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DAVID HUMMELL GREER

By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

I

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NEW YORK, LONDON, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS





Each One of Us

David N. Child

DAVID HUMMELL GREER

EIGHTH BISHOP OF NEW YORK

BY

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
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PREFACE

IN THE fall of 1919 the family of Bishop Greer asked me to undertake the writing of his Life. With grateful memory of his counsel and friendship, I gladly undertook the task. Because he himself was both modest and practical, the book has been made as brief as possible, that it might quickly reveal his personality.

To his children, first of all, the book is indebted. Their gracious help served me at every turn. By their own wish they are rarely mentioned in these pages; but the reader will easily imagine how constantly they were the thought and joy of both Bishop and Mrs. Greer.

Special thanks must be given to the Bishop's sister, Miss Elizabeth Yellott Greer. She put at my disposal memories of the early days, and was most kind in searching local records.

Then, in spite of her protest, there must be recorded the debt which the book owes to Miss Ada Barr, who was Bishop Greer's secretary for twenty-six years. With a tenacious memory, she recalled to me not only the years when she was associated with the Bishop in his work, but also the earlier years which were often

recalled by his correspondence and by his chance conversation, and she knew the people from whom help would be most valuable. Her good judgment and sense of proportion were of unfailing assistance as the book progressed.

A large number of Bishop Greer's friends and acquaintance gave me their remembrance of him. I am not sure that I can put down the names of all who spoke or wrote to me. In some instances, the names are recorded in the pages of the book, but very often the words or incidents have been woven into the story without any indication of the source from which they were received. Here then I wish to thank the Rt. Rev. Charles Sumner Burch, Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Rt. Rev. Edwin S. Lines, Rt. Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Rt. Rev. James H. Darlington, Rt. Rev. Julius W. Atwood, Rev. Leighton Parks, Rev. Theodore Sedgwick, Rev. Harry P. Nichols, Rev. H. Percy Silver, Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, Rev. William H. Owen, Jr., Rev. Selden P. Delany, Rev. John R. Atkinson, Very Rev. Howard C. Robbins, Very Rev. Henry B. Washburn, Rev. William Austin Smith, Rev. Paul Gordon Favour, Rev. Raymond C. Knox, Rev. Allen Jacobs, Rev. James E. Freeman, Very Rev. Edward S. Rousmaniere, Rev. William S. Chase, Rev. James P. Ware, Rev. Henry Mottet, Rev. Henry Bassett, Rev. Edward S. Drown, Rev. James Caird, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, Rev. Rufus M. Jones, Rev. Robert E. Jones, Rev. George F.

Nelson, Rev. E. E. Matthews, Rev. John F. Mitchell, Rev. A. B. Hunter, Rev. Frederic Wyndham White, Rev. Paul Micou, Rev. Arthur L. Byron-Curtiss, Rev. William Norman Guthrie, Rev. E. Floyd Jones, Rev. William T. Walsh, Rev. Joseph H. Gibbons, Mr. William E. Foster, Mrs. George Augustus Lung, Mrs. George W. Peterkin, Mr. Walter B. Woodbury, Miss Rapallo, Miss Diman, Miss Parkhurst, the Governess who taught the children in Grace Church Rectory, Providence, Mr. John W. Fiske, Miss Rachel McDowell, Mrs. J. A. Scrymser, and Mrs. Rousmaniere.

Bishop Burch, who had read the manuscript, gave a morning to me, telling me of his eight years of close fellowship with Bishop Greer, and adding many details which I have incorporated in the text. He revealed his own fine spirit, as he told of his friend and chief. It was the last time I saw him.

I have no doubt that, though I have tried to reach everyone who had news by which the book might be enriched, there are hidden away in the lives of a multitude stories of a good and noble life which those who remember feel to be too sacred to reveal. Once more, therefore, the reader must be asked to use his imagination and to read between the lines.

C. L. S.

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY,
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CHRONOLOGY

- 1844 Born at Wheeling, Virginia.
- 1859 Entered Morgantown Academy.
- 1860 Entered the Junior Class of Washington College.
- 1862 Graduated from Washington College.
- 1864 Entered the Theological School at Gambier,
Ohio.
- 1866 Ordered Deacon.
- 1866 Minister in Charge of Christ Church
Clarksburg, West Virginia.
- 1868 Ordained Priest.
- 1868 Rector of Trinity Church, Covington,
Kentucky.
- 1869 Married Caroline Augusta Keith.
- 1871-72 Abroad.
- 1872 Rector of Grace Church, Providence.
- 1888 Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.
- 1889 Bedell Lectures.
- 1895 Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University.
- 1897 Elected Bishop Coadjutor of Rhode Island.
- 1901 Elected First Bishop of Western Massachusetts.
- 1904 Bishop Coadjutor of New York.
- 1908 Bishop of New York.
- 1919 Died in New York.

I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

DAVID HUMMELL GREER

I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

I

DAVID HUMMELL GREER was born in Wheeling, Virginia,* on March 20, 1844. His father was Jacob Rickard Greer, whose paternal ancestor came to this country from Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century, and settled in Pennsylvania. The first of Jacob Greer's maternal ancestors to settle in America was one Reichert,† a Lutheran minister, who came to Pennsylvania in 1709; his son Jacob fought in the Battle of the Brandywine in 1777. Jacob Rickard Greer, who was born in Carlisle in 1815, on reaching manhood, thrust out towards the west, finding a home in Wheeling in 1835, and marrying in 1838 Elizabeth Yellott Armstrong.

Elizabeth Yellott Armstrong was the daughter of John Armstrong, the rector of St. Matthew's Church in Wheeling. John Armstrong was a native of England, and in England had been a preacher among the

* Now West Virginia.

† Later anglicized into Rickard.

Wesleyans. On coming to this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he was ordained both Deacon and Priest by Bishop White of Pennsylvania. He had charges in Pennsylvania and Maryland. While in Maryland, he married Ann Yellott, a member of an eminent Baltimore family. At length he and his bride came to Wheeling, where he founded St. Matthew's Parish and was its rector for six years. There was a rumor that the Reverend John Armstrong had extemporary prayers before and after his sermons, and there were also rumors that he was a liberal in doctrine. One of his parishes actually requested his resignation, but persuaded him to continue as rector for more than a year after his resignation had been accepted; and then allowed him to depart only with expressions about his "kind and fostering hand" and their own esteem and regret at losing "such a clergyman, Christian, and friend." Mr. Armstrong was full of zeal, and while rector of the parish at Wheeling did missionary work under Bishop Chase, on the Ohio side of the river, while still continuing his duties at St. Matthew's. He died in Wheeling seventeen years before David was born. His son William entered the Ministry, and ultimately succeeded his father as rector of the Wheeling parish, of which he was rector for twenty-two years, until the time of his death.

True to the traditions of her family (both her father and brother being clergymen), and true to her own deeply religious nature, Elizabeth Greer yearned

that her son, David, should be a minister of the Church. She was wont to say that she "prayed him into the Ministry." Jacob Greer, a wholesale merchant, practical, gentle, patient, successful, was the happy and substantial background of a home in which the wife and mother was the dominant influence. John was the first-born, but he died in his eighth year. Other children came after David: Ann Armstrong, Mary Thompson (who died in infancy), Jacob Rickard, and Elizabeth Yellott. David was named for his paternal grandfather, and for Judge Hummell, a friend of his mother's. He was baptized in infancy at St. Matthew's Church, by his uncle.

II

DAVID'S schooldays up to his fifteenth year were in Wheeling. Though Wheeling was within the territory of the Commonwealth of Virginia the character of its people was entirely different from that of the people east of the mountains. George Washington had surveyed certain lands within the area belonging to Lord Fairfax but the whole region long remained a wilderness. When settlers entered it, the mountains were so formidable a barrier that few came from the Old Dominion. Most of the people were the Scotch-Irish and the Germans (commonly called the "Pennsylvania Dutch") from Western Pennsylvania, and the descendants of the old New Englanders who had first made their homes in Ohio, and then, in search of larger spaces, not only pushed out to the westward but entered the hill country of Northwestern Virginia. The region became a separate State only during the 'Sixties, when Northwestern Virginia cast in its lot with the North. Though some of the soldiers from this section helped the Confederate cause most of the fighting men and a large majority of the people in general were warm adherents of the Union. David therefore, though born in what was then Virginia, was in all respects of Northern tradi-

tions. Moreover, Wheeling was in the narrow strip of land wedged in between Ohio and Pennsylvania, so that its ideals were the ideals of those two great Northern States rather than of the great State of Virginia.

In David's own immediate ancestry, but three generations removed, there were the strains of Celtic Ireland and of Anglo-Saxon England. The flash of humor in his eye, which one finds in his earliest pictures and which never left him to the end, his quick initiative, his eagerness for the fray, all came from his Celtic inheritance. His calmness, his judgment, his patience, were the natural fruits of his English birth-right. Five generations separated him from his German ancestor: certainly it is not fanciful to think that his insistent industry and thoroughness came in some measure from this strain.

He was wont to confess that as a small boy he was so little of a pacifist as to live from Monday morning to Friday afternoon in the joyful expectation of the fights in which he should indulge with other boys. It was a rule of his school that all quarrels should be postponed till Friday afternoon, after school hours, when all the scores of the week could be settled. He spoke of this in recent years in connection with the theory that there might be a war to end war. He said, from his own experience, he learned that the black eyes which he gave and received on Friday afternoons only made him anticipate more keenly the slaughter

that might follow on succeeding Fridays. Once a week he was required to write an essay upon a subject chosen by himself. He found little difficulty in writing, but much difficulty in choosing his theme. Finally, he hit upon a subject so generous in its dimensions that he felt he could use it indefinitely, — "The World and its Contents." Once he ran away to see a hanging. On that day he had a specific subject!

When he was fifteen, David went to the Morgantown Academy, a school of considerable fame which was later to develop into the West Virginia University. Morgantown was isolated from the world until after the war. It did not even have a telegraph office and the stage coach was the most rapid means of reaching it. The Reverend J. R. Moore was the Principal of the academy, and as long as he lived he was one of the strongest influences in David Greer's life. Before the founding of this academy by Mr. Moore there was no school in northwestern Virginia capable of fitting boys for college. Mr. Moore was so able and winning a schoolmaster that in David's time boys from all parts of the State of Virginia, as well as from other States, were coming to the school. Here David was to meet boys from Pittsburgh, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and even New Orleans. An old paper containing the "Programme of the Seventh Annual Contest between the Columbian and Monongalian Literary Societies of the Academy" for June 28, 1860, records that David Greer read an essay under the title, "Wave

Urges Wave." Other subjects of the evening included the "Durability of the Fruits of Mental Labor," the "Descent of Man," and "Robert Emmet's Last Speech." Mr. Moore hated sham and superficiality, and his sincerity and truth he communicated to his pupils. Moreover, he gave them so solid a preparation that when they left the academy they were ready to enter the Junior Class in the various colleges.

III

IN THE fall of 1860 David became a Junior in Washington College,* at Washington, Pennsylvania. Washington, as well as Morgantown, is in the foothills of the Alleghanies, a country of great natural beauty, filled with prosperous farms, whose houses were small, whose barns were huge, in whose towns there was a spirit of hospitality, a sense of family dignity, and a general air of stability and comfort. Washington itself was a town of three or four thousand people. In front of the old Fulton House new students were investigated by upper classmen, and it was easy to see who came from the country and who came from the city. The three questions asked every boy were, "Where are you from? What class are you going to enter? What academy did you attend?" David was one of the three boys in the fall of 1860 who astonished his fellows by entering the Junior Class. He was then only sixteen years old.

The town had in it a Southern element. When the rumor of war reached it a mass meeting was called in the old Court House to devise means to avert the conflict. All the collegians were there. Excited

* Now Washington and Jefferson College.

speeches were made, and war began that night within the Washington Court House, and the next morning the sun shone upon the Confederate Colors, which, during the night, a Southern sympathizer had attached to the Court House cupola. The crowds were so maddened at the sight that some of the men, in order to purify the town, were for burning the Court House; and from that moment there was never doubt about the loyalty of Washington to the Union cause. Boy after boy in the college who had been drilled by Captain Dawson went forth to the war, including one-third of David's class. He himself offered to enlist but was too young to be accepted.

David graduated third in his class, delivering at Commencement the philosophical oration. His chief college interest had been the literary society which he, as orator, represented in contests with other institutions. His classmates remembered him as diffident and shy. They spoke of him as "clean, reliable, earnest." They in some way received the impression from him that he intended to study law. His mother's wish that he should enter the Ministry was evidently too sacred to talk about. He therefore brought to light among his friends only other possibilities. When his classmates learned that he had decided to become a minister they were not surprised. He seemed to them solid and thorough rather than brilliant; but they remembered that his teachers gave unusual attention as he made his recitations.

When he came out into the larger life of the world, though he appreciated the training given him at Washington, he had doubts about the boasted value of a small college. He often wished that he might have had the privilege in undergraduate days of association with large bodies of young men and with teachers such as Longfellow, Agassiz, and Dana, who during his college years for example were inspiring youth at Harvard and Yale. Nevertheless, the Nation has received from men trained in the little colleges of the Middle West a certain freshness, originality, and independence which has not been excelled by men who seem to have had richer advantages. These youths, who had not perhaps for instructors men whom the world accounts great, were thrown more upon their own initiative. They made marvellous discoveries in college libraries and formed there a habit of reading which never forsook them. David from his boyhood was a diligent reader, attacking every library within his reach. More than he quite knew, one imagines, this habit was due to the quiet college town, free from the dependence upon masterful teachers, free of absorbing friendships in a bewildering company of fellow students from many places, free of the distractions which belong to the crowded life of a city. In spite of wistful glances towards the larger institutions, he himself often said, "In the big college, the boy goes through the college; in the little college, the college goes through the boy."

IV

DAVID was quite aware of his mother's dream for him, but with characteristic conscientiousness he would not venture upon preparation for the Ministry until he was entirely sure that it was his vocation. He was only eighteen years old when he graduated from college. There was no need of haste. He returned to Wheeling. He taught school; he read law; he kept books in his father's office. In the summer of 1864, when the rumor spread that the southern army was on its way to Pittsburgh and Wheeling, he ran away with a voluntary company to join the Union forces. They marched all night, only to learn at daybreak that the report was false. The weary members of the little band then threw themselves down wherever they could, to get some rest. David's bed was a cellar door, but he slept the sleep that patriots deserve. Every day his mother's dream was becoming his own conviction; and so at length he turned his face to the west, and in the theological school at Gambier, Ohio, he began his preparation for the Ministry. One of his contemporaries who was to become his admiring friend recalls that when he entered the town he wore his hair very long, curled up underneath and neatly oiled. This was the prevailing

style some months before, the critics remarked, but the style had passed; and David seemed to them to have come from the provinces into the metropolis. They elected him to the Phi Beta Kappa, but his principles would not permit him to enter a secret society. He was very narrow, very pious, but he was staunch and independent. It is interesting to note, in passing, that he at oncé bought a horse that he might have the exercise which he most loved. It is interesting also to note that this was all the exercise he desired. A rule of the seminary was that the students should take turns in bringing in the wood; a classmate recalls that when it was Greer's turn he would almost weep.

Gambier in those days, under the guidance of Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Bedell, was the quintessence of Evangelical fervor. Dr. Bancroft was the professor who most impressed the students: he was intense, emotional, introspective. David had come from an Evangelical home. Here he was to acquire Evangelical theology. There was no hint of the critical and difficult questions which were beginning to disturb theologians and their students in large centres, but there was a profound religious devotion; and the depth of Evangelical piety which always underlay David Greer's thinking and living received in Gambier its articulation and its strength. One or two students reacted from what they thought the complacent theology; believed themselves radicals; and sought other schools; but David seems not to have known them.

We may easily imagine the subjects which engaged the theological students of Gambier when they met in one another's rooms and when they took their walks. The Oxford Movement had excited England for many years, but Gambier, under Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Bedell, was a stronghold of Evangelical tradition, and what the students knew of the Movement was largely through magazines and books, which they read in the library. The excitement was spreading in America. *The Church Journal*, which was sympathetic with the Tractarians of Oxford, was anathema to the Ohio bishops: one wrote a book called *Oxford Theology*, the other edited a diocesan paper, both for the purpose of nullifying the Oxford influence. Thus the Gambier students heard echoes of the controversy, and doubtless they talked of Newman and Pusey and all the rest.

Theological war dimmed before the War which was agonizing the North and the South of our own Country. Bishop McIlvaine was selected by the Government to go with Henry Ward Beecher to make clear the cause of the North to the people of England. Beecher spoke to the plain people; McIlvaine, to the aristocracy. Both were doing valiant service for the Union. Meantime, while other Communion of Christians were splitting over the question of Slavery, the Episcopal Church held together. Though the Southern dioceses organized into a Church in the Confederate States, the General Convention, which met in St. John's Chapel, New

York, never recognized that the South was separated. Every day the roll of all the dioceses was called. It was tacitly assumed that the Southern delegates could not come: that was all. The General Convention, however, declared its entire loyalty to the Union cause. Of all this the students must have talked.

Then came the General Convention after the War, in Philadelphia, in 1865. The roll call began with Alabama. Two Southern bishops, Atkinson of North Carolina and Lay of Arkansas, were present at the opening service. The kindness shown them told them that they were welcome. The bishop consecrated during the War was received without question concerning the regularity of his consecration. Bishop Polk, against his will, had become a general; but since he was dead, this unusual transformation was not referred to, and all honored his brave and generous spirit. The only difficulty arose when the Convention sought words to express gratitude to God for the ending of the War; but even here, words were found which all could endorse, and the Church was reunited. Grave problems confronted the Church as well as the Nation. These problems the students at Gambier certainly discussed.

With the assistance of a Kenyon student, James Caird, David Greer conducted a Sunday-school in a sawmill. The children sat on unplanned boards which rested on blocks. There was no organ, and Mr. Greer was the choir as well as the teacher. The scholars were few, but Dr. Caird recalls that it was "a great school."

One lifelong friendship began in the Gambier days with a fellow student, Arthur Lawrence, who had come from Harvard, and who brought to David a knowledge of the training and reserve of New England. But the main influence was the evangelical mysticism which sought expression in words of emotional religion.

He had long been ready for Confirmation, but his mother had wished that her old friend, Bishop Johns of Virginia, might lay his hands upon her boy.* The

* Two letters show the reason why there had not been an Episcopal Visitation at Wheeling, and therefore why David Greer's Confirmation was postponed. It was natural that his mother should wish him to be confirmed in the church of which both her father and her brother had been rector. The letter to Bishop Johns was sent to him by flag of truce:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1864

RT. REV. JOHN JOHNS, D.D.
My dear Bishop:

It is *very* important to the interest of St. Matthew's Parish (Wheeling) that we should have an Episcopal visitation, and inasmuch as you, our own beloved Bishop, are kept from us, and may be kept from us for years by the war, we are constrained to beg that you will give your consent to our inviting a bishop to officiate in your stead. Will you not give us a discretionary power as to the selection of a bishop? We shall conform as nearly as practicable to your known wishes on the subject.

Affectionately your humble servant,
THOMAS G. ADDISON

ANSWER

RICHMOND, Feb. 13, 1864

Rev. and Dear Brother:

Your letter, by flag of truce, has just reached me, and I hasten to assure you that I fully reciprocate the kindness which it ex-

months of the war rolled on, and there seemed no chance that the old Bishop could come into Union territory; and so it came about that on Christmas-day, 1864, when David was home from Gambier on his holiday, Bishop Bedell of Ohio visited St. Matthew's Church in Wheeling, and on the spot where his mother and father had been married twenty-six years before, he was confirmed. He was admitted as a candidate for the Ministry in the Diocese of Ohio, on May 28, 1864, seven months before his Confirmation: such

presses, and that I retain an unabated interest for the good people of your charge. It is truly gratifying to know that the unhappy disturbances of the times have left unimpaired our higher relations and the Christian feeling which they involve. It is now nearly three years since I visited Wheeling. It may be long before the country is sufficiently settled to enable me to officiate there again. Whilst I trust I shall ever be unwilling to obtrude myself where I have no right to appear, or where my services are not desired, I am ready to discharge my duty as far as possible to the whole diocese. If therefore those who have the power with you, will, on my parole of honor, furnish me a safe conduct, you will soon receive such official services as you may require. I say this on the presumption that those in authority here will not object to the arrangement, and with the distinct understanding that whilst its conditions will be sacredly observed by me they are not to conflict with my obligations to the government under which I live. I make this overture in good faith, and leave the result to His disposal, who orders all things well. If it is regarded favorably, you will of course apprise me. If otherwise, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is from no remissness on my part that a portion of my cure is deprived of Episcopal services.

Yours truly,

J. JOHNS, *etc.*

REV. THOS. G. ADDISON.

havoc did the War work in the Virginias with the Canons of the Church.

On June 27, 1866, Bishop Bedell ordained him Deacon, in Ross Chapel, at Gambier. He was only twenty-two years old, but he was ready and eager for his work.

II

EARLY MINISTRY

II EARLY MINISTRY

I

UPON HIS ordination the young Deacon was transferred to the Diocese of Virginia, and placed in charge of Christ Church, Clarksburg, in Harrison County, Virginia.* Here he remained for two years. There were less than forty communicants, but there were one hundred and thirty children in the Sunday-school. During the war the parish had been neglected and the church building had been abused. With almost no assistance from people outside the little parish, the people themselves repaired and refitted the church. The young rector recorded with some pride that this was done without resorting to any other means than voluntary subscription. (He was girding at church fairs and oyster suppers.) One imagines his riding on his horse over the hills, his preaching with fervor the sermons which he had written in Gambier, his affectionate interest in the scattered people, his pride in their accomplishment. A friend remembers that as he picked up the threads

* Afterwards West Virginia.

of his tangled parish, he wished to be so far identified with his people as not to wear a surplice or a black gown in the service; but he yielded to the persuasion of his bishop.

Since the Canon does not allow a candidate to be ordained to the Priesthood until he has completed his twenty-fourth year, he spent two years in the Diaconate. He was ordained to the Priesthood by Bishop Whittle, at the Seminary Chapel in Alexandria, Virginia, on May 19, 1868.

II

IN THE year of his ordination to the Priesthood Mr. Greer was called to Trinity Church, Covington, Kentucky, and began his rectorship on Sunday, October 18. Covington is almost a part of Cincinnati, being separated from it only by the Ohio River. It therefore offered a young man of twenty-four an exceptional opportunity. He had "special services" for young men, which were notably successful, and his preaching was already making him known. In the three years of his Covington work, three candidates for Orders were received, a city missionary was employed, two missions were organized, and Trinity Church itself was enlarged. There were 283 communicants. A substantial indication of the response with which his ministry met in Covington is the record in the Vestry minutes that at the expiration of the first six months his salary was increased from \$2,000 to \$2,500, and the next year was increased to \$3,000. His acknowledgment of this appreciation is characteristic:

Your communication containing the notice of the Vestry's action in regard to the increase of my salary and leave of absence for five Sundays, is just received. Please signify to the Vestry my

grateful appreciation of their generous treatment which is worth far more to my feelings than the pecuniary increase to my necessities.

With the strange assurance of youth he had announced that he would never marry, but one day, early in 1869, he wrote to his mother: "You will be surprised to hear that I have been guilty of petty larceny! I have stolen the heart of a young lady, Carrie Keith." On June 29, 1869, he married Miss Caroline Augusta Keith, the daughter of Quincy Adams and Priscilla Dean Hathaway Keith of Covington. All who know anything of his later life will readily agree that this was a marriage made in heaven; for certainly throughout his Ministry no clergyman ever had a helpmeet who more devotedly and skilfully enriched her husband's work. The joy she brought to him was reflected through him to all the lives which he touched.

III

IN THOSE days the Reverend Dr. Heman Dyer of New York was the "Archbishop" who carried all Evangelical clergymen in his heart. He was constantly receiving vestries who desired a rector of his selection. While Mr. Greer was in Covington Dr. Dyer's eye discovered him, and he dropped the young rector a hint that a committee from an important vestry would soon be sitting in the pews of Trinity Church. He only wished to make sure that Mr. Greer was to be at home, so that the visiting committee would not make the journey in vain. The rector refused to commit himself:

Whether or not [he said] I shall do my own preaching during that time is like all other doubtful things of the future, quite uncertain. You can tell the committee, however, they may feel sure, should they happen to be here over Sunday, that somebody will preach and that their spiritual wants will be provided for during their sojourn.

While he seemed to those who stood about him to be altogether successful, he himself was entering an inner conflict which forced him to resign his charge. He had begun to read Darwin and other ex-

ponents of the new science. The old Evangelical convictions seemed brittle under the weight of the new knowledge. He felt that his foundations were crackling. His faith had formerly rested secure upon a Living Christ. He tried to make the truth upon which he had depended for twenty-six years dovetail with what was true in the new scientific revelation, but he did not at once see how the process could be worked out. Until he had gathered himself together he felt that he could not honestly continue to preach. He was fortunately able to withdraw from his work. He could command leisure. Therefore he determined that he and Mrs. Greer should spend a year abroad.

Of this inner conflict he naturally said nothing to the parish. His letter of resignation to the vestry, and their reply thereto reveal so much of this early ministry that this correspondence must be given in full:

COVINGTON, KY., *May 26, 1871*

TO THE VESTRY OF
TRINITY CHURCH,
COVINGTON.

Gentlemen:

I hereby offer my resignation of the rectorship of Trinity Church, Covington, to take effect upon June 3. I indicate that precise date so that I may be eligible to a seat in the Diocesan Convention which assembles in Louisville on May 31. The motive which prompts me to break my connection



TRINITY CHURCH, COVINGTON

with this parish is a desire to make a transatlantic voyage and visit the land of Palestine. My first impulse was to ask for a leave of absence, but upon further consideration I concluded that the wisest course was to sever the relations entirely and thus relieve myself of all responsibility in regard to the parish during my absence, and at the same time be unrestricted as to the date of my return. This course also leaves the parish free to procure a suitable successor if such an opportunity should offer in the meantime.

I trust that it will not be considered the usual hackneyed formality when I say that I leave the parish with a heavy heart. While I anticipate great pleasure and profit from my journey abroad I cannot but feel very sad at the thought of leaving the many and dear friends whom I have gathered about me here, who have sat under my ministry and overlooked its glaring defects, who have coöperated with me in parochial labors and borne so patiently with my inexperience, who have received me into their personal and social confidence with a warmth of affection unexpected and unmerited, who have steadfastly stood by me at all times and earnestly upheld me in every good work. All this has touched my heart and won it and only makes it the greater trial to leave you.

Assuring you therefore that the memory of my sojourn here will be altogether and always pleas-

ant, and praying that God's blessing may rest without measure upon Trinity Church, I remain,

Very affectionately your friend and pastor,

D. H. GREER

TRINITY CHURCH,
COVINGTON, KY.

May, 1871

THE REV. D. H. GREER

Reverend and Dear Brother:

The Vestry have before them your letter of resignation of the 26th inst., and were the feelings of the members allowed to determine their action an unanimous dissent would be entered against the severance of your relations as rector of the parish; but as the grounds upon which you base your action appear so substantial and the advantage to you so promising, their judgment forces them to yield acquiescence.

The Vestry, speaking individually as well as a Board, feel well assured that they express the sentiments of the congregation when they confess the sincere regret entertained at the termination of your personal ministration amongst us. We say *personal* because we look for the fruit of the Gospel sown by you for years to come, and while you are engaged in other fields we shall be reaping the fruit of your labors in Trinity Church.

You referred to your inexperience — having of course allusion to your few years in the responsibility of parochial duties. We may be allowed now to express ourselves freely and to acknowledge the wonder of all that one so young should manifest all the maturity of age in judgment and discretion, should minister so prudently and wisely in discipline and exhibit such capability of guiding even the elders, which indispensable qualities in the success of the Pastor have only been equalled by that gentleness and kindness of spirit which sympathized with the afflicted, and that unwearied zeal for the cause of our Master in the salvation of souls and the promotion of the glory of His Kingdom. The hearts of our people are with you; their prayers will follow you; and wherever you go, their warmest heartfelt wishes for your welfare will attend you, and while you live they will be continued.

That your journey may contribute to your enjoyment and advantage all that your bright hopes can anticipate; that you and yours may be preserved from all harm, and that you may return to your native land with renewed vigor, increased knowledge, and a continued love for precious souls, is the ardent prayer of all Trinity Parish.

By order of the Vestry.

PETER BEALE

Sec'y

IV

THE question naturally arises whether David Greer was disturbed by the ecclesiastical conflict which was raging in his own Communion during the later 'Sixties and the early 'Seventies. The Oxford Movement, which began in doctrine, passed over to ceremonial. The Civil War was so wholly engrossing that the inevitable debate over ritual was postponed. In October, 1866 — the War being over only a little more than a year — the House of Bishops met in New York for special business. Ritualism was discussed with energy and at length; and a "declaration" was set forth forbidding such innovations as incense, lights, etc. When the General Convention met in 1868, a Committee was appointed to report at the Convention of 1871 what degree of uniformity was practicable and expedient.

While the Baltimore Convention of 1871 was striving to decide what ceremonial was lawful, Dr. deKoven of Wisconsin insisted that doctrine, and not mere ceremonial, was involved, and that if the ceremonial was forbidden, he and his sympathizers must be tried for heresy. He then threw down the gauntlet by announcing his belief in very advanced Sacramental

doctrine. Instantly, the Convention saw that the comprehensiveness of the Church was at stake. If diversities of emphasis and of belief were to be permitted, Dr. deKoven could not be cast out. A resolution was passed, but it was so colorless that everyone knew that the real issue was evaded, and good men were free to follow their consciences.

The Church as a whole was not consoled, and party spirit raged. Men wished liberty for themselves, but were unwilling to grant it to men of a different temperament. *The Church Journal* exchanged epithets with *The Protestant Churchman* and *The Standard of the Cross*. Both the Low Churchmen and the Ritualists were not obeying all the rubrics. In 1868, the Reverend Charles E. Cheney of Chicago was brought to trial by his Bishop for habitually omitting the word "regenerate" in the service of Baptism. Dr. Cheney and his friends argued that infants could not be consciously converted. In 1871, forty-eight bishops signed a declaration which was intended to comfort Dr. Cheney and others by affirming that the word "regenerate" does not mean "a moral change wrought in the subject of Baptism." In normal times this oil would have stilled the churning waters. But an overzealous bishop in Chicago had already deposed Dr. Cheney, after a trial which was so obviously unjust that the secular courts set its verdict aside, so far as his rectorship was concerned. The cry went up that the offending Ritualist was free, while the offending

Evangelical was held in bondage. Words grew fiercer and fears increased.

As early as 1868 a conference of Low Churchmen met in Chicago to discuss the propriety of founding a Reformed Episcopal Church. The wise Chairman, Felix R. Brunot, held back the most violent pleaders for a new Communion. Then someone said, "We don't contemplate secession; we contemplate being driven out."

After the Convention of 1871, most men felt that the Church was rightly comprehensive, but a few had so far committed themselves that they awaited only a leader to guide them into a new venture. The division of forces was not made until Mr. Greer had ceased to be a member of the Diocese of Kentucky, but it was the Assistant Bishop of Kentucky who was ultimately prevailed upon to be the leader. On December 2, 1873, Bishop Cummins met with eight clergymen and twenty laymen, in New York, and organized "The Reformed Episcopal Church." Many had been called to the meeting, but only these few responded to the invitation.

David Greer was living through these turbulent ecclesiastical discussions. Chicago was not far away; and Bishop Cummins was an officer in his own diocese. Apparently, Mr. Greer was unmoved. There is no record that he was thinking of the details which agitated men all about him. He was as simple in his tastes, so far as ceremonial was concerned, as Dr.

Cheney or Bishop Cummins, but he saw no tragedy in diversity. The intensity of his parochial activity partly explains why he held aloof. He was also young, and perhaps thought that older men could be responsible for the battle if they deemed a battle necessary. War was never one of his proclivities. But above all, he had deeper concerns than ecclesiastical order: he was fighting within himself for the foundations of his religion. The revelations of modern science were almost too much for him. He must find a way to justify his faith in God's revelation through Christ, with his ears open to all the knowledge of the present world.

V

ON THE last Sunday in May, 1871, Mr. Greer preached his final sermon as rector of Trinity Church, Covington. On June 16, on the eve of sailing for England, he went to the Academy of Design in New York to see the pictures. The picture which drew his attention was of a sailor climbing the topmast in the midst of an angry storm. The sailor's eyes were glowing with determination and the pale face was heroic and dangerous in its resolution. Mr. Greer was evidently thinking of his own experience. On the voyage he wrote of the boundlessness of the sea; it made him feel that eternity is literally endless. He was frankly bored by the voyage. Among the passengers was Bishop McIlvaine, who gave him some amusement, because, while this was the Bishop's seventeenth trip across the ocean, he forgot all dignity and was publicly miserable. To a limited degree he himself had reasons for sympathy.

The journey was largely the conventional tour. He began with Ireland, then crossed over to England, where most of the time was spent in London; then crossed to Ostend, and went leisurely through Belgium and Holland, the Rhine country, Switzerland, Munich, Dresden, certain Italian cities, and Paris. He

kept a journal. A good deal of it is made up of details which he learned from books or from guides. Occasionally he jots down his reflections. But the deeper things of life are scarcely even alluded to. Knowing the problem which was upon his mind one learns a good deal by inference.

In southern Ireland he was impressed by the contrasts of the wealth of the landowners on the one hand and the extreme poverty of the peasants on the other. "Irish slavery," he wrote, "is just as absolute as Negro slavery was. How far the Roman Catholic Church is responsible and how far English legislation, is a question to be thought out." He noted that there was no middle class farmer, a type of happy man with whom he was familiar at home. He and Mrs. Greer spent one day in a jaunting car with Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, little dreaming that later they would be his parishioners and coöperate with him in alleviating poverty in a city where the contrasts were quite as great as in the country through which they were driving.

With the ardor of youth he saw practically every historic spot in London. He chanced to be in St. Paul's Cathedral during the funeral of the widow of Dean Milman: he heard Dean Mansell read part of the service, and he recognized Liddon's handsome face. At Westminster he heard Dean Stanley preach. In the House of Commons he heard Gladstone and Disraeli quarrelling. Others joined in the rather loose debates. Mr. Greer was not moved, because, he said,

they stuttered, stammered, hesitated. At Windsor he thought what it must be, as he stood at the window of one of the state apartments, to live constantly in the presence of so radiant a view; otherwise, what interested him most in the palace and its surroundings was the horse on which the Queen rode, and the ponies provided for the princes and princesses.

At Cologne he was shown the treasures, and straightway went to his inn to write, "The value of all this gold and silver and costly stones must be incalculable, enough to evangelise almost the whole world and build a chapel in every town." In Geneva he marvelled over the color of the lake and recalled all the famous men who had lived in the little city. He looked with interest upon Calvin's pulpit and chair in the Cathedral. "As a young American," he said, "and to a certain extent an admirer of John Calvin, I had to sit down in the chair." In every city where there was a great organ he sought opportunities to hear it played by a master: he records the religious emotion which the music aroused in him. At Interlaken he divided his admiration between the vision of the Jungfrau and the plodding faithfulness of the goatherds. Why anyone should ever touch goat's milk, however, was beyond his imagination. He went over the St. Bernard Pass, and when he and his companions seemed to be not far from the hospice a great storm came. The expert guide was undaunted, but it seemed to those who followed him that the way was lost and that they must

perish in the snow. When, several hours late, they reached the monks and their hospitality, gratitude made him wish to know all the details of their living. He arose early to be at prayers with them. He could hardly hear their voices, and learned that the altitude killed most of them within a decade. "These brave and self-sacrificing Christian men," he wrote, "literally leave all to follow Christ, with hardship of the severest rigor filling up the present and the prospect of a speedy death darkening the future. I must confess that I never felt nearer to my ideal of the Christian life than during this visit to St. Bernard's Hospice."

There is a significant growth in simplicity in this journal. In the earlier parts some of the descriptions border upon fine writing. For instance, he would rarely say that a man had died but that he "had expired" or that a certain event had been "followed by a fatal termination." Towards the end, the circumlocution disappears and there is a directness which characterized his later life. It is probably the transition which is made at some time in the young manhood of everyone who really grows, and it suggests much more than appears upon the surface. Evidently, though there is no direct record, he was finding a way to make the facts of his inner experience tally with the facts which men were recording who told the story of the outward world.

One who knew him in his earliest ministry says that

he was obsessed with alliteration, and that he had heard him say in a sermon, "Persistent prayer prevails with Providence." This particular sentence is probably apocryphal; but one who chances to read the diary of 1871 can well fancy that it has a foundation in truth.

When he reached Naples in the spring of 1872 he was quite sure that the Ministry, which in a dark moment seemed to be eluding his grasp, was permanently his. Therefore, on March 10, he wrote to Dr. Dyer that he was ready for a parish:

Since writing you, I have dropped down from Berlin to Naples, from north Germany to south Italy. From this point I expect to meander through Paris and London and Liverpool to New York. What I shall do or where I shall go from there is uncertain. Do you know of any idle parish that wants a man like me? If so, let it now speak, etc. Do you know of any Vestry that might be inveigled into giving me a call? If so, let them call.

My expectation is to be home sometime in June — I don't mean June, I mean May — and if you could persuade some church to go it blind and give me an invitation before I get back, I should much prefer that way of doing it, for I abominate this thing of preaching a "trial" sermon; it is a trial sermon indeed, an excruciating one.

If, however, it must be done, why then I suppose it must, and you may tell any parish that is interested in knowing it that I shall put myself up to be criticised some time next May, in some pulpit that may be hereafter determined upon.

