

8.1. '02

From the Library of
Professor William Henry Green
Bequeathed by him to
the Library of
Princeton Theological Seminary

BX 7260 .L33 L3 1900
Lawrence, Margaret Oliver
Woods, 1813-1901.
Reminiscences of the life
and work of Edward A.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014



TAKEN EARLY IN THE EIGHTIES.

REMINISCENCES

OF

The Life and Work

OF

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, JR.

BY HIS MOTHER,
MARGARET WOODS LAWRENCE.

“ Not to be Ministered unto, but to Minister ”

NEW YORK: CHICAGO: TORONTO:

Fleming H. Revell Company,

Publishers of Evangelical Literature.

Copyright 1900
BY MARGARET WOODS LAWRENCE

LINOTYPED AND PRINTED BY J. J. ARAKELYAN
295 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

DEDICATED

AFTER ST. JOHN, THE BELOVED :

*“Unto you, young men,
Because ye are strong.”*

As I recall my son's deep interest in young men, my heart goes out to them with inexpressible longings that in so far as he followed Christ they may walk in his steps. In one of his sermons to them, he said:—

“Your strength, young men, furnishes a double reason for the Gospel's appeal to you. When the ministry of Jesus began, he needed the strength of young men, and gathered twelve of them about him. That was the first Young Men's Christian Association.

“The coming century belongs to you, if you will take it for Christ; but you must rescue it from peculiar dangers, and all your strength will be needed. We are on the eve of revolutionary changes. Nay, we are now passing through them. Venerable structures may be overthrown. The very foundations may seem shaken. Industrial, social, doctrinal changes are imminent. Out of darkness, confusion, chaos, it may be your part to bring light, harmony and love in a new world. You must fight the battle of God's truth. Through you the victory must be won for the universal fatherhood of God, the equal brotherhood of man, the supreme lordship of Christ.”

If he could speak to you now, this would surely be Edward's message. In his behalf, therefore, to you, young men, these Reminiscences are dedicated by his mourning yet grateful mother,

MARGARET WOODS LAWRENCE.

Linden Home, Marblehead.

What practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice, the richest toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief that these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

In Memoriam.

PREFATORY.

THE preparation of this Memorial of my only son has been a sacred task of mingled joy and sorrow. It has also been a work of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. There has not, indeed, been any lack of material; the difficulty has rather been to select from its superabundance. For I have had not only my own journal, kept from his infancy, but Edward's journal also, commenced as soon as he could write, with his letters from the earliest to the latest date, and, in addition, printed gatherings relating to him and his work; all of which, mother-like, I have carefully preserved.

I have, however, felt great hesitation as to the personal element necessarily introduced in order properly to portray his character; and it is only as moved by the urgency of friends that I have ventured to insert certain portions. There are those with strong claims on me, whose desire for the fullest reminiscences I have been unwilling to disappoint. And, as I cannot expect the so-called public to be interested in reading such a Memorial, it has seemed unnecessary to concern myself about its criticisms.

The recollection of Edward's extreme modesty at first added to my hesitation as to the full portrayal asked of me. But this modesty did not prevent his conceiving and undertaking large plans for doing good—plans seemingly broken up by his early departure. And sure I am that he would willingly have consented to any record of his life which might stimulate young men to broaden and carry on the great work for humanity and for God in which he was so enlisted, heart and soul. Nor was he one to oppose what would bring comfort to those who loved him.

It need not be said that, in reviewing the past, memories have surged over me like a flood, at times well nigh overwhelming me. Never was the relation between mother and son more close and tender. That he, on whom I leaned, should be taken from me, was a thought that never occurred to either of us. The blow came so suddenly as to give little opportunity for last words. And it has been my constant regret that I had not ascertained what might have been his wishes with regard to many matters, in case of any such possible event. But in the heart-aching review of the past, Edward's own words have all along brought me peculiar consolation.

I cannot refrain from a warm acknowledgement to those friends who have given me encouragement and help. And more than I can tell am I indebted to Mr. James Buckham and Miss Julia E. Ward for their unwearying counsel and assistance. I only wish I could have done my work more worthily.

MARGARET WOODS LAWRENCE.

Linden Home, May, 1900.

Not him who hath the largest store
Ingathered of life's wealth I praise,
But him who loveth mankind more
Than treasure-trove of all his days;

Who from the world-wide Brotherhood
Withholdeth naught of heart or brain,—
Yea, counteth it the highest good
To give himself for others' gain.

—James Buckham.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Edward's Birthplace—His First Sorrow—Quaint Child Fancies—Lost in Boston—A Gift for Jesus Christ—His Father Abroad for a Year—Various Visits with His Mother—A Night at Whittier's—Early Preaching—Quick Sympathies—His First Letters—Self-Discipline—His Birthday Sister—Theological Perplexities—A Young Missionary—An Appeal to Congress. 1

CHAPTER II.

Removal to East Windsor Hill—His Father's Inauguration—His Books—Learning by Questions—His Music—Letter from Mrs. Watson—Familiarity with the Theological Students—Letter from Rev. Moses T. Runnells—His Journal—Letters to "Merry's Museum"—Letter from Miss Anable—Journal Extracts. 10

CHAPTER III.

A Trip to the Old Bay State—Visit to Mt. Holyoke Seminary—Letter from Mrs. Helen M. Gulliver—Home Life and Amusements at East Windsor Hill—The Chest of Tools—Uncle Leonard—Santa Claus—Debates in the "Clio"—Visits New York City and Sees the "Great Eastern"—Goes Away to School at East Hampton—Homesickness—Joins the "Adelphi"—Spends a Year in Special Studies at Chandler Scientific School—Acquaintance with William North Rice, and Letter from Him—Letter from Mrs. Rice—Edward's Studies and Reading—Interest in National Affairs—Joins the Church. 19

CHAPTER IV.

Serious Sickness—Goes to Phillips Academy—Debates and Studies—"Concerning Clothes"—Visit at Haverhill—Revival in the School—Silver Wedding at Dingle Side—Oratorical Honors—War Excitement—Desires to be a Volunteer—Tributes of Miss Russell, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Nichols, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Peabody. 30

CHAPTER V.

Sets Forth for Yale—Passes Examinations—The "Grand Rush"—Mission School Work—Trouble with his Eyes—Dr. Cheever's Tribute—Tribute from Prof. Wright—Freshmen and Sopho-

mores—Visit to Washington—A Turning Point and Wise Decision—Dedicates Himself to the Ministry—Testimony of Prof. Northrup—A Trip West—His Sister Meta's Marriage—Completion of College Course—Tributes from Yale Men. . . . 41

CHAPTER VI.

Visit in Orford, N. H.—Tribute of Miss Martha Lawrence—Goes to Princeton for a Year—Inauguration of Pres. McCosh—Visits Home and New Haven—A Student Friend Attempts Suicide—Schoolhouse Preaching—Sermon before the Class—Visit from His Parents at Princeton—Letters from a Classmate and from Prof. Green—Receives a License to Preach—Visits His Sister Meta in Brooklyn—The Farewells. 57

CHAPTER VII.

Sails by Steamship "India"—Impressions of the Sea—His Marine Mail—A Classmate's Letter—Lands at Glasgow—From Edinburgh to Rotterdam—Goes to Wurzburg to Study the German Language—Sad Tidings—Munich—Tramp through the Tyrols—Vienna and Leipzig—Thence to Halle—First Meeting with Tholuck—University Life at Halle—His Sister Meta's Failing Health—News of Her Death—"Asleep and Awake"—An Accident—Tholuck's Sympathy—His Letters Home—Growing Intimacy with Tholuck. 66

CHAPTER VIII.

A Walking Tour—Accounts of the War—A Fortnight with Prof. and Frau Tholuck in the Hartz Mountains—Visits Dresden and Leipzig—Gewandhaus Concert—Earnest Work at Halle—The Tholuck Jubilee—Letter from Rev. Lysander Dickerman, the Egyptologist—Call on Tischendorff—Prefers the Ministry to a Professorship—Trip with Dr. Dickerman to Italy and thence through Pisa to Geneva—Edward Passes a Few Weeks in Geneva—The Passion Play at Oberammergau—Tribute from Father McSweeney—Baden Baden—Pastor Blumenhardt's and Fraulein Seckendorff's Establishments—The Tubingen Professors. . . . 83

CHAPTER IX.

Edward's Mother and Sister Visit Scotland—They Spend the Winter with Him in Berlin—A Call from U. S. Minister, George Bancroft—Letters from Wm. A. Smith and Rev. Alfred Myers—Amsterdam—Leyden—Prof. Kuenen—Brussels—Paris—Assembly at Versailles—From Paris to London—The Midnight Mission—An Evening with Rev. James Martineau—A Sermon from George MacDonald—An Evening at his House—At Oxford—Through the Lake Country—Long Walks in the Scotch Highlands—Glencoe—Fingal's Cave—Iona. 100

CHAPTER X.

Mother and Son Sail for New York—At Home Again—Quiet Days of Home Work—Neighborhood Preaching—Mr. Richard Palmer Waters—Letter from Rev. James M. Whiton—Letter from Miss Tracy—Tutorship at Yale—Call to Church at Champlain, N. Y.—Declined—Call to Champlain Still Urged—Finally Accepted—A Western Tour—His Father Supplies During Western Trip—Letter from Mr. Stetson—Edward Forms Acquaintance of Rev. and Mrs. Francis B. Hall of Plattsburg—Long Walks—Christmas Cheer—Union Meetings with the Methodists—Temperance Crusade—Meets Rev. Francis G. Peabody, now of Harvard Divinity School—Letter from Prof. Peabody. 113

CHAPTER XI.

Edward's Father a Delegate to the Peace Congress at Geneva—On his Return Edward Visits Home—Gets Up a Musical Entertainment—Back in Champlain—Letter to His Sister—Fourth of July Address at Clinton Prison—Call from Malone—School for French People—Rothé's Ethics—A Call from Poughkeepsie—A 'Twelve Days' Trip among the Adirondacks—Acceptance of the Poughkeepsie Call—Good-byes in Champlain—Lawrence Stetson. 124

CHAPTER XII.

First Sunday in Poughkeepsie—Diverse Beliefs and Opinions in the Church—A Bad Fall—Call at Vassar—A Pleasant Christmas Surprise—Birthday Visit from His Sister—Sermon at Vassar—Attends the Beecher Advisory Council—Letter on His Mother's Birthday—Letter from Mr. John Wilkinson—Vacation at Marblehead, and Trip to White Mountains—Centennial Exposition. 134

CHAPTER XIII.

Sickness of Edward's Sister—A Visit Home—German Classes—Extracts from Journal and Letters—Trip to Vermont and Northern New York—Champlain—The Saguenay—Burlington—Letter from Prof. Moses Coit Tyler—Back at Poughkeepsie—American Board at Providence—Letter from Mr. Guilford Dudley—From Mrs. Dudley. 144

CHAPTER XIV.

Indebtedness of the Church—A Church Fair—*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*—Temperance Labors—An Essay on Spinoza—Letter from Mrs. Mott—Visit to Mother and Sister, Heald's Hygeian Home—Edward Kimball, the Debt-Raiser—Debt Removed—Gives up His California Trip—Visits Princeton—Gift from German Class—Letter to the Clover Leaf—Mother and Sister Visit

Him—His Sister's Jubilee—Letter from His Father—Visit at Linden Home—Call on Whittier—At Cambridge Commencement—Adirondack Trip. 157

CHAPTER XV.

Five Minutes Sermon—The Winter Home—Family with Edward—His Letters to His Father and Mother at Clifton Springs—Funeral Fees—The Sistine Madonna—Freedom from Debt—Jubilee—His Cabinet Organ—Charity Organization Society—Letters from Poughkeepsie Clergymen—Overture to Tannhauser—Bellevue—Letters from Poughkeepsie Friends—Letter from Irving Elting. 171

CHAPTER XVI.

Sermon on the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—Call on John Burroughs—Description of a Storm—Open Air Service—The Adirondacks—The *Nannie O*—Thrilling Adventures—The Raquette River by Moonlight—Letter from Mrs. White of Brooks Seminary—Edward's Address at the C. O. S. Public Meeting—Sermons on Charity and Pauperism—Letter to His Birthday Mother—Edwards on Original Sin—Trip of the New York and Brooklyn Associations to the Catskills—Mohonk and the Smillie Brothers. 179

CHAPTER XVII.

Illness of His Father—Edward takes Him to New York on His Way to Binghamton—Tower Thoughts—Second Open Air Service—Letter from a Bellevue Friend—Walking Club—Vacation in Marblehead—Walk Around Cape Ann—Bar Harbor—Visit and Letter from Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney—Return to Work—"Poor Bullen"—American Board and State Association—*Progressive Revelation*—Letter from Col. A. B. Lawrence—From Mr. James Phillips—Mr. Phillips' Work—Vassar Institute Meetings—His Family with Him Again—Sickness of the Family—Letter from Mr. Donald—Tribute to Mr. Donald—Letters Home from the Adirondacks—From Mrs. James. 191

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Visit from His Sister—Union Thanksgiving Sermon—Letter from Mrs. Garfield—From James Phillips—From Benson Lossing—Prayer Meeting Topics—Easter—Vassar Institute Address—Adirondack Letters—Letter from Father McSweeney—From Mrs. Brainard—His Father and Mother go to Hamilton Magnetic Institute—Union Watch Night—Letter from Mrs. Banfield—From Mr. Henry V. Pelton—Wedding Anniversary and Letter—Home Missionary Convention—Proposal from Plymouth Church, Syracuse. 208

CHAPTER XIX.

Plattsburg—Champlain—Adirondacks—Summons Home—Funeral of His Father—Letter from Mrs. Byrnes—Comforting Words to His Mother. 222

CHAPTER XX.

Edward Looks Over the Ground at Syracuse—Accepts Call—Sorrow at Poughkeepsie—Letters from Dr. and Mrs. Cate—Preaches Union Thanksgiving Sermon at Plymouth Church—Newspaper Comments—Letter from Mr. Ewers—Edward Secures House and Settles His Family There—Installation—Letter from Rev. Dr. Beard—Inaugural Sermon—Letters from Brother Clergymen in Syracuse—Congregational Club of Central New York—Tribute from Prof. Tyler of Cornell—Edward's Mother Returns Home—Letters from Miss Dalton—From Rev. Ezekiel Mundy—Pompey Hill—Bi-Centennial Address at Marblehead—Trip into Maine—Letter from Mrs. Crosby—Salvation Army—Fraternity with Jewish Church—Letter from Rabbi Guttman—From Rev. A. E. Winship—Interest in Children. 230

CHAPTER XXI.

The Bachelors' Club—A Bachelor's Tribute—Letter from Prof. J. Scott Clark—Tributes from Church Members—Frank Luckey—Off for the Adirondacks—Free Sittings—Temperance and City Missions—His Sister's Wedding—Letter from Miss Aria Huntington—Address on Browning by Archdeacon Farrar—Criticism of Drummond—His Mother's Correspondence with Louisa Payson—Elizur Wright—Announcement of Resignation—Letter from Rev. Dr. Packard—Edward's Desire to Study the Mission Field—Letter from Mr. Chas. D. B. Mills—Introductions to Catholic Missions—Letters from Rev. and Mrs. Eastman—His Mother's Preparation for His Voyage. 246

CHAPTER XXII.

The Parting—Chicago—Polygamy—Scene of Helen Hunt's "Ramona"—Chinese Emigrants—Letter to Miss Leyden—Passages from the Marine Mail—Life on Shipboard—At a Japanese Club—Letter to Mr. Ewers—Inland Sea of Japan—Letter from Shanghai—Among the Chinese—In Cairo—Ceylon—Letter from Calcutta—High Caste Sweetmeats—Visit to Col. Olcott—Meets Representative Theosophists—Hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Dennis at Beirut—Letter from Mrs. Dennis—from Rev. Lyman Bartlett. 267

CHAPTER XXIII.

