

Congregational Profiles

Articles from the *Congregationalist*, 1958-1997

Readings in the History and Polity of the National
Association of Congregational Christian Churches

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Rev. Dr. Arlin T. Larson, editor

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INTRODUCTION

Of all the articles compiled for this course, those about people, these Profiles, caused the most anxiety. Who should be highlighted? For what reasons? How accurate a picture of the people of the NACCC do these particular profiles paint?

I do not pretend to have firm answers to any of these questions. It remains for qualified historians, sociologists, and others to conduct a thorough study of the NACCC, weighing the events and personalities from a more scientific perspective. These articles will, however, bring to your attention many people who have been highlighted in the pages of the *Congregationalist*. Whether there has been over the years any consistent basis of selection, I cannot say. Some of those profiled are leaders at the national level. Others are historical figures who someone (the editor him/herself?, an editor just glad to receive some material) thought worthy of notice. Many profiles are more on the order of human interest stories, exemplary instances, or “people in the news.”

What does it say about the NACCC that we honor, recognize, choose to lead us, listen to these particular people? There are certainly lessons to be gleaned by an observant reader. What conclusions do you draw?

Congregational Profiles

Historical Figures

FAMOUS CONGREGATIONALISTS

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut

1652 JOHN WISE 1725

John Wise was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1652 and died in Ipswich, Massachusetts in 1725. Samuel Danforth and John Eliot, pastor and teacher respectively of the Roxbury Church, were influences in his youth. Wise was graduated from Harvard (B.A., 1673; M.A., 1676). From 1673 through 1677 he was minister at Branford, Connecticut. Late in 1677 he began a ministry in Hatfield, Massachusetts, and served there until May, 1680, when he went to the Chebacco parish of Ipswich. In 1683 the Church was organized formally and Wise was installed in the pastorate that was to be his life time ministry.

Wise's chief claim to fame rests upon his works *The Churches Quarrel Espoused* (written 1710, published 1713), and *A Vindication of the Government of New England Churches* (1717). In 1705 the Boston Proposals and in 1708 the Saybrook Platform expressed presbyterianizing tendencies. Wise wrote to refute them, to remind the people and the Churches of their heritage of liberty, and to defend the Cambridge Platform. In the first of his works he uses satire most effectively. In the second work he depends on "sober argument and reasoned judgment".

Wise served as a chaplain with the Connecticut forces in King Phillip's War (1676) and in 1690 he was

one of the chaplains accompanying the ill-fated expedition against Quebec. In 1687 he was one of the leaders in Ipswich's contest with Governor Andros regarding "taxation without representation". Wise was jailed and later sued Dudley for denying him the privilege of *habeas corpus*. After the fall of the Andros government, Wise served in the Ipswich delegation to the General Court when the court took action against Andros and his officers.

In the smallpox epidemic Wise championed inoculation. There is no record that Wise attended the trials during the witchcraft hysteria. However, two of his former parishioners were among the accused. Wise is thought to have been the author of a petition on their behalf which he signed with a number of people from his congregation. The document shows an enlightenment uncommon at that time. Wise was also concerned that the colony develop a sound monetary policy. His life witnesses to the varied and useful careers of the New England divines who were the "Lamps of the Churches."

There is no portrait. There is a modern biography. Cook, George Allan. *John Wise, Early American Democrat*. New York, 1952.

THOMAS HOOKER 1586(?)

Arvel H. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut

Thomas Hooker was born in Marfield, Leicester County, England, in 1586(?) and died in Hartford, Connecticut, July 7, 1647. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge (B.A., 1608). He took orders and was rector at Esher, Surrey. Later he was lecturer at Chelmsford, Essex. Because he refused to conform he was silenced by Laud. Hooker kept a grammar school for a time and then fled to Holland. From about 1630 to 1633 he preached at Delft and Rotterdam. In 1633 he came to America where he was chosen pastor in the church at Newtown (now Cambridge).

In 1636 he removed with a major portion of the church to plant a new settlement at Hartford, Connecticut, where he remained as pastor of the First Church until his death. Hooker is known as the Father of Connecticut for his influence in formulating the constitution of the state. It is too much to claim that Hooker was a democrat in a modern sense. While he believed that the foundation of authority is "in the free consent of the people," he did not believe in the complete separation of church and state. Hooker has

been called the New England Luther. He worked for the confederation of the New England colonies.

Hooker was a strong exponent of the Congregational Way. His greatest literary work, *A Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline*, published posthumously was a defense of Congregationalism in reply to Samuel Rutherford's *Due Right of Presbyteries*. Because of his age and infirmities, Hooker did not attend the famous Cambridge Synod of 1646. However, his son-in-law, Thomas Shepard, informed him of the discussions. Hooker did not live to see the final result, for he died during the epidemic which caused the synod to adjourn in 1647. A number of Hooker's sermons were printed and witness to a keen forceful style and an energetic application of religious truth.

No portrait of Hooker exists. There is no standard modern biography. Walker, George Leon. *Thomas Hooker: Preacher, Founder, Democrat*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1891. Pellman, Hubert Ray. *Thomas Hooker, a Study in Puritan Ideals*. Ph.D. thesis, University of Pennsylvania, 1958.

(The series on "Famous Congregationalists" by Dr. Arvel M. Steece closes, for the time being at least, with this article. Beginning in April we shall begin a series entitled "Those Glorious Independents" by Elizabeth Laughton Claxton of Lansing, Michigan. The first of these will be on Henry Ward Beecher. We are deeply grateful to Dr. Steece for his contributions, which we hope will be resumed at a later date. The knowledge of what great worthies of the past have done through and for free Churches should help us to take courage to do our part in the days to come. E.O.)

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Conn.

NATHANIEL EMMONS 1745-1840



Nath. Emmons

Nathaniel Emmons was born in East Haddam, Conn., May 1, 1745 and died in Franklin, Mass., September 23, 1840. He was educated at Yale (B.A., 1767; M.A., 1770). He studied theology with Nathan Strong of Coventry and John Smalley of New Britain, Conn. The latter stimulated him to original and independent thinking. He was licensed to preach October 3, 1769 by the South

Association of Hartford county. He was ordained April 23, 1773 and settled as pastor of the church in Franklin, Mass., where he remained in the active ministry for more than fifty-four years, retiring in May, 1827.

Emmons was a sympathetic pastor and an instructive doctrinal preacher. He always aimed "to impress the conscience as well as enlighten the understanding" of his hearers. He sought to make his theology illustrate the loveliness of God, the supremacy of God, the sovereignty of divine grace, the duty of union with God, and the duty of men to love themselves. He was the friend of liberty in political and ecclesiastical affairs. Like other Hopkinsians he spoke out against human slavery. He supported the cause of missions at home and abroad.

Emmons was a one man theological faculty. In a day when many ministers trained theological students no private instructor nurtured more men than Emmons. In the course of his ministry he guided almost a hundred men in their studies. His students continued their course from three to twenty-four months. With the establishment of theological schools his influence continued. He is credited with uniting the Old Calvinists and Hopkinsians in the establishment of Andover Theological Seminary. The first four professors of theology in the seminary at Bangor were pupils of Emmons. His pupils were also instrumental in founding the Congregational Board of Publication.

As a champion of the Congregational Way Emmons lived to see some of his fears of the Plan of Union realized. He felt that the principles of Congregationalism might be imperiled by an undue zeal for extraneous help and an improper reliance on human authority rather than on the simple truth. As the patriarch of the Mendon Association his influence was such that during his lifetime that body refrained from entangling alliances. Emmons' strong independent outlook won him the title the great American Brownist. In recent decades he has been given a place in the ranks of the forgotten heroes of American Congregationalism.

There is no modern biography. Park, Edwards A. *Memoir of Nathaniel Emmons with Sketches of His Friends and Pupils*. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication, 1861. 468 pp. Emmons. *Works* 6 vols. 1842.

Picture reproduced by John G. Towns, Holbrook, Mass.

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut

1786—NATHANIEL WILLIAM TAYLOR—1858



Nathaniel William Taylor was born in New Milford, Connecticut, June 23, 1786 and died in New Haven, Conn., March 10, 1858. He graduated at Yale in 1807 and then spent a year in Albany, N.Y., as a private tutor. Returning to New Haven he spent four years studying under President Timothy Dwight and also served as his private secretary the first two years. He met Lyman Beecher and their lifelong friendship began.

Taylor was licensed to preach August 10, 1810. He was ordained April 8, 1812, and installed pastor of the First Church (Center Church), New Haven and served until 1822 when he was appointed a professor in the theological seminary at Yale where he taught until his retirement in 1857. His pastorate was marked by revivals in 1815, 1816, 1820, and 1821. He engaged in controversy with the Episcopalians. In company with Dwight and Beecher he sought unsuccessfully to defend the Standing Order against the demands of sectarianism and democracy.

As a seminary professor, Taylor was influential in

the modification of Calvinism and is credited with leadership in what came to be known as the "New Haven Theology". The revivalism of Dwight influenced Taylor's Old Calvinist background and he endeavored to expand the "whosoever will" of the revivalists into "a genuine theory of free agency in man" set forth in terms of moral government. During the Unitarian controversy the Taylorites posed as the champions of Calvinist orthodoxy. They were challenged by the conservatives. In 1828 Taylor presented his *Concio ad Clerum* which was intended as a defense and exposition of his viewpoint, yet occasioned further attack and put the proponents of the New Haven Theology on the defensive.

Taylor held that God demands only rational faith of rational beings. In the eyes of the conservatives this was to forsake revealed religion. Taylorism was one factor in the disruption of the Presbyterian church since many of the New School men were sympathetic to it while the Old School men held a more conservative Calvinism. His thought divided Connecticut Congregationalists into Taylorites and Tylerites and the latter founded Hartford seminary. Softening the harsher elements of Calvinism, Taylor prepared the way for the rise of "progressive orthodoxy" within Congregationalism. The standard modern biography is: Mead, Sidney Earl. *Nathaniel William Taylor 1786-1858 A Connecticut Liberal*. University of Chicago Press, 1942.

(Photo reproduced by John G. Towns, Holbrook, Mass.)

1783 — BENNET TYLER — 1858



Bennet Tyler

Bennet Tyler was born in Middlebury, Connecticut, July 10, 1783 and died in South Windsor, Connecticut, May 14, 1858. He was educated at Yale (B.A., 1804) and studied theology with Rev. Asahel Hooker of Goshen, Conn. He was licensed to preach by the Litchfield North Association in 1806. He was ordained June 1, 1808, in South Britain, Conn., where he had been preaching since

the autumn of 1807. The church enjoyed revivals in 1812 and 1821.

Tyler was appointed president of Dartmouth College in 1822 and received the D.D. degree from Middlebury. During his term as president he also taught divinity and preached frequently. Returning to the pastorate he served from 1828 to 1833 as minister of the Second Church in Portland, Maine, which experienced a revival in 1831. The Pastoral Union of Connecticut was organized in September of 1833 and the Theological Institute of Connecticut (now Hartford Seminary Foundation) was established. Tyler was called to be president and professor of Christian theology. He was inaugurated in May, 1834 and served the school until the infirmities of age prompted him to resign in July, 1857.

Tyler always thought of himself as a New England man in doctrinal belief and church polity yet he was of the opinion that sound New England men should cooperate with the Presbyterians. The latter did express interest and support when Tyler and the conservatives entered the lists of theological controversy with Taylor and the liberals whose "New Haven Theology" modified the older Calvinism. Tyler opposed the speculative tendencies in New England thought. The Tylerites believed all those doctrines of grace which dependence upon the absolute supremacy of God implies. Tyler sought to counteract the influence of lax notions of doctrine and Christian experience. His writings were Biblical and practical. He held moderate old school views and introduced no theological novelties.

There is no modern biography. Gale, Nahum. *A Memoir of Bennet Tyler, D.D.* . . . Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company, 1860.

(Picture reproduced by John G. Towns, Holbrook, Mass.)

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut

1811 — CYRUS HAMLIN — 1900

Cyrus Hamlin was born in Waterford, Maine, January 5, 1811 and died in Portland, Maine, August 8, 1900. In his youth he was apprenticed as a silversmith and jeweler. The mechanical skills he acquired were later useful on the mission field. Encouraged to enter the ministry, he was released from his apprenticeship and aided to secure an education. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1834 and Bangor Theological Seminary in 1837. Hamlin was ordained at Payson Church, Portland, Maine, October 3, 1838 and left for Constantinople December 4, 1838 as a missionary of the ABCFM under whose auspices he served until 1860 when he was released to undertake the establishment of Robert College, serving as its president until 1877. He was acting professor of theology at Bangor from 1877 to 1880. From 1880 to 1885, he was president of Middlebury College. Thereafter he was engaged as a lecturer on missions for the American Board. He received the D.D. Bowdoin (1856) and Harvard (1860) and the LL.D. New York University (1861).

Hamlin pioneered industrial education as a means of student self-support concurrent with the academic course at Bebek Seminary. Without expense to the American Board he fitted out a workshop. A sheetmetal

1821 — HENRY MARTYN DEXTER — 1890

Henry Martyn Dexter was born August 13, 1821 at Plympton, Massachusetts and died November 13, 1890 at New Bedford, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Yale in 1840 and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1844. Dexter was ordained to the ministry November 6, 1844 at Manchester, New Hampshire, where he served a newly-organized church for four and one-half years. April 18, 1849 he became pastor of the Pine Street Church in Boston and continued there eighteen years. During this period he began his journalistic career and the historical researches for which he is well remembered.

In 1851 Dexter joined the editorial staff of the *Congregationalist*. From 1856 he was editor-in-chief. In 1867 he became editor and part owner of the combined *Congregationalist* and *Boston Recorder*. He resigned his pastorate and gave the rest of his life to editorial and historical work. From 1873 he resided in New Bedford. In 1858 he helped to found the (American) *Congregational Quarterly* which for two decades rendered valuable service as a scholarly journal. For all his interests in history and scholarship Dexter was no recluse. He participated actively in the ecclesiastical affairs and controversies of his time and was in demand as a preacher and lecturer. This convinced believer in Congregationalism explored its history and expounded its principles with such enthusiasm that his writing was sometimes marred by his bias. However, as a competent scholar he is generally reliable and accurate in detail. His theory concerning the authorship of the Marprelate Tracts has been superseded. Much of his writing on the Congregational ministry was made obsolete by actions of the National Council of 1886. In a charitable spirit he opposed all Presbyterianizing tendencies. He "deserves a high rank among those who are reckoned the formulators and developers of the Congregational system."

Among his many works, Dexter's most noteworthy monument is "Collections toward a Bibliography of Congregationalism" which lists 7,250 items and appears as a bibliographical appendix to *The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years, as Seen in Its Literature* . . . (1880). There is no modern biography.

oped a steam flour mill and a bakery for the Protestant Armenians. The project was so successful that during the Crimean War he supplied bread to the British hospitals at Koululee and Scutari. For the former he also erected a washing establishment or laundry facility. These ventures gave employment to many men and women. Hamlin used the profits to aid a number of Protestant congregations to erect church buildings.

Hamlin has been characterized as a man of "obstinate ingenuity." He combined spirituality and practicality. He saw many defeats transformed into victories. Robert College, an independent venture in higher education, was the realization of one of his dreams. The success of the school vindicated Hamlin's position in a conflict with the American Board regarding educational philosophy. Hamlin was more concerned with issues in a controversy than with personalities so he could disagree with a man and yet consider him a friend. He wrote widely from the time his first book *Forty Years Among the Turks* was published in 1877 until his death in 1900 when THE CONGREGATIONALIST was printing a series of his reminiscences. Hamlin, Cyrus. *My Life and Times*. Boston: The Pilgrim Press, Sixth Edition, 1924.

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut
1639 — INCREASE MATHER — 1723

Increase Mather was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, June 21, 1639, and died in Boston, Massachusetts,



August 23, 1723. He received the Harvard A.B. (1656) and the Trinity College, Dublin, M.A. (1658). While he preferred life in England and sought to establish Congregational Churches there, he refused to conform to the Restoration and was forced to return to Massachusetts.

Mather was called and settled as the teacher of the Second Church, Boston, May 27, 1664. Despite his

wide responsibilities in the service of education and the state, he gave the parish priority. From 1686 to 1701 he was President of Harvard. He encouraged the study of science, broadened the school's outlook to make it more than a seminary for ministers, and yet sought to keep it a stronghold of orthodoxy. In 1692 he received from Harvard the first D.D. conferred in British America.

Mather rendered valuable political service on behalf of the colony as an official representative in England in 1690. When William III framed a new charter, Mather was able to win concessions and preserve most of the power of the representative assembly. He was privileged to nominate the governor and all appointive officers for the first year of the new government. Upon his return home he defended the new charter and sought to educate the electorate. During the Salem witchcraft trials he did nothing to stir up the excitement. He believed that it was better for a guilty witch to escape than for an innocent person to die. In 1721 he championed inoculation for smallpox.

Essentially a conservative desirous of recapturing the zeal of the first generation Puritan colonists he would have substituted a Presbyterianized ecclesiastical plan for the democracy of the early Independents. Despite his personal preferences for an oligarchy of the devout and learned, he sought to preserve democratic institutions. Mather wrote more than one hundred books and numerous prefaces and articles marked by a simple and direct literary style. Modern secular historians are more interested in his political tracts than in his religious works.

Murdock, Kenneth B., *Increase Mather* (Cambridge, Mass., 1925) is the standard biography.

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut

1853 — GEORGE A. GORDON — 1929

George Angier Gordon was born in the Parish of Oyne, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, January 2, 1853 and died in Brookline, Massachusetts, October 25, 1929.



In 1871 he came to America and after working as a safe-builder, stonemason, and painter he was given the opportunity to prepare for the ministry. He was educated at Bangor Theological Seminary (1877, graduate) and Harvard (A.B. 1881). He received a number of honorary degrees. Ordained to the ministry at Temple, Maine,

June 20, 1877, he served Temple, Maine, 1877-78; Second Church, Greenwich, Connecticut, 1881-83; Old South Church, Boston, Mass., 1884-1929. He was a popular preacher at Harvard and Yale. He was Ingersoll lecturer (*Immortality and the New Theodicy*), Lyman Beecher lecturer (*Ultimate Conceptions of Faith*), and Nathaniel W. Taylor lecturer (*Religion and Miracle*). He was the preacher at the National Council in 1907.

Arvel M. Steece, Ph.D., Old Saybrook, Connecticut

1861 — WILLIAM E. BARTON — 1930

William Eleazer Barton was born in Sublette, Illinois, June 28, 1861, and died in Brooklyn, New York,



December 7, 1930. He was educated at Berea College (B.S., 1885; M.S., 1888) and Oberlin Graduate School of Theology (B.D., 1890). The first of many honorary degrees given to him was the D.D. from Berea (1895).

Barton was ordained June 6, 1885 and served churches at Robbins and Helenwood, Tennessee, 1885-87; Litchfield, Ohio, 1887-90; Wellington, Ohio, 1890-93; Shawmut Church, Boston, Mass., 1893-99; First Church, Oak Park, Illinois, 1899-1924; and Collegese Church, Nashville, Tennessee, 1928-30. He helped to organize Collegese Church.

Barton was active in the life of the denomination and served as chairman of the Commission on Congregational Polity, International Council 1899, 1908, 1920. He was secretary of the Commission of Nineteen on Polity, National Council, 1910-13. He was one of the authors of the Kansas City Statement of Faith (1913) and the National Council honored him with the Moderatorship 1921-23.

As a religious journalist Barton served on the editorial staff of *Bibliotheca Sacra*. He was associated with *The Advance* 1904-12 and was editor-in-chief 1913-17. He was corresponding editor of *The Congregationalist* 1917-30.

Barton was the author of many books in several areas. He was an enthusiastic Lincoln scholar. His *Congregational Manual* (1910), *The Law of Congregational Usage* (1915), and *Congregational Creeds and Covenants* (1917) were authoritative guides for Congregationalists until recent times. In the character of *Safed the Sage* he wrote several volumes of modern parables during the last fifteen years of his life.

The Autobiography of William E. Barton with an Introduction by Bruce Barton. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1932.

(Photo reproduced by John G. Towas, Holbrook, Mass.)

Gordon's installation at Old South was important as a witness to the variety of theological thought in American Congregationalism that came with the loss of authority in the New England Theology. The council showed that there was room for both liberals and conservatives within Congregationalism. In the course of a long and distinguished ministry Gordon became famous for his theological preaching. He is considered the third great American theologian, after Jonathan Edwards and Horace Bushnell. Gordon saw that history, philosophy and experience were necessary ingredients of a reconstructed theology. He recovered for American theology the spirit of comprehensiveness and unity. His thought was characterized by originality. He restored beauty, imagination, and feeling to theology. His work expresses a reverent rational optimism. Some of his books are: *The Witness to Immortality*, *The Christ of Today*, *The New Epoch for Faith*; *Through Man to God*, *Revelation and the Ideal*, *Aspects of the Infinite Mystery*, and *Humanism in New England Theology*.

Gordon, George A. *My Education and Religion. An Autobiography*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1925.

Glorious Independents

Elizabeth Laughton Claxton, Lansing, Michigan

I. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Where but in an independent pulpit like that which he had established in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, could Henry Ward Beecher have "sold" slaves in order legally to purchase their freedom from their owners? In his first sermon there, in 1847, as recorded by his son and son-in-law, he said, "I want you to understand distinctly that I will wear no fetters . . . that I will preach the gospel as I apprehend it" —*. Probably his own experiences in Indiana with the Old School Presbytery, and also memories of the trial of his father for heresy by the Synod in the Cincinnati area prompted his determination to be free of ecclesiastical shackles.

I wonder how many Congregational ministers throughout the country operated stations of the underground railway. I know of at least twelve in Michigan. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, the Rev. Jeremiah Porter actually hid a Negro father and his three children in the belfry of the old Congregational church for the greater part of a week.

Of course, no one family did more to help free the slaves than the Beechers. Harriet has told how most of the unforgettable characters in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were portraits of real people she had known while visiting in the South, or people described to her by one or another of her six brilliant brothers.

How fortunate it was that her brother Edward, while president of little Illinois College, was not shot with the publisher, Elijah P. Lovejoy, when he was killed by a pro-slavery mob while defending his printing press! Only the night before the murder, Edward tells us in his "Narrative of Riots in Alton," he helped Lovejoy unload the press from a river boat. As readers of this paper we should be doubly thankful, for he lived to be one of the founders, in 1849, and the first editor of, THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

*Every Congregationalist who treasures the independent



Picture courtesy of Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn

In 1860 Henry Ward Beecher introduced ten year old slave girl "Pinky" to his congregation in the Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. That Sunday \$1,000.00 was raised to buy her freedom and in 1928, as Mrs. James Hunt, "Pinky" returned to retell her story from the same pulpit.

spirit should read SAINTS, SINNERS AND BEECHERS by Lyman Beecher Stowe, a book published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1934, from which much of the above information was gleaned.



Age 23

Henry Ward
Beecher



Age 30

“Emperor of American Preachers”

Editor's Note: 1987 marks the 100th anniversary of the death of Henry Ward Beecher.

by the Rev. Harry R. Butman

Congregationalism has long been noted for its great preachers. In colonial days there were such men as Jonathan Edwards—*Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*—and Jonathan Mayhew—*The Morning*

Dr. Harry R. Butman is a contributing editor of The Congregationalist, author of several books, including The Desert Face of God, and a Congregational minister.

Star of the Revolution. And in 1923, the old *Literary Digest* poll to ascertain the 25 greatest preachers in America revealed that our relatively small denomination had 7 out of the 25.

But it can reasonably be claimed that no preacher in the entire history of this country ever held the place of supremacy occupied by Henry Ward Beecher, for 40 years the minister of Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn. One might call him King Henry, but that would hardly be accolade enough. “Pope” would be the proper term for ecclesiastical lordship, but no Congregationalist could ever be that. Henry Ward Beecher was the emperor of American preachers.

Henry Ward Beecher's family was an astonishing clan: they

went everywhere, did great things, and wrote and spoke incredibly. According to Theodore Parker, Lyman Beecher, their patriarch and progenitor, was “the father of more brains than any man in America.” Lyman Beecher was a small man physically, but he was strong and durable. Once, at the age of 81, being late for a meeting, he put his hand to the top of a five-barred gate and nimbly vaulted over it. A man of personal charm and a measure of fanaticism, he hated both Unitarianism and Demon Rum, and fought them with flaming passion. He was a High Calvinist—one whose test of orthodoxy was a willingness to be damned for the glory of God.

On two women he begot 13 children. Two died in infancy, and

two were unnaturally cut off. Of the other nine, seven became nationally famous figures. Henry and Harriet Beecher Stowe (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*) were the giants. But Catherine was a pioneer in the emancipation of women, and Edward, the brave scholar who faced death with martyred Abolitionist Elijah Lovejoy, was one of the founders of *The Congregationalist*. Thomas K. was a truly modern minister, a close friend of Mark Twain, and Isabella was a brilliant early "woman's libber." Charles was an excellent musician who survived a Massachusetts heresy trial and died at a good old age. The early children who did not gain fame were George, who died young, and Mary, that rare person, a private Beecher who published not a word. William K., founding minister of our National Association Church at Toledo, and James Chapin, who died by his own hand, were the losers, the dark stars of that glittering galaxy, the clan Beecher. All the seven sons were ministers.

Henry is the most complex and controversial of all the controversial and complex Beechers. He is simply too big and intricate a personality to fit into the compass of a magazine article; no fewer than 26 books have been written about him. Henry's part in the Beecher-Tilton affair; the two great councils held in relation to Plymouth Church and the scandal; Henry as churchman, preacher, and pastor; Henry as national and international figure, would be a quartet of treatments which would merely sketch the outlines of the portrait of the man. He undoubtedly held the most prominent place that a Congregational minister, or ecclesiast of any faith, for that matter, has held in the three-and-a-half centuries plus since the landing of the Pilgrims. Henry was a lion: huge of frame, stately of appearance, possessed of a voice that could roar and purr, and with a power of personality that jackals could only worry, not kill.

Henry had a short pastorate at Lawrenceburg, Kansas, during which he had taken the church out

of the Presbytery and made it independent. He then went to Indianapolis, and after a successful pastorate was called to be the minister of the newly formed Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, NY. A group of laymen from Broadway Tabernacle in New York City had bought the Cranberry Street edifice of a Presbyterian Church which was relocating. These men got Henry because they wanted a preacher who could fill the big building and make the church financially profitable. Henry was installed November 11, 1847. The church and he rose high and swept meteorically across the denominational skies of America. It soon became "The Church," not only of New York and Congregationalism, but of all Protestant America.



Age 40

"Big, virile, exuding that strange magnetism we now call charisma."

By any standard, Plymouth was a great church. Theirs was an exceedingly ugly building, but it was always jammed. Early Sunday mornings, the Brooklyn ferries were crowded with people coming over from New York City to hear Henry preach. Often there were no seats left half an hour before the service began. Henry was not the only great speaker to make the walls ring with eloquence—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner were powerful voices raised against slavery. Adelina Patti, famed soprano, Ole Bull, Norway's greatest violinist, and Theodore Thomas, the first major conductor in American orchestral history, all made music at Plymouth. Charles Dickens gave readings there; Grant and Lincoln attended services; all in all, it was the nation's most famous house of worship.

And it was Henry himself who made it so. Since he rode out of the West, an eloquent young man of 34, his career had been ever upward. The Church was not only large—some 2500 members—but immensely wealthy, and the men and women who made up its membership were able and powerful. Plymouth Church was strong enough so that Abraham Lincoln, unwilling to give offense to a Plymouth member, once in a desperately busy time, made an appointment for an officious Plymouth woman who wanted to lecture him. By 1855, Henry, in addition to preaching, was giving 50 public lectures a year, and after that a hundred or more a year until his death in 1887. When he stood behind his table (he did not use a pulpit), big, virile, exuding that strange magnetism we now call charisma, and when his organ-like voice made peals of rich, spontaneous eloquence, he was simply unmatchable.

Henry's powerful, wealthy, and innovative church was indeed paradisaic. But from the beginning snakes have inhabited Eden, and Henry became the focus of the biggest and most tangled alienation of affection suit ever spread over the years and over the pages, not only

of the American press, but of the English and European press as well. One of the many volumes based on the famous Beecher-Tilton case was a gossipy book, *The Romance of Plymouth Church*, a 566-page piece of scandal-mongering which dealt sensationally with the relationship between Henry and Elizabeth Tilton, pretty young wife of Theodore Tilton, handsome blond giant, poet, editor, co-worker with Henry, and a member of Plymouth Church.

It is impossible to discuss the matter in detail. Literally hundreds of thousands of pages of newspaper stories, legal testimony, council findings, and books were written about the case.* For a long time an affair had been suspected, but it was not until the Fall of 1870 that Theodore made public a letter by his wife. It read, in part, "Yesterday afternoon my friend and pastor HENRY WARD BEECHER, solicited me to become his wife in all the relations that term implies." Later, Theodore was mercilessly specific: He publically charged that Henry had ". . . won the affectionate love of Mrs. Tilton (and) accomplished possession of her person; maintaining with her henceforward the relation called criminal intercourse."

This sounds open and shut. But on December 30, 1870, Henry asked for and got Theodore's permission to visit Libby and received a letter which said, among much else, "I desire to say explicitly, Mr. Beecher has never offered any improper solicitation, but has always treated me in a manner becoming a Christian and a gentleman."

I came to the study of this affair with a vague conviction that Henry was guilty, but a careful study of the data has changed my mind. Lyman Abbott, who edited the "Uncontradicted Evidence"—a 64-page condensation of the legal trial—concluded, "It is well known that they (the sensational details) imply an admission of some fault on Mr. Beecher's part, and that they do not contain any words clearly describing that fault." I agree with Lyman Abbott. My personal opinion is that Henry, in the modern

idiom, "made a pass" at Libby Tilton but did not commit adultery with her. If this sounds like whitewashing, be it remembered that Plymouth Church voted Henry innocent, a court of law acquitted him, and two great ecclesiastical councils did not convict him of sexual impropriety.

I wish I had the space to tell of these councils. I was fascinated by their letters missive proceedings, and results. The first council held in Brooklyn in 1874, had delegates from 119 churches. The second, called in 1876, was the biggest thing of its kind in our history. It lasted five days, and 250 delegates and ministers from 175 churches in 18 states meticulously examined the Beecher case without ever mentioning the scandal directly. Together the councils produced 641 pages of fine-spun filigreed discussion of the basic principles of autonomy and fellowship—the words of yesterday's giants of our Way whose names still echo today.

But I must end with a final word about Henry the Lion; Henry Ward Beecher was one of a kind. After he was made, the mold was broken. He defies complete analysis. He was a diamond, but a flawed diamond, yet of such sheer size and brilliance that he was beyond price. Under the glitter and showmanship, the flamboyant oratory, the evasion of issues, there was a coping strength. Even the savagery engendered by the great scandal, an attack which would have utterly destroyed a lesser man, did not destroy him. He survived; he survived magnificently. After the rage of the trials he went on to do some of his best work, his *Life of Christ* being an example. He held the respect of many of the great of our fellowship and the loyalty of his congregation; he kept his famous pulpit. He died in a full age in 1887, and was gathered to his fathers with more honor than most unmarred men know: his name still lives. ■

* This material is outlined in "The Beecher Lectures," by the Rev. Harry Butman, published by the Congregational Foundation for Theological Studies in 1978.



Age 50

"He was a diamond, but a flawed diamond, yet of such sheer size and brilliance that he was beyond price."