In Paris he received word from Dr. Dyer that St. Paul's, Boston, was vacant. On May 4, he wrote from London:

I don't know what kind of a proposition that is that I'm to look for from St. Paul's, Boston, but if it's an invitation to take temporary charge of the parish, why then I'll have to excuse myself in the best English I can muster. I don't want to exhibit any ha'penny independence, but, my dear Doctor, indeed, indeed, I never could put myself in any such position. I am not ambitious after a big church, though I would not shrink from the responsibility of one if it were offered me without any such restrictions as those supposed. I am willing to work anywhere, no matter how obscure nor how conspicuous the position, but I must be free and unembarrassed. My ambition is to give distinction to my station by honest and earnest work and not for the station to give distinction to me, so that I care very little where I am settled, except, as I said above, I must be free from unreasonable restrictions.

I expect to sail from Liverpool next Saturday, May 11, in the good Steamer *Russia*, and if wind and weather favor the voyage, will be in New York about Tuesday, May 21. If it is convenient and advisable you may dispose of me for the following Sunday, May 26. I am very grateful to you for all your efforts on my behalf, and remain,

Yours distinguishedly,

D. H. GREER

P. S.

Don't you lose this letter before you read it!

Arthur Lawrence, who knew many of the people in St. Paul's, was doing his best to persuade the Vestry that Mr. Greer was just the man they should have as rector. He told his young cousin, William Lawrence, who had recently graduated from Harvard College, that he must be sure to go to St. Paul's on May 26 to hear his friend preach. Bishop Lawrence, in his sermon in memory of Bishop Greer, told his impressions of the preacher:

My memory runs back to the spring of 1872, over forty-seven years ago, when I first saw Greer and heard him preach. . . . My cousin believed in him as a man of high promise and asked me to go and hear him. I can see him now in the pulpit but hardly recognizable. The fashion of that day, among some of the evangelicals, was the wearing

of a full chin beard. Dr. Bancroft wore such a beard; so did Dr. Nicholson, the former rector of St. Paul's; and so did the young Kentucky preacher, Mr. Greer. He did not receive the call to St. Paul's, and he always protested to me that he had the piety which Boston needed, but lacked the culture which Bostonians demanded.

Doubtless the sermon he preached in St. Paul's was one of the old sermons which he had preached in Covington. He was prepared to preach a new kind of sermon but he could not instantly readjust himself to the task. Though the vestry of St. Paul's did not discern their opportunity there chanced to be in the congregation a vestryman from Grace Church, Providence, who immediately wrote to his colleagues on the vestry:

There is a young clergyman here named David Greer. He looks like a son but talks like a father. I think we ought to get him quickly.

Upon further investigation, the vestry of Grace Church, Providence, felt that he was the one man to be their rector, and so on Sunday, September 15, 1872, he preached his first sermon in Providence, beginning a rectorship which was to be known throughout the country.

III

PROVIDENCE

III
PROVIDENCE

I

FOR SIXTEEN years Mr. Greer was identified with Providence. His ability as a preacher was quickly discovered; and then, as his personal friendships grew, his influence upon individuals brought the effect of his preaching to its full power.

To one going through New England, glancing casually at its cities and towns, there would come the impression that the cities in the eastern part were small copies of Boston; while in western Connecticut one would expect to find copies of New York. However true this may be of cities like Worcester, Springfield, and New Haven, it never was true of Providence. Great fortunes had been made in Rhode Island; and Providence was rich, luxurious, self-centred. In the blood of the city was the hostility to Boston which came down through the generations from the day when Roger Williams was driven out to find a home in the wilderness. For this reason, possibly, Providence scorned to imitate the culture of Boston, and was complacently happy in its provincial mind. Nor had it

envy for the wealth of New York, for had not Providence itself great wealth? Because Rhode Island is small, it offered serious temptations to the unscrupulous politician: there have been times when the civic conditions have been a national scandal; there were pocket boroughs which were known to be owned by one man. But, whatever might be seething underneath, on the surface Providence for many years represented not only prosperity but gentleness and dignity.

When Mr. Greer became rector of Grace Church in 1872 he found a parish made up largely of prosperous people. The older families of Providence were almost wholly in St. John's Parish, which was the mother church of the city. With the growth of the city St. John's became somewhat isolated, and, though it still held its preëminence, it gave many parishioners, especially among the young, to Grace Church (which was the popular church) and to St. Stephen's (which was the church having the most elaborate service). During the sixteen years of Mr. Greer's life in Providence he came to have so much quiet leadership, especially among the clergy, that in his parish year book he printed on the last page the names of all the clergy of Providence, with their addresses. There was therefore no feeling of competition, only of coöperation.

One of his children, William Armstrong, was born in Covington. His other children, Arthur Lawrence, Jean Keith, and Mary Constance, were all born in

Providence. These children, with Mrs. Greer, made the happy environment of his work. The study in the rectory* was a sunny room on the ground floor at the back of the house. It was an unwritten law that no child should enter this room unless invited; and the children considerably tiptoed past the door. There, every morning, the family came together for prayers; and since, ordinarily, there was no service in Grace Church on Sunday night, but a service in the afternoon, the children spent Sunday evenings with their father and mother in this same study. His children can never remember that he was ever cross with them. When Mrs. Greer would say, "Don't bother Papa; don't interrupt him when he is reading," he would answer, "Oh, let the children ask questions; that is the way they will learn." One cold winter morning, he delighted his children by inviting the peanut man at the corner to go to the rectory for a cup of coffee, while he himself kept the stand. The business was brisk.

He was fond of taking a short walk before breakfast and also after supper, and he usually took one of the little girls with him. While he played with his children he was also teaching them. He was not so interested in imparting facts as he was in showing the reasons and explanations. "Why?" was the question he most liked to answer. He taught the children to

* This house (occupied from 1872 to 1887) was at 8 Greene Street. In 1887 he removed to 10 Brown Street.

play chess, and he and Mrs. Greer would often sit down with the boys to play whist.

The loving interest which Mr. Greer gave to his own children was extended to children with whom he came in contact. The Thomas family lived in a house on another street, but the fence of the rectory garden was also the boundary of the Thomases' garden. The Thomases were then Congregationalists, but the boys had many conversations over the fence with the rector of Grace Church. They cannot remember that he ever said anything about religion, but they liked him and he became to them a hero. All of them found their way into the Episcopal Church, and two of them entered its Ministry. In a summer holiday the Greers occupied a rambling farmhouse in Wickford. There was one room in this house, however, which was occupied by a boy named Arthur Rogers, a member of St. Stephen's Parish in Providence. He was just completing his college course, expecting to study law. Here again there was no talk about religion, but there was a delightful personality shining out from the face which won the heart of the boy, and it seemed to him afterwards, when he tried to determine why he went into the Ministry, that it was Mr. Greer's example which turned his thoughts in that direction. He would like to be such a man as he.

Mr. Greer appealed even more to the children and youth of whom he was directly the pastor. A lady, whose father was a vestryman of Grace Church, and

who therefore grew up under Dr. Greer's rectorship, has written:

As children we loved him, and it was a great event when he and Mrs. Greer made their usual call in the autumn, coming with horse and phaeton, to see my mother. We always ran in and stood by, admiringly listening to the anecdotes of their own family life. When the Greer family were going abroad one summer we all felt as anxious for their safe voyage as if they were our own family. The Sunday before they sailed I went with my mother and sister to the afternoon service, and we stayed afterwards to say Good-bye. I well remember my mother's emotion and our own childish grief at parting, a reflection no doubt of our mother's apprehension, but all because of our real affection for our dear Mr. Greer.

During my school days I used often to turn to him in doubt, and for real help when I had a formidable essay to write. It never occurred to me but that he had plenty of time to spare for my simple affairs. He was always generous of his time, and I came away feeling that he was glad to help me. One Sunday morning I was struck with the phrase in Isaiah in the morning Lesson, "Multitudes, in the valley of decision." I asked Mr. Greer's opinion, whether this phrase would make a good subject for a composition. He gave me the whole of a May afternoon, and the result was

an essay with the title, *The Valley of Vision*. This talk cleared my mind in many ways, in addition to helping me with my immediate task.

There were other young people who knew him only as they saw him from the pews of Grace Church as he stood in the pulpit. Testimony comes abundantly that these young listeners were helped by his sermons, not only on Sundays but, in Lent, also, during the weekdays. From the year 1880 until he left Providence, in 1888, Grace Church was crowded with college men and young women, who felt that Mr. Greer understood by his own experience what they were thinking. They trusted him as a guide to the deeper knowledge. He preached always on Mondays and Tuesdays in Lent, at five o'clock, and long before the hour young men and women as well as older people filled the pews.

After he had been in Providence a little time his preaching so increased the numbers of the parish that the Vestry offered him an assistant. He declined this form of help, and asked that the money which would have been paid for an assistant be used for a horse and phaeton that he might the more quickly go in and out among the people. One element which made his preaching vital was this desire to be with people and to help them one by one. In addition to the help which he gave to them was the help which he received from them. He always had the attitude, when talking with

another, of one who was learning. He was asking questions. He was discovering the ways in which people lived. He was thinking their thoughts after them. He was trying to understand their goodness. His request therefore for a horse was part of the preparation for his sermons.

As time goes on people forget the inconveniences and disagreeable incidents of the past. It is well that these incidents should be forgotten; but, that younger men who read this book may know that one who seemed so invariably fortunate as Mr. Greer, had also, even as they, the petty difficulties of the Ministry, one or two incidents may be recalled. There was an obstinate sexton who had long been in the employ of the parish, but who with the years had grown careless. The young rector, jealous for the dignity and order which should pertain to everything connected with worship, felt that something must be done. One Sunday morning he noticed, during the Psalter, that a ladder had been left in the sanctuary. He read the First Lesson; the *Te Deum* was sung by the choir; and then, instead of going to the lectern to read the Second Lesson, he went slowly into the sanctuary (the congregation holding their breath), picked up the ladder, and solemnly carried it out amid an awful silence. When he returned, the congregation was smiling, because they had discovered a similar ladder on the other side of the sanctuary. Mr. Greer either did not see it or believed that the warning to the sexton was

sufficiently obvious, and went immediately to the lecturer to continue the service.

With the new people who came into the Church, many of them unfamiliar with the Christian Year, there was a good deal of necessary training in Church customs. According to tradition, a vestryman who was detained on a journey telegraphed to the rector that he could not return by Easter-day and therefore would the rector please have the Easter Services postponed one week, until he could be present! Mr. Greer found great difficulty in raising money. Though there was wealth in the city, those who owned it had not yet learned to give for others as they spent for themselves. At a meeting of the Vestry the rector called their attention to the fact that he was often asked for sums of money, large and small, which he could not always give from his own income. So he begged that a "discretionary fund" be started and placed in the bank at his disposal. Upon this he could draw when occasion demanded. The Vestry, heartily approving the plan, immediately gave what they thought adequate sums. A few days afterwards Mr. Greer dropped in to the office of one of the vestrymen. "Well," said the vestryman, "I am sure you feel very rich these days with a rector's fund at your command." Mr. Greer laughed: "I had such urgent appeals the very next day," he confessed, "that I drew out two checks to help these poor fellows,—and now there is no rector's fund!"

On the night of December 1, 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Greer had a guest staying in their house, the Right Reverend George David Cummins, D.D., Assistant Bishop of Kentucky. They talked of Covington and of their fellowship in the past. They talked also about a meeting which had been called in New York the next day to consider the possibility of starting a new Communion as an off-shoot of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Cummins tried to persuade his friend, Mr. Greer, to go to the meeting, but there was no response. After the Bishop had gone to his room, Mr. and Mrs. Greer were sitting over the fire, speaking of their guest and his prospects. Presently they heard two sharp raps on the floor above them, and Mrs. Greer decided that the Bishop had dropped his shoes outside his door, and as instantly decided that they must be polished forthwith. There was no man-servant in the house; so Mr. Greer, on his hands and knees, stole to the door, seized the shoes, brought them down, and polished them. In telling the story in after years, with great relish, Mr. Greer would finish by saying, "And in those shoes he walked out the next day into the Reformed Episcopal Church."

II

IN THE later years of Mr. Greer's ministry in Providence, Bishop Clark, because of his own age and because of Mr. Greer's administrative talent, leaned more and more upon him in the guidance of the diocese. He was, for a large part of his time in Providence, a trustee of the Public Library, and met with a special committee once a week. He recommended for an important position in the Library a Miss Emerson, who became one of the most distinguished servants of the public which the library has ever had. Bishop Clark said to Julius Atwood, "Greer knows how to pick the plums."

Mr. Greer himself founded the Saint Elizabeth Home, a home for incurables, because Providence had made no provision for such cases. His parishioners came to his assistance, and the home which he started was in time amply endowed. On great civic days, when the Church needed representation, Bishop Clark almost invariably turned to him, and the people heard him gladly. He was a leader on the floor of the Diocesan Convention. He was interested in every question. The laymen liked to hear his opinion because he was never academic, always practical. The debates on the most anxious problems were nearly always tri-

angular: Dr. Richards of St. John's, and Mr. Fiske of St. Stephen's speaking more or less abstractly, being more or less detached. Mr. Greer always brought the concrete into the discussion. And Bishop Clark and the laymen nodded approvingly. It was natural that he should be chosen to represent the diocese in the General Convention, and four times he sat with the Rhode Island delegation (1877, 1880, 1883, 1886). Dr. Nelson remembers that Dr. Potter asked him to preach in Grace Church, one Sunday afternoon, when the Convention met in New York in 1880. His carriage was delayed, and the prompt rector did not wait for the preacher but began the service on time. Mr. Greer entered the church just as the sermon hymn was ending, going at once to the pulpit, and electrifying the anxious Dr. Potter by announcing as his text, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

Because there was little self-seeking and much desire really to serve, Mr. Greer became unconsciously the elder brother among the Clergy. When someone said that a certain rector would be easy to work under, Mr. Greer was indignant. "Do you suppose," he said, "that my assistant works under me? No, he works with me." An eminent clergyman writes that it was through Mr. Greer that he was called to his first parish in Pontiac, ten miles south of Providence. Mr. Greer met him when the Boston train drew in, carried him off to the rectory for luncheon, and then afterwards

walked with him to the train which was to take him to Pontiac. His parting warning was, "Remember, that you are not simply to be a minister of the Episcopal Church; you will represent the Church Universal." The Pontiac parish was composed of all sorts of Christian people, Methodists and Congregationalists among them. Mr. Greer was eager that the young man for whom he had vouched should be a loving pastor to all of them.

On Monday mornings several young parsons formed the habit of dropping into Mr. Greer's study for an informal talk. They did not know whether he stayed in to receive them, but as a matter of fact they felt sure that then they would find him. His wit played lightly over the news they brought him, but before they went away there was always a serious side to the conference. He gave them his views on the best way to manage boys' clubs. They talked of books. Dr. Allen's *Continuity of Christian Thought* had just been published. All the young men were reading it. Mr. Greer felt that Dr. Allen had not done full justice to Origen. Then they talked of Origen. The young men blushing told him how pleasant it would be if he could sometime be their bishop; whereupon he laughed, saying, "No diocese would ever have *me* for a bishop!"

He was so interested in these clergymen who came to his study that he was glad to go to their parishes to preach for them. When a village learned that the

famous rector from Providence was coming to the night service, everyone went to church. The choir sang the most ambitious music which they had sung on the previous Easter. He would graciously stay after the service to shake hands with the choirmaster. The encouragement which he gave to the young parson set him up for weeks. These sermons which he preached at suburban parishes were read from stenographic reports of his Sunday morning preaching at Grace Church. The thought was there, and the gleaming eye, but the directness and the freshness were missed by those who had really heard him preach in his freedom at home. What the people felt, however, was that a great man had come to the "little upper room" and they loved both him and the Church the more.

There were a good many Swedes in Providence, and it was through Mr. Greer that Mr. J. G. Hammarsköld came into the Ministry of the Episcopal Church. While Mr. Hammarsköld was still a layreader, Mr. Greer often went with him to Swedish weddings and other functions. Sometimes he would stay for an hour or two, mingling with the people as one of their friends. Whenever Mr. Hammarsköld came to him with difficulties, he would always say, "Don't worry; it could be worse; I will attend to it and you can just forget it." Dr. Hammarsköld is now at the head of all the Swedish work of the Episcopal Church in America.

As in every parish, the great day at Grace Church was Easter, but, as in no other parish, the great popular service of the year was Morning Prayer at six o'clock on Easter morning. The music at this service was elaborate and beautiful. There was no address. Men and women streamed in from all parts of the city till the church was crowded. Many among these were non-churchgoers to whom this early Easter service was the one act of public worship in the year. The experience of this service was so thrilling that often the young Clergy who looked up to Mr. Greer would spend the night at the rectory that they might take part in this early service. At the noonday service there was invariably Confirmation, with a sermon by Bishop Clark. Since there was no night service, but only an afternoon service on Easter-day, Mr. Greer once said that until he became rector of St. Bartholomew's in New York he had never really preached an Easter sermon.

In Advent and Lent there was a popular night service in Grace Church, at which Mr. Greer was expected to preach, though sometimes he gave his young friends the terrifying experience of preaching to a congregation which had expected to hear him. He was always gracious to the immature preacher, telling him both by word of mouth in the vestryroom and by a letter sent afterwards, how much good he had done the people.

III

WHILE Mr. Greer was getting inspiration from younger men he was also deepening his friendship with men of his own age and with men who were much older. There were two clubs whose influence made their mark upon his thought and his preaching. One was the Friday Evening Club, composed of twelve representative men in Providence from the learned professions, and, as Bishop Clark said, "with a percentage of material drawn from those inferior walks of life in which a knowledge of books and a general familiarity with literature and science are not regarded as essential."

Mr. William E. Foster, of the Providence Public Library, thus describes the club:

This club had a name, but no "local habitation." Its meetings were held in rotation, at the houses of its members. The club was organized in 1868, and held its last meeting in 1884. It was a small club, not more than seventeen men being connected with it from the first to last, and not all of these at any one time; but to mention the names of its members is almost like calling the roll of the most eminent men in Providence, of that

day. Three of them were clergymen, namely: Thomas March Clark, then Bishop of Rhode Island; David Hummell Greer, afterwards Bishop of New York; and Samuel Lunt Caldwell, then minister of the First Baptist Church in Providence, and afterwards President of Vassar College. The profession of the law was represented by Charles Smith Bradley, for several years Chief Justice of the Rhode Island Supreme Court; and Edwin Channing Larned. Medicine was represented by Dr. Edward Thompson Caswell, who had had an unusually long experience of medical study in Europe. Brown University was represented by Dr. Alexis Caswell, its President from 1868 to 1872; and by George Ide Chace, Eli Whitney Blake, John Larkin Lincoln, and Jeremiah Lewis Diman, men of rare personality, in fields so dissimilar as the departments of Chemistry, Physics, Latin, and History respectively. Other walks in life were represented by John Russell Bartlett, for many years the custodian of the priceless contents of the John Carter Brown Library; William Gammell, the first of this name, and widely known for his historical studies; Augustus Hoppin, the well-known artist; Rowland Hazard of Peace Dale, and William Babcock Weeden of Providence, two conspicuous instances of men in active business life with a keen and untiring interest in historical and literary studies.

Lastly, there should be mentioned Alexander Farnum, the man who was perhaps most intimately concerned with the club's development, a financier of exceptional sagacity, the collector of one of the choicest private libraries of that period, in New England, and a man of unerring taste and judgment.

I should add in passing that four of the members of this club lived within an eighth of a mile from the site of our library building, namely, Dr. Greer, Mr. Hoppin, Mr. Farnum, and Dr. Edward T. Caswell. Also, that five of them served as Trustees of the Providence Library, namely, Dr. Greer, Professor Lincoln, Mr. Weeden, Mr. Hazard, and Mr. Farnum. Also, as a curious coincidence, that three of them were born in a comparatively small New England community, namely, Newburyport, at the mouth of the Merrimac River, in Massachusetts. These were Thomas March Clark, Charles Smith Bradley, and Samuel Lunt Caldwell.

An interesting account of this club appeared in print in 1898, by one of its members, Mr. Weeden. An incidental comment of his on Bishop Clark is of interest, as follows:

"The roundest man, the most versatile member of our circle, was Bishop Clark. In all his discourses there was manifested the same large intelligence, enlightened by a many-sided contact

with the life of the time. The club was greatly enlivened by the exercise and play of the Bishop's humor."

Bishop Clark said that the comments of the learned members were copious. They had unbounded skill in "twisting a thought over and over, and inside out, and upside down, and downside up; probing, and trying, and testing, and analyzing, and doubting, and affirming; turning every facet of the thought towards the light, *or otherwise*; penetrating all its crevices, crawling into all its cracks, spying out all its specks, until at last the other members of the Club find themselves unconsciously murmuring the little hymn of Mr. Pope, with which they were sung to sleep in their childhood:

Why hath not man the microscopic eye?
For this plain reason,—he is not a fly.

One night, when the Club met at Mr. Greer's, Bishop Clark read a paper characterizing the various members. The members were so pleased with the sketches of themselves that the paper was elaborately printed, illustrated with a portrait of its author. This portrait is of the back of Bishop Clark's curly head, and humor shines from every hair. No names are attached to the descriptions, but evidently Mr. Greer was number seven:

Once more we come into a presence, where we feel that we must tread delicately, as poor old

Agag did, when he was summoned to appear before the king. If high position, elevated and courteous demeanor, accurate learning, command of resources, a clear and flowing style, and such exhaustive treatment of every subject as to leave no room for appendix or codicil, could ever entitle one to wear the laurel crown, here is a case in which "the brightest bays that ever grew on Seekonk's plains" might, with appropriateness, be woven together to form a verdant and unfading wreath for the adornment of a brow around which the nine daughters of Jupiter may easily be conceived as hovering by night and by day in rapt entrancement, and in presence of whom the Genius of Rhetoric might well do humble homage, and the Muse of History, with Roger Williams by her side — (*Here, the reader regrets to say, the sentence becomes illegible, although it appears to have been continued at some considerable length.*) This accomplished gentleman, unlike one of the members whose offences in this respect have been set down more in candor than in malice, has never presented to the Club a carelessly written or an inferior paper, and all the topics that he handles are dignified, serious, timely, and valuable. While he reads one could almost wish that his mellifluous and billowy tones might chant on till the break of day, and no wonder that every member of the Club murmurs to himself, as the soft ca-

dences rise and fall, "There's music in it." And when, after another has occupied the reader's chair, in his turn, he is called upon to "strike the lyre," he does it with a grace and gentleness which greatly softens the blow, even when the *liar* has given just offence by the crudity of his theories and the palpable heresy of his opinions. As when he reads, so when he talks, one might wish that he would never stop,—a wish which, in some instances, he seems somewhat disposed to gratify.

The other Club which meant much to Mr. Greer was the Boston Clericus. This Club had been started by William Wilberforce Newton, who, remembering the pleasant Club of which he and Phillips Brooks had been members in Philadelphia, begged a few friends to start a similar Club in Massachusetts. He, as secretary, was the only officer; but in some way, no one knew exactly how, Dr. Brooks gravitated to the office of president. The meetings were at first in the various homes of the members, but Mr. Brooks finally insisted that the Club meet always in his pleasant apartment at the Kempton. When he acquired the large study in the new Trinity Rectory, the Club seemed exactly to fit it. The books, the pictures of his friends and heroes, and the beautiful objects gathered on his journeys, provided a background which few Clubs have ever had; and his personality dominated his friends as it filled the room. When he became

Bishop he insisted that the Club must have another president. Those who remember it during the 'Seventies and 'Eighties feel that there never was such a stimulating fellowship as this band of friendly clergymen. Not to speak of those who are still living (such as Bishop Hall, Bishop Lawrence, and Dr. Leighton Parks), there were, besides Mr. Newton, Dr. Brooks and Mr. Greer, men like Bishop Clark, Dr. Elisha Mulford, Dr. William R. Huntington, Dr. A. V. G. Allen, Dr. Charles A. L. Richards, Dr. C. George Currie, Dr. Francis Wharton, Dr. Arthur Lawrence, Dr. Frederic Courtney, Dr. Henry S. Nash, and Dr. Percy Browne. It was at this Club that Phillips Brooks read his paper on *Heresy*. In 1877 he published his *Lectures on Preaching*, in 1878 his first volume of *Sermons*, in 1883 his *Sermons Preached in English Churches*. The Clericus delighted in the honor which was given to their leader wherever English was spoken; but Percy Browne would whisper that it was hard luck to have to preach so near Phillips Brooks's pulpit as St. James's in Roxbury, and to be perpetually compared with the great preacher of his time. Even while the other Boston Clergy did not fail to recognize the prophet, they sighed sympathetically with the Roxbury frankness.

The discussion was apt to be the most interesting part of the evening. If the paper were on an historical subject, Dr. Allen's summaries at the end brought those who had not known him as a teacher, into

the light which his pupils saw in his classroom. Dr. Allen too was rising into fame. His *Continuity of Christian Thought* came out in 1886, and even English Bishops prescribed it for their candidates. Of him too the Clericus was justly proud; and his low, musical voice was heard with increasing respect. These were years when Dr. Huntington was giving himself to the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer. His first paper on Prayer Book Revision was read to the Club. The Club gladly heard his liturgical papers, and his word was with authority as well as with sharp humor in the discussion. Percy Browne and William Wilberforce Newton flashed their wit. One night someone made a disparaging remark about the growing custom among clergymen of wearing academic hoods over their surplices. Mr. Newton said that he *did* think that the clergy ought to obey St. Paul, and forget those things which are behind. Dr. Elisha Mulford had aroused the pride of the Club by his profound books on *The Nation* and *The Republic of God*: he aroused also their mirth one night when he complained that the publishers had not put his treatise on *The Nation* on the news-stands in the railway stations. He felt sure that, if the public could really get at it, it would have an immense influence on the fall elections. The admiring members of the Club who had toiled through its pages had a vision of the ordinary American citizen sitting down in the dust and noise of a railway train to translate Mulford into politics.

Here men discussed the books which all had been reading, and the man who had read some book which none of the others had read gave the rest the benefit of his experience. The Club stood for friendship, for wit, and for diligence in study. Some of the men were scholars; others were in the practical Ministry; all were glad to face the questions of the day in the light of both the Gospel and modern knowledge.

As president of the Club, Dr. Brooks gave a breakfast to Dean Stanley, at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston, when the Dean was in this country in 1878. He invited all the clergy in Massachusetts and a few outside. Bishop Paddock was asked to preside, but since for some reason he declined, Bishop Clark was the toastmaster. Those who remember the occasion say that Stanley made one of the worst speeches ever heard in America. He himself seemed conscious of his failure and at the end asked the privilege of speaking again, when to some degree he redeemed himself. Bishop Clark, proud that there was a brilliant man, one of his own presbyters, at the table, described him in terms of impossible magnificence, and then called upon him to speak. Mr. Greer had received no intimation that a speech would be expected from him. He had been perfectly comfortable, talking with his neighbor through the breakfast, and evidently had swept his mind of all ideas and garnished it with the amiable nothings of table gossip; but he felt that he must do what his Bishop asked; so, concealing his dismay, he

stumbled through a short speech which even those who loved him best thought as bad as possible. But his character was shown to the neighbor with whom he had been talking, in that, when he sat down, he made no excuse even to his friend, said nothing about the Bishop's folly in calling upon him without warning, and, when the speeches were over, went on simply with the friendly talk as if there had been no interruption. It all showed the man's humility and patience.

As time went on and his fame grew, Mr. Greer, with his genuine simplicity and humility, was staggered to find that much was expected of him in private conversation. Phillips Brooks, in telling of a Sunday visit from Mr. Greer, said that on Saturday evening he had anticipated a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but, he added, "I couldn't get a word out of Greer." "Oh," said the friend to whom Brooks told the story, "you know Greer sits up nights with his reputation!" Dr. Brooks laughed, thinking it a jest; but it was sober fact, for Mr. Greer was really oppressed when he found how much people expected from him. Once, when he was on his way to the Commencement of the Theological School at Cambridge, at which he was to preach the sermon, a clergyman in the street-car, noticing that he was preoccupied, asked him if he was nervous about the sermon. "No," he said, "but I daresay some day I shall fail utterly; it may be today; I have done the best I could, and shall not care much if this is the end." Then he confessed, "I sweat blood every

time I preach." He had brought no surplice, and asked Dean Gray to give him something to wear. The only surplice available did not fit him, but he wore it. However, surplices were of small moment for those who heard the sermon. When the time for the sermon came, he announced his text, "O send out thy light and thy truth." Dr. Steenstra said that doubtless Phillips Brooks was a greater preacher than Greer, but Brooks had never preached so great a sermon as that.

One can imagine how friendships made in a Club like the Boston Clericus would develop into personal relationships. Mr. Greer from time to time "exchanged pulpits" with members of this Club. To the conservative he seemed radical, and the rector of the parish which he had visited would sometimes take exception on the following Sunday to the principles which Mr. Greer had presented. Once a vestry protested formally that Mr. Greer, in their rector's absence, had endorsed the theory of evolution. Thus the discussion of the Club went on beyond the doors of Dr. Brooks's study.

Then there were the informal dinners which brought members of the Club together with other interesting people. The elder Mr. Hazard of Peace Dale invited President Porter of Yale and three members of the Club (namely, Dr. Wharton, Mr. Newton, and Mr. Greer,) to a feast, which was designed chiefly in the interests of philosophy. Dr. Wharton was spending his summer at Narragansett Pier, and drove President Porter, Mr. Greer, and Mr. Newton over to Peace Dale.

Mr. Newton suggested that the dinner was likely to be exceedingly serious, and threatened Dr. Wharton that if he did not "do his very best and was not brilliant with his inherent brilliancy, which surpassed at times the wit of Sydney Smith," he should feel compelled at the dinner to tell a certain absurd story about an English showman. Dr. Wharton, knowing that his friend was willing to go any length, was horror stricken, and said that it would never do to tell that story at Mr. Hazard's table. The agreement was made, that if conversation flagged, the signal for the story should be "Westminster Abbey." At the very first pause, Mr. Newton asked President Porter if he had visited Westminster Abbey during his recent visit to London, whereupon poor Dr. Wharton plunged into one of his most eloquent passages and no one had a chance to say a word. When again there was a lull, Mr. Greer was asked if he had visited Westminster Abbey lately, and once more Dr. Wharton was off. On the drive home, Dr. Wharton remarked that it was the most anxious dinner party he had ever attended. And President Porter never heard the story.

Mr. Greer was reticent about the intimate struggles in his own life, but when he was abroad in the summer of 1881 he met a member of the Clericus Club in Geneva. He had been reading *Supernatural Religion*, the anonymous book, it will be remembered, which cleverly marshalled the difficulties resulting from modern scientific inquiry and the criticism of the Bible and

early Church history. Detached from his work, more or less isolated in the bleak grandeur of the nature all about him, he found himself, in the company of this book, in a crisis almost as severe as that of ten years before. He was miserably unhappy. He told his friend, in a burst of confidence, that he did not know what to do with this book. If it were true, and much of it seemed unanswerable, he felt that the roots of his faith were cut. The voice of his mother and the voice of the skeptic within him were contending for the mastery. A year later his turn came to read a paper before the Clericus. His subject was *The Virgin Birth*. The friend who had heard his lament in Geneva knew that in the meantime the battle had been fought. In the paper at the Clericus he stood boldly by the tradition, his argument being that a supernatural character would be born in a supernatural manner. When his friend expressed surprise, and recalled the conversation in Geneva, Mr. Greer said that if the tradition were abandoned the whole history went with it.

So far as one can see, the solution of his difficulty came, in 1881, as it came throughout his life. He was sure in his own experience of the power of the Living Christ. By his own experience he knew that the highest words ever spoken from the First Century to this about Jesus Christ failed to tell the fulness of His being and power. Evidently he discovered that the persistent questions about details were answered by this one supreme and all-embracing conviction.

The two members of the Club whom he probably saw most often were Bishop Clark and Dr. Richards. Dr. Richards, sitting calmly in his study in the old rectory on Benefit Street, was always glad to see his younger brother, and often in days of perplexity Mr. Greer turned to his serenity and wisdom. Dr. Richards had been a classmate of Phillips Brooks in the Virginia Seminary. He was one of the few men who called Brooks by his Christian name. Once a year Brooks came down to St. John's Church to preach. At this annual feast of preaching, not only was the church filled with the people of Providence, but the chancel was filled with the clergy. At one of these services Brooks preached his famous sermon on *The Seraphim*: "Each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." When the Clergy had withdrawn to the robing room, Dr. Richards broke the silence which showed the awe for the prophet: "Phillips," he said, "I wish Isaiah could have been here this afternoon; he would have rejoiced." Then Mr. Greer went up to the preacher, telling him how much he had been moved, so that Dr. Brooks was somewhat embarrassed, and seizing the large button which in those days held Mr. Greer's open surplice together, made no comment upon his praise, but said, laughing, "Greer, what *do* you wear that button for!" No more praise was possible after that from anyone, and what they thought about the sermon they carried away in their hearts.

IV

WHILE Mr. Greer was receiving this inspiration from men, some of whom would have been accounted great in any community, he was spending almost every evening with the thoughts of men in printed books. It was his custom to withdraw after supper to his study and there he would read late into the night. He read Darwin. His friends believed that there was nothing of Herbert Spencer's which he did not read: indeed when he was approached by Cornell University to be its Professor of Ethics he confessed that the one thing which attracted him was that it would give him an opportunity to "answer" Spencer. Huxley too he read voraciously: Huxley's frank agnosticism earned his respect even while he fought it with the simple faith which his mother had given him. Haeckel, with his brutal denials, fascinated him like a dangerous serpent: he must get his heel upon it. Tyndall among the scientists, Martineau among the theologians, Matthew Arnold among the critics, Lecky and Symonds among the historians, Browning among the poets, he read over and over. He would often say of Martineau, "He saved my soul." He went to Browning not only for poetical expression but for the subtle thought upon modern

problems. He was fond of George Eliot. Sometimes those who did not know Mr. Greer intimately felt that he spoke with too rapt enthusiasm over the last book which he chanced to be reading. This enthusiasm, however, was not the abiding enthusiasm of his reading days and nights. "What are you reading?" asked his neighbor, Julius Atwood. "Nothing but Carlyle," was the answer. He also exulted in the new voice which spoke up out of the unknown, he was glad to have a new witness for the truth as he saw it; but he always went back to the great men who seemed to him to have expressed the profoundest notes of the age, whether it were in science, theology, or art. It is remembered that Phillips Brooks once said, "How brilliant Greer is; but in his bondage to his last book he shows the lack of a broad and liberal education." This is one of the generalizations which reveals more of temperament than of actual acquirement. Dr. Brooks had grown up in a university through which the free air of learning was continually blowing. Mr. Greer began his education in a sheltered place; the windows were kept shut. It is doubtful if in twenty years of active work the education of the one was not about equal to the education of the other. The reserve of the man brought up in Massachusetts is different from the reserve of the man brought up in West Virginia. The man from West Virginia, touched with the ardor of the west, is not afraid of making mistakes. He speaks frankly the enthusiasm of today without

the embarrassing thought that he must hold to that enthusiasm through the year. The man from Massachusetts restrains his utterance lest he be called to endorse in December the joy he felt in July.

After he had discovered that he could receive into his mind every atom of the new knowledge which he had tested and to himself proved true, without endangering that fundamental faith which he had received in the beginning; after Christ had become to him not more a leader of the past than of the present, Mr. Greer did exult in every book which looked boldly into the facts as science and criticism revealed them, and used those facts as the illustration of deeds of God illuminated by the Gospel of Christ.

FOR THIRTEEN years of his ministry Mr. Greer invariably wrote his sermons and preached them from the manuscript. One who heard him at the height of his power might easily have imagined that his fluency was a native gift. He himself has declared that he was not fluent. Those thirteen years of patient writing, preceded by diligent study, must be remembered as a large part of the training which made it possible for him at last to stand forth before the people, pouring out his words as if without effort. The written sermons did not lack eloquence, but he was not satisfied. When he came back from his summer holiday in the fall of 1879 he preached as usual a written sermon. It seemed to him exceptionally poor, though he confessed that sermons were always poor when one was just back from a holiday. So he determined the next Sunday morning to preach without notes. He selected as his text, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark." The text was fitted to his experiment. Two or three vestrymen came into the robing room afterwards to give him courage, and bade him continue to forget the things which were behind. He

tried again and again, and, after that, rarely preached a written sermon. [To mark the transition in the outward symbols of the church, he installed a new pulpit which was nothing but a platform with a brass rail round it, and a small brass stand for a book. When he showed it with pride to Mr. Augustus Hoppin, the comment came instantly, "Where are the poker and the tongs!"]

Whether his sermons were preached from manuscript or without the aid of a note, his preparation was always laborious. He himself tells the story of it:

After I have found my subject I go to work, to think about and develop it, and I do my thinking about it to some extent in words. I think with a pencil in my hand; and many of the thoughts as they come to me I try to express on paper, especially if at first they are not very clear. I try to make them clear by putting them into words and giving expression to them; and while I do not memorise that expression, I find that, in preaching, it often comes to me easily, naturally, and without any effort on my part to recall it. It is simply an instance of the mnemonic aid that is furnished by clear thinking. That, however, is but an incidental result, and my purpose in writing, as far as I do write, is simply to make sure that I apprehend with distinctness the thought that is in my mind. And so I go through with my

subject, writing a little every now and then, sometimes more, sometimes less, as the subject seems to require, not for the sake of the writing, but for the sake of the thinking, and the clearness of the thinking. Then, when I have got through with the subject, — no, I never get through with it until I preach it — it is in my mind to some extent all the time, not only when in my study, but at other times; I live with it more or less throughout the week, and it grows and develops in me, and becomes a part of me, and more and more I have it, or more and more it has me.