En route for Palestine—Meets George Constantine and His Cousin Clara Lawrence—With Mr. and Mrs. Crawford at Brousa—Let-

ter from Mrs. Crawford—May Meetings in Constantinople—Mission Station Reports—To Jaffa and Jerusalem—Letter from Rev. S. F. Wright—Mother and Son Meet in Hamburg—Visits to Old Friends—Letter from Frau Louise Kloer—Passages from Dutch Letters—Berlin—Letter from Rev. E. G. Porter—Switzerland and Mt. Rigi—Paris—Scotland—Letter from Rev. Mr. Young—Scotch Friends—Church Congress at Wolverhampton—In London—Letter from Miss Reynolds—Sociological and Missionary Investigations—Homeward Bound—Accounts of Missionary Tour—The Rupee Story—From Rev. Dr. Ecob—Letters Concerning *Modern Missions in the East*. 284

CHAPTER XXIV.

Supplying at Sing Sing—Makes His Summer Home at Ossining Institute—Birth of His Nephew—Commencement and Class Reunion at Yale—Letter from Mrs. Louisa Seymour Houghton—Thoughts of Future Work—The Emerson Summer School at Martha's Vineyard—From Principal Greenough—From Prof. Dwight—Preaches in Poughkeepsie—Letter from Pres. Emerson—Baptizes His Nephew—Visit to Prison Warden—Mrs. Marcus Spring and Her Letters—Talk on Theosophists at Vassar Institute—President Harrison's Inauguration—Mother and Son in Brooklyn—Dines with Prof. Prentiss and Daughter—Letter from the Professor—Centennial of British Evacuation. 299

CHAPTER XXV.

Correspondence with Arethusa Hall—Concerning a Mutual Basis of Faith. 315

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Call from Baltimore—He Decides to Look Over the Field—Letter from Mr. D. M. Henderson—Minute Adopted by the Session—Letters from Sing Sing Friends—From Rev. Edwin Fairley—A Baltimore Excursion—Begins Work in Baltimore—Acquaintance with the Nuns—Special Work of Miss Elizabeth Lowry Nunn—He Announces Acceptance of Call—Vacation in the Adirondacks—Theodore Weld—Returns to Work—Harvest Home Service—American Board at New York—Edward's Installation—The Reception—Speech from Judge Brown—Letter from Mr. W. H. Morris—Thanksgiving Subject, *Civil Service Reform*—Christmas Festival—Dedication of W. C. T. U. Building, and Letters from W. C. T. U. Workers 326

CHAPTER XXVII.

Busy Days—Johns Hopkins University Friends—Letter from Mrs. Metcalf—Deacon Cressy and His Letter—Letters from Johns Hopkins Students—From Dr. F. E. Clark—Edward's Work in Socialism—A Nationalist's Letter—Letter from Mr. Hoadley—

Church Anniversary—Conference of Charities and Corrections—
Letters from John Glenn and Miss Richmond—Editorial from
the *Charities Record*—Letter from Mrs. Dean Griffin—Resolu-
tion Relating to Dr. Parkhurst—Letter by Mr. J. M. Casanowicz,
a Russian—Letter from Dr. De Forest. 345

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Edward Preaches in Old South Church, Boston—Address at Concord
Reformatory—Visit at Dr. Hamlin's and Letter from Him—The
Adirondacks, *via* Burlington—Among Pennsylvania Hills—Let-
ter from H. M. Alden—Memorial Service for Whittier—Board
Meetings at Minneapolis—Letter from Mr. Hammond—From
John Adams—Dakota and Nebraska—Letters from His Young
Men—His Feeling About a Degree—"Snare" Sermons—Dedica-
tion Sermon at Syracuse—Letter from Mr. George P. Morris—
From Rev. H. A. Bridgman—Paper on "Reading" before Wash-
ington Conference of Churches. 365

CHAPTER XXIX.

Christianity and Culture—The Labor Problem—The Gospel Wagon
—The Old Clock for Linden Home—Adirondacks—Chattolane
Springs—His Mother at Lakewood—Yale Lectures on Missions
—Bulletins and Illustrated Sermons—Readings from Sidney
Lanier—Birthday Letter to His Sister—Letter from His Mother
—Papers before the New Jersey Association—Edward's Con-
nection with Changes in the American Board—Meeting of the
Board in Minneapolis—Memorial Presented at New Jersey Asso-
ciation—Resolution Adopted at Worcester—Testimonies of Rev.
Drs. Creegan, C. H. Richards, Patton, and Amory Bradford. 387

CHAPTER XXX.

Convention of Maryland Christian Endeavor Union—Address on
Missions at Union Theological Seminary—Letter from Edwin
Fairley—From Dr. Dennis—From Rev. Mr. Bliss—Edward
Preaches at the Penitentiary—Lectures at Beloit College—Letter
from Prof. Blaisdell—From Pres. Eaton—At New Jersey Asso-
ciation—Organizes Hawley Memorial Church—Arrows—Poem
by R. W. Gilder—Christian Endeavor Convention—Miss Nunn
Visits Linden Home—Edward's North Carolina Tramp. 406

CHAPTER XXXI.

Preaches at Worcester—Letter from Rev. Mr. Hosmer—Letter from
Dr. Dwight W. Clapp—A Few Days at Marblehead—Addresses
on Systematic Giving and Systematic Bible Study—A Sixty
Miles Walk—Episcopal Convention—"Philanthropic Baltimore"
—"How the Other Half Lives"—Tribute from the Editor of the
Critic—Letter from a Nationalist—From E. W. Blatchford—
Bible Institute—Letter from Pres. Harper—Letters from Broth-

er Clergymen—The Eclectic Club—Letter from Rev. Dr. Scholl—Bulletins—Passage from "*Our Paper*"—From the *Congregational Index*—"Why I am a Congregationalist"—Moody and Sankey—Mr. Stickney—"A Loyal Congregationalist." . 426

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Winans Tenements—Edward's Betrothal to Miss Nunn—The "Deestrick Skule"—Edward Makes His Residence in the Tenements—Commencement of the Winans Tenement Work—Letter from Mr. Thomson—The Art Loan Exhibition—Appointed Member of Advisory Committee of Congress of Missions—Trip to World's Fair—Returns and Preaches on Fair—Letter from Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock—Last Adirondack Trip—Letter from Rev. Mr. Davis. 441

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Preaches at Beverly—Letter from Miss Tracy—Preaches for Two Sundays at Marblehead Neck—Free Talks at Crocker Park—Letter from Mr. Frank Broughton—From Mrs. Whitcomb—From Mrs. Caroline E. Tyler—From Rev. J. M. Marston—From Mrs. Shannon—From Mrs. Helen M. Gulliver—From James Buckham—From Miss Julia E. Ward—From Nathan Haskell Dole—Edward's Mother and Sister and Miss Nunn Visit the World's Fair—Plans for Miss Nunn—Emerson College. . 454

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sermons on Employers and the Employed—Letter from Mr. Henderson—From Dr. Steiner—Address before Johns Hopkins University Y. M. C. A.—Reports by a Student and by Dean Griffin—Edward Attends American Board Meeting at Worcester—Letter from Mrs. Prof. Cutler—From Prof. E. P. Sanford—From Rev. George W. Wood. 461

CHAPTER XXXV.

Edward Reaches Linden Home--The Exchange at Roxbury--Committee from Manchester, N. H., Church Present—Edward Called to Manchester—He Visits the Ground—Letter from Manchester—Letters from Delegates—Letter from Prof. Griffin—From a Manchester Paper—Sketch by the Parish Visitor—Letters from Rev. Dr. Clapp. 467

CHAPTER XXXVI.

First Symptoms of Illness—Note from Miss Tyson—Letter from Deacon Cressy—Pulpit Supplies Secured for the Next Sunday—Mrs. Nunn's Visit--Letter from Edward Nunn--From Mrs. Smith—John Hopkins Surgeon Called in Consultation—Removal to Hospital and Operation—Arrival of Dear Ones—Letters and

Telegrams—Letters from Rev. Dr. Spalding—Words of Edward's Nurse—Letter from a Friend—From a Johns Hopkins Student—Through Conflict to Resignation—Dr. Halsted's Testimony—Dr. Bloodgood's. 476

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Words of Sympathy from a Catholic Priest, Father Starr—Letters from Manchester—Question of Burial Place—Baltimore Chosen—Body Embalmed and Placed in Church Parlor—Letter from Miss Amelia Knipp—The Funeral—The Flowers—Clergymen's Addresses—At the Grave—Extract from Sermon of Rev. Hiram Vrooman—Tribute from James Buckham. 487

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

List of Resolutions Received—Manchester Church to Baltimore Church—Personal Tributes—From Rev. Edward T. Root—John Haynes, a Johns Hopkins Student—Memorial Service of Y. P. S. C. E. of Baltimore Church—From Junior Endeavor Society—From Primary Department—From Plymouth Y. P. S. C. E., Syracuse—Poughkeepsie Memorial Service—Memorial of Syracuse Browning Club—Remarks at Sing Sing Memorial Service. 497

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Bereaved Mother Finds Relief in Work of Hand and Heart—Edward's Interpretation of Graciousness—Birthday Song—Letter from Mr. Müller of Berlin—Crumbs of Comfort—The Postman's Sympathy—Letter from Prof. Adams—His Remarks to the Seminary—Remarks of Rev. Dr. Creegan at Manchester Church—Tribute from Rev. Mr. Bacon. 506

CHAPTER XL .

Severe Sickness of Edward's Mother—Revision of His Missionary Lectures—Tablet in Baltimore Church—Letters from Rev. Joseph B. Stitt, Rev. Dr. S. M. Newman and Rev. D. M. Beach—Edward's Sermon Case—Erection of Tablet in Poughkeepsie Church—Lawrence Memorial Association and Lawrence House—Letter from Rev. Thomas Young—The New Lawrence House—Union of the First Congregational and Associate Reformed Churches, Baltimore—Gifts to the New Lawrence House—"He Never Comes." 512

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Frontispiece.* EDWARD AND HIS MOTHER.
No. 2. EDDIE ON A FESTAL OCCASION.
No. 3. EDWARD IN HIS BOYHOOD.
No. 4. LINDEN HOME.
No. 5. EDWARD'S SISTER META.
No. 6. EDWARD AS A STUDENT ABROAD.
No. 7. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.
No. 8. A CLASS IN THE LAWRENCE HOUSE.
No. 9. EDWARD IN HIS MINISTRY.
No. 10. THE LAWRENCE HOUSE.

INTRODUCTION.

No one, I am sure, who was privileged to witness the peculiarly close and tender relationship subsisting between Edward A. Lawrence and his mother can read these pages without thankful recognition of the fitness of the hand that was chosen, in the providence of God, to record the earthly life of his beloved servant. The graciousness, the chivalry, the protecting gentleness of this strong man's affection for her to whom he owed his being, and, on the other side, the tender pride, the trustful dependence, the utter loyalty of mother-love, were a constant joy and benediction to all who knew Mrs. Lawrence and her son—an object lesson in the ideal parental and filial love. And now that, in God's inscrutable wisdom, the son has been called away from earth, it is no small compensation to their wide circle of friends that his venerable mother has been enabled to prepare this Memorial.

None other could have been more truly commissioned for the work; none other could have performed it with such loving fidelity, or enriched it with a personal enthusiasm so abounding and so winning.

This book, then, besides being a faithful and vivid record of a peculiarly noble and fruitful life, is a mother's sacred tribute to her son. It is a record full of interest not only to the hundreds who were personally acquainted with Dr. Lawrence, but to all who appreciate the charm of vital biography. I confidently believe that this book is destined to take its place among the enduring books in its class—the biographies of men and women who have abounded in life and helpfulness; and I unhesitatingly commend it to the general reader as a book rich in interest and stimulus.

From his boyhood, Edward Lawrence was an embodiment of defined purpose, of consecrated energy, and an eager desire for serviceableness. How he grew and blossomed and ripened into the fruit of his strong, earnest manhood, is simply and lovingly told in the following chapters. The story ought to be an inspiration to every young man and woman. It is the record of that rare and yet

ever possible thing in human nature, the full and utmost use of opportunity. Here was a cup of life brimful in every way—brimful of developed native power; of earnest, consecrated purpose; of evident appreciation of and joy in all the good of existence, of all manner of affection and truth and sincerity and graciousness. In a word, Edward Lawrence was one of the few Christlike men; and the lesson of his life, as I read it, is the beauty of that rounded, all-embracing and all-appropriating life that was in our Master. It has been said of some men that whatever they touched became beautiful. Of Mr. Lawrence, I think, it might be even more pertinently said that whatever touched him became beautified. He had a wonderful power of taking all sorts and conditions of men and things into that great, brotherly, appreciative heart of his, and so transforming them that one might behold their divine pattern or ideal,—the good that is at the heart of everything God has made. This was Christ's way of redeeming the world—by revealing to it its own innate but obscured goodness and beauty. Those who knew Dr. Lawrence in his pastoral relation will recognize, in retrospect, how like his Master he was in his conception of humanity, and his method of seeking its redemption.

Along with this broad humanity, this catholicity of sympathy and taste, Mr. Lawrence had a most joyous love of nature, and a keen zest in life itself, physical as well as mental and spiritual. His breadth of interest and appreciation goes far to prove that the profoundest love of man and the sincerest love of nature not only may co-exist but *ought* to co-exist. What vigor he brought to his human ministrations out of that abounding nature-love, out of his communion with the woods and the hills and the streams, out of his strength-giving and brain-clearing tramps, out of his Adirondack vacations, which were such a lease of joy and inspiration! And how he loved nature in its lowliest forms!—just as he loved children and sin-weakened men and women. Some of his thoughts about nature are almost mystical in their depth of sympathy, their insight, their emotional tenderness.

And yet with all his broad humanity, with all his virile zest in life and abounding love of nature, this most catholic man was distinctively a scholar. He came of a race of scholars on both sides of the family, a race of famous theologians, preachers and teachers. His maternal grandfather, Leonard Woods, of Andover, was one of the most distinguished of the older school of American theologians. His uncle, also Leonard Woods, was a learned president of Bowdoin College. His father was a theological professor and a preacher of

great power and sweetness. His mother has taken high rank among American writers and reformers, being the author of such well-known books as *The Broken Bud*, *Light on the Dark River*, *Marion Graham*, and *The Tobacco Problem*. She was the originator, and, in conjunction with the Rev. Washington Gladden and others, the writer of *Parish Problems*, and has also contributed widely to the press. These literary and scholarly gifts naturally descended to Dr. Lawrence; while his philosophical and linguistic attainments, and his remarkable powers as a public speaker, have been remarked by many. He was considered a student of rare promise while studying theology in Germany. The distinguished Tholuck conceived a warm personal friendship for him, and prophesied a career of brilliant achievement for the young American. Everywhere, even as a young man, he was the acknowledged peer and fit associate of scholars. His information, his culture, his philosophical depth and keenness, were a constant source of pride and delight to his friends and companions. The carefully arranged and labelled contents of his sermon-case, now at "Linden Home," show the wideness and thoroughness of his investigations and the richness of his working material.

The personal tributes scattered through this Memorial evince how intimately and broadly Dr. Lawrence appealed to all classes and all ages. He was verily "all things to all men"—not in the negative, conforming sense, but positively and formatively. He appealed to the best in every one, and with such effectiveness that rarely did he fail to elicit that response which leads to the quickening and up-building of character. There was in him a moral and spiritual magnetism that both attracted others and imbued them with its own vital quality. How unanimously those with whom he came in contact, even for the briefest periods of time, testify that his personality was an inspiration and help to them! He had some large gift of inward life for all, from childhood to age. To be near him was to share his strength and the courage and hope of his splendid manhood.