Age 65

WILLIAM BREWSTER

MAN WITH IDEAS

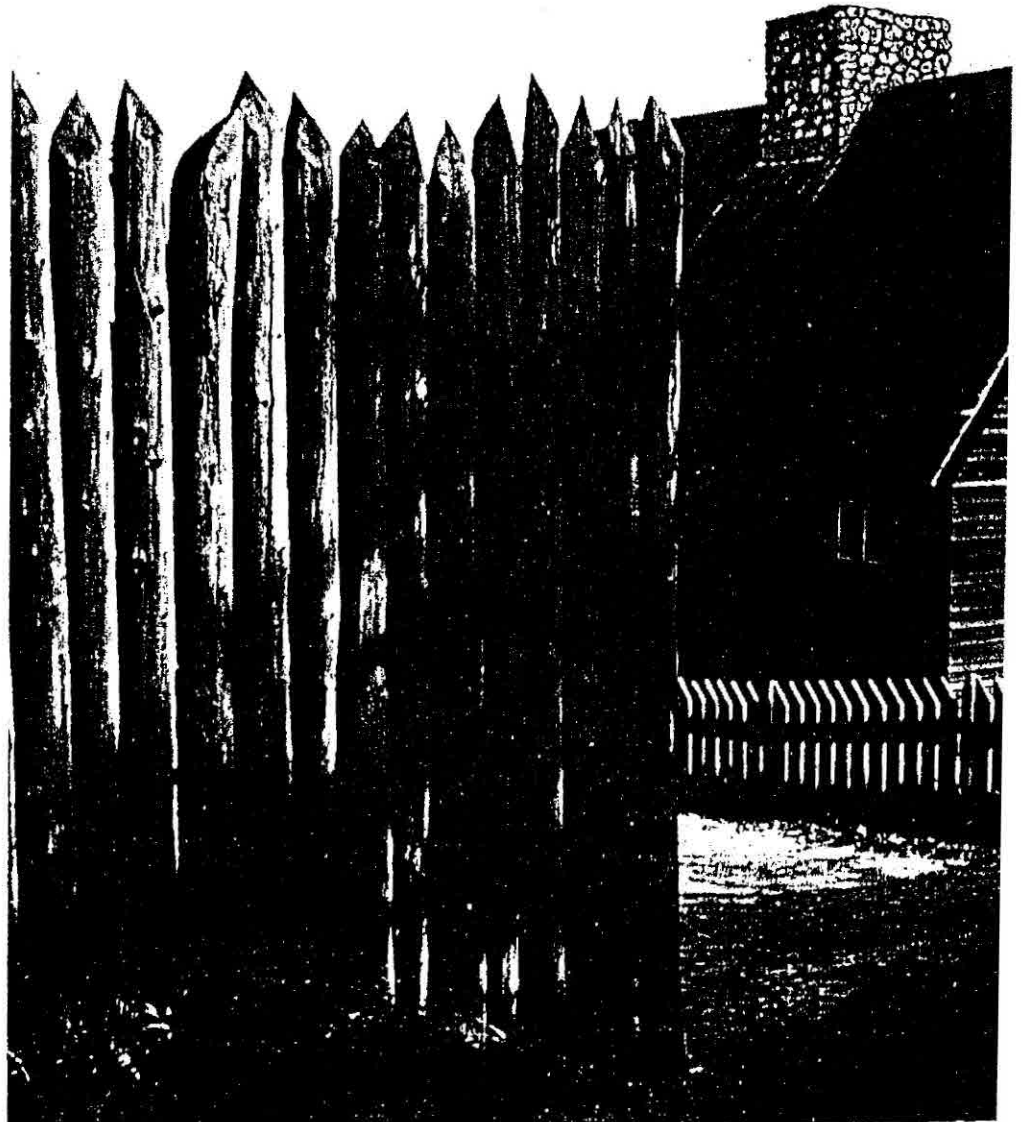
Eleanor O. Miller

Young William jogged along on horseback over the muddy trail called The Great North Road, on the way to his first year in college. When he arrived at the ancient city of Cambridge, the thrilling sight of the towers and spires of the University town may have made him forget his weariness.

On December 3, 1580, William Brewster entered his name on the roll of Peterhouse College.

Peterhouse, the oldest college of Cambridge, was founded in 1257, next to the church of St. Peter. The central part of the building, with its original rooms,

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was never torn down, and remains as the "oldest college building now in use."

Brewster, with his hundred classmates, studied Rhetoric and Logic and Philosophy, perhaps Astronomy and Greek. The Greek, however, was regarded as something "dangerously new." Lectures were in Latin; adequate facility with that language was a basic entrance requirement. In some unknown way, William had learned his Lyly's *Latin Grammar* in his small home village of Scrooby.

The boys got up for a one hour morning service at five, and then studied until ten or eleven when they dined in the hall on beef or mutton or veal, with fish

on Fridays. Usually a passage of Scripture was read during the meal. After evening prayers and supper about five, they were "their own masters, with restrictions," for the rest of the day.

The restrictions were numerous; no students could go to taverns or dances or bathe in the river Cam. They were prohibited from playing with dice, and could play cards "only during the twelve days after Christmas." There were no University sports, although archery was encouraged.

The Master of Peterhouse during Brewster's residence was Andrew Perne, known as a "tolerant spirit," who "made it possible for the college to be the meeting ground of representatives of every School of Religious Thought . . ."

The ideas of such men were probably more important to young William than what he learned in classes or through his own study. And he had a chance to think over those ideas. Even today, the stated purpose of Cambridge is to give man time to think.

The ideas that William heard were revolutionary in an era of confusion and contention, with irreconcilable philosophies. Many of the ideas were expressed in religion, but they had political implications as well, and were even related to social and economic affairs. They threatened change in the lives of common people, as well as those at court; they were concerned with personal "rights" and individual conscience in a country and era when religion and government were one, and both a matter of strict state control.

One of the radical ideas of the early 1580's was that individuals should be free to withdraw from the established church if, within that church, they could not worship as they chose. They could even secede, or separate, as a group and set up a church of their own. Brewster claimed that he acquired his first such separatist ideas at Cambridge.

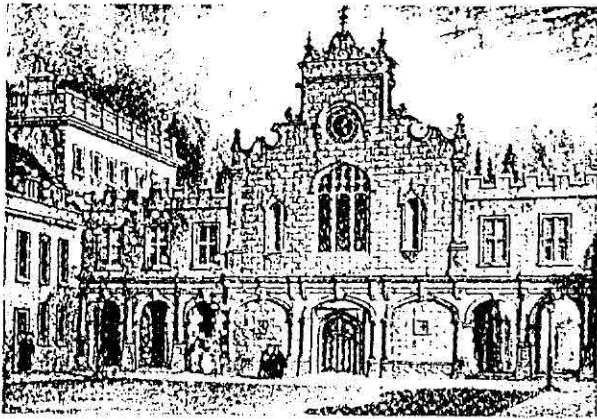
William Brewster left Cambridge after two years and went to London. He was only a year or two younger than Shakespeare, and the London experience in Elizabethan England, as described by that master writer, must have also been revealed to the humbler Brewster, perhaps in different ways. The great contrasts between people of various kinds, at Court and in the streets, seem not to have disturbed Brewster's belief in the ordinary people, a belief he apparently kept all his life, wherever he went.

In a few years, Brewster went back to Scrooby, the village he had left less than a decade before. It must have been a very quiet life in Scrooby after the turmoil of London and the excitement of Cambridge, but the quiet continued for only a short time after young William arrived.

The reform movement in the church, usually designated as Puritanism, was growing stronger, and opposition to it from the bishops was becoming more violent. Tracts and pamphlets in defense as well as opposition appeared frequently.

William Brewster probably read such tracts as they





PETERHOUSE.

passed secretly from hand to hand, and related them to the controversies he had listened to at Cambridge. Later, he was even instrumental in publishing them.

As he settled down in Scrooby, probably expecting to spend the rest of his life there, Brewster became active in spreading the ideas of reform in church service and government. He married, and called his first child by a Bible name, Jonathan, a name then rare, but suggesting how the parents were thinking. The second child was called Patience, and then followed Fear, Wrestling, and Love, indicating changes in personal affairs.

In the early Scrooby days, the young Brewsters attended church in the village of Babworth, six or seven miles from Scrooby, where a Puritan preacher, Richard Clyfton, began preaching even before Brewster's return to Scrooby. A young neighbor, William Bradford, also attended Clyfton's church, and that link between Brewster and Bradford began many decades of mutual association and concern.

The story of Scrooby has been told again and again, and the details of the "separation" of a small group from the established church have been stated with more or less accuracy. Not as often emphasized, however, was their basic assumption, relevant even today. They assumed that ordinary men like themselves were able to manage their own church affairs.

Unfortunately, we can only imagine what those Separatists looked like. But we can be sure they were not dour-faced men, noted only for their piety. They were entrepreneurs of an important enterprise, demonstrating the independence of human beings. Robert Mellors described Brewster as "the type of well trained business man making the best of every station he was called to occupy."

Secondary characters in the Separatist drama included wives and children, neighbors and friends, who came on and off stage as the script demanded. Back of them was the chorus of small farmers and their families who were devoted followers, but sometimes timid in action and confused on issues.

Another chorus was always off stage—the clamors of the Court and the Established Church against the

so-called presumptuous group that set itself off from the rest of England, and believed that they—common, ordinary men—could build a life for themselves.

The drama now turns into a movie script, with wide shots of the North Sea and close-ups of personal problems, as the little group left Scrooby, and started out on an exodus of their own. School children read of the sojourn in Holland, the ultimate Mayflower trip across the Atlantic, and the organization of Plymouth Colony. We can now visit a replica of that colony in Plymouth, Massachusetts. It lasted for only seventy-three years before it was swallowed up by the larger, stronger, and better endowed group of Puritans who came from England to Massachusetts Bay in 1630. The events of the early days of the Pilgrims, from 1620 to 1646, including their relations with Massachusetts, were recorded by William Bradford, who became governor of the colony. His book, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, has become the major source of all data regarding the Pilgrims of that time.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have been remembered more as a group than as individuals, and have become more important as folklore than history; perhaps even in folklore the lasting importance of the group has been exaggerated. A recent English writer, A. L. Rowse, comparing the groups at Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, claims that "the Pilgrims were self-effacing exiles who only wanted to escape attention to worship and live in their own way; the Massachusetts Puritans were a governing body going forth to convert others to their way and impose it on others, as far as they could." They became, for the Pilgrim group, *The Establishment*.

In spite of the greater strength and lasting success of that larger colony, however, the Plymouth group left a legacy of its own to posterity, a legacy that might be traced back to Brewster's early Cambridge ideas.

George L. Haskins, Professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania, recently analyzed "The Legacy of Plymouth." He indicated that the ability to establish, by themselves, a self-governing community was the most outstanding accomplishment of the Plymouth group. They established a system of laws to adjust their relationships to each other, as well as their individual claims. Haskins says that system of laws can be described as "the first American constitution."

The idea at Plymouth was that no man is above the law: that good order in the community gives each person his greatest assurance of individual freedom. But that "good order" must be established by the persons concerned and for their own community.

William Brewster, whose ideas were gained during his few years at Cambridge and in London lived on in the Colony until 1643 when he was 80 years old, and is remembered more as a member of that group than as an individual. He was still working and teaching at the time of his death. He spent a lifetime following the implications and consequences of his own early ideas. □

WOMEN

IN THE PASTORAL

MINISTRY

by W.T. Keefe, D.D.

A *Catholic Dictionary*, Addis and Arnold, Catholic Publication Society, 1895, made this observation about Ordination, "Women are incapable of being validly ordained, inasmuch as both the healthy natural instincts of mankind and positive Apostolic injunction (1 Cor XIV.34; 1 Tim.ii.11) require that women should be 'silent in the churches'. When mention is made in the 'Corpus Juris' of the ordination of deaconesses, this is to be understood not of ordination properly so called, but of a special benediction in virtue of which, in convents of women, those receiving it were empowered to read homilies or gospels before the community."

It seems that this attitude was fairly prevalent in the churches at that time, but at the date of publication of these words a woman had already been ordained to the Congregational ministry for more than four decades.

Antionette Brown was the first woman to be ordained in America, and she pioneered a way which is becoming more and more common among our churches today.

M.L. Hopcraft, writing in *Christian Advocate*, December 31, 1953, wrote of Miss Brown, "It had been a struggle to reach her goal. Even her parents disapproved, and William, her older brother who was himself a preacher, was loudest in declaring what almost everyone thought — that the pulpit was no place for a woman. Yet Antionette could not remember when she did not have the inner conviction that she was destined to preach the Word of God."

Oberlein College, the most progressive school in the country, was open to all regardless of sex, color, or creed. She enrolled in the two-year ladies literary course, and, upon completion of that course of study, applied for admission to the theological school.

Professors and trustees were shocked, and they were quick to tell her that she could do missionary work, but could not preach.

But in the end, she was admitted to theological school for there was a clause in the charter which declared that no one could be refused admission. So, she was admitted to attend classes in the theological school, but was not to be enrolled as a regular student. Most of her professors ignored her, and the majority were adamantly against her.

Upon completion of the course of study she was denied the usual degree, not permitted to sit on the platform with male graduates, and not allowed to participate in the graduation exercise. The school did not give her a license to preach, but left it to her responsibility whether she might preach or be silent.

Whenever invited to preach, she did, but many disapproved of her sermons because she described God as a loving father, rather than a stern judge about to send sinners to the hell of everlasting fires and torment.

In 1853 the small church at South Butler, New York offered her a call at the salary of \$300. annually. She accepted that call, and on September 15, 1853 was ordained.

A Reverend Luther Lee was asked to give the ordination sermon. Mr. Lee had been opposed to the ordination of women, and referred, in his sermon, to this ordination as "a great innovation upon the opinions, prejudices, and practices of nearly the whole Christian world".

The invitation to preach this sermon laid upon him "the obligation to do one of two things, either to step forward and assist this church, or decline to do so for good and satisfactory reasons". He wrote of the problem he faced, "If those inviting me here are right in proposing to ordain a female to the Gospel ministry, they needed my help, and were entitled to it; if they were wrong, they needed my reproof and reasons for it, and it was due to my own fidelity, and to truth, that I should administer it. But to do either, required thought beyond what I had ever bestowed upon the subject."

As he worked his way through this dilemma he reasoned, "I acknowledge the candidate to be in Christ, to be with me a sister in Christ; if I deny her the right to exercise her gifts as a Christian minister, I virtually affirm that there is male and female, and that we are not all one in Christ Jesus, by which I shall contradict St. Paul,..." and he admitted that "it would give me more uneasiness to do this than to differ from modern doctors of divinity, and divinity schools."

He took as his text "There is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus". (Gal. III:28) He went on to demonstrate, "It is in Christ Jesus that there is no difference, and that the sex become one. There may be differences of rights and positions growing out of incidental relations, — conventional rules and usages in matters which do not effect the fundamental rights of humanity, but when we come to consider those rights and privileges, which we claim as Christians, and which belong to us as believers in Christ, there is no difference, we are all one in Christ Jesus."

At the close of that rather lengthy sermon, she was ordained in "due form, and by a solemn and impressive service". The participants in that ordination subscribed their "testimony to the fact that in their belief, thy sister in Christ was one of the ministers of the New Covenant, authorized, qualified, and called of God to preach the gospel of his Son Jesus Christ".

She continued to preach until she was 90 years old, this pioneer woman.

(A second article in this series, to be published soon, will deal with Women in the Ministry in this decade.)

A Great Man—An Extraordinary Mother

A Study of Two Churchills

Sam R. Ellis

If one is English and born into a family whose name is Windsor, or Marlborough or Churchill, a fishbowl existence exists from birth. It is not possible to err or to make achievements quietly; the world is informed via headlines and news photos and movies as to what one is up to.

More than a decade has passed since Sir Winston first proposed the adaptation of his autobiography, "My Early Life," into a screenplay to the American producer Carl Foreman. With the current movie, "Young Winston," that proposition has come into being.

Without being patronizing, this sensitive epic employs carefully chosen family vignettes to illustrate the drives behind this man who was to become one of the greatest figures in history. Although many of the scenes are sketchy and sound somewhat evasive, "Young Winston" is notable in many respects. The life of Sir Winston lends itself to a story of action, poignancy, tragedy and charm. British actor Simon Ward makes a memorable American debut in his zealous portrayal of young Winston. He is greatly aided by the consummate skill of Robert Shaw as Lord Randolph Churchill, the father, and Anne Bancroft, the mother, as Lady Jennie Churchill.

PARENTAL BACKGROUND

English he was on his father's side, American on his mother's, and he embodied and expressed the double vitality and the national qualities of both peoples—his names testify to the richness of his historic inheritance. All these strands come together in a career that had no parallel in British history for richness, range, length and achievement. His dominant qualities were courage—he did not know what fear was—and imagination. He was powerful, original, had fertile intellect, intense loyalty; and an affectionate nature with puckish humor. He had genius: as a man he was charming, gay, ebullient, endearing.

His mother, Jennie Jerome, and her mother, were one quarter Iroquois, so Sir Winston had an Indian strain in him.

HARD WORK AND PHILOSOPHY

Young Winston had to make his own way in the world, earning his living by his tongue and his pen. In this he had the comradeship of his mother, who was always courageous and undaunted. While abroad he read from boxes of books sent out to him by his mother, e.g. Gibbon, and Macaulay and Darwin. The influence of historians is to be observed in his philosophy of life, namely, that all life is a struggle, the chances of survival favor the fittest, chance is a great element in the game, the game is to be played with courage, and every moment is to be enjoyed to the full.

DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN

For Jennie Churchill, the year 1885 began bitter and bleak.

After a lingering, her husband had died of syphilis, raving mad. Only weeks before, her lover, unwilling to wait any longer, had married. Her sons, Winston and Jack, both had problems that required her full attention.

Little could Jennie Jerome Churchill then suspect that her most passionate fulfillment as a woman and her supreme triumph as a mother still awaited her in the dramatic years to come.

Physically beautiful, volatile, brainy, outgoing, with enormous vitality—Jennie well into middle age hypnotized men younger than her sons. Down the ages, men and women of wealth and secure social station have always flouted society, and Jennie was one of their number.

MOTHER-SON CLOSENESS

"My mother was everything to me," said England's man of the century, Winston Churchill. And so it was. It was perhaps, the most unusual mother-son relationship of modern history. Jennie was much more than Winston Churchill's mother; she was his sister, his sweetheart, his father, and, for a long time, his only confidante.

Winston later admitted that he had only four full conversations with his father in his lifetime. "If ever I began to show the slightest idea of comradeship, he was immediately offended," wrote Winston.

It was Jennie who got Winston transferred from one war to another war, at a time when this was never done in the British Army. Jennie sold his first short story, got him newspaper assignments, suggested and arranged his first book contract, stirred in him his first serious interest in politics, campaigned for him, acted as a preview critic for his speeches. Winston later wrote of his mother: "She left no stone unturned, no wire unpulled, no cullet uncooked."

SOMEONE'S LUCKY STAR

Following the death of her husband, Jennie wrote Winston, "All my political ambitions are now centered in you." Later, she added, "I believe in your lucky star as I do in mine."

And so it was Jennie who became the most influential factor in the development of her son. Besides the courage and spirit and drive she instilled in him, besides shaping his mind through their constant discussions and correspondence, besides introducing him to the people who helped determine his future, besides her own maneuvering for him in every area in which she could protect his interests and further his ambition, Jennie had no qualms about using the many men in her life to push Winston's career.

Winston, in turn, had no hesitation in using all of Jennie's influence. "Are you still friendly with the Kind?" he wrote to her, when he wanted something important.

And he kept prodding her constantly, "You must get people to do things for me!"

The house is full of you," 21-year old Winston wrote to his mother from his army post in India. "... my writing table is covered with photographs ... my cigarette box that you brought me from Japan ... my books. ... Your letter is the

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central point of my week. If I had thought mine could give you half as much pleasure, I should write all day. . . . How I wish I could secrete myself in the corner of the envelope and embrace you as soon as you tear it open . . . when the mail comes in with no letter from you, I get in such a state of despondency and anger that I am not approachable by anyone . . . well my dearest Mummy . . . I don't know what I should do without you. . . ."

GROWING UP

As a young man, Winston had few close friends. His brother Jack was five years younger, and there was still a great gulf between them. With women, Winston found himself shy and awkward, and this was true of him until his mid-thirties, when he married. In 1908 he married and in his own words, "lived happily ever afterwards." By his marriage to Clementine Hozier, there were one son, Randolph, and four daughters, Diana, Sarah, Mary, and one died in infancy. Recently, Diana Churchill visited Los Angeles and other American cities.

In spite of his optimistic statement concerning his marriage, the fact remains that his mother, Jennie, was the only one to whom Winston could pour out his loneliness, the only one he loved, the only one who really believed in him.

MOTHERS—SMOTHERING OR PERMISSIVE

Many mothers with such an adoring son might tend to keep him close, but not Jennie. Of course she was flattered by his deep love, but Jennie was determined to be neither a smothering mother nor a permissive one. It was difficult for her to write Winston letters that a father should have written, but she did, and whenever necessary. One time when Winston had overdrawn his checking account, Jennie wrote, "I must say I think it is too bad of you—indeed it is hardly honorable knowing as you do that you are dependent on me and that I give you the biggest allowance I possibly can, more than I can afford. . . . You seem to have no real purpose in life and won't realize at the age of twenty-two that for a man life means work, and hard work if you mean to succeed . . . if you have any grit in you and are worth your salt you will try to live within your income and cut down your expenses in order to do it. You cannot but feel ashamed of yourself under the present circumstances—I haven't the heart to write more . . ."

Jennie wrote a number of similarly strong letters, and they always brought quick remorse and fresh promise of reform from Winston.

FATHER IMAGE

Somehow Jennie knew that Winston had a real need for a strong father image. For this job, she drafted Bourke Cockran. He was a New York Tammany politician, a highly successful lawyer, a big, broad-shouldered man with an impressive lion of a head. President Theodore Roosevelt called him "The greatest orator in America."

Jennie and Cockran had met in Paris shortly after her husband had died, about the same time that Cockran's wife had died. The two fell in love and would have married, but Jennie would not uproot herself and sons from England. Jennie was always proud of being an American, never lost her American accent and was called "Best U.S.A. Ambassador." But she knew that Winston's political future was in England and she would not desert her son or his future.

It takes an extraordinary woman to ask her rejected lover to take care of her son, but Jennie never hesitated. Cockran

himself was more than willing. He would never have a son of his own, and so he met Winston at the New York dock, took him to his home and to his heart. Many years later, Winston said that Bourke Cockran had been the greatest single influence on his oratory—and then proceeded to quote long excerpts from Cockran's speeches. More than the oratory, however, Cockran gave Winston the strong father influence that he badly needed. It was a relationship that lasted through a lifetime of continuous correspondence and many meetings in England and the United States.

MOTHER-SON EQUAL

Another part of Jennie's great success with Winston was that she increasingly regarded him as an equal. "My Mother was always on hand to help and advise," wrote Winston. "She soon became my ardent ally, furthering my plans and guarding my interests with all her influence and boundless energy. . . . We worked together on even terms, more like brother and sister than mother and son. At least so it seemed to me. And so it continued to the end."

Jennie could do this because she insisted on having her own life, too. Winston was a core of her life, certainly the central core, but she had other cores, too. Even before Winston became famous, Jennie was regarded as "the most important Anglo-Saxon woman of the world." She was an author of books, essays, newspaper articles; a pianist of concert quality who played duets with Paderewski; and artist, playwright, horsewoman, politician, and surely one of the most beautiful women of her time. In a world where women novelists usually took male noms de plume, Jennie became editor and publisher of a spectacular international literary magazine. At a time when there still were not too many women nurses in the Boer War, Jennie converted a cattle boat into a modern hospital ship and took it down to the wounded, making her own inspection of frontline hospitals. Aside from all this, Jennie married two other husbands. One was as young as Winston, and the other—whom she married at 63—was even younger than Winston.

FORMULA FOR MOTHERHOOD

This was Jennie's formula for motherhood: love your children, help them in every possible way, but also live your own life to the fullest. Let them enrich your life as much as you enrich theirs. In doing so, do not be so permissive as to let them do whatsoever they want. When they are children, give them the fullest responsibility of which they are capable. When they are grown, give them the full wisdom of your experience—but only as much as they want to take.

But again, only by expanding your own life to the utmost of your reach and talent will you be able to let your children go and grow as they should—and earn their increased respect as well as keep their love.

What happened to Winston Churchill is history, and not too pleasant to recall. He well stated that "to build may have to be the slow and laborious task of years. To destroy can be the thoughtless act of a single day."

Nevertheless he became the Sir Galahad of England and the free world during its greatest time of crisis. He was able to do it because the woman behind him, the woman who shaped him more than anybody else, was his American mother, Jennie, certainly one of the great and unique women of her time.

No wonder Winston Churchill always kept on his desk a copper cast of a hand. It was his mother's hand, and his own hand was almost a replica of it.

Who Was Lloyd Douglas?

by George V. Bohman

Who was Lloyd Douglas?

A famous novelist?—Yes. *The Robe, the Magnificent Obsession, the Fisherman*. He published nine novels, some also as serials and as movies.

A noted lecturer?—Yes. In early years, he occasionally lectured but from 1931, at the age of 54, until his death in 1951, he was a professional, even in an arthritic's wheelchair.

A diligent pastor?—Yes. And he learned much from his parishes.

A community leader and worker?—Yes.

A fine preacher, even great?—Yes, perhaps most of all. He was an avid seeker of ideas, with a wide-ranging mind for reading and observation in hospitals, operating rooms, laboratories at the university, and in the arts. He was a synthesizer of ideas in sermons. He was an avowed liberal, relentlessly seeking yet more truth from every possible source during thirty years in Lutheran and Congregational pulpits.



Lloyd C. Douglas was born in 1877 in Indiana of an old-fashioned, strict, Orthodox Lutheran mother and a father twenty years older than the mother, politician, farmer, and a self-thought-out liberal to whom the Lutherans refused licensure until he was elected to the state senate. In many ways, the maturing Lloyd

Dr. George V. Bohman was moderator of the National Association, 1957-58, chairman of the Executive Committee, and on the first Board of Trustees and later chairman of the Congregational Foundation for Theological Studies. He is professor emeritus of speech communication, Wayne State University.

reflected his father's ideas and rhetoric. Yet, Lloyd was sent to conservative Wittenberg College and Seminary where he developed the basic skills of a preacher in languages and speech, edited a newspaper, debated, and read poetry with the glee club. Seminary with three older professors was very limited in scope. He was ordained in 1903.

His first pastorates were English Lutheran, though the last was a good church in Washington, D.C. As his reading and observation took him away from orthodoxy, he left to work at the Urbana, Ill. YMCA and study at the university and with Shailer Mathews in Chicago. By 1915, he was ready for a Congregational pulpit, the fine campus church in Ann Arbor which he held for six years, attracting overflow crowds of students and adults. He left for Akron's First Church in 1921 and then for Los Angeles First in 1926. His final pulpit was the large downtown Montreal United Church (1929-31). Soon after 1930, sales of *The Magnificent Obsession*, other novels and his lecturing so increased that he retired from parish ministry in 1933. He died in 1951.

Ample reasons can justify calling Lloyd Douglas a great preacher, even in a period noted for Newell Dwight Hillis, Gaius Glenn Atkins, S. Parkes Cadman, Frank W. Gunsaulus, Rabbi Stephen Wise, Edwin Holt Hughes, Edgar Dewitt Jones, and such maturing young men as Harry Emerson Fosdick and George Buttrick. I note four significant aspects of his preaching:

He was effective in developing and holding large audiences of students and adults, despite his outspokenness and some, perhaps complimentary, opposition both at Los Angeles and Montreal.

His printed sermons were widely read, partly in response to his books and lectures, partly because of a close relation between the subject matter of sermons,

—continued on page 8

Douglas—from page 7

novels, and lectures, and partly for a direct, attractive style that was intellectually stimulating but not pedantic.

The sermons were meticulously crafted over several days and in worship were well coordinated with scripture, prayers, hymns, organ, and choir.

His inquisitiveness about people, the world of the sciences, medicine, and the arts showed him to be a preacher descended from the expanding traditions of the Enlightenment, speaking in modern vocabulary.

Unlike Fosdick and other "modernist" preachers, he did not hesitate to turn away from traditional Christian idiom to fresh usage from the sciences, arts, and social sciences that was much more meaningful to his audiences, though his candor sometimes may have been startling. His theology and use of the Bible was much more in line with the developing field of Biblical history and criticism and the insights of the earlier psychologies, anthropology, and the historical method as well as comparative religion. He may legitimately be called a life-long seeker for more and more truth, who looked afresh at the world and its past with intellectual courage and critical analysis.

In a doctoral dissertation, Richard Stoppe concluded that Douglas exemplified practically all of ten modes of liberal nineteenth and early twentieth century theology. Where Fosdick's style included orthodox phrases, for Douglas "the new wine could not be contained in old wine skins." Candid passages in the farewell sermon at Akron illustrate how far he and Biblical history and criticism had gone by 1926:

"I have attempted to present an idea of a Deity which portrays Him as conscious kinetic energy, speaking to the world through all the media of creation: not a parochial Jehovah . . . but a Universal Father of all mankind

"I did insist that the Galilean gospel—the Inasmuch declaration, the Golden Rule, the whole sermon on the Mount—deserved your full attention and attempted practice."

"I have not encouraged you to worry over all the implications involved in the ancient doctrine of the atonement . . . in which the death of Christ became necessary to justify the parole of Adam—unwarranted because there was no adequate basis for the Adam story. My grandfather believed in that Adam story. He also believed that the horse-chestnut which he carried in his pocket would keep off rheumatism. He was a good man, too. He included in his creed a lot of things I cannot possibly believe; just as I will probably include in my creed some matters which in 1986 will be pretty generally disputed, or revised, or understood in better terms."

"I have asked you to believe in Jesus as a Son of God, and to remember that YOU are another . . ."

"I have taught you that religion and science must be one if God is God."

"I have told you that we can add length to our earthly days through altruistic service; that whatever may be the nature of our future life, we know enough about this life to be assured that men do not quickly die and leave no trace who, in the quest of the Christian ideal, have contributed something of their hope and faith and work to the generation in which they had lived."

Time passes and each new generation of ministers faces new ideas and problems. New answers are promoted and varied theologies with high-sounding names are expounded. Douglas lived in a time of strong liberal Congregational leaders who were affected by the Rauschenbusch and Mathews efforts to develop social, as well as biological, evolution to improve the conditions both of human society and of individuals. Douglas had both concerns. In time of war, he was essentially pacifist yet turned a portion of his time to work in New York with the YMCA War Fund, where he was associated with Fosdick. His modernism was so well established and Ann Arbor so distant from the Bryan Controversy over evolution that he had not become directly involved. Neo-orthodoxy largely became a theological issue in America after his preaching career. The growing fervor for the ecumenical movement still had not shown its later emphasis on the one big church. These later developments, despite his support of "oneness-in-spirit," probably would have concerned him, along with the emphasis in neo-orthodoxy that tended to creedal conservatism, because such creedalism was contrary to the personal freedom of thought which was protected in Congregationalism. Nor does ambition for hierarchical office and recognition appear. He achieved his reputation as a discriminating scholar, a skillful writer, a master persuader in his preaching, and did not need the personal satisfactions of political success.