When Sunday morning comes, or Saturday afternoon or evening, I look over the notes or the writings, many or few, which I found it helpful to make in the tracing out or the clearing up of some of the thoughts of the sermon, in order to be sure that I have them, and then, without taking them with me, I preach. I do not even take the heads or outlines with me into the pulpit; I take nothing with me but the text. I tried the other plan at first, but it did not work well; it hindered me almost as much as a manuscript did. I cannot tell exactly how or why it hindered me, but it did. It was, I presume, like trying to swim by having all the time one foot on the bottom, or one hand on a board; and I found that the better way, if ever I was going to learn to swim, was just to jump right in and swim — or sink. At all events, I did



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jump in, without anything to depend upon, and after a fashion — perhaps not a very good fashion, but still after a fashion — I have been swimming ever since, or preaching ever since without manuscript. I do not call it extemporaneous preaching, or *memoriter* preaching, — it certainly is not that, or not consciously that. I am not particular to call it anything except preaching without notes; and poor as the preaching may be, it is the best that I can do.

Now I was not, and am not, naturally fluent in speech, nor do I possess the faculty above the average of thinking on my feet; but the little power in that direction which at present I possess, I have acquired by practice.

Of course, with all other busy men who are true servants of the people, he was not always able to keep his own rules. He saw practically everyone who called upon him, and some days the procession seemed unending. One Saturday evening, Mr. Foster found it necessary to see him on a matter which could not be postponed. Mr. Foster apologized, and Mr. Greer confessed that up to that hour he had scarcely had a moment all day for his sermon. “You don’t seem worried,” said Mr. Foster. “No,” was the answer; “I have walked so many times on the edge of the precipice without falling off that no doubt I have become hardened.” The sermon the next morning was long

remembered as exceptionally good. The secret was that a preacher who constantly prepared himself week by week, could occasionally rely upon the preparation of a lifetime. Mr. Foster also recalls that when he found his rector unwell one Monday morning, he said to him, by way of consolation, "I reached church yesterday just as you were finishing your sermon, and from the porch I could hear every word." Mr. Greer, with a steady look, said slowly, "Don't you know, Foster, that when men shout the loudest they have the least to say?"

In his reading he was not trusting to memory: he was filling notebook after notebook with quotations, and often he was adding his own reflections, as his own thought reacted upon the thought he found in his books. Whenever he was in doubt about a subject on which he wished to preach he turned the pages of these books. He said that it was like pouring a dipper of water down a pump when it is dry and does not work: "it fetches the water, and the static fluid in the quiescent pump is started and begins to flow." When these notebooks failed to start his mind upon a sermon for the coming Sunday, he would leave all his books behind him, put on his hat, and go out; not, as he said, "for physical exercise, though that perhaps would help, but for human exercise, for the exercise of his heart, his soul, his mind, in the midst of human life." He might go to see Bishop Clark, the magnet which drew many up the hill to George Street, to his

yellow house with white facings (looking, as William Wilberforce Newton used to say, like an enlarged spongecake with sugar-coated decoration), and with the delicate little brass bell-pull which communicated to the hospitable interior of that simple dwelling; he might go to see Professor Diman in Brown University; he might go to see his old friend, Dr. Richards, in St. John's rectory; he might go to see a devout woman in a cultivated home; he might visit a poor man at his bench; he might go to a house where there were many children and look into their eyes; and the trust and the friendship which he would receive he would bring into his study, and his subject for the coming Sunday would be given him.

During the 'Seventies and 'Eighties, the two great preachers of the Episcopal Church in New England were undoubtedly Dr. Brooks and Mr. Greer. It is encouraging to remember that their hold upon the people was gained by the simplest, most direct preaching of the Gospel. Neither attempted to gain attention by sermons upon economic, political, or social topics. They were not unmindful of the black spots in the city and the State, but they had the sublime faith, that if they could make their parishioners and all others who heard them devout disciples of Jesus Christ, they would be contributing most surely to the reforms for which they prayed. Though these two eminent preachers had this trait in common, Mr. Greer was often defending Christianity against the attacks

or the indifference of such men as Huxley, Haeckel, or Herbert Spencer; while Dr. Brooks never disputed, but only assumed the truth of Christianity and illustrated it. A good many young men in Harvard College, admiring Brooks to the utmost, often wished that, with his superb power, he would tackle a definite problem, such as Prayer, and work it out before his congregation. Illuminating thoughts about prayer were in almost every sermon, but they were not coördinated and systematized. Many people on the other hand felt that it was the weakness of Mr. Greer's preaching that he often gave the impression that Christianity needed to be defended all the time. It so happened, however, that the people of Boston were deeply satisfied with the marvellous insight into the details of spiritual truth which Phillips Brooks was revealing to them Sunday by Sunday; and with almost, if not quite equal satisfaction, the young and the old of Providence were rejoicing in their prophet. Sunday by Sunday, the young, who were facing the problems of the university, and the old, who were only dimly aware of the changes which were passing over the world, sat in the pews of Grace Church, with suppressed excitement, to discover in what way their dear friend and rector would lead them through the mazes of modern knowledge into the clearer faith of Christ. In theory, Mr. Greer did not believe it right to argue the principles of Christianity. He would assume them, and illustrate them out of the experience of the time. But he was too transparent

not to reveal to the people the warfare of faith through which he himself was passing. There was no doubt of the result in any sermon. Each sermon proclaimed a victory of the faith,—a faith not assumed but achieved. He preached a sermon once on *Justification by Faith*, and contended that what was meant by justification was that faith justified itself in a man's life. A theological professor chanced to be present and scorned the sermon because of its bad exegesis. He wondered whether the preacher were ignorant or whether he were simply deliberately tampering with the Word. Another questioned his logic. Other critics admitted that the sermon did not grow out of the text, but they knew that it was a great sermon. Unconsciously he was exemplifying what, he said, we have found in certain preachers who have moved us:

What was the secret of their power? They may have been eloquent in the ordinary sense of the term or they may not have been. They may have been learned and scholarly, or they may not have been. Nor did we always agree, perhaps, with what we heard them say. And yet, somehow, they always managed to make us feel as though they had a personal message for us,—simply because it was their own personal message, a message which they themselves, in their deepest and innermost souls, had found and felt to be good, had found and felt to be true; and which,

therefore, produced an echoing response in us. It may have been some truth which we already knew, some very familiar truth; and yet as the preacher preached it, it seemed like something new and to have in it something new. And it *did* have in it something new; it had the preacher in it. He had made the truth his own. He had wrought it out, or fought it out, and won it for himself, and it was like a piece of himself. He was not simply defining some article of the creed. He was not simply disclosing and making known "the faith once delivered to the saints," nor telling us what had been "always and everywhere and by all received." He was telling us rather what he, by his own living thought, by his own living experience, had made his very own. It was the travail of his soul, and we saw it, and felt it, and were satisfied.

One could not listen to Mr. Greer without being impressed by his goodness. There was a simple piety radiating from his presence of which even the stranger could not fail to be aware. The constant theme of his preaching was Christ. Subdued enthusiasm was the reflection of the light which he himself was always seeing. He knew that as a preacher he must be an eye-witness of the truth as it is in Christ. With his own eyes, with his own mind, with his own heart, with his own soul, with his own moral and spiritual and intellectual nature he must see Christ.

He could not preach if he were preaching Christ merely upon hearsay, however authoritative the testimony of others might be. He believed that when men asked for practical preaching it was *personal* preaching that they really desired. He believed that it mattered little what the particular subject might be, whether it were the Doctrine of the Atonement or the immediate problem of how to forgive the injury done by a neighbor, if only the people who sat in the pews could be stirred and kindled as the preacher himself had been stirred and kindled by the light of his Master, Jesus Christ. Under such circumstances, a subject which might seem upon the surface most remote, academic, and unpractical would become the most real, the most immediate, the most necessary for man's life today.

He gave himself utterly. Dr. Richards told one of his curates that on going to the Providence station of a Monday morning, at five o'clock, to catch a train for a fishing excursion, he found his neighbor, Greer, wandering through the market square. "Why," said Dr. Richards, "what are you doing here?" "Oh," said Mr. Greer, "after preaching, I can't sleep. So I just got up and took a walk."

To his regular parishioners whom he was teaching Sunday by Sunday, no sermon failed to bring profound help. But the critical stranger might easily on some Sundays have been disappointed. His friend, Dr. Richards, is remembered to have said, "You may hear

Greer preach three or four times and wonder why all the people are there to hear him; and then the fourth or fifth time you will hear him, and wonder why the whole world isn't there." He himself was more conscious of the distance between his accomplishment and his ideal than he was of the fame which his sermons had achieved. One Monday morning a clergyman from Boston picked up a Providence paper, to see the large letters of the headline, "Monkey in Grace Church Pulpit." A monkey had broken loose from the Dime Museum, had run into Grace Church and perched itself on the edge of the pulpit. His friend made merry over the headline. Mr. Greer of course recognized the humor in the situation and felt no resentment. More than that, looking far away, and at once thinking of words spoken in that same pulpit, he said, with that gentleness and humility which those who knew him can never forget, "Yes, there *was* a monkey in Grace Church pulpit; and it wasn't the first time either."

Both in the pulpit and with his children at home, he was frankly teaching the Bible as modern scholarship was beginning to interpret it. A reverent congregation accustomed to older expressions of the doctrine of inspiration was sometimes baffled by the ways through which their rector was leading them; but they trusted him. They knew his own faith in the Supreme Book of God's revelation, and week by week they came out into the clearer light of its understanding.

His friends, knowing his history, sometimes thought that during these years in Providence two voices were speaking to him: the voice of the skeptic, and the voice of his mother with her simple Evangelical faith; and they were inclined to think that like Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*, he put his fingers into his ears and ran away from his tormentors; but if I may intrude my personal testimony as a biographer, I should say that from the material at my disposal this was not true. The faith which a mother had taught him he had lived into his own life. If he seemed to take refuge in manifold good works for others it was simply that he might use himself for others as Christ knelt down even to wash the disciples' feet. A passage from his preaching will illustrate not only his own motive but the eloquent power of his message:

Let your purpose be not to be ministered unto, but, as in the case of Jesus Christ, to minister to the human life about you. And how strangely and quickly will all the best forces of life give themselves to you, their beauty, their power, and become incorporated in you, become, as it were, you. They will take their crowns and crown you. They will lift you up and exalt you, and give their blessing to you, and will help to make you all that you are capable of becoming. Is it not the same great principle which we see operating everywhere else? "Serve me long and well," says Art; "be

my minister first, and then some day you shall become my master." "Kneel low at my footstool with patient and reverent homage," says the kingdom of nature to the inquiring disciple, "and then some day you shall sit on my throne."

And that is just as true of human nature as it is of inanimate nature. No man can reach the full stature of his personality except through others. Living alone and standing apart from others, he can never show what he is, "but only what he is not." He can only show, as someone has said, that he is not a friend, or acquaintance, or companion, or comrade, or neighbor; he exists for nobody; and presently, to his surprise, and generally to his horror, he will discover that he is nobody. The people about us today are not really other people, they are ourselves, in whom we become alive, and reach and find ourselves, in whose features, masked and disguised by suffering, and need, and ignorance, and foolishness, and want, we shall find, as the mask is lifted, the features of ourselves.

VI

AS ONE would imagine Mr. Greer received, during his Providence rectorship, many calls to other churches, including St. Ann's, Brooklyn; St. Paul's, Cleveland; Trinity, Chicago; and St. Thomas's, New York. It was only when he received the call to St. Bartholomew's, New York, in 1888, that he felt that the time had come to enter upon a new phase of his work. Representatives of the Vestry of St. Bartholomew's went to Providence in February, armed with the following letter:

DIOCESAN HOUSE
29 LAFAYETTE PLACE
NEW YORK, *Feb.* 17, 1888

My dear Dr. Greer:

I beg to introduce to you, Mr. William H. Appleton, Mr. George Kemp, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a committee from the vestry of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, who are empowered to invite you to accept the rectorship of that parish.

These gentlemen will be glad to give you any information in regard to the parish, and will also

inform you that the present Rector desires to be relieved of the rectorship so soon as his successor can be chosen. In case of your acceptance of this invitation, however, it will not be necessary for you to enter upon your duties until the autumn, unless you should otherwise elect.

I need not tell you how much my own heart is in this call. I know you will want to do your best for Christ and His cause, and I believe that if you come to us we can give you a noble opportunity to do so.

I am, dear Dr. Greer,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

H. C. POTTER

The Revd.

D. H. GREER, D.D.

Before the first of March, Mr. Greer had accepted the New York rectorship. Letters of regret came to him from his brethren in Massachusetts; letters of welcome from his friends in New York, especially from Dr. Huntington, who five years before had left his beloved parish in Worcester and the Boston Clericus to serve Grace Church in New York. He wrote with a full understanding of what the change from New England to the metropolis must mean. One letter from the Boston group and one from the New York group will be sufficient:

233 CLARENDON STREET
BOSTON

March 1, 1888

Dear Greer:

The paper says you have accepted St. Bartholomew's. If so, then Godspeed! May the new life be as bright and useful as the old has been. I am deeply sorry that it will take you farther away from us, and that we shall hardly ever see your face. But you will not wholly forsake the humble and provincial friends of your boyhood, and we shall gratefully remember all that you have been to us, and we shall watch your later glory from afar and say, He once was ours!

So may all blessings follow you.

Faithfully your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS

I WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

March 26, 1888

My dear Dr. Greer:

I expect to sail for Europe with my family on the 31st, for an absence of four months, and regret that I cannot be here to greet you when you arrive in April. You will be, however, warmly welcomed by the church. I could not go without leaving a line to say how deeply I appreciate your acceptance of our call, and how happy the congregation

are that you are to be their Rector. There is no more promising field anywhere, and I believe that you will find its opportunities just what you desire. Your people will be most cordial and helpful, and I am sure will do all in their power to make you thoroughly at home and satisfied with your new relations. For myself, I wish to assure you that I intend at all times in the future to do whatever may be in my power to assist you in your work and relieve you from care.

With cordial regards and Good-bye, I am
Yours sincerely,
C. VANDERBILT

For both Mr. Greer and the people of Grace Church, the breaking of the tie which bound them together as pastor and people was full of sorrow. Some of the letters, written to him then, and always kept by Mrs. Greer, tell the pathetic story which every rector knows who has gone from one loving parish to another. The letter of the Vestry, uncommonly free of conventionality, shows what his years in Providence had meant to the people:

PROVIDENCE, *March 2*, 1888

REV. DAVID H. GREER

Dear Sir:

The Vestry of Grace Church have received your note of February 29, announcing your ac-

ceptance of a call to the rectorship of St. Bartholomew's Church, in New York, and tendering your resignation as rector of this parish.

We learn with the deepest sorrow of your determination to sever a connection which has existed for the past fifteen years, and which has contributed to the welfare of the church, the extension of its Christian work and influence, and to the zeal and enthusiasm of its members, to a degree unparalleled in its history.

We feel that in your departure, Grace Church, the Diocese of Rhode Island, and this whole community will suffer a loss which can with difficulty be repaired, but we still believe that in each of these fields, the influence of your teaching and the zeal inspired by your example will enable us to carry on successfully the work which you have inaugurated. We cannot but regret the decision which takes you from us, but we acknowledge the absolute purity of your motives, and, putting aside all personal feeling, unhesitatingly accept and concur in the judgment at which you have arrived.

We wish you Godspeed in your future work. Wherever you may go, the love, the deep sympathy, and the heartfelt prayers of the people of Grace Church will go with you. You have done a great and noble service for us. We believe you will do a like service for others, and we ask God to grant you the fullest measure of success.

In accepting your resignation, we desire you to fix the date of your departure as may best conform to your plans for the future. We shall be grateful for every added day that you can remain with us, but we leave the matter entirely with you.

Your sincere friends,

JOHN B. ANTHONY	}	<i>Wardens</i>
CHARLES MORRIS SMITH		

EDWARD A. GREENE	}	<i>Vestrymen</i>
JAS. LEWIS PEIRCE		
STEPHEN BROWNELL		
GEO. EDWARD ALLEN		
H. N. CAMPBELL, JR.		
ROBERT KNIGHT		
PELEG W. LIPPITT		
RATHBONE GARDNER		
GEO. W. PRENTICE		

He preached his last sermon in Providence on Trinity Sunday, May 27, 1888, upon the text, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." There was almost nothing to indicate to a stranger that it was his last sermon. He seemed to be trying to sum up the chief doctrines which he had taught his congregation.

As Christian people [he said] it is our vocation to reproduce the life of Jesus Christ on earth, so that men may see — not away off yonder, in Galilee, nineteen hundred years ago, but here and now, in flesh and blood, before their very eyes, something like the spirit of Jesus Christ moving on the earth; to reproduce it in the society about us, in our social and political life. We must try not merely to be called by His Name but to have His spirit in our hearts, His deep sense of God, His broad and active and constantly flowing sympathy with men, His purity, His reverence, His courage under trial, in the presence of temptation and danger. That is not only the true Christianity; that is the true humanity. The ultimate aim of the Christian religion is the ideal excellence of our human existence in this world. Oh, men and women, believe in it; the Christian life and the human life are one!

He added, as if he had not intended even to say so much:

Those personal words which some of you possibly may expect I cannot venture to say. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for all you have done for me, for all you have been to me and ever will be to me, and God bless you, and farewell. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore.

Then he received the Holy Communion with the people.

He was so unwilling to have the Providence ministry close that he lingered for another Sunday. He asked Professor William Lawrence from the Theological School in Cambridge to come and preach for him while he looked again at his parishioners from the depth of the chancel. Bishop Lawrence has confessed that it was an uncomfortable task, but he was willing to do anything for his friend. At the last moment, as they were about to leave the rectory, he told Mr. Lawrence that he could not face the people again, and with characteristic simplicity he went to the service at the Orphanage, and said the Good-bye to the children which he did not dare to say to the people in the church.

IV

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

IV

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

I

DR. Greer* began his rectorship at St. Bartholomew's on the first Sunday of November, 1888. The summer months of 1888 were spent in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. (Here lived Mrs. Greer's mother, Mrs. Keith, a saint in face and character, and a saint without austerity, full of gentleness and charm.) He was trying to adjust himself to the unknown future. Owing to the age and infirmity of the retiring rector, Dr. Cooke, the church was at this time little more than a place of worship for the most devout on Sunday mornings.

Mr. Atwood went to see him during this Bridgewater summer. To him Dr. Greer confessed, "I am afraid that I am going to make a failure of it; they call me an administrator, but I am no administrator. I saw Phillips Brooks the other day, and he asked me how I felt; and when I told him, Brooks replied that

* Though Dr. Greer received the degree of Doctor of Divinity while he was in Providence, his Providence congregation always called him Mr. Greer. It was only in New York that he began to be called generally Dr. Greer.

he had been for a long time in Trinity Church, and felt very much the same way, and was looking out for a younger man to assist him. And when we parted, I said, 'I hope that you will remember me, Brooks'; and he said, 'I hope that you will remember me, Greer.' "

Dr. Greer, in his summer notebook, shows that he was thinking of the Sunday morning service. He planned to have notices of the service in the Saturday and Sunday papers. He wished strangers to understand that they would be welcome: he planned to have special attention shown to them when they came. He was going to urge the pewholders to show hospitality. He would request them to be present before the beginning of the service, that the ushers might know what seats would be vacant. He would have every seat free after the *Venite*. He would have benches at the doors for those who had no pews, that if they were obliged to wait they would not be obliged to stand. He would have a plain notice in the vestibule stating that strangers were welcome, that they would be shown seats as quickly as possible. Further, he would have a notice in front of the church proclaiming the name of the church, the rector, the hours of service, and again: "Strangers Welcome."

Another page is taken up with notes about a possible newsboys' club. He queried whether it would be wise to rent a house for them, with a woman in charge to make it seem like home. He made notes

about the Girls' Friendly, the Mothers' Meeting, about Bible classes on Sunday. He wrote down the duties which he would assign to assistants. Among the notes for his first Sunday, he wrote that he must announce a conference of Sunday-school teachers to meet in the clubrooms the next afternoon at four o'clock. They must decide upon a series of lessons. His own suggestion was for a course on the Parables of Christ. They must decide whether the Sunday-school should be morning or afternoon, but he suggested among his notes that there should be a teachers' meeting at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Sunday-school at half past three, and a choral service at four.

Then the book records the sermons which he might preach in the morning and in the afternoon. He jots down the titles of old sermons which he might preach again: some, because of the amount of material he had for them, he might divide into two, or possibly three sermons. He writes out quotations from Browning, from Carlyle, from John Fiske, from Disraeli, from Symonds; and then follows page after page of his own thought.

The book shows that when he reached St. Bartholomew's in the fall the fires were burning.

II

IT IS amusing to discover that the first year book which Dr. Greer issued in New York is practically a duplicate of the last year book he issued in Providence. The Providence year book still remains, in which he crossed out Grace Church and substituted St. Bartholomew's; in which he crossed out Providence and substituted New York; and in which he made all the other necessary changes in names and dates. Of course there is new matter in the reports, but all that could be carried over into the new book was retained. This was characteristic of his whole life. Whenever he made a change from one successful work to another he always tried again what had succeeded in his former experience. He was essentially a conservative. Later, the Bronx Church House was to be a reminiscence of the great parish house on Forty-second Street, and even when he came to the Cathedral he pined for a choir like the famous mixed choir of St. Bartholomew's.

From a paper (the name of which is lost), there is a bit of anonymous correspondence, under the date of November 23, 1888:

On Sunday, I went up to hear Dr. Greer, the new rector of St. Bartholomew's. For good and sufficient reasons the church was not reached till

about twelve o'clock, or time enough, say, to hear the ante-Communion service. The preacher then ascended the pulpit, calmly surveyed the congregation, and gave out the text in a voice so low, that I, in the back of the church, could not catch it. However, it was something about victory, and that victory over the lower world which comes through the truth and through the spiritual life. Next to sustaining the wants of the body the greatest value of material things was to provide things of a higher order, as libraries and books, art galleries and museums, and whatever ministered to the intellect. In this way, truth became a victorious, dominating power over the lower world. But there was an order of things which became more victorious still, and that was the higher life in man which might be touched and qualified by the Spirit of God, and which found its true being and abiding in the life of God, even as he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. Here, then, was an ascending order, the higher victorious over the lower, and the highest of all through the redemption of the Son of God, supremely victorious over everything that would drag it down. This was the idea, as nearly as one could apprehend it, and with a few words of application the preacher stopped.

Well, there was only one drawback, and that was more especially when the preacher bore on the

higher key. Then there was a certain roughness or thickness as compared with the tones in the middle register, which made hearing so far away something of an effort. As for the rest, everything was admirable. The manner was perfect — movement and force enough, and yet under such complete control. More admirable still, if possible, was the quality of his thought, which was that of a Christian philosopher who had thought out the whole thing on the lines of right reason and had come at the essential truth, as we regard it; — a man combining head and heart in about equal proportions, together with common sense running through and through; intellectual, but not cold; emotional, but not effusive; eloquent, but not the *vox et præterea nihil*; authoritative, but not overbearing; self-respecting, but not vain; a self-contained, self-controlled, well-balanced, and shapely man in mind and body; carrying no luggage, going off on no tangents, up to no arts, assuming no airs; a man who as an eloquent and effective preacher, leaving his manuscript behind him, is sure to stand second to no other in the pulpits of this city.

These words indicate the kind of preaching which Dr. Greer was to do in St. Bartholomew's. He had been preaching to a congregation among whom members of the University were rather prominently scat-

tered. He had come to a congregation where the devout business man and his family were the typical members. This devout business man, in many cases, was not a college graduate, and even if he were, his thoughts were practical rather than intellectual. The volume of sermons which Dr. Greer published during his early ministry in St. Bartholomew's demonstrates the quick sensitiveness with which he adjusted himself to the new congregation. If one may judge by these sermons, the tendency to defend the Faith as something which needed protection quite disappeared. They are profoundly religious, and they are eminently practical. He was telling men how they could walk with God today. He spoke of the Christian's attitude towards the theatre. He warned people against assuming that their own way is so good that they need not seek God's way to replace it. As always, the enthusiasm for Christ was dominant.

The conception of a great social work on the East Side was forming in his mind; but worship, and the preaching which would interpret it, were his first thought:

Why should not our church buildings be used more than they are. Looking at it simply from a commercial point of view, is it not a poor and inadequate return for the investment, to have them open only for two or three hours on Sunday, or for about one hundred and fifty hours out of

the whole year? If I could do in this matter just what I should like to do, I would never close the churches except at night, when everything else is closed. I would keep them open always; not only on Sunday, but on every other day; and I would have some kind of service in them every day of the week; not always perhaps a preaching service, but a service of some kind.

It is natural therefore that when he reached out towards the East Side it was not first of all with implements of social betterment, but first of all with a Rescue Mission. For this he was fortunate in securing the leadership of Colonel Henry H. Hadley, a man who frankly told the wrecks before him that he himself had once been in the depths, but by God's grace now was free. Whatever he may have been at one time, all could see that he was now a saint; and the men took hold of his goodness and the goodness of His Master, and were saved.

In talking to students, later, the rector said:

I am interested in a Rescue Mission in New York and go there at times to speak to the men. A poor, forlorn, degraded, almost helpless and hopeless set of men they are. They have lost their character, they have lost their reputation, they have lost their self-respect, they have lost everything except their souls, or except that soul-in-

stinct which, no matter how down-trodden, and buried, and covered up, is in every man, and never can be lost. I find it very hard to reach and touch these men. But there is a little woman who goes there sometimes, who was once a member of the Salvation Army, and whose words have much more power and effectiveness than mine. And to her they always listen with a rapt and eager listening; and often, as I have heard her talk, have I seen those hard, stolid faces lighten, and kindle, and glow, as though from beneath the rubbish their souls were coming out. But not only does she touch and move and quicken them, she also touches me as very few preachers do. Her theology is not mine; it is in some respects very different from mine. Many of the things which she says seem to me to be puerile and crude; and when I come to think of them afterwards, I am sure I do not believe them, and could not believe them. But *she* believes them, and her whole personality seems to be saturated with them, and to quiver and tremble with them; and the earnestness with which she speaks is not simulated and feigned, but most intensely real. And it is that real, unfeigned, and deep personal earnestness which touches me as well as others, and makes me more alive.

Bishop Brent bears his testimony to the work done in the Rescue Mission:

I first came into personal touch with Dr. Greer, who was then Rector of St. Bartholomew's, New York, about the year 1895. After hearing him preach in his church on a Sunday morning I went in the evening to his rescue mission on Forty-Second Street. He himself was there and spoke to the great meeting of dead beats and profligate sons with the same ease and apparent grip of the situation that he had with his own congregation in the morning. It was through him and his mission that we succeeded in getting a man who himself had plumbed the depths to start a similar work for us in Boston, which has had an enviable career and has been closed recently in that the clientele seems to have vanished since the enactment of prohibition.

Bishop Lawrence has only recently borne his testimony to the far-reaching results of this Mission:

I know one besotted man who entered this Rescue Mission over twenty-five years ago; he was redeemed; and that man with his faithful wife has for twenty-five years been appealing to, working with, and by God's Spirit redeeming men in our Church Rescue Mission in Boston. Think of it, almost every evening for a quarter of a century passed in this work: the patience, the hope! In such work Greer's soul goes marching on.

III

AS DR. GREER came in contact with the poor on the East Side, and as he looked into the faces of his comfortable parishioners on Sunday mornings, he knew that he must in some way bring the two groups more intimately together. The parish as a parish was not reaching out to the people who lived only a few blocks away. As a parish, St. Bartholomew's was not worried because the tenement houses were unhappy and dangerous places for people to live in. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, at the beginning, pledged to Dr. Greer the utmost support, stood ready to fulfil his rector's visions, and with him stood his mother, Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, who, as long as she lived, always gave, with her son, an equal amount, so that they acted together in support of the new plans. Others of course helped with generosity; but these two parishioners, who had both the wealth and the will to use it, were preëminent.

While Dr. Greer therefore was rector of St. Bartholomew's he seemed to have no financial problem, for, when Mr. Vanderbilt died, in 1899, his example had so far inspired others, and the work was so firmly established in the confidence of the congregation, that

they would not suffer it to fail. But he did not know this; and each year he worked very hard to raise the great sums necessary. Even with his faith, he could not help being anxious. And he was genuinely surprised year by year, when the money poured in. He did not see how it could be done again. As long as Mr. Vanderbilt lived no reasonable plan could be suggested to him that did not instantly gain his powerful support. The church was enlarged and beautified soon after the new rectorship began; for this purpose the whole congregation gave bountifully.

The great vision before the new rector was a parish house on East Forty-second Street, which should open its doors with Christian friendship to all who passed by, of whatever race or faith. This house was a gift to the parish by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt and her son, Cornelius. When it was done, it covered seven city lots, it rose to nine stories, and its floor space measured three and one half acres. It was set apart by Bishop Potter, Monday evening, November 23, 1891, when addresses were made not only by the Bishop of the Diocese, but by the rector, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. It had not then reached its full size for the building was afterward enlarged. Mrs. Hoagland gave the Clinic in memory of her husband; this was added directly to the building in Forty-second Street. Then came a boarding-house for girls; a working-girls' summer home in Washington, Connecticut; and a children's home at Pawling. A few years



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE, NEW YORK

later Dr. Greer described what was contained in this vast equipment:

We have in St. Bartholomew's Parish a good many departments of parochial activity. We have not only our Sunday-schools, and missionary societies, and benevolent societies, but a Swedish mission, and a Chinese mission, and an Armenian mission, and a Syrian mission, and a lodging house, and a loan bureau, and an employment bureau, and a coffee house, and a penny provident fund, and a girls' club, and a boys' club, and a men's club, and a gymnasium, and a parish press, and a kindergarten, and a surgical clinic, and a medical clinic, and an eye and ear clinic,—as well as all the ordinary activities which every thriving parish includes.

He spoke more specifically of the Loan Bureau:

In our Loan Bureau, we lend money in small amounts, of from ten to two hundred dollars, aggregating about fifteen hundred dollars a week, charging a fair rate of interest, and taking as security a mortgage upon the furniture and household goods of the borrower. I believe in that form of benevolence and think that it does great good. It is particularly needed in a city like New York. And St. Bartholomew's parish was able in part to supply that need, and does supply it.

He received letters from all over the world, asking information about the various activities carried on in the Parish House. The most insistent inquiries concerned the Loan Bureau.

Miss Rapallo writes of Dr. Greer's joy in the Parish House:

I recall first one snowy day, a furious storm was raging. I had gone over to the Parish House to do some neglected work, and was up in the Girls' Club, when the elevator boy came up bringing an old woman, who had come in for shelter, and to ask for a pair of shoes, as her feet were almost on the ground. While we were talking Dr. Greer came up. He had made his way over through the storm to see that all was right at the Parish House. The clothing bureau was closed and I went into an inner room where I kept some clothing stored away, to see if I could find any shoes. When I came back Dr. Greer was pulling off his goloshes and giving them to the woman. This was very characteristic, for his first thought always on hearing of any distress was, "What can I do to relieve it?"

One very marked trait, it seems to me, was his power of memory and of individualizing people. The Girls' Club during these years was very large, numbering at times nearly two thousand members and I think the greater part of the girls felt that they knew Dr. Greer personally, and what is

more, that he knew them personally. He certainly did know a very large number, many of them by name. He would sometimes talk over some girl's troubles, and advise me in some difficulty and then months afterward remember the circumstances and ask me how so and so turned out, and what I had done about such a thing.

It was our custom each year to have Quarterly Meetings, when all the members would come together in the large hall. The great event of these evenings was Dr. Greer's address. Some of his strongest and most inspiring addresses were made at these meetings. As an instance of what an impression they made upon the girls, I remember receiving a letter from one of our members, who was ill, and was at Saranac, in which she quoted a sentence from Dr. Greer's last Quarterly Meeting address which one of her friends, who was present, had written up to her, and which had greatly impressed her. Dr. Greer never missed one of these meetings, I think literally, not more than three or four during the fifteen years I was at St. Bartholomew's. One of the meetings fell in August and each year he came up from East Hampton or wherever he happened to be, to be present. This necessitated his spending the night in the hot city, but he knew the eager crowd of girls who were waiting for him, and would not disappoint them.

A short time ago a notice was put in the paper, telling of the cottage which it is planned to build at Hope Farm in memory of Bishop Greer and I received a most touching letter from one of the old St. Bartholomew's girls, enclosing a check for ten dollars and saying that she wished to be one to contribute to this memorial as she could never express how much Dr. Greer and St. Bartholomew's Girls' Club had meant to her in her life. She has sent me checks many times since then to be used for Hope Farm in memory of Dr. Greer.

One other incident occurs to me of a different nature. In all the years of my relationship with Dr. Greer, I only once heard him lose his temper or speak harshly. On this occasion the elevator boy had spoken rudely to some woman who was getting on the elevator, not seeing Dr. Greer behind her. I should not like to have been that elevator boy! This only serves to emphasize how very self-controlled he usually was. I have seen him under most trying circumstances, when I knew he was tired out and very nervous, but never but this once saw him give way, or heard him speak crossly.

To Dr. Greer the Parish House was a real joy always. He would wander over to it after his hours, when he had been seeing all kinds of people and facing all kinds of problems, trying to lift or

carry everybody's burden, or giving help or advice until he was tired out mentally and physically. He would come in to the Parish House and drop into a Mothers' Meeting or step in and watch the children's calisthenic class or stop to talk with one of the workers, and always find interest and pleasure in the life and work going on there, and go away refreshed.

His method in developing any new parochial venture was to search diligently for the right person to take the responsibility for it. Though he would announce that he meant to avoid doing anything himself which he could get another to do this rule was not always kept. In the background of his mind, as he made every parish call, was the thought, "What will this person be fitted for?" and then, when he had decided, he would go directly to that person with the beguiling invitation, "Here is something definite for you to do." He had a wholesome horror of clergymen who were simply "busy." He disliked fussiness. He felt that his function was that of a leader who could inspire others to carry out his plans, and as he examined the characters of the people, the thought came to him from time to time that here or there was a person fitted to do a work which had not hitherto been undertaken. His problem therefore was double. Here is something to do: who shall do it? Here is someone capable of doing something new: what shall it be? In a way, his

parish house was the laboratory where he could discover whether his preaching had been effective in the hearts of the people.

The criticism of enormous parish houses connected with city churches arose very early. A great deal of the work done at St. Bartholomew's was purely secular. There was a Sunday-school of eight hundred, and the Chapel services were always well attended; but the growth in the Chapel on Sundays did not keep pace with the throngs in the Parish House on weekdays. A good many of the people undoubtedly went to their own churches: many, so far as one could tell, received what the parish house could do for them in a material or physical way, and apparently gave nothing to God or man in return. Dr. Greer himself felt the force of the criticism and attempted to meet it:

We hear the fear expressed in some quarters today that the minister of Jesus Christ is giving too much of his time to the development in his parish of secular works and activities, and is himself in danger of becoming secularized. Instead of devoting so much of his energy and strength to the starting of guilds and clubs, and coffee houses, and gymnasiums, and dispensaries, and kindergartens, and day nurseries, and loan-bureaus, and employment bureaus, he should, it is said, confine himself more strictly to his proper work, which is the work of preaching the Gospel.

Now, if this criticism simply means that the work of preaching the Gospel is for the Christian minister the first and paramount work, then I accept and endorse it; for that is what I believe. And if the doing of those other things to which I have referred interferes with his preaching, then in my judgment he should not try to do them. If he cannot do both, let him not try to do both, but only to do the one which is in importance first. But if the criticism means or implies that in doing those things in his parish which are commonly called "secular" he is not doing things which are in reality religious, then it seems to me that the criticism is not well taken, and is calculated to give a conception of religion which impoverishes and enfeebles it, and makes it so much less sublime than what it really is or what it was meant to be. For religion, according to the Christian conception of it, does not mean to have the consciousness of God in some particular places, or in some particular things. That is the pagan conception of religion, that God is in places and things, — lo here, lo there! But our religion is better than that, and means to have the consciousness of God in all places, and in all things. With that consciousness of God all duty is sacred duty; all service is sacred service; all life is sacred life.

It is only fair to say that nothing with which Dr. Greer had to do could lack the spiritual note. There-

fore, in so far as this justification affected the people of the mother church on Madison Avenue, it is altogether valid. Those of us who have had to do with parochial life in New York might ask seriously, if the work which was so markedly valuable for the parishioners on Madison Avenue were as valuable for the kingdom of God to the people ministered to in the Parish House on East Forty-second Street? No New York parish which has done institutional work would probably be satisfied with the results so far as human intelligence can measure them. Experience has demonstrated one or two principles which must be obeyed if the Church is to do with its parish settlements what will best serve the people. The first of these principles is outward and symbolic. Most of us I think will agree that in every church settlement a building which is obviously a church, and made as beautiful as art can make it, should dominate the group. The second principle is that people who come to the so-called secular gatherings and clubs should understand quite clearly that the Church is longing to develop not so much their bodies and their minds as their characters and their souls. Another lesson which is coming out of our experience is, that while we wish to do good unto all men, we should not allow the leaders of any religious body to gain the impression that we are willing to do the social work for them while they give their whole attention to what they call the spiritual side of their people. Minds, bodies, and souls belong to-

gether, and we may hope that every religious organization will ultimately care for the whole life of its members, in so far as there is need. More and more, if great parish houses survive, still greater churches will spring up beside them; and if there be no more room on the church property the church will be enlarged at the expense of the parish house.

In the last years of the Nineteenth Century, three great New York parishes were launching out upon a huge experiment, St. George's, Grace, St. Bartholomew's. The emphasis varied. Taken altogether, thousands of people if they could be asked their testimony, would bear witness to the help which the parish house in each of these churches has brought to them. Those whose visions and gifts are responsible for the creation of the modern parish house, would say, could they speak to us, that though they rejoice, they are not satisfied. But, as they would not fear criticism, neither would they minimize the actual results. The Church must always have the genius, being the great poet it is, to devise things new; it must have the supreme genius, being the greatest of poets, never to be content till what was beneficent to the people yesterday has been changed into the best means of service which God will show us for today. The Church has gone ahead by its courageous contempt of possible failures, and by daring to do what only the Spirit of God can bring to victory.