With all these rare qualities and brilliant gifts, Edward Lawrence conceived that his mission in life lay chiefly among the neglected "other half;" and during his later years he more and more gave his time and his rich resources of mind and heart to the practical solution of the problem of the poor in our large cities. His tenement-house work in Baltimore was just reaching the point where his heart could be cheered by the prospect of practical success when he was called away, leaving his plans to be matured by others. One

cannot help feeling that the science of Sociology has suffered a great loss by his removal. And that he is sincerely missed and mourned by the poor of more than one American city, is proved by many expressions of sympathy received by his mother after his call to the higher life.

Perhaps, to the general reader, the tributes with which this Memorial is crowded may seem overdrawn, and the compiler may be accused of selecting only those whose tone is distinctly laudatory. But the writer of this Introduction wishes to assume responsibility for the insertion of every tribute; and he can assure the reader that it would have been difficult to find any less eulogistic in character. It was by the writer's solicitation, also, that Mrs. Lawrence was prevailed upon to admit the references to herself either in her son's correspondence, or in letters from others, which have seemed necessary to the completeness of this Memorial. And further, for all personal references that might involve a feeling of delicacy on the part of the relatives or intimate friends of Mr. Lawrence, I desire to be held responsible.

By urgent request of friends, and those who have assisted in preparing this Memorial, Mrs. Lawrence has consented to the use of the photograph in which she appears with her son,—a fitting testimony, it would seem, to her close and vital relation both with her son's life and his biography.

In conclusion, I wish to express my own feeling of unworthiness—though coupled with a grateful desire to serve in any possible way one whom I have so loved—for the task of introducing this Memorial of my friend, Edward Lawrence. Among so many eminent and devoted men and women, who admired and loved him, surely some hand fitter than mine might have been found to perform this last high service of friendship. But since the commission has fallen upon me, I can only add to my tribute of affection and admiration the hope that its insufficiency may be pardoned for the sake of the love I bear, and would fain make serviceable, to one whose friendship and whose memory have so greatly enriched my life.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD'S CHILDHOOD.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

—Longfellow.

Dear, quaint old Marblehead! in its early days the second town in the state for population and wealth; foremost for patriotism and bravery in our three great wars, as also in our recent fourth war; with its unequalled harbor, its grand scenery, its historic dwellings, its various traditions,—it is not strange that Longfellow, Whittier and Lucy Larcom have immortalized it in verse.

And here, on Jan. 16th, 1847, many hearts were made glad by the advent of a birdling, whom his mother called her “snow-bird,” and who was christened Edward Alexander Lawrence. As he was his father’s namesake, the junior must be added, and on this account some proposed a variation. But why give a child his father’s name and then half take it back? As to the boy himself, whenever he wrote his full name he never forgot the affix.

On October 7th, 1847, the following juvenile epistle was laid on the birthday table:

To My Father—From his boy;
My Papa:—

This is the first letter that I ever wrote. And this is your first birthday that I was ever alive. Mamma says I am your littler self. I don’t know what that means, but I know that I can kick and sneeze and cry and laugh and crow and goo and creep. This is a great deal for such a little boy. And I like birthdays, because you all look so happy. But I wonder what a birthday means?

I am tired of writing to amuse you. I had rather pull your nose, or put my finger into your eyes. I can't think why you don't give me any candy, but I will give you some sugar plums. Are you glad I have come to keep your birthday? because I am.

Lovingly,
Your winter boy.

When Eddie was a year and a half old, a great sorrow came to the household in the sickness and death of his sister, Carrie, our *Broken Bud*. He seemed about to follow her, but through a change of place and of treatment, God gave him back to us. As he grew older he talked much about her. "Have a sister up in the sky; want to go see her. I will hug Cally and kiss her, so she won't be sick any more." He often prayed that "papa and he and mamma and sister Meta might go up in the sky; all folk go up." At one time he called out, "I want to see Cally; I want to carry up my cups and saucers and little table for Cally to play with. I want to go up there now."

"Do you want to leave mamma?"

"No, I will stay with you till you go up sky."

Standing in a chair one day, he saw himself in the glass. "Who did put me in the glass? How can I get out of the glass? I don't want to stay in the glass."

One Sunday, on coming home from church, the maid told us he had been very good, amusing himself with the scissors. Imagine his mother's consternation as he sat triumphant on the bed, his golden curls scattered about him. To divert her attention, his father pointed to the pussy cat, also on the bed, her fur clipped in scollops from head to tail. Looking into his mother's troubled face and picking up one of his curls, Eddie held it close to his head, saying, "Papa mend it on with Palding glue."

He got the idea that every holiday was his birthday. On the Fourth of July, with crackers blazing and guns firing around him, his father, seeing him taking cents from his drawer, asked, "What are you doing?"

"I am getting cents for pay the man for going bang for my birthday."

When three years old, on a visit of the family in Boston, finding the front door open, Eddie walked out. When he was missed, which was not for some time, greatly alarmed, many set forth in a vain pursuit. Such a little fellow, lost in that big city! Failing to get any trace of him, his father hastened to the town crier's. While telling his story, he felt his coat pulled. "See, papa, see what I've got." And the dear child held up a watchman's rattle. He had not been in the least disturbed, and when his father, paying fifty cents for getting him "out of pound," brought him to his mother, all her demonstrations at finding her lost boy were met by the cool announcement: "No, I went to walk with the gentleman." It seems that a policeman, seeing him on the street, had taken him to Marshal Tukey. He asked his name, but as the reply, "Elly Ally Lolly," failed to enlighten him, the child was put in charge of the City-Crier, to be duly advertised.

His sympathies were strongly aroused by hearing the story of the death of Jesus Christ. "When I go up in the sky," he exclaimed with great eagerness, "I will carry Jesus something. I will see what is in my cellar." So, jumping down from his mother's lap, and opening his closet door, he selected one of his best playthings, saying, "I will give him that. Do you think he will like that?"

During a year's absence of his father on a foreign tour for his health, Eddie was his mother's constant comforter, insisting that he was her "little uddy"—(little husband). Not long before his father's departure, Eddie had been in a sailing company, where the sea was rough and the vessel rocked vigorously, to his great alarm. When told that his father was crossing the ocean in a ship—the bark *Turque*—he was much impressed, and in his daily prayer added the petition, "O God, don't let papa tip over!"

While his father was absent he claimed it as his privilege to be "the meat-man" and "the blessing-man," by which he meant helping to the meat at table, and saying grace, both of which he did with the utmost gravity, continuing the practice in all their visits.

He spent a night with his mother at John G. Whittier's, whose home was then in West Amesbury, his beloved mother and sister Elizabeth making up his family. Eddie's heart was soon won, and the delightful visit was always remembered.

They also visited his Uncle Leonard, in Brunswick, and a number of friends in Portland. Writes a niece, Mrs. Mary Richardson,—then residing in the latter place,—“I remember how very interesting he was. While at my house one day there was a severe thunderstorm, which made me rather nervous. The little lad looked up in my face, saying, ‘Don’t be afraid; God is right here!’ I have never forgotten his sweet faith nor his daily prayer for his absent father.”

On his father's return, the little four-year-old boy was so overcome that he could not speak, but in the fulness of his heart he laid his head on his father's shoulder. At last words came. “Papa, mamma has had a great many cries since you went away,” thus revealing the secret which she had so carefully kept.

One of the visits that Edward and his mother made during the father's absence was in Swampscott, at Mr. Woodford's, who, with his wife, kept an excellent family school. Edward had a grand time among so many boys, and with the Woodford little girls, and greatly enjoyed gathering an audience and preaching to them. Mr. Woodford speaks of his long, flowing ringlets, of his gentle ways and his strong attachments. “Having finished his studies and entered on his life-work, he seemed like one built up after no human model, but having thoughts and purposes of his own.”

Miss Elizabeth Hooper, a native of the old town, writes:—

My recollections of dear Edward go back to his birth in Marblehead, his father being my pastor. Eddie, as we called him, was a child of rare promise, and early gave indications of the coming man. As a lad his tastes were above the average of boys. His great delight was in a collection of shells and minerals and insects. Years after, in 1890, I was in Marblehead one Sunday, when he preached on the Neck, where he gave us a most helpful sermon.

From Mrs. Dr. Winslow, formerly a missionary in India:—

Surely, every thought about him from babyhood has been sweet, and blessed are all your memories. He grew to satisfy you, whose ideal, so high, it was not easy to find.

At the age of five Eddie became quite a preacher. Gathering his audience, with a chair in front for a pulpit, and a hymn book in his hand,—“Sing the 14th page.” Then, with many gestures, he proceeded with his sermon, of which an example is given, copied from his mother’s journal: “I say unto you, love your fathers and mothers. Don’t crowd your sisters.” Seeing some one smile, “You mustn’t laugh in meeting, at least you must try as hard as you can not to. If you can’t possibly help it, I guess you may. I don’t know certain, because I am not a real minister, only a play minister, but I expect to be a real minister when I grow up.”

His frequent charge in his sermons, “Brothers, don’t crowd your sisters,” was significant of his future stand on the woman-question.

That he should thus early speak of the ministry as his profession, was quite natural, inasmuch as his great grandfather Wheeler was a clergyman, as was also his grandfather, Leonard Woods of Andover Theological Seminary, and his uncle, Leonard Woods of Bowdoin College, while other uncles on both sides of the house, and many cousins, were also ministers.

His hair, which he had clipped, had grown long, and his golden curls were the pride of his mother. But when it seemed best that they should be cut off, he was so changed that she exclaimed, "I have lost my boy!"

"Don't, mamma," throwing his arms around her neck. "It makes me feel bad to have you say, 'I have lost my boy!'"

In a thunder storm he was told that lightning-rods carried the lightning down into the earth. "I wish I could touch one. Would it carry *me* down into the earth?"

One day at table his father said, "Margaret, I thank you for some rice." With imperturbable gravity, the little fellow passed his plate: "Margaret, *I* thank you for some rice."

His sympathies were very quick. He came home, at one time, in great trouble about "Silly Billy," telling a pathetic story of his trying to hurt a man. "I almost cried in the street." Everything that interested him he brought into his prayers. "O Lord, bless them two ladies that sing at the panoramas."

One morning, after telling one of his dreams about his sister Carrie, he added: "I wish Joseph was here to tell the interpretation." He talked much about death. Hearing of a little cousin's sweet face in the casket: "I wonder how I shall look when I am dead? But I sha'n't see myself, I suppose, shall I?" Adding presently: "I wish we could all die together, but then, there could be nobody to fix us with flowers. I shouldn't think they would like to put them in the ground and have the dirt get on the coffins. I should be afraid it would get in." After a little reflection, he added, "I should like to have them put me just where they wanted to."

When his sister was weeping bitterly because her Sunday School teacher was going away as a missionary, her mother appealed to her benevolence, telling her of the children who worshipped images because they had no one to

teach them better. At this point, Eddie quietly remarked, "If we send away all our teachers, *we* shall worship images."

Rev. Henry Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on a little visit at Marblehead, had won Eddie's heart by his mechanical skill, kindly exercised for his benefit. Not long after, on April 11th, 1853, Eddie, then about six years old, dictated to him the following letter:—

I send my love to you. And I would like to know in how many weeks you will come and see me. And when you come, I would like to have you sharpen my knife. I hope I shall have a nice time in St. Johnsbury, when I go there in the summer. I want to make one cart and a sled and a wheelbarrow and a table and chairs and all sorts of things. I love you more than tongue can tell.

Your affectionate little friend,

Eddie Lawrence.

About forty years later, March 30th, 1894, Mr. Fairbanks writes:

I remember well the visit that followed this letter, when I met "Eddie," the bright, eager boy, enthusiastic on every subject, because his view was broadening so rapidly, whichever way he looked, or whatever he studied. He was then greatly interested in all mechanical matters, and it was very easy to keep his interest as to how things were made, or why any machine would work as it did. The reason of things in the natural world held his attention. The philosophic bent of his mind made him first a natural philosopher. His life, that seems so unfinished, was very productive, and later, you will see that it had a certain completeness, though the end came so abruptly.

After reading to Eddie a story about a little girl giving her heart to God, "Mamma," said he, while the color deepened on his cheek, "I don't know how to give my heart to God"—hesitating—"unless it is to be good." His prayers showed him to be in earnest. "O Lord, make me a Christian! O Lord, govern my temper! May I lead my sister into good examples." A quick temper was a fault that he frankly confessed and early battled against. The self-control which in time he obtained was a wonder to those who had known him as a boy, a flush on his face, which soon passed away, being all the token of disturbance.

His seventh birthday, Jan. 16th, 1854, was approaching, and as it came on Sunday his mother, in anticipation, gave him his presents on Saturday, and among them, "*Little Susie's Six Birthdays*," which had been sent her by Mrs. Prentiss, but which she had not had time to look into. After he had read it, he ran to her in great excitement: "Oh, mamma, I wish I could have such a present on my birthday as Susie had!"

"What did she have?"

"A little baby."

And when, on Sunday, his birthday sister came to us, he went around in great excitement, exclaiming, "I've got a baby! I've got a baby!" From that time he assumed a sort of guardianship over this sister, considering her a special gift to himself.

Eddie was fond of dictating letters full of improbable stories about gardens and palaces and all sorts of animals, ending with some amusing catechisms. After he had learned to write, he told his own stories, illustrating them by pictures. He was persistent in his attempts to get at the roots of things. When only five he came to his father one day in great perplexity. "Papa, Meta says that Jesus Christ is God."

"Yes."

"And Jesus Christ is God's son?"

"Yes."

"Why! God, and God's son, too!" with a mingled expression of surprise and amusement.

In hearing of the birth of Jesus, and how he was laid in the manger with the cattle around, he asked, "Who took care of him that the cattle shouldn't hurt him?"

"God took care of him."

"But," with a puzzled and impatient air, "how could he take care of *himself*? Jesus Christ is God;—how *could* he?"



EDDIE ON A FESTAL OCCASION.

At the same early age he became a warm advocate of the Maine liquor law. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I wish father could go all over the world, and spend a Sabbath everywhere, and tell them not to get drunk!"

Besides being the postman of the family, doing much of the marketing, and being always ready to run on errands, he was also a sort of home-missionary. He liked nothing better than to start forth with a basket of books and tracts and find his way into the back streets of the old town. When the boys, who sometimes accosted him as "Deacon Lawrence," had gathered around him, he would distribute his treasures, lending some and giving others, according to his best judgment. One day he came home very earnest in his account of a boy who used profane language. He said he told the boy that if he used bad words it would lead him to smoking and then to drinking, and that the boy promised he would not do so any more.

He was alive to the great questions of the day. In 1854, when the admission of Nebraska as a slave state was under discussion, he was greatly exercised, anxious to learn every new phase. Indeed, he was so much excited that he wrote the following appeal to Congress:

Gentlemen:—

Will you please not let the Emmabraska bill pass? If you had the slaves, would it make you feel any happier? How should you like to be slaves, and to be beaten? Would you like it very well? I, therefore, beg you not to let it pass.

Edward A. Lawrence, Jr.

East Windsor Hill.

To Congress.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD DAYS AT EAST WINDSOR HILL.

Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

—Longfellow.

In the summer of 1854, Eddie's father accepted a professorship in the East Windsor Theological Seminary. While the matter was under consideration, Eddie happened one day, in his prowlings among the old books in the attic, to come across a copy of the Connecticut Blue Laws. He came down with a very serious face, exclaiming, "I don't want to go to Connecticut."

