her husband was assigned the Conferences and missions of Eastern Asia, unwilling to have the family separated, she and her daughters accompanied him. It was two years before the Boxer outbreak, and China seemed as safe as Ohio. But the seeds of discontent were already germinating. Reaction against the emperor's new policy of progress was rife. When Mrs. Cranston and her daughters arrived in Peking, the great plaza between the Temple of Agriculture and the Temple of Heaven was alive with knots of excited reactionaries, whose cry was, "Down with the foreigners!" Dr. Lowry was escorting her and the daughters from the depot, through this plaza, to our mission compound, when the malcontents discovered them, and, with deafening outcries, rushed after them, pelting their vehicles with missiles of all kinds, seemingly bent upon their destruction. Rallying the chair-bearers and carters, and skillfully directing them into a narrow street, Dr. Lowry courageously threw himself between the imperiled women and the mob, and, with incredible strength, beat them off, and conducted the party in safety to the compound. This experience was a shock to Mrs. Cranston's nerves from which she never fully recovered, and to which chiefly, among other causes, are attributed her subsequent ill-health and too early death.

Such was the state of Mrs. Cranston's health that, when the bishop was recently appointed to hold the Mexico Conference, the question of undertaking the journey was left wholly to her decision. The mildness and beauty of Southern California had proven so congenial and helpful that she hesitated to leave them; but as the time drew near she announced her purpose to go. The result was unexpectedly gratifying. Plains, mountains, villages, cities, new peoples, and new customs awoke in her a delighted interest that grew to enthusiasm as, after a homeful rest at Dr. Hyde's sanitarium in Silao, she went on through the old capital to Cuernavaca, a lovely village and resort nestled in the mountains of Southern Mexico.

A joyful week had been spent there, and the adjournment of Conference in Pachuca would soon permit the bishop to rejoin them to carry out further plans for the rest and recreation of the gentle invalid, when the insidious disease, that subsequently proved fatal, attacked her so violently that he was summoned in haste, and the hopes that had begun to be so radiant were overcast by dark forebodings of her early death. All that the loving ministry of husband and daughters could do for her was supplemented by the care of trained nurses and the skill of four physicians—Americans—graduates from our best schools. Dr. Hyde personally superintended her removal, in a special car, to the sanitarium which he conducts in Silao for our Church, and remained in almost constant attendance until the end.

The transfer was made without apparent injury to the patient, who gratefully recognized her former resting-place. This was Saturday morning, January 31st. During the days that followed she lay, for the most part, in a stupor of utter weakness, broken by occasional flashes of consciousness or fitful spells of restless delirium.

She spoke with great difficulty; but, notwithstanding her intense suffering, her voice was sweet with love as she acknowledged the tenderness of those ministering at her bedside. She failed of no demand of courteous, kindly recognition even of the humblest service. Inexpressibly tender were her thoughts and

The Amen Corner

It was our misfortune lately to lecture before a cold, mute, and unresponsive crowd, who sat like graven images through the hour, and then dispersed as quietly as from a funeral. Yes, gentle reader, we anticipate your comment. But, if it had been twice as bad as it was, a little applause, charitably accorded, might have helped to improve it, and we should not have felt as if we had been speaking under an exhausted receiver. We recall a time when, having to deliver an untried lecture, on a hot day, before a surfeited Chautauqua audience, we jokingly arranged with a company of friends to act as clackers for the occasion. With the first sentence uttered there was tremendous applause, which was repeated with the second and third sentence. At last they had mercy, and were more sparing; but the effect was fine. The audience did not suspect, and were soon manifesting liberal appreciation.

What would a political meeting be like if the most earnest exhortations and brilliant oratorical flights were met with stony silence? We do not want demonstrations quite as exuberant as those of a hot Presidential campaign, but why can not we have a little more responsiveness in our religious meetings? Why should it be supposed that we honor God more by sitting like avenues of sphinxes, and not like congregations of human beings with some remnants of emotion? Why should we allow our modern culture to altogether usurp the functions of the heart? Why should our religion, with even a large amount of intellectuality in it, become so stiff, staid, formal, and "on-commonly" solemn? It has got to that pass now that repression of the feelings has been carried so far, in most of our Methodist Churches, that the good, pious old-timers are positively uncomfortable. There are many services that are

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

Yes, we know the plea for decency, order, solemnity, reverence, and believe in it all. We must be proper; but we must not be too dreadfully proper. We must not carry our propriety to the verge of impropriety. If some good brother's feelings surge up within him under the preacher's fervent presentation of the gospel truth, and he is dying to shout a little and very mildly, we must not frown upon him, and bid him choke it down. We know what can be said about the brother of former days who was all the time saying "Amen" in season and out of season, when it was absurd as well as when it was applicable, falling into a meaningless habit of repetition. We do not especially want him back again, particularly if he were very noisy, but reaction from him ought not to be allowed to swing to the other extreme of our being the "dumb dogs" of whom our fathers used to talk.

Let us have a few more of the Amens of the fathers; not vociferated loudly enough to imperil the roof, but uttered gratefully and quietly by reverent and appreciative lips, while the moistened eye proclaims the melted heart. Why not? Who would be hurt by it? What awful thing would happen? It would, rather, do everybody good. It would, as we have seen it, electrify the congregation, and fuse the emotions of thousands of hearts into one deep and tender feeling. We remember a sermon we were once preaching when a theological student. A big, good-humored, portly brother—he proved to be the Sunday-school superintendent—with a face like the rising sun, saw that we were "laboring." Suddenly he lifted an

unctuous "Amen" somewhere from the depths of his capacious form. We gave a perceptible start, the audience smiled, but the sermon immediately limbered itself out, and that Amen saved the day. In default of other encouragement, in one charge, we used to look again and again at an old gentleman whose head kept bobbing approvingly, like the heads of toy animals, loosely hung and set vibrating. We knew it was almost automatic, and did not mean much, but somehow it comforted and helped us. In another charge in the Far West there would be, occasionally, instead of the traditional Amen, the clapping of hands and cries of "Yes, that's so!" "That's true!" We do not altogether recommend these responses, but would almost prefer them to the dead-and-alive manner of apathetic frigidity that has come, in the present day, to afflict our Methodism, and to put it in the straight-jacket of oppressive formality. We certainly have no delight in a religious pandemonium, and are not pleading for any Bedlamism in our services. Our colored brethren sing:

"I do believe without a doubt,
A Christian has a right to shout!"