IV

DR. GREER had barely started his venture with the parish house when he was called to succeed Phillips Brooks as rector of Trinity Church, Boston. The call came on the first day of June, just twenty-one years after another Boston parish, St. Paul's, had heard him preach and had decided that he was not adequate to a Boston rectorship. It was the most significant recognition which could come to a preacher; for Phillips Brooks had made the pulpit of Trinity Church the chief pulpit of the English-speaking world. The call could not fail to attract him. Dr. Parks, then rector of Emmanuel Church in Boston, expressed the thoughts passing through his own mind:

I know how many things there will be to hold you to your great work, but I write this line to call your attention to one fact, and that is, that Trinity Church, Boston, is the greatest *pulpit* in this country, and that the man who stands there has an advantage not to be found elsewhere as far as I know.

No one, who does not live here, can really know what a place it is. There is quiet and thoughtfulness enough to make it certain that the Word spoken will not instantly be drowned in the noise

of the machinery of life. I need not tell you how glad I would be to have you here and to know that the traditions of the place were living, yet different, with the difference of a new personality.

Dr. Greer took several weeks to decide where his duty lay. The letter which naturally meant most to him was from Phillips Brooks himself, who, in reply to a letter from Dr. Greer, wrote of his own hope:

233 CLARENDON STREET
BOSTON

My dear Greer:

June 10, 1892

Your letter puts me in a flutter of enthusiastic hope! If you can come to us, the future is indeed very bright. More than Trinity has ever done, more than any church of ours has ever begun to do in Boston, you can do, if you will give these next twenty years to the people who have called you, and their children and children's children.

I need not tell you that the call has been given most unanimously. It would have been given long ago if they had dared: only now have they gathered courage to ask you: but if you will come you will find them eager and ready to work with you in most faithful and affectionate coöperation.

Do come and look at them. I sail for Europe on Saturday, the 18th. I leave here on the evening of Friday, the 17th. Wednesday, the 15th, is

Commencement and Ordination day at Cambridge. On the evening of that day, and most of Thursday and all of Friday, I am free, — will you not come and see me? Or shall I come and see you?

If Mr. Paine, who is an old friend of mine, and the most energetic vestryman of Trinity Church, should ask us to spend the night of Wednesday with him at Waltham, close to Boston, and you could do it, it might be well, as you and I could have plenty of time for private talk, and you could also see what sort of spirit the Vestry are of.

I cannot tell you, my dear friend, what great delight it would give me or how it would brighten my declining years!

May the good God send you to us.

Yours most affectionately,

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Dean Lawrence wrote from Cambridge that everyone hoped he would come to Trinity; but was hoping against hope. Dr. Greer had been in St. Bartholomew's only four years. He had just persuaded the congregation to undertake the parish house: two trusting friends had built it for him. No one knows what he might have done had the conditions been different. As the conditions were, he knew before the month of June was over that his answer would be No, and therefore he wrote to the Wardens:

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S RECTORY
342 MADISON AVENUE

MESSRS. CHARLES H. PARKER
CHARLES R. CODMAN,
Wardens, Trinity Church.

Gentlemen:

My delay in giving a positive answer to your communication of June 1, inviting me to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston, has been occasioned by the difficulty I have experienced in reaching a right conclusion. Seldom indeed have I been called upon to decide a question which seemed so evenly balanced. I have felt that to go to Boston and try as best I could to maintain the noble traditions of Trinity Church, would be a great and inspiring privilege, and that I could ask for nothing better or pleasanter; and yet when it came to the point of leaving my present work, so many difficulties immediately rose up before me that I seemed to have no option in the matter; and the longer I thought about it the clearer did it become that I must remain where I am. And that is the decision which I am now constrained to give you. To say that I am sorry hardly expresses the way I feel; for my heart is strongly drawn towards Trinity; and yet my sense of duty seems to tell me just as strongly that I must stay at St. Bartholomew's.

Assuring you again of my grateful appreciation of your confidence in me, and praying that God may guide you in the selection of one who will not be unworthy of your noble parish and its late distinguished rector, believe me, with sincere regard,

Very truly yours,

GREENWICH, CONN.

DAVID H. GREER

June 22, 1892

Dr. Greer had told his decision to Bishop Brooks, who wrote from London, where the news reached him in July. It was the last July he was to spend on earth:

LONDON, *July 5, 1892*

Dear Greer:

I was afraid so! And yet I dared to hope! Perhaps it was too much to ask that anyone should see our Boston just as we seem to see it, and very likely we have over-valued the importance of the work there.

At any rate you did not scorn us! — and I like to believe that there was some chance at one time that you might even have decided to come. I must not allow myself now to think about what it would have been to all of us if you had so decided. What it would have been to me I cannot tell you. We would have taken sweet counsel together and walked in the House of God as friends, wouldn't we?

I am sorry for New York that she has lost the blessing which your coming to Boston would have brought to her. It would have startled her with the new grace of humility. Now I am afraid she only gives a careless chuckle, and goes her way without giving any more thought to the idiotic impertinence of Boston.

Well, my dear fellow, may you be ever abundantly happy, wherever you are, and may the Lord's blessing be bountiful upon your work. I hope you will sometimes remember with some pleasure that we wanted you. Indeed we did; and would have given you a true heart's welcome had you come. But there is no comparison and no rivalry of works. It is all good, wherever we are set to do it, — and, dear me! how fast it goes, and how soon it will all be over!

I thank you for all the kind words of your letter, and I am, as you know well enough,

Yours most affectionately,

PHILLIPS BROOKS

A year later, such influential clergy and laity in Massachusetts asked him to give his consent to be nominated as Phillips Brooks's successor as Bishop of the diocese, that it seems quite certain that he might have been elected. One letter is typical of the many letters which he received:

101 BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE

March 7, 1893

My dear Greer:

You have no idea of the deep satisfaction it has given us here at Cambridge to learn that we are to have the opportunity to vote for, and, we are confident, elect you, Bishop of Massachusetts.

I believe that we can understand your sense of obligation towards the work in New York and towards those who have supported you. Yet Massachusetts is in a blind condition of thought and life, as you well know, as far as the position of the Episcopal Church is concerned. And a man who can take up the work where Brooks left it, and who has, as you have, the personal power to bring our Church before the whole people, will do the work of generations.

The very fact that Brooks has led will give you a more sympathetic and enthusiastic backing and a wider field of work.

Pardon the liberty of my suggestion, but you are the one man to whom we are turning. I am not in ecclesiastical politics, but whenever your name has been mentioned in my hearing it has been heartily received.

Grosvenor of Lenox, a graduate of Berkeley, happens to be in my study as I write, and speaks

enthusiastically of yourself as the man for Massachusetts.

Yours with much regard,
WILLIAM LAWRENCE

P. S.

I have just read this to Grosvenor, who says that he endorses every word, and wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Greer and yourself, as do I.

He was deeply moved; but the same reasons which held him back before, held him back still. He had not passed five years as rector of St. Bartholomew's, and the parish house experiment was still in its infancy. He was so sure that he could not accept the call if it came to him that he begged his friends not to allow his name to be used. In his letter to Mr. Rousmaniere (who was the spokesman for a large group of Clergy), explaining the reasons for this decision, he added a postscript:

I have read this letter to Bishop Potter, and he has requested me to ask you not to say anything about it for a few days. What good there can be in that I do not know. I think the Bishop favors Massachusetts, and is desirous of having me in the House of Bishops. Perhaps he thinks he can succeed in making me see that side of it a little more clearly and strongly.

But the letter was sent. His mind was unchanged. He said to Mr. Atwood, "If I had been elected and felt that it was the call of God, I should have gone; but I could give only one answer to a caucus." Dr. Richards, his counsellor in Providence, wrote his approval:

My dear Greer:

You haven't asked my opinion, so I offer it! I want to congratulate you on your decision as to Massachusetts. You are absolutely in your niche now and any change would be an experiment. There are few men more precisely suited to their posts than you to the charge of a parish in New York like St. Bartholomew's. I felt so when you left here, and everyone feels so about you now. I much doubt if Boston would have suited you. I don't say that you would not have suited Boston. Massachusetts is the quintessence of New England, and I had half a fear that you would fancy you knew New England by your knowledge of Rhode Island. Nothing could be less true. Rhode Island might easier introduce you to New York or Ohio or Virginia than to Massachusetts. So I am heartily glad for you that the mitre has not dazzled you. This is unselfish in me, for Boston is only one hour distant, and New York five.

Gus Hoppin's prophetic soul must be grieved!

Ever yours,

C. A. L. R.

DR. GREER'S influence was felt far beyond the bounds of his own Communion. When the citizens of New York, irrespective of ecclesiastical affiliation, wished to express their admiration and affection for Phillips Brooks, and gathered in Music Hall to hear speeches, by Rabbi Gottheil in behalf of the Jews, Mr. Joseph H. Choate in behalf of Bishop Brooks's contemporaries at Harvard College, Dr. Storrs in behalf of the Presbyterians, Dr. J. R. Day in behalf of the Methodists, Father Ducey in behalf of the Roman Catholics, and Dr. Lyman Abbott in behalf of the Congregationalists, Dr. Greer was chosen to preside and to make the opening address. How penetrating Dr. Greer's influence had become is further shown by the fact that at Archbishop Corrigan's funeral, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in May, 1902, he acted as one of the special guard of honor.

In the year 1895, Dr. Greer delivered at Yale the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, taking for his subject, *The Preacher and His Place*. The printed lectures reveal not only his method but his inner spirit. Where all is excellent it is difficult to select a single passage, but his words upon the relation of a sermon to other messages coming from God will show his sym-

pathetic attitude towards all who try to do good in the Name of the Lord:

The tendency of civilized society is a tendency towards specialization; and the specialized task of the preacher is not to try to preach all the truth which God has revealed (though it is all true, and God has revealed it), but to preach that truth which God has revealed in Jesus Christ; and the less he has to do with the preaching of what is called scientific truth, the better, I think, will it be for both the preaching and the science. His preaching will be touched or affected more or less by that scientific truth. It cannot help being affected by it. And more or less incidentally and collaterally and as a kind of side light it will show itself in his preaching. But he is not, in my judgment, and as I interpret his office, called upon to preach it, any more than he is called upon to preach against it. He is called upon chiefly to preach the truth of God revealed in Jesus Christ; and through his own personal absorption and assimilation of it to make that truth a power in the lives of those who hear him. That is his special task, and that is task enough,—hard enough, great enough, sublime enough to tax him to the utmost, and to give him employment enough. And yet, while performing the task of preaching the truth of God revealed in Jesus Christ, let him not

forget that there is other truth, and that there are other teachers of truth. Is his task sacred? So is theirs. Is his truth revealed? So is theirs. Is he a minister of God? So are they. Is he a prophet of God? So are they. And the work which they do is religious work, as the work which he does is religious work; because it is not chiefly the work which is done by them, but the work which is done by God through them.

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Instead, therefore, of making a distinction between sacred truth and secular, let us claim all truth as sacred, because all truth is God's, and comes from God, and is doing God's work in the world.

It is impressive to discover that while in the early 'Nineties his critics were forecasting the loss of his prophetic power in the management of the vast parish house, he read at a monthly meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, in May, 1893, a paper on *Auguste Comte and Positivism*. At the end of the long paper is the conclusion which he reached at every turn of his life:

In the meantime, we can say to the Positivist, as to all who are looking for One who is worthy of worship and capable of inspiring it, it is not necessary to invent Him at all, but simply to be-

hold Him; yes, to behold Him, who, in the language of Richter, "holiest among the mighty and mightiest among the holy," has lifted with his pierced hands empires off their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages.

He was continually called upon to represent the spirit of the Church Universal at various dinners and meetings, which, for the most part, had some secular end in view, such as the honor to be paid to some visiting ambassador, the interests of the Chamber of Commerce, or the loyalty of New England to its ideals. He was a charter member of the Provident Loan Society, which is a society organized to lend money on pawns and pledges. For several years he was chaplain of the Seventh Regiment. He resigned this chaplaincy at the time of the Spanish War, finding that he could not conscientiously leave his work in New York to accompany the Regiment.*

*ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S RECTORY
342 MADISON AVENUE

June 1, 1898

Dear Colonel Appleton:

After a very careful and conscientious consideration of the matter, I have reached the conclusion that I am not free to go with the Regiment into the service of the Government without serious detriment to very important interests, both material and moral, which have been committed to my keeping, and for which I am responsible. If it were a question of personal sacrifice I could easily and quickly decide it, and it would be in that case a privilege and pleasure to go with the Regiment which I have learned to esteem and

Associated Charities in other cities often appealed to him to come, and, from his experience, tell how best to help the poor. He preached the annual Botanical sermon in St. Louis in 1902. He was intensely interested in Helen Keller, and did much to make it possible for her and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, to continue their demonstration of what could be done for a child, dumb, deaf, and sightless, and of what a child so helped could do.

WRENTHAM, MASS., *June 21, 1898*

My dear Dr. Greer:

If you only knew how often, and how sincerely I have thanked you in my heart for the little boat, which has given me so much pleasure, I am sure that my long delay in writing would not seem to you like ingratitude.

I go out in my boat oftenest when the sky is filled with soft rosy clouds, that seem to float through the depths of our lovely lake, "like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart." I can

love, and to share its fate. But it is not a personal question; and the consideration which constrained me to remain at my present post when I was recently urged to leave it for another and important field of work, compels me now to do the same.

I need not tell you, for I am sure you know, with what great reluctance I have reached this decision. Neither need I assure you of my great respect and affection for you.

Thanking you most warmly for all your personal kindness to me, and regretting that I cannot go with you, believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

DAVID H. GREER

now row entirely around the lake, a distance of about three miles, without getting too tired; so you see, I am growing very strong indeed. How I wish I could give you a row around King Philip's Pond! It is all so beautiful! The trees and bushes come down to the water's edge, and bend over it to look at their own beautiful reflections; and a little later the pond-lilies will welcome the day with a shower of perfume.

I wonder where you spend your summers. If anywhere in Massachusetts, I wish you could make us a little visit; we should be so happy to see you. God bless you, dear Mr. Greer, from my heart of hearts. You cannot know the depth of my gratitude.

I hope you will enjoy your summer, gain health and strength, and with fresh happiness return to the city to make others happy.

Ever your loving friend,

HELEN KELLER

Long after, in 1920, Miss Keller wrote of the boat:

What a joy that little boat was to me! How many happy hours I spent in it, rowing or drifting on the lovely lakes in Wrentham! And I still seem to feel its light, graceful motions in the water. The fragrance of pines and lilies comes floating on the breeze of memory as I write, fill-

ing my heart with sweet thoughts of my friend who has voyaged to the mysterious shores of Silence.

I have had many, many friends, but I have never had a truer friend than Dr. Greer. When I was struggling through college, he was ever ready with helpful counsel and encouragement. I loved him warmly for his goodness, his courage, and his sweetness. The memory of his kindness has been precious to me all the years since I first met him at the house of my good friend, Laurence Hutton. I loved him here, and I love him in whatever realm of God's universe he dwells now.

During the sixteen years that he was rector of St. Bartholomew's, he met the demands which were placed upon him to represent religion before the wider public, and he made men respect it.

VI

DR. GREER'S influence in his own Church reached far. From 1881 he was a member of the General Board of Missions. Of his work for the Board details will be given in that part of this book which covers his bishopric.

In 1895, 1898, and 1901, he represented the Diocese of New York in the General Convention, with Dr. Huntington, Dr. Dix, Dean Hoffman, Dr. Lewis Parks, and Dr. Grosvenor. He represented with personal strength the strongest diocese in the Church. He surprised members of the Convention by pleading for a rigid Canon forbidding any re-marriage by the Church after divorce, even to "the innocent party." By this stand, he won the admiration of Bishop Doane, who was his warm friend ever after. This intimacy was further strengthened by Dr. Greer's substantial co-operation, in organizing and building the Matanzas Orphanage in Cuba, the founding of which was largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Bishop Doane's daughter, Mrs. Gardiner.

He was especially kind, when going to the General Convention, in preaching in towns near the city where the Convention chanced to meet. For example, in 1895, when the Convention met in Minneapolis,

Bishop Whipple besought his friends to go down with him to his home in Faribault on the Saturday nights during which the Convention was held, that they might preach for him the next day in the Cathedral. Accordingly, Dr. Greer made the rather arduous journey to preach at one of the Sunday evening services in Faribault. One who heard him recalls that his text was, "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you." Everybody was moved. After the service, the men of the choir surrounded him and asked him questions. Without taking off his surplice, he remained standing among them for fully half an hour, genially talking about his work in New York. He was of course a great personage to his listeners, for the fame of St. Bartholomew's was throughout the country. But they were not over-awed; he was so friendly and kind, that it was as natural to ask questions of him as of a friend whom they saw every day.

He was interested in the Church Congress from the beginning of its history, and was often heard upon its platform, especially upon subjects connected with preaching. He would make long journeys in order to support this institution for free discussion, going for instance as far as St. Paul, where he spoke upon the influence of the Newspaper. In 1890, in Philadelphia, he spoke upon "Trusts." Having been impressed through his intimate friendship with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and other earnest Christian business men with the sense of responsibility which some rich men

had for their wealth, he assumed that this was a prevailing characteristic among capitalists. He was therefore inclined to be impatient of the socialistic protest.

A friend who was present at this session of the Congress remembers that when Dr. Greer was rather too optimistic about rich men in general, the gallery hissed. In Providence, in 1900, among his old friends and parishioners, he made an impressive speech on *Analysis and Synthesis in Religion*. He quoted Hegel's characterization: "movement through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction"; and Carlyle, "through the Everlasting Nay to the Everlasting Yea." The truth of Christ, he said, is always the same, but we are not the same. It stays, we move. It abides, we grow in our knowledge of it. And what is true of us is true of Christendom at large. Christendom has grown, not in adding new truth to the truth revealed in Jesus Christ, but in its interpretation of that truth. Its apprehension of it has changed with its changing environment. But just because that truth is an infinite term, with an infinite content in it, no one age has ever apprehended it fully. Hence we always find that analysis has its work to do, not as something complete in itself, but to be followed by synthesis. The two together give us a larger conception of the truth of God in Jesus Christ.

In Albany, in 1902, he spoke on the *Moral Aspects of the Referendum*:

A referendum cannot make righteousness. A referendum vote may be a righteous expedient in some cases. But it is the preacher's task to declare persistently the eternal, inflexible principles revealed by the Lord who rules supreme among the sons of men. The task of the Christian Church in the midst of a sovereign, independent State, is not to try to impair or encroach upon its freedom, but to teach how to find it, to guard it and defend it, and, by a referendum to Jesus Christ, to keep it!

Early in his rectorship at St. Bartholomew's, Dr. Greer delivered the Bedell Lectures at Gambier, Ohio, where he had been trained for the Ministry. His subject was, *The Historic Christ, the Moral Power of History*. The two lectures are eloquent expressions of his personal devotion to Christ. He read this devotion from two lives of his Master, one of them in the Gospel record; the other, in human history, a chronicle which will be finished only with the end of human existence. From these two sources, glancing from time to time at critics like Strauss, John Stuart Mill, Lecky, and Huxley, he built up a cumulative argument in behalf of the Christian religion. His ultimate defence of Christianity was what we should today call "pragmatic." When he looked at the power of Christ in human affairs and compared that power with all others that have "energized" in history, he knew, in the words of an English theologian, that

The Absolute was born at Bethlehem, the Perfect died on Calvary, the Omnipotent rose at Easter, the Infinite ascended from Bethany, and the Eternal came down at Pentecost.

He reached this conclusion not by the subtle processes of metaphysical analysis, not by the delicate balancings of textual study, but by looking at the facts of human experience, that among all the sons of men there is none like the Son of Man. He knew that Jesus Christ wields an invincible sceptre and is on the throne of the world.

Dr. Greer's influence upon the younger clergy throughout the country would have surprised him had he known it. Bishop Doane told the rector of Amsterdam to go down to St. Bartholomew's to hear Dr. Greer, and to see the way he conducted a Church service. The Bishop said he would learn a great lesson. Edward L. Atkinson, the brilliant vicar of the Church of the Ascension in Boston, wrote, in 1895:

We have a female-male vested choir à la St. Bartholomew's. We had to have it under the circumstances: boys not a success for a choir in South End, — voices change before or by the time manners are cultivated.

And again Atkinson wrote in 1896:

I am trying to follow Dr. Greer's way of preaching a sermon. I scarcely ever write one out fully.

I try to get lots of material and much enthusiasm, rather let the English take care of itself. It's poor enough that I am doing, but the gains are: real fun in doing, and comparative ease in preparing.

Others, too, who had parishes in towns where boys' voices were too few, or altogether impossible, were encouraged to know that with the unlimited resources of St. Bartholomew's, Dr. Greer chose to have a vested choir of men and women. So all over the country were founded such vested, mixed choirs. Bishops sometimes protested in their Convention addresses that the cassock and surplice were not feminine garments, but when the rector pleaded that "Dr. Greer does it," the academic protest evaporated. And of course his parish house was a model for large parish houses in other cities, and it was reproduced in miniature in many a little village. He was one of the two or three leaders of the Church to whom young men, beginning their Ministry, looked for practical suggestion.

VII

HAPPY and crowded as his life was, the Church beyond New York was not content to leave him in his pleasant ecclesiastical enclosure. On June 22, 1897, his old friends in the Diocese of Rhode Island elected him on the first ballot Bishop Clark's coadjutor. Letters poured in upon him in his summer holiday at Stamford. Those who had known him in Providence as rector or as fellow clergyman pleaded with him to come. Bishops, coveting him for the House of Bishops, also pleaded. Bishop Lawrence wrote:

I trust that you will not think me too forward in expressing the hope that you will find it your duty to accept. The decision must be a difficult one, for you have many responsibilities and large opportunities in New York. Cannot I say, however, as Bishop in the next State, and as your friend, how much we need you in the House of Bishops, and how important to the whole Church it is that such men as you should be in the Upper House and have influence in those councils of the Church. While we are rectors, and see the opportunities in our parish and civic life as such, I do

not think that we give full weight to the opportunities of a Bishop in relation to the future of the whole Church and the country.

No man ever dreaded the office more than I, or shrank from it as I did. It didn't interest me. But my interest has grown; and today, much as I loved the old work and miss its satisfactions, I would not return if I could.

Pardon this egotism, and any urgency if I have shown it. Whatever you decide will I know be right and wise, and wherever you are, God will bless you with rich service.

His father wrote him a long, affectionate letter trying to balance the claims upon him:

I wish [he said] I had the wisdom that could advise you. Infinite Wisdom and Goodness will do that, I am sure.

Dr. Huntington wrote, in judicial mood, trying to put his affection in the background:

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY
NEW YORK

June 29, 1897

Dear Greer:

Much depends, it strikes me, upon the outlook for your health and strength in case you continue

in your present charge. I have supposed all along that the reason why you were giving the Rhode Island matter serious attention was because you were feeling the wear and tear of the work at St. Bartholomew's, and felt the absolute necessity of a change. Upon two or three points my mind is clear, and since you have asked me to do so I will set them down. As to their relative importance and their true bearings upon one another you can judge as well as I, yes, much better:

1: St. Bartholomew's and its rectorship are intrinsically the equals in point of real influence of Rhode Island and its Episcopate.

2: If you can contemplate with satisfaction abiding in your present work for fifteen or twenty years longer; if, I mean, you feel that you could "keep it up," average health and strength being presupposed, it will be wisdom to abide.

3: The Episcopate of Rhode Island is by far the best and most appropriate place to shift to, in case you take a negative view of "2." No such opportunity is likely, humanly speaking, to come to you again. Not that bishoprics may not be offered you galore, but no such perfect fit.

4: If you go to Rhode Island (as many of your present people make their summer homes in that region) you would still retain command, to some extent, for missionary purposes and the general, in distinction from the parochial and di-

ocesan, needs of the Church, of those sinews of war which have to be considered to some extent, albeit the weapons of our warfare are not carnal.

These four points seem to me to afford the *data* for a judgment. More than this you will not ask of me, save the prayer which I do promptly offer, that you may be guided to see aright your path, and win the reward of those whose eye is single.

Faithfully yours,
W. R. HUNTINGTON

The struggle lasted for several weeks, and then he saw clearly that he was not intended to be Bishop of Rhode Island, and with the simplest words he declined to go. Between the lines, those who knew him understood how difficult it was to deny the invitation of old and beloved friends. Bishop Potter's letter from the Lambeth Conference will show the feeling of the Diocese of New York, especially that part of it bounded by St. Bartholomew's Parish:

LONDON

July 23, 1897

My dear Greer:

Heaven be thanked that we are not to lose you, — but I *am* a bit sorry for Rhode Island! However, I am not responsible for Rhode Island, and my heart will be lighter for knowing that we shall have the great benefit and blessing of your presence and help in New York.

Remember me to Mrs. Greer, who, I hope, is as happy as I am!

Yours always,
H. C. POTTER

On November 19, 1901, Dr. Greer was again called to the Episcopate. The Diocese of Western Massachusetts asked him to be its first Bishop. Bishop Lawrence, who presided at the primary convention in Christ Church, Springfield, tells succinctly how the election took place:

From the first, there has been a spontaneous rising at your name. I, of course, have kept entirely out of it. No other man was in it at all. When it came to the Convention, and no one responded to my call for another nomination besides yours, it was striking. Then the announcement by the tellers of the result of the ballot — “Unanimous, by Clergy and Laity” — was most impressive. There is no doubt that the whole diocese wants you. All sorts and conditions turn to you, and only the truth has been told about you; they have no false impressions.

I feel for Mrs. Greer and your family in the throes of decision. You have done a great work in New York under killing pressure. Massachusetts enables one to do the work, and the pressure is lower.

In some ways, this call was more appealing than the call to Rhode Island, for one of the few persons who still called him David, his dear friend Arthur Lawrence, was rector of Stockbridge; and there were many other friends besides. To leave the noise of Madison Avenue for the quiet of the hills of rural Massachusetts, seemed at times too attractive to resist; but he was sure that his work was still at St. Bartholomew's, and he sent his letter of declination:

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S RECTORY
342 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, *November 25, 1901*

THE REVEREND JOHN C. BROOKS
THE REVEREND ALEXANDER H. VINTON
and others:

Gentlemen:

It is impossible for me to tell you how deeply I feel and appreciate the honor which has been conferred upon me by the new Diocese of Western Massachusetts. I should certainly be more than human, or less, not to be greatly moved by the unusual and impressive manner of my election; and it is only after an earnest, and I hope conscientious reconsideration of the whole subject, that I find my conviction unchanged. I cannot feel it my duty to go to Massachusetts, and therefore must decline the great honor which you have paid me.

It has not been an easy thing to reach this decision; but now that I have reached it and that my mind is clear which way my duty lies, it is my further duty to inform you of it at once; and in doing so, let me express the hope, that whatever you may think of the wisdom of my course, you will at least believe that I have tried to do, and have done, what seemed to me to be right.

Again thanking you most sincerely for such a manifestation of your confidence and regard, believe me always,

Faithfully yours,
DAVID H. GREER

Bishop Doane, from the impartial neighborhood of Albany, wrote his approval:

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1901

My very dear brother:

I have felt intensely for you during the strain of this decision. I have from the beginning felt that you were abundantly justified in declining even so striking an election as that was, and I am very grateful to you for writing me in the midst of all that you have had to do, and very clear in my own mind that your decision is the right one on all grounds, and that I believe God will bless it because of the absolute honesty of its purpose, to your larger usefulness where you are now, and,

as I most earnestly hope, to usefulness in the Bishop's work somewhere else.

Always very faithfully,

W. C. DOANE .

Mrs. Doane is very glad to retain her Coadjutor.

In January, 1902, the Diocese of Pennsylvania was in need of a Bishop Coadjutor. Dr. Greer was approached by a strong committee of laymen. By this time he was an expert in weighing the relative duty one might feel towards a great parish and a diocese; but he did not decide hastily. Two letters tell the whole story. On January 8, he wrote:

I hardly know how to answer the question which you and Mr. Thomas asked me the other day, without putting myself in a wrong and false position. I certainly am not a candidate for the Episcopal Office and do not seek it. If I did I would not be worthy of it. And yet I would not be worthy of my present office if I refused to consider it, for I am a soldier under orders, ready I hope to do and go as duty may direct. I did not think it my duty to leave my work here for Western Massachusetts, and said so beforehand; but in the case of such a large and important field of work as the Diocese of Pennsylvania, that could not be said beforehand by me or anyone

else; and if such a diocese should see fit to summon me to the Episcopate, with a strong and urgent call, it would deserve and receive a most serious consideration, and I would try to decide it, not as in any sense a personal question, but with reference simply to my greater usefulness in the Church.

That is all, it seems to me, that I or anyone else ought to say in advance to such a hypothetical question as you have asked.

On January 27, he gave his final decision:

Since writing you about a fortnight ago, I have been thinking a great deal about the election in Pennsylvania and its possible result in choosing me as Bishop Coadjutor of that diocese. I felt compelled to do this, although the matter was not actually before me; yet, if I allowed it to go on, and should be elected, I felt that I would not be free to consider it but would be morally bound to accept it. I have therefore taken the time, as a matter of justice both to Pennsylvania and myself, to consider it beforehand, and as the result, I have reached the conclusion that it would not be my duty to go.

I cannot give you in a letter all the pros and cons which have influenced me in reaching this decision; I can only say that I have balanced

them in my mind very carefully and with sole reference to my duty and usefulness.

I am sorry to have to disappoint you, more sorry than I can say; but it is better to disappoint you now than to disappoint you afterwards, in case I should be elected; for, feeling as I do about it, I could not accept the election.

You are at liberty, if you choose and if you think it necessary, to make this letter public; but at all events, may I ask you as my friend, not to let me be nominated.

VIII

THAT Dr. Greer's preaching in New York was stronger than his preaching in Providence would be difficult to assert, but one who heard him frequently in both places has borne testimony that his sermons at St. Bartholomew's were delivered with more force and abandon than ever. All through his New York rectorship he allowed nothing to interfere with the preparation which he knew that he must give to his preaching. He would shut himself in his study on Friday afternoons and work with all his might to put into form the sermon which had been growing, consciously or subconsciously, through the earlier days of the week. This study was on the second floor of the church. No one but Dr. Greer used it. If all went well he would leave the study about five o'clock, to make parochial calls or to ride his horse. If the door slammed and he ran rapidly down the stairs, this was a clear indication that the sermon was well started on its triumphant course; but when, instead, he came into his office, his hair dishevelled, his face distraught, his voice discouraged, it was obvious that he was writhing in an agony of despair because the sermon would not "come." "I am going out," he would sometimes say, "but I have not yet

the remotest idea what I shall preach about next Sunday." Whether or not he was started on Friday afternoon, all Friday evening, Saturday, and all Saturday evening, he worked upon his sermon. Then again on Sunday morning he spent a final hour in his study, making himself sure of the thoughts and words of the message, which he hoped it would be given him to preach. As in Providence, so also in New York, his preaching was more or less uneven. There might be several sermons, which, though good, would not rise much above an ordinary average, and then there would come a sermon which would be for ever memorable to those who heard it. In the fulness of his physical strength his utterance was what is ordinarily called "impassioned." (A vestryman once wrote, beseeching him to spare himself the evident strain.) His voice would drop almost to a whisper, and again it would ring. His hands were in almost constant motion. One gesture his congregation will remember, when he held his hand aloft and every finger seemed to vibrate with the emotion which his thought was expressing. The intense silence of the congregation throughout his sermon showed the close attention which everyone in the church was giving to him. In offering advice to a clergyman who had recently come to New York, he said that his afternoon addresses really cost him no special effort, because he used as material for them the thoughts which he had gathered for the morning sermons but which he had not been able to include

within the limited time. The character of the afternoon sermons was entirely different from that of the morning. The morning sermon was formal, well-ordered; the afternoon address was unconventional, suggestive, not didactic. Since the afternoon service was composed almost wholly of music, he would often catch his inspiration from the anthem, and carry on and deepen the effect which he felt that the music had produced in the people.

During the winter of 1902-03 an Englishman was visiting the cities of America. With discrimination and sympathy he went about to various churches of the different Communion, to hear those whose preaching was thought excellent. Some of his criticisms are withering. The sermon of which he spoke with most enthusiasm was one preached by Dr. Greer. No more accurate impression could be given of his preaching during these years at St. Bartholomew's than the estimate of this anonymous Englishman:

My third visit was paid to St. Bartholomew's church, on the morning of January 4. There was a large congregation, of which men formed a considerable proportion. Dr. Greer chose as his text, "Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father" (John xx. 17). He first explained that the verb translated "touch" meant "touch in such a manner as to take possession of." More time might perhaps have

been spent with advantage in making quite clear the interpretation put by the preacher upon the whole text, on which so many opinions have been expressed by various expositors; but Dr. Greer appeared to understand it as meaning that after the Ascension it would be possible for Mary — and for all believers — to touch, or take possession of, our Lord in a manner that had hitherto been impossible. The emphasis of the sermon was consequently laid not upon the immediate prohibition, but upon the later privilege which it implied. Mary could no longer appropriate Christ, as she had done before, as an earthly friend and companion, for that relation had ceased; yet another and better relation would henceforward be possible.

“The Touch of the Soul” was therefore the preacher’s subject. He gradually worked his way up to his main exhortation by reviewing the different kinds of life which most men tried to touch and possess. No stimulus was needed in the attempt to touch physical and material life; the financial reviews of the year in the papers showed not only an increasing accumulation, but an increasing distribution of physical wealth. Nor did men need, as a rule, to be urged to seek mental life. “We are an intelligent people, and all kinds of reading and travelling are within our reach.” Neither did men need as much as some supposed,

any urging towards a moral life. "We are on the whole a conscientious people, trying to do what is right. There are far more honest men than dishonest, more temperate than intemperate, more good husbands and wives than bad husbands and wives." Otherwise society would go to pieces: some trivial part of it might be going to pieces, but society at large was not. But all these things together were not enough. It was not enough to be prosperous, intelligent, conscientious. "We have within us the capacity for some other kind of life whose charm we want to catch, whose glow and power we want to feel."

This lacking element was then declared to be the mystic touch of the soul—sensitive and subtle, yet as real and true as the touch of the body. How otherwise could we touch Christ today? We could not touch Him, as His disciples once did, by means of the body. Nor could we do so chiefly in and through the workings of the mind. The critical, historical, and exegetical study of documents and records was good and valuable, but in that manner, after all, we could only learn about Christ, not take possession of Him with an immediate and personal possession. Nor was He to be touched chiefly in and through the workings of the conscience, which would find in Him only a great moral leader, a prophet, a teacher, an example. That was not the greatness that gave

uniqueness to Him, for He shared it with others. "Yet these," Dr. Greer continued, in a striking, not to say startling, passage, "are some of the ways in which Christendom has tried and is trying to touch and possess Him." It had attempted this by putting Him on the altar in veritable flesh and blood for men to touch and eat and with their body possess; or by putting Him into great dogmatic and philosophical creeds for men with their mind to possess; or by putting Him into great moral creeds, with great moral rules and laws and duties, for men with their conscience to possess. Then the preacher's searching of heart came nearer home. Had not many of us tried these various ways of touching Him? We had struggled again and again, but the veil which we could not pierce or lift always seemed to be there, until at last we learned that Jesus Christ was to be apprehended and appropriated through the medium of spiritual experience. And touching and possessing Him with the mystic touch of the soul meant finding in Him our God. When Christ was thus touched by the spiritual sense, this possession of Him would influence the other senses also: He would then guide and rule the conscience, and illuminate the intelligence, and purify and sanctify the passions of the body.

It was to this point, therefore, that the preacher's argument led us — an appeal for the

deepening and intensifying of the spiritual sense. There was a reminder, too, of the possibilities of the future. "When the scaffolding is taken down, when the body of flesh is gone — gone, thank God! forever — with a finer spiritual sense, with the mystic touch of the soul, we shall learn more fully to take possession of Christ. Our immortality will not be simply a going on and on, but a going up for ever; ascending through the mystery heights of being, ascending towards the Father, and with unfolding touch of the soul taking possession of Jesus Christ." "This," concluded the preacher, "is my New Year word and New Year message. Prosperity we have; intelligence we have, conscience we have. We have physical life and treasure, mental life and treasure, moral life and treasure. Let us go into the opening year seeking spiritual life and treasure, resolved above all else to take possession of Christ, and with Him to take possession of God."

Such a sermon would have been interesting and stimulating even if it had been badly read from a manuscript. As it was, Dr. Greer gave it *ex tempore*, with appropriate gesture and modulation of the voice. Here and there a word or phrase was strongly emphasized, always in the right place and in the right degree. Yet there seemed no conscious attempt at the exercise of elocutionary skill: one felt that it was quite natural for the



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

speaker to utter his measures just in that way. He was himself animated and eager — a condition which is no slight help towards making an impression, for a congregation is much more likely to think it worth its while to listen when the preacher himself gives indications of being really gripped by his subject. In this case there was good reason alike for earnestness in the pulpit and attention in the pew. My one unfavorable criticism of the sermon itself, the high quality of which must be evident even from my summary, is a doubt whether Dr. Greer was not betrayed into an exaggeration by his desire to bring out into high relief the truth he wished to expound. I do not mean that he laid too much stress upon the extreme importance of the spiritual sense, but that he unduly disparaged the importance of the ethical. Surely, Dr. Greer is much too easily satisfied, if he supposes that the virtuous tendencies of the community in general are so strong as to make it comparatively unnecessary to trouble very much about preaching to the conscience. If the New York of today, in its public and private life, is really "trying to do what is right" one can only conclude that there is urgent need for a great deal more plain speech from the Christian ministry as to what the difference between right and wrong really is. I can easily imagine some hearers so strongly dissenting from Dr. Greer's

complacency in this matter as to listen with reluctance to what remained. Later in the sermon, however, he took a position which cannot successfully be assailed, when he declared that one of the results of the possession of Christ by the spiritual sense would be to make Him guide and ruler of the conscience. This, it seems to me, is the argument that will most effectively appeal to those who lament the prevailing moral indifference. The ethical progress they seek will never be gained by the mere preaching of ethics, which, human nature being what it is, will always be on the whole, dry and barren. But let there be a spiritual revival and an ethical revival will not lag far behind; for if you can but inspire men with personal devotion to Christ, they will not need much exhortation to do His will.