"Why not?"

"Because, if we go, I can't kiss Anna, Sundays."

In the preparations for removal, he was busy from morning till night. From an account of this great event, written at his dictation, a few extracts follow:—

I had long been wanting to live in the country and now my great desire is granted. I had lived in a town with 5,000 inhabitants. I am now living in a country named East Windsor Hill, containing, I guess, about 3,000. We did not have half so much time as we should like to have had to say good-bye to our friends at Marblehead, but what time we had we made good use of. I had two gold dollars given me and a kite with three tassels on it. I should think it was about a yard and a half long. But it was very troublesome to carry in the cars. We couldn't find a very good place for it, but, however, we found a place. There were father and mother and me and Meggy and Katy and Meta and Clarissa and Kalopothakes and Miss Church. The same night that we got here we went to look at the house and thought it was very pretty indeed. Meta and me ran into the garden and found raspberries and thimble-berries and currants, and then we ran into the fields and found some blackberries and one or two blueberries.

My father, he was invited by the committee to come here and be a professor. It was as much as he could do to leave Marblehead,

he was so attached to his people. For to be a pastor is very different from being a professor, for they do not have so much sympathy if they are a professor. For those that have to be professors have to teach young students. And they do not get acquainted with them so soon, and when they do get acquainted they do not see them so much, and besides, the professors only give lectures to tell them how to be ministers, whereas pastors give sermons to have the people Christians. But I don't know much about his organization.

"What do you mean by that?" he was asked.

"Why, when he was organized to be a professor. But he had an augural sermon written."

This account was taken, word for word, as he dictated it, when he was between seven and eight. He continues:—

We found it a beautiful place to go berrying in. We got blueberries and blackberries and whortle-berries. When father got in his wood, I got in three cords of Connecticut wood, and a cord and a half of Massachusetts. And I pulled up some of the turnips, and the carrots father would dig, and I would pull them up and shake the dirt off. And I brought in the potatoes and about seven bushels of squashes. We have got four hens and one cock and we have got a cow.

I will now go back to Marblehead, and tell you a hint I once gave to a lady. One afternoon, I went to a lady's house by the name of Mrs. Humphrey. There was a girl there by the name of Caroline, and she went to get some sweet crackers. And Mrs. Humphrey gave me one. And I liked it very much, and thought I should like another. So I gave a hint to her, and I said, "Those crackers are very nice." But she didn't say anything. The second time I said, "Those crackers are very nice indeed." And they didn't do anything. And then, as I was determined to have one, I said, "Those crackers are very nice indeed, and if I had another, I'd eat it." And then she got up and gave me another, and they laughed very much.

And now I will tell you the names of the books I have read, and first what I have read that are proper for Sunday:—*Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War*, both written by Bunyan.

"Mother, is Bunyan alive now?"

"No, dear."

"Then he won't write any more books, will he?"

Eddie went on to name his Sunday and then his week-day books, after which he returned to his favorite, "*Pilgrim's Progress*," saying, "I will tell you a little about it." And then, without recurring to the book, he proceeded, in his childish way, to tell the whole story, calling Pliable, "Pilable," the Delectable Mountains, the "Deceptable

Mountains," yet giving graphic pictures of the various scenes which filled several pages.

There was no end to his questions on every subject that came up. He wanted to know all the causes of every effect, and all the effects of every cause. When helping his father about the wood:—"If the barn was all filled with wood, would it hold a million of cords?"

"No."

"Would it hold a hundred thousand?"

In reading about a tent:—"How many persons can sleep in a tent?"

"That would depend on the size of the tent."

"If it was as large as this house, how many could sleep in it?"

"I think fifty might."

"Couldn't more than fifty, if there were two or three beds in every room, and in the kitchen and the closets, and three or four persons slept in every bed?"

So the weeks and months rolled away. Busy with his studies in the district school, in the evenings Eddie read solid books, giving a report of what he could remember. In this way he perseveringly went through "*Hume's History*."

With a decidedly musical taste, he begged that he might take lessons. His mother consented, on condition that, if he began, he should keep straight on. To this he readily agreed, but after a few days, getting tired of his scales, he begged off. As he was held to his bargain, however, he manfully arranged to be waked in season to practise an hour before breakfast, even when obliged to do so by lamplight. This habit he continued for months, and through life reaped the benefit of his perseverance.

Writes Mrs. Watson, one of our neighbors and friends at East Windsor Hill:—

I recall Edward's beautiful, frank face, just as he looked that pleasant first Sunday when you all came into the Seminary Chapel together. Speaking of those days, Bowen Clapp, one of his school-

mates, says:—"I remember Edward as the most studious boy in school, and I never knew him do a mean thing. The boys always had a high respect for him." How happy he was at our Christmas tree, when Donnie personated Santa Claus and little Anna crept under the chair, thinking he was the real one!

Writes another resident of the Hill, a granddaughter of Pres. Tyler:—"I remember Edward as a wonderfully lovely and remarkable boy. And as he grew up, he was, to me, an ideal man."

Eddie entered with great zest into all boyish plays, and was a fine swimmer and skater. He was also a genuine worker, helping his father in the garden, milking the cows, chopping wood, and doing various errands, besides assisting his mother in such household duties as it is well for a boy to learn.

He greatly enjoyed the guests that from time to time gathered in his home—Asa D., Henry B., and John Cotton Smith, with various men and women of renown. There were also Frenchmen, Germans, Greeks, Armenians and Bulgarians—Dagnault, Ollendorff, Constantine, Kalopothakes, Minasian, Hachadoorian, Gospodinoff, several of whom were at different times members of the family.

With some of the theological students he was quite familiar. Writes Rev. Moses T. Runnells:—

How vividly do I recall the bright, inquisitive, intelligent, little boy of eight, with his gentle manners and delicate tastes, who attended to his piano practice and other studies with such wonderful regularity! At family prayers he would pass the Bibles in the different languages and the hymn books to each member of a somewhat numerous household, and afterwards collect them with a gracefulness, yet despatch, combined with a seriousness all the more pleasant to behold, from his being so entirely unaffected. On Saturday afternoons, he would assist me efficiently and with genuine enthusiasm in sweeping and dusting the Seminary halls, of which I took charge, and also in ringing the bell, becoming quite an adept in tolling it. What surprised me was the fact that a mere child of eight should be so actuated by a desire to be systematically and perseveringly useful. In the winter we used to take rambles, with slides, and skating excursions, I drawing him on a sled to his great delight. We also sometimes took a ride together to Hartford, eight miles from the Hill, which was always a great occasion with him, and which served to bring him out in many original remarks, as he encountered new sights and sounds.

In all these interviews I never saw him ruffled; indeed, he never varied from that peculiarly sunny disposition, which made his presence always a pleasure. He used, indeed, to complain that he had considerable of the "Old Adam" to subdue, although I could never detect evidences of it. Yet I think, from what he told me, that even then the grace of God was sought by him, to enable him to fight his little battles with self. He frequently spoke of Bunyan's *Holy War*, of which he was an enthusiastic reader.

In 1862, he made me a visit in Orford, N. H. I found him no longer the little boy in frock and apron, but a gentlemanly lad of about fourteen, grave and thoughtful beyond his years, yet relishing sport, often witty in his remarks and a remarkably good conversationalist.

When eight years old Eddie invented a wonderful game, naming himself president, and his mother vice-president. There were forty-four cards of an unknown number, which the players were to guess. The president was to lay on the table a card with the number down, and all could guess around five times, the vice-president keeping a record of all the guesses. As might be expected, when there was so wide a berth, no one succeeded, so the card was put back, and another tried, with the same results. Great merriment followed at the discovery of the endless round in which the players were involved. At last, Eddie's father suggested that he should announce in what ten the number was contained, with which modification the young president was satisfied.

Quite early Eddie commenced keeping a journal, and to please his mother, wrote in it regularly wherever he might be. At one time, accounts of some of his New York visits were written in Robert Carter's bookstore, while a guest for a day or two at his brother's, whom he called Uncle Peter.

In my vacation I studied just as hard as I could in Latin, catching up with the class, and so commencing in the Academy. In the beginning of the term they proposed me as a member of the Clio (a literary society) but on account of my being so young, I wasn't accepted. In the latter part of the term, I was proposed again, and sent out into the hall. But I heard almost every word. One of the boys said that Eddie Lawrence knew as much as any of them, and had as good a chance to become president of the United States. I was accepted by a large majority. I will now

write my first speech. The question was,— “Is the world growing better?” I spoke on the affirmative, as follows:—

“Mr. President.”

“Mr. Lawrence.”

“It is my opinion that the world is growing better. In the late war with Russia, Bibles were introduced, and were the means of converting a good many. And the missionaries are daily converting more and more to Christianity. And in England, slavery, which sometime ago, prevailed to a great extent, is now entirely abolished. And intemperance and slavery, in the United States, are daily losing strength.”

The president decided on the same side that I spoke.

The second time, I spoke on the question, “Ought scientific knowledge to be diffused through all classes?” I thought in the affirmative, but, as I was a substitute, I had to take the other side. I spoke as follows:—“Mr. President, Scientific knowledge had not ought to be introduced among all classes, for, perhaps, while a man is studying for this, his family may be perishing, or even if he has obtained it, he may be so absorbed in it as to forget all about his family and they will starve.”

A great favorite with the children of those days was *Merry's Museum*, at that time owned and edited by J. N. Stearns, who, later, until his death, was the efficient Secretary of the National Temperance Society. As Eddie's elder sister had sent several letters for his “Monthly Chat,” Eddie wished to do the same, and was not a little set up when the following appeared in print:—

Dear Mr. Merry:—

I like your *Museum* very much, indeed, and I should like it if it came every week. I have a little baby-sister, and she was born on my seventh birthday. I shall be very glad when you come to see us, and I think we shall have fine times. Will you please tell Uncle Hiram Hatchet, if he comes with you, and if he has any children—that I should like to have him keep them pretty far away, because, perhaps, they might cut me. My little sister Annie is a darling sister, and I love her very much indeed. She is full of mischief, tipping over pitchers of water, and getting the ashes out of papa's stove all over his study floor.

Yours affectionately,

Alick.

East Windsor Hill, Conn., Jan. 26th, 1856.

Dear Mr. Merry:—

I study arithmetic, read, spell and study geography at school. In arithmetic I have advanced as far as to multiplication of United States currency, and in geography I am studying about Europe. It is splendid sliding down our steep hills here. The ice was so thick on the ground and the trees at Christmas that Santa Claus slipped down with all his load of presents, and came near

stopping his travels forever. The sidewalk has become so slippery one can scarcely walk on it.

At Christmas, we had a Christmas tree and Santa Claus made us a visit in person, coming in at the back door and complaining of the houses being built nowadays without fireplaces. Our tree was lighted up with tapers of all colors, which gave it a very bright, pretty appearance, showing all kinds of fruits, covered with glittering gold leaf. While a number of young men were waiting, in came Santa Claus, dressed all in shaggy furs, with a long, ancient-looking cue hanging down his back, and with a great load of presents. He complained that he was getting old and couldn't see without specs. Mother asked him if he would like hers, but he told her he would rather have her re-spects.

At New Year's we picked the tree, and among the presents I received was an alarm clock. On my birthday I had a few presents, too. But I fear my letter is getting too long, so I must close.

Yours affectionately,
Alick.

And Mr. Stearns adds: "You are a *lucky* boy, Alick. We hope your clock will wake you up betimes. When Santa Claus grumbled about your new-fashioned house we hope you did not give him *a-lick*."

In the March *Museum* of the same year, Mr. Stearns says, in his "Monthly Chat:" "Here comes Alick—has been frozen up since January—just thawed out—has lots of things to say, and don't know which to say first. Say on, Alick."

East Windsor Hill, March, 1856.

Dear Mr. Merry:—

I wonder how the people in the balloon got fixed in there? I wish I could see Gilbert Go-a-head. I shouldn't care if the *Museum* came every day. I'm in the sixth volume of *Rollins's History*. I ain't two boys, though you know me as Eddie, and I sign myself Alick (for Alexander, my middle name.) I wish there were more letters and more conundrums in the Chat. It is all occupied with that magic square. Please not to box me. I hope that I shall go with you next time in your balloon travels. I should like to know who Aunt Sue is.

From your affectionate friend,
Alick.

When Eddie was about ten, there came to Dingle Side Miss Anna Maria Anable, of whom Fanny Forester, wife of the missionary, Adoniram Judson, had been a most devoted friend. She brought with her Emily Judson, of whom her mother wrote,—

Ere last year's moon had left the sky
A birdling sought our Indian nest.

When Emily was left an orphan, Miss Anable adopted her. Of this visit, she writes:—

On Sunday afternoon, Dr. Lawrence, at the family gathering, questioned Eddie as to the morning sermon. To my surprise, he gave a distinct analysis of it, with details and illustrations, showing a degree of memory and attention worthy of a bright boy of seventeen. He well fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, seeming to me one of those exceptional characters, like Denison of East London, destined to be transplanted early to the celestial gardens.

The 22nd of August, 1857, had been appointed for the gathering at Dingle Side of all the accessible sons and daughters of missionaries in Turkey. It was a day of bright anticipations for Eddie, who was greatly excited over the announcement, on the previous day, that Dr. and Mrs. Schaufler from Constantinople were crossing the ferry. While in England they had heard of the proposed gathering and had hastened on to America, and then to East Windsor Hill, in order to be present on the great day. All this, with the surprise of the Schaufler boys and the wonderful Oriental greetings, were recorded by Eddie in his journal.

He early showed that interest in people for which later he was distinguished. In travelling, he would be attracted by an honest face and would go and sit by its owner, and then come back with his name and quite a story about him. Sometimes, when we needed a carriage, he would ask to sit on the box with the coachman, with whom he would have an earnest talk, bidding him a cordial good-bye when he left.

Investigation into all sorts of things was a real passion with him. He was resolved, he said, to study Chinese and all the languages. Of his own accord, when eight, he took hold of the German grammar, and it was amusing to hear him running over its *tsays* so distinctly.

In his journal he writes:—

Dec. 19th, 1857.

Last night I spoke in Clio on the question,—“Was the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena justifiable?” I spoke in the affirmative. “Mr. President, In order to discuss this question right, it is necessary briefly to consider the history and designs of

Napoleon. One of his plans was called the Federative System, by which the different states on the continent were to preserve an apparent independence, whenever it did not thwart his schemes. By the aid of these states he planned to conquer the world."

Dec. 31st.

Last night, I was kept after school, because I had not learned my lesson. It was the first time since I have been in the Academy, and I hope it will be the last. This is the last day of the year, 1858. In looking it over how many things I see that I have done which I ought not to have done, and how many things I have not done which I ought to have done! During the next year, I am going to try to do better, and I am going to pray to God to help me do better.

Feb. 10th.

To night, after school, I ripped a bag so as to make towels of it. Oh, how sorry I am that mother is sick! I wish that I could do everything right and be a better boy. There are four things that I must try to do. First, to be obedient to father and mother. Second, kind to my sister. Third, faithful in everything that I have to do. Fourth, govern my temper.

March.

I have been working on the sewing machine, which goes nicely now. I will write all that I have done upon it:—four pairs of drawers, two night-gowns, one pair of trousers for myself, and a pair of overalls, besides sewing on a blanket and some other things.

April 5th, 1859.

Yesterday was election day. On the state ticket, the Democrats and Republicans were ties, and on the Congressmen, the Democrats carried it by fourteen votes. I like the *Anabasis* much better than *Crosby's Greek Lessons*.

May 10th.