Sometimes they carry their doctrine to extremes in which we should not want to imitate them. But let us have a little more spontaneity and freedom. Let us bring back at least a little section of the Amen Corner. Why should the Salvationists or the Protestant Episcopalians, with their prayer-book, have a monopoly on the responses?

Brother, sister, would you like to say Amen or Hallelujah once in a while when the minister is preaching so glowingly about Christ and his great salvation? Would you be grateful if you could be allowed to say it even in a subdued and eminently respectable way? Do you feel sometimes that, if you don't let it out, somehow you will run the danger of apoplexy or asphyxia? Well, out with it then! Out with it! Never mind what they think or say. Do not go around looking so apologetic and "sat-down-upon." Claim your rights in the house of God, and take the liberty of a child of the Father. But exercise reason and common sense; say Amen only when there's really something to say Amen to; do not split the people's ears; do not overindulge yourself or abuse your privilege; and we hardly think the Official Board, in even the most aristocratic church, will venture to come around and tell you to keep still or threaten to turn you out. They will get to liking it and doing it themselves, and the preacher will bless you.

A commission appointed by the British Iron-trade Association recently visited the United States, and thoroughly studied its great iron and steel manufacturing establishments. The London Statist, in summarizing their report, makes the following most interesting general observations on the condition of labor in this country:

"The importance of the human factor is fully realized by all the members of the commission. It is all very well to admire American plant, the ingenuity of machine tools, the devices for saving labor, etc.; but, as Mr. Sahlin remarks in his special report, 'It is not the guns which win the battles, but the men who stand behind them.' What the American admires and honors is the ability to do—that capacity in a man, through his own sagacity, nerve, enterprise, and skill to create and employ a fortune. Nobody is above his work. Everybody works and for the sake of work, and thus has been produced in America within a generation an industrial potentiality more wonderful and more to be feared than all the factories and machinery and 'plants' that these workers have created. It comes to this, then, that American labor is not more efficient, though it is better paid, than ours; and that American manufacturing development is due to the persistent, unresting industry which once characterized the Briton, but for which trade unionism and athletics have given an apparently growing distaste. All the reporters, however, seem struck with the strenuousness of American life. The comparative absence of a leisured class is noted as one of the prominent



Bishop Earl Cranston

By the disciplinary rule as to age limit, three well-beloved bishops—Earl Cranston, John W. Hamilton, and Joseph C. Hartzell—are relieved from the heavier duties of their office. For many years these men have borne burdens, and each one has distinguished himself for some special service to the church.

At the same time, by their own voluntary act, two missionary bishops—Merriman C. Harris and Isaiah B. Scott—retired from active service.

* * * * *

Earl Cranston, the senior bishop, is an Ohio man, who numbers the whole constituency of the Western among his friends. He was ordained to the ministry in 1867, after having served three years in the army. Though his ministry began in Ohio, he was later called to serve churches in Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, and Colorado, in all of which parishes he is still held in loving memory. He spent six years in Denver, Colorado, as pastor and presiding elder, and in 1884 he was elected one of the Publishing Agents of the church and stationed at Cincinnati, where he had once served as pastor for three years. His twelve years in the Book Concern here won him many new friends, and it was with sincere regret that they parted from him and his family when he was elected to the bishop's office and moved to Portland, Oregon, in 1896. Later he visited the missions in China, Japan, Korea, Mexico, and various European countries. He was one of the Commissioners for the Methodist Episcopal Church on the union of Methodism in Japan. In the city of Washington, where he has been resident bishop since 1904, he has been a worthy and distinguished representative of our great Methodism. One of Bishop Cranston's fondest hopes has been to see the union of the churches North and South, and to his wise and

tactful efforts must be credited much of the success of the recent move in that direction in the present General Conference. His big heart has overflowed with joy as he participated in the impressive scenes of the beginning of this union.

* * * * *

Wentworth Dr. D. P.
A. S. I.,

he was actuated by the same kind of motives as those which led him to champion the cause of the ill-used natives of the rubber-country; but he allowed himself to become so obsessed by one set of facts as to lose all sense of proportion, and he never saw that he was creating far more wrong than he could ever right; and he used methods which were calculated to reduce to chaos all that helps to make corporate life stable and sweet. His career, even while still a minister of the Crown, was so marked by eccentricities that it is hard to look upon him as anything other than a very dangerous type of criminal lunatic.

With great unwillingness the government has at last come round to the policy of compulsion; and it is quite outside the scope of this letter to argue for or against it. Only those who are in the inner circle of the administration know the whole facts upon which the decision is based, and only they ought to know. It is a gross misuse of language to speak of it as conscription, for that term has been long appropriated to the designation of a permanent system of normal organization on a military basis in times of war and peace alike; whereas this is only an emergency measure designed to meet a very exceptional need. It is much to be regretted that so many good men and women are talking as they are about their "conscientious objections" in regard to national service. The state has provided for meeting the case of the man who has conscientious objections to taking life, by giving openings for performing non-combatant services of national importance, but many have dragged the name and idea of conscience through the mud by refusing to perform even such services. It is really hard to see what right such men have to the advantages of English citizenship and protection, when in the time of the country's need they refuse to perform even non-combatant services on the plea that they are imposed by the combatant organization, the military power. But surely that is a matter not of conscience, but of intellectual differentiation.

dry"

me a helpful letter." In 1841 Dr. D. P. Kidder, under "Sketches of Travel," wrote of Brazil, an almost unknown land at that time. In 1846 J. B. Finley wrote exceedingly interesting personal reminiscences of frontier life in Ohio and Kentucky, and of experiences with Indians; Professor J. P. Lacroix and his gifted wife; Jennie Fowler Willing; Cyrus D. Foss in 1868, T. A. H. Brown, Professor William Wells, Julia M. Olin, H. B. Ridgway, Hon. G. P. Disosway, Edward Eggleston, Mrs. H. C. Gardner—a minister's wife who had a blessed sense of humor, and whose stories are yet readable. During Dr. Wentworth's editorship because—although a double millionaire, as it has since transpired—he would make no advances in the direction of the treatment of his tenants.