Professor Edward S. Drown, after the lapse of about twenty-five years, remembers a sermon which he heard Dr. Greer preach in Appleton Chapel in Cambridge; and this is Dr. Drown's account of it:

I cannot recall the date on which I heard Dr. Greer preach in the Harvard University Chapel. I feel sure that it was before he was made Bishop; sometime in the 'Nineties. The text was from Genesis iii. 3: "Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye

shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." I have an idea that he also repeatedly used the words of Genesis ii. 17, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

The sermon made a deep impression on me, and I remember especially the force and solemnity with which the preacher used the words of the text (or of Genesis ii. 17) in driving home the special application of his central thought. That thought was that the garden symbolized the garden of life. And in the *midst* of the garden of every man's life, at the very heart and center of his character, grew his greatest opportunity and his greatest danger. The tree in the midst of his garden could be the source of his power or the occasion of his tragic ruin. I do not think that Dr. Greer used the words, but his thought is well expressed in the saying, *Abusus optimi pessimus*. And the "best" was the best for that special man.

I remember his dwelling on the man of strong and virile passions, in whom the manly emotions and feelings play the leading part. To such a man these qualities, consecrated to noble use, are the source of power. And, just for that reason, the danger for that man is lust, the abuse of passion. A man of less virile temperament might perhaps tamper with that sin, and not be utterly ruined. But for the man of strong passions, his greatest

opportunity is his greatest temptation and his greatest danger. He above all others is to guard himself from that sin. It is the degradation of his noblest nature, the destruction of his best self. For *him* to touch it is to die. I remember the force with which the preacher, with clenched fist, brought out the words, "Of the tree that is in the *midst* of thy garden, thou shalt not eat of it, neither shalt thou touch it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely *die*."

I think that another application was to the sins of the mind. For the man of mental power, the temptation is mental sloth, or compromise with truth. For *him* to touch that is to die.

The sermon seemed to me especially adapted for young men. Without being obtrusively applicable to students' problems, it yet bore profoundly on the problems that confront men whose choice of a life's work is not made.

The kind of general preparation which he had made in Providence he made also during these busy years of his New York rectorship. He was reading every new theological book upon which he could put his hands. Philosophical and scientific treatises he read voraciously. He was not reading much poetry except Browning. A novel was read occasionally for recreation, but he did not read novels in his study.

He would go into his study at nine o'clock each

morning. The first task was the mail. After looking it over and dictating the necessary answers (a task ordinarily finished by eleven o'clock) he would invariably spend the rest of the morning in reading. Of course there were some interruptions to this order. Occasionally there would be a morning meeting at which he would preside. On Monday mornings he spent two hours at the parish house hearing the reports of the workers; and in Lent, there was on some days a morning service. But it was a rare weekday when he did not secure two hours each morning for solid reading. The telephone was kept out of the rectory and the church as long as possible, but with the new century the relentless bell began to ring. Immediately after luncheon he had his office hour, from two to three. Very few of the people who came were his own parishioners. The parishioners saw him at parish meetings, on Tuesday evenings, when he and Mrs. Greer were at home to them, at friendly dinners, and when he made his parochial calls. Many of the visitors were complete strangers, some asking for financial help, some asking advice. A good many clergymen came to know him by reputation and sought his counsel. Parish workers, knowing that they would be sure to find him, came at this time. When there was some special need in the community, the office would be thronged, as when he was giving out woodyard tickets. At three o'clock he would bring the office hours to a close, asking those who were still waiting to

come again; then he would go out and make parish calls, or take his share in the business of the many boards and committees, parochial, diocesan and civic, to which he belonged. He was a member of the Riding Club, and several afternoons each week he would ride for an hour or two in the park. In Lent, the most popular weekday service was at five o'clock Tuesday afternoons, when he preached. During the season he dined at the homes of parishioners about two evenings a week. Almost every week he would drop into the parish house to spend part of an evening there. Any evening he was free he would spend in reading.

He was not exempt from occasional illnesses. He was a poor sleeper, and an almost constant sufferer from intercostal neuralgia during these days at St. Bartholomew's. In the summer of 1900 he suffered a good deal of pain from his eyes, but his sight was not impaired. The following spring the pain returned and became so intense that the doctors decided that he must undergo an operation for glaucoma. He received almost instant relief, and for several years believed that his sight was better than in recent years. Before Lent he would take a few days holiday, at Lakewood or some other nearby resort. After Easter, for several years, he went out to Pasadena, California, to visit his father and mother, who made their home there during the last years of their lives. His long summer vacation was spent, sometimes at New Canaan, once abroad, once at Stamford, and for eleven years at East

Hampton, Long Island. At all these places he rented a house. His summers were great feasts of reading.

Altogether, strenuous as his days were, fruitful as his practical ministry was in its results, he was able, during the St. Bartholomew's days, to maintain his habit of systematic reading. So he kept himself informed of the thought not only of the age but of the ages.

More than all, he kept close to men. He was often at the Metropolitan Club in the late afternoon, talking with friends, and with strangers who thereby became friends. He sometimes apologized for belonging to so sumptuous a club, explaining that a parishioner had insisted on his becoming a member and so had made membership possible for him. He was often at the Riding Club, and here too he met men. There was never the cheap familiarity; nor was he ever what is called a club-man; but he was a man's man. Men liked to tell him their troubles and their hopes; he was glad to listen. They knew instinctively that he cared, and his counsel and trust were enormous help again and again. Sometimes such interviews closed without the knowledge coming to the man who was helped that the helper was a clergyman. He was just an obviously good man willing to be wonderfully patient and kind. And he understood; and he put his finger on the exact spot where the trouble lay. Men respected him; then they loved him.

Children too were a refuge. His grandchildren were

only the first among many who knew his comradeship. One of the teachers in the Sunday-school of the Parish Church reveals what children meant to him:

My happiest memories of Dr. Greer are bound up with the recollections of the four years I was privileged to teach in his afternoon Sunday-school, before he was elected Bishop.

Our school was held in the old choir room, back of the church on Forty-fourth Street. I can see now the quiet opening of the door, which led into the Rectory, and the appearance regularly every Sunday afternoon of Dr. and Mrs. Greer. Without disturbing the school, they would slip into the low seats with the little children of the Primary Grade and follow the lesson and blackboard talk with sympathetic appreciation. At the close of the session, the little ones always crowded around them, sure of a loving personal greeting.

One Sunday, when the Rectory door opened, Dr. Greer held by the hand his little grandchild and proudly brought her forward to be enrolled as a member of the class.

The Christmas and Easter festivals of the Sunday-school gave peculiar joy to Dr. Greer and when the Teachers were decorating the Christmas tree, or planning out the festivals the evening before, the Rectory door would always open, and Dr. Greer slip in (sometimes with a party of

dinner guests) to show his appreciation and personal interest in the workers.

One of the great charms of his winning personality, was the fact that he not only showed his appreciation for work well done, but freely expressed it in words of encouragement and admiration.

There will ever remain with me his parting words at the Spring closing of our Sunday-school, when one of the Teachers admitted to feeling tired, after the intensive work of the winter. "That is as it should be," said Dr. Greer, with a smile of encouragement. "You have a right to feel tired, when you have done your work well."

IX

IN HIS hard work at St. Bartholomew's, Dr. Greer was stayed by his friendships. The loyal support of Mr. Vanderbilt has already been mentioned. The whole vestry were thoughtful, not only of the work which he was leading but also of his personal welfare. Looking forward to the first vestry meeting after the operation upon his eye, one vestryman, who found it impossible to be present, wrote to another:

I find it impossible to attend the vestry meeting on account of the hour. I am due at a dinner at the Waldorf at 6.30, and it is not in my power to sprint from the Parish House to my domicile, dress, and sprint again to the Waldorf, all in half an hour.

I am sorry, because I suppose Dr. Greer's right to destroy his health will come up for discussion. May I ask you to record me as emphatically in favor of saving him by violent measures. He has that kind of nerve that will make him work until he drops. Let us therefore conspire together to deprive him of his liberty and force him to loaf for a series of months.

I will coöperate in any plan you wise men adopt looking to that end. I will even go to hear

you preach. Besides, we shall enjoy the Doctor all the more after a few doses of the ordinary sermon.

He was cheered also by his comradeship with his friends among the clergy. He did not see as much of them as he saw of his brethren in Providence, when he was a rector there. He would meet them at clerical clubs, and especially at friendly dinners made up wholly of clergymen. When his friend, Dr. Satterlee, decided to accept his election as Bishop of the Diocese of Washington, Dr. Greer wrote his appreciation of the friendship of the past and his hope for the future:

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S RECTORY
342 MADISON AVENUE

December 30, 1895

My dear Dr. Satterlee:

Now that you have decided the important question which you have been considering for the past week or so, I want to write and tell you how glad I am for the Church's sake that you have resolved to go to Washington. We shall miss you very much in New York, and although we do not see much of one another, it has always been a great gratification to me to hear of your work at Calvary, and I have felt the good influence of your presence even though I have not seen much of you.

I look upon the new Bishopric of Washington as the most important position in the whole Church. For no other, it seems to me, would it have been right for you to leave Calvary. I felt like telling you this while you were considering the matter; and yet it seemed to be the part of friendship to let you work it out for yourself. But now that you have worked it out, and reached what seems to me such a wise conclusion, I want you to know not only how I feel about it but how I feel about you. Doubtless we differ in some things, but I esteem and respect you none the less for that, and I earnestly hope and pray, yes, and believe, that you will do the same fine work in Washington which you have done here.

Believe me always, very sincerely your friend,

DAVID H. GREER

When, in 1901, the Reverend Charles H. Brent was called to be Bishop of the Philippine Islands, he sought advice in New York. Bishop Brent thus describes two of the calls he made:

First I went to see Dr. —, whose advice was that the Church had not made proper provision for the Philippines in either men or resources and that therefore it would be desirable not to accept the Bishopric. His clear-cut argument almost convinced me, but I had promised to see Greer

and went directly, telling Dr. — that I was going over to see Greer. He immediately said, "Trust the Church," and argued for a venture of faith. I felt his was the higher wisdom and truer Christian philosophy and told him before I left the house that he had convinced me what my duty was. Of course, since then, I have had long intimate association with him, and no man was dearer to me than he. When I decided, he said to me, "Now that you have made up your mind, see that you live in the top story of your decision."

In 1902, his college at Washington, Pennsylvania, sought his presence at its one hundredth anniversary. Though he could not be present, the degree of Doctor of Laws was bestowed upon him.* The reason why he did not go is told in this letter:

YONDERMERE

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

*September 15, 1902**Dear Dr. Moffat:*

I had the misfortune a few days ago to be thrown violently from my horse, with the result

*Dr. Greer had previously received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University, in 1880; from Kenyon College, in 1881; from the University of the South in 1900. He was later to receive the same degree from Columbia, in 1904; and from Harvard, in 1917.

that I have been since, and am still, laid up, with a broken and badly bruised shoulder. I asked my physician yesterday if he thought I should be well enough by next week to go to Washington. His reply was that I certainly should not be, and that it would be extremely hazardous to make the journey.

I am exceedingly sorry, for I had been looking forward with much pleasure to this visit to my *alma mater* upon the occasion of her Centenary, and it is a great and keen disappointment to me to be compelled to forego it. But as I have no option in the matter I must of course submit to what I cannot control, and I am sure you will appreciate the situation. I shall still hope, however, that the visit is only postponed and that I may be able to give myself that pleasure at another not distant time.

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of the venerable institution which has done so much to promote sound learning and pure manners, and with which I consider it an honor to be associated, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
DAVID H. GREER

The Reverend DR. JAMES D. MOFFAT,
President Washington and Jefferson College

These were strenuous years. He worked very hard, but the rewards were great. He knew appreciation, kindness, affection.

Then there was one friend who, little by little, came more deeply into his life. When in 1899 his mother died, he received this letter from Dr. Huntington:

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY

NEW YORK

Jan. 14, 1899

My dear friend:

In this busy life which we live here in New York whatever else is suffered to go by the board we must not fail in the duties which personal affection lays on us, or keep silence when sorrow comes to one whom we love.

The death of a father or a mother is one of the capital bereavements, and no matter what the time of life may be when the loss finds us, the sense of orphanage is the same. My mother died the day before I was twenty-one, and if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the desolateness of heart in which under those circumstances I went forth to face life. Your mother has been longer spared to you. Thank God for that: I doubt not that you do from the depths of your heart.

May God give you, my dear fellow, at this time among your "Visions" the vision of His perfect peace.

Yours affectionately,

W. R. HUNTINGTON

X

IN MAY, 1903, the clergy of the Diocese of New York received from Bishop Potter the assurance that he would be glad to ask for the election of a Bishop Coadjutor, and that he would assign to him the visitation of all the city parishes, the administration of all discipline, the examination of all the candidates for Holy Orders, the laying of all cornerstones, and the consecration of all churches; reserving for himself visitations in the rural churches, the admission of candidates for Holy Orders, and of persons in Holy Orders in other dioceses applying to be transferred to New York. Very soon, Dr. Greer was approached by a committee asking if he would accept the office. He was so unwilling to make this promise that the committee had hard work. He refused to commit himself until the Convention should act; but after much pressure, he consented to allow his name to be presented to the Convention. The Convention met in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on September 30. Dr. Greer was nominated by Dr. Dix of Trinity Parish, and the nomination was seconded by Dr. Huntington of Grace Church. Dr. Grosvenor and Dr. Roper were also nominated. Dr. Greer was elected upon the first ballot.

When the Convention met the next morning, the committee appointed to notify Dr. Greer of his election entered the church with him. The delegates arose, and remained standing while Bishop Potter received Dr. Greer at the choir steps, with these words:

It is rather a pathetic association with this Convention, as my dear friend Mr. Morgan reminded me last evening, that twenty-five years ago, practically, he walked up the aisle of St. Augustine's Chapel in New York, in company with the Reverend Dr. Dix, the Reverend Dr. Morgan, and Mr. Hamilton Fish, who had been appointed to convey to me the notice of my election as Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of New York. I am sure that we may congratulate Mr. Morgan and the rector of Trinity Church, that they have survived to be present on this occasion.

I asked one of the members of the convention, when I came here this morning, if he would be good enough to intimate to me if he had any knowledge of what the answer of the Bishop Coadjutor-elect was likely to be. Because of course it would make a great difference, a somewhat painful anti-climax, my dear Dr. Greer, if, after having said, as I can say with all my heart, how glad I am to have you come and stand by my side, you should come and say you wouldn't do it!

But I rejoice to be able to present to you, my dear brethren, one who has already intimated that he is willing to accept the burden of responsibility that you have laid upon him. I think it is a fortunate thing for the Diocese of New York, that there should be called to the diocese, at this time, this man. The Christian situation, men and brethren, all around the world, is one which involves a mingling of such uncertain questions, which involves a capacity to understand them and a willingness to study them, which has been manifested in all the ministry of my dear brother since he came to the Diocese of New York and became the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church.

I am also glad to say that I profoundly believe that the clergy and laity of this diocese will find in him a man of large and generous sympathies, one who will recognize the catholic character of the Diocese of New York, as including a great variety of opinions and as charged with the duty of ministration to all sorts and conditions of men.

One of the loveliest characters that ever stood in this convention, and one of the most interesting men whom I ever knew (I mean the late Dr. George Houghton, rector for some time of the Church of the Transfiguration, of which he was the founder), had a seal, which he was good enough to use whenever I got a letter from him, which was partly made up of that fine sentence:

Humanus sum; nihil humanum mihi alienum.

My dear brethren, it is because, in the good providence of God, He has given to this diocese, to sustain the relation of its Bishop Coadjutor, and ultimately of its Bishop, my dear friend and brother, that I have great delight this morning in presenting him to you, and in asking you to receive from his own lips his answer to the call which you have given him.

Dr. Greer, much moved, announced his decision:

I am too much impressed with the solemnity of this occasion to use the ordinary language of conventional courtesy, to thank you for what you have done. I do not at all regard it in the light of honor and compliment. It is far above all that. It is a great and sacred trust, to which you have seen fit to summon me. I think I may say what many of you know: I did not seek it. I rather shrank from it. I was happy and contented in my field of work, and hoped that in that field I could fill up the full measure of my usefulness to God and my fellowmen; and it breaks my heart to leave it. But you have called me.

One thing, however, you could not and cannot, and, I am sure, would not compel me to do. You could not compel me to be the Bishop of any party or school of thought in this diocese or in

the Church at large. I recognize the fact that beneath the surface, however diversified that surface may be, there is a deep and loyal devotion to our common Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. There is no Name that can so touch and sway our hearts as that Name. That Name is the one that I shall recognize, and that Personality is the One that I shall try to serve.

There are only two things for me to say, in conclusion. One is, that it will be a great privilege to stand by the side of our honored and noble Diocesan, who for a score of years has borne the burden of this arduous responsibility and work, and who has attained the highest reputation and character, not only throughout this diocese, but throughout the Church, and who has discharged his duties in such faithful and conscientious manner, and with such statesmanlike ability.

The only other thing I have to say, gentlemen, is this: I cannot but recognize it as the call of God, and whatever it may involve to me personally as such, with such power as God has given me, and such help as you can furnish and supply, I will, if your choice should be confirmed by the Church at large, accept the responsibility, and devote myself to the work of that high office.

Letters of approval poured in. Even the dioceses which had failed to secure him as bishop rejoiced that

he should be a Bishop in New York. Dr. Richards gave his decision immediately:

My dear Greer:

Yesterday was a delightful day for the Diocese of New York, and a proud day for Mrs. Greer, but I am rather sorry for you. Of course you've got in the habit of refusing bishoprics, but I wouldn't this time. The diocese is small, and not nearly so important as it thinks itself, but still, I've no doubt you can make work for yourself there if you give your mind to it. There must be several unconverted heathen down in Wall Street and elsewhere for you to set your Archdeacons on, and there may be a moral reform in some obscure corner of Manhattan that you can r suscitate enough to interest Tammany and keep it healthily active between elections. Of course you made the mistake of your life in refusing Rhode Island, but that blunder is at present irreparable, and I wouldn't wait for McVickar's shoes. He seems in too good condition. No, get over your vaunting ambitions, and settle down quietly to little New York, and you'll very likely bring it up to the standard of North Yakima yet. There's that Cathedral to finish for one thing. I've no doubt Bradner would give you a collection in St. John's Sunday-school to help along at any time. If not, I could promise you my last dollar as soon

as I come to it, if any Vanderbilt or Rockefeller will look after all the previous bills and see that they are receipted. This offer ought to settle any financial difficulties.

To think of Dix nominating you and Huntington seconding you! The millennium is evidently begun. I think I will sing *Nunc Dimittis* and go to my rest.

Heartily yours and Mrs. Greer's always,

C. A. L. RICHARDS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

October 1, 1903

From far across the Pacific a Bishop wrote:

I have just heard of Greer's election as Coadjutor of New York with great joy. He is a *good* man, a man of God, and that is infinitely more important than any theological color.

The leave-taking of his people at St. Bartholomew's was not quite so hard as that earlier parting in Providence. For he was to see the men and the women frequently who had been his flock, and he would still rely on their friendship and loving support. Even so, the parting was hard enough. After his last service in the old church, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Thorne said to the sexton at the door, "Well, Aldred, we came to the first service at which Dr. Greer officiated in St. Bartholomew's: now, this is his last service as rector.

We don't see how we can bear to come without him.”
“Ah,” said the sexton, “perhaps there'll be another Dr. Greer.” Then he straightened himself, and said with decision, “But there never can be another Mrs. Greer.”

V

THE BISHOPRIC

V

THE BISHOPRIC

I

LOOKING forward to his consecration, Dr. Greer wrote to Bishop Potter:

EAST HAMPTON,
October 5, 1903

My dear Bishop,

Thank you very much for your kind and helpful suggestion about St. Bartholomew's. It seems to me most excellent, and I shall give it serious consideration and see if it cannot be carried out.

While I am writing, will you let me say what I could not very easily say to your face,—how nobly and unselfishly you have acted in this matter of a coadjutor. I always knew that you were a man moulded after a big type, and as such you have always commanded my affection and admiration; and now you have sealed and confirmed it in giving your coadjutor such a large and generous part of the diocesan work. May God give me grace and strength to pursue it in that same

wise, broadminded, and faithful manner which has always characterized your own administration.

I want to assure you also, although it is not necessary, that in doing the work which you have assigned to me, I shall always be in every act and word your staunch and loyal friend. I don't know when the consecration will take place; but whenever it does, you of course will be the consecrating bishop. At least, I earnestly hope so. This is not only my own personal wish, but will be I am sure the desire of everyone else. I presume that it is hardly necessary for me to say this, but I wanted to let you know my feelings in the matter.

If it is agreeable to you, I should also like to have the consecration take place at St. Bartholomew's, where I have lived and loved and been loved for the past fifteen years. I shall try to see you shortly after I go to town, to talk over matters with you.

With the prayer that God may keep you in health and strength, and spare you for many years, believe me always, my dear Bishop,

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

DAVID H. GREER

Dr. Greer was consecrated Bishop at St. Bartholomew's Church, on Tuesday morning, January 26, 1904. The attending presbyters were Dr. Dix and Dr. Hunt-

ington, who had nominated him for the office. The Bishops presenting him were Dr. Leonard and Dr. Mackay-Smith (Bishop Lawrence, who was to have been one of the presenters, was detained by illness); the preacher was Bishop Doane. The Consecrators were Dr. Potter, Bishop of the diocese; Dr. Doane, Bishop of Albany; and Dr. Whitaker, Bishop of Pennsylvania. Bishop Whitaker, at the last moment, took the place of Bishop Dudley, who died suddenly just before the consecration. Dr. Harris read the certificate of election for the Diocese of New York, and Dr. Nelson acted as Deputy Registrar. Dr. J. Lewis Parks read the consents of the dioceses, and George Zabriskie, Esq., read the testimonial from the Standing Committee. About five hundred clergy were present, and a number of bishops, including not only the clergy of the diocese but many intimate friends beyond it. The deep feeling of the congregation was voiced by Bishop Doane in the concluding paragraph of his sermon:

You will forgive me, my dear brother, if aught that I have said of you appear unseemly. I am but speaking for the bishop, for the diocese, for this great parish, and speaking with due restraint, because I am speaking in your presence, and in your Master's and mine. For the rest, all that I have spoken has been *for* you, as expressing what I know to be the sacred purpose and the

secret power of all your ministry. Coming into this great diocese, with its complete organization, to lift the burden in part of an administration which is distinguished for its wisdom, its ability and its power throughout the American Church, there is no sign lacking of promise or of possibility in the future to which God beckons you today. *To* you, I have but this to say, that with a sense of intense satisfaction I bid you welcome out of the closeness of the true love and sympathy which has held me to you now for many years, into the brotherhood of the episcopate, with the personal tie made stronger and the bond still closer in the blessed burden of our common office.

At first Bishop Greer was perplexed by the freedom from the heavy burdens which he had borne as rector of St. Bartholomew's. For some time he was not conscious of the yoke of the new office. Meeting the Bishop of Massachusetts one day, he said, "Lawrence, what *do* you find to do as a bishop?" Bishop Lawrence answered, "Greer, if you don't find out in six months, let me know, and I'll tell you."

He had said among his words of acceptance to the Convention which elected him, that he did not want to be a bishop. This was no perfunctory expression of humility. He really did not wish the office. He had yielded only to the persuasion of friends who had made him feel that it was his duty to become a bishop.

On the afternoon of his consecration, at the luncheon which was given him, he confessed that he did not know how to say what would adequately express his feelings. "Some of you who know my views on the indissolubility of marriage," he said, "will believe me when I say that from this day I shall be wedded to you all, 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part.'"

II

SINCE Bishop Potter had assigned to the Coadjutor the care of the city churches, Bishop Greer did not have long to wait in discovering the urgent need in that borough of the great city, called the Bronx. This part of New York was rapidly filling up with people of moderate means and with many who had been connected with the East Side chapels of the Manhattan parishes. Those who had once been parishioners of these East Side chapels, accustomed to large and beautiful churches, to prosperous organizations and well-equipped buildings, found it difficult to transfer their allegiance to a small church to which was attached no more commodious hall than the musty room of a church basement, or, at best, a small frame building. There were a good many churches in the Bronx, but for the most part they were gasping for life, while hundreds of thousands of people were close to their doors. Naturally therefore both the clergy and the laity of the Bronx came to Bishop Greer crying for help. They told pathetically of the dangerous dance halls which captivated many of the young people, who ought to have been guided, on weekdays as well as Sundays, by the loving protection of the Church. They asked for any kind of a building, how-

ever simple and cheap, which might shelter these young people on weekday evenings. The new bishop could not fail to think of the Parish House on East Forty-second Street, but he was not ambitious to reproduce so large a building. He thought that if he might secure a sufficient sum to purchase land and to erect a modest house he would be content. In some way the news of his tentative plan seeped into the newspapers, and almost immediately, while he was still struggling with the problem of raising the necessary money, he received this letter:

Jan. 16, 1905

Dear and Reverend Sir:

I am quite anxious to see you in regard to the placing of a sum of money for church extension, and, if you will kindly grant me an audience after three P.M. on Wednesday, January 18, I will be greatly obliged. I would not ask an extension of your hours, only that I am in business and unable to leave earlier.

I remain, very cordially yours,

ELIZABETH COLEY

Of Miss Coley before this he had never heard. She came at the appointed time, bringing him four hundred dollars in bills. This represented her savings, and she wanted him to use it for the new work in the Bronx. His heart was aglow with hope. If Miss Coley could help him thus lavishly what might not

others do. He wrote Mr. James Stillman, who responded immediately, with this note:

Build the House, but raise a million.

Matt. 17:20

He did not raise a million, but additional gifts came within a few days, from Mr. Morgan, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. Cochran, and Mrs. Huntington; and then came a large sum made up of small gifts. In all he received more than ten times as much as he had expected or dreamed.

The criticism came later that he should have distributed the money which was raised among the various parishes of the Bronx. What might not have been done, one after another exclaimed, if this sum could have been distributed for reinforcement! Bishop Greer anticipated this criticism. Indeed his first appeals for the borough had been for the individual parishes; but there was practically no response, because such appeals were an old story and did not arouse the imagination of the generous people in the southern end of the island. Now, these generous givers dreamed what a central building might do for the Borough, and they gave, with the understanding that their gifts should be used for exactly that and nothing else. The Bishop hoped that the inevitable parochialism would expand into a loyalty for the whole Church in the Bronx.



THE BRONX CHURCH HOUSE

Sometimes it was thought that Bishop Greer was simply reproducing the parish house which had meant a wonderful advance to St. Bartholomew's. They thought that he expected the Bronx Church House to reproduce that success. He may have hoped it; but it was not his plan. To many, it seemed as if the Bronx Church House might be a unifying element which would provide strength for all the growing parishes within its district. The house met a real need. In September, the clergy would come to select dates when their parishes wished the use of the hall. When their requirements were "booked," the hall would be at the service of other Protestant congregations. The public schools also often used it for their Commencement dances. Benefits for hospitals, and, during the war, for the Red Cross, were constantly given here. Except in Lent, there was rarely a night, from October to July, when the Hall was not in use.

The war affected the Bronx Church House as it affected everything else. Most of the young men were gone. Moreover, the neighborhood was rapidly filling up with Hebrews, so that the situation of the House became inconvenient. No one has ever suggested a better location; for indeed the Bronx has no centre. To maintain the House, a large sum beyond the income on the endowment was needed; with the changed conditions it was decided that Bishop Greer's object could now be more fully secured by the sale of the House, so that the amount received, together with the

endowment, might be set apart as a fund, the interest of which could be used for the reinforcement of the parishes in the Bronx. This was done in the year following Bishop Greer's death. By the action of the Diocesan Convention of 1920, this fund received the name of The David Hummell Greer Memorial Fund.

It is strange to discover how certain ends are attained through honest experiment. There is now a fund which will be a permanent blessing to the parishes of the Bronx; this fund grew out of the affection and trust which people gave to Bishop Greer.

The Reverend John R. Atkinson, at one time presiding over the Bronx Church House, aptly sums up its work:

When Bishop Greer assumed the office of Bishop Coadjutor, there were in the Bronx a few old parishes, and a number of comparatively new Chapels and Missions, which had been established or started to meet the needs of the people who had moved from Manhattan to occupy homes in what was then the "country." Few were strong enough to undertake any Institutional Work; so the Bishop conceived the plan of founding a large institution which should group together all the work of that region so far as it concerned the needs of people between Sundays. The Bronx Church House was really a Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. joined in one institution, but doing the work for

Church people primarily. In its early days it served a great purpose. It enabled hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of people to assemble for recreation of all sorts; gymnastics, dancing, games, theatricals, and a score of different diversions. There were dances when two thousand people assembled. There were theatrical performances when a thousand or more were in the audience. The building, which occupied a large portion of a city block, was humming with activity from Monday morning until Saturday night, and sometimes services were held on Sundays as well. Some of the most noted athletes of the country were trained in the Bronx Church House; and some of the finest women now engaged in social and welfare work were inspired and equipped in this building. And so it continued for a course of eight or ten years.

In process of time, as each parish gained strength, it desired, quite naturally, to keep all its activities within its own field and under its own direction. Then came the parting of the ways. The use of the Church House as a general gathering place for our own people lessened.

Moreover, there had sprung up in the neighborhood a great Jewish population, alien, and sometimes hostile. In the whole district where the Bronx Church House stood there was probably not one Christian family in ten. So it came to

pass that in the last years of its career, it lost in membership, in income, and in value to the community.

I well remember the last time Bishop Greer visited the House, on Founders' Day, October, 1917. There were nearly two thousand people in the building, gathered to hear an address from the Bishop, and never did he speak more joyously and intimately than on that occasion. He had a glimpse of the House as he meant it to be at all times. The aim of that celebration was to give on the stage an exhibit of the various activities of the institution from the exercises of the children of the kindergarten by a graduated course up to the classic dancing of the young women and the feats of strength of the young men. The things that excited the Bishop most, apparently, were the pugilistic encounters and the wrestling matches. He stood near the contestants on the stage, and he commented eagerly on the skill of the antagonists.

III

BEFORE Bishop Greer was consecrated, his intimate friend of many years, Dr. Leighton Parks, had been called to succeed him as rector of St. Bartholomew's. There was therefore no break in the administration of the parish, and though Bishop Greer continued to live during the spring in the old rectory on Madison Avenue, Dr. Parks was at the helm, and the Bishop therefore had no anxiety whatever for the care of all his beloved people and institutions. No one more than he rejoiced in the power which Dr. Parks brought to the parish. Singularly free of all the little envies and jealousies, he exulted in the success of his friend.

Bishop and Mrs. Greer felt that the new rector would be much freer if the pew of the Bishop Co-adjutor were in some other parish than St. Bartholomew's.

The Bishop intimated to Dr. Huntington that he would like to be his parishioner, and therefore, the vestry of Grace Church, learning this desire, authorized the following letter:

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY
NEW YORK

Oct. 27, 1905

Dear Bishop Greer:

We, the undersigned, Rector and Wardens of Grace Church, having learned that you and your family would like to identify yourselves with Grace Parish, have much pleasure, in behalf of the Corporation, in assigning for your use pew No. 38, free of rent.

Hoping that you and your family will speedily come to feel at home with us, and may enjoy the occupancy of the pew for years to come, we remain,

Most truly yours,

W. R. HUNTINGTON

J. FREDERIC KERNOCHAN

WM. R. STEWART

The Rt. Reverend

DAVID H. GREER D.D.

The Bishop lived in Gramercy Park, in a large house on the southwest corner, until 1912; and then, when this house was torn down, removed to Thirty-three, Fifth Avenue. In 1914 he removed to the Bishop's House in the Cathedral Close, at One Hundred and Tenth Street. For nine years, therefore, the Bishop and his family occupied the front pew of the south

transept of Grace Church, which now bears his name. Mrs. Greer was always there, and whenever he was not officiating himself the Bishop would be beside her. The vestry valued this association with the Bishop; and when the time came for the removal, he wrote: "I do not find much difficulty in adapting myself to the new conditions, yet in this case it will not be easy, because it will involve my parochial severance with Grace Church. I want the vestry to know how deeply grateful I am for their kindness."

IV

A BISHOP of New York has heavy responsibilities towards the community. The public dinners which he is expected to eat and the speeches which he is expected to make are the least arduous. The appeals which reach him for direct personal help or for the initiation of some necessary movement are the real tests of his power. Often the public, even the Church, knows little of what he has accomplished, but his wisdom and sanity may go far towards the public good.

In 1906, the Judges of the Children's Courts appealed to Bishop Greer to establish a protectory for Protestant children who have no proper care at their so-called homes. The plea was not for misdemeanants but for children of neglect, who were committed by the Courts to some institution in order that they might have a chance to grow into right-minded citizens, and, wherever possible, to be taught in the faith of their parents. The Jews and Roman Catholics had already made provision for their children, but the homes for Protestants had been altogether too few and too small. Acting under this impulse Bishop Greer founded Hope Farm. He started the enterprise on faith, borrowing sixteen thousand dollars with which

to purchase the Priory Farm at Verbank, Dutchess County, which had been offered him for Church or charitable purposes. There were some buildings in fair repair on the grounds, and more buildings were gradually added, till now it has six houses where children live, six cottages for workers (farmers and laborers), a large administration building, which includes a store, a bakery, laundry, infirmary, and quarantine house; a school building, a workshop, a residence for teachers, and a chapel which is called the Chapel of the Child. The farm itself now covers eight hundred acres.

Protestant children of every name are admitted. The city pays an amount for each child committed by the Courts, but this sum by no means covers the expense even for these particular children. The endowment is comparatively small, and the support of the work is largely from voluntary contributions and subscriptions. The Bishop's own words, from one of the annual reports, will best tell the range and the spirit of the work:

Hope Farm consists of nearly six hundred acres, and the boys are employed to a very large extent in cultivating the farm; in this way, raising not only all the vegetables needed for home consumption, but acquiring at the same time an admirable and useful training. The girls are employed in household work, and acquire a good

and useful rudimentary knowledge in domestic science.

The children to whom we minister at the Farm receive also an academic education, which is equal to that of our public schools. These children are not juvenile criminals or delinquents, but simply children of neglect, who are taken away from their *homes*, if they can be so called, where they do not receive the care that a child deserves, and are placed under our protection. It is not an institution; it is, in the best and truest sense of the word, a home, where, although living in different cottages, the children are all members of one great human family.

This work was close to the heart of Bishop Greer. He always presided at the monthly meetings of the Board. It was singularly fitting that the first memorial proposed for him was an additional house for this Farm.

Another institution which Bishop Greer founded for the community at large was the Three Arts Club. Deaconess Hall, who was working in All Souls' Church, Manhattan, had been interested in art students, and had attempted to make a home for them. She rented an apartment and had a few young women in her care, but the struggle was too much for a deaconess. She was overwhelmed with appeals from mothers who wished their daughters to be under the shelter of

Church influences. Bishop Greer learned of her excellent plan and of its risk of failure. He therefore determined to put himself behind it. As in the case of Hope Farm, he appointed a Board, of which he himself was chairman. The members of the Board were all of his own Church. A house was rented, and so quickly filled with students that two adjoining houses were rented, and immediately filled. A few years later several houses were bought outright, and the Club is now so thoroughly established that its permanency is assured. The three arts represented are Music, Drama, and Painting.

The work in the general Church which impressed him as most necessary at this time was the Church Institute for Negroes. From the beginning of the Institute he was its President. The Institute is not a single institution, but is the union of all schools for negroes in the South under the auspices of the Episcopal Church so far as these schools comply with the requirements of the Institute. Through the Institute the Episcopal Church does a very much larger work than is done at Tuskegee. Bishop Greer was so far convinced of its importance not only for the negroes themselves but through them for the Nation, that he was often heard to say that, if he could, he would resign the bishopric of New York, and give every moment of his time to the Church Institute for Negroes. The Bishop showed his vision and his accurate, practical

business sense in the organization of this important merger.

The Church Institute for Negroes recalls Bishop Greer's interest in the whole subject of Missions, both domestic and foreign. For a long time Bishop Lloyd was the executive officer of the Board of Missions. His testimony concerning Bishop Greer as a member of the Board and as the founder of the Church Institute for Negroes is valuable:

Bishop Lawrence is right: Bishop Greer always had large and clear views of the Church and its work. I do not recall a time when he was drawn aside by irrelevant matters. Indeed in all his words he seemed to have clearly before him the fundamental truth that its Mission was the Church's reason for being, and that its fidelity is tested most surely by its jealousy for that Mission's welfare. This meant that Bishop Greer always lent a sympathetic ear to any proposal to strengthen the work; and saved him from the snare which tangles many, that the Church's work must wait the gifts of those who choose to make them.

Bishop Greer had fixed faith in the willingness of the people to provide the means for any reasonable undertaking, if they knew about it, so that he was the warm advocate of any endeavor to teach the people and to give these a chance to help

without being dictated to. This was the motive that made him an enthusiastic supporter of the "Nation Wide Campaign" from its inception. Till the end came to him those carrying the burden of that work had his keen support.

Perhaps the most evident proof of his fidelity to the paramount work of the Church, was his faithfulness in attending the meetings of the Board of Missions, and in the performance of any duty which the Board laid upon him. To any one who has the least acquaintance with the load carried by the Bishop of New York this alone will be sufficient evidence of the man's clear apprehension of the task our Lord intrusted to His Body, and the reverence with which the servant strove to do his Master's will.