I don't think I have been quite faithful in my practice. Saturday, instead of two hours, I only practised one. So I must make that up. Yesterday, as I was practising, there came a thunder-storm, and so I stopped and did not make it up. Then I have played when I went on errands, and have read when I was changing my clothes, and in the morning I forgot all about my drawing lesson. But I will try to do better.

May 21st.

I will now write a few sentiments:

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth a month in the year.

One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One drunkard will keep his family poor and make them miserable.

CHAPTER III.

HOME LIFE AND ACADEMY DAYS.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!

* * * * *

Mighty prophet! seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height.

—Wordsworth.

When twelve, Eddie started alone on a visiting trip in the old Bay State. It was a great occasion, and he locked his travelling bag and put the key in his pocket with a dignity amusing to behold. He was a little disturbed at learning that one of the professors was going on the same train, lest he might interfere with his prerogative, but a few reassuring words quieted him.

Besides his frequent letters home, he was faithful to his journal, a thing not easy when travelling. In this way he gives a full account of his sight-seeing in Boston and other places,—the Aquarial Gardens, where he shook hands with an alligator; the Navy Yard at Charlestown, going through the whole length of the rope-walk; the State Prison, where he picked up much information; the Blind Asylum at South Boston, where he talked with Catherine Hill and Laura Bridgman; the watch manufactory at Waltham, bringing away some of the spoils; then at the seaside in Marblehead, where he rowed and sailed to his heart's content.

September.

After I returned home, I applied for the situation of bell-ringer. As there was another applicant, it was decided that I

should have the position for half the term, and the other applicant for the remaining half.

On Monday, I took father and mother to Warehouse Point. On the way, we had a general talk about getting a horse, mother and I were *pro* and father was *con*. Finally he concluded to keep his eye on the lookout for a horse. And he wrote to Mr. Farrar to find one, and we soon got a letter telling us when it would come in the cars to Hartford. So we went down, and a saddle was put on him, and I rode up home, being pretty tired when we got there. We named the horse Cherry Lawrence, and not long after father went to Springfield on horseback and bought a nice carriage, in which he soon went to meet mother, which was a great surprise to her.

In November, in acceptance of an invitation to pass Thanksgiving at Mount Holyoke Seminary, we all set forth in the new carriage. As we were approaching the building, Eddie, having learned that all the inmates were of the woman kind, gravely remarked, "Then father and I shall be the only gentlemen there."

Of this visit, Mrs. Helen M. Gulliver writes:—

In memory I go back to 1859, when you all came to spend Thanksgiving with us at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Edward impressed me then, and afterwards, when I visited you at East Windsor, as a lad of great promise. One could but admire his exquisite manners, his gentleness and sweetness, and his thoughtfulness for others. His conversation even then revealed his mental ability, and the habit of laying up stores of useful information.

In his journal, he writes:—

On our return home I was left at Springfield, to make a visit at Dr. Rice's. While there I got what I had been desiring for a long time, a set of chessmen and a chess-board.

Sunday morning, the minister in his sermon said that a person might go through a bright course, like that of Wilberforce, or a rapid, useless one, like that of John Brown. Instantly there came "Three cheers for John Brown!"

I received a short time ago a fine chest of tools from Mr. Worthington of New York, and I am planning to do great things with them. (This chest of tools is still preserved.)

Christmas, 1858.

In the afternoon, just before supper, Uncle Leonard came in the stage from Hartford. Pretty soon, Mr. Painter, one of the students, came, and then mother and Mr. Bissell went with him into the parlor, and were there a long time, making him into Santa Claus. By and by they called me in and changed me into one of his imps. At length, Santa Claus began to make a loud noise and finally

walked in, I following at his heels. Father inquired about Mrs. Santa Claus, and he replied that "he had lived 1700 years, and the reason was he had had no wife, and so been without cares."

Feb., 1859.

I got home about one o'clock. After dinner, I rubbed down Cherry, cut some hay, cleared out part of my shop, took the horse down to have his shoes sharpened, walked back, worked in my shop, and did some other things, walked again to the blacksmith's and brought the horse back, and finished my work. In the evening, I read aloud for a time, and then mother read, while I cut papers for pasting.

March:

Last night I received my fiftieth ticket, and with it a jack-knife mother promised me when I got fifty tickets. I was to have one every day that I controlled my temper. It is a splendid knife, sharp as can be.

We have one horse, one cow, nine hens, one rooster, one cat, one pair of pigeons, one carriage, one wagon, one sleigh, one workshop, one box of tools, some hay, some straw, one ice boat, one pasture, one museum, one helper, two sisters, one garden, three stables, one barnyard, two arbors, some money, two parents, no brother, two yards, one bird cage, one bird, one set of chessmen, one chess-board, one chess-book, one magician's book, one collection of puzzles.

About this time Eddie got up a panorama, as he called it, on what seemed an interminable roll of paper, which he exhibited to interested spectators with an enthusiasm pleasant to behold. The programme was prepared at his dictation:—

Panorama.

Scene 1st.	California.	1st part.
	Music.	
Scene 2d.	California.	2d part.
	Music.	
Scene 3d.	Miscellaneous.	Panorama.
	Music.	
Scene 4th.	Misc. Pan.	Concluded.
	Music.	
	Diorama.	
The Army.	The Dancers.	The King and his Attendants.
		The Man and the Bear.
	Music.	

The following are extracts from his journal:—

There is a poor prospect for next term, as a number of the scholars have to stay at home and water that odious, noxious, de-

testable, hateful, baneful, injurious, harmful, low, mean, dirty weed that the worms love so well—Tobacco—which I hate in every form.

I am now making a collection of autographs, cents of every year, postage stamps and a small block of wood of every kind. I have the bark on one side as it has been split, on another, planed, on another, smoothed, and polished on still another. I have cents of thirty-four different years, I believe. A few days ago, when at Hartford, I visited Mrs. Sigourney, and she gave me her autograph. Then I have set thirteen traps for—alas! don't think hard of me—for the poor, innocent birds!

One day at the breakfast table, father and mother said they were going to Hartford. As Thomas Corwin, the senator from Ohio, was going to lecture in the evening, I asked mother if I might go down with them and stop at Mr. Bird's and hear him. At last, she said I might. . . . In the evening, after an address from Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, Thomas Corwin, the wagon-boy of Missouri, was introduced with great applause. His speech was very witty. He said it had been found that, instead of God's making man to earn bread by the sweat of his brow, he made the nigger to sweat for him. Afterwards we followed the torchlight procession, about 3,000 people, and a mile and a half long. We reached Mr. Bird's at about half past eleven, and then I went to bed.

The subject for the Clio, this week, was, "Resolved, that the Democratic party ought to be sustained." One of the disputants remarked that the African would never be equal to the white man, and said several things against the Africans. So, upsprang I, on the other side—for I am bound to defend the African race—and spoke concerning the equality of men, &c., &c. The question was finally decided on my side.

The week after, he writes :—

I just got home in time for the Clio. "Is the raising of tobacco morally wrong?" I spoke in the affirmative. The president did not decide the question. I was appointed orator for the next week.

In the summer of 1860, he left home to spend a few weeks in Massachusetts. He had made several pleasant visits, when, as he writes in his journal,—

I received a letter from mother, saying that, if I wished, I might go to New York and see the *Great Eastern*. I instantly replied that I would go, giving up the rest of my visits. I went by Fall River to New York, where Mr. Worthington met me, taking me at night to his house in Brooklyn. Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*, gave me free tickets, and also kindly arranged to have his nephew take me to Central Park and High Bridge. Mr. Worthington went with me to the *Great Eastern*. It was not till I had been all over her, and had nearly been lost in her, that I had any idea of her size.

He describes his visits to Barnum's Museum, Niblo's Gardens and other places, and his attendance, Sunday, at Henry Ward Beecher's and Trinity Church, "having learned more about New York," as Mr. Worthington wrote me, "than many who had lived there all their lives."

However the mother-heart would delay it, the time comes when it seems best that the child should leave the home-nest. It is a sad hour to the departing one, but far more so to those who remain and who know that it is probably the beginning of years of absence.

When Edward was thirteen it was decided to send him away, mainly for the study of French and German. He writes, in his journal, August 26th, 1860:—

This is the last Sunday I shall spend at home for some time, as I am going away to school at Easthampton. I must study hard. I must try to do right, and to resist the many temptations I shall meet. I must go to church regularly, and not forget my Bible and prayers.

In his first letter, he says: "There is one thing I miss here, and that is family prayers. Some of the boys, I am sorry to say, I do not like, for they use bad language. Indeed, you can hardly go along the street without hearing some one swear. I try to keep a watch over my tongue, and also to reprove them when I get a chance. I sometimes ask them to go out of my room, if they want to swear."

Then follow extracts written all along:—

Oh, I wish the time would fly faster! I like to go to the prayer-meeting, Sunday night, partly, I am afraid, because I should be more homesick in my room. I don't think I have forgotten the Bible and my prayers but once, and I hope it will be the last time.

Father said, truly, that mother knew how to make up a bundle. The grapes I have shared with my friends, the apples I have put in my trunk. I have never spent a single cent for confectionery, and don't intend to.

During all his school and his college days his washing was sent home, giving an opportunity to return welcome parcels,

I am frantic with joy, to think mother is coming to see me. I should like to have her bring me a copy of the *Songs of Zion* (a book used in his home at prayers). . . . I have begun *Sprague's Annals* which mother wished me to read. . . . When the popcorn is ripe, please have mine taken off and husked, as I shall want to bring it here next term.

Now, only one more Sunday! Oh, how I shall jump for joy, when I get home! It is about all I can think of.

On his return he writes:

Easthampton, Dec. 5th, 1860.

This afternoon I have been so homesick that I felt as if I could cry for an hour. At supper, we had nice chicken pie, but after two or three mouthfuls, I had to ask to be excused.

Dec. 8th.

Words cannot express how I have felt. I do so wish I was at home.

Dec. 12th.

Tears came to my eyes while I was in Perkins' room, subscribing for the missionary society.

Dear Father:—

As I sit down to write, I feel miserably homesick. Oh, I wish something could be found to cure homesickness! Nearly fifteen weeks before I shall see you all again. Oh, dear, I don't know what to do! I wish mother would come for a few days.

Dec. 15th.

Last night, I went to the Adelphi. The question was something like this:—"Resolved, that the influences tending towards the perpetuation of the Union are greater than those tending to the dissolution." After an interesting debate, the president decided in the negative, on the weight of argument, and the house decided in the affirmative on the merits of the question.

Jan. 5th, 1861.

My name was propounded for the Adelphi, a week ago. Last night they received me by a vote of forty-three out of forty-nine. I am the youngest member of the Adelphi, and the youngest boy in school. I wish you would send me *Cushing's Manual*. . . . Please don't tell everybody about my being so homesick. . . . I suppose we can say of South Carolina: *Abit! Evasit! Rumpit!*

Not long before his return he writes: "I feel so happy, because I am going home so soon, that I want to jump for joy, and fear I may some day hit my head against the ceiling."

Easthampton, April, 1861.

To-night we raised a flagstaff on the top of the Seminary, so that the stars and strips are waving above our heads. It is dreadful to



think of taking deliberate aim to kill one's own countrymen. But we are forced upon the battlefield, and we have the God of justice on our side. President Lincoln has displayed a most Christian forbearance, but it would be a sin to keep quiet any longer.

Ned had now completed his year at Easthampton. Feeling that, if he at once pursued his preparatory course for college, he would enter rather young, his parents decided that a year in special studies at the Chandler Scientific School in Hanover might be the wisest course, and his mother, while on a visit there, made arrangements for this. When the plan was made known to him, he was full of questions. "On first reading mother's letter," he writes his father, "I hardly liked the plan, for I was expecting to spend the next year at home, but I have come to the conclusion that, on the whole, it is the best thing to be done. How large a place is Hanover? How many are there in the Chandler School? I should like to take up mineralogy next year. Do they study that there? Cannot you send me a catalogue? What is the price of room and board? Have I a nice room? How many windows are there? Is there a gymnasium in the town? Who is the principal, and how many teachers are there? How far is Hanover from St. Johnsbury?"

In his vacation, he writes in his journal: "We have just received both bad news and good news. There has been a great national victory in Missouri, and Price and M'Culloch are killed, but on our side Gen. Lyon is killed; 23,000 rebels were defeated by 8000 nationals. In Lyon, we have lost an able general and a good man.

"Last night further news came of the battle in Missouri. Price and M'Culloch were not killed, but Gen. Lyon was. There were only 5,500 Federal troops engaged, and the battle is considered drawn."

The acquaintance which Edward made with William Rice in November, 1854, was continued by correspondence and an exchange of visits. This same William, now Prof. Wil-

liam North Rice of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, writes, recently, of Edward's first visit in Springfield:—

Both of us were fond of mineralogy and some other departments of Natural Science. Both of us were making collections, and we had a good many things to talk about, as we looked over my boyish treasures. Some time after, I had the pleasure of visiting him at East Windsor. I shall never forget the atmosphere of mutual affection in that home. . . . I was strongly impressed with Edward's love of study and his conscientiousness. I remember, in one of his letters, he said his motto was,—“Take care of the body, take care of the mind, take care of the soul,” and then he spoke of the temptations which beset every earnest student to neglect the care of health and the religious life in his overwork at study.

Prof. Rice's mother adds: “I recall the impression Edward always made upon me—of an attractive, intellectual boy, thoughtful beyond his years, and with moral and religious principles early developed; so that, knowing what I did of the boy, the noble life and character of the man has never surprised me.”

In August, 1861, Edward left home for Hanover, from which place he writes: “Aug. 26th. I passed a full examination by Prof. Woodman and he gave me my certificate. The next day I went to Dr. Lord's and showed him my certificate and receipt, and he signed the former. Then, and not until then, was I a member of the Chandler School.” To which his father replied: “I am glad you have made an honorable entrance by the trap door into Dartmouth College. I hope you will by and by be able to go as easily into the big door of some college and come out honorably at the same.”

Passages from his journal:—

Sept. 11th.

To-day, Longfellow's poetry applies:—

The day is dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary.

The Federal government seems to be slowly gaining. The national loan is being taken, and our troops are getting more and more disciplined.

September 27th.

It is a magnificent day. The sky is clear as crystal, and the zephyrs slightly stir the stately elms, of which so many are to be found in Hanover.

Nov. 1st.

The Naval Expedition sailed, Oct. 29th, and great results are expected from it. About two months ago, I wrote to the Smithsonian Institute, asking for two pamphlets, relative to making collections of Natural History specimens. I had given them up, but day before yesterday they arrived. . . I have commenced learning Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and think it is beautiful.

On Nov. 20th he came home for the long winter vacation. Arrangements were made for his going twice a week to Hartford, with his elder sister, to continue his French and German lessons. On Dec. 25th he writes: "On returning from Hartford, one evening, as I was eating my supper, mother brought down a bundle for me to open. I did so, and found, to my great surprise, a box containing my promised flute. It is a beautiful, eight-keyed one, with silver keys and rings. Henry Schauffler selected it for me. Later, I received an instruction book from Lockhart, the maker. I practise upon it about an hour a day. . . I am about half through *Sprague's Annals*."

Dec. 17th.

We went to Hartford to hear Edward Everett lecture on the war. He is a rather oldish man, something over sixty, I should think, has gray hair and is about middling size. He has none of the oratorical flourish that so many put on, but is perfectly simple. And it is this, joined to his nicety in accent and pronunciation, together with his style of writing, that makes him so popular as a lecturer. . . I must write down here a word I have found in Webster's Dictionary. It is *higgledy-piggledy*.

Jan. 18th, 1862.

I am studying phonography from *Graham's Handbook*, and I am reading with mother Madame de Stael's *Corinne*, which I like very much.

Feb. 14th.