Miss J. G. A. L. 11-10-37
MRS. LUCIE PARKER CRANSTON,

widow of the late Bishop Earl Cranston, suffered severe injuries early Friday morning, October 22, from a fall down the stairs in her home, "Penmaen," near New Richmond, Ohio. Both arms were broken, a shoulder dislocated, and other injuries were received. She was removed to Christ Hospital, Cincinnati. Pneumonia followed her injuries and she died at eleven o'clock Saturday evening. Prior to her marriage to Bishop Cranston on November 5, 1905, she had been engaged in educational work as a teacher in Cincinnati and in Washington, D. C. Her birthplace was Cincinnati. She was known for her vigorous mind, her active interest in religious life, and her independent and gracious temperament. Only a short time before her death she wrote to a missionary officer concerning the seventieth anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, "I have been a member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society since its organization, and whatever the cost of anniversary membership, I wish to be in."—The Western.

For photograph of Bishop Cranston
taken probably at time of organization of
Japan Methodist Church, see Bishop Honda's
envelope.

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Ms. D. 11.

Cranston, Laura A. Martin (Mrs. Earl)

see Woman's Missionary Friend, March 1903, p. 85
April 1903, p. 130

words for her children and her husband. His softened footfall, the gentle touch of his hand upon her brow, the hushed accent of his voice, his strong arms carefully lifting her to easier positions—her loving recognition of these will abide in memory forever.

Her vitality was wonderful. Terrible as was her suffering, she had such recuperative power that almost to the last her physicians had hope of her recovery. The day before her death, Friday, her mind was unusually clear, and her peace and trust were abundant. "Safe in the arms of Jesus," she murmured; and then again, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." A little later she prayed: "Show me the way, dear Father—this morning, dear—Father." These were her last coherent words. Her pain became so great that a sedative was administered. She was immediately relieved, but never regained consciousness. All through Saturday she lay apparently resting, and yet growing weaker and weaker. Her pulse became imperceptible, her heart-beat faint; and even when yearning hope prayed it might only be passing the crisis, and not the fitting of the gentle spirit, she breathed her life out sweetly. "Safe in the arms of Jesus." "She was not, for God had taken her."

There were three nights of vigil with the precious dead in Silao, kept not only by the loved ones, but also by the devoted household and domestics. American residents offered every kind office, and sent a profusion of flowers; and day by day the natives brought humble gifts of wayside blossoms, and the school children and the servants entwined the dear form in buds and wild-flowers and trailing vine.

The funeral train was to leave at three o'clock Friday morning. Our native members gathered in the court, and in solemn silence counted the hours until the time of departure, when, some bearing the precious remains, and the others following in procession with shrouded women, made their way through the still and deserted streets of the moonlit village to the station, where a group of tearful missionaries from neighboring towns waited to give the bereaved ones the handclasp of Christian sympathy and the God bless you! of Christian faith.

And meeting them here to-day, amid scenes hallowed by many sacred associations, friends for many blessed years, we can do no more than did those newer friends in Mexico. We loved the dear one living; we cherish her sainted memory; we obey her injunction in these last services—"A sketch of my life, and then say, She did her best." We leave her "safe in the arms of Jesus;" and for each of you, groping in the gloom of your measureless bereavement, we repeat her last prayer: "Show them the way, dear Father!—this day, dear Father!"

DAVID H. MOORE.

The Rev. Ira C. Cartwright, writing from Leon, Mexico, pays this feeling tribute to Mrs. Cranston's memory:

"For the first time in the history of the mission we have been called to mourn the loss of a member of the visiting bishop's family, and in grief beyond measure the untoward experience has left us. As our sad company bade Bishop Cranston and his daughters farewell, while the train moved away at four this morning, under the cold, clear light of the moon, there seemed to be one universal, yet unspoken prayer, that 'the Sun of Righteousness' might indeed 'arise with healings in his wings' for them, and that they might prove, in all the long, sad journey to the old home-place among the hills and friends of Ohio, the fullness of the promise, 'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.'

"The only light we now have in this deep 'valley of the shadow of death' is the hope that this great sacrifice may prove to be but another link to bind in closer holy union this daughter of the Southland to her noble Methodist mother of the North; for, while the form so beautiful in life will rest under the snow and the flowers of a Northern cemetery, it will ever remain true that her even more beautiful spirit in Christ Jesus, our Lord, entered upon the richness of the promised possession from the grand old mountains of Mexico."

Mrs. T. H. Pearne, a lifelong friend, gives this feeling appreciation of her friend:

"Two memories stand out very clearly at this time in my thought of her. Twenty-five years ago I met her for the first time in our Wesleyan College in Cincinnati at a formal reception. Bishop Moore was the president of our college at that time. I was much impressed with Mrs. Cranston's beauty of face and form. We were both guests at the college for the evening. A box of flowers had come to me—more buds than I could use, more than I needed for the occasion, so I asked Mrs. Cranston to share the buds with me. A fellowship, a bond of love sprang up between us from that moment, and during many happy itinerant years in the Cincinnati Conference I felt that we shared our woes and sorrows and joys, and often for each other flowed the sympathizing tear." In the subsequent years we often spoke to each other of the flowers shared for the party on the first evening we met each other. Her nature was sweet and full of simplicity. She was dainty in every respect. God made her so. A charming personality. 'If,' as Alexander McLaren puts it, 'the radiance of the sainted dead is progressive, too,' what will her face be in the heavens, 'whose countenance is as the sun shining in his strength?'