Eight years ago, I suggested, at the end of a lecture on Douglas, that he would say to us today:

Seek from man, the earth, the universe,
From all the wisdom of the ages,
For the seekers of today and tomorrow,
Yet more light and truth.
You will find joy in the seeking. □

NOTES

Douglas published nearly forty books, novels, and major articles. A much-used volume of sermons was entitled *The Living Faith*. I used the 1955 printing. A specialized volume of sermons in Los Angeles was *Those Disturbing Miracles* (1927). Richard Stoppe's dissertation at Wayne State University (1966) was "Lloyd C. Douglas." Much of this article is drawn from George V. Bohman, *Lloyd C. Douglas, Preacher on a Pilgrimage*, the Congregational Lecture delivered at the National Association of Congregational Christian Churches, Toledo, June 24, 1978. Many have enjoyed the volume by the two daughters, Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson, *Shape of Sunday* (1952). I have reviewed again the fine study edited by DeWitte Holland, *Preaching in American History, Selected Issues in the American Pulpit 1630-1967* (Abingdon Press, 1969), containing 20 monographs by skilled critics.

The Secret Spiritual Teachings of Lloyd C. Douglas



Six Lloyd Douglas novels became movies, including *The Robe*, *The Magnificent Obsession*, and *The Big Fisherman*—all three movie classics. In 1933 both *The Magnificent Obsession* and *Forgive Us Our Trespases* were on the best-seller list.

For thirty-five years I have tried to discover how to convince church members to take the Bible seriously. Lloyd C. Douglas, former minister of First Congregational Church of Akron, Ohio, discovered the secret. When his popular novel, *Magnificent Obsession*, became a best seller in the 1930s, Bible sales in America skyrocketed.

Each of Douglas's ten novels made it to the best seller list, and several were number one. Six became movies and one was the basis for a TV series in the 1950s. He

by the Rev. Dr. Gabe Campbell

was a spiritual spokesman to America. Few people knew that he was a clergyman and a Congregationalist.

In *Magnificent Obsession*, Douglas shared the secret of personal spiritual transformation. This is his legacy to Congregationalism. Now, whenever I am asked the perpetual question, "What do Congregationalists believe?" I have an answer. "Congregationalists believe the teachings of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, particularly Matthew 6:1-4: *Beware of practicing your piety before others in order to be seen by them ... when you give alms, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your alms may be in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.*"

In the story, Dr. Wayne Hudson, despondent over his wife's death a year earlier, reluctantly goes to select a marker for her grave. He meets a sculptor at the monument company, who tells him that he has discovered the formula for transformation. "How would you like to be the best doctor in this town?" Randolph, the artist, invites Dr. Hudson to his home, where he picks up a limp-leather Bible, and Hudson reacts, "Now if that's it, I don't care to hear about it!"

Randolph tells him that this particular Bible lacks the secret formula for power, which is found only on one page, and he has removed it and keeps it elsewhere. That is what intrigued readers—the idea that *one page* of the Bible has *all the power*. Since Douglas did not identify the page, thousands of people bought Bibles, searching for that page. When they found it, they did not tell their friends, who then bought Bibles. It became a popular parlor game of the 1930s, and Bible sales soared.

In *Magnificent Obsession*, when Dr. Hudson demands to know what is on the page, Randolph extracts a folded and faded paper from his wallet. Randolph warns Dr. Hudson that the formula he is about to share is "terribly dangerous stuff to fool with" and should never be used to feather his own nest, but only to help others—in absolute secrecy—"it took the man who discovered it to a cross at the age of thirty-three!"



Douglas wrote his last book and autobiography, *Time to Remember*, in 1951. The cover sketch by David Hendrickson shows his father, Papa Douglas, who was a 50-year-old rural minister when Douglas was born. He also was a farmer, schoolmaster, lawyer and state senator in Indiana.

Lloyd C. Douglas, *Time to Remember*, © 1951, Houghton Mifflin, Boston.

The key is to invest in others in secret.

Douglas used *The Sermon on the Mount*, from which this passage comes, as the basic theme for each of his subsequent novels. It is an interesting spiritual exercise to read them in sequence and discover how he taught the lesson of spiritual transformation through giving alms in secret. The key is to invest in others *in secret*, for this transforms the investor.

Douglas inspired hundreds of thousands of people, through his books and movies, to take the lessons of Jesus seriously. But he knew the reluctance of church people to actually become involved with the Bible, and he led them to it by demonstrating that the way we live and give to others leads to the true biblical experience. Jesus taught that prayer is the master key to spiritual transformation, but prayer is more than words, or requests for things for the self.

True prayer is the response to the inner message.

True prayer is not in spoken or silent words; true prayer is the response to the inner message, the secret signals, the ideas which appear in our consciousness, the supposed coincidences which occur after we have asked for guidance. When opportunities to reach out and

invest in others appear, we have a choice to become involved or to ignore the divine response, assuming since it is not a direct answer to what we asked, there was no spiritual message.

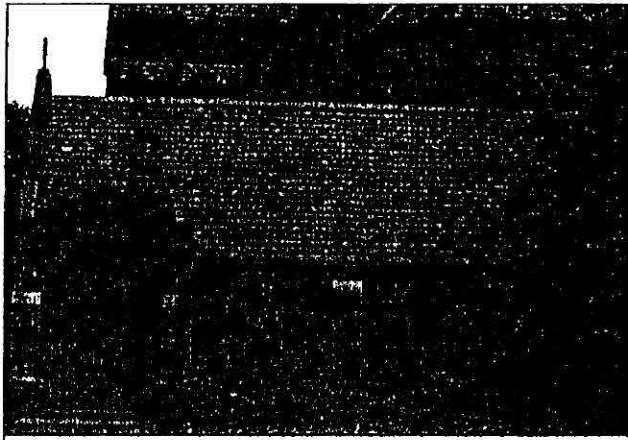
Until we invest in others, and involve our own financial resources, we do not complete the sacred circle of prayer. When we ask for guidance, it is important to listen carefully for directions and seek those who can use our assistance. Douglas points out that those in whom we invest will often have to know what we are doing, but should be cautioned not to tell others. We are not doing this to be seen by others, but to join in the living ministry of Jesus Christ.

Lloyd C. Douglas had his roots in Ohio. His grandfather's farm adjoins Malabar Farm, near Mansfield, Ohio. Louis Bromfield, who was his friend and neighbor in Bel-Air, California, was advised by Douglas to purchase property to create an experimental farm. There was quite a stir when **Humphrey Bogart** and **Lauren Bacall** were married there. Malabar Farm is now an Ohio State Park.

Douglas's grandfather and father were Presbyterian, and his father planned to attend the Presbyterian College at Wooster, Ohio. But his best friend was Lutheran, going to Wittenberg, the Lutheran college in Springfield, Ohio. They flipped a coin and both went off to Wittenberg, where Douglas's father worked for the college president, who suggested he go into the ministry and attend seminary.



In his autobiography, *Time to Remember*, Douglas recalls his college days, and the proliferation of colleges in the 19th century as Protestant denominations competed to educate young men for the ministry, including the Lutheran college, Wittenberg, which Douglas attended.



The Douglas Memorial Chapel, a Gothic building seating 75, was completed in 1953. It includes many stained glass windows including the two lancets with themes from *The Robe* and *The Big Fisherman* (see front cover, this issue).

He also didn't believe in the Devil.

Lloyd's father failed his Lutheran ordination exam by admitting he did not believe unbaptized infants went to hell, since hell did not fit his idea of a God of infinite love. He also didn't believe in the Devil, for he thought God would not have created that kind of competition. He also suggested that if Martin Luther had remained celibate and single it would have added much to his stature. His father then decided to become a lawyer.

Papa Douglas was much in demand in Columbia City, Indiana, where he was a teacher, prosecuting attorney, state senator, superintendent of county schools, and "interim" preacher for the English Lutheran Church. After being widowed for some time he met **Sarah Jane Cassel**, twenty years younger and a teacher, who had been born in Mount Eaton, Ohio, before the family moved to Nobel county, Indiana. *Papa* married her without informing his eight children until he drove up to the house with his bride. Lloyd was born in August 1877, beginning the second Douglas family.

Papa, now a state senator, was ordained by the synod without examination and decided to remain a Lutheran pastor. Lloyd recalled that there was always a church boss who collided with his father's liberal views and was concerned about his *Papa* making people smile or laugh at his stories about real people, rather than the ancients of the Bible. This meant the Douglas family did not stay long in one place.

Lloyd Douglas did not wish to enter the ministry, but his mother insisted, and he went off to Wittenberg to finish high school, undergraduate school and seminary.

There were only three professors at seminary and the view was severely parochial, limited to their theology, with no training at all in practical ministry. Lloyd felt he had an advantage over his peers because he had experienced ministry with his father.

In 1903 he became pastor of the English Lutheran Church at North Manchester, Indiana. While there he and **Besse Porch**, his college sweetheart, were married. Her father, a Lutheran pastor, had also attended Wittenberg. Lloyd wrote that she expressed no eagerness to go in for more poverty and regimentation and

Books by Lloyd C. Douglas

- 1921, *Wanted—A Congregation*
- 1925, *The Minister's Everyday Life*
- 1926, *These Sayings of Mine*
- 1927, *Those Disturbing Miracles*
- 1929, *Magnificent Obsession**
- 1932, *Forgive Us Our Trespasses*
- 1933, *Precious Jeopardy*
- 1934, *Green Light**
- 1935, *Home For Christmas*
- 1936, *White Banners**
- 1939, *Disputed Passage**
- 1939, *Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal*†
- 1940, *Invitation to Live*
- 1942, *The Robe**
- 1948, *The Big Fisherman**
- 1951, *Time to Remember*‡
- * Movies † TV Show ‡ Autobiography
- 1952, *The Shape of Sunday*, Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson, memories of life with their parents.
- 1955, *The Living Faith*, collection of Douglas's sermons, edited by his daughters.

was well aware of the problems facing a minister's family.

After two years he accepted a call to Lancaster, Ohio, and in 1909 moved to the large Luther Place Memorial Church in Washington, D.C. Here he and Besse were confronted with a new world. They had servants in the parsonage, they were involved in Washington society, they heard lectures, discovered new ways of looking at the Biblical history, and expanded their horizons far beyond Wittenberg and the small town parishes. In 1911 he suddenly announced that he did not believe what he

was saying, and resigned. He was once again weary of those who complained about his modern views and wanted only to hear the old familiar words.

He became director of religious work at the University of Illinois YMCA in Champaign-Urbana, and was a popular speaker on the Chautauqua circuit. His relationship with **Roy Helfenstein**, minister of the First Congregational Church of Champaign, changed his ideas regarding theology, and the Congregational views appealed to him. In 1915 he accepted the call from The First Congregational Church of Ann Arbor, and was ordained into the Congregational ministry. In 1921 he came to Akron, where he was described as the city's most important citizen and innovator.

Douglas was then called to the great church in Los Angeles, but once again ran into the "Church Bosses," who were the conservative retirees from the Midwest who wanted to hear the old familiar phrases. While he was on vacation, they met to discuss his removal. After meeting with their leader, he decided he did not wish to be involved in a church fight. He disappointed the majority and the many new church members by resigning.

It was during this time in Los Angeles, when he found it impossible to sleep, that he finished *Magnificent Obsession*, only to have it rejected by several publishers. **Eugene Exman**, religious books editor for Harper and Brothers, who had edited his book, *Those Disturbing Miracles*, in 1927, wrote that "it will be impossible for us to publish your novel." He did suggest another publisher in Chicago, which, after changing the name from *Salvage to Magnificent Obsession*, published the book. In 1929, he went to be the minister of St. James United Church of Montreal, Canada. While he was there, the book was published and became popular.

He finished his second novel, *Forgive Us Our Trespasses*, which became number two on the best seller list in April 1933, while *Magnificent Obsession* was number

six, and so he moved from the despair of Los Angeles to the exhilaration of having two novels in the top ten list at the same time. He resigned from St. James and began his career as a writer, thirty years after beginning at North Manchester.

His books, movies, and TV show made him the best known writer in America during the middle of this century. Although most of his readers did not know he was a Congregational minister, they were moved by his message. When my wife and I asked the staff of Malabar about the Douglas farm, none had any idea about it or who he was. When we inquired at the adjoining farm, the owner responded to our question by telling us that there was an old sign out in the spring house that said *Douglas Farm 1826*, and then she asked, "Didn't he become a famous lawyer?" The answer is *no*, because of the flip of a coin, he became a Congregational minister who revealed the *secret* of personal spiritual transformation—a gift from Jesus. ■



Gabe Campbell retired in December, 1995, from the First Congregational Church, Akron, Ohio, after 15 years in that pulpit and 34 years in the ministry.

Photographs courtesy of First Congregational Church of Ann Arbor, Mich. Sketches from *Time to Remember* supplied by Gail Potter Green, Publications Director, First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, Calif.

America was anything but a quiet spot in the year 1777. Troops were on the march. Patriots and Tories were trying to track each other down. The entire Atlantic seaboard, from Massachusetts to Georgia, was in an uproar on account of the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies.

In this same year a distinguished New Englander, the Reverend Timothy Dwight, took up his duties as a chaplain in the Continental Army under the command of General George Washington.

Perhaps no staff officer ever had greater fame as a scholar. Chaplain Dwight was the grandson of the famous preacher, Jonathan Edwards. When he was six, young Timothy started to read Latin. At seventeen he graduated from Yale, and by the time he was twenty he had written a scholarly work on the Bible.

Then, at twenty-five, this cradite young gentleman got his highest honor. After meeting in a solemn session, Yale's board of trustees invited Dr. Dwight to become president of the college. It seemed the students, almost to a man, had pleaded for his appointment.

Most young savants, offered such a post, would have accepted it in a hurry. But Timothy Dwight was a real patriot at heart. He put his country ahead of his own personal fortunes.

His sympathies had been fully aroused in the patriot cause. He knew that George Washington's brave little army had taken on a desperate hazard, and if a man cared about freedom at all, this was the hour to act.

So, after thanking the Yale trustees and turning down his chance to become the country's youngest college president, Timothy Dwight said a farewell to quiet study halls and went off to join the forces of the American commander-in-chief.

In his new surroundings, with all the excitement of movement and the training field, Chaplain Dwight immediately became popular with officers and men. No "highbrow" despite all his learning, he quickly

Mr. Edwards is a free lance writer.

THE CHAPLAIN WHO REVISED THE HYMNAL

Vincent Edwards

won their condence and was accepted as one of them.

Many of the men in the camp carried their troubles to him, and, at their request, he wrote their letters home. There was the comfort, too, that he felt he must give the sick and the wounded. The chaplain's services were in such wide demand that he did not have too much time to himself.

In those critical months, Timothy Dwight's contribution to the patriot cause could hardly be measured. His bearing inspired hope and optimism when things looked the darkest. It was not long before he had struck up a warm friendship with General Washington, and the Commander, in-Chief, in his turn, expressed a high admiration for his faithful chaplain.

Through this period, Dwight's pen was also busy in behalf of the independence cause. One poem he wrote stirred up considerable enthusiasm. It was titled "Columbia", and it began:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory
arise,

The queen of the world, and
the child of the skies."

Not great poetry, surely, but it may have spurred patriots to redoubled efforts.

Perhaps Chaplain Dwight would have stayed with the army until Yorktown if a new problem had not sprung up. Suddenly there came the word of his father's death. That meant he had to assume the family's support, since he was the oldest of the thirteen children.

Resigning his commission and returning home, he accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Greenfield, Connecticut, a lovely New England community where, even to this day, visitors flock in large numbers in springtime to see the dogwood in bloom. Because of the meager salary and on the strength of his wide reputation as a scholar, Dr. Dwight started up a

private academy for young men, hoping to supplement his income.

The last venture turned out to be a notable success. Colleges in the area all sought Dr. Dwight's students, and he was still carrying on his school when, in 1795, Yale again asked him to become its president. This time he did accept, and he filled the office with distinction until his death in 1817.

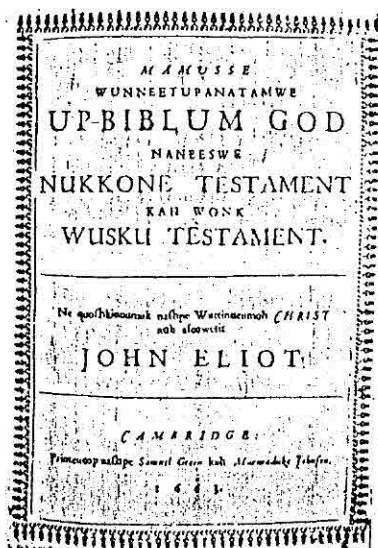
At that time in New Haven, agnosticism was very much in the air, and the new President found students struggling to hold onto their faith. In this situation Dr. Dwight used every opportunity he could to present the reasonableness of the Christian faith. Through classroom contacts and sermons in the college chapel, he won over many young men to his own staunch belief.

As a college president, Timothy Dwight's won enduring fame. Not so well remembered today is what he did for the American church hymnal. After the Revolution, many members of the Congregational body felt there still remained in that anthology too many references to Britain, the Mother Country. There seemed to be a definite need for somebody to carry out a complete revision of that Sunday song book.

Who could do it better than the famous Yale scholar who had once served as General Washington's chaplain? The invitation was extended and promptly accepted, and then Dr. Dwight proceeded to overhaul the Congregational hymnal with remarkable skill and with satisfaction to all the parties concerned.

It even gave the reviser the chance to make his own contribution to that volume. Dr. Dwight added an original twenty-line poem to the contents. Today, those stanzas, a perfect gem of its kind, expressing a Christian's devotion to his church—are now found in most hymnals all over the land:

I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer
saved
With His own precious
blood...



Mrs. Neagle is a New England-born free lance writer, with a special interest in America's Colonial years.



MARJORIE S. NEAGLE

John Eliot's Indian Bible

Seven communities for the Indians were now located in as many towns, none of them too far from Roxbury to be out from under Mr. Eliot's supervision. Each family was assigned a house lot and land for a garden. A civil form of government was established whereby elected officials, rather than a single chief, could administer the laws which the Indians themselves, with some help from Mr. Eliot, framed.

Before many years the settlements were prospering, with established Churches, assemblies of catechumens, and both Indian and white preachers and teachers. In time the communities became self supporting. The women learned to spin (it is said that Eliot was their teacher!). The men supplied the colonists with turkeys; and brooms, baskets, and eel pots of their own manufacture. In the spring they caught fish, gathered strawberries, and cranberries, followed in the autumn by grapes. Eliot, whose horse had often gone hungry in winter, taught them the art of hay making.

Bible Translation Started

Mr. Eliot began working on a project which he had had in mind for many years . . . the translation of the Bible into Algonquin. For some unknown reason Cockinoe had left Roxbury, and returned to the home of his people. He was succeeded by Job Nesutan whose writing, said John Eliot "I can read passably well; and he (with some Paines

and Teaching) can read mine."

Along with his pastoral duties Eliot worked on the translation, often after being all day in the saddle. But in his own words, "I did not sit still and look for Miracles. Up and doing. Prayer and Paines through Faith in Christ will do anything."

Fourteen Years Later

The work was finished in 1660, fourteen years after he had preached his first halting sermon in the Algonquin tongue. But the completion of this task was only the beginning of another. Ambitiously he undertook to put the translation into print.

At that time there was but one printing press in America. Located in the Cambridge shop of Samuel Green, it was used almost exclusively for the benefit of Harvard College. It was put at the disposal of Mr. Eliot. Marmaduke Johnson, Green's assistant, was assigned to help.

The work was maddeningly slow. One thousand pages (8x5¾ inches) were printed, each with double columns and marginal notes. Only four pages could be done at a time. Inking and press feeding were done by hand. Type was set and reset, again and again, each letter being picked out separately and placed in the form. Before the task was completed, the handle that lowered the press for the imprint was moved half a million times.

At the end of three years (1663) during which time the aging John

Eliot was obliged to make the fourteen mile round trip between Roxbury and Cambridge almost daily, on horseback, the work was finished. Fifteen hundred copies of the book were distributed among the Indians. Twenty were sent to the London Society where they were bound in blue morocco. One, at Eliot's request, was presented to Charles II. Nobody knows what became of the others. Between the two title pages, one in English and the other in Algonquin, was a dedication to the King.

First Editions Rare

Only 125 known copies of this first edition are in existence today. Many were lost when the Indians' wigwams were burned during tribal wars. Copies that survived include one once used by Roger Williams and now the property of Brown University. Most eastern universities and some libraries own at least one. So do the British Museum and the Universities of Utrecht and Leyden in Holland. A few are privately owned. In Boston copies may be seen in the Public Library, the Aethaneum, and the Congregational Library.

Literally translated, the long unused Algonquin words on the title page read: "The whole Holy His Bible God. both Old Testament and New Testament. This turned by the servant of Christ who is called John Eliot."

EDITOR'S NOTE

"John Eliot of Essex" is something new for us, being our first serialized biography. But Miss Armour's piece is "easy history," and of use in telling about a significant episode in our Puritan heritage. Those who would like a more scholarly approach to the same topic may read Dr. Ola Houghton Winslow's brilliant article "John Eliot and His Indians" in the September 1968 issue of the "Bulletin of the Congregational Library" or her newest book, John Eliot—Apostle to the Indians.

It was 1622 and John Eliot was eighteen. However, as he walked slowly down the streets of Little Baddow, he tried to look at least thirty. He hoped that his slow and dignified walk was properly impressive.

"My first school," he glowed. "A whole lifetime ahead of me just for teaching and reading." Then he laughed to himself because of his slow gait when all the time he had wings on his heels!

The market place lay just ahead of him. He could hear many voices calling out wares. This time his feet did not have to be told to slow down. In the market place they stopped of their own free will. "I wish my father could be with me here," he thought suddenly. It was odd that he always wanted to share anything that had to do with the land with his father.

It had been the same in Cambridge, where he had attended college for the last seven years. Perched on the wide sill of the classroom, he had read Greek grammars because they were so fascinating. He had devoured the classics. In fact, he had tried to cram enough knowledge into his head to last him a hundred years. The desire to become a schoolteacher filled his heart and mind to the exclusion of all else.

Yet, a village square filled with vegetable carts always sent his thoughts rushing home. Now it had happened again. "My father wanted me to stay in Essex and ride our acres with him," John reminded himself. "I learned all I could because it was my father's wish. But from the time I taught their letters to my little sisters and brothers, I

JOHN ELIOT OF ESSEX

by Anobel Armour

PART ONE

knew that I must be a school teacher."

He picked up a cabbage and weighed it in his hand. He then touched the smooth skin of some tomatoes. After that he asked the blessing of God on his father, Bennett Eliot, who had given up his dream for the sake of his son's dream. And on his mother, too, who had influenced his father's decision by holding fast to a belief which she had.

Standing there, John could hear her voice again. She was talking about August the 5th, 1604, the day of John's dedication. "I knew in my bones then that God wanted him for His own," she said.

"The land is God's" Bennett Eliot had answered sharply. But at last he had come to see, as his wife did already, that John wouldn't love books so much if it were not for a reason. That was when he had been sent to Cambridge.

John Eliot entered his classroom with a resolve to make his parents glad. There was joy in his heart, too, because it had been given to him to be able to share knowledge and make sharing it an adventure. The days at grammar school were hard and happy ones.

Little Baddow didn't have a

tangle of spires like Cambridge marking its many churches, but it had its share. John found one which pleased him and attended regularly. He also read his Bible each morning and evening. His mother had read it to him when he was too small to read. He had learned his first letters from it too. In fact, he had been reading the Holy Scriptures for almost as long as he could remember.

With his school, church, and his Bible, the tall young teacher was secure in his love for God and God's love for him. He didn't see how life could be better. Not too oddly, he didn't know that soon it would hold terror and cruelty.

One day when he came to the beloved market place, the farmers were gathered around their wares as usual, but they were not calling out. There was only a low murmur among them, like the drilling drone of bees. A tall gaunt man, dressed in a dark suit and a somber hat, was doing all the speaking. John Eliot was startled to see that the farmers were showing dark and sullen faces. He stepped closer to hear.

"What is your religion to you?" the man demanded. "What is it besides form and ritual? Did you hear the words which you repeated from your prayer books last Sabbath and will repeat again this Sabbath? I say to you that you did not. You carry your prayer books into the church, and that is all you carry out."

There had been much talk lately of needed reforms in the church. There had been much criticism of a religion which had become more lip-service than heart-service. It had never struck at John very closely. From childhood he had felt God's nearness all day and every day. Yet he couldn't turn away from this man who spoke with impassioned urgency.

"You go to church to worship God," the man stated. "Then you leave Him behind you there. Monday begins your cheating and your dishonesty," he accused. He picked up a basket of tomatoes. "Look at these," he insisted. "The ones on top are big and round and juicy, but the ones on the bottom are rotten. Is that the way to show God's love to your fellow man?" He held the

(Continued on page 14)

JOHN ELIOT OF ESSEX

(Continued from page 7)

basket higher. "Look at these tomatoes, I say."

A rugged-looking farmer reached into his cart of tomatoes. "Look at this tomato," he shouted. He drew back his arm. The red-ripe tomato seemed to spin through the air. John saw it, but he couldn't quite sense its meaning. Then suddenly he began to run. He tried to get between the tomato and the man who was preaching.

Then, just as suddenly, he stopped and stared in horror at the gaunt preacher. The tomato had hit him in the face. Its juice ran down and looked like blood. It splattered from the face to the dark suit. The preacher didn't move at all or even lift his hands to wipe his face.

For a minute John was frozen. Then he turned angrily toward the people in the market place. Somehow he had expected them to be outraged. Instead they had joined the rugged farmer in pelting the man with all sorts and conditions of vegetables.

"Stop it! Stop it!" John shouted. A shout of laughter hit broadside against his ears. The vegetables kept on hitting the silent man.

"What's it to you?" a middle-aged woman demanded. To save his life, John couldn't have told what it was to him. He only knew that the man was sincere and that he had a right to speak. He ran to take his place at the man's side. A tomato crashed against his chest and ran down his cloak. His blood felt as if it had reached the boiling point.

"Who wants to listen to such foolishness?" another woman shouted. "Are we supposed to eat the tomatoes that spoil? Have we no right to full stomachs for ourselves? Can we buy coal and sticks for our fires without coins?" She put out a skinny brown hand and picked up a limp fish.

John broke toward her. The fish caught him on the forearm. His nose told him that it, too, was not a salable article. He stared at it for a long minute, lying at his feet. Then he picked up a stick and ran at the people. They laughed at his anger, but they scattered before him.

"We would like to have that Thomas Hooker in stocks," the

burly farmer shouted over his shoulder. "Then we could have a good chance at him."

John Eliot forgot the tomatoes and the smelly fish. He turned to the man about whom he had heard. "Are you really Thomas Hooker?" he asked in awe.

Now that his foes had turned away from him, the man began to mop his face and clothes with a big handkerchief. John saw its white surface turn dark and ugly with stains but he was barely conscious of that. His eyes were as wide as a child's. He forgot to try to look thirty — or even thereabouts.

The man smiled a very strange and solemn smile. "Yes, I am Thomas Hooker, the Puritan," he told John softly. He looked right into the young man's eyes. "I need help to clean up God's church," he said. John shook his head as if the man meant him, though he knew that couldn't possibly be so. Why he was a born teacher and a happy one. What would he be doing helping a man like this one?

In spite of that, the two became friends. And John Eliot found his contentment fading. "I have always read my Bible," he said, "yet now, the words seem to be speaking to me more than they ever did." He shook his head, bewildered. "At church," he confessed, "I find that I am saying words from my prayer book, but I am not feeling them or understanding them. Instead, I am out on a corner someplace; and I hear your voice." He shook his head again. "Sometimes it is my own voice that I hear as well" he admitted. "As if I were the one who was out there pleading and preaching."

Thomas Hooker smiled his solemn, stiff smile. "Perhaps God is speaking to you," he said.

John clutched at his grammar, tucked safely under his arm. "I must be off to school," he said shortly. He found himself running. But it was no good to run. Soon he knew that he must be a Puritan, too. He must preach and teach. "I must be a Puritan and a preacher," he told Thomas Hooker.

"Of course," Thomas Hooker agreed quietly, and without surprise. (To be continued) □

Synopsis. In 1622, John Eliot, brilliant young teacher of eighteen, was about to begin a career of teaching in Old England. But a sermon by Thomas Hooker, a Puritan preacher, who later became one of the great figures of early Congregationalism, influenced Eliot to become a Puritan preacher.

PART II

Then more studies began and were followed by John's beginning work as a preacher. He read to the folk in the market place from the Bible. He talked to them earnestly about a God for everyday living. Many times he saw the same rugged farmer reach for a tomato, but for some reason he never threw it. Neither did anyone else. "It is because I was the teacher of their children," John decided. Soon the market place became a church to him. He had a vast congregation for many folk came and went from this spot.

Thomas Hooker had gone journeying on to other places. John heard the report that persecution had driven him into Holland. It had been two years since he had seen him.

John received persecution, too, as gangs of hoodlums broke up his meetings. Then a group called him to be their pastor. They held prayer meetings at cottages. John Eliot knelt on a cottage floor at one of these meetings to thank God for the call. Once to be a schoolteacher had seemed perfection. Then the market place had become like a church and congregation. Now he was really a pastor. It was hard for him to believe sometimes.

"I was as sure of my vocation as a teacher as my father was sure of my vocation as a farmer," he pondered. It was all very queer. He remembered how Bennett Eliot had always said that nothing was ever wasted. Perhaps he was right, even to the knowledge that he had drilled into his son on the wide acres. But John only could shake his head, not seeing his way too clearly because of the many big changes in his life.

Then another change was de-

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Anobel Armour

manded of him, or rather it was asked, for he said "no" to it immediately. "Many Puritans are going across the sea to the New World," his congregation told him. "We must learn to love and understand our neighbors, we know. But we could have a real church there," they pleaded. "We wouldn't be hissed at and mocked. We would dare to come and go as we thought God would be pleased for us to do."

But John Eliot shook his head stubbornly. The next day a man threw a cabbage at him in the market place. It was as heavy as a stone. It would have felled him if the aim had been more true. "Now will you come with us?" his people begged.

"Where is there a greater need than right here among these wild throwers of cabbages?" John demanded. That night a delegation came to him again, and again he turned them down.

He prayed long and earnestly. He read his Bible at the page where it fell open. "Go ye therefore into all the world." The words leaped at him from the printed page. He wondered if it were God speaking to him, or if the falling open of the Bible at that spot had been just a happenstance.

"I cannot leave the people of Essex," he groaned. He now dropped to his knees again. Against his closed lids he saw a ship with white sails.

John Eliot boarded the Lyon,

which was Boston bound, with a sure but humble feeling that he was sailing into destiny. All of his insecurity was gone. Prayer had done that for him. And another thing had put a song in his heart, too. He gazed at the white sails, now a reality.

"I did not know that I even wanted a wife, though I liked Hannah's singing of the hymns." He looked past the sails and visualized Boston, as best he could. "What if it should turn out to be a wilderness?" he worried. "I should have to post a letter to Hannah to tell her not to join me."

Boston, in November 1631, was covered with falling snow. It was good and cold and crisp. John liked it instantly, perhaps for a good reason. Months on the Lyon made a city with walking room a precious thing. All doubts about Hannah left him too as he looked at Boston's harbor. Ships from many nations were riding there. Many of them were loaded with fur pelts, tied with fur thongs. He hadn't known there would be so much trade.

There wasn't much time allotted to John to explore the town. His very first Sunday he was asked to preach in a church whose minister had gone to England for a fund-collecting trip. Sunday after Sunday John preached for these people. A trip to England might consume a year. Before that year was up, Hannah Mulford arrived in Boston to marry John.

"October in Boston is gold and blue for your arrival, Ann," he told her, "and for our wedding day." He was as proud of the city and the weather as if he were responsible for both of them. It was what made him call her Ann, as most people shortened Hannah. However most of the time he would call her Hannah. It was a good name, filled with dignity.

The church's minister came back to his pulpit, but the folk asked John to stay on as a teacher. "My Puritans have gone on to Roxbury," he explained, refusing. "We must join them there."