Good news has come from the Burnside expedition. It has taken Roanoke Island with 2,000 men, and also Elizabeth City. It is probable we shall soon hear of the capture of Fort Donaldson.

Hanover, Feb. 28th, 1862.

When I left home, at the end of my vacation, Anna was crying as hard as she could cry, because I was going away, and could not be comforted. . . In one of our free Sunday evening talks, I had

told mother that sometimes in my recitations, I had looked in my book as the other boys did. She talked with me, and advised me to tell Prof. Woodman about it. So, when I called to give him a note from mother, I told him, and also that I had had some help in my drawing. He spoke very kindly about it, and said that it mattered little what we appeared to others, compared with what we really were.

March 8th.

In the President's message, he recommends Congress to make a proposition to the slave states to free their slaves, and to make them pecuniary remuneration for it. It is a splendid thing, and that message alone, it seems to me, will cause Lincoln's name to go down to posterity as that of a great and good man, a wise and able legislator. . . . It is rumored that Napoleon will give the papacy to Archbishop Hughes, when Pope Pius the Ninth dies.

March 17th.

Sometimes I hope that I am a Christian. There is hardly anything I enjoy more than hearing a religious conversation. At times I feel great love for Christ, and am willing to deny myself for him. But in my prayers, I rarely feel as I should. I go through them as a mere form, and often my thoughts wander. Then I have bad thoughts and do not resist them as I should. O Christ, will thou enlighten me and be my guide!

His journal at this time was full of reports from the army, and of its great victories. He also describes an ignoble fight he witnessed between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, because the latter went to prayers with canes in their hands. "Some of them," he writes, "fought like bull dogs, throwing down fellows twice as large as themselves. Very few went in to prayers, and a great crowd was in front of the building. After prayers Prex came out, and with an umbrella over his head, went into the midst of the fighters and commanded them to go to their rooms. They obeyed him."

The spring vacation Edward spent in St. Johnsbury, his father's and grandfather's home, visiting at Mr. Graves' and Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks', and seeing many of his father's relatives and old friends.

Hanover, June 8th, 1862.

This afternoon, I saw Mr. Leeds and talked with him about joining the church. He gave me the Confession of Faith, and said that next week I could meet the Committee. If I understand it right-

ly, in thinking that in joining the church, I engage with the help of God to live a Christian life, then I wish to join it very much. But if in doing this I shall signify that I love Christ in the least degree as I ought, then I cannot. Though I think I feel willing to do God's will, yet I should not dare to affirm that I love him better than anything on earth. And if the question should arise between all I loved and Jesus Christ, although I hope and trust it would be for him, yet I should not dare to assert which would prevail.

At the appointed time he was examined by the Committee, and the following Sabbath joined the church.

CHAPTER IV.

AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;
I know the word and countersign;
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reed's accord,
When laggard Time the hour has tolled
For true with false and new with old
To fight the battle of the Lord!

—John G. Whittier.

At the close of this year at Chandler's School Edward returned home. But his plans for his vacation were interrupted by the appearance of small pox in his birthday sister, brought into the family, unconsciously, by a friend. As soon as it became known, Dingle Side was shut out from all communication with the outside world. Edward was very sick, but recovered in season to go at the appointed time to Andover, where he was to spend two years in Phillips Academy, previous to entering college. Alluding to those days of suffering and seclusion, he says in one of his letters, "I well remember what a delicious feeling I had when I walked out in the pasture for the first time, leaning on father's arm."

A few quotations from his letters home follow:—

I have joined the Academy choir. And a few weeks ago I joined the Society of Inquiry, a religious debating society. I am in a debate on the question, Should a minister of the Gospel ever engage in party politics? I am on the affirmative. I feel as if I were in my natural element when engaged in discussion.

I decided not to go down to Boston to that musical occasion, because, while you are paying out so much for me, I don't like to expend money for my own indulgences.

July 5th.

A student came back from the war a few weeks ago, and is to come into our class. He is over twenty, and a good Christian fellow. He wanted to get a room in Commons, but there was no one vacant, and although I would a great deal rather room alone, I have let him come in with me.

Sept. 28th, 1862.

Last Friday night, I went to hear George Francis Train lecture. He seemed to me half crazy. His plan is to knock the bottom out of England, landing ten thousand Irishmen there and placing an Irishman on the British throne. He says he has met the greatest intellects of the age, and also says in effect that no one can beat him in argument.

Oct. 10th.

I got your letter, this morning, which put me into a joyful mood. How can I ever thank you enough for doing so much for me? There is no end to your love and your interest. I shall like it so much to be in Dio Lewis' Gymnasium.

Nov. 23rd.

I was exulting over our last recitation in Latin, when I saw the expressman's wagon coming, and I can tell you the grass did not grow under my feet till I got my bundle. Those fall pippins were delicious. It must have taken much time to fit up everything and to write all those letters.

Boston, Dec. 7th, 1862.

Aunty and I went to tea at Mr. Peter Harvey's. He has been elected senator in the legislature. I like him exceedingly, although his politics are miserable, he being a semi-secessionist. Thursday, Meta and I called on Richard H. Dana, which was a great treat to me. . . Meta had tickets given her to the Boston Theatre, where Booth was to act as Hamlet. She was very desirous that I should go with her, and after father and mother had talked over the matter, mother wrote me that I might go. We had fine seats and a good opera glass. Booth surpassed all my expectations. Completely unconscious of any audience or of himself, he was only Hamlet. In some of those heart-rending scenes, where the conflict between filial piety and his innate repugnance to murder appears, he acted perfectly, indeed he did not seem to be acting. Those three hours were some of the most interesting and profitable of my life.

On Sunday I attended the Church of the Advent, and heard the choir boys chant the *Te Deum*. In the afternoon, Harry and I went clear up to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, a magnificent building. As I had never been in a Catholic church before, it was all new to me. I noticed particularly the holy water at the entrance. At one of the fountains was a ragged little fellow with a bottle which he was filling with this water. The music was very fine, and that I enjoyed exceedingly. A little above, I could feast my eyes on a most beautiful painting of the Crucifixion.

Another day I went out to Cambridge and attended a lecture of Prof. Agassiz, which was very interesting. I went with Harry

to the Aquarial Gardens, then to Fort Independence, and from there to Fort Warren, where we had to produce our passes, and then make our way to the colonel's quarters. He received us cordially, and then put us in charge of one of his aides, who took us to the rifle pits, then through the casemates, and finally showed us where the prisoners of war were confined.

Andover, Jan. 28th, 1863.

Last Sunday, some factory boys stole from my room my pocket-book, containing about \$11.00, and my knife. I got all the clues I could, and then put it into the hands of the police. Suffice it to say that the whole is recovered, and that, by the advice of Dr. Taylor, I am going to put the matter through, and the boys will probably be sent for a time to the State Reform School.

March 26th, 1863.

Monday my examination passed off, and I had the pleasure of being told that I had made the best rush of any one in the class. . . The question in Philo, next week, is "Ought Lincoln to be nominated for the next president?" I mean to go for the affirmative with all my force. It is a very broad question and, of course, will cover a good deal of ground.

Later, he writes: "I closed the question for the affirmative, and spoke over twenty minutes, though it did not seem more than ten. The night before, I spoke in the Society of Inquiry on the negative of the question, 'Ought intoxicating liquors to be allowed in the army?' Our side was victorious."

After his return to Andover, at the end of a brief vacation, he writes: "The train from Springfield was twenty minutes late, so that it was 5.15 when we got in, and the train left the Boston & Maine station at six, clear off at the other end of the city. Then I had my carpet bag and a bundle to carry. I stopped on the way and got the library books, and then, with this other bundle, rushed along. At last, nearly wearied out, I came in sight of the station and saw by the clock that it only wanted three or four minutes of six, and I still had some distance to go. So I rushed on, slamming my bag against some one's knees, with a hurried 'Excuse me,' and on I hastened, until I passed into the cars, and off they started." Ned's first recitation with Dr. Taylor came in his senior year.

Sept. 6th, 1863.

At three o'clock we went to recite eight lines of the *Aeneid*. Uncle Sam is very fine, and if the question is not answered instantly, "Sufficient," and the next one is called up. One learns to think quick. He adds five lines every day. . . I am installed as organist in our choir and play at Academy prayers, morning and night. Last Sunday, we sang in the Seminary Chapel, where I had charge of the organ.

Prof. Stearns of Bangor Theological Seminary, now in his heavenly home, was in Phillips Academy with Edward, though not a classmate. In a letter from Bangor to him, he says, "I remember you very well years ago in Phillips Academy, when in your round jacket you used to play the organ and sing soprano."

I wish you would send me the dates of your birthday and of father's, and of your wedding day, as I never can remember them.

Sept. 20th.

That old question, "Should ministers ever engage in politics?" was adopted for discussion at the Society of Inquiry. I mean to speak on the affirmative and to gain it too, if I have the ability. . .

Of his class in the Sunday School at Abbotsville, he writes:—

My class consists of girls, who are two or three years older than myself. We read a chapter and then I talk about it. I find that they are interested, for which I feel thankful. Sunday is a very busy day, Biblical at nine, morning and afternoon meeting, Sunday School, and then prayer-meeting.

October 3rd.

As to ministers preaching on politics, our side gained it. The question on "Christianity and Mythology contrasted as a field for the Poet," was decided on my side. I don't allow these discussions to take up much time. I think of them on my way to dinner and supper, and generally leave soon after I have spoken. . . Please send George Herbert's *Poems* by father.

Oct. 17th, 1863.

I was rather put out of sorts, the other morning, by my chum's telling me that one of my friends and classmates had asked him why I did not dress better, remarking that if I, who do so well in everything else, only dressed well, I should be a great deal more thought of. I replied that I could not afford to dress better. I know there is truth in what they say, but I have so many advantages that they don't have, that I have got almost over the effect of the criticisms.

His mother was grieved at these remarks, and wrote that, if they made him unhappy, she authorized him to purchase such garments as he thought best. Very soon came a letter headed:—

CONCERNING CLOTHES.

I am afraid I did not write in my letter quite as I intended. I did not mean to complain at all, for I should be one of the most ungrateful of sons, if I should complain of a little thing like that, in return for all you have done, and are doing for me. But hearing what I did, I wanted sympathy, which I was sure I should get from you. As time has gone on, however, I have lost my special sensitiveness about it. I think I may be able to make what clothes I now have last through the winter. If I cannot, I can get what is necessary at Lawrence. The coat is rather worn, but will do very well till vacation. And those "offending trousers" I have not laid by, nor do I intend to until they give way. If I had stopped to think how you would be troubled, I would not have written what I did.

The class had engaged Gough as one of the lecturers in their course. Ned writes: "At seven, the hall, which seats 800, was packed, but they kept crowding in, till at last every possible space was filled, and then over a hundred were obliged to go away. At half past seven, Gough, with great difficulty, edged himself in. Then came the lecture. Rich and sparkling, he had them in tears at one moment and convulsed with laughter at the next."

Edward received an invitation to pass a few days in Haverhill, including Thanksgiving. As the first ministerial home of his father and mother had been there, the invitation was particularly acceptable. Mrs. Howe, his charming hostess, belonged to the Saltonstall family, and lived in the spacious, colonial Saltonstall home, noted for its gracious and abounding hospitality. Of this delightful Thanksgiving visit he gave an enthusiastic description in his letters, which, after many years, he repeated in one of his first Thanksgiving sermons.

Dec. 27th, 1863.

The electioneering campaign for the secret societies of Yale has commenced. Last week, I received a letter of six pages, electioneering for Gamma Nu. Then there is a Delta Kappa man,

pledging all he can, although he says they want only six or eight of the best scholars. I am the only one who has refused to give a pledge, for I shall not decide to go any where until my parents are fully convinced that it is right to join a secret society. Most of the best fellows I know here have gone to the Delta Kappa. They have but one annual supper, and make no use of any kind of spirits. The majority of the Faculty belong to one or other of the secret societies and are honorary members. But I shall have plenty to say about it when I come home.

Jan. 3d, 1864.

Since last Saturday, men have been here electioneering for Gamma Nu, and the Brothers, which is one of the two large open societies. That was just what I wanted—a chance of hearing the arguments of both societies from their own men. I must say there is a great difference in the statements. I presume you would be perfectly willing for me to decide on Gamma Nu. No one belonging to that society has ever been expelled or suspended. If I decide soon, I may be able to induce some of our good fellows to go there. . . . Sometime this term, I have to write my president's address for the Society of Inquiry. I have decided on the subject, "Law, Human and Divine."

Jan. 10th.

If, a week ago, some one had told me that during the week forty-four members of the school, and some of the hardest boys, too, would become Christians, and that, too, without the excitement that usually attends revivals, I should have found it hard to believe him. To give the history of it would require pages, and that I have not time for. I think there is no one in the school whose heart is not touched, and they all need to be spoken to or prayed with. Can you wonder that I have sacrificed my studies to this? Still I keep on with my classes.

From their earliest years Ned's father and mother were in the habit of a Sunday evening talk with their children, which they tried to make a *full outing*. Ned often spoke of the benefit he derived from this custom. After speaking again of the religious interest, he writes: "Now, dear father and mother, for that Sunday talk! I feel that my great sin during the past year has been a lack of faith and also of making my religion practical—talking and praying with my companions. Then my prayers have not been a true heart-offering, but cold and formal. . . . And now, when I talk with any one on religion and it seems to move him, the thought keeps coming up that *I* have done all this. Oh, it is hard to keep these bad thoughts out of my bad heart! Strange that

I serve such an enemy as Diabolus! But I know by Christ's strength he can be conquered."

On May 20th of this year came the Silver Wedding at Dingle Side, when Edward, of course, was present. His sister, Meta, also came, and finding that a poem for the occasion was expected from her, she sat down at once and wrote the following verses:

THE SILVER WEDDING.

May 20, 1864.

Ye powers who send the sunny days,
O grant us lovely weather,
That neither cloud nor shower may shade
Our meeting here together.

But whether light, or whether dark,
The sky that hangs above us,
'Tis bright as Summer in the hearts
And eyes of those that love us.

For since the rosy morning ray
First dawned on our horizon,
The years have shed a steady glow
That now we rest our eyes on.

A moonlight radiance calm and still,
A pure and silvery brightness;
No shade of past or present ill
To dim or mar its whiteness.

For though the shades have come and gone,
And life was not all shining,
Still glimmered through the darkest cloud
Its inner silver lining.

O silver day! O silver years!
Fill up your golden measure,
Till Time shall bring, unbroken still,
His fifty years of pleasure.

The golden years then still glide on,
With many a sweet May dawning,
Until you wake to see some day
A Paradisal morning!

A poem was also read from Caroline A. Mason, a dear friend of the family. From the published account by a guest a few passages are given:

The pleasure of the guests was much enhanced by music from the piano and flute, with vocal performances, all of a high order of excellence. We must not forget to mention the gifts from friends, absent as well as present, in great variety, from the more weighty silver "weapon of defence," and other articles of the same material, equally combining elegance and utility, to a scent-bag from Italy, and an exquisite Cape Jasmine, "for the bride,"—all highly prized as expressions of interest in the occasion. One of them was a sealed roll, which, on being opened, revealed a rare set of antiques, in the shape of fifty three-cent pieces. Another was a pair of sugar-tongs, with a poem by the giver, a gentleman over seventy years of age, beginning with the following playful stanza:

"Accept, dear friends, these sugar-tongs,
A symbol of your silver wedding;
For in their union, too, the prongs
Secure life's sweetness at your bidding."

Not the least valuable of the tokens were photographs of absent friends, to receive which a handsome album had quite opportunely been presented. Among them were those of the venerated patriarchs, President Nott and Rev. Dr. Jenks, that of the latter enclosed in a letter written in a style of classic elegance, to which he subscribes himself, "Your friend and your father's friend."