"The other memory is when attending a Woman's Convention of Workers in Baltimore, a few years ago. A group of women were standing talking of this and that strong popular worker in

JUST AS WE CLOSE OUR FORMS, DISPATCHES FROM THE BOOK COMMITTEE, AT ITS CLOSING SESSION, IN NEW YORK CITY, STATE THAT LOS ANGELES, CAL., HAS BEEN CHOSEN AS THE SEAT OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1904.

the Convention. Expressions of admiration had been freely made. We were all enthusiastic over the Convention. Mrs. Cranston had been up to this moment very silent, when, at last, she said: 'Let me say one word. I want to say something about my Cincinnati women. I have met a good many ladies all over these United States, but, let me tell you, none braver, nor stronger, nor holier, nor more successful than my own Cincinnati women.' And the dear, little, timid woman's face was aglow, her eyes were filled with tears. It was a loving womanly tribute to the women she loved. She was true to her Cincinnati friends to the end. We think of her to-day in the presence of Thy glory. 'What must it be to be there!'

The funeral of Mrs. Cranston called together here—besides the immediate family—the bishop's venerable stepfather, Judge Longbon, his half-brother, Mr. William A. Longbon, and wife, his half-sisters, Mrs. Thomas J. Edwards, Jackson; and Mrs. Charles Q. Davis, Baltimore. Mrs. Cranston's sister, Mrs. Dora Wadsworth, Boston, who was mother to her in her orphanage, was in attendance at the funeral. Her other sisters, Mrs. William Brown, of Jacksonville, Ill., and Mrs. Edwin Price, Grand Junction, Colo., were unable to be present.

The Church and the Workingmen

Public attention has recently been drawn anew, by the sympathy openly expressed by Church people for the miners in their recent strike, to the relation of the Church with the workingman. It is admitted by all that, at present, that relation is not satisfactory. Doubtless there are many workingmen who come to Church regularly. If large numbers remain away, particularly of factory operatives; if the class known specifically as "artisans" seems to have broken as a class with the Church, there are still many individual exceptions. And there is a great company of clerks, and mechanics who labor at the various trades, who may be found in the Churches. There is no need of exaggerating the situation, or of picturing "a great chasm" between the Church and all toilers which it is almost hopeless to attempt to bridge.

The reasons for the alienation, whatever the extent, are not simple, but as complicated as is our modern society. We think it beyond question that a man, however poor and plainly clad, who conducts himself respectably, will be given a cordial welcome in any Church. No Church should ever exist for "the plutocrat" alone. It is not a religious but a social question which is raised, however, when it is asked whether a man in moderate circumstances would feel as much at home in a church,

into the hands of the wealthy few and discriminating against the laboring classes can not be substantiated.

Some clergymen believe that the neglect of the Church arises out of the feeble sense of the need of religion in lives too much swamped in the material. The necessity of excessive toil, especially toil that is monotonous, machine-like, and dulling to the finer nature, has blunted the spiritual faculties. Prolonged and exhausting labor during the week leaves the system too debilitated on Sunday to enjoy sermons and profit by them. Even the conscientious toiler feels a craving for rest of body and mind; and those who see little of their families during the week want to spend Sunday with them. There is also the demand for outdoor recreation, and Sunday is the only time in which it can be got.

Before such representations are too severely condemned by good folks, in different circumstances and having large command of their time, it would be well to inquire whether Christian manufacturers and tradesmen ought not to combine to relieve the overstrain in our industrial life, and allow a weekly half-holiday and more whole holidays throughout the year. In this way the Sabbath can be left free for purposes of worship, and there will not be even partial excuse for picnics and excursions in its holy hours. Perhaps, also, something simpler, with less theology and more practical direction and admonition—something in the line of popular Bible instruction—would be more acceptable to tired-out people than too many elaborate sermons.

No Church can overcultivate its social nature. The prodigious growth of the fraternal orders to-day is witness to the craving in men for social mingling and fellowship. For many these orders take the place of any felt necessity of the ministrations of the Church. They like their ritual, their mutual benefit provisions, their comradeship. And the Church is not to oppose fraternalism; for fraternalism has sprung direct from the spirit and teaching of the Gospels. But it must be shown that, good as fraternalism is, excellent as are its teachings by sign and symbol, admirable as are its benevolences and its fellowship, the Church stands for something more intimate and fundamental—the connection of the soul with God in its inmost thoughts and feelings.

And, as Josiah Strong has forcibly reminded us, the Church must ever remember that in Christ's public ministry he did not confine himself to preaching, but healed the blind, the lame, the deaf, the lepers; he had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat, and, after his resurrection, his first question to the disciples at the lake was, "Children, have ye any meat?"—the very question he would now ask of struggling, toiling men.

It is one of the healthiest signs of the reaction against the strain of city life and the artificial conditions of modern existence that so much attention is being paid to nature in her various aspects and to the enjoyment of her many moods. Such magazines as "Country Life in America," "Outing," and "Home and Flowers," show the trend unmistakably, as do numerous books and articles on the subject. We incidentally learn from our publishers that Dr. Quayle's latest volume, "In God's Out-of-Doors," is proving "a great seller;" and certainly it deserves its popularity; for, in description, illustration, presswork, and binding it is one of the handsomest publications put out of late. It is printed on such fine and heavy paper that, at first, the purchaser thinks he has got a gold brick. But later he finds that it's a genuine article, through and through an edition *de luce* and all that!

July 4 1956

Ruth Cranston Dies at 67; Wrote 'Miracle of Lourdes'



Ruth Cranston

Ruth Cranston, sixty-seven author and lecturer, died Monday night at St. Luke's Hospital.

Miss Cranston, who lived at Sierra Madre, Calif., had been on a cross-country lecture tour. She was taken ill at Philadelphia but came on to New York and was taken directly from the train to the hospital. Her latest book, "The Miracle of Lourdes," relating a number of cures said to have been effected at Lourdes, France, was published last fall.

Miss Cranston was the daughter of the late Rev. Earl Cranston, a bishop of the Methodist Church, who took her with him to China where she spent her early years. She was graduated in 1908 from Goucher College.