The American Church Institute for Negroes was the creation of Bishop Greer, supported by Mr. George Foster Peabody. The Bishop was convinced that the Church's people would not divert their gifts to institutions outside the Church, nor leave its own institutions to suffer, if they knew what was going on and were assured that their gifts were administered by men who understood the problems involved. His faith in these institutions born of his intimate knowledge of them made him sure that a wise policy would win the same confidence on the part of the whole Church.

Bishop Greer was the President of that board

of trustees until his death, and never spared himself in the work which he did on its behalf. The fashion in which the work has grown which the Church is doing to help the Negroes make their children good citizens, is eloquent proof of the man's wisdom and statesmanship.

Bishop Greer was so unassuming in his life, and so modest in all that he did and said, that the Church hardly knew how there were combined in him so much of the prophet and statesman. No man knows better than I do what the Church owes to Bishop Greer's fidelity and understanding of what it means to be a Christian.

A still more interesting light is thrown upon his attitude towards the missionaries themselves, by this report of Bishop Brent:

I did not get to know Dr. Greer until the time of my own call to the Philippines and his which came shortly after to New York. I was with him during some of the days in which he was agonizing over his problem. I was struck then by his simplicity of approach to so momentous a decision. It caused him a great deal of inner pain but he reached his solution by that directness that was characteristic of him. Side issues were recognized as side issues. To him the whole matter was one of service.

I remember going with him to a meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce given in honor of John Morley. Much was said by Mr. Root, Mr. Morley, and other speakers on the elements that made for a great country. Bishop Greer was the last speaker. He began by saying that there was but one solid foundation for national greatness and that was Christian manhood. He enlarged on his theme and held from first to last the attention of the heterogeneous assembly, most of which was made up of men in big business.

I was treated always as a member of the family. Whenever I was in America those hospitable doors of his home were wide open to me to come and go as I chose. In the intervals which I spent in the Far East we had but little correspondence with one another, but upon my arrival in this country I always looked forward to renewing fellowship with one who grew to be more and more a dear and intimate friend. Though my senior by many years I could never think of him as old. His alert mind and clear vision were always reaching out and grappling with modern problems. He helped me as I am sure he helped many another man through the mazes of modern life to a simpler and truer outlook than one would otherwise have reached. If I had any special puzzles troubling me I used to unload them on him. It was to him I went as the last adviser before

accepting the Philippines; it was to him I went as my last adviser before relinquishing my task.

His belief in the world-wide mission of the Church was not a mere matter of theory; it was the background of all his thinking and his work was shaped in terms of the universal. He was a loyal son of the Church, that loyalty expressing itself in his absolute confidence that it could and would do the work which it was commissioned to do. Sometimes I expressed doubts relative to this or that matter. He in a gentle way rebuked me by repeating over and over again at different times, "Trust the Church, trust the Church." There was a strong strain of transcendentalism running through his life which enabled him to perceive things in the large.

The last word I had from him was over the telephone upon my return from France. He was anxious in some way to do me honor in a public way, something from which I shrank but something which he had very much at heart. The day was fixed when I was to meet him in New York and he was to preside at a dinner where it was planned that I should be chief guest. But the sands of life had been running out rapidly and when I went to New York it was not to sit at a festival board with him but to take part in the service which committed his body to its last resting place.

I cannot speak of him without speaking of his wonderful home. His wife always stood to me in the human guise of a fair lily, and as from time to time I visited her and saw her fading away it was as though the chill fall had come to despoil a lovely garden and take away its queen flower. There was fragrance in that home such as might be coveted by all who have high aspiration for the family. I suppose that no more desirable tribute can be paid a man than to say that as a husband and parent he interpreted the Christian conception of life.

Dr. Lines, the Bishop of Newark, as a close friend and neighbor, was also watching Bishop Greer, as they attended the long meetings in the Church Missions House on Fourth Avenue in New York. Bishop Lines writes:

It is a great privilege to write of Bishop Greer and of my association with him in any way. It makes life richer to think of having been within the range of his friendship, and of having been connected with him in any form of service. The remembrance of him brings light and help into life, and out of the land of silence he still speaks to those who knew him and worked with him.

In the work of the Mission Board of the Church, he was deeply interested, always plead-

ing for a large and generous policy, while mindful of the conditions, resources, and willingness of the church to give. Whenever the need of contraction or delay or economy came, he recognized it with regret, while he always spoke with courage and appreciation of the large mission of the Church for which the Board must plan. His heart often moved him from the rigid judgment which the facts seemed to demand, and often when the Board could not do what seemed necessary he assumed responsibility for the Diocese of New York that the work might not suffer. Deference was given to him not because he was Bishop of New York, but because of the profound respect for him, because of his large and generous outlook, and his willingness to accept full responsibility that the Church might go forward. He was free from narrowness and timidity, while always thoughtful and wise in judgment. No man did more than he to keep out of the Board of Missions narrow ecclesiasticism, prejudice, and whatever marred the life of the Church, and hindered its progress. He took within his friendship those from whom he differed very greatly in opinion. He did much to make the Church a large place, and to keep the Board of Missions free from partisanship. He was much more anxious to have the work of the Church go on in any way which opened, than in his way, and to support men who

saw things differently from himself, than to apply to them his own personal standards. A man of large vision and generous outlook, he did much to make the Church the home of many kinds of people.

With one form of service in the Church, his name ought always to be closely associated. That was the service of the colored people in the South. He was long chairman of the committee in the Board of Missions on the work among the colored people, and was deeply interested in every phase of it, especially in our schools in the South. He saw great institutions founded in the South outside our own Church, and very generously supported by our Church people, while our own schools were left in poverty to struggle for their existence. He rejoiced in what was being done outside this Church, but he had a strong desire to bring home to our people, their own responsibility. He believed also that the growth of the Episcopal Church among the negroes meant good for them and for the country also. So the thought came to him and originated with him, as one closely associated with him may testify, — to take the existing Church schools in the South and form them into an Institute, leaving them where they were established, whether at Petersburg, Lawrenceville, Raleigh, Columbia, Brunswick, Birmingham, or Vicksburg (to name only those which

came into consideration in his own time). He felt rightly, that the work done in these schools in simple and economical ways might mean as much for the colored people as great institutions like Hampton and Tuskegee, though for these he had no lack of respect and good will.

The Institute could hardly have been worked out as a department of the Board of Missions at that time. Two visits at least,—as I well remember as a fellow visitor,—he made to the schools in Virginia and North Carolina, and nothing could exceed his personal interest in the instructors and pupils, and in the details of administration. The schools owe him a debt of gratitude for what he did through the Institute and in other ways to meet their needs and to encourage them. Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson was the legal adviser of Bishop Greer and a Virginia charter of the Church Institute for Colored Schools was obtained through him, with thought of present conditions and future possibilities. The purpose in Bishop Greer's mind was not the establishment and support of parochial schools and primary education, for which he hoped the southern states would in time make ample provision, but the training of ministers, teachers, nurses, professional men and women, provision for vocational education, the fitting of men and women to be leaders in all useful callings in life,—for ex-

ample, clergymen at Petersburg, farmers and mechanics at Lawrenceville, teachers and nurses at Raleigh, and in the other schools also. To the schools just named and those farther south, he thought that promising boys and girls might come from the parochial and lower grade schools, and so the Church might help to raise up under the influence of religion, with a high sense of responsibility, a great company of good and useful men and women.

Let Bishop Greer always be thought of as having thought this out and made the beginning. He lived to see a great deal accomplished, and there are, all over the south and north, men and women who have come through these Church schools for their own great good, and for the good of the Church and the Country. The schools have struggled on, never having the resources which they needed and deserved, but they have done and are doing good and large work with insufficient support. Bishop Greer felt that as compared with the great need, only a beginning has been made, and there was disappointment because the church had not responded more generously to the appeal and opportunity. The accomplishment, however, has been great already, and the true course of the Church has been determined, as those who have studied it most closely, laymen like Dr. James H. Dillard and George Foster Peabody, for example,

who knew the need of the negro people in the South as well as any persons who can be named, would testify.

So let the Institute for the Colored Schools be associated with Bishop Greer, and let those who would honor his memory have generous thought for the great work which owes its beginning to him. No form of service had a larger place in the mind and heart of Bishop Greer, than the service of our negro people.

The Rev. A. B. Hunter, formerly Principal of St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, has told how thorough the Bishop was in his investigation of the Negro Schools:

I think it was in the spring of 1906 or 1907 that Bishop Greer, Bishop Lines, and Bishop Burgess, as a Committee of the Board of Missions, to investigate the condition of the Negro Schools of the Church, came to Raleigh to visit St. Augustine's School. We had invited a number of gentlemen of Raleigh to meet them at luncheon, and Mrs. Hunter had prepared a Southern dish for them, — baked 'possum. Bishop Greer refused the dish when offered (some one said with a shudder). In the November following, I attended a meeting in Brooklyn, which was addressed by the Bishop in behalf of the newly formed American Church Institute for Negroes. Returning in the subway,

the Bishop said to me, "Do you know, I have always regretted that I did not taste the 'possum served at your house." Christmas was near, so we sent him a 'possum. It was acknowledged before Christmas by a very polite note, saying it would grace his Christmas dinner table. Several years after, the Bishop introduced me to a meeting of the New York Woman's Auxiliary, alluded to the hospitality of Raleigh, and said, "They even serve 'possum to you there." When my turn came to speak, I told the ladies how the Bishop had acknowledged the 'possum sent to him, but had never told us whether he had eaten it for his Christmas dinner, and that to this day we did not know. "And you never will," said the Bishop, in a whisper to me as I was speaking.

The colored people moved him. Once at a meeting in behalf of the Institute, some jubilee singers sang a song with the refrain, "I want to be like Jesus in my heart." Immediately after the song the Bishop rose to speak. "That," he said, "exactly expresses my feelings: 'I want to be like Jesus in my heart.'"

V

BISHOP POTTER closed his remarkable Episcopate in the summer of 1908. He died at Cooperstown, New York, on July 21, while Bishop Greer was in London at the Lambeth Conference. Archdeacon Burch was in Oxford when the news came, and telephoned to London to ask the Bishop if he could do anything. "No," he answered, "none of us can do anything. I am overwhelmed." Two days later, he and Mrs. Greer came down to Oxford. He came to see Oxford, but his mind was in New York, and he even forgot to pay the cabman — a most unusual form of absent-mindedness for him, for "cabbies" were to him people of much interest. In the little parlor at The Mitre he spoke with deep feeling: "It's awful," he said; "I don't see how I can do it." He was in evident health: it was the vision of what ought to be done which overcame him. He had the humility of a little child.

As a matter of fact, Bishop Potter had delegated so much to the Coadjutor that though, after Bishop Greer became Diocesan, he had many more visitations to make, the responsibility was not much heavier than during the four years in which he had been Coadjutor.

At the Diocesan Convention the following fall,

Bishop Greer expressed his admiration of his illustrious predecessor: he spoke of qualities that especially attracted him. He revealed his own enthusiasms:

Bishop Potter was eminent as a Churchman, and loved his Church and served it; but his sympathies reached beyond it. They were very human. And while he had his preferences, personal and social as well as religious, he showed this mark of a true human greatness, that he did not have exclusions; and without regard to creed or race he loved his fellow men, and was always ready to work with those of every name who, like himself, were working for the common human good.

Someone has remarked that the man who never disagrees with the people and who shrinks from unpopularity as the worst of evils can never have a share in moulding the traditions of a strong and virile race. Bishop Potter did not shrink from unpopularity: to those who did not know him well he seemed at times to court it. But not so; he was built on larger lines, and simply aimed to do and say, faithfully and fearlessly, what he deemed was right; and while ready to listen to reason to show that he was wrong, and quick and frank when convinced to acknowledge and to own it, no mere clamor could swerve him from his course.

And yet, he was not a visionary. He believed

that the Christian faith was something more than a theory; it was, he held, a force to be practically applied, which should energize in all the common relations of our social life, and which as such should help to solve all our social problems. Firm, staunch and strong in his own Christian faith, and foremost to defend it, he did not hold that faith apart from secular affairs, but rather sought to apply and introduce it there as the true and lawful sphere of its operation. He sought to give to the Christian faith its hands and its feet, to bring it down to earth, to make it walk and talk, not academically and metaphysically, but practically and plainly and in the idiom of the people; and time and again the people sought his counsel and advice, and sought it not in vain.

He held that Jesus Christ is the Lord of all human life.

When Bishop Greer took the complete charge of the diocese he was sixty-four years old, but in face and in figure he looked a young man. In the care of the whole diocese the hardest part to him was the administration of ecclesiastical discipline. To depose a man literally nearly killed him, tenderhearted, affectionate as he was. Even to reprimand a clergyman cost him sleepless nights. His gentleness was fused with strength. Like a brave man providing "sanctuary," he would hold off the accuser, till he was sure which way lay

truth and justice. He met in silence hasty demands and implied threats. The man who ultimately knew his discipline, knew his sternness as well as his mercy. When his blow fell, it was decisive: one suspects that, like a father, he exerted his most rigid discipline in secret. His courage was shown in his deliberate exercise of the discipline which his office forced upon him. With an agony of thought and prayer he sought God's will, and did it.

He was proud of the clergy, and was constantly telling his friends of sermons he had heard them preach, of deeds he had witnessed, and of other deeds about which he had been told. Often the clergy themselves little suspected how truly he carried them day by day in his thoughts. Because he was full of sympathy, tolerance, and patience, his friends sometimes thought him lacking in discernment of character. One would hear from time to time, "He's no judge of men." No doubt he was sometimes deceived, but probably he saw more defects in the people with whom he came in contact than he would admit to anyone. Occasionally, cautious as he was, his real judgment would flash forth, and the listener would wonder if this could be Bishop Greer who was attaching spicy epithets to people of whom hitherto no detraction had been heard. He was so afraid of sentimentality that he sometimes seemed to be lacking in sentiment. He was intensely amused if anyone happened to ask him to come into the country because the appletrees were in blossom. His real sen-

timent was kept for humanity; the superficial qualities which deceived others did not deceive him. At a Diocesan Convention, when during a missionary session he had resigned the chair to Mr. Stetson, and was sitting by the side of Bertrand Stevens, a clergyman rose to address the convention. "Our friend," writes Bishop Stevens, "was speaking with great eloquence and verbosity. I leaned over to the Bishop and quietly remarked that McCandless said that this particular man needed above everything to beware of the adjective. 'Yes,' said Bishop Greer, 'he secretes them.'" When Bishop Greer was profoundly moved by the word or deed of anyone whom he admired, his highest praise was only, "He's a *good* man."

Though Bishop Greer was a liberal, he was tenacious of the respect due to canon law. Whether he himself thought the law the best law that could be made was quite apart. The law having been made, he, and all who were responsible to him, were bound to keep it. He allowed special services in the cathedral with addresses by men not of our Communion. He did this not wantonly, but only under what he understood to be the provisions of the canon. He was scrupulous in all the details of his office. When he was asked to give permission for this or that innovation in a service he would frankly say that he had no authority, and he would not even give advice. "If you depart," he would say, "from the law of the Church, you must do it upon your own responsibility." In even slight

matters he was surefooted and canny. Before the General Convention had authorized the permissive use, a rector asked his advice about having the general Thanksgiving said by all the people. The Bishop said, judicially, "I cannot advise you; of course I cannot give you authority to do it." Then he smiled, "I will say," he added, "we used to do it at St. Bartholomew's."

In the spring of 1901, Bishop Greer had undergone a serious operation on the left eye for glaucoma. Five years later, in 1906, he underwent a similar operation upon the right eye. One day a physician said to Bishop Greer, "Have you had glaucoma?" When the Bishop answered, "Yes," the physician went on, "In one eye, I suppose." "No," was the reply, "in both." "And you are doing work?" "Doing full work," said the Bishop. "Well," the doctor said, "you are the first man I ever met who has been operated on for glaucoma in both eyes and who is doing full work."

Notwithstanding the warning which came to him through his eyes, he determined, for a time at least, to administer the diocese alone. This resolution was fixed by the gift of a motor whereby he could be carried swiftly to his many meetings and to his visitations. He might have continued this work so far as his body was concerned had he been able to steel his heart against the agony of ecclesiastical discipline. He broke down in the spring of 1910. He knew that, willing as he was to make every sacrifice, he could not alone do the

work, even with the help of the Archdeacons, Dr. Nelson of New York, Dr. Thomas of Orange, Dr. Van Kleeck of Westchester, Dr. Ashton of Dutchess, and Dr. Burch of Richmond.* The General Convention was to meet in October at Cincinnati. A new canon, providing for Suffragan Bishops, was then to be acted upon finally. With Bishop Edsall of Minnesota, who wished a suffragan in his large western diocese, he pleaded with the House of Bishops to grant an officer who would also be useful in great metropolitan sees. The opposition was strong, but the sincerity and earnestness of Bishop Greer and Bishop Edsall carried the day. Suffragan Bishops were authorized.

It was known after the General Convention that Bishop Greer would ask for a Suffragan. When the Diocesan Convention met at Synod Hall on the Cathedral Grounds, November 9, 1910, the news was spread that Bishop Greer would be grateful if Archdeacon Burch of Staten Island could be his Suffragan. Dr. Burch was elected on the following day, and was consecrated Bishop in Grace Church, New York, on February 24, 1911. Bishop Doane preached the sermon. Bishop Greer felt that his old friend would be gratified to preach the sermon at the consecration of the first Suffragan Bishop in our Church in America. As the Diocesan and his Suffragan marched out of the

*When Dr. Burch was elected Suffragan Bishop, two Archdeacons were appointed to cover the whole diocese: Dr. Pott and Mr. Hulse. Later still, Dr. Pott was the only Archdeacon in the diocese, upon Mr. Hulse's consecration as Bishop of Cuba.

church together, Bishop Greer's medium height overshadowed by the very tall Bishop who had just been consecrated, someone remarked, "David and Goliath." "No, no," said Bishop Greer; "David and Jonathan." So he expressed the relationship of friendship and trust with which he entered into the years which were to follow with Bishop Burch's unfailing help. Bishop Greer clearly defined in the beginning that Bishop Burch was to do anything which he assigned him. Many a day the Suffragan Bishop did not know in the morning what he might be called upon to do in the afternoon. Bishop Burch has borne his testimony: "He never ordered me, or said, 'I want you to do this.' It was always, 'Can you do this, with the other things you have to do?' Or, 'Are you too tired to add this to your work for the day?'" Because both men forgot themselves in a common service to the Church, the details of diocesan work were met as perhaps never before; for though Bishop Greer was unable very often to travel long distances to meet appointments for confirmations, his office work and the work of administration went on almost without interruption, even in weeks when most men would have been cut off from every care. Bishop Burch, in spite of regular routine, was always ready to come to special Confirmations, and thus helped not only the Diocesan but all the clergy. Probably no one but himself will ever know how crowded with service were the eight years when he was aiding Bishop Greer as Suffragan Bishop.

VI

MANY parishes in the diocese were oppressed by the fact of the mortgages upon their property, even though they were held by so benevolent a corporation as Trinity Parish. Dr. Dix, it will be remembered, nominated Dr. Greer as Bishop of the diocese, and as long as he lived his affectionate interest in the new Bishop was constant. When Dr. Manning was chosen first Bishop of Harrisburg, Dr. Dix appealed to Bishop Greer to use all his influence to keep Dr. Manning from leaving Trinity Parish. It was largely due to Bishop Greer that Dr. Manning was made assistant rector of Trinity Parish with the right of succession. Throughout his bishopric therefore Bishop Greer was uncommonly close to the mother parish of the diocese. He could be sure that if he made an appeal to the rector and vestry, everything possible would be done to comply with his wishes. To them, therefore, he appealed for these burdened parishes. In the fall of 1909, the vestry of Trinity Church generously cancelled the mortgages which were held against eighteen parishes in the City of New York, and others outside the city and diocese. This was an interpretation of the just responsibility of the huge endowment of Trinity Parish, which commanded the respect of the whole Church.

In a city like New York, where tides of population often recede from ancient parishes, there is a continual appeal to dispose of Church property and to use the money either in some other form of work or in other parishes. Against this tendency Bishop Greer set his face like a flint. It was more than a sentiment with him, that a building consecrated not only by the formal setting apart but also by the lives of good men, should not lose its place in the on-going life of the city. When in the case of All Souls' on Madison Avenue the property was sold, the largest portion of the amount was given to the Church of the Archangel, upon the condition that the name "All Souls' Church (Anthon Memorial)" should be perpetuated. This church is at St. Nicholas Avenue and One Hundred and Fourteenth Street. The remainder of the sum was divided among the churches nearest, — St. Mary's, Manhattanville; and St. Andrew's and Holy Trinity, Harlem. The Bishop pleaded that the whole sum be given to the Church in the Bronx, but he was grateful to have the gifts of former parishioners conserved for the work of these important neighboring parishes.

When the Church of the Intercession, at Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street, with a large and loyal congregation, under the rectorship of the Reverend Dr. Milo H. Gates, was embarrassed by its debt and its inability to enlarge its building for the rapidly growing congregation, Bishop Greer approved the plan for its adoption by Trinity Parish as one of

its chapels. Trinity Parish was enthusiastic, because, by placing a great church in Trinity Cemetery, the rights of the cemetery to remain a churchyard would be undisputed. The magnificent church which was ultimately built by Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, under the personal direction of Dr. Gates, was consecrated on May 25, 1915, and is one of the notable churches of the city.

Bishop Greer was deeply interested in maintaining Christ Church at its strategic point, at the corner of Seventy-first Street and Broadway. This venerable parish was started in Anthony Street in 1793; it moved to West Eighteenth Street in 1852; later it moved to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street; finally, in 1890, to anticipate the growing needs of the city, it moved to its present site, where it dominates a central and conspicuous neighborhood. St. Andrew's, at Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, also had his sympathetic coöperation in its struggle against a rapidly changing neighborhood. Its stately church, hallowed by years of sacred association, he felt must be conserved if possible for future generations. In the southern end of the city, at Henry and Scammell Streets, was the old Church of All Saints, deserted by all the families whose ancestors had worshipped there, but still more than a landmark, because it ministered to the people living in its vicinity.

Old St. John's, on Varick Street, vanished, because the Vestry of Trinity Church, who were responsible

for it, believed that they could not honestly use their endowment to maintain a building which would be more of a monument than a place of worship; and other chapels of Trinity Parish were near enough to minister to all the needs of the people who formerly had called St. John's their own. With the Vestry and all other loyal citizens of New York, he regretted the loss of an interesting landmark; but he felt with the Vestry that the service to human souls was the paramount duty of a religious corporation.

The Bishop rejoiced in preaching the sermon at the consecration of the new St. Thomas's Church, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street. He counted it a notable asset for the diocese that, under the leadership of Dr. Stires, this distinguished church, designed by Messrs. Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson, should rise upon the ashes of the church burned in 1905. The old church was destroyed one summer morning. Before the parishioners returned in the fall, a temporary structure within the nave invited them to worship. The new church rose around this frame building. Thus worship went on continuously on a spot hallowed by a long period of parochial life. How deeply Bishop Greer felt the importance of the achievement is shown by these words from his sermon on that happy day:

Why do I bring, my friends, this message to-day to you, on this eventful day in your parish life? Because you are what you are, a great

parish, with a great far-reaching influence. The adjective is not carelessly but carefully and with deliberate judgment chosen. Your building is great, your membership is great, your resourcefulness is great; and, situated as you are, on one of the great thoroughfares of this community and this country, like a city set on a hill, your example cannot be, in its reach and scope, otherwise than great. But better and more than this, you have, and have shown, in your parish life, a great potential energy, a great spiritual and vital force, which, in the face of circumstances calculated to dissolve, scatter and disintegrate — as when on a summer night your beautiful building went up in flames — still held you together in one great corporate life, unbroken and unimpaired. All this I may be permitted to say, as voicing you on this occasion as well as myself, is, with the gracious help and guidance of God, in large measure due to the brave, indomitable, and indefatigable leadership of your Rector.

Because therefore you are all this, with great possibilities in you and great opportunities before you, you have it in your power to enforce, and by your example to commend to the Church at large today, this timely and this needed message of St. James, — Be ye doers of the Word; Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only!

The Bishop's old parish, St. Bartholomew's, after deciding to remain at Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, suddenly discovered that wisdom required a new church on a more ample site. So the ground bounded by Park Avenue, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, was bought. The striking memorial to Cornelius Vanderbilt was removed thither, and a new church, designed by Mr. Bertram Goodhue, was built behind it. On the day when the Vestry decided that the venture should be declared to the congregation, the old rector joined the present rector in pleading that the large amount needed be given, not only for the sake of the parish but for the sake of the Church at large, that on the imposing thoroughfare of Park Avenue there might be a church which should command the respect of the thousands who would pass it daily. The two sermons occupied together more than an hour, and a restless small boy, closing his fist tightly on a quarter dollar and hearing one of the preachers say, "At first we shall expect only very large gifts," whispered to his mother, "Mother, that lets us out; let's go home." The foundation stone of the new church was laid in May 1917. Even the awning which had been placed for the clergy and choir would not keep out the rain, and the Bishop stood under an umbrella to make his address. He was not well, and everyone knew that he should not be there, but he would not stay away from his beloved parish on its great day.

On Sunday morning, October 20, 1918, he preached

the sermon at the formal opening of the new St. Bartholomew's for public worship. Inevitably he expressed his personal relationship to a parish which had once been his cure.

The Church of the Holy Communion, associated with the memorable traditions of Dr. Muhlenberg, and now for many years under the guidance of Dr. Mottet, was to Bishop Greer one of the most sacred spots in the diocese. It was the first free church in America. While the people still lived hard by, adequate support was easily forthcoming; but shops thrust themselves in, only to be followed by factories; and the people moved far away. Dr. Mottet appealed for an endowment. In place of the one hundred thousand asked for, all sorts of people within and without our Communion gave over half a million dollars. Then, under Dr. Mottet's leadership, the church was beautified as a token of thanksgiving. Today the old church is "all glorious within," one of the most radiant of parish churches anywhere. Bishop Greer came to conduct a service hallowing all these changes. To make permanent a church with such important associations as this and to ensure for ever its adequate maintenance, was an achievement which adds one more distinction to the years in which Dr. Greer was Bishop of New York.

VII

BISHOP GREER'S episcopate will always be associated with the consecration of the Choir, the Crossing, and the seven Chapels of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and with the opening of the Cathedral for public services associated with notable ecclesiastical and national events. Though the Cathedral project was started in the time of Bishop Horatio Potter, Bishop Henry Potter was always recognized as the real founder. Dr. Greer, as rector of St. Bartholomew's was not interested; but when the care of the diocese came to him, he saw the enormous value of a building which would not only bind the diocese together but stand before the city as a visible symbol of the paramount importance of the Church of Christ. He nominated Dr. Grosvenor of the Church of the Incarnation as the first Dean of the Cathedral, and upon his nomination the Trustees elected him. When Dean Grosvenor died in 1916, the Reverend Dr. Howard C. Robbins, also of the Church of the Incarnation, was, upon the Bishop's nomination, elected to succeed him. Remembering the music at St. Bartholomew's, the Bishop would gently plead with Dr. Grosvenor from time to time to substitute for the boys and men a choir of men and women; but his pleading ceased

when Mrs. J. Jarrett Blodgett gave the dignified building for a Choir School, and Frederick G. Bourne, Esq., endowed it.

Many years before he became Bishop, Dr. Greer was once asked by a friend if he would ever give up St. Bartholomew's for a bishopric. He said, "No." "Then," persisted the friend, "would you give it up for anything?" He answered, "There is just one place which I covet, a place which I shall never have, and that is Trinity Church. If I were rector of Trinity Church I would bring the ablest preachers of the world to it and give them their freedom." Indirectly the Cathedral was to give him the same opportunity. With the sympathetic understanding of Dean Grosvenor and Dean Robbins, the Cathedral fulfilled this dream. Preachers, not only of our own Communion, but, on the special occasions allowed by the canon, great preachers of other Communions have often been heard; and, on national occasions particularly, laymen have spoken. Among these laymen were President Jacob G. Schurman of Cornell, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, Secretary Daniels, George Gordon Battle, Esq., George Zabriskie, Esq., Captain George B. Hyde (at a service of protest against Armenian massacres, at which members of the Armenian Mission, including one of their great Generals, were present), the Honorable James W. Gerard, the Honorable George W. Wickersham, Judge Alton B. Parker, President Nicholas Murray Butler, the



THE CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL

Honorable Elihu Root, Thomas W. Lamont, Esq., and William Jay Schieffelin, Esq. Among clergymen not of our Communion, have been Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Dr. Frank Mason North, Dr. William Adams Brown, Bishop McDowell of Washington, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and Dr. William P. Merrill. Among the distinguished visitors from the Church of England who have preached in the Cathedral have been the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Birmingham, the Bishop of Edinburgh, and the Archbishop of York.

In March, 1918, when gloom was over the whole land because of the war, an Archbishop of York for the first time visited America. Dr. Lang stood one Sunday morning in the pulpit of the Cathedral, bringing a message of courage and inspiration. Bishop Greer in welcoming him, said to the congregation,

I welcome him in the confident hope that his coming will unite more closely the peoples of the old and the new countries by strengthening the ties of fellowship which already exist, not only as two great Communions but two great Nations, standing together hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, in the great crusade against tyranny and aggression.

The Cathedral has become a people's church. At first, a good many members of neighboring parishes

went to the services, but, missing the parochial atmosphere, soon returned to their folds. The congregation is almost wholly made up of strangers and of people who hitherto have had no parochial connection. Dean Robbins, who sees the congregation Sunday by Sunday, thus aptly describes the people:

The Cathedral is the home of Christian democracy. It is the House of Prayer for all people. It is the religious meeting place for all sorts and conditions of men. The first thing which always impresses a stranger is the size of the congregations. Bishop Greer used to say that during the first months after the opening of the Crossing, he was almost afraid to go into the Cathedral for fear that he might find the congregations beginning to diminish, as the novelty wore off. But they did not diminish; instead they increased, month by month, and year after year. The congregations are always differently composed. It is estimated that more than a hundred thousand people attend service here in the course of a single year, as many as all the communicants of the Diocese of New York put together. Only a few people, relatively speaking, come with regularity. Visiting clergymen often comment upon the reverence of the congregations, made up, as they are so largely, of strangers and of persons unaccustomed to the service. People are very sensitive to archi-

tectural surroundings, and the vastness of the scale on which the Cathedral is built, its great height and open spaces, have a solemnizing influence. Young people, who are more or less out of touch with conventional religion, come here when they would not think of going inside an ordinary church. As one of them said, "The Cathedral makes me humble." Working people, of the artisan class, come because the Cathedral is great, democratic, free.

Dr. Huntington had hoped that the seven chapels built about the apse would be associated with seven languages. Though this dream has been only partly fulfilled as far as the chapels are concerned (for regular services are held only in Spanish and Chinese) the Choir and Crossing have been filled again and again on special occasions, with people of one race or another. On St. David's Day, the building has been filled by Welshmen, who have listened to a service and sermon in their own language. On Kossovo Day, the Serbian Archimandrite celebrated the Liturgy of the Holy Orthodox Church in ancient Slavic at the High Altar, and a choir composed of Russians and of Jugoslavs made the responses. A feature of that service was the lighting of candles sent from the ancient monastery of Grachinitza, on the Kossovo battle-field, by a monk who had survived the Bulgarian massacre, and wished to show his appreciation of a former Kossovo

Day service which had been held here, news of which had reached him in that remote and romantic place.

Among the many inspiring services which took place during Bishop Greer's administration of the diocese was the opening service of the General Convention, on October 8, 1913, when nearly all the Bishops of the Church were in the Sanctuary, and Bishop Lawrence preached the sermon.

When the Metropolitan of Athens (Meletios Metaxakis) was in America, he preached in Greek. After the sermon, Bishop Greer met the Metropolitan at the choir steps to conduct him to the Sanctuary. The Greek kissed Bishop Greer rapturously on both cheeks. The choristers had difficulty in keeping their composure, but the Bishop helped them by taking the kisses as a matter of course, and, passing his arm through that of the Metropolitan, walking with him to the Sanctuary for the closing prayers.

After the signing of the Armistice, the diocese held its corporate Thanksgiving in the Cathedral, the Honorable Elihu Root making the address. Within a week, representatives of the twelve liberated peoples comprised in the mid-European Democratic Alliance, met in the Cathedral. They brought with them the constitution to which they had just subscribed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. They brought their flags and banners, some of them quite new, never before carried into any church. Albanians, Armenians, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Lithuanians, Poles,

Ukrainians, Zionists, flowed together, witnessing to the birth of their nations as they entered the Cathedral. Many stood outside weeping as they saw the flags of their new-won liberty. A few days later, there was a Thanksgiving service in the Cathedral for the victory. Every one of the nations which had borne arms in the struggle for liberty, or had declared its sympathy by severing diplomatic relations with the Central Powers, was officially represented. The flags of twenty-seven nations were carried into the chancel and massed there for the singing of the *Te Deum*.

In the spring of 1918, when Mr. Balfour visited America to represent the British Government, the Cathedral was open for a service of Dedication, by which the friendship of the two nations was emphasized for the cause of liberty. The sermon was preached by Bishop Brent. Mr. Balfour made a short address to the clergy and choristers after the service.

In addition to the growth of the Cathedral itself, and in addition to the building of the choristers' school, other important buildings have risen upon the Cathedral Close during Bishop Greer's time. As soon as the General Convention of 1910 accepted the invitation of New York for the Convention of 1913, Bishop Greer was eager to have a suitable hall for the meeting of the House of Deputies. After he had begun the collection of funds for Synod House, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. W. Bayard Cutting, who, with others, had for many years represented the Diocese of

New York in the General Convention, asked the privilege of erecting the building. Their offer was accepted. The gifts already made were, by consent, applied towards the building of the Bishop's House. Both the givers however died before the Convention met. The building therefore, when completed, seemed a memorial to these generous and loyal laymen. It is always used for the Diocesan Convention. In it were the offices of Bishop Greer, Bishop Burch, and Archdeacon Pott. Many meetings of a diocesan and public character have been held in it. The Deanery was given in 1913, by Mrs. Ogilvie, in memory of her husband, Clinton Ogilvie. The Bishop's House was built with the money received from the sale of the house in Gramercy Park, with additional sums given by many of the Bishop's personal friends. The Bishop moved into this House in April 1914. Having always lived in the heart of the city, he valued the peace of the Cathedral Close. Mrs. Greer would say, after explaining how quiet the house was at night, "He deserves it."

VIII

BISHOP GREER'S Episcopate will not, however, be associated with the magnificent buildings which arose during his term of office, but rather with the men in whose selection he was closely concerned. Sometimes vestries are exceedingly shy of the advice of Bishops when a rectorship is vacant. Perhaps because Bishop Greer did not obtrude his advice, and fully recognized the right of a vestry to make their own choice, his counsel was the more often sought. In the case of one important parish, the vestry, having chosen a rector whom he himself approved, asked him to present the call. As he sat down with the rector-elect he spoke of the opportunity. "Such a call," he said, "comes only once in a lifetime; you must not let it pass." Then he went on to speak of New York: to him there was no other place in the world so strategic. "If you want to serve your generation to the utmost," he said, "this is the place to do it." A letter will show the reality of his interest, as the new rector began his work. The parish need not be named, for this interest is typical of his solicitude for all other parishes:

Welcome to New York! I had cancelled an appointment for this morning in order to be with

you, and to welcome you by my presence; but unfortunately I am confined to my bed and am under strict orders by my physician to stay there. I am better, however, and expect to be out and about in a few days, as well as ever, and am looking forward with great pleasure, to having you at dinner to meet some of our clergy, on May 16, at eight o'clock.

Perhaps it is just as well that I could not be with you this morning, so that you could begin in your own way and make your own impression without any little seeming endorsement of influence which the presence of the Bishop of the diocese might give. And so you did begin in your own way, and gave your own message, which, by your kindness, I have just been permitted to read. Will you let me tell you, my dear brother, that it is just the message that New York needs. It is a busy, restless city, and is sometimes thought to be wicked and worldly; but I know that at its heart it is hungry for Christ, and I believe that the old Parish, with you at its head, will minister to that hunger and human need.

Praying God's richest blessing upon you, believe me, not only your bishop, but always sincerely and affectionately your friend,

DAVID H. GREER

Because he knew the difficulties besetting parishes in certain parts of the city, he was lenient with the clergy when they tried various methods to interest the people who lived in their neighborhoods. His own preference was for the simple rubrical service to which he had always been accustomed, but he was patient when men tried experiments. One bleak November afternoon, when a bust of Peter Stuyvesant was being unveiled at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, the procession from the rectory to the church was halted in the churchyard. The rector suddenly turned to the Bishop, and said, "Bishop, the patriotic societies have got hold of this service; I am not responsible for it: really, it is the queerest service I ever got into." The Bishop blinked and smiled, "Well, Guthrie," he said, "it must be mighty queer then."

When Dr. Guthrie and his Vestry disagreed about the proper methods of conducting St. Mark's, the rector went to the Bishop to seek his "godly judgment." The Bishop said, "Don't say a word to me. The Vestry have told me their side of the case. I didn't want you to be called to St. Mark's, but you were called. I have watched your work, and I have some knowledge of its results. You are not so much building up St. Mark's, as through St. Mark's you are building up the other churches in the city. I am not concerned in this particular case whether you are technically right or the Vestry is technically right. What I must do is to help the men who are building up the Kingdom of

God in New York. You get hold of men who have lost their grip on religion, on God. You start them in the right direction. They begin to believe again. Then their wives find out that they are willing to go to Church; and, to please their wives, they go to church which satisfies their wives, — but you are responsible for their renewed allegiance to Christ. I haven't told you before that I know all this. I think I know more than you know about the people you have helped. Your ways are not customary; perhaps not canonical. But you are saving souls. And I want you to know that I am behind you."