When John and Hannah reached

Roxbury, Massachusetts, their church was ready and waiting for them. John, who had faced many changes, was to be a preacher here for sixty years, and a teacher as well. He was to be its sole pastor for forty of those sixty years. Of course, he had no way of knowing all this.

Right away John went to the market place. It was always so with him. Once it had been a way of being closer to his father. Now it had that meaning and others as well. He thought of Thomas Hooker and of his own preaching in such a place.

He looked at the stalls contentedly. He listened to the words that were shouted to help make sales. He felt as contented as a cat by a hearthfire. Then suddenly he saw something that he had never seen before. His heart popped into his mouth and stayed there for a long minute.

In Boston John had seen Indians, dressed quietly and rather blending into the atmosphere. Now, coming toward him, he saw an Indian who must have just come from the forest. His skin was like bronze. He wore furs and beads. But what stopped John's heart was the way he walked. Striding across the market place, he blotted out every sight and sound. His head was held high, as if he owned the universe.

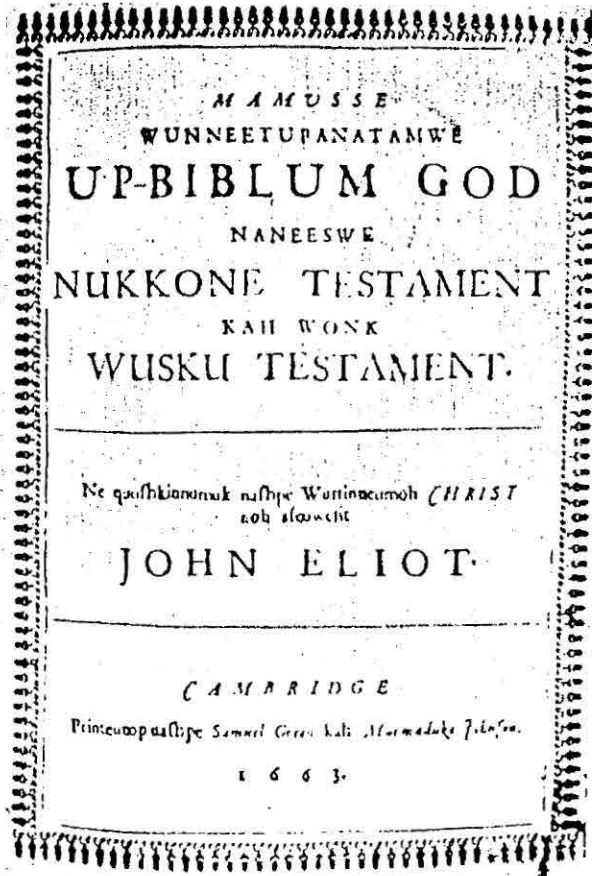
"I must speak to this man," John decided instantly. He rushed toward him. The Indian stood as if carved. John, who wore black and never an ornament, reached out and touched the fur and the beads. He put his hand on the bronze arm. "Do you live here in Roxbury?" he asked.

The handsome Indian shrugged and spread out his hands. He did not understand John's words. He strode away and left John standing there. But John knew that destiny had found him. From that minute on he watched for Indians. They came into the market place, but they had little to barter. They didn't stay long. None of them ever entered a Roxbury church. □

(To be continued)

JOHN ELIOT OF ESSEX

by Anobel Armour



Synopsis. The persecutions that descended upon the Puritans in the years that followed John Eliot's decision to become a preacher finally led him to join the great Puritan migration of the 1630's. He went first to Boston, and then, with his wife Hannah, settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Eliot found himself strangely drawn to the Indians. But no Indians ever came to Church. The language barrier was too great.

PART III

Some people said that God had sent them to take the land from the Indians. That was Cotton Mather's teachings and beliefs speaking through them. John's thoughts were like the thoughts of a man called John Robinson. This man had once said to some Pilgrims who were having trouble with the

Indians, "Oh, how wonderful if some of them could be converted."

"That is the way I feel," John told Hannah. He prayed for guidance, sure that he was called, but not sure of the next step. He could not find his forest friend although he looked for him. But he did find an Indian who had learned to speak English. He had been taken prisoner during the Pequot wars and had served on an English ship. "I thank you, Heavenly Father," John said when Job Nesutan agreed to be his teacher.

"He will live with us," he told Hannah. "That way we can spend every spare minute together." Hannah gave her hand to Nesutan. He took it gravely.

They sat side by side each day, and John twisted his tongue around the strange words. "I must learn the Lord's Prayer and the Ten

Commandments," he urged. "If I can get those, I can begin to preach."

It was hard sometimes for Nesutan to find a word in the tongue of the Algonquin which meant what the English word was saying. He tried over and over. It was easier for him to make a sign, but he was proud that he could speak English. He would not give up. Then it reached the place where they burned a candle so that they could see each other.

"God gave us the nights to rest in," Hannah scolded. But John only smiled and went ahead with his studies. "You are both men of great courage," Hannah admitted. Then she grinned, "Or stubbornness."

In the meantime John couldn't wait to talk to the Indians. He preached his first sermon to them at a settlement at Dorchester Mills. He knew that they didn't understand him. When he turned his face toward heaven to pray, he felt that they were thinking of the Great Spirit.

"I am going to call on them at their homes," he told his wife. "They are my congregation already in my heart." Day after day he sat around their campfires. He learned many new phrases. Yet it was months and even years before he was sure that he was making himself understood. At Nonantun he preached all of one winter, and he asked thousands of questions.

He preached in English and used scraps of Algonquian idiom to point up what he had to say. There were some converts and that gladdened his heart. It was the summer of 1647, however, before he spoke to his people only in their own tongue. Fifteen years since he had seen the Indian man in the market place!

"They have always been a seeking people," he told Hannah. "They have had spirits for everything. Now they are happy to know that one God watches over them. They understand that he is the Creator."

John had never liked the sight of Indians coming to market with

(Continued on page 24)

JOHN ELIOT OF ESSEX *(Continued from page 9)*

scraps of birch bark for barter, or a few berries. He began by helping them build homes that were a better protection from the weather. Then he taught them to plant gardens. "My father would be startled to see me as a gardener," he laughed to Nesutan.

Soon they had such fine vegetables that they brought a good price at the market. The women were using spinning wheels now, and they had goods to sell, too.

Soon other villages wanted to be like this first one. One by one they set up working communities. In addition to his work with the Indians and his church duties, John Eliot had been writing articles about his work and sending them back to England. They sold and brought him money to help out, but they did more than that. They aroused interest and brought much money for the work.

"Folks in England have formed a society to help to raise funds to convert the heathen," he glowed to Hannah. "Thousands of pounds have come in." He lifted his head in pride and was once again a man of Essex. "England does not neglect its colonies," he crowed.

The local government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony set aside 6,000 acres for the use of the Indians. Fourteen fine model villages thrived on this land.

For a long time John had been working on a translation of the Bible. Now he worked by candlelight all the time. Days were too filled with other work. "There are a thousand Christian Indians in our

good villages," he reminded Hannah. "How they will multiply when they can pass God's Word on to people whom I will never see!"

"The Indian teachers whom you have trained reach people you never see right this minute," Hannah reminded him. She looked at him with worried eyes. John smiled at her gently and set out another candle.

There was a war between some Indians and whites. The praying Indians walked quietly in the love of God, but their own people killed many of them because they would not take part in the war. The white people grew panicky at the sight of any Indian. They shot a red man down on sight. Thousands were killed.

The land was destroyed, too. There were only four villages at the end of the war. Many of John's Indians would never be seen by him again. Those who had not been slaughtered took to the woods. He prayed with those who were left. He prayed at home for long hours. He worked on the Bible every night. "It must follow them wherever they are," he said.

After prayer he counted the things that were good. Twenty-four Christian teachers held to their faith and were busy at work. All of the converted Indians had been true to their new-found faith. "There will be a new generation," John said, "who will not remember how brother turned on brother. I must work for them."

"Your hair is as white as a Boston snowdrift," Hannah told him.

"It has been thirty years since you landed here."

"I wish I could be sure of thirty more years," John said. He set down one word and then another.

It was 1661 when the Bible, in the Algonquian tongue, was ready to be printed. It was the first Bible to be printed in the New World. These Bibles were bound in strong hides so that they would stand up in any kind of forest weather. Some of them are still extant to this very day, having lasted over three hundred years. This wouldn't surprise John. He made them to last, those two hundred copies that were printed after thirty years of work.

"Now I must write a grammar," John said. "A few can read. Every one should read." He set out a whole stack of candles this time.

It took him eight years to finish the Algonquian grammar. Then, of course, he had to go out among the people and help them to learn to read. He had to train the native teachers, too. Thirty years began to seem like a short time when he had been working among his Indians for over fifty years.

"You look tired," Hannah worried. John laughed at her, not daring to count the times she had said it. His love for her and for her great strength and devotion was deeper than a silent river.

"Someday people will read about their Saviour in a thousand tongues," John prophesied. "That is because God is good and his love covers the world." John Eliot of Essex bowed his head in his usual prayer of thanksgiving. □

ENGLAND PAYS TRIBUTE to the Colonial American Church by preserving the memory of "the greatest New England theologians" in a beautiful stained glass window of Mansfield College Chapel at Oxford. At the head of that stained glass procession of distinguished colonial clergymen is the stalwart figure of John Eliot, "Apostle to the American Indians."

A graduate of Cambridge University (1629), John Eliot arrived in Boston Harbor in 1631. One year later he was appointed pastor of the Roxbury Church where he remained for nearly sixty years. From the very beginning of his ministry he had but one great vision—to evangelize the Indians. So far as he was concerned every pastor was a missionary and John Eliot lost no time in launching out into the fields and forests of New England in search for Indian converts.

Where did John Eliot discover his call to evangelize the savages of America? Perhaps as a young student he was challenged by the advertisements circulated among Christian people by the commercial interests

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that wanted to reap the benefits of trade with the American settlements. One such advertisement spoke in glowing terms of the enormous benefits to be derived from working for the conversion of the Indians.

"First and chiefly," the advertizer pointed out, "in respect of the most gladsome and happy tidings of the most glorious gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whereby they may be brought from falsehood to truth, from darkness to light, from the hie way of death to the path of life, from superstitious idolatrie to sincere Christianity, from hell to heaven. And if in respect of all the commodities they can yeelde us (were they many more) that they should receive this onely benefit of Christianity, they were more than fully recompenced."

The charter of the Plymouth Colony called for "the conversion of such savages as yet remain wandering in desolation and distress to civil society and the Christian religion." The Massachusetts Bay Colony charter also called for colonists who could win the savages "to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind." Their seal carried the figure

APOSTLE TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Stuart P. Garver



MAMUSSE
WUNNEETUPANATAMWE
UP-BIBLUM GOD
NANESWE
NUKKONE TESTAMENT
KAH WONK
WUSKU TESTAMENT.

Ne queshianumuk nashpe Wuttinnumoh CHRIST
noh afoowelit

JOHN ELIOT.

Nahohiöeu ontchetöe Printuöömuk,

CAMBRIDGE.

Printuööp nashpe SAMAEL GREEN. MDCLXXXV.

of an Indian with a label at his mouth representing him saying, "Come over and help us."

Whatever the motive behind these commercial appeals for Christian colonists—and they were plain decoys to trap Christian people into leaving their homes for America—it is certain that many devout people responded to the challenge to win souls for Christ. They cannot be justly charged with flagrantly exploiting the Indians.

Nor can we write off all the colonial commercial promoters as pious frauds. They were following a world-wide pattern of colonialism by the great powers of their day. The Spanish explorers never left the shores of their country without a priest-missionary. The story of the French and Spanish conquest reaching all the way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico was a familiar one, and it is not surprising that English merchantmen sought to enlist Protestant clergymen in their exploration of New England. (The Catholics also had their Apostle to the Indians, Fra. Junipero Serra)

What marked John Eliot as a pioneer missionary, an apostle extraordinaire, was his intense zeal and unadulterated scholarship. Andrew Drummond in his "Story of American Protestantism" tells of Eliot visiting a business man and noticing that his religious books were in a bookcase against the wall and his account books on a table before him, remarked: "Sir, here is earth on your table, and heaven on the shelf; let not earth by any means thrust heaven out of your mind!"

John Eliot practiced what he preached; he never permitted his pastoral duties to push heaven out of his mind." Upon assuming his pastorate he began studying the Indian language and by 1646 preached his first sermon in the Indian tongue. Seventeen years later he had translated the entire Bible into the Indian language. This was the first Bible of any kind ever to be printed in America; Britain having rigorously demanded that all Bibles must be imported to the colonies. His Catechism, printed ten years earlier was the first book to be printed in the Indian dialect. Both books were a triumph of scholarship achieved in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles. Apart from being a testimony to the evangelical zeal of this Protestant Apostle to the Indians, it is a remarkable labour of love, a truly cultural landmark.

A merchant living in Boston describes the literary work of John Eliot in a series of three letters to his friend in London. "This Mr. Eliot," he wrote, "you must understand, is the man that hath by his own great labour and study, invented the way of printing the Indian language, and hath also perfectly translated the whole Bible, with the singing Psalms in Meter, the Assemblies Catechism, and the Practice of Piety, into the Indian language; has also written several books, very profitable for understanding the grounds of the Christian Religion; for which pains and labour, he deserves honor from all such who are well-wishers to things of the like nature, whose name will never die in New England."

Unfortunately disaster dogged the steps of John Eliot's brilliant career. Desirous of introducing the

Indians to what he called civil society, Eliot established a number of so called Indian towns. Wigwams were set up so as to form streets with a meeting house fifty by twenty-five feet located in the middle of the village as a combination school and town meeting house. Cotton Mather, Eliot's biographer wrote of these Indian villages with much enthusiasm:

"Here it was that in the year 1651 those that had heretofore lived like wild beasts in the wilderness now compacted themselves into a town; and they first applied themselves to the forming of their civil government . . . Mr. Eliot on a solemn fast, made a public vow; that seeing these Indians were not pre-possessed with any forms of government, he would instruct them into such a form, as we had written in the word of God, that so they might be a people in all things ruled by the Lord. Accordingly he expounded unto them the eighteenth chapter of Exodus; and then they chose rulers of hundreds of fifties, of tens . . .

"The little towns of these Indians being pitched upon this foundation, they utterly abandoned that polygamy which had heretofore been common among them! they made severe laws against fornication, drunkenness and sabbath-breaking, and other immoralities . . .

"At length was a church-state settled among them; they entered as our churches do, into an holy covenant, wherein they gave themselves, first unto the Lord, and then unto one another, to attend the rules, and helps, and expect the blessing of the everlasting gospel . . ."

By 1674 there were more than 2,000 Indians living in villages around Boston. They were called "praying Indians." They were surrounded, however, by the hostile Narragansetts and Mohegan tribes. Eventually they were absorbed by intermarriage with the negro slave population. The biggest blow, however, to Eliot's noble missionary enterprise was King Philip's War (1675-1676).

King Philip was an Indian chieftain. One of Eliot's praying Indians, named Sosoman, attended College and was subsequently ordained to preach the Gospel to King Philip and his tribe. But the King would not receive the message of salvation but imprisoned the young evangelist. His guards, angered by his preaching, murdered him and the Governor of the Colony demanded that the three murderers be hanged for their crime. To avenge their hanging King Philip declared war against the Plymouth Colony. In the bloody years that followed most of Eliot's praying Indian towns were destroyed and the cruel proverb—"the only good Indian is a dead Indian"—swept through the white population to their everlasting shame. "Murder, fire and robbery," writes A. T. Drummond, "cost the New Englanders 600 lives and ravaged 40 towns. Some of the 'praying Indians' stood fast for their Christian faith others, joined their savage kinsmen." As time passed and King Philip's power faded, the whole race of New England's native sons also passed into oblivion. What remains is that stalwart figure of John Eliot etched on Oxford's Chapel window. He did what he could: others did what he would not. □



Washington Gladden: Congregationalist

by C. George Fry

In Columbus, Ohio they still like to tell the story about the time that Washington Gladden had lunch with some businessmen. It seems that the distinguished parson was simply introduced as *Doctor Gladden*. One man, who obviously was not a Congregationalist and who certainly was not aware of Gladden's occupation and reputation, supposed him to be a physician. Innocently he inquired, "Sir, where do you practice?" Gladden, both stunned and amused at the confusion of identity, managed to save the situation with his sense of humor. Chuckling, he replied, "Oh, I don't practice. I just preach."

Dr. Gladden was overly modest on that occasion. He both practiced and preached in many areas. Washington Gladden was not only "a venerable American preacher" but also a prolific author who wrote more than forty volumes ranging in subject matter from serious theology to children's tales. Widely respected as a prophet of social justice he was internationally known as a popular and persuasive exponent of religious liberalism. But perhaps his central significance has been overlooked. Primarily and preeminently Washington Gladden was a Congregationalist—a modern pilgrim whose life is illustrative of the

quest for freedom, faith, and fellowship.

Gladden's pilgrimage began in poverty and obscurity. Born in 1836, his father was a poor village school master in Pottsgrove, Pennsylvania. Soon Gladden became a semi-orphan, for his father died when he was but six. Within two years his mother remarried and young "Wash" was farmed out to live with an uncle in central New York state. Young Gladden proved himself to be a precocious lad, who could already read at the age of two-and-a-half and who was studying spelling, grammar, and memory exercises at the age of four. His uncle wisely released Gladden from his period of indenture on the farm when he was but sixteen and apprenticed him to a printing establishment in Oswego, New York. Gladden quickly mastered the printer's art and attended a local preparatory academy.

During this period of his life Gladden was exposed to strict Calvinism and frontier revivalism. Gladden remembered that as a boy he had to memorize all the names in the book of Chronicles because it was said that "I might meet one of those old chaps in heaven some day, and it would be embarrassing to have to own that I had never heard of him." While a child he heard a frontier evangelist vividly describe "the burning pit, with sinners trying to crawl up its sides out of the flames, while the devils with pitchforks stood by to fling them back again." This religion of fear caused young Gladden "great perplexity and trouble" because he could not find peace with God. His faith waned as he entered adolescence and he wondered in later years why he did not become an atheist at that time. But his quest for meaning led him beyond Fundamentalism.

Through the writings of the eminent Congregationalist theologian Horace Bushnell, Gladden found that there was a Gospel to cheer the heart, enlighten the mind, and reform society. Gladden abandoned the printer's trade and the idea of atheism. He felt a call to become a minister.

At the age of twenty he entered Williams College at Williamstown, Massachusetts. At that time it had nine faculty members, four classes of less than sixty pupils each, and a curriculum composed of recitation, reading, arithmetic, rhetoric, and religion. The president of the institution was the noted educator, Mark Hopkins. President James A. Garfield later said at a dinner in Delmonicos, "A pine bench with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and me at the other is a good enough college for me." It proved to be "good enough" for the future theologian. With the exception of a few lectures attended at Union Theological Seminary, this was to be the grand total of Gladden's formal education. His graduation from Williams in August, 1859, was the virtual end of Gladden's opportunities for higher education.

After a brief term of teaching, Gladden became a lay preacher at LeRaysville, Pennsylvania. A "call from the Greater Babylon," New York City, came, and Gladden became the minister of the First Congregational Methodist Church of Brooklyn. This was a society of independent Wesleyans. In November, 1860, he was ordained as a Congregationalist clergyman. This first pastorate proved very unhappy. Gladden suffered from inexperience, especially in the keen competition prevalent among the clergymen of New York. His health failed. The following spring, therefore, he moved to Morrisania, New York, where he found a more congenial parish. His health returned, his experiences were more salutary, and he had ample opportunity for mental and spiritual growth.

In 1865 Gladden was called to North Adams, Massachusetts, and he remained there for six years until he became an editor of the crusading reform magazine, the *Independent*. Four years on the staff of this journal taught Gladden how to write well and gave him a lifelong passion for social and economic reform. Due to a disagreement over advertising ethics, Gladden resigned this position in 1875 and returned to the parish, accepting a call to North Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts.

After seven years in Springfield Gladden found himself "considerably worn and jaded." He was in the midst of what might be called "the crisis of middle age." The depression that Gladden sometimes knew in this period is revealed in a stanza of his hymn, "O Master, Let Me Walk With

Thee," which has long since been deleted from most worship books:

O Master, let me walk with Thee
Before the taunting Pharisee
Help me to bear the sting of spite
The hate of men who hide thy light,
The sore distress of souls sincere
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
The dullness of the multitude,
Who simply guess that Thou art good.

The time of testing came to an end when Gladden found a new outlet for his energies in Columbus, Ohio. First Congregational Church asked him to come to Ohio's capital to lead them in a ministry that would touch the social, commercial, and cultural life of the state and the nation with the spirit of Christ.

During his thirty-six year pastorate in Columbus, Gladden received national recognition for his efforts to apply the Gospel to the pressing problems of American society. These concerns, which are strikingly relevant to the challenges America faces in the 1970's, were essentially three-fold: a passion for urban renewal, the quest for industrial justice, and the search for international peace.

In the three decades between the Civil War and the start of the twentieth century, the United States became an urban nation. By 1900 more than half of America's people lived in metropolitan areas. These new cities were places of oppression for many. Crowded living conditions, shoddy housing, traffic congestion, polluted air and water supplies, corrupt business practices, and government by spoilsmen caused millions to see the American dream turned into a nightmare. Ghettos emerged. Millions of immigrants arrived from Europe without any friend in the New World to welcome them. Black folk began to migrate northward from the cotton belt—and the first refugees from Appalachia began to reach the cities of the Midwest. Under such circumstances many began to wonder whether democracy could survive at all and many asked if the promise of American life could really be attained. Many Christians despaired because the new city of man showed little likelihood of becoming the city of God.

Gladden responded to these conditions as a Congregationalist. He had the Puritan's passion for personal and public morality. He had the Pilgrim's longing for a more perfect society. He had the Evangelical's conviction that Christ possessed transforming power for both individuals and institutions. He had the Liberal's belief that the latent potential for goodness within man had not yet been fully exploited. He had the American's aspiration for a community based on

fraternity and equity. Gladden acted.

Gladden began to propose positive programs for the reform of America's cities. From his pulpit and with his pen the Columbus pastor provided both inspiration and specific plans for urban renewal. Two novels appeared—*The Christian League of Connecticut* and *The Cosmopolis City Club*—to fire the imaginations of the weary. Such celebrities as Seth Low, the crusading mayor of Brooklyn, and Theodore Roosevelt, police commissioner of New York City, appeared in the pulpit of First Congregational Church. Gladden gave his full support to such agencies as the National Municipal League and the Civic Federation of Chicago. No mere armchair philosopher, Gladden became a veteran of practical municipal politics by serving a two year elected term on the Columbus City Council. In these and other ways Gladden worked to see America's cities remade not on the model of Babel but of the New Jerusalem—as centers of efficient social services, offering opportunities for all their citizens, and administered in a democratic manner.

In an era of big business, Gladden fought to see the principles of Christ applied in the realm of economics. When unfair ethical standards were defended on the basis of Social Darwinism, Gladden declared:

"What men call 'natural law,' by which they mean the law of greed and strife . . . is not a natural law; it is unnatural; it is a crime against nature; the law of brotherhood is the only natural law. The law of nature is the law of sympathy, of fellowship, of mutual help and service."

Gladden labored for what he called "industrial justice." During a coal strike in 1884, Gladden called on one of the members of his Columbus congregation who was a general manager of the mine involved. In "very emphatic terms" the manager told the pastor that the company would "kill that union if it costs us half a million dollars." Gladden refused to be intimidated—and continued to champion the cause of the consumer and the laborer. When the Congregationalist Churches secured an offering for foreign missions from petroleum magnate, John D. Rockefeller, a Baptist, Gladden led a fight against accepting this donation of "tainted money" for religious purposes.

Gladden was persuaded that his position as a Congregationalist minister made him by definition a champion of Social Justice. Hadn't his Pilgrim forefathers fled oppression in England to seek freedom in America? Didn't the Puritans summon men of integrity to resist encroachments on their ancestral liberties? Hadn't the Congregationalist clergy been labelled "the black regiment" by the

British because of their ardent defense of revolution during the War for Independence? Gladden felt that the political freedoms won by his fathers were in danger unless the mind of Christ came to prevail in the new industrial order. He wrote:

"The Christian moralist is bound to admonish the Christian employer that the wage-system, when it rests on competition as its sole basis, is anti-social and anti-Christian. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' is the Christian law, and he must find some way of incorporating that law into the organization of labor. . . . It must be possible to shape the organization of our industries in such a way that it shall be the daily habit of the workman to think of the interests of the employer, and of the employer to think of the interests of the workman."

Perhaps in no area, however, did Dr. Gladden encounter so much misunderstanding as in his championship of the cause of international peace. This was the "last fight" of the grand old man of the pulpit. When war broke out in Europe in 1914, Gladden almost immediately began to advocate a strict American neutrality. Like his contemporary, Walter Rauschenbusch, Gladden became a pacifist, continuing to hold to this opinion even after America entered the Great War. Gladden feared that the war would release a flood-tide of modern barbarism, that Christian civilization as it had been known for more than a thousand years might disappear, and that America must remain an island of peace—a place in which the opportunity for reconstruction of culture would be present. Dr. Gladden died in the summer of 1918 before the November armistice brought a semblance of peace to the world. But he died knowing that he had "fought the good fight" for peace in the churches, between capital and labor, between the races, and between the nations.

Estimations of Washington Gladden still differ greatly. During his Columbus Crusade, evangelist Billy Sunday offered the following prayer, which is believed to refer to Dr. Gladden and his associates: "They're a bad lot, Lord Jesus, a bad lot. Let me give you a tip, Lord Jesus. If you go after those fellows, you'd better put on your rubber gloves." Perhaps a more accurate and lasting appraisal was given by a fellow Congregationalist, the Chairman of the First Church, Columbus, when he said of Dr. Gladden: "We realized that he was a great man, doing a great thing very simply and very naturally." That "great thing" was his attempt to be a good Congregationalist—a pilgrim searching for a fuller faith, in a more perfect freedom, within a still more inclusive fellowship.

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Sarah Hale and the Thanksgiving Proclamation

Marie H. Wood



Today's women who want both equal rights and the firm foundation of family life can find encouragement in remembering Sara Josepha Hale, our country's first "career" woman.

For 50 years the frail, petite widow battled for rights that brought women out of unfulfilled lives into full potential. And for 36 of those years of amazing accomplishments, a deep love of country directed a lone struggle to achieve a fiercely personal dream—the rescue of Thanksgiving Day from 200 years of oblivion.

Untrained, penniless, with five children to support, this remarkable woman challenged an unknown world and began her career as a poet and author.

A first novel, "Northwood", brought recognition as America's first woman novelist and a crusader for justice as well. Subsequently she became editor of America's first magazine, *The Ladies' Magazine*, later renamed *Godey's Ladies' Book*, a job she held for half a century.

In this capacity, through brilliance, tact, un-

derstanding and vision beyond her years, she was instrumental in breaking down barriers that kept women from education, work in public places, and the right to become individuals with worthwhile goals outside the home.

Through her efforts she became the most influential woman of her times and during most of her career she reiterated the theme of her dream—"national unity is the only road to peace and a day once a year should be set aside for prayerful thanksgiving for our blessings."

Though the Thanksgiving idea was not new and Sarah was not a politician per se, in reality two themes ran through her letters and editorial efforts year after year.

The second was "children who love their parents and home can soon teach their hearts to love God and country." Then followed her magazine articles on fashions, homemaking and being a good wife which won over the confused and sometimes resentful husbands who wanted to keep wives at home.

Hand-written letters went to presidents, government officials, organizations, anyone who would listen concerning the need to unite Americans in love and peace one day a year. If ignored, she wrote a second, a third letter.

EFFORTS REWARDED IN 1863. At age 75, her reward came with President Lincoln's proclamation October 3, 1863 for the day to be celebrated the fourth Thursday of November. Congress made it our first legal, quasi-religious holiday, a precedent ignored by 10 presidents, but honored by each succeeding one for the past 116 years.

Ironically, although not sympathetic to the podium pounding and marching suffragette's cause of her day, she succeeded alone in projects where often they failed.

Carefully, methodically, she waged a dignified campaign with government officials high and low, won victories for "Rights of Married Women", "Property Rights of Women", "Playgrounds for Children", along with their right to work outside the home.

When Sarah was a girl, it was considered improper for women to work outside the home. Consequently many men believed their education a waste of public funds.

But alert, independent Sarah firmly disagreed. The simple basics taught by her mother only whetted a keen mind. Realizing her potential, an only brother, Horatio, spent all his free time away from Dartmouth College sharing his learning.

Then she met and married David Hale, a young lawyer. Recognizing her ability, he taught her, among other things, mathematics, French and mental philosophy. In writing, he guided her away from the profound style of the day to a simpler form.

But their happiness and the training was short-lived. Sarah was a widow at age 34. Her predicament sadly illustrated the fallacy to the "no education for women" theme of the times which she stubbornly fought to change for many years.

In fact, Mrs. Hale might be considered one of our first women protestors. Because she has a personal aversion to women being classed as "females", one of her first successful campaigns waged was to change the name of Vassar College for Females to Vassar College for Women.

"After all," she reasoned, "we are people, not animals."

When Sarah was offered the editorship of *The Ladies Magazine* in 1828, grasping at straws, she moved her little family to Boston.

Once settled, she realized with shock that many conditions in the staid and proper city also

needed improvement and change. Her position afforded excellent opportunities to launch bold crusades in behalf of women.

Ever tactful, she first gained the confidence of husbands (after all, they held the purse strings) by reassuring them that preparing women for outside jobs would not preclude their remaining good wives and mothers.

HALE'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Very soon through her efforts the first women's group to fight poverty of seamen's wives was founded; a library and decent boarding house for seamen was developed; a preschool nursery and industrial training school for girls was founded along with a first medical school for women missionaries.

Another example of her tenacity of purpose was her 10-year battle to raise \$30,000 for completion of Boston's unfinished disgrace—the Bunker Hill Monument begun in 1794.

She urged women readers to make articles for sale at a week-long bazaar. Women bearing home-made foods and handwork came to Boston with their families from many states. To the surprise of everyone but Sarah Hale, the amount was raised and a startled contractor found enough volunteer workers to finish the project, 48 years after it was begun!

Meanwhile, a shrewd Philadelphia publisher, Lewis A. Godey, bought *The Ladies' Magazine* and enticed the brilliant editor to work on *Godey's Lady's Book*. Circulation rose in a short time to 160,000, a figure unheard of in those days.

During these years, Sarah again used her influence to free women of corsets, wasp waists, voluminous cotton and flannel underskirts, bloomers, hoops and absurdities of the idle class.

She further suggested walking in sensible shoes besides participating in croquet, archery, swimming, horseback riding. Because women heeded her advice, the magazine became a vehicle of tremendous power.

THANKSGIVING DAY CAMPAIGN RE-NEWED. In 1859 when war clouds darkened, Sarah intensified her campaign to convince readers a nationalized Thanksgiving could be highly instrumental in preventing disunion.

She concluded an editorial: "God save the United States! He has saved, enlarged, blessed and prospered us beyond any people on the globe... If every State would join in a Union Thanksgiving on the 24th of this month, would it not be a renewed pledge of love and loyalty to the Constitution of the United States which *guarantees* peace, prosperity, progress and perpetuity to our great Republic?"

As a result, a Thanksgiving Festival was held that fall on the same day in 30 of the 32 states, on American ships, in American consulates in foreign countries. But just when her goal was in sight, the devastating war exploded.

While the war raged, Sarah covered her distress with calm dedication to her job and her employer. Critics decried her powerful magazine's lack of influence on current issues behind the conflagration. However, since Mr. Godey allowed neither religion nor partisan politics to be mentioned, she took no side.