When she was nineteen she had already begun selling articles to "Harper's Magazine" as well as the old "Delineator" and "Century." During World War I she was active in Red Cross activities in hospitals overseas and later spent two years in India. One of the organizers in

1928 of the World Foundation, Miss Cranston was also active in the World Conference of Religions, both of which organizations had headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. In 1939 she participated in the World Faith Round Table series that continued at Town Hall for a number of years.

In 1945 her biography of Woodrow Wilson was published, a book which benefited from documentation accessible to her as a friend of the Wilson family. She was a schoolmate of Wilson's daughters at Goucher College. Her "World Faith," a story of the religions of the United Nations, was published in 1949. Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Ethel Mitchell and Mrs. Frank Warren.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1956

Strike-Call Vote Taken at Macy's

The opening of Macy's New York was delayed about twenty-five minutes yesterday while several thousand of its employees attended a union mass meeting at which they empowered the union's executive board to call a strike whenever it was deemed necessary. Normal opening time of the store is 9:45 a. m.

The meeting of Local 1-S of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union was held at Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St., near the Herald Square store. There were many calls at the meeting for an immediate strike, but Sam Kovnatsky, union president, argued that the strike should be left up to the union leadership.

The union membership rejected at the meeting a Macy proposal for a four-year contract with a \$2-a-week general wage increase the first year and \$150-a-week increases in each of the next two years.

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Science, Theology and Religion

*The Orthodoxy of a
Nonagenarian*



As Reported for Himself

By
EARL CRANSTON



To the General Conference
1932

Atlantic City, N. J.

Science, Theology and Religion

NEITHER as philosopher, scientist, nor saint do I venture this message—it may be of farewell for awhile to the Church that has had a nourishing patience with me from barefoot boyhood to this ninety-second year of my pilgrimage; nor dare I assume even patriarchal airs while thrills of conscious growth still certify the childhood of my immortality. And it all began in the poverty miracle of my early boyhood when my young Yankee schoolmaster called at my mother's door to tell her that I was ready for the Third Reader, and to ask if he might give it to me. That interview gave him his first real vision of my mother, and of his own career as a stepfather.

Other "miracles" of my early boyhood, as now recalled, were the steam engine and the telegraph; but that stepfather miracle had me teaching a country school at sixteen, and saw me through my college course at twenty-one, just in time for the Civil War (1861), in which we both had a loyal part. For my brave widowed mother and myself—her needle our support—at his advent into our lives (which for him registered itself in the daily doubling of his working hours in the schoolroom, for office work outside his school duties) meant more than the locomotive, the telegraph, or steamboat. A great teacher was J. W. Longbon, as all the town agreed; but to me he was a great soul who so loved a "wonderful woman"—almost his last words to

me, as he spoke of her—that he gave himself to the outfitting for life of a son not his own save by adoption.



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Here by way of protective preface I may write that my first college oration was for a literary contest—my subject, "The Progress of Science." That was seventy-four years ago. Note now its later achievements: I sit at my study table in this almost century-old farmhouse, built by my wife's ancestors, and besides the passing of many trains of cars daily just

across the Ohio River, now navigated by steamboats and barges built of steel, there are automobiles by scores noiselessly rushing by, some at fifty miles an hour, over a floor-smooth concrete highway. Overhead is the humming of steel wings high in the air! I turn to the radio and hear the music and speech, not of a continent alone, but from the ends of the earth—as if voiced for myself or family alone—comedy, tragedy, sermon, voices of kings, parliaments, congresses, conventions, markets—nothing missing! *I sit here and live everywhere.* I take up my 'phone and call whom I will, however far away, where wires wait the message. I touch a button in the wall and my room is all alight; another, and my furnace answers on the instant, so that in my age I rise betimes without the shiver of my boyhood fire-making; all this though I am neither king, president, millionaire, nor even sage nor saint beyond the embryonic stage. And all this would have been incredible "miracle stuff" a half-century ago! *But to my thinking today this finite on-going toward planetary omnipresence, omniscience, and force control warrants my faith in the divine paternity of Jesus Christ—Himself the miracle of the ages—and His on-going redemption of manhood to God's original design.*

Madly erratic as some of man's imaginings may appear, such as the scientific allocation of one billionth of an inch to every hypothetical electron, by a learned university professor (with no apology to his competitors in laboratory research), and reckless as may seem Professor Einstein's sneaking the orthodox ether out of the aerial system, or his holding in suspense the law of

gravitation—so long in the service of science, and so faithful in its functioning—yet they do afford latitude and longitude for any “superstitions” of Moses and the prophets, and for some modern theologies, so-called.

The hypothetical atom, with its proton and electron, was doing valiantly until deliberately challenged by a rival theory which substituted “waves” in their stead. Then, by a rising English professor, they in turn were recently retired by a mere “vacuum” or hole for “negative energy” to occupy and that heresy accepted as orthodox by another British scientist of high repute. Thus may one note the change of styles in theoretical science as though he were dealing with fashions in Paris.

Now comes Dr. W. R. Whitney, director of research for the General Electric Company, and vouched for as “a world figure in science,” deliberately affirming in a “verbatim” interview: “We have our theories, but can’t prove them. We speak of the lines of force; we draw a diagram of the magnetic fields. We know there are no lines there, and ‘field’ is just a word to cover our ignorance.” Of the buoyant magnet he says: “I say that the magnet floats in the air by the will of God; and no man can give a more precise answer.” Of the speed of light: “Our theories are but educated guesses. Our best scientists today have to recognize that we are just kindergarten fellows playing with mysteries, as were our ancestors, and as our children will be. No scientific concept can stand still.”

Yes, there are rifts in science as in the

theologies. But the Church neither scouts science as science, nor scorns its values at any stage of its experimental on-going. We must all bide God’s time. Courage, ye mystics of the cross; your religion is on the same plane with the other dynamics of the skies!