The latter hours of the evening were occupied with addresses from the Doctor and his colleagues—Rev. Mr. Tyler, Mr. A. S. Roe, the well known author, and Rev. Prof. Hoppin of New Haven. While wit and sentiment found an appropriate place, both in the letters and addresses, the more earnest and serious aspects of the occasion were not lost sight of. Many touching allusions were made to the absent child, removed, years ago, to a heavenly mansion,—the fair "Broken Bud" which, even when crushed and withering, gave forth sweet and imperishable odors, that have since comforted the sick heart of many a bereaved mother. Carrie's portrait was smiling upon us in life-like beauty. We could but think of the possibility that her spirit hovered near with his—the revered father of the "new, old bride," as, with an expression of ineffable benignity, the chiselled features of the venerable divine looked forth from beneath a laurel crown, and seemed to breathe a benediction on the scene.

Andover, May 28th, 1864.

We have just commenced Homer, and are rushing along at a very rapid rate. I send proofs of my class photographs. They all look cross, although I tried to have a slight smile.

When Ned wrote home that he had the valedictory, his birthday sister hearing the tidings and seeing that it was warmly welcomed, ran around the house, shouting, "Ned's got the *varioid*!" When he handed in his subject, Dr.

Taylor recommended a fresher one, and gave him "The Roman and Goth in the Fourth Century."

June 4th.

Last night, one of the two Senior orations at the public exhibition of Philo, the Friday before the term closes, was offered me. There are three orations, two Senior and one Middler, and they are the highest orations the Society bestows. Shall I accept it? If I do, I shall have two orations to write, each eight minutes long. Of course, it is gratifying to have taken the highest scholarship and one of the highest literary honors at the same time. The Committee are very urgent, appealing to my patriotic feelings. I will be governed entirely by what you think.

He accepted the appointment, and selected as his subject, "Brute and Moral Force." At the request of the class, Meta wrote the poem for their Anniversary exercises, with which great satisfaction was expressed.

As the class meeting of Ned's father at Dartmouth College came this year, it was arranged that the family forces should be divided, the father and eldest daughter going to Hanover, and the mother and youngest to Andover to hear Ned's valedictory. When the latter reached Andover Hill, they found a great excitement prevailing from the call for volunteers, who were to go as hundred days' men. Concerning this, Ned wrote: "Dear Father,—They are raising a company for the war from the academy. Thirty names are down and thirty more, if their parents consent. I ask your leave to go, and I hope you will consent for that short time. The Governor says he will obviate any difficulty in regard to those who are under eighteen. We ought to go next week, at the farthest. Please write immediately, giving your consent."

Dr. Taylor called on Ned's mother, to say that the complement of men was already filled, but he did not wish to discourage the boys. This was added to the letter. At last the answer came. His father admired the pluck of the boys, but thought they had better "tarry at Jericho till their beards be grown." So Ned remained and delivered the val-

edictory, to the satisfaction of his friends if not of his own, and afterward passed a part of his vacation very pleasantly in Brunswick.

Miss Russell, in whose house Ned had a room in his last Andover year, writes: "I like to look on your son's residence with us as one of those events in which I can recognize the hand of my heavenly Father, mingling as he is wont to do, unexpected pleasures with the every-day duties and cares of life. We shall ever cherish grateful recollections of his gentlemanly deportment and of his earnest prayers and faithful Christian labors, especially in connection with our little mission field."

Ned took his meals at a club, where he became quite an adept in carving. When confined for a short time by a severe cold, the boys brought him in what they could. But he fully appreciated a hot breakfast and dinner which Mrs. Sereno Abbott, noted for her kindness, thoughtfully sent in to him. She writes: "I remember his bright, handsome face when you came to establish him in Latin Commons, and how you worked day after day to make his bare room look homelike and cozy. Uncle Farrar greatly admired and revered your father, and he always seemed pleased when your son came in to play the piano, or brought in his wonderful flute. That was the particular admiration of my young people."

Mrs. Charlotte P. Nichols, a sister of his classmate, Edgar L. Kimball, from Bradford, and a fine pianist, writes:—

When Edward Lawrence was a member of Phillips Academy, he came over occasionally with my brother, bringing his flute for a little music at our house. Even in those boyhood days, he was such a choice spirit that it was a pleasure to meet him, and to play with him his well-chosen selections, for while music was a recreation, it was not carelessly entered upon. Life was very earnest to him even then, and meant work and high ambitions. He was far above most boys in this respect, and his manliness was always very apparent. During his life in foreign lands, it was one of the greatest pleasures to receive a leaf or a flower gathered in memory of some great master, whom we had talked of in those early days. His life, too soon ended, has left a charm for us, inexpressible, but very lasting.

A very pleasant testimony came from Principal Taylor. In speaking of Edward with my brother Leonard, he said that in his whole course in Phillips Academy he had never found in him a single thing out of the way.

When Edward preached in Worcester in the summer of 1891, he wrote me of meeting in the church with Dr. Peabody, an old friend. I was moved recently to write him at the City Hospital, telling him I was preparing a memorial of my son, and should be glad to learn of their acquaintance. I cannot forbear giving his reply:—

Worcester, June 6th, 1899.

Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

I remember your son Edward very well. I was in his class at the Academy during the senior year, and roomed near him in Latin Commons. He was a hard worker, a faithful student and an earnest Christian; brilliant in the class-room, active on the athletic field, and the life of our social gatherings. I believe he had the respect and love of every one of his classmates. I remember him with peculiar regard, as I recall a scene in my room, where he had sought me, and where alone with him and God, I was led to the beginning of a new life.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT YALE.

Steadily, steadily, step by step,
Up the venturous builders go,
Carefully placing stone on stone;
Thus the loftiest temples grow.

In Sept., 1864, the young man, now seventeen, sets forth for Yale College. On the 13th, he writes:—

On reaching New Haven, by dint of inquiring at almost every corner, I made my way to Hillhouse Avenue, where Mrs. Hoppin received me cordially, and soon set out with me in search of a room. Meeting an Andover classmate, he went with me to a Club, where were Wilder and a crowd of sixty-fourers. Wilder took me to a room on York Street, which I finally engaged on certain conditions. But my hostess wanted to know if I had been examined, and receiving a negative, hesitated, because she had heard that many were being turned away. However, I contrived to satisfy her, and had my luggage brought here.

On Wednesday, I went into the examination about eight, getting through by half past twelve. At half past two, I received my white paper, which signifies that I have passed without conditions. The next day the Freshmen met in the chapel and were separated into four divisions. I am in the second, and we have for our division officer, Tutor Wright, who was one of the founders of Gamma Nu, and is very popular.

It is a new experience, in going past a Sophomore's room, to hear some one shout, "Ah, Freshy!" . . . Prof. Hadley, to whom we recite in Greek, is quite different from Uncle Sam, but is very gentlemanly and quiet and fair and interesting. I like him very much. Last night, I joined Gamma Nu, having become fully satisfied that that was the place for me.

Sept. 21st.

At last the grand rush in Library Street. Four abreast, with locked arms, a hundred and twenty of us rushed on till we were suddenly checked by a living wall of Sophs. For a while both parties were dead locked, but finally the Sophs, overwhelmed by our superior strength, veered to one side, and we passed on in the very middle of the street, victorious. Nine times was the scene repeated. Seven times we rushed them, twice they forced their way through. But it was a fearful scene; shoutings and cheerings

rent the air. Twice I expected my wrist to give some sign of breakage, but it was only sprained. All day yesterday I had a little difficulty in breathing, from the soreness of my ribs. But it is all right now. Only one was badly hurt, being thrown down, and one side of his face and body trampled on, but he is around again.

Yale, Oct. 1865.

Yesterday, I took a long walk with McGregor and Cramer to Pine Rock, a short distance northeast of West Rock. The rock is very steep, and with its sides covered with small stones, which slip as soon as you touch them. Arrived on the top, however, the view compensates for the toil. A grand valley lies before you, on one side there being nothing but forests until the mountains rise in the distance. There is not a sign of civilization, and near by West Rock rises grim and solitary in its grandeur, its bare, steep sides presenting a striking contrast to the undulating ground-work of green which fills up that part of the valley. But looking the other side, everything is changed. On the edge of the Sound lies the beautiful city of New Haven, seeming almost to float upon the water, while over the rocks and hills there hovers a peculiar tinge of blue, which gives an indescribable softness to what might otherwise be a harsh setting for the gem of a city which they embrace. The sun had just set, and on looking back, across the dark forest were streaming rays of light, while in the centre of this light, the sky seemed like a fiery ocean. But our watches warned us that we must end this pleasure, so we plunged down into the woods and cut across the country, reaching town about seven o'clock.

Oct. 2nd.

Last night, in Gamma Nu, we discussed the question:—"Resolved, that if the states of the south offer to return to their allegiance, they should be received to their rights as states, those of their slaves who are free to remain so, and those who are in bondage to remain so." Hume and Sears were leaders on the affirmative, Tweedy and I on the negative. Our side won, both from the chair and the house. . . Robert Hume, who is in my division, I like very much. He is a fine speaker and scholar.

Oct. 16th.

A day or two ago, the superintendent of the African Mission School urged me to take a class. Dr. Cleveland also asked me to take one in the Mission School connected with his church. I decided for the African Sunday School. . . Last night, we had a meeting of our class to form a Temperance Society. We have already forty-two names to a pledge to drink no intoxicating liquors during the four years' course, and hope to have sixty, at least.

Oct. 26th.

The German opera troupe from New York has been here for two nights, playing *Martha* and *Faust*. The music was very fine, and quite a number of my friends were going. And although the

tickets were two dollars, yet as you don't think the opera under certain conditions, is wrong, I—do you think I went? By no means, for there is a time for everything. And the term is certainly not the time for going to the opera.

This recalls an incident that occurred at East Windsor Hill, in one of his Phillips Academy vacations. On a walk with his mother from Mr. E. P. Roe's, the author of "Look Ahead," at whose house they had taken tea, he told her with some hesitation, as if fearing she might laugh at his scruples, that he had been thinking that his flute-playing might be too great an indulgence, and that he ought, therefore, to give it up. When his mother assured him that she fully appreciated his scruples and that in her young days she had had similar ones with regard to certain things, and had become a temporary ascetic, the dear boy was so happy in being understood, that right there in the street, he put his arms around her neck and kissed her. And then, in that lonely stroll through the woods, they went into the roots of matters, and had a long talk as to the principles that should govern them. As he grew older he became more and more firm in the belief that asceticism was no part of religion, and was broad and, as some might think, too liberal as to his views of certain amusements, if indulged in at suitable times and where one has no conscientious scruples.

Dec. 14th.

I received, yesterday, an invitation from Mrs. Collins, 9 Hill-house Avenue, to be present at the Bouquet to-night at half-past seven. I shall go, though I don't know who she is, or what it is, or why I am invited.

Early in the year 1855 Edward had trouble with his eyes, which led him to write: "Unless my eyes are greatly strengthened within six months, I cannot accomplish what you, or my Society, or I desire. Of course it will be a great disappointment not to be able to keep up my stand."

This trouble continued, to some extent, during his college course, and necessarily affected his standing. And although using ponies was quite the fashion, he could not for a mo-

ment think of this. During a visit of his mother's at Mrs. Wheeler's an old friend in Hillhouse Avenue, he was there often. As the result, Mrs. Wheeler kindly proposed that he should have a seat at her table and take his meals there. He accepted her invitation, and continued to be thus a semi-member of her family through the remainder of his college life.

While in New York in one of his vacations, Edward called on Dr. George B. Cheever, with a letter from his mother. It was very satisfactory to her and to his father, that in his response Dr. Cheever adds: "I was very much pleased with your son. He seems to me a noble fellow, sensible and high minded, the promise of a great treasure to you and the world."

Edward desired to take lessons of Prof. Mark Bailey in elocution, but always considerate as to his expenses, he proposed using his small private allowance towards the payment.

One day there came a letter from Tutor Wright, announcing that Edward had reached the first course of discipline. Great indeed was the consternation of his father and mother! It was as if the stars had fallen from heaven, and led to a speedy inquiry as to such unexpected delinquencies. Before this reply could have reached the tutor there came a letter from Edward:—

"Owing to a severe headache and toothache I stayed away from prayers several times, which, with some other special interruptions, may give me enough marks to bring you a letter. But it will only mean that I have sixteen marks against my name, and since I could get thirty-two and have them erased at the end of the term, you need not be alarmed."

Soon came the tutor's reassuring reply, closing as follows: "Edward's success in the studies of the course is very satisfactory, and his faithfulness unimpeachable.

"Very truly yours, "Arthur W. Wright."

In this connection are given extracts from a letter by this same tutor, now Prof. Wright, dated New Haven, Aug. 21st, 1894:—

I feel the loss of your son as that of a personal friend, for there have been few of those whom I have taught here, of whom I have so pleasant a memory. His frank and manly character in college made our relations much less formal than is customary between student and teacher. He always appeared to me a man of superior quality, intellectual and moral, and as one from whom we should hear much as the years went on. Even as a student, he showed a maturity of character, knowledge and judgment beyond his years, with an unusual power of thinking and expressing his thoughts. These, with his open-mindedness, directness, and moral earnestness, were elements of power which made themselves felt in his life. It a great loss that, with capabilities so admirable and so nobly developed, his life should have been so brief.

Speaking of his boys in Bethany Mission, Edward writes: "They want to hear nothing but stories, and consider any instruction as a kind of penance which they only endure for the sake of the story which follows. One Sunday, while I was talking with them, one of the boys burst out with the request that, after Sunday School, I would go out chestnutting with them. They all joined in the request and became quite importunate. I took occasion to apply the fourth commandment, which I had just been repeating, when one of them responded, 'Well, we won't go chestnutting, but only to walk and will pick up whatever chestnuts we find.' Sophistry, it seems, creeps into the heads of the ignorant as well as the learned."

About this time Edward got the idea of writing shorthand, and wishing his letters to be intelligible to his mother, he sent her a copy of Graham's text book to enable her to interpret them. She studied it up and surprised him by writing the first letter. He sent her several letters thus written, and then dropped the short-hand, much to her relief.

New Haven, Sept. 16th, 1865.

Well, dear mother, I am in the harness again, and ready for work. The night of my arrival, I drew out a mattress and slept on the floor. The next day I put down my carpet and got most

of my furniture, and now I am fairly settled down, with my pictures up, my round table in the middle of the room, and my bureau and bookcase on one side. My drawers are all nicely arranged, and my clothes hang from their appropriate nails.

We are now enjoying the pleasure of being called Sophomores. It is one of the college customs that no Freshman shall be allowed to sit on the college fence. The other day, a Freshman, not acquainted with this rule, was taking his ease on the fence when one of our class stepped up to him and announced that Freshmen were not allowed to sit there, and, of course, he instantly retreated. The Sophomores also stand by the posts, and refusing to let the Freshmen pass through, make them jump over the fence. None of these things do I ever intend to do, for although college custom sanctions it, it certainly is not gentlemanly. A good many go round and smoke the Freshmen out. Night before last, a number of Sophomores went into a Freshman's room and commenced the process, when he drew a revolver and threatened to shoot the first one who attempted this. They left with quite a feeling of respect for his pluck.

Last night, I delivered my oration at Gamma Nu Hall, before an audience of between sixty and seventy-five, composed of the members of the "incoming class,"—the title by which Freshmen are always addressed when they are being electioneered—and of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. It went off very well, I believe.

New Haven, May 6th, 1866.

We have Prof. Northrup this term, in Rhetoric. I like him exceedingly. He makes the boys take their hands out of their pockets when they get up to recite. Yesterday he made a hit at the general style of conversation among the students, saying that a very important means of benefiting ourselves is absolutely thrown away by the frivolous character of our talk.