Stories of both the North and South appeared fearlessly along with the usual contents which, she reasoned, would also calm her readers' distress. She hammered away on the theme of Americanism and Union. For two years she pleaded, "We want a Thanksgiving with Peace—lay aside our enmities and strife... on this one day!"

What Mr. Godey and her readers never realized, perhaps, was that with uncanny intuition or a foreboding of trouble, she dwelt on the theme as a preventive measure against *disunion* for 36 years! But now the roar of guns and smoke of battle drowned and blurred her words.

LETTER TO LINCOLN. Early in July, 1863 the battle of Gettysburg foreshadowed victory for the Union Army and a weary President Lincoln became as deeply concerned with winning the peace as he had been with winning the war.

Thinking about it one day at his desk, he accidentally uncovered a letter with an attached copy of George Washington's Proclamation of 1789 which directed "that a day of public Thanksgiving and prayer be observed by acknowledging with grateful thanks the many favors of an Almighty God." A paragraph in the letter signed by a Mrs. Sarah Hale, one of several, he realized, received since he occupied the White House, caught his attention:

"Would not a Union Thanksgiving on the last Thursday of each November be a renewed pledge of love and loyalty to the Constitution which *guarantees* peace, prosperity, progress and perpetuity to our great Republic?"

Although Sarah never admitted an interview took place, a grandson, Horatio, claimed she once remarked she found President Lincoln to be a kind, courteous and understanding man.

She did, however, casually show her coworkers a letter dated September 29 from Mr. Seward stating her note relative to a national Thanksgiving Day would receive "the consideration of Mr. Lincoln."

Later, staff and readers became curious. Why, for the first time in 36 years had her usual Thanksgiving editorial appeared in September

rather than November? And rather than an appeal, why the bold suggestion that a president, and not state governors, issue the proclamation?

And when, for the first time since Washington's edict 74 years before, Lincoln issued on October 3 his official message designating November 26 as a legal holiday, people concluded: Sarah Hale *had* met with the President and Mr. Seward.

When publisher Godey and his staff congratulated Sarah publicly in their magazine regarding her triumph after 16 years of effort, she said, "No, it has been 36 years; I began in 1827. But the battle is not entirely won. Now I must work to ensure that there is an annual presidential proclamation which no state will care to ignore. Then, in spite of any troubles that may beset us, the country will be united in love and prayer for at least one day in every year."

As usual, the far-sighted, perceptive woman's reasoning was correct, for later those months having five Thursdays brought unexpected problems for governors issuing proclamations.

Northeastern states observed the fifth Thursday; others the fourth. And in 1939 and 1940 Franklin D. Roosevelt decreed the nation observe the third Thursday.

All of this resulted in a joint resolution passed by Congress providing "that the fourth Thursday in November of each year after 1941 be known as Thanksgiving Day; and it is hereby made a legal public holiday for United States and all its possessions to all intentions and purposes."

Thus the pendulum swung back to the devout widow who cared enough about her country and its people to stand up and be counted when fighting for a cause in which she believed with all her heart.

If, in these hectic days of change when family life is in peril, we forget that a forthright Sarah Hale and an understanding President Lincoln were responsible for engraving on history's pages a permanent and proper place for Thanksgiving Day, it is perhaps understandable.

Yet, when the special day arrives and millions of families and friends unite in love to give prayers of thanks for the freedom and privileges of wonderful country, faith is renewed afresh for another year.

And we realize once again that the patience and perseverance of a remarkable woman were not in vain. □



the legacy of samuel hidden

Harry R. Butman

Samuel Hidden was an obscure Puritan pastor of the post-Revolutionary period, and the manner of my hearing about him is on this wise. My brother was recently searching in the hills of New Hampshire near Mount Chocorua for a Civilian Conservation Camp in which he served back in the depression days. Returning, he spotted an odd monument on top of a huge rock by the side of the road. On four sides of the monument were bronze plaques, one of which said that this centopah was created by Samuel Hidden's grandson in 1862. Another side said: "Memorial of the ordination on this rock, September 12, 1792, of the Rev. Samuel Hidden as pastor of the Congregational Church instituted on that day." This is an interesting novelty. Often Churches were gathered and pastors ordained or installed before a building was erected, but to carry out the ordination on top of a rock was a rare and poetic touch.

The next side noted that "He was born in Rowley, Mass., Feb. 22nd, served in the War of the Revolution by four enlistments 1777-1781. Graduate of Dartmouth

College 1791. Minister in Tamworth 46 years. Died Feb. 13, 1837 age 77." It will be noted that he served his country. Colonial ministers often took very active parts in the Revolution and the War of 1812. He was just a year out of college when he took his first and only Church, and for nearly half a century was its faithful and beloved pastor. We modern ministers and congregations do not have a stress known to our ancestors. When the young minister was called to his first Church in Old Colony times, the expectation was that he was going to stay there for life. He could not as we of the cloth do nowadays, practice on one hapless flock and then, his mistakes made and lessons learned, move on with sharpened skills to a new field of labor. No, he had to stay there, putting up with the people and they with him as the inevitable backlog of resentment grew with the years and decades. It took good tough men and patient congregations to make a reality the long, long pastorates of yesteryear.

I leave the final side of Mr. Hidden's centopah to tell of what was on his gravestone in an old cemetery a little way down the road by the site of a long-vanished meetinghouse. I quote a part of the epitaph: "As a Christian he was meek and humble, active and

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faithful, sincere and devoted, with a heart and hand of expansive benevolence and hospitality. He was a patron of literature, the friend and instructor of youth, and through life a distinguished lover and teacher of sacred music. In preaching the Gospel his promptness, zeal, plainness, and many happy illustrations and meltings of his heart for immortal souls rendered him beloved and respected by all. His long day was literally and cheerfully spent in the service of his Lord and Master."

Even allowing for the effusiveness of epitaphs, there is something true and strong in these words. He lasted nearly half a century and men don't do that without fiber and faith. But I now turn to the fourth side of the monument for the ultimate tribute to Samuel Hidden, forgotten pastor of a little Church in the granite hills of old New Hampshire: "He came into the wilderness and left it a fruitful field." Samuel Hidden may typify for us a goodly part of the Puritan heritage, and we will consider now the thesis that the Puritan legacy to us is a nation with roots in purpose and faith.

A word should be said about the Puritan pastor of this period. He was not superbly trained at Oxford and Cambridge as were the first generation of devout emigres. Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and what was later to be Princeton, were hardly more than understaffed prep schools by modern standards, and the scholarship of the third and fourth generation of ministers, while higher than that of the man in the pew, was not great. These men, in addition to their studies, spent much time with ax and hoe and scythe. They needed good crops to offset their scanty pay, often made in kind rather than in cash. The town usually gave them a wood lot, but cordwood had to be cut and hauled before it kept off the bitter chill of the New England winters. And the long hours of toil, plus the long years of preaching with the scant intellectual stimulus of a little pioneer village, often resulted in the development of practical, plodding men who turned out pedestrian discourses, and soberly led their people in a way of life not marked by imagination or rich in art. Life was often a meager and narrow thing on the edge of the wilderness, and affluence was not even dreamed of.

Yet these men had two jewels in their spiritual treasure, and they kept the congregations aware of these riches. They had faith in God, and they believed that he had brought them to this land for a purpose. Faith put up the white steeples among the hills. The Word of God and the worship of God were the central lights of the drab week. They were convinced that God had given them this wilderness out of which they were to make, in his time and with his help, a good land. Many a humble pastor like Samuel Hidden led his little frontier flock and labored with them to make the wilderness a fruitful field. And this they did. They were the doers, the achievers, the sons of Martha who also listened to the Word.

Samuel Hidden's legacy to us was a nation with roots in purpose and faith. When in 1630, English Puritan preacher, John Cotton, came down from old

Boston to Southampton to speak a final word to the vanguard of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, his sermon, "God's Promise to His Plantation," set a noble and poetic mood: it was the mood that endured until the West was won. His sermon was a promise of room, a promise of space: "Yes, God has designed a place for his people. It is a spacious land where there will be room enough for us all. God's people will dwell like freeholders in a place of their own. There will be no binding here, and an open way there." They set forth across the Atlantic to make the New World God's World. They didn't do it, of course. The high dream was too high; it denied too many potent drives of selfish and truculent man. But the dream, though diminished, never died, and its residual glory made a difference in the American ethos.

There was a sense of purpose and faith that gave America a self-confidence which suddenly eroded during the second third of the Twentieth Century. We need not go into the minutia of the reasons why; it is enough to state the indubitable fact. America became unsure of herself. The people were weighted down by guilt, bedeviled by criticism, confused and bewildered by a world revolution in which the old values were denied or eliminated. Things came to a psychological crisis when we found that we could not win a minor war in Asia; that for the first time in our history we were fighting without hope of victory. The racial strife, the urban problems, the erosion of moral fiber, all struck cruelly and deeply at the soul of our nation. We had no purpose; we were a nation in doubt; our ship of state drifted in a vast Sargasso Sea of uncertainty.

The Puritans came into a spacious new world in the faith that God led them. Samuel Hidden and a host of men and women went as pioneers into the vast and cruel wilderness of America with a faith in God and a sense of purpose for their country. The men who put foot on the moon, aided by a host of men and women, have gone out into the vaster and crueller wildernesses of interplanetary space, themselves the first pioneers of a company that shall follow. The mountains of the moon are a more distant and far harsher challenge than the White Mountains of New Hampshire or the Rockies, but they will be mapped and settled because a people with confidence in themselves and faith in God can do things impossible to the unsure and faithless.

The white moon, that night when her virginity was violated by the first step of man, shone on many places. Perhaps the clouds let her light illuminate the gravestone of a man of yesterday who found a wilderness and left it a fruitful field. Samuel Hidden, being dead, yet speaks to our generation and bids us remember that the days of exploration and building are not over. And the men who left earth in hazard and returned in safety, upheld by the skill and knowledge and prayers of their fellow Americans, witness to us that the spirit of man is a thing of venture and hope, and that God-aided men of tomorrow may make even greater voyages into the airless and unwooded wildernesses of the new world of space. □

HAWAII'S MOST AMAZING QUEEN

W. Lee Roddy

At the sound of running bare feet, merchants, missionaries and sea captains turned toward the door. The queen was coming.

Seventy native Hawaiian men trotted up to the luau, or feast. On their broad shoulders rested spears which supported a whaleboat off a sailing vessel. Sitting regally in the boat was the 300 pound, six-foot all powerful regent of Hawaii, Kaahumanu, (*Kah-ah-hoo-ma-noo*), or The Feathered Mantle.

This was the woman who twice in a dozen year's span shook the island chain as no active volcano ever did. This was the woman who changed Hawaiian history in a way her dead conqueror husband never would have dreamed.

On this feast day, she was between the first and the second great upheavals she created.

Haughtily, she surveyed her guests. Then she ordered, "Don't just stand there! Get me down."

The attendants with her personal spittoon and flybrush stepped back. Powerful Hawaiians helped their unpredictable sovereign to the dusty ground of Honolulu.

She knew her guests were studying her royal apparel. Her immense arms stuck out awkwardly over 72 yards of red and yellow cloth, the royal colors of the alii (*ah-lee-ee—royalty*). She had lain on a grass mat

and ponderously rolled her brown bulk into it. A red silk pa'u and a crown of feathers completed her ensemble, for she was always barefooted.

"Now we will eat," she announced.

Of all the people in the newly united kingdom of Hawaii, this arrogant, middle-aged woman was the most unlikely Christian candidate. Yet in less than six years she destroyed the ancient pagan heiaus, or temples of her nation, presided over a godless land, and then opened the way for thousands of her subjects to become Christians.

A One Woman Revolution

At age 13, Kaahumanu became the favorite of 21 wives belonging to King Kamehameha I, (*Kah-may-hah-may-hah*), conqueror of the island chain which today comprises the 50th of these United States.

When the great warrior died in 1819, the headstrong regent threw out the 2,000 year old deities of her people. Along with the stone, feather and shark idols went her dead husband's favorite war god.

"There are no gods," Kaahumanu cried. "Destroy the heiau pookanakas." The temples of human sacrifice were abandoned. "No more Pohaku o Kane," she commanded. The family shrines of sacred rock tumbled.



"The kapus are broken," she shouted. For the first time, Hawaiian wives ate with their husbands. Women ate pork and bananas, a taboo which had always meant death to a woman, and maiming to a girl.

There would be no more eight year old Hawaiian daughters with one eye punched out as described later in the journal of a missionary woman. The little girl "had eaten a banana," the missionary's wife wrote in her diary.

But when Kaahumanu tore down the temples, no white missionary had seen Hawaii. The dowager regent had never heard of Jesus Christ. She just did not like the old ways.

A brief civil war flared, but the domineering queen crushed the advocates of yesterday's deities. After 20 centuries, Hawaii was a godless vacuum.

The Patient "Long-Necks"

Into this spiritual void sailed the first ship of Congregational missionaries. The frail New England missionary wives from Boston had been at sea six months and were 18,000 miles from home when they, with their husbands, first saw Kaahumanu.

The white strangers, called haoles, were shocked at the queen's state of undress. For their part, the native women were surprised to see neck

to feet length dresses and pale faces lost in the recesses of bonnets. The malihinis (*mal-ee-hee-nees*) were promptly dubbed "long necks."

It may have been Mrs. Hiram Bingham, wife of the self-appointed leader of the first missionary band, who ultimately exerted the most Christian influence on the arrogant monarch.

Hardly a third the size of the giantess, Mrs. Bingham patiently worked to get the queen into more modest attire. Kaahumanu sat on a reed mat, playing cards with other native women, ignoring the little missionary wife whom she had just ordered "Make me a dress."

She usually rejected the workmanship of her seamstress. "No good," Kaahumanu sniffed. "Do it over." Patiently, the haole wife obeyed.

This stiff-necked attitude continued for four tedious years. Kaahumanu continued to startle the stern New Englanders. As the most eligible widow in the islands, she took multiple husbands in defiance of missionary teachings.

The missionaries were grateful to the huge woman for allowing them to land originally in the dusty, barren plains of Honolulu. The missionaries were patient because she had persuaded Liholiho, (*Lee-ho-lee-ho*), Kamehameha II, to let the little band land in 1820.

They knew her background. Born about 1773, she became kahuna nui, or prime minister, by appointment of her conqueror husband. "The kingdom is Liholiho's, and Kaahumanu is the kukina," he said of his son and favorite wife as he lay dying.

The new king and his queen died in London in 1824, and Kaahumanu and the couple's infant prince ruled jointly. But the Feathered Mantle was a strong willed adult, and the baby boy was no competition to her. She was all powerful that year.

Then, in that dark period, the great change came that shook the island kingdom again.

A Change of Heart

In late 1824, Kaahumanu fell sick. Patiently, Mrs. Bingham nursed the mammoth sovereign back to health.

When she arose from her sickbed, Kaahumanu had a new heart.

"She was humble in Jesus," the missionaries recorded in their diaries.

Proud or humble, Kaahumanu was a do-cr. She was baptized in June, 1825 and took the name of Elizabeth Kaahumanu. She put aside her playing cards for a newly printed book.

"Teach me to read," she said. In a few days, she had learned how. "The law of Jehovah is the law of the land," she announced later.

Based on the Ten Commandments, the laws of equality took effect in the islands. Infanticide was stopped. Kaahumanu gave up her extra husbands. "When the missionaries open schools, everyone must learn to read," she declared.

The change was far reaching.

Kawaiahaio

She attended the thatched church of Kawaiahaio, in Honolulu, where thousands of her countrymen flocked to hear the palapala, or Word of God. The missionaries reported that the church was packed repeatedly and hundreds of worshippers stood outside to listen.

Eventually a permanent church was built there from coral cut from under the nearby ocean. Kawaiahaio today is still used and is known as the Church of the Kings.

In the foyer of the 124-year-old house of worship is a tablet commemorating the life of the native woman who brought a new nation to know Jesus Christ.

"Although naturally proud and haughty, she labored earnestly to lead her people to Christ," the inscription reads.

"She was a distinguished reformer of her nation, a kind friend and benefactress of the missionaries, and a faithful comforter of the infant Churches in these isles."

"Grant Me Thy Gracious Smile"

Thirteen years after she destroyed the ancient gods of Hawaii, and seven years after she became a Christian, Kaahumanu lay dying.

A New Testament was rushed through the printing press near Kawaiahaio and presented to the giantess. She examined it carefully, placed it contentedly on her ample bosom, and clasped her hands over it.

With her eyes closed, she repeated a hymn:

"Eia no au, E Iesu, E;
E nana oluolu mai."

(Lo, here am I, Oh Jesus; Grant me Thy gracious smile.)

Today her earthly remains repose in the Royal Mausoleum in the Koolau Mountains about two miles above verdant Honolulu, capitol of our newest state.

Wherever stories of great Christian women are told, the name of Kaahumanu, the Feathered Mantle, must stand near the top. Although missionaries from Boston brought the palapala of God to Hawaii, it was an arrogant queen made humble in Jesus who opened the doors of her people's hearts.





DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THE MAGNIFICENT FAILURE

by Betty Learmont

"Find him wherever he is. Do what you think best—but find Livingstone." These were the words of the owner of the New York Herald on October 16, 1869 to his foremost news correspondent, Henry M. Stanley.

Who was this man Livingstone who was lost in the heart of Africa? Why would a hard headed business man spare no expense to find him? Why would any New Yorker care about his whereabouts? Why after finding him did newsman Stanley

devote his life to continuing the missionary doctor's crusade to open up the unknown interior of Africa?

Dr. David Livingstone's explorations of the dark continent had captured the imagination and conscience of the world of the 19th century. Rumors circulated that he was dead somewhere in a remote area of Africa—and Editor James Gordon Bennet wanted to get the truth for his readers.

At the age of 20 David Livingstone resolved to "devote my life to the alleviation of human misery."

With this goal constantly in mind, he went to college in Glasgow and completed medical studies in London. He also took courses in theology, botany, zoology, geology, chemistry, and astronomy. In 1840 he was ordained and accepted by the London Missionary Society, but he was bitterly disappointed when the Society assigned him to Africa instead of China.

He determined soon after his arrival at the Kuruman mission in Bechuanaland (July 1841) to expand the Society's activities toward the more thickly populated north. From his exploratory travels he learned that his ministrations were not always welcome.

From his letters, which are preserved in the Rhodes Livingstone Museum in Northern Rhodesia, we learn: "Within a 100 miles north and northeast the chiefs are all hostile. They indeed receive us with a show of apparent friendship but they likewise tell us they do not want our Gospel for it teaches men to put away their wives and this they are determined not to do."

In his first two years in Africa, Livingstone often went off by himself to live among the natives to learn their language. He treated many of them and inspired their confidence by his gentle kindness. By 1843 he had been "further into the interior than any other European."

Livingstone married a missionary's daughter, Mary Moffatt, and with her set up a missionary outpost in the wilderness at Mobota, 200 miles north of Kuruman. It was here that he was attacked by a marauding lion who crushed his shoulder.

Hostile natives and wild beasts were only two of the obstacles Livingstone faced. Unfriendly Boers and lack of rain kept him constantly seeking new sites for his mission for six years. The hardships his wife and children endured caused him to describe his feelings: "The idea of their (the children) perishing before our eyes was terrible; it would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached for being the entire cause of the catastrophe but not a syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the

tearful eye told of the agony within."

Gradually Dr. Livingstone became convinced that the Africans needed not only the Gospel but the commerce of the Europeans in order to take over their own destiny. He saw the opening of their country to legitimate business as the best way to end the slave trade which he hated to the depths of his Christian soul.

For these reasons he began exploring the more remote areas. He was the first white man to see Lake Ngami and tried in 1851 to go beyond it but his children became ill with fever. Yet in 1852 with his family he finally reached the Zambesi river in Northern Rhodesia. By now he was reporting his scientific observations to the Royal Geographical Society.

Reluctantly in 1852 he sent his wife and children to England to regain their health. This step troubled him deeply. He wrote "Missionaries expose their children to a contamination which they have had no hand in producing." And "in regard to even the vestige of a home, my children are absolutely vagabonds."

For the next three years he sought a healthful highland in Africa free of the tsetse fly. By now he was chronically ill with malaria and dysentery. It was only because he was able to inspire loyalty among his native carriers that his journeys culminated in the discovery of the famous Victoria Falls.

He returned to England in 1856 where he received honors from the Geographical Society. However, his idea of an indigenous church for Africa was way ahead of his times. "Knowing that some persons do believe that opening up a new country to the sympathies of Christendom is not the proper work for an agent of a Missionary Society to engage in," he resigned from that Society.

Livingstone's book, *Missionary Travels*, was a huge success and solved his financial problems. He used the money from it and from his appointment as Consul for the British Government in Central Africa to equip a second expedition. Assigned to explore the Zambesi, he privately hoped to establish an

English colony "with a view to the extinction of the slave trade." He took with him his wife and one child.

This expedition, although fairly well staffed and equipped, was dogged by disaster. His youthful mining geologist died of dysentery after journeying weak with fever to get food for the group.

The launch with which he tried four times to navigate the rapids of the Zambesi proved completely unsuited to its task. He finally ordered a new one from England at his own expense and waited almost three years for it to arrive.

Worse was yet to come. Mrs. Livingstone, who had remained at Kuruman for her health, joined her husband at the coast when the launch arrived. In the insect-infested swamp of the lowland, her fever recurred and she died after six days in a coma only four months after their reunion. In 20 years of married life, they had lived together barely five years. Livingstone's grief almost overwhelmed him, but his lifelong devotion to God's will stood him in good stead. He wrote "I shall do my duty still, but it is with a darkened horizon that I shall set about it."

And finally, the British government, through misunderstanding, recalled him as its Consul at the request of the Portuguese government. The Portuguese officials rightly saw him as a hindrance to the profitable slave trade they privately encouraged. He knew the trade was thriving. From the dead bodies he saw on the trails to the coast, he estimated that only one slave in ten survived the journey. He had resolved that he had a duty to free any he could, and on at least two occasions he did—in territory controlled by Portugal. This was political interference.

Broken in body and spirit he returned to England in 1864. During the past six years he had discovered a more navigable mouth to the Zambesi River and had exposed the "fountainhead of the slave trade; but slaving was going on faster than ever."

A year in England restored his health and renewed his spirit, but

Africa called to him like a siren. When the government and the Geographical Society offered him a thousand pounds to find the sources of the Nile, supposedly in Tanganyika, he accepted his final challenge.

His letters from Zanzibar and Tanganyika were full of the horrors of the Arab slave trading. He was an eye witness to a massacre in a slave market and described it so graphically that the British public was aroused at last. The government's pressure on the Sultan of Zanzibar resulted in a partial suppression of the horrible trade—shortly after Livingstone's death.

Livingstone wandered wearily up the Rovuma river onto Lake Nyasa to the source of the Congo River in the African copper country. He could not find the Nile. Often he had to be carried by the few faithful retainers who had not deserted him. One carrier stole even his medicine chest so that without his drugs supply he suffered more than ever from fever, indigestion, and general weakness. Often he had to rely on Arab caravans for transportation and was regarded with suspicion by many African chiefs as a result. Only vague word of his wanderings reached the outside world.

It was at his headquarters at Ujiji in October 1871 that Stanley greeted the half-starved, ill-clad, tired old man with understated emotion, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." But Stanley could not persuade him to return to civilization. Did Livingstone want to martyr himself for the cause of Africa? Stanley did not understand him, but in the four months they explored together, they became like father and son.

After Stanley said "Good bye" early in 1872, Livingstone again set out to find the elusive sources of the Nile. Weakened by dysentery and malaria, he died on May 1, 1873 at Illala, kneeling in prayer to the God whose guidance he always followed. Three of his African attendants guarded his coffin all the way to England where it was placed with suitable honor in Westminster Abbey. But his heart they had already buried beneath a mvula tree in Africa for whose good he had dedicated his life. □

"My Betsy"

by W. Lee Roddy

MISSIONARY WIFE



Kaiwiahao Congregational Church, Honolulu. In the adjoining burying ground, Mrs. Lyons' name is spelled "Betsey", on the headstone.

Some six months at sea and 18,000 miles from New England, Betsy and Lorenzo Lyons first saw their new missionary headquarters that May 16, 1832. Their memory is still very much alive today because of some extraordinary records.

Betsy Curtis Lyons was 18 when she stood beside her 111-pound husband that day off the island of Oahu, Hawaiian island. Betsy weighed 99 pounds. But the two tiny missionaries were not deterred from their tasks by tiny stature.

"Let me here spend my days, be they few or many, as the Lord will," she wrote in her journal that day. "I never felt more readiness to lay down my bones in a heathen land than the first time I placed my eyes on Oahu."

They were strangely prophetic words.

Many of the newly ordained ministers in those early companies to the then Sandwich Islands were married by arrangement to near-strangers just before sailing from New England. Betsy and Lorenzo Lyons had known each other and been in love before starting for their missionary duties. The love was genuine. Journals of both bear that out over a century later.

Betsy was shocked to note that all the missionaries were "pale and emaciated" on Oahu. Four companies had preceded the Lyons contingent. Betsy apparently had no idea that she would fade and die almost five years to the day from when she first wrote of her willingness to die for the heathen.

Ninety days after docking at Honolulu, the diminutive couple again took ship. They sailed about 200 miles to the Big Island of Hawaii, where their station was located some 3,000 feet up in the grassy highlands.

Lorenzo noted in his diary that Waimea "is the most difficult and uninviting of all stations." They lived in a native grass hut in "a cold, damp and windy region."

It was a fearfully lonely life, with no other haoles, or Caucasians anywhere around. There was no familiar tongue to be heard. The two were shut off with only their love for each other and their God to keep them going.

Betsy did not complain. In fact, the natives called her "wahine oluolu," or good natured woman. Her husband became "Makua Laiana" or Father Lyons.

"My Betsy can talk and understand the language better than myself," Lorenzo soon wrote in his journal.

His duties took him away for a week or two at a time. Betsy was alone with the huge natives on the windswept station until their son, Curtis, was born a year after they came.

Betsy praised God for the baby, adding, "Lord, help me to fulfill my duty to him, for I feel but a child myself."

When the boy fell sick, the parents in both journals noted the need for medical help and advice from others. But there was no one except God to whom they could turn in those desperate hours. Betsy fought the fever and wrote, "I have often thought how much easier it would be for me to bear this."

The boy recovered. Lorenzo continued his rounds, walking stick and umbrella in hand. He climbed sheer palis, or precipices, to bring the word of God to the natives. Once he was nearly drowned when a canoe overturned. More than once he was carried across raging mountain streams on the backs of huge natives.



Hiram Bingham, first pastor of the Kaiwiahao Church. His grandson, Hiram Bingham, is a member of the Salem Congregational Church in Connecticut.



Henry Opookiah, first Hawaiian to seek training in the U.S.A. in order to become a missionary, landed at New Haven, a stow-away, seeking entrance to Yale. Buried in Litchfield County, Connecticut.

Contrary to many journals kept by other missionary husbands, Lorenzo's is warmly endearing of his tiny wife. Other men might refer to their wife only as "my companion", but Lorenzo wrote of "my Betsy", "my dear wife", and other tender terms.

Betsy always stayed at the lonely post, rearing the baby and teaching the native students about God, and how to read. Lorenzo wrote that she must have had a great deal of patience "to teach such wild creatures day after day."

After three years at their desolate post, the couple took their son and attended a missionary gathering on Oahu. All too soon the general meeting with other missionaries was over, and the lightweight couple returned to their windy station.

A second son was born. Luke did not live long. "Could we have had some friends with us in this trying hour", Betsy wrote, "It would have been a great consolation." She concluded that it was her desires to be more faithful "to our remaining little one."

Betsy was not well. The loneliness, the desolation, the loss of the baby, and many other causes had drained her health. She received word that a sister, Emily, had stopped in Honolulu with her husband. They were bound as missionaries to the Marquesas Islands. Betsy and Lorenzo went to see them.

A few days after the reunion, Betsy sickened and died. "Oh, saddest day of my life," Lorenzo wrote. It was May 14, 1837.



View over famed Waikiki, as seen by PFER, Linda Corrigan, of Wethersfield.

Five weeks before the native divers began to cut the coral from under the sea for the blocks that would build Kaiwiahao, the church of the kings which still is used today. "My Betsy" was buried in the mission yard at Honolulu.

Lorenzo and the child returned to Waimea. Eventually, Lorenzo married another missionary woman and continued his duties in the highlands of the Big Island for a total of 54 years. But something had happened.

The words "dear", "beloved" and "my" were not applied to the new wife when Lorenzo wrote in his journal. She was a good woman, companion, Mrs. L., but not endearing words. She bore Lorenzo three more children.

A decade after Betsy's death, the little missionary husband revealed his thoughts about his first wife. "I loved her," he confessed in a letter to his brother. "Yea, I loved her too much. Though ten years have passed away, yet my beloved Betsy is not forgotten. Forget her? No, never."

Today, visitors to the 50th state may see Betsy's memorial stone behind the famous old church of the kings in the capital city of Honolulu.

It is a simple stone to the memory of a tiny woman whose big example of love and devotion has not faded after nearly a century and a quarter. The love still shines in the journals kept by the woman who was willing to lay her bones in a heathen land. ■

Congregational concern for education was the seedbed for the University of Hawaii, whose new administration building is pictured here.





FROM HAWAII TO CONNECTICUT

Ed. note: February 1969 marks the 151st anniversary of Henry Obookiah's death and the beginning of the Hawaiian missionary effort the 150th anniversary of which we will celebrate in 1970. Here is the story of the young man who came from Hawaii to Connecticut.

"Iesu no ke Kahuhipa,
 Kahuhipa maikai e,
 Eia makou ka ohana,
 Ke hoolohe a hahai; —
 E aloha, e aloha,
 Alakai a hanai mai"

The words were strange but the tune familiar and I joined the ten Hawaiian Congregationalists gathered around a small grave in Cornwall, Connecticut, in singing "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us."

These Hawaiian Congregationalists, touring the United States, had come to the small rural community of Cornwall in Western Connecticut on a special pilgrimage to pay homage to another Hawaiian, Henry

Obookiah by name, who had come to this same village in 1816 and now lay buried on the grassy hillside in the community cemetery where we were standing.

Their desire to visit this gravesite led me to seek further information about the man they had come to visit. Much of Henry Obookiah's life is shrouded in mystery but what we do know has all the mystery and excitement of a contemporary novel:

He was the son of a pagan family who were killed in a tribal war around 1805. Fleeing to save his own life, Obookiah persuaded a ship Captain to take him to America and in 1809 he found himself in New Haven, Connecticut. And there Obookiah's story might have disappeared into history had it not been for the concern of two New England Congregationalists. Somehow, Obookiah found his way to Yale College and there Rev. Edwin Dwight and Rev. Samuel Mills took him in and instructed him in the

Christian religion. Through their efforts the young Hawaiian became determined to return to his native land to bring the message of Christ to his people.

In 1816 the way to achieve this dream became a reality when the newly formed American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions organized a Mission School in Cornwall, Connecticut. This unusual school was dedicated to "the education in our country of heathen youths, in such a manner as, with subsequent professional instruction, will qualify them to become missionaries, physicians, school masters or interpreters, and to communicate to heathen nations such knowledge in agriculture and the arts as may prove the means of promoting Christianity and civilization."

Henry Obookiah was among the first students at the school. There he made a deep impression on a young seminary student named Hiram Bingham — an impression that

was to have important consequences a few years later.

In 1818 as Obookiah was preparing to leave Connecticut and return to Hawaii he fell ill, soon weakened, and died. Upon hearing of his death, Mr. Bingham remembered Obookiah's prayers for Hawaii and made the decision to go in the young man's place.