The Atomic Genesis Theory

If one reads the first chapter of the Bible, substituting, as he reads, the word “atom” for the word *God*, and keeping in mind that this hypothetical atom of science includes two factors, called “proton” and “electron,” functioning reciprocally each through countless invisible units of energy, and in and through the one father-atom, with its automatic millions of solvent and combining units (*a trinity of Infinities working in unity*), the reader will have in his concept the current theory of creation from the scientific viewpoint. To the devout scientist it appears as *God’s method* of creating the heavens and the earth. To the atheistic scientist and his group no God-mind or power appears essential, if I understand their attitude. Their eternal matter carries its own “pep” of heat and motion, as well as creative intelligence. But both science and theology must take many a reverse somersault before they can function progressively in chemical affinities or in high-voltage syllogism. Let us follow this automatic adventure:

The Atomic Genesis Romance in dignified script would read as follows: In the beginning the Creative Atom (invisible, imponderable, yet omnipotent) unconsciously began to create the heavens and

the earth. And its earth was without form and void of design. And the Creative Atom moved upon the chaos of abysmal darkness and there was light. Then dry land emerged as clouds and seas gathered the waters to their associate domains. Betimes the eternal atom, adrift in boundless space, attuned the timeless æons to its infinities by seeding the earth with every plant and flowering shrub and tree, each bearing its life-germ in itself, having first lighted the vaulted sky with suns and moons and stars to mark the growing seasons by days and months and years to guide the procession of edible fruits and grains, as if waiting other forms of life *wombed as yet in its unconscious self*, but soon to appear—fishes, insects, reptiles, birds of every plumage, and beasts of many forms—*every type having its seed in itself!* (Miracles galore!)

As yet the Eternal Atom knew not the good or evil in its creative on-going, nor marveled at its laboratory or automatic chemicals merged in countless ways to make the heavens and the earth and whatever was yet to be.

On, on now to the crowning miracle! The stage is all set for cosmological romance. Suns, moons, and stars have keyed their orbits to the music of the spheres. "Exact science," as embryonic timekeeper, baton in poise, awaits the signal from the limbo of hazy infinitesimals, charged with magical potentials. Breathless the heavens! When suddenly the hitherto unconscious Atom finds its soul and thrills with it knows not what. Shyly, awkwardly, the Adamic Proton yearns toward the Electronic Eve (or was it vice versa?).

Hitherto mere nobodies, now by *automatic consciousness* of their unity they attain awareness of the glory of their joint achievements and their yet more glorious mission!

For it all sounds like Mother Goose talk about a Giant Deity. Professor Millikan opines that the Cosmic Ray, with its limitless voltage, may smash the atom into a revelation of its secret doings, but his experimentation so far as reported points toward another infinity of hypothetical infinitesimal.

Having already mythically achieved elementary matter, and later the life, the seed, the soil, the coalition of air and water with seed and sunlight, the countless variations in stem and bloom, in type, form and color, in leaf and plumage; in bone and scale, in habit and endurance; in voice from squeak to chirp and chirp to song, and from grunt to roar; in bulk from the infinitesimal to whale and mastodon; in movement from creep to leap and leap to flight—there must be no halting now.

And, miracle of miracles! At last, somehow, out of the wiggle or the waggle of the atomic energy emerges man to rule and reign in cosmic majesty, charged with volitional mentality, armed and armored in personality, with proton and electron functioning in sex individuality—and *therefore predestined* biologically to contest omnipotence, analyze omniscience, and set bounds to omnipresence, whether in pursuance or defiance of their ancestral unity, science cannot answer. Enters theology!

Meanwhile the Anthropoid of science bides in the jungle! Nor does he till the

field, nor raid the skies on wings of his own contriving, nor talk across the oceans.

Just as science is science, no matter how often befogged in its transitional phenomena, so religion is *religion*, despite the crudeness of its traditional beginnings and its staggerings through the fitful slants of tentative philosophies and scientific theories, birth, and *all transpiring in the realm of the invisible!* It is enough to confirm one's faith in miracles that science in honest pursuit of God's methods has tripped itself into such marvelous discoveries. But the laboratories of faith, in the domain of spirit, have been no less active and productive of abiding conviction than has science in the exploitation of the physical elements. To the contrary, the spiritual has lifted the plan of creative motivity from the obscure to the rational, from the blindly evolving to the designedly progressive, and from the epochal to the eternal.

And from the chemical action of cell and tissue to the limitless variety of self-germing, living organisms, there is even to evolution a tremendous advance, significant of intelligent purpose, that mightily appeals to man's creative mentality, however perverted may be its human application.

But now the time is here when only religion can save science from self-destruction by war. Thus, without the Christian dynamic, must the laboratory psychologies lose themselves in themselves and intellect forfeit its primacy, or leave man's racial childhood revelling in the glitter of the passing pageant heedless of its prophetic import.

But who shall save the Christian dy-

amic? Surely not those who would exchange the Infinite for a finite God, the spiritual for a carnal regeneration. Nor they who would confess their sins in metaphysical formulæ, expecting forgiveness on submitting their brains for a chemical analysis of their mentality as a test of moral responsibility, or last of all the deluded betrayers of covenant vows, seeking reality in nescience.

Tape-Line Infinity

If words mean anything, the finite can never compass the infinite. Reality will forever transcend apprehension as omniscience transcends human mentality. How pathetically puerile, then, our tape-line surveys of Godhood by any data available to our racial understanding! We cannot even standardize our own mentality. Contrast the scholarly modesty of the scientists who have achieved the incredible with the froth of sensational pensters and posing aspirants, who acclaim and boast the "miracles of science," but disparage the God whose wisdom, power, and educative program are being thus unfolded, as redeemed manhood wins its way to their timely discovery and intelligent application.

Smother man's concept of the benevolent Infinite; chill his apprehension of the supremacy of spirit in God's universe; ridicule his faith in the omniscient justice-mercy-love sovereignty that gives immortality its eternal value, and the portent of the twentieth century, the world over today, is a humanity roaring its way back to anarchy in a riot of ambitions, greed, and bestial appetite. Our only anchorage

sense-gládnness and mental exhilaration are as incidental to the earth life as are the plays of childhood, the romance of youth, or the achievements of adventure in our maturer years. All these are the music that cheers our onward, upward, and often weary winging. God knows our wanings of vision and our ineptness of spirit, and treats us with fatherly concern and motherly patience through the sorrows of our chastening, while we are growing; but He *holds us to our destiny*. The atheist of this age, as classed by science, philosophy, or religion, is the theorist who indolently or deliberately accepts the *inevitably* retrogressive in preference to the *assured progressive* as the destiny of souls.