When Dr. Sedgwick came to Calvary Church, the Bishop was living only a few steps away, at 7, Gramercy Park. One of the children was ill in Calvary Rectory, and each morning the Bishop came in to inquire, and if possible to see the little boy. At a friendly dinner, he would say, "My neighbor Sedgwick is doing very interesting things: last night he marched his choir over to Madison Square; the boys and men sang hymns, and then they all marched back to the church with troops of people behind them."

When the Reverend Percy Silver came to the Church of the Incarnation, the Bishop appeared unexpectedly in the vestryroom one Sunday morning, saying that he would like to go into the chancel with the rector and say a few words to the people. Twice within a few years the parish had given its rector to be Dean of the Cathedral; the rectorship had been now vacant for

a year, with the consequent disorganizing processes setting in. When the Bishop spoke to the congregation, he said, "I went up to West Point to try to persuade Mr. Silver to be your rector. He didn't want to leave West Point: they loved him there and he was doing a great work. But I told him that New York needed him. And he came. I told him that you would all stand behind him. And I know that you will keep that pledge for me." The last time the Bishop visited the Church of the Incarnation, the rector presented for Confirmation the Bishop's grandson. The boy shyly sought the end of the rail, so that he was the last candidate on whom the Bishop laid his hands. It was providential for the Bishop; because he was so overcome with emotion that it would have been difficult for him to say the prayer again. Perhaps he suspected that the asking of the solemn spiritual gift for his grandson would be his last association with a parish for which he felt deep responsibility.

The Reverend William H. Owen, Jr., recalls the Bishop upon a visitation:

Bishop Greer was to visit Trinity Church, Mount Vernon, for a confirmation, Sunday morning. Though I had written him about the matter, I could get no details of his coming. Accordingly, I telephoned him on Saturday night. He said that he could not, even then, tell me just how he would come, but that he would get there somehow.

Next morning, I was in the church welcoming the people. About seven minutes before the hour, my assistant told me that the Bishop had arrived and was in the vestry room. I found the Bishop sitting there, looking somewhat fatigued. I welcomed him, and then said, "How did you get here?" He replied, "That is none of your affair!" To this day I do not know.

The Bishop lunched with me, and after luncheon I took him to the railway station. While we were waiting for the train, his face suddenly assumed a solemn expression, and he said, "I have only forty cents in my pocket. That will be enough, however, to take me to New York, where I shall meet my chauffeur." I protested, asking him what he would do in the case of emergency, or if he did not meet his chauffeur. He said he didn't know. I urged him to accept two dollars from me, which he returned the next morning.

In reading this story, one should remember that Bishop Greer was the chief Pastor of what is in all likelihood the richest diocese the world has ever known.

Bishop Greer never attempted Episcopal airs with the clergy — or with anyone else. He always made the clergy feel that he was a brother rather than a ruler. "Can I speak frankly to you?" asked a rector. "Yes," said the Bishop quizzically, "I suppose so."

“Then,” said the venturer, “why don’t you stop doing all these little things, being bothered by all the little people with their little troubles, and their little letters, and their little parishes, and lead us to some great thing. Do you know,” said the man, getting bolder, “that whether we clergy are high or low or broad, whether we think you are exactly made to be a bishop or not, we all love you. I never saw a bishop who had so much real love from the clergy in a diocese.” The Bishop passed his hand tremblingly over his forehead. It was his own criticism of the Episcopate. There were routine duties which, as a faithful bishop, he must do. He saved them from being petty by doing them in simplicity, dignity, and lovingkindness. But he chafed under them. As he sat in his large office in Synod Hall, he would sometimes telephone to Bishop Burch who was in the office over him: “Bishop, are you free? . . . Then, won’t you come down and talk with me.” Bishop Burch would expect talk about the business of the diocese. But at least twenty times, Bishop Burch says, he would speak only of this very matter of the deadening weight of the routine. “The thing,” Bishop Greer would say, “which presses on me is that we are set to be leaders over the people spiritually. We ought to be thinking of this more than of money, and the mere formality of making visitations, and answering the innumerable letters of business.” Then at the end of the conversation, which made the office seem like a church, he would add,

"Let us think about it, and pray about it. Greater spiritual leadership, — that is what we must win."

A great many Roman Catholic priests appealed to him. He rarely encouraged them to enter our Ministry, but he gave them such counsel as he could. One such priest has told the story of his telephoning to the Bishop, and receiving the invitation to come to see him. The conversation was cordial. All was assumed to be right, and the man received both understanding and sympathy. The Bishop read the letters presented, commending his visitor's moral character. But before reading the letters he had made up his mind that the priest would work happily in the Episcopal Church. When at length all was arranged, and a place was found for him, the Bishop said, "Of course you will never speak a word against the Roman Church. Get the fellow who doesn't go to any Church."

A chaplain in the Army, returning to America, came to the Bishop's office with a note of introduction from his own bishop. The Bishop had never seen him before; but he thought instantly that he knew a place in the diocese where he would fit. "Do you think you could preach *without a rest* for ten minutes?" the Bishop asked. The man laughed, and said he thought he could. "Dr. Parks," the Bishop continued, "needs a special preacher; I think I shall tell him about you." He did so. The next Sunday afternoon the chaplain was preaching at St. Bartholomew's, secured his discharge from the army, and became a permanent mem-

ber of the parochial staff. "Do you think," the man added, "that I can ever forget a man who believed in people like that?"

Another clergyman tells his experience: "In the early part of 1908, I was serving as a curate in the Church of the Transfiguration. Dr. Houghton said one day, 'I want you to go to Bishop Greer and get advice on an application for marriage.' The lady had been married before. However, she was not divorced; she was married under age; and the Court had pronounced the marriage null and void. I shall never forget my interview with the Bishop on the subject. He came out into the anteroom, where a number of persons were waiting to see him, and when he found out what my errand was he manifested the greatest interest. "Come into my office," he said: "I want to talk to you about the matter. I want you to know that I take a very high view on this subject of marriage." I shall never forget his words on that occasion. They are as fresh in my memory as though they had been spoken only yesterday. 'Marriage,' said the Bishop, 'is an institution of God and not of the State.' I gave him the details in regard to the proposed marriage, and he said, 'Tell your rector to pay no attention to the decree of the Court; her marriage, though under age, should stand; for it is valid in the sight of God.'"

When he was marching into church at a Confirmation, with one of the older rectors of the diocese, he would sometimes insist that the rector walk beside him. This

was symbolical of his attitude. He would not mount a pedestal. When he was receiving visitors, if one of the clergy of the diocese happened to be among them and the Bishop knew that he was there, he always gave directions that he should be admitted immediately. If when he was uncommonly weary, someone protected him and begged that the visit be postponed, it was without his knowledge. Occasionally the younger clergy would feel that they were forgotten, because, owing to the Bishop's defective sight, he could not always recognize them. When a visitor once entered his room the Bishop had no device by which he could suggest that he had other work to do or someone else might be waiting to see him. He gave himself fully to the conversation; that, for the time being, was his whole work. Towards the end, he would sometimes show the strain of the interview, and men would feel that he was not interested in their work. This was not true; the spirit was always willing, and probably nothing refreshed him more than the personal talk with a man for whom and for whose work he felt a joint responsibility. He wished to be a father to the clergy of the diocese. If he could be that, the leadership was to him indifferent. He liked to think of the phrase in the service of consecration of a bishop, "Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd." To this description he tried to conform his life. Sometimes he borrowed the common phrase from papal bulls and called himself "the servant of servants." As he was a servant to the

clergy he liked to believe that they were gladly servants to all whom they could reach.

Sometimes people who stood at a distance wondered if the Diocese of New York might not be in need of more active guidance, which should feel no restrictions of age or infirmity. We who stood closer knew that what was missing in bristling activity was more than made up by the calm judgment, the long experience, the loving care of one who tried to know us all, and who, as he examined our work, thought more of the souls we were helping in hidden places than of the accounts we might make for our year books. We went to him for advice and for deeper help, with a conviction that his age was an asset, not a liability. He had not only succeeded, he had suffered. He knew how to make light of our failures if we had really tried; and he was not dazed by any passing good fortune which fell across our path. We some way knew that he was watching us, and that he cared beyond the words he chanced to speak.

At first the Bishop held office hours every weekday afternoon except Saturday. In 1911, four afternoons were kept as episcopal office hours, two of them being taken by the Bishop and two by the Suffragan. The people began to come as early as half-past one, and often by two o'clock the waiting room was crowded. The callers represented all phases of life. Someone would ask him to serve on a committee for prison reform; another to speak at the Lighthouse for the

Blind; another would plead for an address on an anniversary; another for the sermon at the consecration of a bishop; still another would try to secure his endorsement of a new organization for civic good; and among all these, the most important of all would be the clergy and the laity who came specifically for counsel in connection with their parishes.

One example will suffice. The Rev. W. Bertrand Stevens, rector of St. Ann's in the Bronx, had been called to Holy Trinity, Middletown, Connecticut, and went to talk the call over with the Bishop. Mr. Stevens was not at all sure of his own mind or of his duty. The Bishop quickly gave his advice: "Never accept a call if you feel any doubt about it in your mind and heart." He then went on to say that this had been the principle which had guided every movement in his life; that he had never made a change if he was at all doubtful about the advisability of it.

Nearly all the mornings would be given to office work. The letters were unending. He was scrupulous in answering them. The telephone was diabolically busy. In the midst of the office work not infrequently he would be called to administer confirmation to someone who was ill, or to call upon a clergyman, who, ill or in sorrow, had expressed a wish to see him.

Two letters selected almost at random will suggest the kind of advice he gave. This letter was written to a Sunday-school teacher:



THE SYNOD HOUSE

The questions which you ask are pretty hard to answer, at least the second one is.

As far as the first one is concerned, I would say that while scientific materialism has perhaps been hitherto a dominant tendency in many of our universities, yet of late a reaction seems to be setting in, and college groups, like other groups, are beginning today to feel that scientific materialism is a spent force both in philosophy and life; and if it still lingers for a little while in our colleges and elsewhere, it is a receding wave. As a matter of fact, as far as my observation goes, there is more real religious interest in colleges today than at any other time during this generation.

The second question as I have said is a harder one to answer. It is difficult for a young man just starting upon a business career to hold fast to the fundamental principles of religion or to what he believes is essentially right and true; and if he continues to do so he may sometimes suffer loss, though not always, nor usually. And if he cannot conscientiously do some of the things which his business situation requires of him I believe that in the end he will be honored and respected for standing by his convictions, and that he will ultimately win out. What the world needs today is not the man of loose and flabby or compromising character, but the man whose character is

rooted in principles and who remains true to those principles. That is the type of man whom the business world cannot afford to neglect or overlook, and who as I have said will ultimately win his way to positions of large trust and responsibility.

The following letter was written to a man many miles away:

This is the first opportunity I have had to reply to your letter of the 27th ult.

If I catch your point, it is this, — What reasonable hypothesis has one to go on in a tentative acceptance of the Christian religion? In answer to this, let me say that the Christian religion was not founded primarily on a book, nor upon any definite teaching, but upon an alleged fact, namely, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is generally admitted by all critics, whether friendly or unfriendly to the Christian religion as a body of doctrine, that it was established in the world by a belief in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. That is the great fact which St. Paul preached, — not the moral character of Jesus, or the teaching of Jesus, or the sayings of Jesus (only one such saying does he quote, and that one not in the Four Gospels). It was belief in that fact which created Christendom, and not only so, but which has since

sustained it and kept it alive. That it seems to me creates a reasonable conjecture, as reasonable as that of Newton about Gravitation, when he saw the apple fall. I think therefore that an honest inquirer after the truth is warranted in starting with such a reasonable hypothesis, and then he can proceed to verify it in his own case and also to make practical application of it to society at large, with a view to ascertaining not only its practical value but its truth. If it works well, he is justified in accepting it, for a reason precisely similar to his acceptance of the hypothesis or theory of the law of Gravitation.

I do not know whether I have met your difficulty, but I have tried to do so as I understand it.

As Bishop of New York, Dr. Greer was president or chairman *ex-officio* of all kinds of committees and boards. The routine of stimulating the loyalty of other members of a board by his own presence, of listening to long and prolix discussions, of shaping and guiding opinion, all required not only time but patience. Dr. Mansfield often tells how he changed the tone of a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute. Retrenchment was being discussed. Member after member spoke with discouragement of the financial conditions. The Bishop, who had been apparently sleeping, deliberately rose, and said, "Gentlemen, you cannot go forward by going backward."

Then he made suggestions which were adopted. He himself became a member of the new Ways and Means Committee, and he lived to see the great New Institute, built under the leadership of Edmund L. Baylies, Esq., at 25, South Street.

When the day had been thus spent, ordinarily he would have a confirmation in the evening, and on Sundays he would visit two or three parishes for confirmation. Not counting the persons confirmed by other bishops, he himself would confirm in a single year about three thousand persons. He would preach about two hundred sermons at his visitations, and in addition he would go to about one hundred and sixty meetings, at more than thirty of which he would make addresses; and besides all this, he would be apt to preach, on special occasions, fifteen or twenty times a year. Among the addresses which he felt to be most important were his counsels to men about to be ordained. He emphasized loyalty to Christ first of all, but he did not forget humdrum details. Chaplain Knox of Columbia writes:

I well remember an evening of informal discussion with a group of candidates for the ministry. The conversation led to theological studies, and the Bishop remarked that every minister should know the rudiments of accounting, saying, "If any man entrusts you with twenty-five cents, be able to tell him at any moment what you have done with it."

The meetings and services on weekdays would sometimes come so closely together that no schedule could be arranged which would allow him time or place for dinner. To his great regret, as well as the regret of the hospitable rectories, he would often be obliged to decline invitations to dinner upon visitations. What took the place of dinner was eaten alone in his motor as he went to and fro. Though, as has already been said, the clergy begged him to relieve himself of the wearisome details and give himself wholly to the conspicuous acts of leadership in the community and the Church at large, yet, when they wished to consult him, by letter or in person, it was comforting to find that they had a bishop whose primary care was for their interests, of which the world knew and cared nothing at all. And though they thought he might delegate visitations to visiting bishops, they wanted him when their own classes were to be presented. Here Bishop Burch helped him wonderfully, for he came not as a stranger but as a known and trusted friend. Arch-deacon Pott also, now well known throughout the diocese, was everywhere lightening the burden of administration by his unselfish and judicious service.

He was as quick with his sympathy as the pastor of pastors as he had been when he was the pastor of a single flock. If he was far away, his letter was the most eagerly awaited, when darkness came over the rectory. The youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Chorley died at Garrison.

NORTH EAST HARBOR

MAINE

*August 28, 1912**My dear Mr. Chorley:*

My attention has just been called to a notice in the paper announcing the death of your daughter, and I am moved to write you at once and tell you of my deepest and tenderest sympathy with you in your sorrow. It is one of the great mysteries of our existence here that a young and beautiful life, full of hope and promise, should be cut off in this apparently unnatural way. It tears the heart and tries the faith, and yet we cannot but trust in the eternal goodness of our Father, God. May He comfort you and your good wife with a lively sense of His presence in this your time of grief.

Again assuring you of my deepest sympathy with you, believe me always, Sincerely and affectionately your friend and Bishop,

DAVID H. GREER

When he possibly could come he comforted by his presence the desolate rectories. In 1918 the eldest daughter in the Garrison rectory was taken from earth. The Bishop had always greeted her with a kiss from her childhood, and she was devoted to him. He left his sick bed on a cold November day and went to Garrison that he might officiate at the funeral. And he took the whole service himself.

At a Diocesan Convention, while the ballots were being cast, a line of clergy was filing by the Bishop. A clergyman looked up and said to the Bishop, "The convention is going well." "Yes, yes," was the answer; "just tell me, how is that little angel Miriam? Tell her that when she sat on my lap and threw her arms around my neck, she entwined herself in my heart." To his next neighbor in the line, who was surprised by this speech in the midst of diocesan business, the father of the little girl explained that Bishop Greer had recently come to his parish to dedicate a memorial window, and the youngest of his six children, a child of two years, had appropriated the Bishop, — and he had not forgotten.

The clergy remembered him on his birthdays and anniversaries. One letter will show how much he cared.

March 28, 1919

My dear Mr. Floyd-Jones:

This is a tardy acknowledgment of your kind letter to me on my recent birthday; but none the less I want you to know how much I appreciate your thought of me. I have been humbled by the numerous tokens of love and affection which I have received from friends, both clerical and lay, and among them all there is none I appreciate more than yours.

With best wishes for yourself, believe me always

Sincerely your friend and Bishop,

DAVID H. GREER

On his tenth anniversary as Bishop, the diocese asked him to administer to the clergy and laity the Holy Communion in St. Bartholomew's Church where he had been consecrated. His friends gathered about him, and he was very happy. As the procession moved down the church after the service, he caught the hand of his small grandson as he passed the pew where he was sitting by Mrs. Greer, and drew him to him, and the old Bishop and the little boy marched hand in hand through the congregation. He liked to think that the boy would sometime be his brother in the Christian ministry.

In the Biltmore Hotel to which the congregation afterwards went with him to luncheon, a tall clock was given him. As he made his speech of gratitude, he turned suddenly to Mrs. Greer who had been sitting beside him, and taking her hand, he said as she rose, "We both thank you, for she is so much to me, and so much to you through me, that I know you must have given it to her. I know that Bishop Burch won't mind if I say that she is my Bishop Coadjutor."

As he had promised at the beginning of his bishopric, Dr. Greer never allowed himself to be the bishop of any party or school in the Church. When Dr. Christian went away from the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, the Bishop expressed the hope that the services would remain unchanged; and after Dr. Barry, the new rector, had made his first call upon the Bishop he was heard to say, "That Bishop has real religion be-

hind him." Nothing would have gratified the Bishop more than such an estimate; for he once said to one of his friends, "You know I don't care anything about what they call churchmanship: all I want to know about a clergyman who comes to one of the parishes in New York, is this: 'Is he a religious man.'" One day Dr. Darlington met the Bishop at Whittaker's, and asked him concerning a young clergyman whom he was thinking of recommending for a vacant parish: "Don't do it," said Bishop Greer; "he is clever, even brilliant; but he does not know the Gospel, — therefore he can't preach it."

In economics the Bishop was conservative, but he did not cast out the man who pleaded for a radical solution. One clergyman, who is a pronounced socialist, thus records his experience:

I had come to know the Bishop fairly intimately, by reason of my having worked two or three years in New York, as chaplain on Blackwells Island, and as assistant at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Rev. J. V. Chalmers, vicar. We had had some pleasant conversation concerning the bishop who ordained me, and for whom I have lasting respect, Frederick Dan Huntington. I had mentioned Bishop Huntington's defense of me in 1902, when some complications had arisen in Central New York over my socialist activity. Bishop Greer impressed me as having thorough

respect for me, in being a socialist. He did not resent it, or take issue with me, or be annoyed by it, as so many of my brethren appear to be.

Bishop Greer most enjoyed talking with his friends about the books they had been reading. At the dinner table of the Tuckahoe rectory, the rector, Mr. Wright, chanced to say that the preacher whom he thought to be the greatest of all preachers was a man who was supposed to be a Unitarian, James Martineau. The Bishop was delighted: "At last," he exclaimed, "I have found someone who agrees with my opinion of Martineau!" The rector than told the Bishop that he remembered accurately the sermon the Bishop had preached twenty-five years before at Columbia when he, Mr. Wright, was an undergraduate. "What was the sermon about?" Mr. Wright told him that it was about the difference between believing a thing and believing in it. "You said, Bishop, 'I believe that Napoleon lived, but I do not believe in Napoleon. You must not only believe that God lives, you must believe in God, the Father Almighty.'" The Bishop said, "I don't remember that sermon. But it's a good point, isn't it? I think I shall preach it again." Of an evening the deanery telephone was apt to ring, and Dr. Robbins would be summoned to come to the Bishop's House if he was free:

We would talk shop for a while, but before long the talk would always drift to the books he had



THE BISHOP'S HOUSE

just been reading, Charnwood's *Lincoln*, a new life of Hamilton, Viscount Morley's *Recollections*, or whatever else deserved attention. He was not satisfied, like other busy men, with keeping informed by reading book reviews; he got the book itself, read it, assimilated it, illuminated it by his comments,—how he found time to do it was a question which I often asked, but which he never satisfactorily answered, for I do not think he knew himself. He made time.

Nor was he thinking only of those for whom he was directly responsible. He was in a genuine sense Bishop of New York. He ministered not only to the sheep gathered in the fold, but also so far as he could, to the whole flock. A reporter on one of the New York papers writes of her experience:

I used often to wonder why the clergymen of all the different "varieties" I interviewed never asked me if I was a Christian. (I was, but it seemed to me when I came to New York twelve years ago that some one should care for my soul. It seemed that no one did.)

One afternoon I was at St. Bartholomew's Church. I went there of my own accord, knowing that Bishop Greer was going to confirm a class. I wanted to get what we call "a human interest story."

Bishop Greer confirmed a large class. There were the sons and daughters of the Parish Church, and there were also foreigners of numerous races from the Chapel and Parish House. After the service I waited in the hope I could see him. I was in one end of the room back of the church. Suddenly I heard a voice: "Miss M——, I want to speak to you." It was Bishop Greer. I rushed the length of the room, almost trembling. I feared he was going to scold me for something I had written. I said, "Bishop, have I done wrong?" He said, "My child, have you ever been confirmed?" My first thought was, "Is he going to try and make an Episcopalian of me?" I answered, "Why, Bishop, I thought you knew I was a Presbyterian." He said, "That is not what I mean. Have you given your life to God? This service today has touched me deeply. When I was up in the chancel after having put my hands on all these children, it came to me suddenly that I saw you often and I had never asked you the question I asked them. I told him that I was a member of the Presbyterian Church and that I tried day by day to live a Christian life.

He gave me some beautiful advice about being a frequent communicant. After that he always asked me if I had been to the Holy Communion recently. Sometimes I would waive the question. But he would not have this. He insisted on know-

ing. Then I said, "Bishop, I am not always in the mood, I rush into a service to make a report of it. Sometimes my heart is not right and things go wrong and I lose my temper, and don't feel fit to partake of Holy Communion." Then he answered, "That is the very time you should go the most. Get down on your knees and ask the Lord to forgive you and then come to His Table."

I told the Bishop that, being a Presbyterian, I knew I would not always be welcome in some Episcopal churches. Then he said, "I want you, whenever you are where I am administering the Holy Communion, to come forward. You will always be welcome then."

One morning Bishop Greer was officiating and preaching at the regular service in Sing Sing Prison. After the service the Chaplain took the Bishop to visit four so-called "gunmen," who for murder were awaiting death. They had plotted the death of a notorious gambler in New York, and the underworld had been hideously revealed. They were of no creed and of various nationalities. They were told that their visitor was a bishop. He talked with them for a few minutes, and then asked if they would object to saying a prayer with him. Giving a sullen consent, they knelt down on the floor with him and, led by him, asked God's mercy upon them both for the present and for the future. Then as they stood up, he asked them if he

couldn't get something for them when he returned to town. And of course he did their bidding. He was almost ill afterwards with the remembrance of the death chambers, their cold dreariness, their lack of sunlight, the hoplessness of the men. With a deeper earnestness than ever he did what he could to make prisons places of penitence and reform instead of grim places of mere punishment. And he thought of the prisoners one by one. He was their Bishop too.

IX

WHEN THE European war broke out Bishop Greer at once felt the depth of the tragedy. He was overwhelmed by the suffering Belgians and the sorrowing families of the soldiers of all countries; but he was more deeply agitated by the failure of so-called Christian nations to abide in peace. He had hoped that at this stage of the world's history statesmen who called themselves Christians might be able to settle their disputes in some other way than by war. While the tide of indignation was rapidly rising against German barbarism, he refused to be carried away by it. When the demand that our Country enter the strife became more insistent he still withstood it. He felt that Christianity had not yet been tried. If a foreign foe entered our harbor, he believed that non-resistance would so awake the conscience, even of Germany, that the victory would be on the side of the nation which dared to stand unarmed with Christ.

When at length the United States had made its decision, he was loyal, and did everything in his power to make effective the end of the conflict. He frequently spoke at Liberty Loan meetings, and turned over every available building for the soldiers and those

who toiled in their behalf. He probably stood, among the clergy of the diocese, quite alone as a man of peace before our nation entered the war; and after America was identified with it he was made to feel quite alone in many a company where bitter words which seemed to him words of hate were flung against the Germans. He was horrified at what Germany had done. He did not for one moment minimize the atrocious deeds which had ample evidence; but he believed that Christ's command to forgive enemies was without exception and literal. He feared the consequences of a bitter and unforgiving spirit more than he feared the sorrow and the penury which come to those afflicted by war. He could not share the rosy dreams of men who prophesied that a hideous war would create a new world. Love, especially that love which is reflected from the perfect love of Christ, was the only constructive force in which he had faith.

It is too soon by many years to tell how far he was right in his judgment. We, his brethren of the clergy, did not agree with him. We felt that the war had to be fought, and we were convinced that America must take its righteous share not only so far as possible in the sacrifice of men and substance, but also in that more deadly risk, the loss of our own loving souls. All this time we never doubted the Bishop. We recognized the splendor of his isolation. He was not afraid to stand for an ideal which was not only unpopular but which in some cases led to flagrant abuse. The

suspicion came to us time and again, especially when we heard the cheap and easy speeches which kindled applause, that he was seeing more deeply than the rest of us; that he cared nothing for the approval of men if he might scrupulously obey the still small Voice. Because of repeated breakdowns and constant weariness of body, he must have known that his course on earth was nearly run; therefore we imagined that he might be seeing the events of earth in a light which was altogether of another world. Though we cannot see how, after certain events had taken place, any other course was open to the Allied Nations than that course which they took, we cannot be so cheered by the aftermath of war as to believe that war is anything else than the most apt picture of hell which humanity thus far has been able to imagine.

When, during the war, one of the clergy of the diocese compiled certain prayers and sought the Bishop's approval for their parochial use, the Bishop told what his attitude was:

NORTH EAST HARBOR

MAINE

August 17, 1917

My dear Doctor:

I am always glad for any occasion which will bring a line from you. As to the prayers which you send me and which you wish to use, let me say that you have my official approval for doing so.

Possibly I might word some of them a little differently from you, but with their substance I am in hearty accord.

As long as this country had not entered into the conflict, I felt it my duty as a Christian man and minister to seek peace and ensue it, with the hope that some arrangement might be made for securing and establishing such a peace. When it did however actually and officially enter into the conflict and declared war against Germany, I then perceived and decided that it was my duty as an American citizen to obey the law and to give to the American Government a staunch and loyal support. That is my present attitude.

I must confess, however, that I do not share the hopes of those who think that the suppression or destruction of Prussian militarism will put an end to war. That will not be done until human nature here and everywhere shall have been born again, and that as I understand it is the aim and purpose of Jesus Christ and should be also of the Christian Church.

With kindest regards and best wishes, believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,
DAVID H. GREER

When six of the parishes of lower Manhattan were having a joint thanksgiving service in the armory of the

Sixty-ninth Infantry one Sunday afternoon just after the armistice was signed, Colonel Whittlesey, who spoke modestly of the heroic deeds of his Battalion in the Argonne Forest, told the congregation that his men felt no bitterness against the foe. "If any one of my men," he said, "had met the German Kaiser at the crossroads, he would have offered him a cigarette." Bishop Greer, who was sitting, robed, in the middle of the platform, turned to one of the clergy, and said, "*He* can say that; if I had said it they would have hissed." As it was, the seven thousand people who were present heard the remark in absolute silence. If it was a silence which lacked sympathy, it was a silence which the hero of an awful experience compelled.

X

THE LAST ten summers, Bishop Greer spent at North East Harbor, drawn thither not only by the beauty of the place but by the personal friends who also spent their summers there. Much of his holiday was spent in diocesan business; but he also relaxed. Here the friendship with Bishop Doane deepened. He saw almost daily such friends as Dr. Cornelius Smith, Professor Rufus Jones, Mr. George Wharton Pepper, and Professor Francis G. Peabody. He appreciated meeting interesting people from other cities than New York. Dr. Peabody recalls for us the restful companionship of these Maine summers:

Bishop Greer's habit of life at North East Harbor revealed to his affectionate neighbors some of his most characteristic and winning traits. It was a life of detachment and contemplation, in which the routine of administrative care became for the time subordinated to meditation on great thought and aims. He appreciated the beauty and shared the social recreations of the lovely island, but there was always a perceptible remoteness of spirit from these occupations of a summer resort,

as though his mind were more at home in a world of ideas and ideals. It was, in the Greek sense, the life of a philosopher, who, as Plato said, is a lover not of a part of truth but of the whole. In a rare moment of self-disclosure he said one day, "I suppose I was not meant to be a Bishop, for my real interest is not in machinery but in ideas." The same judgment which he thus expressed in playful self-depreciation, but which in fact indicated his highest gifts, was later repeated by one of the most discerning of American Bishops, who said of him, "Greer is the one among us who most definitely has the capacity for vision." In this world of ideas and vision, Bishop Greer found great peace of mind among the congenial conditions of his summer home. He read much and widely, and his conversation had an elevation and comprehensiveness which made his friendship precious to minds of the most varied types. An interesting illustration of this intellectual catholicity was his acquaintance, ripening into affection, with the Quaker preacher and teacher, Rufus Jones. The unchurched mystic, and the ecclesiastical dignitary found themselves drawn together in mutual appreciation, and it was a most instructive experience to listen to their sympathetic discourse. Indeed, there was a strain of mysticism in Bishop Greer's own thought, which delivered him from the mechanism of his duties and sum-

moned him to its heights. Whenever he found that consciousness of spiritual communion with the Supreme Purpose, there he felt at home, whether with a speculative philosopher or a Quaker seer. His summer months were passed in these high places of reflection, as among the mountains of his beloved island, and he returned to the city as one who had lifted up his eyes to the hills and found help.

Dr. Rufus Jones also brings his gracious remembrance:

It had been my good fortune occasionally to meet Bishop Greer in the summer at North East Harbor on the Maine coast. Whenever we met we always talked of the things which most deeply interested us and concerned us, and I shall therefore speak only of those things. I need hardly refer to the beautiful character of his life and spirit. All who came into close fellowship with him felt and observed this quality of beauty in him. What I came to know most about was the *depth* of his life and his profound interest in what for want of a better word we call the mystical side of religion. He held this aspect in commendable balance with the other essential aspects of the religious life, but he cared greatly for the reality and the significance of the interior life; i. e., for experience of God and direct communion with Him.

He always discussed with me the use and value of silence and of the practice of the presence of God, when all voices are hushed, when all the noises of the world are stilled, and groups of people in corporate expectation turn toward God, feel His environing presence, and enjoy Him. I have never known any one who showed a keener interest in personal accounts of such occasions and of such experiences. He was familiar with the great literature on the mystic way and he had read recent books on the surrender of the soul in silence, but he had never attended a Quaker meeting where the whole congregation dispensed with both words and music, and found itself unified, fused and heightened through consciousness of the living presence of God. He knew clearly what it meant and he believed strongly that something of that sort was possible for all religious communions, and just that experience, he felt, was needed for the deepening of spiritual conviction and power. His own inner ear was very sensitive and his heart was well attuned to the vibrations of the Spirit. He was one of those persons of whom Browning wrote,

God has a few of us whom He whispers in the
ear.

Very often missionaries would be making friendly visits at some house on the island. Bishop Roots re-

calls that one Sunday afternoon when he was Bishop Doane's guest, Bishop Greer dropped in to see him. The Bishop asked particularly about the religious life of the Chinese people. It was a small and intimate circle which heard the question. Bishop Roots still remembers the eagerness with which Bishop Greer seized on the suggestion that the distinctive thing Christian missionaries have to take to the Chinese is not so much a knowledge of what they ought to be and to think, as the companionship and the power of a Saviour whom they can know personally. Bishop Greer leaned forward to catch every word, and then made the point that this is what, above all else, we Americans need. That China also needed it was to him another proof of the unity of the human race and the distinctively human need which the Gospel comes to supply.

Bishop Roots recalls that immediately after his own consecration as Bishop of Hankow, he chanced to be addressing a large meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in New York. At the luncheon, Bishop Greer made his way through the crowd, and, reaching out his hand, said to the young Bishop, "How do you do, Bishop; I'm Greer." Bishop Roots has never forgotten the self-forgetfulness of the man who thought that his face might not be known to one who had looked up to him for years.

Bishop Greer enjoyed going through the crowds *incognito*. Since ordinarily he did not wear upon the

street any distinctively clerical dress, many a stranger had not the least idea that he was speaking to the Bishop of New York. Once, in a park, a beggar accosted him. The Bishop was inclined to help him but first asked him several leading questions. The man challenged the evident authority with which he assumed his right to know. The Bishop said, "If I am to help you I have a right to ask you these questions." Then the man said, "Who are you, anyway?" knowing that he was someone of distinction. When the Bishop told him, the man jeered: "Whatyer givin' us; you're no bishop!" At another time he had been speaking at a public meeting and was being carried off in a friend's carriage. The pompous coachman and footman were on the box when the Bishop stepped into the carriage. The carriage remained motionless, and the Bishop quietly put his head out of the window, asking, "Why don't you go; what are you waiting for?" The footman touched his hat and said, "We're waiting for the Lord Bishop of New York." "Well, I'm it," said the voice from the window, and the amazed coachman drove on. Sometime after he had resigned St. Bartholomew's, he was walking quietly through the church, glancing with evident affection at the familiar objects about him. A new organist had just begun his work, who, not knowing the Bishop, turned to him and asked him if he were interested in the building. "Yes," answered the Bishop, "I attended this church for over sixteen years; as a matter of fact, I sang in the choir."

At the consecration of a Bishop in which he had taken a leading part, he withdrew at luncheon time to a remote corner to get away from the crowd. Finding him sitting alone, a layman who felt responsible for the diocese, asked him if he would like to meet the new Bishop. "Yes," said the Bishop; and followed the man into a long receiving-line. It rested him to indulge his humor. As the line gradually moved on, the layman at length discovered whom he was piloting. He was exceedingly oppressed to have the Bishop of New York play with his dignity.

About three o'clock one sleepless night, while he was living in the house at Gramercy Park, he heard the sound of a pistol. Going to the window he saw in the moonlight two policemen carrying off a man. At breakfast, the maid said, "Bishop, they shot into your office last night." The Bishop curiously investigated his office, saw the hole through which the bullet had come, and then found the bullet on the floor. With this bit of evidence in his pocket he went over to the police station, to ask what the shooting meant. The room was empty, except for a sergeant behind the railing. The Bishop walked calmly through the gateway. The sergeant said, gruffly, "Get out!" Of course when explanations were made, everyone in the office was most courteous, but the Bishop enjoyed discovering how the ordinary man was treated when he went upon a just errand. "I think," he said to the Captain, who at last heard his plea in full, "I shall put this sign on

my house, 'Don't shoot the Bishop of New York; he's doing the best he can.' ”

Soon after Dr. Greer became Bishop of the diocese, he went down to Philadelphia to speak to the Church Club. The facetious toastmaster said, “I now introduce to you the Right Reverend Dr. Greer, who is the Bishop of — of — of — of — of — of —, I can't remember the place, — but it's an island just off Jersey City, — oh, yes, — I remember — New York.” The Bishop, rising amid the laughter, began his speech, “In the midst of life, we are in — in — in — Philadelphia.”

XI

PEOPLE who heard the Bishop preach during the last years of his life knew little of his preaching in the height of his power. The routine, the necessity of preaching constantly, the increasing physical weakness, diminished the glory of his former eloquence. Naturally enough, he depended on old material, which was of high quality; but his delivery was slow, and often at the most impressive moment, when he was saying what he believed most important, his voice dropped to a whisper. There was, however, one occasion in each year when he preached his great sermon. This was at the Diocesan Convention when he made his formal address to the delegates. While he was Bishop Potter's assistant, he ordinarily spoke of diocesan interests. But when he became the Diocesan, he rarely touched upon the material or the numerical, and gave himself up to the consideration of some large theme. He would begin to prepare these addresses in the summer. He desired the members of the Convention to have some vital spiritual message which would send them back to their parishes with a deeper sense of religion.

In 1905, he spoke of Religious and Moral Instruction in the Public Schools:



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

THE CHORISTERS' SCHOOL

History has shown that all the great moral movements and reforms have had their ultimate source not in secularism but in religion, or in some religious faith. That has been their motive power. Like the faith of the Christian Church, which, in spite of all its crudities at times, its bigotries and excesses, has breathed new life into that world of thought and spirit which came into being here on these American shores. And even those who stood in the later days of our history, whether from their own fault or from the Church's fault, beyond the Church's limits, and who as standing there outside of the Church's pale, lifted up their voice for righteousness and justice and brotherhood and freedom in this American land, as in the troubled days of the Slavery agitation, were inspired and kindled by that religious faith.

This then it seems to me is not only the teaching of history in general but of our American history in particular, — that moral training finds its sanction and its force in religious training. And how shall that be given? Well, that is what the Christian Church is for, that is its distinctive office and task. Is the Church doing all that it can do? It seems to me that it is not; and with no other machinery or instruments or tools than what she now possesses it might do very much more than what it now is doing.

The only effective way in which to make good

citizens is by making first good men, and that must be and is the work of the Christian Church. I do not mean to say of course that there are not good men and citizens outside the Christian Church.

There is another need, as great or greater, in this American Republic, which, unless supplied, will make all our secular enlightenment and development militate against our real and true advancement. It is the need of Righteousness; not only on our statute books to be so often evaded; not only in our public speech simply to be applauded; but woven into the heart and life and fiber of the people. That is the task to which the Church is challenged. It claims to be of God. So it is. But let it make good its claim, beyond all doubt and question, beyond all possible cavil, by doing here and everywhere the righteous work of God.