And so, with the help of The American Board, the brig *Thaddeus* sailed from Boston on October 23, 1819 with Rev. and Mrs. Hiram Bingham and several other ministers and their families on board. Their destination was Hawaii and their mission was to bring Christianity to the islands.

All this wonderful, meaningful story came to life once more as we joined in worship and watched as beautiful red anthuriums, specially flown from Hawaii for this occasion, were laid on the grave.

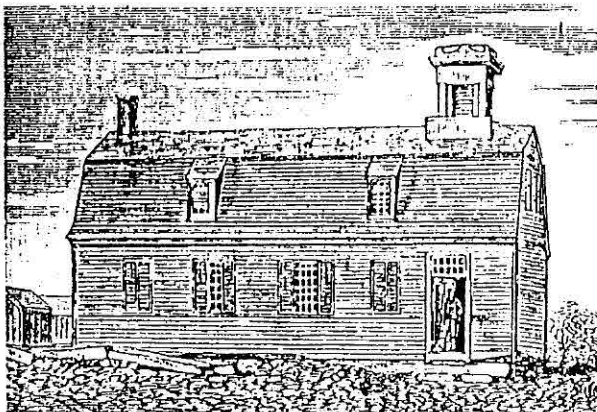
We were, in those treasured moments around Obookiah's grave, all united — across the centuries and the miles — as we sang "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us." For it was He who led Henry Obookiah from Hawaii to Connecticut; it was He who had sent Hiram Bingham and his small band from Massachusetts to Hawaii; and it was He who had led these devoted Congregationalists, dressed in colorful costumes and singing in a language Henry Obookiah would have understood, back to a small village in Connecticut. □



Henry Obookiah, around age 25.

Beautiful red anthuriums, flown from Hawaii, are laid on Obookiah's grave. The inscription on the stone reads: "In memory of Henry Obookiah, a native of Owhyhee."

The Mission School in Cornwall, Connecticut.





RAY PALMER HYMN WRITER



by Mrs. Blanche T. Richardson

Prince of all American hymn-writers of any denomination was our own Dr. Ray Palmer. Ray was born in Rhode Island in 1808 and was a staunch New Englander. The best blood of the Mayflower was in his veins. He was descended from the eldest child of John Alden and Priscilla.

Ray's mother was a deeply religious woman and his father was a judge and a man of refined Christian character and an ardent lover of religious poetry. In Ray's senior year in college his health failed and he was seriously ill for many years. Depressed, Ray tried to recapture his Christian faith through his writing, and his first hymn is justly his most famous. There is a simple beauty and pathos, a holy trust and joy, in "My Faith Looks up to Thee," that will make it and its author immortal.

Yet, except for a chance meeting, the hymn might have been lost to the world. The story goes that Ray had originally written the words on the fly-leaf of a pocket diary. There they remained for a year and a half until the author met Dr. Lowell Mason on the street in Boston. Dr.

Mason was then compiling a new Hymn and Tune Book and Ray offered his contribution. Dr. Mason took the hymn and returned it a few days later with the tune "Olivet," which he had composed for it. Both men were delighted with the hymn and it was included in the book.

Although Ray was never really well, he recovered sufficiently to become a minister and a great theologian. Through his writing his faith steadily increased and he became a jubilant and powerful preacher.

The fact that he increased in zeal and Christian knowledge is shown by the fact that in 1830, before Christ had been revealed to him as a living Presence, he wrote "My Faith looks up to Thee!" but a quarter of a century afterwards, when the Lord as a personal Friend had become a reality to him, he wrote the magnificent hymn of trust and faith: "Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen."

Before he died, in 1887, Dr. Palmer wrote many other hymns, and his translations of some of the old Latin hymns are remarkable, of which "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts," is a good example. □

Beloit Area Churches

From Whence We Grew

*Circuit Rider Plants
Congregational Seeds*

By Julia C. McCleary

When Stephen Peet roamed the Wisconsin prairies on horseback a century and a half ago he was looking for Congregationalists (or even a Presbyterian or two). He found them here and opened the Wisconsin Territory for pioneer churches. Some of the early houses of worship built by those hardy folk are still standing in and around Beloit.

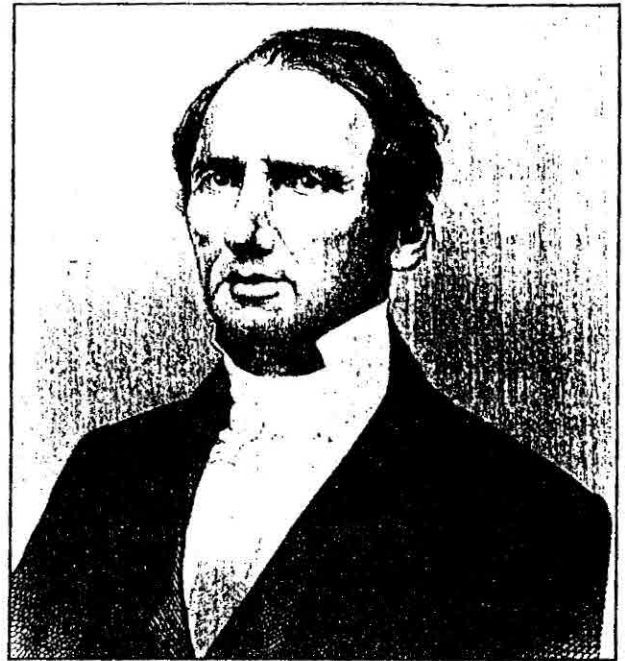
In the 1830s he found a rich rolling countryside just waiting for settlers. Early in the decade there were only scattered farmers and at the crossroads, perhaps an isolated store, a mill, or a boarding house. But the country was lush with prairie grasses and a constant progression of flowers from early spring until late in the autumn.

Another traveler, probably John Watts de Peyster, wrote in his diary a few years later, in 1839:

"at 10 A.M. horses brought to door—Mr. F & myself mounted & on our way—through glade and forest—upland & prairie—fording streams & anon tramping o'er rich bottoms Indian corn lands—never wish to see a finer—or more picturesque country—for five or six miles saw many fine farms—& country well watered—in passing through the oak openings the deer would bound before our path—& ever & anon the prairie hen would rise in fright from its hiding—am charmed with land—scenery & all I see in this section—think would like to settle in it—"

*Stephen Peet was an intelligent,
resolute Christian.*

Stephen Peet was an intelligent, resolute Christian sent by the Home Missionary Society of Wisconsin to scout out the territory for churches. He was welcomed by the early settlers of strong faith who needed and wanted churches. Many were the early churches born after Stephen's fer-



Circuit Rider Stephen Peet helped found Beloit College in 1846, was involved in founding of eight Congregational churches.

vent prayers in country kitchens lighted only by hearth fires and candlelight.

The Rev. Peet spread the word well and by 1836 a first minister arrived in Racine. Two or three more followed and by 1851 when the Reverend Peet wrote his "History of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in Wisconsin," there were 125 churches in his Wisconsin territory.

*... looking forward with optimism
to the 1990s*

The growing settlement of Beloit was one of the villages influenced by the enterprising Reverend Peet. In 1846 he was one of the most energetic and enthusiastic founders of Beloit College.

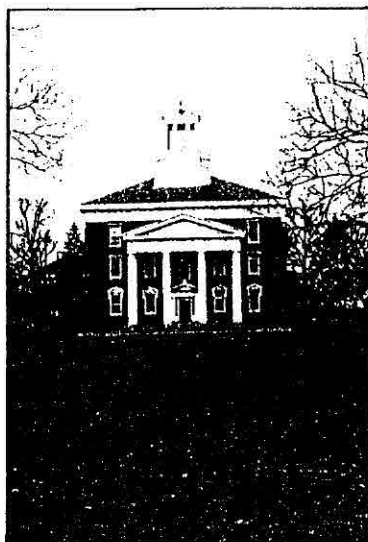
Beloit is now, almost 150 years later, a thriving industrial community of around 40,000 with Beloit College as its centerpiece. Congregationalists attending the National Association meeting will find a great spirit of excitement and renewal among the Beloiters they will meet this year. A strong visionary but practical community leadership has just unveiled plans for clearing and renewal of the banks of Rock River which runs through the center of the city. Beloiters will develop a linear

riverside park and walk area with an outdoor amphitheater, a visitors' center and industrial museum section as well as a downtown hotel. These projects will be on the west and north boundaries of Beloit College, further blending the college with the community.

In addition, a recently established Stateline Community Trust Fund is growing for the benefit of the community at large. The greater Beloit area, including its churches and its college, is looking forward with optimism to the 1990s.

There are at least eight Congregational or Congregational related churches in the immediate Illinois-Wisconsin area whose seeds were either sown or encouraged by the missionary on horseback of the 1830s. Two of them will host the National Association meeting June 24-27.

The earliest or **First Congregational Church** Beloit was gathered in pioneer Caleb Blodgett's kitchen December 30, 1838. It wasn't long before the first 24 members had outgrown their meeting

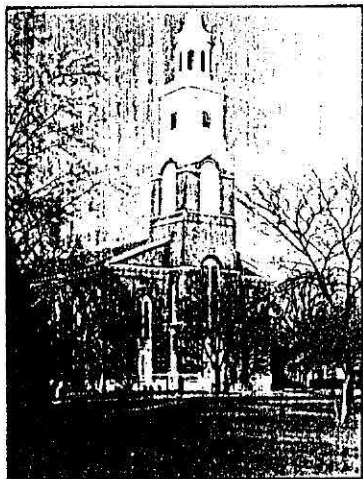


Peet helped found Beloit College, 150 years ago.

The Congregationalists had so increased in number by 1858 that they wanted a larger sanctuary. The big New England type church of native cream brick which they built still overlooks the town although it was far beyond their means at the time. For many years the church was used as an auditorium by the college and commencements were held in it. The present minister is the Rev. Dr. Jack Irwin.

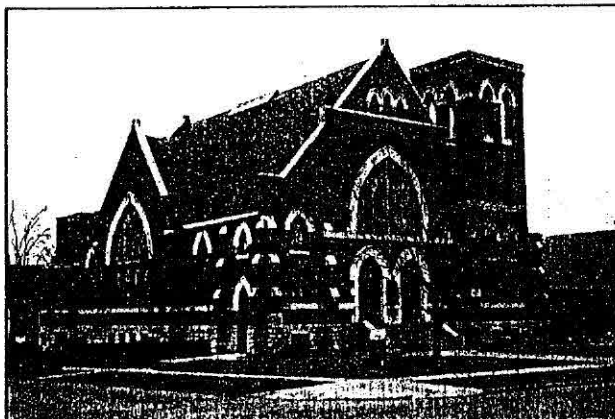
In 1888 the **Second Congregational Church** was formed by Beloiters who lived on the west side of Rock River. There may have been other reasons but the stated reason for forming another church at the time, was the difficulty of crossing the river on the icy footbridge in winter. An inaccurate, more recent historian observed it was especially difficult in a hoop skirt. Whatever the division, the Second Congregational Church serves a large congregation under the ministry of the Rev. Paul Ray.

The First and Second Congregational churches will host the meeting but in the surround-



The First Church was gathered in a pioneer cabin kitchen in 1838.

place and had built a stone church which was usable by 1843. It had a lower level furnished as a meeting room as well as a sanctuary on the first floor. In this building the four founding conventions that established Beloit College were held. The first college classes were also held there, though temporarily.



The Second Church was founded in 1888 to spare members from crossing an icy footbridge.

ing countryside there are other interesting small congregations within a few miles with roots in the pioneer days of Stephen Peet. The **Shopiere Church** is a gem of frontier architecture, finished in 1853, built of native limestone. Its location on a hill over the village is imposing and its spire a

beacon for the village and surrounding farms. The Reverend Lloyd Makool is the pastor.

Afton Congregational Church located on the main street of the village a few miles from Beloit carries on the tradition of Congregationalism just to the north. Richard Davis is the minister.

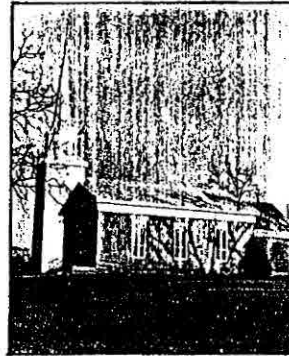
Across the stateline in Illinois a tiny clapboard church still stands in the country close to an old Congregational cemetery outside the village of Shirland. Local people carefully maintain the building, which was built in 1861. Services are held only twice a year, on Thanksgiving Sunday and Memorial Day with an invited minister.

Gridley Congregational Church began as a chapel built by a William Strong, a real estate developer in Beloit, as a memorial to his father. The building dates from 1899. The Reverend Ruth Lyons serves the congregation.

Two other pioneer churches just across the stateline only a few miles to the south have Congregational beginnings. **Old Stone Church of Rockton** now is a UCC member and the **Roscoe Community Church** is independent but with Congregational roots.

Stephen Peet was a charismatic Christian. His work for the Home Missionary Society of Wisconsin has endured in many places. Beloit, Wisconsin is one. He went on to help found the Chicago Theological Seminary. His pioneer inspiration has been "catching" in the Illinois-Wisconsin stateline area and its churches welcome the National Association of Congregational Churches with the same spirit of optimism he had for the years ahead. ■

Julia C. McCleary is a free lance writer and long time member of the First Congregational Church, Beloit, Wisconsin. She is also a trustee of Beloit College.



The Shopiere Church, which overlooks the village, was built of native limestone in 1853.



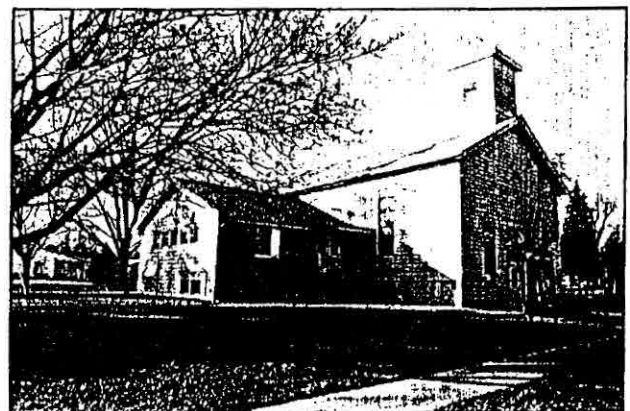
The Roscoe Church had Congregational roots but is an independent church today.



The Church in the village of Shirland holds services only on Thanksgiving and Memorial Day. Note the frontier costume.



The Gridley Church, which began as a chapel, was built as a memorial to a real estate developer's father.



The Afton Church carries on the Congregational tradition a few miles north of Beloit.

Photos by Julia C. McCleary and Beloit College.

Congregational Lecture: John Robinson

by Dr. R. Tudur Jones

John Robinson never saw America but he has always been listed with the Pilgrim Fathers because he was the minister who provided them with the spiritual preparation for their historic venture. Since 1985 marks the 360th anniversary of his death, it is an appropriate opportunity to consider the nature of his Christian thinking.¹

John Robinson's thought was cast in the mould of the Calvinism that found its definitive expression in the resolutions of the Synod of Dort. In this respect he differed from his fellow-countrymen, John Smyth and Thomas Helwys (c.1550-c.1616), who had not only embraced the Baptist position but had also rejected Calvinism in favour of Arminianism. When their colleague, John Murton, published his vindication of their views in *A description of what God hath predestinated* (1620), Robinson replied in his tract, *A defence of the doctrine propounded by the Synod of Dort* (1624). As one would expect in a volume defending Calvinistic orthodoxy, there is a consistent emphasis on God's sovereignty. In the work of salvation, the initiative rests entirely with God and so human redemption is entirely of divine grace. In the government of creation equally, God never relaxes his control. God is the Author of all things, but He "is not the author of sin."² This meant that God's eternal intentions cannot be thwarted by evil. It was a powerful theology which had profound spiritual consequences in the lives of people like John Robinson. But it was also a theology that made Robinson very conscious of the affinities he had with the protagonists of Calvinism in the Netherlands, France, Geneva, Scotland, as well as in England.

A miscellaneous collection of his writings was published posthumously in 1628 entitled, *New essays, or Observations divine and moral*.³

Scripture, Robinson tells us, is the "Divine instrument" which teaches us both what we ought to believe and "how we are to please God in all things." It has to do, therefore, with both faith and practice. The Scriptures have the "Spirit of God for the author both of matter, and manner, and writing." They are self-authenticating or, as Robinson quaintly puts it, they "carry their authority in their mouths." It follows that we must reject the teaching that "we are to receive the Scriptures for the churches' testimony." That is to make God's authority conditional upon human approbation—"to believe God for men's cause." Just as the word preached by Christ was "absolutely to be believed and obeyed, by every one that heard it, without other, or further testimony," so it is still with the written word of God.

When Robinson argues that church tradition should not over-rule the authority of the Bible, he does not mean that we should disparage the scholarship of those who have laboured to expound the Bible in the past. On the contrary, he writes,

... he that will expound the Scriptures, ought in honour of the graces of God bestowed upon other men, and in conscience of his own infirmity, with the holy use of other means, to join the reading and searching of the commentaries and expositions of such

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special instruments, as God in mercy hath raised up for the opening of them, and edifying the church thereby.⁴

In addition, "common sense and the light of nature" are necessary for the right exposition of the Bible, but it is most needful of all "to beg God" for the "light of his Holy Spirit."

So the Scriptures are both perfect and sufficient for guiding us to a knowledge of God's will. "Thus their sufficiency and perfection is not to be restrained to matters simply necessary to salvation: for who can say, how many, or how few, and no more, nor less, they are?" Of course, the Bible is best understood in its original tongues, just as "waters are most pure, and sweet in the fountain." Yet translations are to be commended and Robinson adheres to the principles beloved of Calvinist translators, that "That translation is most exact, which agreeth best with the original, word for word, so far as the idiom, or the propriety of the language will bear." And he commits himself equally to the classic Reformation principle that there is "in Scripture but one proper, and immediate sense . . . The literal sense is to be followed." The "literal sense," he explains, is not the literalistic sense, but that which best accords with the context, with the general drift of the Bible, and with the literary idioms natural to the original tongues. So the words of both law and gospel are to be understood "according to the different nature of law and gospel: the words of a history, historically; of a sacrament, sacramentally and mystically."

Robinson adheres closely to the doctrine of Scripture that commended itself to orthodox Protestants everywhere in his generation. It is historically appropriate, therefore, to interpret his words in his farewell address (to the Leyden people before they boarded the *Speedwell*) in this context. . . . Governor Winslow recollected that Robinson, on that occasion, said that "he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word." Walter H. Burgess⁵ after quoting Robinson's words, adds this comment, "Though the Covenant of their Church had a definite reference to the Bible, or the 'Word of God,' as the ultimate source of religious truth and light, yet it was free from finality." This is quite misleading. It is true that other commentators have understood the words to mean that Robinson was suggesting that the way of advance might lead beyond the Bible. But surely, this idea would be quite abhorrent to Robinson.

Indeed, Winslow's recollections of the address refer to Robinson's grief that the followers of the great Protestant Reformers had shown a tendency to abandon their own fundamental principle—Scripture Alone (*sola Scriptura*). They would go "no further than the Instruments of their Reforma-

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tion. As, for example, the Lutherans; they could not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw." It was the same with the Calvinists. "They stick where he left them, a misery much to be lamented." Not only is Robinson here protesting against the tendency to elevate distinguished Protestants into final authorities upon the Bible, he is also pleading for another Reformation principle, that the Church is *semper reformanda*, continually to be reformed in the light of the Word of God.

It is well to emphasize Robinson's conviction that the Bible is not merely a divinely authorized handbook of archaeology to lead modern Christians to a more accurate knowledge of the past but also a dynamic guide to the future, a conviction that accords happily with his emphasis on the Holy Spirit and his trust in continuing divine guidance.

Robinson was not a covenant theologian in the sense that the pattern of his thinking was dominated by the concept of covenant.

Nevertheless, the Biblical concept of covenant plays a significant role in his thinking. . . . in his understanding of the nature of the Church.

In his most exhaustive study of the principles of Congregationalism, *A justification of Separation* (1610), Robinson wrote:

This we hold and affirm, that a company, consisting but of two or three, separated from the world . . . and gathered into the name of Christ by a covenant made to walk in all the ways of God known unto them, is a church, and so hath the whole power of Christ. (Works, II, 132)^a

This formula echoes the wording of the covenant used at Gainsborough and Scrooby, which, according to William Bradford, was a covenant "to walk in all his (that is, God's) ways made known, or to be made known, unto them, according to their best endeavours; whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them."

A church, then, is constituted by a covenant. John Murton of Gainsborough described the actual ceremony: "first one stood up and made a covenant and then another, and these two joined together and so a third, and these became a church . . ."

What were the implications of covenanting in this way? It was a six-fold pledge. (1) It was a pledge of personal and voluntary commitment; no man's freedom was infringed. (2) It involved direct allegiance to God on the part of each individual and so it excluded any hierarchical principle. (3) It was a commitment to acknowledge the prime authority of the Bible in all things. (4) The people who took the covenant pledged themselves to form an orderly community. (5) It was a voluntary acknowledgment of the disciplinary authority of the congregation. And (6) the covenant implied that pastoral care was a congregational responsibility and not a duty limited to the officers of the church.

In a word, the covenant welded individuals into a closely-knit community in which answerability to God was entwined with responsibility for one another. The tightness of the knot so formed is suggested in four of the five points which John Robinson and William Brewster formulated to condense their convictions in their letter of 15 December 1617 which they sent from Leyden to Sir Edwin Sansy, treasurer of the London Virginia Company,

We are knit together, as a body, in a most sacred Bond and Covenant of the Lord; of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we do hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole by everyone, and so mutually.^a

This was a revolutionary principle. It meant, as Robinson was never tired of emphasizing, that the church is antecedent

to its ministers. The specific offices of the church spring from the ministry of the whole people of God, bound together by covenant. At the same time, it was an affirmation of the equality of all members. It is quite wrong, says Robinson, to use the word "church" as though it meant only the ordained ministers. The church is the whole congregation.

That the concept of covenant was a revolutionary one was demonstrated in another way. The Pilgrim Fathers themselves showed how easily the concept could be applied beyond the strict confines of church life.

. . . They applied it to what was to all intents and purposes the formation of a new state. I am referring to the famous "Compact." As they embarked at Southampton, the departing Pilgrims received a farewell letter from John Robinson. Amongst other things, he wrote to them, "whereas you are to become a Body Politic, using amongst yourselves Civil Government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminency above the rest to be chosen by you into Office of Government, let your wisdom and godliness appear" in choosing people devoted to the public good.⁹ The far-sighted pastor had realized that his church members, when they arrived in America, would have to act politically. And the idea had had ample time to mature in their minds. It is significant, too, that Robinson had taken it for granted that civil officials would be appointed by election, just like church officers.

The "Association and Agreement," signed on board the *Mayflower* just before disembarking after the long voyage, reads, after the preamble,

*(we) do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together in to a Civil Body Politic, for our better ordering and preservation . . . and, by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony . . .*¹⁰

In this way the very word "covenant" was transposed from a religious context into a legal and civic setting.

One of the main theological pillars of Robinson's doctrine of the church was the Kingship of Christ. "The Lord Jesus is the King of his church alone," he writes.¹¹ To him Christ's kingdom is coterminous with the Church. Only professing Christians belong to that kingdom. Christ, he says, reigns "as the King in Zion, his holy mountain, ruling over his servants and subjects only, as the King of saints." (*Rev.* 15.3)¹² Unlike his theological successors amongst Calvinists, he seems to take no interest in the New Testament texts that refer to Christ's exaltation to bear "the name that is above every name." (*Phil.* 2.9) nor yet in the cosmic role of Christ as the One in whom "all things hold together" (*Col.* 1.17).

This restricted concept of Christ's kingship is woven into his argument for separation from the established Church of England. His complaint against the leaders of that church is that "you have gathered him a kingdom, and crowned him the king thereof, contrary to his express will, of known traitors and rank rebels unto his crown and dignity."¹³

It is from Christ's kingship, too, that Robinson derives the authority of the congregation. For, although Christ has received all authority from the Father, "yet hath he not received this power for himself alone, but doth communicate the same with his church, as the husband with the wife. He dilates upon this point in moving words.

And as he is 'anointed by God with the oil of gladness above his fellow,' (Psa. 45. 6,7; Heb. 1.9.) so doth he communicate this anointing with his body . . . performing with the sweetness of the savour, every mem-

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ber of the body, and so makes every one of them severally kings and priests, and all jointly a kingly priesthood, or communion of kings, priests, and prophets. (Rev. 1.6; Exod. 19.9; 1 Peter 2.6.) And in this holy fellowship by virtue of this plenteous anointment, every one is made a king, priest and prophet not only to himself but to every other, yea to the whole.¹⁴

It is a very high doctrine of church membership and expresses in a powerful way the great privileges involved in it as well as the immediate responsibility of church members to Christ.

* * * * *

In defining the orders of ministry, John Robinson follows in large measure the analysis suggested by John Calvin. Robinson distinguishes between the "extraordinary" and "ordinary" offices.¹⁵ The "extraordinary" officers were apostles, prophets and evangelists and they were given "for the first planting of the churches." These offices have ceased in the church once their pioneering work was done, although God may, as a special act of grace, provide prophets and evangelists in the future.¹⁶

Today there are five "ordinary" ministries, namely (1) the

religious actions, or exercises: which we may not unjustly, for distinction's sake, call personal and church actions.²⁰

The personal actions are such things as "private prayer, thanksgiving, and singing of psalms, reading or opening the Scriptures, and hearing them so read." Church actions, on the other hand, are those which involve the exercise of church power, authority and jurisdiction, such as participating in the appointment of ministers or the excommunicating of members.

From now on John Robinson argued that it was perfectly in order to join in acts of personal religious communion with godly people from other churches.

* * * * *

He made a moving plea for forbearance, . . . let me entreat the differently minded, one way or other, that they would exercise mutually that Christian charity one towards another, and compassion one of another's infirmities, which become all that will be in truth and deed followers of Christ Jesus; and which is most needful . . . for the preserving of the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.²¹

Thirty years ago Congregationalism was convulsed by a controversy about its own nature. The story has been re-

'Prophesying is the Prerogative of All Church Members.'

pastor, "to whom is given the gift of wisdom for exhortation," (2) "the teacher, to whom is given the gift of knowledge for doctrine," (3) "the governing elder, who is to rule with diligence," (4) "the deacon, who is to administer the holy treasure with simplicity," and (5), "the widow, or deaconess, who is to attend the sick and impotent with compassion and cheerfulness."¹⁷ In addition, "prophesying"—that is, contributing to the general discussion of spiritual matters—is the prerogative of all church members. Robinson was particularly eager to press this point and discussed it at length in his tract, *The people's plea for the exercise of prophecy* (1618). In his view, it was one of the grave weaknesses of the Church of England that it suppressed this kind of activity.

* * * * *

It has often been remarked that John Robinson moved from the kind of Separatism characteristic of *A justification of Separation*. When he wrote that book in 1609 he still adhered to the position that all acts of religious communion with the Church of England were prohibited. But even at that time he did not doubt that there were many genuine Christians in that Church. He and his fellow-Separatists, he said, "do not doubt, God forbid we should, but there are hundreds and thousands amongst you, having assurance of saving grace, and being partakers of the life of God, in respect of your persons."¹⁸ Nor did he at that time condemn everything in the Church of England. He acknowledged that it possessed "many excellent truths of doctrine" and that "many Christian ordinances" were observed in it.¹⁹ Despite this, he felt bound in conscience, in the light of New Testament teaching about the nature and government of the true Church to decline communion with the Church of England.

There was a real tension here and it seems that his experience in the Netherlands had helped him to resolve it.

* * * * *

The essence of the solution he discovered in the distinction that Paul made between the "faith" and "order" of the Colossian Church (Col. 2.5). This is how Robinson explains, *Now from these two spring-heads, as it were, thus distinguished, do issue and arise two sorts of external*

counted in fascinating detail by Dr. Henry David Gray in his recent book, *The Mediators* (1984). It will be recalled that Dr. Douglas Horton argued that John Robinson was one of the pioneers of a form of Congregationalism that was little different from Presbyterianism and which would lead, with the passage of the generations, to Congregationalist acquiescence in the pursuit of the ideal of one, uniform and centralized World Church. "Congregationalism," wrote Dr. Horton, "tends toward mutual recognition, and so to cooperation, and so, finally, to organic union among free bodies."²² His argument, set out as an interpretation of history, is learned, scintillating—and tendentious in the extreme. True enough, Robinson moved away from the exclusive Separatism of Henry Barrow. It is also true that he acknowledged Henry Jacob's church in London to be "a true church."²³ And it is true that Henry Jacob had asserted that he and his people "never intended separation from the Church of England."²⁴ But this is quite in line with Robinson's approval of the structure of Jacob's church and in line also with his readiness to honour the work of God's grace in any "visible saints." Dr. Henry David Gray's comment on Horton's general argument, as taken up by some of his American colleagues, is amply justified, "Just how John Robinson's goodwill toward all God's children metamorphized into a 'desire for' the organic union of the Church of England from which he revolted is not made clear." And "revolt" he did. After all, had he been content to agitate for reformation within the Church of England, he would have joined his antagonist Richard Bernard and other conforming Puritans in the communion of that Church rather than face the discomfort of exile.

* * * * *

It would be an injustice to Robinson's understanding of Christianity not to mention his emphasis on practical Christian living. If he was a zealous defender of biblical orthodoxy, he was also a keen advocate of obedience to God's moral commands.

* * * * *

In regeneration, Robinson says, "the whole person is born again, though not wholly." Christ in this transformation

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gives his people grace, but there must also be growth in grace. That means perseverance in effort. "Perseverance in good is not any particular grace, or virtue, but the consummation, and store-house of all virtue and goodness."²⁵

But perseverance must not be thought of as an agonizing struggle. Faith is necessarily linked with love in the Christian life. "Faith is the root, and love the sap spreading forth itself, for the fruits of good works, throughout all the branches of our lives: faith the beginning, and love the end of our conversation."²⁶ And, echoing Luther, Robinson explains that whereas faith makes the Christian "lord of the whole world," so "love makes him a 'servant unto all men' . . ." It is quite striking how vivid a realization Robinson has of the wonder of God's love and of the need for Christians to express their appreciation of the divine love by loving others. God's love has been shed abroad in our hearts and "by this our cold and frozen hearts are not only thawed, but inflamed also with love again to him, and to men for him."²⁷ Far from being a gloomy striving, Christian living has a sprightliness and a joy, for:

*being once drawn sweetly by the cords of God's goodness, and love, we readily, and pleasingly follow after him; as being debtors, and constrained, not by necessity, but . . . by love.*²⁸

He takes up the injunction in Galatians 6.10 to "do good to all men" and expounds it in elegant words,

*To good men we must do good because they do deserve it; to strangers, because they may deserve it, and do stand in need of it; to all men, because God deserves it at our hands, for them; to our friends, because we owe it to them; and to our enemies to heap coals of fire upon their heads—the coals of charity to thaw, and soften their hardness . . .*²⁹

Much has been written in the present century about the Protestant work ethic. It is instructive to see what Robinson has to tell us on this topic. Even before the fall into sin, Adam had been set in the Garden of Eden to work. So the general principle is deduced that "God . . . would have no member in any society, or body of men, ordinarily unemployed."³⁰ As a result of the fall into sin, God has ordained that humanity should be afflicted with "sore travail." Even so, labour is not to be understood as mere retribution for sin. Rather is it a gracious ordinance of God to counteract the physical and spiritual degeneration that comes with idleness. The good man derives comfort and pleasure from his work, together with God's blessing upon it. And he considers such a blessing "not only as a fruit of God's love, but withal, as a reward of his obedience unto God's commandment of labour and travail."³¹

In any case, those who live by other people's sweat are "like unto lice, and such other vermin."