Faith

In every relation of man's life and in every calling, faith is of "the spirit that giveth life." Why should religion alone be excluded from its incentive or its fruitage? For chemical inspiration, mechanistic cognition, and nonvolitional motivity there is no law, therefore no science. Temperamental impulse is a relic of vestigian instinct. It would seem that mechanistic mentality is self-classed as outside the category of inspirational faith. One might fancy a connection between chemistry and analytic mentality, but not of either with poetic vision or inspirational adventure. As *growth* pledges the ultimate spiritual values of our immortality, so Christian *faith* holds the one rationally balanced philosophy of *growth*.

Thus faith as incentive is more than childish trust. The greatest exponent of its place in religion defined it as "the sub-

stance of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen." Psychologically, what less or more than faith-in-outcome inspires the research and experimentation of the patient devotee of science, whether or not he realizes that he is "thinking God's thoughts after Him"? Faith, as the key to love, and to the character content of the life that now is, as well as that beyond. It is the bond of all satisfying relationships, personal, political, commercial, social. Ever is it the inspiring pledge of the more and better yet to be. It is the lure of the laboratory, where the firmament is God's school of constructive art, where man finds both pattern and inspiration for every honorable bestowment of his powers.

Freedom

The freedom into which we are born (even as Americans) consists in our voluntary acceptance of a code of personal conduct ordained of God, through our ancestors, for individual and community self-protection and development. The freedom that safeguards manhood must first be in *safety* within itself. Therefore must personal freedom be forever grounded in the equities of mutual concession for the common weal—as the negation of the licentious. As firm and vital as the bond that united the Siamese twins is that which *holds freedom to self-control*. Distinct as they seem, they must as one meet the tests of life and death. Without self-control, freedom turns to banditry. Without freedom, personality fades into nonentity. It is God's problem, implicit in the words, "Let us make man in our own image and likeness." With that charter comes the freedom of men's finite mentality as related to his earthly domin-

ion. By the same record, "God looked upon all He had made and pronounced it *very good*." Those two words were in effect the committal of the Infinite to an eternal purpose—for omniscience does not function in experiment. What the ultimate outcome may be we cannot rationally anticipate, save as assured by the only God-man, of its spiritual import and culmination through the rebirth of the soul, whereby man attains a freedom he *could not have known, nor valued*, prior to his experience with evil. In that restoration by redemption he became also God's co-worker in the rescue of *their joint offspring*. Therein God came nearer to His human family than to the unfallen angels who heralded the advent of the Divine Son, by virgin motherhood, as the mediator of the covenant of grace to every soul who welcomes Him in His mediatorial mission.

Maze and Maelstrom

The one leads to the other. Sin breeds confusion. In whatever guise it leads toward the maelstrom called hell. One has only to scan the scholarly magazine reviews of the many current books on philosophy to lose himself in their maze of controversial intellection. For the mental discipline, or dissipation, of the student they provide a testing arena. For substance of conviction they entail confusions without exit. What relief it would afford the thinking of our day if the two words—"sectarian," as applied to religion, and "schools," as differentiating philosophies—could be transposed in our everyday usage! Our churches, as schools of religion, differ in their approach and emphasis, but con-

form in their devotional inspiration and purpose. It is the *sectarianism* of the competitive philosophies that reappears in the *theologies* of successive generations. Mental apprehension of any postulate logically precedes acceptance of its validity, which, in religion, becomes the germ or impulse of spiritual faith. And there centers the peril inherent in the mechanistic psychology—the maelstrom that engulfs conscience, and with it the soul-consciousness of God and all spiritual aspiration. The Christian psychology, as exemplified in the personality and teaching of the God-man, offers the only philosophy possible for our confused mentality. Witness the world—aye, the America of today. To attribute the woes of mankind to war is to toy with facts by way of throttling conviction. The seed of the World War, as of all wars, save wars for freedom of conscience, were sown in a false philosophy of life. Ambition, greed, and lust are the dominant traits of the natural man as revealed in uncontrolled behavior, both racially and individually. Nested in these obsessions are the jealousies and hates that, under the guise of patriotism, as a *virtue*, have written the bloody code by which royalty and plutocracy have builded their grandeur and augmented their power from the spoils of their neighbor peoples, and this by the sacrifice of countless lives of misguided men who were trained to account their maiming or their death amid the horrors of battle a crowning distinction, at whatever cost to humanity, home, and family.

And what of democracy as escape from

such royalty with its lord-and-lady social order? As a demonstration, how few people know the financial combinations latent in their laws and charters creative of opportunity for impregnable corporate powers which are easily maneuvered into competitive production and monopolistic control; or by manipulated directorates of sound enterprises into inflations of capital stock under spurts of increased earnings, while, and with apparent consideration, allotting the new stock to their own stockholders at a price well under the market quotations, they proceed to apply the new capital to buying improved outfitting through contract with *related directorates*, and so *ad infinitum* without breach of law until a debacle of speculative valuations smashes the circuit.

But back of all the abuses of power is that same un-Christlike philosophy of life, put bluntly in "every man for himself," with its corporate progeny. It remains to be seen how the oligarchic dictatorship that declares against the Church, as in Russia, because of its *ecclesiastical* alliance with the tyranny that so long condemned its people to serfdom, will eventuate. Of the essence of Christianity, neither leaders nor people had ever had a demonstration by their former rulers, and too few by other European governments. Will our nominally Christian America prove itself a century in advance of Russian ideals by promptly readjusting the relation of the workers' capital to that of the corporate industries?

On the answer to that question depends the future of democracy in our own beloved country. And no Church ignoring

that issue can any longer consistently call itself Christian.

So long as even reverent minds daringly, rather than devoutly, assume to discuss God as a "Problem" to be solved—the Infinite by the finite Personality—so long must we encounter the output of human mentality ranging the wilds of irrational adventure.