In 1906, he spoke of institutions and societies of the diocese, and began by showing the need of an institution which he himself filled by the founding of Hope Farm:

It is doubtless known to most of you, if not to all of you, that for the past few years there has existed in this city an institution which is popularly known as "The Children's Court," or, in the

language of the statute creating it, a "Court for Juvenile Misdemeanants." Before the passage of this statute, in 1902, all juvenile offenders were arraigned and tried in the same Courts with adults, many of whom were criminals of the worst and vilest type; and where, in addition to the demoralizing influences of such degrading exposure, the pressure of business, as the Judges state, was often so great and heavy that the children could not receive that individual and thorough examination to which a child is entitled and always should receive. It is now required, however, that the Children's Court be held in a building separate and apart from any other Court, to be presided over in turn by the different Judges of the Court of Special Sessions, each of whom, while sitting in the Children's Court, acts in the double capacity of both Judge and Jury, and is vested besides with a quasi-parental authority. This Children's Court, according to the annual report of the Judges for 1905, deals with the largest number of children's cases of any similar court in the world.

But there is a difficulty in disposing of some of these cases in accordance with the provisions of the Statute. For the law creating the Court requires that the children who are convicted of misdemeanors shall be sent to institutions where the religious instruction given shall be in accordance with the religious faith of the parents. And this

is where the Court finds itself embarrassed in its attempted conformity to the requirements of the statute, — not with reference to the children of Roman Catholic parentage, as they are provided for with an adequate institutional plant; but with reference to the children who are not of that parentage and for whom at present there is not adequate provision.

That is a need which has not yet been met, but which should and must be met if the experiment of the Children's Court in this city, which everyone regards as a most enlightened measure and in the interest of good citizenship, is to be successfully worked and carried out. There are, for instance, in the Roman Catholic Protectory in the Borough of the Bronx, some two or three hundred children who are not of Roman Catholic parentage; and while our Roman Catholic friends, in view of the existing straitened situation, are willing to receive them, they do so simply as a matter of accommodating courtesy, and it is not fair to them or to the children to have this burden continued. Our Hebrew fellow citizens, recognizing the need of such an institution for the children of their faith, have already undertaken to make provision for it, and are about to erect such an institution, if they have not already done so. For Protestant children, however, the need still exists, and the judges of the Children's Court,

and other city officials, and many private citizens, as well as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, have from time to time called attention to it and expressed the hope and wish to have the need supplied. Happily it is now about to be supplied and the preliminary steps in that direction have been already taken. An organization has been formed and incorporated, called Hope Farm, which has purchased the property known as Priory Farm, in Dutchess County, in this diocese, the Trustees of that property having decided, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, to discontinue the maintenance of that work. This property will hereafter be used as a Church Protectory for children of Protestant parentage. The State Board of Charities has given its unanimous approval to the project, and it has also been placed upon the City Budget for the ensuing year. This will go very far towards the maintenance of the work, but not quite far enough; and I have therefore been requested to bring it to your notice, which I very gladly do, and to ask that you will give it your encouraging support.

His first address, as Diocesan, in 1908, was largely occupied with his appreciation of Bishop Potter (already quoted in this volume*) and with his own plan to proceed for the present without Episcopal assistance.

* Page 219 *f.*

But there is one characteristic passage which tells how strongly he felt the importance of Church endeavor in New York:

The Christian Church is facing now its opportunity to do a large and needed work in the life of the modern world. And if that be true of the Church considered as a whole, is it not especially true of the Church in New York? For that is what New York means, that is what it spells — Opportunity; or that is the synonym for it, Opportunity.

In 1909, he spoke of the difficulty and the value of the work of a country clergyman. He himself had not been a country clergyman since the Clarksburg days in the 'Sixties; as a bishop he was seeing anew what the country problem was. And his first thought was the personality of the rector:

The rector of a city parish has his problems and his burdens; they are hard and heavy enough, as I know from my own experience; but he also has what his clerical brother in the country church does not have: he has and feels the quickening inspiration of the city life and spirit; he is not so isolated and so lonesome; he is more in touch with people, and the fruits of his labor are usually more abundant and more in evidence to him. And while the demands which are made upon his time and

strength are numerous and exacting, his work is, on the whole, a more stimulating work and does not have the same dull monotony in it. But to go steadily on, week after week, month after month, year in and year out, in the same worn and trodden path of unrelieved duty, with little or no refreshing change, no novelty of circumstance, no romantic glamor and no variety in it, — this is hard work; it is heroism; and this is what I have seen and found in our own diocesan and missionary field, and for which I bespeak your interest and support. You cannot change the conditions; they are what they are, and as such for the most part they will still remain, and those who labor in them make no complaint against them.

In 1910, after a reference to the General Convention, and after asking for a Suffragan Bishop, he went on to speak of the Living Bread:

I do not forget the other less spiritual but still important needs of the present time and age. No, I do not forget them; I recognize them fully, and hear what is so often their sad and bitter cry. I hear from toiling men today, and toiling women and children, the bitter cry for bread, and woe to the Church that does not heed that cry and does not try to relieve it. And yet, as from the very heart of this material age and in spite of its ma-

terial absorptions and engrossments, I cannot fail to hear another cry today; inarticulate, if you please, but still, though faint, a famished cry, for another kind of bread, the Living Bread that came down from above and that still comes from a personal fellowship with the Living Christ.

In 1911, in speaking on the general subject, *The Church Getting Ready for Work*, he laid stress upon the function of the Cathedral, now coming into practical service:

Now having fetched this somewhat circuitous compass, I come back to the Cathedral. It should be the centre of all this missionary work of the diocese, healing its division and giving unity to it. To this end, I beg to suggest that the present canon be so amended that no Archdeacon, while acting as such, shall be rector or settled minister in charge of a parish or congregation. This would enable him to give his entire time and energy to the missionary work of his district, and is the exact language of the General Canon with reference to Suffragan Bishops. In order that this arrangement may be carried out, I beg to suggest that it be recommended by resolution of the Convention to the Trustees of the Cathedral that they make provision for the support of the Archdeacons of the diocese by the payment of

their stipends. In order that the Convention may feel that it has full warrant for taking such action, I beg to state in this connection that it is the declared purpose of the Trustees, as expressed in a resolution recently adopted by them, so to change the present Constitution and Statutes that a certain number of the Trustees shall be chosen each year by the Convention, thus bringing the Cathedral into close and vital touch with the diocese itself, and making it an open corporation.

This being the case, I trust the Convention will feel that it is well within its rights in calling upon the Trustees of the Cathedral to make provision for the payment of the stipends of the Archdeacons.

In 1912, he made a missionary address, dealing particularly with the Social Service Commission and the Board of Religious Education:

Everything is missionary work that will tend to make it less difficult for the kingdom of God to come. And yet we must be careful to observe that the social service problems involved in the missionary work of the Church, while they are to some extent outward and material, are not chiefly so. They are chiefly spiritual problems which cannot be fully met except as they are given spiritual solution. What is it for instance that makes

today so much of our social friction? Is it the unequal distribution among us of material things and goods with the unequal opportunity for the acquisition of them? Possibly so, to some extent. But is there not some more fruitful cause, than simply these unequal and perhaps unfair material conditions, and which their adjustment would not reach and remove? Would it weaken much, would it weaken at all, selfishness, covetousness, avarice, and greed? I have not so read the story of human life. And was not the greatest social revolution which was ever brought about upon the face of the earth wrought and brought about not by an attempted change in outward forms and conditions, but rather by those who seemed to be, both for themselves and others, careless of such conditions, and who, with a chiefly spiritual aim, sought first the kingdom of God?

In 1913, he referred to the General Convention which had just adjourned in the same building where the Diocesan Convention was meeting. Naturally, he paid a sincere tribute to the donors of Synod House. Then he went on to speak of social service:

The task therefore of the Christian Church, or rather its opportunity, its hopeful opportunity, is to help to find in Jesus Christ, first, its spiritual fulfilment. It does not yet recognize or call

itself Christian, and in the highest sense of the term it is not Christian, because it is not associated with God, does not have the sense or the power of fellowship with God. It is man's work for man, working by himself with his own unaided efforts and building up man's kingdom in the world, instead of the work of God for man, working in and through man, and building up God's kingdom in the world. It sees God perhaps, or sees Him as a Perhaps, energizing in Nature, but not in human nature. It shuts him out of human life as though it were a sphere of energy and action separated from Him. While the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament shows His handiwork, and the stars in their courses reflect and reveal Him and are obedient to Him, yet what is done in human life on this particular star, however great and good and serviceable it may be, does but show the glory and handiwork of man. What therefore is needed is to bring God and man together, and to give to the work of man God's fulfilling touch.

In 1914, he was moved by the war, then just begun:

Let us then for a little while turn aside from this engrossing topic, from wars and rumors of wars, from an age drunk with passion, and try to hear and understand its underlying sober thought, as

we find that thought expressed in what may be regarded as its two interpreting voices, — the voice of its Philosophy and the voice of its Science. This may seem an ambitious classification for a brief Convention address, and yet I hope its fitness will appear as we proceed; and possibly too we shall find that it is pointing out the way in which the Church should try to heal and cure the age of its conflicts and its strifes, to give it the blessing of peace, and to bring it back to God.

In 1915, he chose for his title, *The Sovereignty of Service*:

Another kind of will has come into the world; not a will to power but a will to service or to power through service. It came with Jesus Christ, who, although he came in the Name of God, yea, and in the form of God, and with the power of God, yet thought it not a thing to be grasped at that he should be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant.

There is another application of my subject which I venture to suggest: It was said of St. Francis of Asissi, that he listened to those to whom even God Himself did not listen, or apparently did not listen. Such groups of persons have always

been in the world and are in the world today. They do not come to our churches, where God through His ministry is supposed to speak to the people and to listen to their cry, as others can come if they will. They cannot come. They are beyond the pale, not only of the ordinary ministrations of the Church's preaching service, but of the extraordinary ministrations of a nation-wide preaching mission. They have broken the laws of God and man, and society for its own protection has cast them forth and out, to punishment and banishment, and where, as human waste, like Job upon his ash heap, they seem to be forgotten and forsaken both of God and man. That is the old penology and the way of it still survives. But it is passing, and a new penology is coming, whose aim, while it is to punish, of course (it must always do that, and the punishment must be a real punishment), has also for its aim to reform, to restore, to rehabilitate, and thus to give back to society a valuable social asset. This is not only more Christian and more humane, but, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, it is more scientific. For the ultimate scientific aim is not destruction but conservation, and even in the business world, the industrial world, that has come to be one of the most distinctive and characteristic features. What was once thrown away as refuse or as waste is now

absorbed and utilized and converted into profit. That is the principle which distinguishes the new penology that is coming from the old penology that is going. It is not an easy thing to do. It is a very difficult thing to do. It has its risks and dangers, and many mistakes will be made in the attempt to do it. But that is always the case with new and untried social service efforts, however right and wise. And the attempt to make and mold a new and better penology, to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost to our social life, is a form of social service to which the Christian Church should give its intelligent sympathy and support.

Towards the end of the address he spoke of the Temperance question, and asked that the Church help on the movement by approving and commending, as a timely and important social service, the principle of a *voluntary* total abstinence from alcoholic liquors:

There is still another form of public service which the Christian Church today must not and cannot ignore. I refer to what is commonly called the Temperance cause or question. That too is a question which concerns not only the welfare of the individual but the welfare of society. It is a social service question. It is for this reason that society feels that it has the right to take whatever

action in the premises may be necessary for its own protection and welfare even though such action should limit or restrict the exercise to some extent of individual freedom. No one has advocated more strongly the inherent right and privilege of individual freedom, even to anarchistic excesses, than the late Mr. John Stuart Mill; and yet Mr. Mill has put himself on record as saying that as soon as any part of a person's conduct affects prejudicially the interests of others, society has jurisdiction over it. And again he says, whenever there is a definite damage or a definite risk of damage to either the individual or the public the case is taken out of the province of liberty and placed in that of morality or law. That society has this right, in theory at least, will hardly be denied; but the practical question is whether the public sentiment back of any proposed temperance legislation is strong enough to enforce it and to prevent it from becoming inoperative and dead. That is a question about which there is diversity of opinion, especially in its application at the present time to cities like New York. It is not my purpose at present to consider it, but rather to suggest a practical way in which the Church may help, and help on a movement which is looming large today in the nation and in the world, and a movement which will not down, and that is, by approving and commending, as a timely and im-

portant social service, the principle of a *voluntary* total abstinence from alcoholic liquors. I do not refer of course to their therapeutic use or their Holy Communion use, but simply to what is called their use as a beverage. And yet even so, many will regard it as a radical proposal, and so it is; one that cuts across or cuts up many social customs, which in some cases may require both sacrifice and courage. But that I submit is but a small price for any individual or any group of individuals to pay for the sake of the public good, and that it is for the public good is evidenced not only by a strong and growing public sentiment in that direction but also by the fact that even a large section of the business world today favors and commends it as an important or even an essential moral factor in the conduct of its business. And certainly the Christian Church, whose mission is to lead in all moral reforms, should not lag behind, should not surrender its moral primacy to the world, but should on the contrary not only in theory claim it but in practice prove it and by the moral leadership of its example establish and confirm it. And the Church in this diocese, and especially in this city, can by its example contribute to that end. For whether it be to its credit or not, it is a fact beyond dispute that the Church here can and does exert a considerable social influence. It is a talent which it possesses, for which it must

give accounting. Let us not neglect it or waste it or spend it on ourselves, but with a sense of responsibility for its use let us use it, not from compulsion, but as our own free and voluntary act, let us use it in the service of society at large.

In 1916, under the title, *Social Service Today*, he said:

We often hear it said in this mammon-worshipping age, that "money talks." So it does. But character also talks, if not more noisily and showily, at least in the end more effectively than money. And not only talks but works. How it works I do not know; I cannot trace or diagnose its full dynamic reach; it is a mystery. But it is the mystery of the work of God in the Gospel of the Incarnation, the way in which he would win the world, recover and reclaim it, by the Incarnation of His love, His Life, His Character, Himself, in Jesus Christ.

Passing over for the moment the address of 1917, we may note that in 1918 he chose for his subject, *Temporalities and Spiritualities*, when, towards the end, he, the pacifist, spoke of the spiritual values of the war:

There is indeed latent and potential in this American nation a rich spiritual treasure trove which it has not yet developed and brought out

and exercised and used; which, like an undeveloped mine, it has not put to work, but which it feels, vaguely, dimly, and of which at times it dreams. But now it is coming out, that latent life of the soul, that corporate soul of the people, is taking hands and feet, is taking form and face and working body on. Can we not see it? Are we not beginning even now to see through all the smoke and battle noise and confusion of the strife with all its variant voices and its discordant cries, — some of the best and noblest qualities of the human soul, which will meet and blend and merge and become at last the corporate soul of the nation!

Again, in 1919, he pleaded that the Convention recognize The Church as a Personality:

If the entire Christian Church throughout the Christian world should become in practice and in fact a united Church, it would then bring more clearly and more fully out the personality of Jesus Christ, making thus the Christian Church a *personality* in the world, energizing with the personality force of the living Jesus Christ. That is what, in order to be an effective Church, it must become. That, however, is not what in fact it is. It is at present an aggregation of different parts, bodies, groups, or Communion. Its influence is weakened by the divisions in it. It does not func-

tion with the personality power with which otherwise it would.

There are many Christian Communion other than our own, which believe as we do in the Lord Jesus Christ. Can we not cultivate in every possible way, a friendly, fraternal, and spiritual fellowship with them? This would not be organic Church unity; but it would be a spiritual preparation for it, so that when the cry is heard, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! the whole Christian world would then indeed be spiritually ready to heed His voice and go in with Him to the Marriage Feast. Without that previous spiritual preparedness any organic unity of the Christian Church would be but a body without life; it could not function.

Let us then do what we can to prepare and make ready the way for the unification of the Christian Church, that so it may become one great, strong personality in the world, bearing down upon the world and energizing in it with the personality force of the Living Jesus Christ.

Now we may return to the address of 1917, entitled, A Cathedral Vision. Because he was a man of vision always, it was natural that as his physical force abated the dreams of his spirit should be heightened. He was living in the Cathedral Close. He was spending less and less time in journeys. More and more he

was in the growing church, pleading with those who, as fellow trustees, were jointly responsible with him for its finishing, to cast caution aside and proceed with the construction, until the war came to take everything we had. He saw in it more than a massive structure. It had spiritual possibilities within it: it could gather up the isolated units of parochialism and fuse them into a beautiful diocesan unity: it could be an instrument towards the unity of the whole Church; it could be a centre of intellectual light and leading in the Spirit of Jesus Christ. This address is so filled with the enthusiasm of his later Episcopate that it must be quoted in full:

Ever since I have occupied my present position and office as a Bishop in the Diocese of New York I have been more and more impressed with these two things. First, with the fact of the many non-parochial activities of the diocese, missionary, educational, charitable and others, exceeding perhaps in number and variety, or at least equalling those of any other diocese. And second, with the further fact that there is, or seems to be, no common nexus tie to bind them all together in one organic whole, and thus to make a Diocesan Unit of them, except as some of them are reported to the Convention, which we know and are conscious of chiefly at Convention times, or know and then forget, as they are afterwards printed in, or buried in, our diocesan journals.

How, then, can we unify and bring them all together and make a Unit of them, a Church Unit of them, a spiritual Unit of them, with a spiritual Unit force?

This word "Unit" is much in vogue at present. It has come to be in the recent use and application of it almost a new word, with a new meaning in it and a new necessity for it. How, then, can we make a Unit, not theoretically but practically, of all those non-parochial activities of the diocese, to energise with a spiritual Unit force? That is one of the questions which, according to the terms of its Constitution, the Cathedral is meant to answer. For what is the Cathedral? Not simply another church in the diocese where the Word of God is preached and the Sacraments duly administered, and differing from those which already exist simply by the fact of its being larger. It is that, of course, but it is more than that; much more. According to the terms of its Constitution, which was framed and fashioned by that gifted Church seer, whom the late Bishop of the diocese, with his knowledge of men, assigned to the task: "The Cathedral, as the Church of the Diocese, is the administrative centre of all those activities, ecclesiastical, educational, charitable and missionary, which are diocesan in their scope."

With the parochial activities of the diocese the Cathedral should not interfere. It probably could not do them as well as the parishes themselves are

doing them. But even if it could, it is neither desirable nor necessary, except to a very limited extent, and for this reason: The work that is done by the parishes is the work of the Church immediately behind them, or, may I not say, the work of Religion behind them, of organized religion as represented by the Church and working through the parishes. Religion, in short, is supposed to be and is the inspiration of them; the dynamo or power-house which started them in the first place and keeps them going on. And while that parish work is indeed expressed in many secular ways and through many secular forms,—clubs, guilds, kindergartens, day nurseries, dispensaries, clinics, etc.—it is nevertheless essentially religious, with a religious spirit in it, and because the parishes to which it is related and from which it proceeds are themselves a religious body, a spiritual body, a soul, to inspire them.

But with regard to the other works and activities which are not parochial and which have no direct parochial connection, that is not so much the case or so apt to be the case. They, on the contrary, are apt to become, if not wholly, yet more or less secularized, materialized activities and works. Take, for instance, the work of the Social Service Commission for the social uplift and welfare of the people, for the betterment and improvement of their material conditions, with

better houses to live in, more sanitary and healthful; with better shops and factory-rooms and offices to work in; with better hours of labor and better wages for it; giving to them and their children a better, a larger and freer opportunity in life. All that, indeed, is a good and very much needed work. It is one of the hopeful and better signs of the times that so many persons today, and not exclusively those connected with the Church, are giving of their time and strength and substance to the prosecution of it. And yet, while it is a good and needed work and not to be neglected, it is not enough, is not by itself enough. In order to make our social life, whether poor or rich, a new and changed life, with a new spirit in it, giving a new perspective, a new direction to it, giving an uplift, a "lift-up" to it, something more is needed than a new and changed physical environment; something that will go more deeply down into the life itself, to change and transform it with a spiritual transformation.

That is not simply religious sentimentalism, which, in these more practical days, we have outgrown and left behind, as having little practical worth or practical value in it. Not so. Professor Tyndall is certainly not a religious sentimentalist, and this is what he says in a notable address: "You who have escaped from these religions (of the world) into the high and dry light of the intel-

lect, may deride them, but in doing so you deride accidents of form merely and fail to touch the immovable basis of religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour."

Mr. John Morley, whatever else he may be, is certainly not a religious sentimentalist, and this is what he says: "No permanent transformation of society can ever take place until a transformation has first been accomplished in the spiritual basis of thought."

"It is a modern custom," says another discerning writer, "to talk much about the ethics of Jesus . . . as a programme for an ideal social order; but a careful reader cannot fail to feel in Christ's teaching the complete fusion of His ideal for society with His consciousness of unseen realities."

Now, that should be the aim, the ultimate aim and purpose of social service work, to bring it into touch, into quickened touch, with those unseen realities, and to give to our social life not only a physical but a spiritual transformation, and so not merely to spread it out and over a larger and smoother flat physical surface, but to put more and more of the lifting power, of the spiritual power of Jesus Christ in it. And, according to the terms of its Constitution, that is what the Cathedral is for and what it is meant to be.

And this should be done, not only for our social service work, but for all those other activities and works, benevolent, charitable, etc., which are diocesan in scope, by making the Cathedral their administrative centre, and in doing so to bring them all more closely into touch with the Christian Church, with the Christian religion, more closely into touch with Jesus Christ Himself, and so at least to recognize, to recognize ourselves and to help the world to recognize and realize the need of Jesus Christ and His transforming power.

That is one aspect of the Cathedral Vision. According to the wording of its Constitution there is another, namely, "an instrument of Church Unity." That is what today we are thinking about, talking about, dreaming about and hoping to bring about, and which is needed now more perhaps than ever. But how can we hope to do it when there are in the Church, in this branch of the Church and in every branch of the Church so many different party lines and types and party divisions in them? Well, that depends. There are parties in the Church: we may not like to call them that but that is what they are. There are parties in the Church as there are parties in the State. There always will be. How can it be otherwise? People do not think alike on all State questions; neither do they think alike on all Church questions. Or, if they do, it must be and

is because they do not think and therefore do not have those vigorous, strong and deeply rooted convictions without which nothing much is or can be done.

But what is partisanship? What may it be? What ought it to be? In reading some time ago an interesting book on Frenchmen in the United States, by the French Ambassador here, I was struck with his remark concerning General Washington. He was speaking, of course, not of his ecclesiastical or theological, but of his political attitude. He was, he said, "a convinced partisan of the straight line." There was, in other words, nothing indirect or tortuous about him or about his way of doing things or of having them done. Open, frank and fair, and with strong and vigorous personal convictions, and, incidentally, in that time of strenuous and bitter personal strife, never less than a gentleman, — he was not working for himself or for his own advancement, but for a great and worthy cause. That was one of the things that helped to make him great, with a greatness that will last while the American nation lasts, — "A convinced partisan of the straight line."

Now that is a partisanship which, as existing in the Church, would not only liberate the Church without fear of stain or blemish to itself, more freely into the world and all the world affairs, political, civic and other, but would not hurt or

hinder its progress and growth. That is a partisanship in the Church which would not of necessity be divisive and disruptive, but co-ordinating and constructive; which would not tend to break the unity of the Church, but rather to promote it; or if not directly to promote it, at least to go before and prepare the way for it. Now it is for the co-ordination of such party types and such party groups that the Cathedral stands, not for one particular party, type or group; there is no need of that; that already is; but to express and represent them all, as far as they are true and loyal to Jesus Christ as this Church hath received Him; and so to be an instrument to make ready the way for the coming more and more into the Christian Church of Jesus Christ Himself, Who alone can give its true unity to it, and by giving unity to the Church to make it a more effective force and factor in the world, and tending thus to give a unity to the world.

That leads me to speak of still another aspect of the Cathedral Vision which is suggested to us by the words of its Constitution, namely, as "a center of intellectual light and leading in the spirit of Jesus Christ."

The seductiveness of that materialism which is today to the average man of such appealing force, is said to consist in "its picturability, which eschews abstruseness and abstractions; it appeals

to common sense; it does not violate our everyday habitual judgment; its adoption is promoted and confirmed by the superficial smattering of science possessed by the man of average education."

Now, materialism as a philosophy is, as we believe, a false and shallow theory of life; and yet if it is to be refuted and confounded in its appealing plausibility it must be done in some other way and by some other means than by a dialectic or philosophic process. Such a refutation of it may be accomplished and has been accomplished time and time again; but that is not enough to overcome and counteract its plausibility power. That must be done in some other way, by some kind of effective and impressive picturability as a force or factor in our common daily life, with its common everyday employments and pursuits. Religion in its essence is a spiritual reality; and yet it has, and has always had, its temples in the world to make it more apparent and more appealing to us. Hereafter, in some other state, some disembodied or discarnate state, where there is no night, no obscuring night to dim and cloud our vision, those physical temple forms will not then be needed, and "there is no temple there." But that now is not the case. Spiritual realities are mediated to us and made effective for us through the mediating means of material signs and symbols. How otherwise, indeed, can

we reach and touch them, or can they touch us as a practical power in us? Not, as I have said, by a philosophic or intellectual process. That may suffice for those who subsist chiefly, if not wholly, upon ideal things; but they are the few, the elect-few. And for the majority, the great majority of us, those ideal thoughts and things are non-existent things, non-substantial things, like angels' food, like stuff that dreams are made of. And so it has come to pass that our intellectual processes in this material age, or this commercial age, are apt to be directed towards more material things or what we are pleased to call more substantial things. That is the tendency, or a tendency and growing tendency in modern education, pushing in and working in our modern institutions of scholarship and learning, and giving, as we think, a more practical value to them. Well, if it needs to be so, then let it be so. We shall not quarrel with it. Yet, just because it is so, is there not a need in our modern life for another kind of educational institution as big and great as they are? Yes, bigger and greater, more arrestive and impressive, and standing in our midst as the intellectual center of light and leading in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and giving us another and larger vision of life, with another and better and more appealing picturability.

It is a Cathedral Vision; and is it not a needed

time? Yes, and a hopeful time in which to try to build that vision up; when, not only in the Church but also in the world, both of which are training schools of God, His spirit is touching more and more the hearts and minds of the people with high, noble and unselfish aims, and moving them to give so freely and so fully not only of their substance, but in willing sacrifice so freely of their lives to their fellow men, to make the world free! Is it not the time, the hopeful and encouraging time, in which to build that vision up and give embodiment to it? Or the time at least is coming, it is drawing near, the world is ready for it or getting ready for it.

“When this western Goth so fiercely practical, so keen of eye, shall find out . . . that nothing pays but God, served, whether on the smoke-shut battlefield, or work obscure done honestly, or vote for truth unpopular, or faith maintained to ruinous conviction, or good deeds wrought for God’s sake mindless of heaven or hell: . . . When he shall find that all prosperity whose bases stretch not deeper than the sense, is but a trick of this world’s atmosphere, the desert-born mirage of spire and dome.”

IT IS A CATHEDRAL VISION

for men of vision in the Church to work for and towards. A vision to work with, until it has been

at last accomplished and fulfilled, and all those false and cruel and self-exalting aims which are working now in human life and crushing the people down, shall be driven out, shall be driven out, and the Kingdom of God shall come, and He Whose right it is to reign in righteousness shall reign!

Having himself been a great preacher, his first emphasis was upon preaching. He hoped that St. John's, New York, might grow to be as conspicuous a centre for preaching as St. Paul's, London, and Westminster Abbey. He therefore, very early, felt that the pulpit of the Cathedral must be as widely open as possible to the most varied messages of those who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ.

He longed that as many Communion of Christians as would might claim the Cathedral as their own. One of the earliest large contributions to the building fund was from a Presbyterian, D. Willis James, Esq. The great window at the middle of the apse is in memory of a Presbyterian, the Honorable Whitelaw Reid. Another Presbyterian, Mrs. Russell Sage, gave the massive permanent pulpit in memory of Bishop Potter. When, in his last Lent on earth, clergy of various Communion preached at the special services of Holy Week after Evening Prayer, he, though obviously too ill to come, insisted on being present to show his profound sympathy for other religious leaders. He wanted to

do something towards liberating the desire for Christian unity; he was discouraged with the limitations of the conferences and conversations about it. He himself never could be thought for a moment to be trying to coöperate with others for his own advantage, or for the advantage of his own Communion. He was a man of unselfish vision: it was the great Church Catholic of which he was thinking, not a magnified Protestant Episcopal Church. This was to have room in it for all who loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Even the man who would shut him out was to be included.

He had lived in New York long enough to love it. He idealized it, but he was not blind to its faults. Its commercial buildings, its library, its museums, were on the most magnificent scale. If the worship of God was the most important act which could take place in New York there was no outward symbol to show that the people thought so. It is not the most important note of the Cathedral that it should be a huge object, thrusting its towers skyward from a conspicuous hilltop; but size and site have value in a city given to measure reality by the Woolworth Building and the Metropolitan Tower. The Cathedral was to be the alabaster box which New York should give to Christ, and no one should dare to sneer at the waste.

Bishop Greer was insistent that the Cathedral should not weaken the parochial life. Hither little parishes could come for occasions and appreciate how strong was the Church of God in all the world to which they

belonged. The Bishop delighted in the union service of Confirmation for the colored people. It was always held at night, and twenty churches and missions participated in it, each rector leading his own candidates to the chancel rail. He delighted too in the service for letter-carriers, in the service for actors, in all the services for patriotic societies, in the services for Masons and other fraternities. So the men and women from the parishes, and the orders, and the scattered groups of the city came together, and under his friendly, self-forgetting leadership, gave themselves to an enthusiasm for unity in a place which knew no ownership less than the Heavenly Father Himself.

He was not thinking chiefly of the conspicuous people who came on notable occasions, glad as he was to have them there. He was thinking first of all of the poor man who sat with self-respect next the rich man: the man who could take little part in the service sitting unembarrassed next the seasoned church-goer. And he liked to see and hear young, unknown men in the pulpit, uttering their prophecy with power. To one of the youngest presbyters of the diocese, he wrote:

I had a free afternoon last Sunday, and dropped in at the Cathedral, and sat in the last pew by the door, where I heard every word you said, and heard it too with the greatest satisfaction. You made me feel like trying to be a better and a braver man. I hope you will not mind my telling you this.

While men thought that feebleness of body was hampering him, his soul was set free into this final vision of his life. The country parishioners at Clarksburg, the young men at Trinity Church in Covington, the throngs at Grace Church in Providence, the larger throngs in the Parish Church and in the Parish House of St. Bartholomew's, and his people all through the Diocese of New York, were marching through his dreams up into a greater Temple of Jerusalem, the Temple of a New Age and a new Continent, the Cathedral of his beloved home, the metropolis of the Western World.

XII

IN THE fall of 1916, after a quiet summer at North East, the Bishop went to the General Convention in St. Louis. Mrs. Greer was too ill to accompany him. He had taken a cold which he found it difficult to throw off. He had barely reached the hotel in St. Louis when Miss Greer, who was with him, became convinced that he would be obliged to spend the whole three weeks in his room, and therefore the decision was quickly made, that he return to New York. From this time he was more than ever conscious of being hampered both by his defective sight and by delicate health in other ways. Once he turned to a friend, saying, "Do you know anything about the tragedy of growing old? Well, it is like this: I am as young as ever so far as my mind is concerned; indeed, I never had more zest for discussion; and I think I have a clearer perception of intellectual values. Above the shoulders I am young; below them I am reminded that I have really grown old!"

He had difficulty in meeting country visitations. "Last week," he said to a bishop, "I took a train up the east side of the river for a west side visitation. By some mistake the rector did not meet me. Darkness was coming on. I stood on the station platform as the

train moved out, and then, hearing a ferry bell, asked a stranger to guide me to the boat. He kindly did so, and left me sitting on a bench like a blind beggar. The rector met me on the other side; we had supper, service, and a little chat, and I went to bed and stayed there, sleepless, seeing nothing until morning, and then I went home knocked out for twenty-four hours. But don't mention this to anyone, please."

He did not spare himself when his friends were ill. Bishop Lawrence, recovering from a serious illness in the early weeks of 1919, had received messages of sympathy from his friend in New York, but he did not tell Bishop Greer that he would soon be passing through the city on his way to the South. "Towards evening," Bishop Lawrence writes, "Greer came groping to the door of my hotel room. An hour before, he had heard that I was in New York, had ordered his motor, and came down. It was the last time. I led him to the elevator and he slipped away. It was a friendly act and very like him." Dr. Parks recalls the last time he spoke with the Bishop. He was in the hospital after an operation on his eyes. The Bishop came to see him. "I was bandaged," writes Dr. Parks, "and could see nothing; but I recognized his voice. He asked me how I was able to bear the tedium of the dark room, and I told him that while I had dreaded it I found it less irksome than I had expected. 'The truth is,' I said, 'I have discovered that what I called my mind was simply the reflex action of external



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CAROLINE AUGUSTA GREER

stimuli. Now that those are removed I find that my mind is a blank; in other words, that I have no mind.' He said, 'My dear fellow, you don't mean to tell me that you have only now made that discovery!' And so, with an affectionate pressure of his hand, he left me, and I never saw him again. He was well named, David, — beloved."

One day in March, Bishop Greer telephoned to Mr. Fiske, the superintendent of the parish house of St. Bartholomew's, asking if he would be in the parish house that evening. When Mr. Fiske said "Yes," the Bishop continued, "Then I'm coming down." He came, and spent the evening wandering lovingly through the building, recalling old times and old faces, and telling the history of the work. It was his last visit to the house. It reminds one of that pathetic night when Phillips Brooks wandered through the streets of Boston, as it were bidding them farewell.

The Chinese students were meeting in Synod Hall. To the surprise of everyone, towards the end of the evening, Bishop Greer came in. He said he could not stay away. He wanted these foreigners to know how warm a welcome he gave them to the Diocese, and especially to the Cathedral. Then he told them of the days, years before, when he had gathered their fellow countrymen into the cosmopolitan fellowship of St. Bartholomew's. These were days when he was thinking of the past as well as the future.

The heaviest part of his burden was the conscous-

ness that Mrs. Greer, now wholly confined to her room, was gradually fading away. She had been so completely one with him in every part of his work, as well as in his personal life, that once, when a friend of both of them spoke of Mrs. Greer, he said, "I don't know how I can face the separation after so many years of companionship."

On his seventy-fifth birthday (which was his last on earth), a committee representing the clergy of the diocese, went to his house to give him a watch. As he sat in the big library of the Bishop's House, the sun streaming through the western windows, he seemed very happy in the consciousness of the love of his brethren. The little group were gathered about the fire. One of the committee standing before him, told the Bishop, in simple and gracious words, what he meant to us all. The Bishop smiled, partly in gratitude, and partly in amusement that anyone should think of saying such kind things of him. After a few playful words in which he spoke his thoughts, he became very serious. "As I grow older," he said, "my faith gets simpler; it is all summed up in Jesus Christ." He walked with his guests through the hall, still holding the watch in his hand, but turned suddenly as he came to the staircase leading up to Mrs. Greer's room. A look of inexpressible tenderness came over his face as he said, "I must show this to Mrs. Greer; she will like it even more than I do."

In reply to one of his birthday letters which had

been written by a clergyman to Mrs. Greer, he told his hope for the future:

Mrs. Greer is gradually and slowly gaining strength, and that is not only something good for the present but full of promise for the future. What a joy it would be to both of us if some Sunday, — not now, perhaps next fall, — we could go down to — Church, and sit under your ministry for a couple of hours. But that is a dream, and a very delightful one, even if it never materializes.

As he looked forward to the Diocesan Convention, he thought that he might go on with his work with the help of another Suffragan, who, with Bishop Burch, would relieve him of all visitations, and he himself could then become like a consulting physician, an older man, to give out of his experience, counsel to the clergy who would seek it. When his devoted man Peter brought him his breakfast in those days, he could not tell which was whiter, the face of the Bishop or the sheet. "O Peter," he would say, "I don't feel very well, but don't say anything to the family." Peter pleaded that he stay in bed. "No," was the answer; "I want to do my work." When the Convention met in May Bishop Greer was not present. He was in St. Luke's Hospital, undergoing an operation which was serious only because of his age. The Convention did

not wish to act upon his suggestion when he was away from them, and therefore pledged him all the episcopal assistance he needed, and promised to do whatever he might ask when he and they were permitted to take counsel together. Messages between Synod House and the hospital went back and forth through the two days of the Convention, and the delegates went to their homes expecting soon to see the Bishop, at least in his usual health. But on Monday, May 19, he grew rapidly worse, and, in the twilight, we dare to think that he saw face to face the Master whom all his life he had served. Meantime, Mrs. Greer too was gazing at the western light; she was so near the mysterious transition that she could not be told of the Bishop's going until the great service in the Cathedral was over. In just a month she followed him. What she had been to his ministry of love to others no one can measure. What we do know is that she never held him back from any sacrifice, and that, when he saw his brightest beckoning to service, she saw it too, and urged him on to do his work, to the utmost, in the Name of the Master who owns them both. God was good to them, and allowed them to see together the vision which he gives to those who love and serve Him.

The Diocese of New York mourned a leader who had been first of all a loving friend to the clergy; an example of simplicity in a scene which to most men seemed only ambitious and worldly. It would have been easy for him to be the mere administrator, lost in

the contemplation of the outer fabric of such buildings as the Bronx Church House and the Cathedral, snared in the business of bewildering statistics. But as he ascended the years he looked out beyond all these things. In his convention addresses, in his confirmation sermons, in his private talk, he looked across the valleys to the mountain where Christ stood transfigured. It was not a mere loyalty to outward laws and doctrines which shone in his face, but a consuming enthusiasm, a devout love, which told us that his life was hid with Christ in God. Careless of outward fame and success, absorbed in a personal devotion to Christ, he was another St. Francis, who showed in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus: he was glad to have his own leadership forgotten that Christ might be all in all.

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