Daily work is to be understood in terms of "calling." First of all, there is the call to be Christians, accomplished through the redemption in Jesus Christ. "This general calling of a Christian is incomparably more excellent, and honourable, than any particular calling and state whatsoever."³² And this calling transforms the quality and significance of daily work. And then there is the calling to a particular station, office, craft or business. A person is called to these either by lawful appointment, or by the nature of his gifts or the opportunities afforded by his circumstances. In any case, the Christian, thanks to his inward call to faith, undertakes to perform the duties of his outward calling "in desire to glorify God, and in love to men."³³

Governor William Bradford had a very high opinion of John Robinson. It was he who described him as "a man not easily to be paralleled for all things." He went on to say, *As he was a man learned, and of solid judgement, and of a quick and sharp wit; so was he also of a tender conscience, and very sincere in all his ways; a hater of hypocrisy and dissimulation, and would be very plain with his best friends. He was very courteous, affable, and sociable in his conversation; and towards his own people especially . . . He was very profitable in his ministry, and comfortable to his people. He was much beloved of them: and as loving was he to them; and entirely sought their good for body and soul.*³⁴

The tribute may sound effusive but there is nothing in Robinson's numerous writings to suggest that it is anything but justified. □


FOOTNOTES

1. For a more thorough analysis of John Robinson's contribution to Christian thought, see George Timothy *John Robinson and the English Separatist Tradition*.
2. Ashton, Robert, *The Works of John Robinson* (3 vols., London, 1851), I, 294.
3. *Ibid.*, "Of the Holy Scriptures," pp. 43-52.
4. *Ibid.*, I, p. 51.
5. Burgess, Walter H., *John Robinson* (1920).
6. *Works*, II, p. 132.
7. Murton, John, *A Description of What God Hath Predestined*, p. 169.
8. Arber, E., *The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers* (1897), p. 286, and *John Robinson*, p. 215.
9. *John Robinson*, p. 255.
10. *The Story*, p. 409.
11. *Works* II, 140.
12. *Ibid.*, 277.
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.*, 140.
15. Robinson, John, *An Appendix to Mr. Perkins' Six Principles of the Christian Religion* (1642).
16. *Works*, II, 248.
17. *Ibid.*, 429.
18. *Ibid.*, 272.
19. *Ibid.*, 15.
20. *Works*, III, 104.
21. *Ibid.*, 374.
22. Horton, Douglas, *Congregationalism* (1952) p. 61.
23. *Works*, III, 384.
24. Burrage, Champlain, *Early English Dissenters* (1912) I, 172.
25. *Works* I, 24-25.
26. *Ibid.*, 60.
27. *Ibid.*, 6.
28. *Ibid.*
29. *Ibid.*, 21.
30. *Ibid.*, 113.
31. *Ibid.*, 115.
32. *Ibid.*, 116.
33. *Ibid.*, 118.
34. Arber, E., *The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers*, 177, quoting from A Young, *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, (1841), 451-2.



SAMUEL SEWALL, SINGER OF PSALMS

by Albert F. Butler



Fri. Mar. 7, 1707—prayers at the time of the Indian peril—"Sung the two first staves of the 20th Psalm, York Tune, which I set, Mr. Willard used my Psalm-Booke."—the *Sewall Diary*.

• • •

Captain Theophilus Frary's voice had become shaky with age. He could no longer lead the congregation at Boston's South Church in singing the Psalms. He asked Samuel Sewall (1652-1730) to come to his rescue and this is what Sewall tells us in his *Diary* for 25 October, 1691:

"Capt. Frary's voice failing him . . . by reason of his Palsie, he calls to me to set the tune, which accordingly I doe: 17, 18, 19, 20 verses 68th Psalm, Windsor Tune; after the Lord's Supper, 6, 7, 8, 9 verses 16th Low-Dutch. P.M. 2½ staves of 141 Ps. St. David's Jehova, I upon Thee call. After Evening Exercise, 2d part 84th Ps. Litchfield; I knew not that had the Tune till got to the 2d line, being somewhat surprized, though design'd that Tune. I would have assisted Capt. Frary but scarce knew what Tune he design'd; and the Tune I guess'd at, was in so a Key that I could not reach it."

Besides being a captain of militia, Frary was a deacon and the precentor at South Church, called later Old South Church. Being precentor meant leading the congregational singing, setting the proper pitch—not too high, not too low—and using the tune appropriate for each Psalm chosen for the service. There was no choir or instrumental accompaniment, so the precentor's position was most important.

For the next quarter-century Sewall was to fill this post as song leader at this historic church.

At the time he was about 39 and had been a member of the congregation since 1677, or about 14 years.

New England Congregationalism grew in the simplest of musical settings. The Psalms of David were sufficient to satisfy the musical needs in the widely dispersed meeting-houses. Services began with one or more long prayers. There was a lengthy and sometimes tedious sermon followed by a Psalm or two, set by the precentor.

Sewall and the congregation knew just a few of the Psalm tunes. Their repertory was limited and this, of course, was typical throughout New England. The tunes called Windsor and St. David's were the two used most frequently by Sewall if we judge by the tunes mentioned by him in his *Diary*.

During his precentorship he would have set hundreds of the Psalms to their respective tunes, preceded often by lining-out, especially for unfamiliar Psalms not yet memorized by the congregation. Lining-out, the reading or intoning of each line for the members to repeat, was necessary for many could not read and some would not have personal copies of a psalmbook.

This summary lists the few Psalm tunes mentioned by Sewall in his *Diary* and opposite each tune are the Psalms sung with each tune. The Psalms are listed usually in the order of their appearance in Sewall's fascinating account.

Psalm Tunes	Psalms sung to each Tune
Windsor	68, 27, 113, 132, 90, 27, 45, 115, 34
St. David's	141, 42?, 23, 51, 115, 127, 73, 115
York	20, 121, 113, 119
Low-Dutch	16, 111, 68, 90
Litchfield	84, 116
High-Dutch	One attempt to use this tune; see the paragraph immediately below.

A little later in 1714 Sewall writes:

"I presented Capt. Williams, my son, Mr. Pemberton each of them with a Psalm-Book of the newest edition. Mr. Pemberton's and my Son's 4.6d price, (four shillings, sixpence) bound very neatly in Kid's Leather."

This is likely the latest edition of the *Bay Psalm Book* published in New York in 1714, a handsome gift indeed. When Sewall found an Indian boy who could read well he reports, "I set him to read in my Psalm-book with red covers, and then gave it to him."

Sewall's generosity is evident throughout his life. He was always giving bound copies of sermons by the Mathers, bound copies of "The Day of Doom" by Michael Wigglesworth, and other best sellers of the day. He usually gives us price information, too.

This is true also when he was courting various likely ladies after he became a widower when he gave them candy, nuts, and dried fruits such as figs and dates, again recording the amounts spent.

To his friend and Harvard roommate, Edward Taylor, now recognized as the first full-fledged poet of Colonial America, he often sent sermons and psalms and books on theology. Taylor spent his life in the Congregational pastorate at Westfield in the Bay Colony and kept in touch with Sewall from time to time. The *Sewall Diary* records Taylor's infrequent trips to Boston.

The versified Psalms in the various versions and editions continued in successive steps, one leading to the other. The Tate and Brady *Psalter* came out in 1696 and Sewall mentions it in his entry for March 7, 1708 when he was 55 and attended the installation of President Leverett at Harvard.

Mr. Paul Dudley read part of the 132rd Psalm in the Tate and Brady edition, and it was sung to the Windsor tune.



Samuel Sewall, Singer of Psalms

"Had a very good dinner in 3 or 4 tables: Mr. Wadsworth crav'd a Blessing, and Angier Returned Thanks. Got home very late. *Laus Deo.*"

The Psalms in the long early period when they were sung monotonously in unison, eventually were set to two-, three-, and four-part singing. This evolutionary process led to the beautifully creative period in the history of church music when Isaac Watts, Charles Wesley and many others produced the treasured wealth of hymns as we know and sing them today.

As we read through the lifelike pages of the *Diary* we become increasingly aware of Sewall's deep faith and devotion. He lived a loyal Puritan from youth to old age. His highest church office was that of precentor—he never was a deacon—but he was a faithful member of the congregation.

His honesty in matters of conscience we hold in memory. Every schoolboy knows how Sewall confessed his error in getting caught up in the legal machinery which resulted in the death of the alleged witches at Salem.

28 Dec., 1705. "Mr. Pemberton prays excellently and Mr. Willard Preaches from Ps. 66, 20 very excellently. Spake to me to set the Tune; I intended Windsor and fell into High-Dutch, and then essaying to set another Tune, went into a Key much too high. So I pray'd Mr. White to set it; which he did well, Litchf. Tune. The Lord humble

me and Instruct me, that I should be occasion of any Interruption in the Worship of God."

We call up the musical past of the New England meeting-houses when we sing some of the hymns in the *Pilgrim Hymnal*, editions of 1931, 1935, and 1958. Hymn 226 from a 12th century Latin source makes use of the Windsor melody.

The York tune makes several appearances. Our Hymn 95 derived from three of the Psalms with metrical lines by John Milton uses a harmony adapted by Milton's father.

Hymn 473, based on lines from *The Bay Psalm Book*, is especially historic and meaningful since it was sung at the close of the Cambridge Synod in 1648, the first great council of the Congregational churches in New England. It was Richard Mather, the father of Increase and grandfather of Cotton, who is remembered and respected for his summation of the principles set forth at this event.

Still another of our hymns, No. 474, makes use of a variant of the York tune derived from Ravenscroft's *Psalter* of 1621. The *Pilgrim Hymnal* makes no mention of St. David's tune but it may be found in *The English Psalter with Tunes*, p. 240 (London: Oxford University Press, 1933).

There were numerous psalters in colonial days and the Puritans were familiar with them. Even in Holland the congregational gatherings used the Sternhold and Hopkins *Psalm Book* (1549) which was followed by Henry Ainsworth's *Book of Psalmes: Englished both in Prose & Metre* (1612).

Ainsworth tried to improve on the cumbersome lines of the Sternhold-Hopkins, but some felt the need for a psalter that would adhere closely to the original biblical texts and offer a more literal translation than any previous attempts.

Three devout and scholarly men, Richard Mather, John Eliot, and Thomas Weld completed their noteworthy metrical Psalms published in 1640 at the hand press of Stephen Daye in Cambridge. It was to receive the popular and affectionate name of *The Bay Psalm Book* because of its wide acceptance throughout the Bay Colony although the caption on the title page used some 26 words and began: *The Whole Book of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre*.

We remember it now especially because it was the first book printed in the British colonies of North America. The first printing was an edition of 1,700 copies, only a few of which still exist and are virtually priceless. The first copies sold for 20 pence each. Between 1640 and 1762 as many as twenty-seven editions were published in one form or another.

Sewall was a lover of the Psalms and purchased many copies of various editions for his relatives and friends. In 1714 when he was 62 Sewall made this entry in his *Diary* after he had attended a wedding ceremony at Salem where a part of the 45th Psalm was sung: "I set it to the Windsor Tune," he muses, and then proceeds—

"I had a very good Turkey-leather Psalm-Book which I look'd in while Mr. Noyes Read: and then I gave it to the Bridegroom saying, 'I Give you this Psalm-Book in order to your perpetuating this Song: and I would have you pray that it may be an Introduction to our Singing with the Choir above.'"

He held with honor and distinction a succession of magisterial and judicial offices. His fellow townsmen called him "Judge Sewall". Sewall's love for the Psalms was matched only by his love for his fellow men.

He helped produce the *Massachusetts Psalter*, including also the *Gospel of John* with columns in English and Indian so the Indians could study the divine word. When his neighbors prayed and fasted, so did he. He tells us often of prayer-meetings in the homes where Psalms were sung—he usually set the tunes—and prayers were offered.

As the years moved on Samuel Sewall noticed his voice was becoming 'enfeebled.' He made errors in carrying out his precentorial duties. There were frequent mishaps with his pitching the tunes and his selecting the best melodies.

Here is what he wrote:

2 Feb. 1718 "Lord's Day. In the morning I set York Tune and in the 2d going over, The Gallery carried it irresistably to St. David's, which discouraged me very much. I spake earnestly to Mr. White to set it in the afternoon, but he declines it p.m. The Tune went well ..."

Less than a month later we find this *Diary* entry:

"I set York Tune, and the Congregation went out of it into St. David's in the very 2d going over. They did the same 3 weeks before. This is the 2d sign. I think they began in the last Line of the first going over. This seems to me an intimation and call for me to resign the Precentor's Place to a better Voice. I have through the divine Long-suffering and Favour done it for 24 years, and now God by his Providence seems to call me off; my voice being enfeebled."

As Capt. Theophilus Frary had to step down in 1691, so now in 1718 Samuel Sewall resigned his musical office to another. Age yielded to youth. Frary had died in October of 1700 and Sewall in his *Diary* mentions his passing in one brief line.

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Perspectives: Famous or Infamous?

One Dark Moment at Salem

by Mark Farmer

"Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding with his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the Great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
Touching and sad, a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,
Of the fast which the good man lifelong kept
With a haunting sorrow that never slept,
As the circling year brought round the time
Of an error that left the sting of a crime."

From John Greenleaf Whittier's
"The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall"

Apart from his famous diary, Samuel Sewall is known mostly because of his role in the Salem witchcraft trials and his subsequent repentance. But this wealthy, conservative merchant who could argue for the liberation of slaves and publicly humble himself for his grievous misdeeds as a judge in the witchcraft trials led an extremely varied and active life that is often overshadowed by that dark moment at Salem.

Sewall was born in England and came to this country with his family when he was nine years old. They settled in Newbury, Massachusetts and put Samuel under the tutelage of the local pastor, in preparation for Harvard College.

After graduating from college, he remained at Harvard as a tutor and keeper of the library. He married

Mark K. Farmer attends the Colonial Church of Edina, Minn. He wrote this essay for the Colonial Church bicentennial publication.



and in 1681 was appointed manager of the colony's only licensed printing press. Sewall is credited with publishing the first American edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

In 1692 Sewall was appointed, by the governor of the colony, to a special court to try the accused witches in Salem. More than a hundred persons were being held in jail on the charges, and all New England was aroused. Sewall and his fellow judges sent twenty people to their deaths. All of them, but Giles Corey, were hanged on Gallows Hill. Corey, who was eighty-one years old, suffered the old English penalty of being pressed to death under heavy stones for refusing to enter a plea to an indictment.

To understand Sewall's actions in this tragedy, some knowledge of the Puritans' view of witches as the Devil's agents is necessary. In Europe, belief in witches was centuries old. Ten years prior to the Salem trials, a condemned witch had been burned in England.

This fear of witches was by no means confined to Protestantism. In the 16th century, the Popes were urging criminal prosecution of witches. For these early New England colonists denying the existence of witches would have meant questioning other tenets of their faith. In their eyes they were being true to

the scriptural admonition, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." (Exodus 22:18). The hysteria died down several months later, and those still imprisoned were freed. It became apparent that there were many colonists who had believed in the innocence of the condemned, but had failed to speak out.

We can tell from Sewall's diary that the events had troubled him. Two of his children died in 1696, which caused him to wonder whether God was exacting justice for his judicial sins. The day after his second child died, his son read to him from the Bible. As Sewall tells us in his diary, "The seventh verse (Matthew 12) did awfully bring to mind the Salem Tragedie." The verse: "But if ye had known what this meaneth, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,' ye would not have condemned the guiltless."

In 1697 the Massachusetts General Court passed a resolution admitting error and calling on citizens to observe a day of fasting to atone for the Salem trials. On this day, Samuel Sewall attended the Old South Church in Boston, in which he had worshipped since his young manhood. He stood in his pew while the clergyman read his personal statement of contrition in which he accepted "the blame and shame" for the court proceedings.

—continued on page 18

Salem—from page 17

Sewall was the only judge to publicly admit error. Although he stayed on to become chief justice, thereafter he annually spent a day of repentance in fasting and prayer.

Sewall kept a diary for almost fifty years. Considered today as one of the major documents of colonial New England, it includes his college days at Harvard up until his death. It gives a vivid account of day-to-day life in Boston, then a town of only six thousand people. Sewall's diary was published in three volumes a century and a half after his death.

As merchant, judge, or theologian Samuel Sewall led a productive and thoughtful life, always attempting to do the work of the Lord in the New World. The vision of that work for Sewall, as for many colonial Puritans, was broad indeed as shown in this sample of, perhaps, his least appreciated writing, his poetry.

*Let the transplanted ENGLISH
Vine
Spread further still! Still call it
Thine.
Prune it with Skill: for yield it
can
More fruit to Thee the Husband-
man.*

*So false Pilgrims shall decay,
And Darkness fly before bright
day:
So Men shall GOD IN CHRIST
adore;
And worship Idols vain, no
more.*

*So ASIA, and AFRICA
EUROPA, and AMERICA:
A Four, in Consort join'd, shall
Sing
New Songs of Praise to CHRIST
our KING.*

Sewall wrote a number of theological pamphlets in his later years, derived from his careful

reading of the Bible and his concern for the circumstances of colonial life. His most famous, written in 1700, was entitled *The Selling of Joseph*. This was the first public plea against Negro slavery in colonial America. With the slave trade thriving in New England this was a courageous piece, for Sewall wrote:

"It is most certain that all men as they are sons of Adam, are co-heirs; and have equal right unto liberty and all other outward comforts of life."

He also wrote a theological argument against those who denied the resurrection of women, which may have uplifted their aspirations, if not their status. But the pamphlet he considered most significant was one attempting to prove, through a careful reading of the Book of Revelations, that Christ's seat in the "New Jersualem" would be located in New England. □

Timothy Miller Following IN HIS STEPS

by Dr. Harry R. Butman

Following In His Steps: a biography of Charles M. Sheldon, by Timothy Miller. The University of Tennessee Press, 273 pp. \$24.95.

This is a magnificently researched and richly detailed biography of a great Congregational minister, whose summit achievement was to write a simple but perceptive novel, "In His Steps," which was the biggest seller ever penned by an American author, and second only to the Bible in numbers of copies printed.

Charles M. Sheldon was the newly-called minister of the Central Congregational Church in Topeka, Kansas, when he resolved to deal with the problem of scanty attendance at the Sunday evening services. He did this by beginning a series of novel-sermons, one chapter a week, skillfully crafted with a suspense hook at the end of each chapter to bring hearers back for the next installment. These tales began in 1891 and were successful, but the seventh of them had a phenomenal success, worldwide and never matched by any writer secular or religious. Not even Miller's conscientious research can come up with the exact figures, but at the lowest estimate 8 to 10 million copies were published at home and abroad, and it is possible that the total reached 30 million. It was selling at the rate of 100,000 a year in the 1960s and is still in print and selling today. Foreign editions are probably printed in over 25 languages.

As novels go, it isn't much. It's a rather simplistic yarn.

Dr. Harry R. Butman is minister-emeritus of Congregational Church of the Messiah and a prolific author in his own right.

The Rev. Henry Maxwell, preaching to his affluent congregation, is interrupted by a tramp-like intruder who somewhat incoherently harangues the congregation about living a Christ-like life, dramatically collapses, and dies. Pastor and people, moved, resolved to take as their life-motto the words, "What would Jesus do?" and proceed to put it into action in their several fields of endeavor. As the statistics of publication clearly show, Sheldon touched a nerve. Financially, he made very little.

"Advance," the Congregational magazine in which the book was first serialized, did not copyright its contents, and "In His Steps" was pirated at home by such giants as Street and Smith, and by many abroad. He perhaps received \$10,000 for his major opus, but his fame was great and lasting.

Sheldon was more than a best-selling author. Miller fully recounts his busy, multifaceted career, beginning with his early years in the East, chronicling his move to Kansas, his remarkable work among the Blacks in "Tennesseetown" while minister of Central Church in Topeka, his pyrotechnic flash as editor of a Christian newspaper, and his labors as religious and social reformer. He was an ardent believer in ecumenicity, and he favored the notion of a single Christian church. He was a great social actionist, worthy to be ranked with Washington Gladden, and his social reform was marked by a down-to-earth practicality. He was a doer, not a thinker, and while "What would Jesus do?" was the central doctrine of his preaching and writing, in his life he had a blithely intellectual inconsistency. Jesus drank wine, Sheldon didn't; Jesus didn't marry, Sheldon did.



Such inconsistencies bothered Sheldon not at all.

His life as a pastor demands mention. He was a prodigious worker; the very idea of precise job descriptions, such as some present-day seminarians demand as a matter of right, would have horrified him. Up at six or seven every day; his hours were crowded with toil, dozens of phone calls, an overwhelming amount of mail, much of which he answered, innumerable pastoral calls, two services on Sunday, and work with the young people and Sunday school. On one day he had four weddings and three funerals. Not until late in life did he have an associate. And despite this Herculean pastoral load, he found time to write 30 books and innumerable articles, editorials, and poems. And all this for very low pay. His starting salary remained static for years at \$1,200, despite the fact his church grew in size from 57 members to 750. His pay was probably never more than \$2500.00. When, to these achievements we add a warm personality, a life untouched by scandal, and a career of service to the community at large until his death at 88, it is small wonder that he was known as "St. Charles of Topeka."

The author, incidentally, dedicates his book to his father, Paul Miller, a former CCC/NA moderator, and his mother, Margaret Miller. The price of the book may hold sales down, but it would be an excellent addition to any church library. □

THE STORY OF MARTHA SHELDON and HER VISIT TO TIBET

Aldena Cram Geer

The doctor's horse had been tied to the post in front of the Congregational manse for several hours. Finally, as the sun appeared, on that beautiful May morning in 1860, the doctor and the parson stepped out on the little porch. Both looked happy. A baby girl had come to live at the manse. She was named Martha. Her father was the Rev. Charles Sheldon, pastor of the Congregational Church in Excelsior, Minnesota.

Martha attended the Minnesota State University and graduated summa cum laude. She had always wanted to be a doctor. From early childhood she cared for sick and injured pets. It was difficult for a woman to get into a Medical College in those days but finally she was admitted to Boston University Medical School. Here her scholarship was outstanding.

After thorough preparation she decided to go to India as a medical missionary. But the American Board was not sending "unmarried females" to the foreign field. She applied to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, was accepted and sent to Morabad, India in 1888.

Both Dr. Sheldon and her English nurse were drawn toward the Hinterland. The far reaches of the Himalayas called them. They made a journey into Bhot, on the border of Tibet and started plans for a mission. In 1895 Dr. Sheldon was appointed to this station—a day's journey from the nearest European, and thirteen days from a railroad.

The earliest work was to master the language and reduce it to writing. This she did and translated the Lord's Prayer, other parts of the New Testament and some hymns. While giving educational and medical help, she also taught gardening and fruit growing.

Although very busy with the Bhotiyas, she and her English assistant still looked with longing eyes toward Tibet; and the opportunity finally came. Dr. Sheldon was a skillful surgeon, especially successful in removing cataracts. A high official became blind, and a party of Tibetans was sent to get the doctor. At the earliest possible moment she started, with her nurse and a few Indian helpers. They struggled up over the difficult passes, 12,000 to 15,000 feet in altitude, through snow and ice. Finally they reached the palace. The operation was successful and sight was restored.

Thus the story of Jesus and the God of Love was told by word and deed in Tibet, the forbidden—now the forgotten land. □



Squanto, the Man Sent by God

By The Rev. Clinton E. Parker

It was a terrible winter in Plymouth for the newly arrived Pilgrims.

Over half the group died after landing in December, 1620, but their faith remained strong and unwavering. While their group dwindled, their faith grew knowing God would provide.

Spring arrived with new hope for the battered band. The five or six Pilgrims not confined to bed attempted to prepare the soil for planting. They mistakenly left their tools in the fields one evening only to discover they'd vanished.

The worst was feared; the native Americans had stolen the tools. Would attacks on the new settlement follow? The Pilgrims even buried the dead at night in unmarked graves for fear the native Americans would discover their depleted ranks.

Massasoit Meets the Pilgrims

In March, 1621, Massasoit, the great sachem

(chief) of the Wampanoag Tribe, sent his ambassador, Samoset, to welcome the new settlers and prepare for a visit by the Indian chief and his trusted leaders.

A mutual aid pact was signed with the Pilgrims granted the right to live and cultivate the land around present day Plymouth. The farming tools were returned and gifts exchanged.

Lorenzo Jeffers, former sachem of the Wampanoag Tribe in modern times, called this the most important conference ever to be held in North America.

Squanto Offers Help

But the profound outcome of the conference took place when the Pilgrims met Squanto who served as translator at the important meeting. Squanto offered to live with the Pilgrims and assist them in their renewed fight for mere survival.

He showed them how to catch herring at the



The Pilgrims and Wampanoags give thanks to God in a week-long celebration (Photo courtesy of Plymouth, Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce).

"This noble native American is the prime reason for the survival of the Pilgrims and our celebration of Thanksgiving in 1977."

river and place two of the captured fish with five kernels of corn in a mound of soil. This unique crop and planting technique baffled the Pilgrims, but Squanto's instructions were followed exactly, resulting in a great corn harvest

Favorite watering spots of certain animals were pointed out as well as how to capture this game. Squanto also led them to the clam beds. Lobster and fish soon became common in every home.

Primarily through the help of Squanto, the Pilgrims answered their quest for survival. In fact, they lived rather well. Others helped, but Squanto's efforts were paramount.

Squanto's English Past

One Pilgrim finally asked Squanto how he was able to speak English so well. He explained that in 1614 he and other members of his local tribe, the Patuxets of Plymouth, were brought aboard an English merchant ship. Captain Thomas Hunt sold his captives into slavery in the Caribbean but eventually Squanto landed in London.



School children annually re-enact the planting of corn as taught the Pilgrims by Squanto.

The English, seeing the value of a native American guide and translator sent Squanto with Captain Thomas Dermer on a journey to the New England coast. Calamity struck the ship and Squanto made his way back to Plymouth only to discover his entire tribe perished in the terrible plague of 1616-1617. He went to Bristol to live with leaders of the Wampanoag Nation.

When the opportunity to live with the English at Plymouth came, he quickly responded. Accustomed to European ways, he saw the needs of these people. He also had learned new ideas

about the worship of God while in London which undoubtedly had some meaning for him.

As fall approached, the governor sent some of the company "to go fowling." Food for the entire week was captured and a celebration was in order. God had provided.

Massasoit immediately sent some of his men hunting and they soon captured four deer to add to the festivities.

The harvest was so plentiful enough corn was available that every man, woman and child could receive a peck a week for the entire winter. Indeed, a celebration of thanksgiving was in order.

First Thanksgiving

The Wampanoag form of harvest celebration blended well with the Pilgrims who brought their own ideas of celebration and a sense of devotion in divine providence. God had been good to them, providing food and help. This was the first Thanksgiving.

Less than year later Squanto became gravely ill. With death approaching, he called together those Pilgrims he loved most deeply. He turned to Governor William Bradford and asked him to pray to the white man's God.

With the help of a few trusted friends, Squanto gave away all his possessions that he might be remembered. With prayers to God and a demonstration of his love towards Pilgrim friends, he felt prepared for death.

The Pilgrims buried Squanto in their own cemetery in a rite reserved only for those whom they considered righteous.

Thanksgiving, first celebrated in 1789, has been proclaimed annually by every president since Abraham Lincoln's proclamation in 1863.

But the real celebration must include not only praise to God, but also true thanks to Squanto, the man who made Thanksgiving possible. This noble native American is the prime reason for the survival of the Pilgrims and our celebration of Thanksgiving in 1977.

The Rev. Clinton E. Parker is minister of Plymouth United Methodist Church, Plymouth, Massachusetts. He is a member of the Indian Relations Committee and president of the Plymouth Council of Churches.



LET ME DO MY BEST!

LEGACY OF A REMARKABLE AMERICAN

by Duane Valentry

The time had come to say goodbye to his family, as the boy carried his suitcase out of the house. Amos Alonzo Stagg was about to leave for college, a day he had dreamed of for many years.

As he was leaving, he was met by the family minister.

"Well, Amos, I just wanted to say goodbye and to give you a small going-away present," he smiled, proffering a crisp \$10 bill.

But Amos shook his head. "No, thank you, Reverend, just the same, I'd rather not take it."

After goodbyes had been said, the minister looked after the boy, somewhat puzzled. He hadn't met many boys who turned down a gift of money. But this was Amos for you, always a little different!

One of the things prized most dearly by this unusual man through the years was independence of material things and dependence on things of the spirit, and his refusal of the gift of money was indicative of the spirit of fierce independence that would always mark him.

Stagg went on to become one of the greatest athletes in Yale annals, and was named on Walter Camp's first All-American team. In baseball, he was Yale's greatest pitcher, but he was equally good at track and football. When he graduated in 1888, he turned down no less than six major league professional baseball

offers to devote himself to coaching and amateur sports.

Although athletics tempted him, Amos Stagg had made up his mind to preach. This was the job he had planned on since boyhood, although he was doing a good deal of thinking to be very sure—thinking and praying.

Finally, however, convinced he lacked certain needed talents to be a preacher, in 1890 he entered YMCA work and enrolled at Springfield College, a YMCA training school in Massachusetts, to coach football.

Scarcely more than a boy himself, wouldn't Amos have been amazed if he could have looked far into the future? He would have seen himself still coaching and running sprints with his boys while in his 90s, with many a hard-fought game in between. For this was to be his "ministry" to youth—the playing field rather than the pulpit.

"After much thought and prayer I have decided that my life can best be used for my Master's service in the position which you have offered," Stagg wrote, accepting a coaching offer from President William Rainey Harper in 1892 from the brand new University of Chicago.

The boys of that first team he coached, like the boys of the last when he was 98 years old, learned the Christian way of life from their respected and well-loved coach as

surely as if he had taught them from a pulpit. Always he told them his rule for living a worthwhile life: "Do good, and God will do the rest."

To work with boys on the field became his life and mission and he wanted only to do this as long as he could. This he did, refusing to leave the job long after the usual retirement age had come and gone.

The son of a cobbler, "Lonnie" Stagg was born in West Orange, New Jersey, while the Civil War was tearing the nation. The game of football, of which he was to become the greatest living symbol, wasn't even played at the time of his birth. He was seven when the first game of intercollegiate football was played between Rutgers and Princeton in 1869.

But to go to college was something quite unknown and undreamed-of in his family, although young Amos liked school. A quick, smart student, he was encouraged in his studies by a teacher who recognized his abilities. Little by little he began to make his plans—he would try for Philips-Exeter Academy to study to enter Yale where he would prepare for the ministry. Step by step, it worked out.

But young Stagg soon discovered his best talents lay elsewhere: coaching. This became a challenge he could not deny. He liked working with boys; he knew them. Eager and full of power—present and potential—he saw them as tomorrow's men.

For more than 41 years, Stagg coached the Chicago Maroons, helping them win the Big Ten Championship. He molded All-America players, and in doing so, molded and shaped the game of football.

Lonnie hated the prevalent feeling: "How much is in it for me?" And he taught his players to pray, not for victory, but—"Let me do my best."

He coached boys in a way they understood, talking their own language. They were to be square in their dealings; never swell-headed—not to let the day's glory carry too much weight since they could also lose another day. Not to over-alibi after losing, and to stoop to no unfair practice.

"As I view it, no man is too good to be the athletic coach for youth," said Stagg. "Not to drink liquors, not to gamble, not to smoke, not to swear, not to use smutty language, to tell dirty stories, to shun loose and silly women — all these could be the ideals of the athletic coach if he realizes his full opportunity for service and his calling to a consistently high and clean personal life."

He practiced what he taught, for this was a good picture of his own life over a century in which the forces of materialism were busily getting many recruits.

"Always be fair-minded and deal justly," he taught. "Avoid politics and never play favorites; be the sportsman and gentleman at all times and lose, if need be, with Christian grace."