The Absolute remains absolute, though of His own initiative God manifests in purposeful self-revelation, no subtraction. The Infinite may project and inaugurate mathematical formulæ for creative ends, but is not bound by their tentative theoretical import as finitely conceived. Our ingenious mechanists flounder among the confusions of racial mentality with unmentalized instinct, and call their game "psychology"; but, like Pharaoh's magicians, they cast down their magic rods in vain rivalry with the spiritual transitions that attest God's method in the rescue of humanity from worse than Egyptian bondage. What place have metaphysical abstractions anyway in God's plan of deliverance for all peoples, all ages, all environments, all mental and physical heredities of tribal and cultural contacts and conditions? Sin, the racial deadly poison of mind and body, is concrete in both germ and sequence. Concrete humanity is *God's* problem—the abstraction of the dissolute from man's thought and behavior, not the reverse. The finite paradox involves the compassing of the absolute. We think more safely among our kind. From the historic standpoint, Washington was born aristocrat—Lincoln a plebeian. Their patriotic services have sainted—What? Which? and

Why? We have seen them both on their knees crying to God for help in the darkening days of their great adventures for freedom. Many have been the boastful exaggerations of the human values in our memorial recognition, but the faith of the masses roots its assurance rather in the divine sanction manifest both in the victory achieved against great odds and the ever-expanding benefits of their enduring freedom conceived as grounded in moral and religious convictions. To say this is also to reaffirm their faith that only through their moral and religious defecation can their freedom be imperiled. And since only one's religion can standardize one's code of good conscience, the accepted ethics of a people will ever be the token of their religious faith, whether that be Christian, Hindu, or other type, and whether or not reverently observed by the majority concerned. When Daniel Webster, of high repute, though never canonized as a saint, yet all aglow with Boston atmosphere, facing in eloquent speech his august peers of the Senate, thanked God that while not intent on "raising mortals to the skies," he had "none of that other spirit which would drag angels down," he was holding inviolate the realm of angelic loyalty to the supreme will of the universe. Though not individually conforming to all its behests, he paid tribute to the majesty of its divine authority as the anchorage of all righteous government in the earth beneath as in the heavens above. The orator knew his audience.

Dare I here venture a contrast between Webster at his best, deferring to standards that condemn his worst, and the recent phenomenon of a Boston philosophizer, of

the apostolic lineage of John Wesley—which is now a world-wide spiritual communion—startling his peers in covenanted faith and allegiance with the metaphysical specter of a finite Deity dragged down in the meshes of His own ambitious undertakings?

If that postulate were valid it would leave Christendom the spoil of a spurious Christ; and a God to be headlined in the current fashion of a reckless press as "*Omniscience entrapped by its own Finite Progeny.*" How inevitably the book, *Jesus in Our Teaching*, exploiting a human Christ, chimed in with the Finite Godhood!

A university professorship has its perils as well as its inspirations. Is not even ecclesiasticism itself often chargeable with "taking the name of God in vain"? Nor is that tragedy confined to the papal viceroy of Deity. There is more ritual without reverence; formal confession without contrition; contentious fervor without spiritual aspiration. Without the Infinite Discerner of Spirit, man's self-testing is farcical, his standards confused. Unless God be transcendent in every Godlike attribute, we have no God "whose mercy endureth forever," no Christ to function, as our Mediator, no Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, no anchorage for the strategies of love divine. The world is back in chaos!

And now that we have really come to the doctoring of God's divinity, how shall the competitive schools abate their adventures in syllogistic formulae until the interstellar spaces above and around are looped in dazzling array of metaphysical ortho-

doxies latent in the transition of an infinite Godhood to a system harmonized with current university programs? But I do and will hold Methodism and its simple life as my standard, exponent of God's Fatherhood, Christ's all-sufficient sacrifice for the sins of a lost world, and the witness of the Holy Spirit to my individual reconciliation with God's plan of redemption. And it will ever be my chief joy that I so preached and served through my sixty-six years in the Methodist ministry. METHODISM, HOLD FAST YOUR SPIRITUAL HERITAGE!

CRANSTON, Earl, Methodist Episcopal Bishop (elected 1896);
D. Athens, O., June 27, 1846; s. Earl and Jane (Montgomery) C. He was
graduated at Ohio University, Athens, O., in 1861 (A.B., 1866; LL.B., 1897;
D.D., Allegheny, 1899).

He served Ohio infantry and West Virginia cavalry in the Civil
War 1861-4, as First Sergeant, First Lieutenant, Adjutant and Captain.
In 1867 he entered the Methodist Episcopal ministry in the Ohio Conference,
he was elected publishing agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church and
served from 1884 - 96. He spent two years (1890-1900) in episcopal
visitation in China, Japan, and Korea, and was one of the Commissioners
for the Methodist Episcopal Church on the union of Methodism in Japan.
As resident bishop in Washington, D.C., from 1904 to 1916 he was a
worthy and distinguished representative of his Church.

To his wise and tactful efforts should be credited much of the
success of the movement toward the union of Methodism North and South.

He had charge of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Mexico
in 1905.

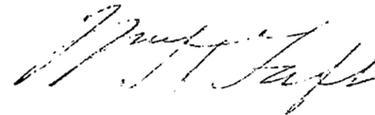
WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

December 26, 1906.

My dear Bishop:

I send you herewith the indorsement of the
Acting Judge-Advocate General in respect to the
application of the Rev. Benjamin S. Haywood, with
respect to which you spoke to the President.

Very respectfully yours,



Bishop Earl Cranston,
The Ontario, 305,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Hayward.

The substance of the
Judge Advocate General's endorsement
is that it will be lawful for
the Dept. to lease the property for
the purpose named, at a nominal
rental, for 5 yrs, subject to
revocation at any time, which
means for cause & possession,
as in case the Govt should
require it again.

As to sale of it, that will
require an act of Congress.
I suppose this might be secured
in time. Shall we try to
lease it?

Yours truly,
Earl C. Brewster

Dec. 28-06

All well, and wish you and
Yours a very happy New Year -
C.

Photographs from this
file have not been
included but are
available upon request.
For more information
please contact
research@gcah.org