When Lonnie married Stella Robertson in 1894, he took his bride on a cross-country honeymoon on the special Pullman car that hauled his team for the intersectional game with Stanford, an indication of the lifetime they would share.

Some of his football genius communicated itself to the one nearest him and Mrs. Stagg is said to be the greatest living woman expert on football. For years she chartered games, took notes at Stagg's practice sessions, and went on scouting trips.

There were three children; Amos Alonzo Stagg, Jr., professor of physical education at Susquehanna Uni-

versity, Pa.; Mrs. J. Alton Lauren (Ruth) of Chicago; and Paul Stagg, chairman of the department of physical education at Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.

One June day in 1933, at the conclusion of the National Inter-scholastic and National Intercollegiate Track and Field Meets at the Chicago World's Fair, the husky, gray-haired man who had supervised the afternoon's events, strode to the microphone to congratulate the winning athletes.



A. S. Stagg Sr. and Jr.

After acting as athletic director and head football coach at the University of Chicago for 41 years, he was now retiring. There weren't many who hadn't heard of Lonnie Stagg and his fine work over the years, and all wished him well. But they weren't prepared that sunny afternoon for his "goodbye," at the age of 71.

"Farewell, Chicago," he boomed in his strong voice that reached to the far corners of the immense Soldier's Field. "Come out to the Pacific Coast, and see what we are starting!"

Asked by the University to take a less active job on full coaching pay, he had resigned. Now he moved to College of the Pacific in Stockton, California, and put in 14 more years of active coaching, and by doing so, revitalized coast football.

It happened again when he was 85! Asked to take a less active job,

he quit to become head coach at Susquehanna. Here he put in another six years of activity, running sprints with his squads in his 80s.

The recipient of almost countless awards and honors over the long years, Amos Stagg was named All-Time Christian Coach and given the Christian Athletic Foundation Award in 1950.

In 1953, this man who seemed never to have heard the word "retirement," again accepted an invitation to join the staff at Stockton to teach some of his famous specialties. He kept this job until he was 98, when he stepped down with apologies.

At his 100th birthday in 1962, hundreds, including his "boys," honored him from coast to coast and there were endless messages and wires of good wishes.

One of the many messages of congratulation came from Washington, D.C., and was delivered after the Staggs had retired. The wire from the President of the United States reposed in the mailbox till morning and its honored recipient slept the calm sleep that started the 101st year of an amazing life. In the morning he read:

"To all Americans who love their country," congratulated President Kennedy, "your emphasis on the moral and physical values of the vigorous life have been warmly appreciated."

Celebrating his 101st birthday, he was called by his son, Amos Jr., "a sincere missionary who set his life aside to do good, in a humble and natural way."

Amos Alonzo Stagg, who influenced thousands of young minds over the past century and who lived to nearly 102, will not soon be forgotten. Not only did he refuse to knuckle under to old age and become known as "the man who wouldn't retire," but he'll be remembered as a remarkable American whose life was governed by the lofty aim he taught thousands—

"Let me do my best!" □

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Perspectives: Famous or Infamous?

The Little Lady Who Started the War

by the Rev. Peter Bagley

Abraham Lincoln called Harriet Beecher Stowe, "the little lady who started this big war."

Harriet did not want to start a war. She wanted only to write a book which would dramatize the inhumanity of slavery and inspire people to end it. She did not want to destroy the South, nor to inflict pain and bloodshed upon the nation. Yet she believed that her cause was just; God was not only at her side but he inspired her book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly*.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, author and lecturer, was born June 14, 1811, in Litchfield, Conn. to the Rev. Lyman and Roxanna Foote Beecher. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet's brother, was the most noted preacher of the era. During the month of January, 1836, she married Calvin Ellis Stowe, a Lane Seminary Professor, who preceded her in death. Mrs. Stowe died on July 1, 1896, in her home, which was next door to Samuel Clemmings' house, in Hartford, Conn.

To understand Harriet we need to look at her book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and its influence. The beginning of the story was in the Fall of 1850 when Harriet received a letter from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Beecher, encouraging her to write a book which would inspire the Abolitionists' cause. Harriet was seeking for some purpose in her life and this letter gave her a cause. She had already written a few small pieces and now her publisher, Gamaliel Bailey, of the *National Era* felt that the idea was worthy, the writer was extraordinary and he would publish the piece.

For months she struggled with

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where to begin, but nothing came to her. Then in February, 1851, she received a revelation during a communion service. Returning home, Harriet wrote of the death by whipping of a black man, Uncle Tom, at the hands of a displaced Vermont plantation owner named Simon Legree. Fearfully she read the short story to her family who were brought to tears; the story of Uncle Tom had found its conclusion. The *National Era* had changed from a monthly to a weekly, so each week a new portion of the story had to be ready for publication. At times the words flowed from her pen; other times she, with agony, filled a page. Her eyes would wonder off the page and focus upon a far away field, only to return to a paper filled with words. Finally, one year later, the second to the last chapter was finished. The death of Uncle Tom was added, and the story was done.

Harriet always believed that God had written her book, she was but the instrument that He had used. This was her statement of faith. Now, as if to prove the point, the book developed a life of its own. Within weeks of its first publishing, readers were clamoring for the next portion of the story. The success was so overwhelming that at the end of the serial stories, the little stories were published in book form by John P. Jewett. Four months later Harriet received her first royalty check for \$10,000, more than her husband could earn by working for ten years at Bowdoin College. A copy of the book was pirated to England where it was published without permission. Within 2 years the book was also published in French, Dutch, Flemish, Polish, Russian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Serbian, Spanish, Danish, Finnish, Armenian, Illyrian, Romic, Wallachian, Welsh, and Siamese. It


was, finally, translated into forty languages.

At the age of 42 she was the rage of the literary world, an "overnight" sensation. Praise came pouring in from the great authors of the world. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "one of the greatest triumphs recorded in literary history." John Greenleaf Whittier called it "glorious." James Russell sought out Harriet to become her good friend. George Sand defended the book against the literary critics who called it "intellectual rubbish." Henry James treated the book with the greatest respect. Leo Tolstoy linked the book with *Les Miserables* and *A Tale of Two Cities* as examples of pure, moral art. For the daughter of a Congregational minister of the "colonies" this was a delight.

Harriet became the toast of the social world. She traveled to England where even royalty took notice. She met Queen Victoria and lived a fairy tale life. The great and the near great treated her as an equal. Thousands and thousands of people would gather at train stops to see this famous woman. Harriet was now influential and the cause of the Abolitionists became the "cause" of the Empire. Of the many gifts she was to receive, the signatures of 562,448 English women on an antislavery document called "An Affectionate and Christian Address from the Women of Great Britain to the Women of America" was the most gratifying.

Harriet placed on paper her faith in God and mankind. She believed that slavery was anti-Christian and needed to be removed from the face of the earth. Secretly she must have been pleased that in France the reading of her book led to a run on French translations of the

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Lady—from page 16

Bible. Although caught up in the flash of England and the “good life,” Harriet, during these first of many trips to Europe, wore a dull cape of gray wool and a straw bonnet. She refused to attend the theater even to see William Shakespeare, because it was not a good thing for a Christian to do. She refused to allow an authorized version of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* to be played on the stage for the same reason. She felt awkward with people in livery and the adoration of the crowds, though she did become accustomed to traveling and welcomed the opportunity to share her views and to review her book.

Fawned over in the North and much of the world, one part of the world despised her—the Southern States. Harriet felt she was writing to defend the good, Christian people of the South. She just wanted them to remove slavery from their midsts. She liked their way of life, and felt they only needed to free the slaves to have perfection. Unfortunately, Harriet was an inno-

cent concerning the actual situation in the slave states. Where she felt her book would help heal the wounds, it actually fanned the embers. The leaders of the South felt the book was an attack upon their total existence, reaching far beyond the slavery issue. Books, articles and pamphlets were produced attacking either the credibility of the book or, if that did not work, the credibility of the author.

Harriet had left herself wide open to these attacks. She had not been concerned with verifying the data which she used. Therefore, the book is filled with numerous inaccuracies concerning the South. She wrote, what she felt was the truth, not what was the truth. The situation became so bad that Harriet wrote an addendum entitled, *A Key to Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, which defended the accuracy of her former book. The material she gathered for the key, should have been gathered for *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. In defense of Harriet she was not writing history, she was making it.

At the turn of the century, Harriet Beecher Stowe was called the most influential woman of the 1800’s in the United States. She lived her life for one cause, anti-slavery, forever proclaiming “Slavery is despotism.” Years after the Civil War she was still telling the same story, becoming an embarrassment to the nation. The nation and the world wanted to ignore the slavery question, but she still enjoyed speaking about it. What was important then, and is today, is that the emotion the book generated, changed the face of the world. It had to be encountered! It could not be ignored!

History records that on April 13, 1861, the first shots were fired upon Fort Sumter; the Civil War began in earnest. Ten years earlier, a major broadside had been fired against slavery by a diminutive, Congregational woman of 39 called Harriet Beecher Stowe. Helen of Troy began a war because of her beauty; Harriet inadvertently started a war because of her brains, her pen and her faith in God. □

Missionary Trailblazer

By Lucille J. Goodyear

Oregon Country — a vast, unknown region, remote and mysterious in the 1800s — became better known to the American people through a Congregationalist missionary.

Jointly owned by Great Britain and America, this area in the early part of the century only saw a few fur trappers and traders who took the long journey across the Western plains to live in this region.

Little, if any attention was given this part of the country until the 1830s when returning trappers reported the Indians of the region were eager to learn of the "white man's Christian faith."

This news prompted a few missionaries from various churches to set out for the Northwest. Among them was one who became more famous than all the others — Dr. Marcus Whitman.

Whitman, a Congregationalist missionary doctor, was a man of great dedication and courage. He also had a love of the outdoors and was ready for any of its challenges.

Born in Rushville, New York in 1802, Whitman studied medicine and practiced his profession for eight years before deciding to enter missionary work. Drawing him was the information that the Indians in the Northwest were seeking the word of God.

Whitman applied to the American Board of Commissioners for the Foreign Missions, an effort supported by several Protestant churches, and was accepted. The Board selected Whitman and the Rev. Samuel Parker to select mission sites in Oregon.

While Parker traveled to Oregon to explore sites, Whitman went East to recruit workers for this new mission field.

In 1836 the new young missionary led his band Westward. In his party was his young bride, Narcissa; another missionary couple, the Rev. Henry and Eliza Spalding and William H. Gray, a mechanic and carpenter.

Historic Trip

They began their trek at Independence, Missouri, traveling Westward until they reached the Columbia River. The trip, a long and arduous one for the little band, became a historical event.

Theirs was the first wagon train — a train actually reduced to cart — to reach Fort Boise, which was farther West than any wagons had traveled. The two young women, Eliza and Narcissa, were the first white women to cross the Continental Divide. The Whitmans' child, Alice Clarissa, became the first child born of United States citizens in the Pacific Northwest.

Upon reaching an area on the Walla Walla River between what now are the states of Washington and Oregon, the Whitmans decided to establish their mission on that site. Spalding began his mission near Lewiston, Idaho, working with the Nez Perce at Lapwai.

Marcus and Narcissa Whitman worked side by side in their mission (located about seven miles from present Walla Walla) at Waiilatpu, or "the Place of the People of the Rye Grass."

The couple spent many hours patiently teaching the Cayuse Indians about God through Bible reading classes. And, by their own example, taught prayers and songs, thus bringing Christianity to their newly found friends and into an area which never before had heard the word of God.

Whitman, seeing the nomadic ways of the Indians, tried to interest them in farming, but had small success with that effort.

But the mission grew with a large adobe house, a grist mill, sawmill and blacksmith shop added to the compound.



The Whitman Mission in 1845

Whitman Mission, artist's rendering, in 1845

Through it all, the Whitmans wrote enthusiastic letters to friends back East, describing the rich farm lands, the climate, the forest and abundant fishing and hunting that could be found in "far off Oregon Country." They also emphasized the need for more missionaries.

But not all was rosy. The American Board in 1842 ordered the Waiilatpu and Lapwai stations closed because of reports of dissension and lack of money. The Whitmans were told to go to the Tshimakain mission near present-day Spokane.

Fruitful Eastern Trip

But Whitman was convinced the missions should stay open. In 1842 he and several men from the mission traveled East hoping to recruit more missionaries.



Dr. Marcus Whitman

They met with President Tyler, hoping to convince him of the great future of the Pacific Northwest. The session was much publicized because the Northwest was new and foreign to Americans.

Whitman also met with the American Board which agreed to let the missions continue. This determined missionary instilled such enthusiasm and faith in the people he met on his Eastern trip that the following spring he led a band of 1,000 settlers across the plains and mountains into the Columbia Valley.

This was but one of the many covered wagon caravans to make the trek following Whitman's Eastern visit. In that number were many missionaries who would fill the needs in the new lands.

The growing Whitman mission with its buildings, established crops and orchards and pen for stock animals, welcomed each caravan of settlers, congratulating them on their courage and faith in making the journey. The little mission

actually became the "gateway to the Northwest."

In 1845 the United States ended with Great Britain the mutual ownership of the area and in 1846 a treaty was signed. Through this act the country's Western boundaries were extended to the Pacific Coast. For the first time in this nation's history, the Stars and Stripes waved from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And by the time of the treaty signing, more than 10,000 settlers had struggled over the Oregon Trail to make a new home.

During this time the work at the Whitman Mission continued. When Marcus and Narcissa's three-year-old daughter died of drowning, the Whitmans turned from their sorrow and opened their home to motherless children of trappers and settlers. Thus, they added another facet to their work in the establishment of the first orphanage of the Northwest.

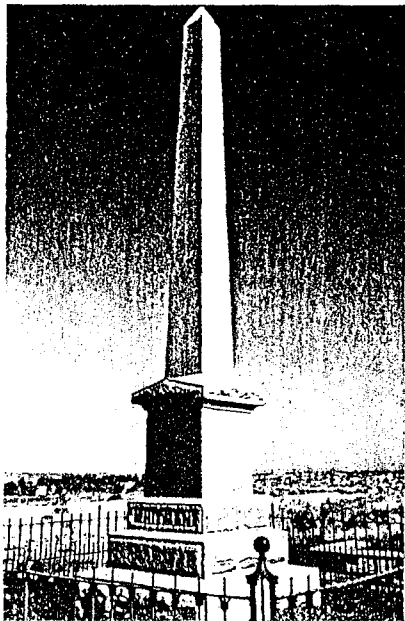
Massacre at Mission

All went well until 1847 when an epidemic of measles raged through the mission area. The Whitmans were able to save most of the white children as these responded to treatment.



Mrs. Narcissa Whitman

But since the Indians had never been exposed to measles, they didn't respond to treatment and so the disease was much more serious among their number. The missionaries labored tirelessly to ease the suffering and attempted to stop the ravages of the disease in the Indian settlement, but couldn't, resulting in half the tribe dying.



The Whitman Memorial at Waiilatpu

Added to this was the fear of the Cayuse that their way of life was endangered because of the movement of emigrants to the Northwest and because of stories of other Indians losing their land.

Because of this and bewildered and embittered by the many deaths, feeling their "white doctor" had failed them, the Indians savagely attacked the mission, killing Whitman, his wife and 11 other white settlers.

Some survived and escaped while 50 others became prisoners, but these were ransomed a month later. The massacre, however, ended the work of the Protestant missionaries among the Oregon Indians and also led to a war between the Indians and the white settlers in the area.

However, the work of the Whitmans is not forgotten. Near Walla Walla, Washington, on the Walla Walla River, the Whitman Mission Site has been officially designated as a National Historic site.

It stands as a small reminder of one particular man who played such an important part in the settling of our Northwest and of his devotion to the teachings of God. 4

Photos courtesy of the U.S. Department of the Interior

Lucille Goodyear, who now lives in Guatemala, is a native of Detroit, Michigan.

Pioneer for Separation of Church and State and Man of Conflicts

ROGER WILLIAMS

(1603? — 1683)

By George V. Bohman

Strong individuals and independent thinkers are a hallmark of Congregationalism. One of the strongest and most independent was Roger Williams, a man with impact on national and states' bills of rights.

Williams belonged to that noted group of Cambridge University trained men who became "infected" with doubts about the Church of England. Several became Separatists; others were Puritans. As a group, they formed an intellectual nucleus in the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies.

A 1627 graduate of Cambridge, Williams studied theology for two years before becoming a family chaplain. In 1629 he attended a meeting of the group planning the new colony in Massachusetts Bay and then with his new wife emigrated to Boston. But he rejected a call to the Boston Church because the congregation would not formally separate from the Church of England.

For about two years he assisted the Plymouth Church, then returned to Salem where he was banished by the magistrates to live his last 40 some years in the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. Repeatedly, he refused to compromise his ideas.

Separation of Church and State

We know and honor him chiefly for his insistence upon the complete separation of church and state, a doctrine for which he seemed a voice crying in the wilderness for most of the Colonial period. We often hear him praised as well for "liberty of conscience," toleration, and related views.

It would be easy to exaggerate his positions. He wanted, in fact, freedom to believe and speak as he pleased in religion, but he remained for much of his life personally certain of the strict requirements for salvation largely as Calvin stated them. He was hardly a free-thinker in the sense of

Jefferson, Madison and others of the post-Revolutionary period. He defended and offered refuge for the Quakers and other dissidents from the established churches. Yet, at the same time, he personally opposed their principal ideas.

Anything but a compromiser, he refused in Boston to accept de facto geographic separation from the Church of England though the colony's leaders feared loss of their charter if they openly renounced the Anglican Church. At Plymouth he objected when the Church there condoned members who briefly visited England and attended Anglican services. He ultimately rejected his baptism in the Church of England and probably was re-baptized, only later to have doubts about that.

He personally believed no preacher could "feed the flock" of the regenerate and also appropriately appeal to the unregenerate for conversion. Nor could he resolve this paradox with the Puritan view that conversion was only possible after instruction and hearing the Word.

Impelled to Pursue Ideas

Often, as Edmund Morgan points out in his fine study, *Roger Williams: The Church and the State* (1967), Williams was impelled to pursue his ideas to their logical conclusions, whether the community rejected them or the pursuit left him confused with unresolved issues. Toward the end of his life, he doubted any church was valid.

He demonstrated strong concerns for the welfare of the Indians and probably searched for an elusive call as an apostolic preacher for their conversion. But, during Indian hostilities, he led a company of soldiers against the Indians.

To his credit, he lived out his career as an independent thinker while living in some regimes which exercised constraints on both civil and religious freedom. Disregarding the personal consequences, he insisted on speaking freely and


candidly against the establishments.

Covenant with God

At the heart of his thinking was the idea that church and state should be fully separated. He denied God's covenant was with the British Crown or the Massachusetts magistrates headed by John Winthrop. The covenant, he believed, was between individuals and God, not with a national group like the people of Israel.

Unsuccessful in Massachusetts Bay, he

developed in Rhode Island substantial religious and personal freedoms which provided a model of some significance for late eighteenth century leaders for the guarantees imbedded in state and national bills of rights.

In another respect, perhaps more important to us, he used whatever freedom he achieved to be a life-long "pilgrim," questioning, reasoning, discarding old ideas as his logic impelled, moving to fresh ideas, ever seeking an elusive ideal religious philosophy. 

George V. Bohman, past NACCC moderator and executive committee chairman; temporary editor, The Michigan Congregationalist; member, First Church, Royal Oak.



Note: Despite volumes of his writings and a few biographies, the Morgan volume is as penetrating as any study yet. For the facts of his life, see the article in the Dictionary of American Biography. Much consideration of Williams and his ideas will also be found in Perry Miller, The New England Mind: The Seventeenth Century, Errand in the Wilderness, and Orthodoxy in Massachusetts. A useful general discussion is in V.L. Parrington, Main Currents of American Thought, I. Useful monographs appear in publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, and the Rhode Island Historical Society.

This year marks the 500th anniversary of the birth of the "colossal Erasmus of Rotterdam," and it is likely that he will be given special attention by more than one ecclesiastical organization, each hoping to claim him as its own. During his lifetime both sides in the Reformation vainly sought his favor and open support, and when he refused to come out unequivocally for either party, one denounced him as a heretic, the other as a coward. But after his death, when strong feelings had subsided, Erasmus once again was embraced by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. Erasmus, however, is not the kind of a man who may be claimed by any organization; he is the property of that order of men and women who are possessed of what may be called the Erasmian spirit, whose earmarks might, perhaps, be a little clearer after reading this essay of appreciation.

Before Martin Luther burst on the scene in the early Sixteenth Century, Erasmus was speaking out plainly about the shortcomings of the Church and the decline in true Christian living among both lay folk and the clergy.

His dream was a return to early Christianity as it was before councils had laid the minds of men in chains; a Christianity of practice, not of opinion, where the Church itself might consent to leave the intellect free to think as it pleased on the inscrutable mysteries; and where, as the Church would no longer insist on particular forms of belief, mankind would cease to hate and slaughter each other because they differed on points of metaphysics.

To Erasmus "religion meant purity and justice and mercy, with the keeping of moral commandments, and to him these Graces were not the privilege of any peculiar creed. So long as men believed in duty and responsibility to their Maker, he supposed that they might be left to think for themselves on theological

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mysteries . . ." But "the main thing to Erasmus was religion, not theological statement. By religion he meant Christian faith and practice; Christian piety and ethics; living in accordance with the precepts of the Gospels — that is, with what he was fond of calling the *philosophia Christi*."

Erasmus helped to produce a new birth in the life of Europe for "he had a kindling power, which set alight persons who were to become

Erasmus had the vision of an inward religion and he wanted to offer "a corrective for what he had come to see as the common error of all those who were turning religion into an empty ceremonialism . . ." He believed that "religion consists primarily not of outward signs and devotions but of the inward love of God and neighbor." He urged that the essential dogmas of Christianity be reduced to as "few as possible, leaving opinion free on the rest." If

THE 'FOLLY' OF ERASMUS

1466

1536

saints and transmitters of new life." Although himself neither mystic nor saint, his greatest influence was on the lives and writings of that remarkable group of XVI and XVII Century men called "Spiritual Reformers." These men scorned the emphasis on ritual and dogma to the exclusion of true religion. Wrote one of these reformers: "There is no salvation to be found which does not involve a change in heart, a new attitude of will, an awakened and purified inner self." This echoes Erasmus's "insistence that in the Christian experience something had to happen to a man's heart and mind." Another member of this group declared:

The true Church is not a separate mass of people, not a particular sect to be pointed out with the finger, not confined to one time or one place. It is rather a spiritual and invisible body of all members of Christ, born of God, of one mind, spirit and faith, but not gathered (i.e., organized) in any one external city. It is a Fellowship which only a spiritual eye would see. It is the assembly and communion of all truly God-fearing, good-hearted, new-born persons in the world, bound together by the Holy Spirit in the peace of God and the bonds of love . . . I belong to this Fellowship. I believe in the communion of saints. I am in this Church wherever I may be. I no longer look for Christ in "lo here's" or "lo there's."

we want truth, he said, "everyman ought to be free to say what he thinks without fear" and "wherever you encounter truth, look upon it as Christianity." If Protestantism may be defined as "a claim to liberty for the individual to reach his own conclusions about religion in his own way and express them freely without interference . . . Erasmus . . . was in this sense closer to Protestantism than those who are now assigned the mantle."

Erasmus's goal was, "to put it succinctly, to employ humanism in the service of religion, that is to apply the new scholarship to the study and understanding of Holy Scriptures and thereby to restore theology and revivify religious life." Scholarship, classical, scriptural and patristic, "was not to be an end in itself, but was to conduct men to a better life." Erasmus's primary concern, then, was "the reform of Christian life and practice in the Church," one way being to "reveal the sham and hypocrisy of human affairs and to recall men to that higher folly of which St. Paul speaks, the folly of the Christian." He does this "with the wit, irony and the guile of a mischievous jester" laughing at humbug and "his perfect clearness and ease of expression, his liveliness, wit, imagination, gusto and humour have lent a charm to all he wrote . . ." Though aware of "the limitations of human learning," he understands "it is knowledge, not ignorance, that will

reveal God's truth and God's way." The goal was to merge "the culture of classical times with the sound virtues of the Christian Church, as they had originally been preached unto the disciples of Christ himself." He wished to "bring clarity and frankness into the realm of thought." And he believed that the quality of what you know is more important than how much you know. It is "better to understand a simple verse of the psalms" and "by this means

By Robert M. Thornton

to deepen one's understanding of God and oneself, and to draw a moral and a line of conduct from it, than to read the whole Psalter without attention."

Erasmus believed his vocation to be the advancement of learning and of the Christian religion. He knew the world, but aside from nominal duties for a time as a member of the council of Prince Charles, the future emperor, he had no first hand experience or responsibility in statecraft. That he was a man of letters was both his virtue and his limitation. His office was that of the thinker and expositor and persuader whose opportunity of influencing men lies in his gifts of lucidity and eloquence; who seems to express so well a point of view, a set of presuppositions, an ideology, that his writings become identified with a certain way of thought and of education. He worked incessantly at his vocation, producing dozens of volumes, many of which were useful or popular or both, for generations. They included editions of the Fathers (Jerome, Cyprian, Hilary, Irenaeus, Ambrose, Augustine, Origen); editions and paraphrases of the New Testament; commentaries and homilies; moral, religious, and political essays... books on education; editions and translations of classical authors; a huge dictionary of proverbs, the *Adagia*.

And though Erasmus lived in an age of change and cataclysm "he remained extraordinarily true to the

vocation and the ideal he had set for himself in his early days."

But while Erasmus worked diligently for reform, he was not a revolutionist. "Old institutions cannot be rooted up in an instant and quiet argument may do more than wholesale condemnation." So that he would not offend people or shake the faith of the humble, he observed all the common religious usages that were not repugnant to the Holy Scriptures. But he complained when, for instance, relics were presented not "as innocent aids to religion, but as the substance of religion itself..."

He realized that waging the Christian battle required vigor of mind more than intensity of feeling, but he did not hold reason to be the sole guide to religious truth. Detesting fanaticism and bigotry, Erasmus, like reasonable and cultivated men of all ages, rejected the either/or of zealotry and passion and in his work there is "a pervasive awareness that truth must be sought in humility..." While so many men of his time were concerned with "proving to the world that their adversaries were wrong, or wicked, or heretical, Erasmus, ever sensitive to the human situation, was concerned with *winning* others to piety and to Christ." He was convinced that neither side in an argument "can completely express the truth" and he did not suffer the "delusion which makes a man feel he can at one blow destroy all that is bad upon this earth." His reserve was not merely a negative quality but resulted from an awareness of the finiteness of man.

While Erasmus did not pretend to be a brave man—he admitted that in a time of danger he would likely follow Peter—"we should fully realize what it means that time after time Erasmus, who, by nature, loved quiet and was fearful, and fond of comfort, cleanliness and good fare, undertakes troublesome and dangerous journeys, even voyages, which he detests, for the sake of his work and of that alone."

And it was for the sake of his work that he attempted to hold a neutral position during the conflict between Luther and the Roman Catholic Church; to speak for either party without qualifying his alignment "he would have to abandon his

own plan and strategy of Church reform through the improvement of minds and morals in influential men." But Erasmus, though to some extent a physical coward who would shrink from martyrdom, was intellectually brave enough to maintain his independence of mind despite all the threats and bribes that might have tempted another less resolute to sacrifice his integrity. Erasmus was "never false to intellectual truth no matter how much flattered" and "refused to barter his reputation for honors." As the years went by he "continued to refuse lucrative posts that would have extended his income at the cost of his freedom" and although we may find distasteful the solicitation of patronage he found necessary in order to support himself, it is difficult not to admire a man who "preferred to beg in freedom rather than decay in bonds." Of course, such a man as Erasmus "could never be a leader of men with their passions and their hard interests. His life-work lay elsewhere." He would not choose sides or let his name be used for any consideration so he had to forego the worldly praise that would have been his had he come out unequivocally for either Rome or Luther. Such is the "folly" of "a free and independent mind, which refuses to be bound by any dogma and declines to join any party (and, consequently) never finds a home upon this earth."

(Continued on page 10)



Robert M. Thornton

This independence and devotion to his life's work made it impossible for him often to enjoy his ideal pleasure of life: "a garden or a garden house outside the town, where in the gladness of a fine day a small number of friends meet to talk during a simple meal or a quiet walk, in Platonic serenity, about things of the mind." He prized very highly "cultural company, good food, moderate drinking, noble conversation." But devoted as he was to his work, we might say that he was aware of the folly of his scholarly labors

as judged either by the wisdom of the world or by a higher sort of wisdom which reveals to every man who has it that whatever he may do is in itself vain, and dispensable yet the soul which he throws into it and the life he builds through it are not necessarily so. Put into other terms, except God build the house, they labor in vain who build it. On the mundane level, also, we notice that the temper of Erasmus did not accord with that of Folly's despised scholar. A favorite word with him was *festivus*—festive, companionable. He refused to allow his scholarship to kill his humanity.

For Erasmus "the only valid goal of the Christian faith was one which reciprocal martyrdoms would not reach." Many of those willing to be burned for their cause were much more willing to burn others for it. But the things Erasmus strove for could not be reached by the route of martyrdom; still less by making martyrs. "If his life did not furnish another example of supreme self-sacrifice and heroism, still less did it have in it anything vulgar, or angry."

His eyelids, veiling his eyes demurely, do not keep him from keen vision, but only from direct glances; his mouth is curved in kindly irony, which is perhaps the ripest of all moods in which poor humanity can look at itself.

This is the face of a man with the power of seeing things as they are, without the cynicism of many keen students of the human situation.

As I compare his portrait with that of Sir Thomas More, I find that

More's face is the one on which I love to look for occasional inspiration, but Erasmus's face is the face of the man I should prefer to live with. More would die for his faith, and would have you punished for yours; Erasmus would be companionable and chatty and courteous and tolerant even to an infidel. What anecdotes the man could tell, what pictures he could call up, what wit he could scintillate! And, above all, how much one might have learned from him, both in matters of mere erudition and in the conduct of life!

Erasmus, then, practiced what has been called "a kind of 'low-tension' Christianity." Unfortunately, there are relatively few who can understand a person whose "faith may indeed be so real, so present, and so homely, that one jests with and about it, as if it were a friend or a brother." Erasmus

bids us hold our convictions with some lightness, and to add grace to life. Our best work will be done in a critical spirit, which turns upon ourselves and itself the same keen gaze and feasting irony with which it views the world. We like to think that some such spirit informs our universities. But it belongs also to this spirit not to talk about itself. Perhaps too much has been said already.

The Erasmian concept of reform was a scholar's conception which in his day and in ours is "set aside by ruder and more drastic methods" although it seems likely the slow way is in the long run the surest and that culture is the best agent of human progress. But though reform in the manner and temper of an Erasmus is usually cast aside "his word of moderation and kindness did not pass by unheard or unheeded on either side." And "the ground irrigated by his spirit bloomed with a freedom of thought not found elsewhere." The Erasmian, then, will never be successful in any worldly way but he can perform that ever necessary task of leavening society with the Spirit as one of the remnant.

Even that which in the concrete world can never be victorious remains in that other as a dynamic force, and unfulfilled ideals often

prove the most unconquerable. An idea which does not take on material shape is not necessarily a conquered idea or a false idea; it may represent a need which, though its gratification be postponed, is and remains a need. Nay, more: an ideal which, because it has failed to secure embodiment in action, is neither worn out nor compressed in any way, continues to work as a ferment in subsequent generations, urging them to the achievement of a higher morality. Those ideals only which have failed to put on concrete form are capable of everlasting resurrection.

Postscript

"Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason nor persuade a man into truth, never attempt to force a man into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all."

—John Wesley

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