I have just come from a very interesting service. Twenty-three members of college joined the church, to-day, thirteen from the Senior class. As all these young men stood together, I could not help asking myself, "Will they all hold out? Will they continue the fight till the victory is won?" Then when we left the sacred scene, and came out again into the cold, hard world, I asked myself, "Shall we, who have just been partaking of the Lord's Supper, all meet together in heaven?" And yet, can any fall from grace who have once had it?

I enjoy my drawers much since you put them in order, and intend to keep them so.—I have seven flower-pots on my window,—three geraniums, a fuchsia, verbena, heliotrope and a pan with German ivy and two other plants in it. The verbena is in bloom, and its gay red tuft nods its head to me as I enter the room, causing a draught. The heliotrope is beginning to blossom, and will soon fill the room with its fragrance.

We are going to have a picnic in Bethany for the children, and I am on the Committee, who are expected to see that swings are put up and games provided, the duties being more honourous than onerous.

June 14th, 1866.

On the whole, I have decided not to go to Worcester to see the boat races. My expenses have been pretty large, and this is one way to retrench. I shall be sorry to give it up, but am decided.

June 26th.

Meta will tell you that I took the third prize in composition. Prof. Northrup told me this in advance, saying that my piece was clear, correct and forcible, and was a greater improvement on the other than was denoted by the mere fact of its taking a prize, adding that there was no fear for me.

Edward's room, the next term, was in the chapel, which, he says, reminds him of home. In getting his furniture in advance, he had written, "I have decided not to buy a carpet, but to have one of your old ones patched up, while *you* have the new one." His account of his room is given in full as illustrating one of his characteristics. "In front of me," he writes, "is one window looking upon North College, and at the side, on College Green; my ivy hangs at this window, and on the same side in the corner is my stove. My Gamma Nu Poster is one side of the stove and my oil painting on the other. In the right hand corner on a little bracket is Hebe. There is another window looking through the city green. On one side hangs Cymbeline and on the other a little cross. Between the two doors stand my bureau, bookcase, and at the left my lounge, above which is a shelf with a clock and other articles on it. Above this is the engraving from 'Tempest,' and on one side 'Night and Morning.' I am writing at my round table in the middle of the room, over which is my hanging lamp. The table cloth does excellently. The paint is white. The paper has just been put on and is very pretty—diamond-shaped figures. I like the looks of my room very much. I need one curtain three feet, three inches in breadth, and three feet, six inches in height. Please fix a strong string on the top of it to run on."

Yale, Sept. 30th, 1866.

Dear Father:—

Mother told me that she was reading *Ecce Homo* with you, and advised me to read it. I have it on my table now,

and have been looking at one or two passages, which I will quote: Page 218:—"The New Testament is not the Christian law; the precepts of the apostles, the special commands of Christ, are not the Christian law. To make them such is to throw the Church back into that legal system from which Christ would have set it free. The Christian law is the spirit of Christ, that Enthusiasm of Humanity, etc." Page 250:—"Christianity is natural fellow-feeling or humanity raised to the point of enthusiasm." Page 274:—"Christ. . . pronounced the Enthusiasm of Humanity to be everything, and the absence of it to be the absence of everything." Page 346:—"The sight of very notable degrees of Christian Humanity in action will do more to kindle the enthusiasm, in most cases, than reading the most impressive scenes of the life of Christ." Page 342:—"It is a common mistake of Christians to represent that faith is alone valuable, and as, by itself, containing all that man can want or can desire;" and countless other quotations, which, of course, you have noticed. I have only glanced over the book, but some of these passages seem hardly correct, although his reasoning appears plausible. I don't know whether the explanation may be found in the difference of terms:—that where we say, Devotion, Faith, Principles, he says "Enthusiasm of Humanity," meaning the same things. Please write me your thoughts about it.

Edward was greatly interested in the Bethany Mission School, of which his classmate, John Chapin, was superintendent. In consequence of a great pressure he felt that he must resign and a theologian was elected. Of him Edward writes: "He is very energetic, but in that position is not a success. So I told John Chapin that I would give up my reading and everything except my studies, and devote my time to aiding about Bethany, if he would keep his position. It will be a sacrifice, but I think I ought to do it."

The conduct of some of our Sophomores makes me absolutely indignant. The valedictorian of the last Phillips Academy class at Andover, and a fine fellow every way, as he was going to bed, was visited by a large party of boys who came to smoke him out. After filling the rooms so that you might almost cut the smoke with a knife, one of them, spying a Bible, took it, calling out, "Come, Freshy, be a good boy and scan the Bible for us," going on in that way, till at last he said, that, whatever they did with him, he wished they would not jest with sacred things. The miserable scamps exclaimed, "Oh, he's a good little boy, a nice religious boy, and does he read his Bible and say his prayers twice a day?" They go into a room, and, if the Freshman is out, they ransack his trunks, and carry off anything they fancy.

From a careful examination of the last New York papers, I think that, as soon as Congress has voted on the Supplementary Reconstruction Bill, it will adjourn, probably till October. That will allow the impeachment to lie, the Southern States to come in if they choose, and also give Congress time to see if the President means to enforce the Reconstruction Bill.

Washington, April 18th, 1866.

Oh, cheu, ah, proh, val, vah, (which in poetry do not elide their vowels,) *de qua, bene, intelligimus, ut recte vocata sit urbs magnificentium, distantium, O Capitolium dome cujus rises sublimis in ether,—verba non possunt to express meam admirationem* of your grandeur, *igitur* I shall not try. At the first glimpse of the Capitol I was overwhelmed. . . I have been through it, and also the Patent Office, Treasury Building, Smithsonian Institute, White House, National Observatory—visited Washington's Monument, Georgetown College, Georgetown Heights, Fort Whipple, Freedman's Village, Arlington and the National Cemetery, the Soldiers' Home, Alexandria, Mt. Vernon, Navy Yard,—been through the Monitor, the Botanical Gardens, besides hearing the most distinguished Congressmen, and making all the calls you desired. Thursday evening, I heard the President address the soldiers and sailors, and on Friday, the colored people, who were celebrating the anniversary of their freedom.

Baltimore, April 27th, 1866.

Dear Mother.

This is to let you know that I shall leave here in the boat for Philadelphia, and you may expect me at Poplar Street about eight. They want me to stay till Monday, but I have seen about all, and I want to be with you. I have just come back from a horseback ride to the Park. I enjoy riding so much. I like the Perrys better and better the more I see of them. Isn't Baltimore a nice city, and are not the people very social? Soon you will receive a loving epistle, so adieu from

Your affectionate son,

Ned.

In reference to a proposed debate on the mingling of races, Edward writes:—

The following is my plan: First. The effect which such a mingling has had as shown by history and science.—The foreign class two divisions: First, the Protestant class—Germans, English, Welsh, Scotch, Swiss and Norsemen. Second, Irish, French and Italians. The effect of these diverse elements on our liberty-loving character will, undoubtedly, be good. On our intellectual, probably ultimately good, though temporarily doubtful. On our moral and religious character, much is to be feared, especially from the Irish. Then sum up, and close, introducing the negro as an unsettled problem. Does that suit you? Many sacrifice their studies to these debates. But I do not wish to do this nor do you to have me.

Yale, Nov. 4th, 1866.

Bethany is coming on finely. The Bateman troupe,—that is Parepa, Brignoli, etc., is to give two concerts here, and Bethany is to receive thirty-three and one-half per cent of all over \$2,000, and fifty per cent. of all over \$3,000. With that we shall build the addition to our chapel. . . I will endeavor to make good use of the *Index Rerum* you sent me. I enjoy *In Memoriam* exceedingly. And I am reading *Religio Medici*. I should like to read that with you, and also begin *In Memoriam* again and read two numbers a day, with an aphorism from Coleridge. In George Herbert, let us begin next Sunday, and read four pages every Sunday, commencing with *The Church Porch*. I want to do all this reading very slowly, so as to reflect. I shall enjoy it exceedingly.

This habit of reading with his mother when they were separated was continued to a greater or less extent through his life.

Yale, Nov. 18th, 1866.

We have chosen our question for prize debate:—"Did Daniel Webster's speech on March 7th, 1850, detract from his character as a statesman and a patriot?" I mean to take the affirmative, unless I find reason to change my views. I think in father's published sermon about Webster, he took the same ground.

Nov. 26th.

I find that all, with one or two exceptions, are going to take the negative of our question as to Webster. This nerves me to renewed energy, for I fully believe the affirmative, and want to stand my ground.

Edward felt himself at home in discussions, and notwithstanding his early purpose to be a minister, had gradually come to feel inclined towards the law as the profession for which he was best fitted. It was early in September, 1866, that he wrote his mother of his going to Prof. Northrup's room for the purpose of a free talk with him. The Professor had himself been a lawyer, and while in practice had considered the matter very thoroughly. He fully admitted that a devoted Christian lawyer might do much good religiously, citing the case of the well-known Mr. Durant of Boston. After talking it all over, Edward writes: "The Professor thought the results would be better for me, both in this life and in the life to come, if I should devote myself to the service of God directly rather than indirectly. Then he gave

his advice unhesitatingly, that if I felt myself fitted, I should go into the ministry. I think I feel very near a decision to that effect now. It seems as if the hand of God was pointing that way."

This conversation evidently proved the turning point with Edward, and the next month he writes :

Oct. 7th, 1866.

To-day, at the Communion table, I consecrated my life, with God's help, to the ministry. I hope God will give me grace, so that my work may redound to his glory. I look for my reward, not in this life, but in the life to come.

Nov. 24th, 1866.

I cannot explain why, my dear mother, but often I hardly wish to live long in the world. The objects of human desire seem so utterly worthless when attained, that I feel sometimes the impossibility of obtaining happiness here. Even human friendship is feeble and full of breaks. At such times I most heartily rejoice in my profession, as seeking its reward, not in the good will of men, who cannot see motives and almost always misjudge actions. And it is a sad fact that people pay doctors of medicine much better for trying to call them back to this world than they do ministers of the Gospel for trying to guide them to the other world. But then the latter have their reward on the other side. And when I see how much vice and suffering there is everywhere, I want to live long and bring all I can, through God's help, to the foot of the cross. I cannot pretend to have attained the state of the stoic or of the old hermits, who were utterly disgusted with the world. My desires to see this world have hardly been satisfied enough as yet for me to feel that. Only I can understand how the truest artists refuse to sacrifice their sense of art to the popular desires, and, though not at all appreciated, find their reward in themselves.

Dec. 1st.

I passed a delightful Thanksgiving. Frank Cramer and I took breakfast in our room, at about half-past nine. We had hot chocolate, mutton chops, fried oysters, omelette and toast, cooking every thing ourselves.

Feb. 2d, 1867.

In handing me back my piece about Webster, yesterday, Prof. Northrup expressed himself as much pleased with it. His chief criticism was, that while there was a great number of powerful arguments, they were not arranged in the most effective manner.

Edward often spoke in the warmest terms of Prof. Northrup, who all through his college course had been, not only an efficient teacher, but a faithful friend and counsellor. Dur-

ing his last year he had a talk with him which he felt would be of great service to him through his life. The Professor spoke of a latent bashfulness which he had observed, and made it clear to him that by rooming alone he had become a sort of hermit, and that this habit would interfere with his success as a pastor. Those who knew Edward in his ministerial life and observed how peculiarly accessible he was to all classes and ages and conditions, could hardly have believed that he was once shy and reserved.

It is a pleasure to give the testimony of Prof. Northrup, now President of the University of Minnesota :—

The Rev. Dr. Edward A. Lawrence was a man of singular clearness of moral vision, of unvarying candor, and of great courage, joined to great modesty. I knew him as a student in Yale, where he was an excellent scholar, with much literary ability, of marked humility of spirit, great purity of character, and a thoroughly manly fellow. I followed his career in later years with much interest, and was delighted to find him always ready to champion the cause of right in either church or state. And I had come to regard him as one of the leaders in the denomination. His early death was mourned by me as a personal loss and as a much greater loss to the kingdom of Christ in this world, in which he had rendered manly and effective service.

April 29th, 1867.

Ristori acted here last week in *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Considering it a thing of a life time, to hear the greatest tragedienne of this, or perhaps any age, I went. What I saw and felt in those few hours will never pass from my mind. Prof. Porter was there with all his family, and a number of our tutors. Such self-possession, such grace, and more than all such a complete assumption of the character she was acting, I never saw or dreamed of.

June 19th.

Besides Bethany, I have taught for the last few Sundays in the Methodist School for Willie Rice, while he is preaching at Long Meadow. The class is one of middle-aged ladies.

July 1st, 1867.

Dear Father:—

Presentation week is just finished. Our spoon exhibition was a great success, surpassing everything for a number of years. The hall was packed with such an audience as is rarely seen. I came on the stage five times, and was never more at home. The faces were all smiling and sympathetic and it seemed like being in a large parlor where we all knew one another. We had the college fence on the stage, and a scene representing the college buildings. . . Only one year more, and I must say good-bye to Yale and my classmates.

Edward had a great desire in his summer vacation to make a trip to the West, and wrote his parents of his plan, in case they approved. He expected to secure the monitorship of the choir, the next term, which would help meet the expenses. In response to their answer, he wrote:—

Yale, July 8th, 1867.

Dear Mother:—

I have just received your letter and reply *instantly*. You are the best and kindest of fathers and mothers, and I can never repay you.

Edward started on his journey about the middle of July, and, besides keeping a full journal, sent frequent letters home. Only a few extracts can be given:—

Stillwater, Minn., Aug. 11th, 1867.

I will not begin to speak of the scenery I have beheld this last week, or I could not stop. The upper Mississippi, Minnehaha, St. Anthony's Falls, and the whole country, make this the best part of my trip. I shall go, to-morrow, a few miles up the St. Croix to Taylor's Falls, where is the grandest scenery in the state. I was in ecstasy all the time we were passing through the Upper Mississippi. The last night on the boat I sat alone on the upper deck in the moonlight till twelve o'clock, and got up the next morning at half-past four. I made some pleasant acquaintances on the boat and enjoyed the whole extremely. I saw every phase of steamboat life—gambling, swearing, drinking, heard darkies sing, saw an Indian war-dance, witnessed a row between the darkies and Irishmen, while our boat took part in a race with the *Phil Sheridan*, in which we beat at very quick time, until delayed by our wood barge. Minnesota is a grand state. . . . The power of the sun here surpasses anything I have ever known.

Edward had a prosperous journey, carrying out his plan, and making delightful visits at Beloit, Chicago, Milwaukee and other places, and returning through Montreal.

From New Haven, Sept. 16th, 1867, he writes: "I am back here and at work again. We recite to the President one day in Guizot's *History of Civilization*, and the next to Prof. Porter in Stewart's *Moral Science*. Each of them also gives two lectures a week on the same subject. We have four lectures and two recitations a week in Chemistry and two in Astronomy. It is delightful to be under Pres. Woolsey,

whether in recitations or lectures. His thoughts are as clear as crystal, and though very simply expressed, they are polished and beautiful. He very seldom uses illustrations, and does not need them."

Looking back on my vacation, I feel that I have profited by it in every way. My ideas seem enlarged from having seen something of our vast country. Then I have seen how people live without complaint on the bare necessities of life. I have seen, too, how much need there is of men who preach the pure Gospel of Christ, leaving out denominational bickerings and quarrels, and do it from a pure and loving heart. My visit to Washington helped to dispel the illusion with which I had regarded political life, and this has strengthened my love for the ministry. I believe I shall feel all my life the benefits of this summer's travels. Among the minor advantages have been a knowledge of the geography and some idea of the resources and beauty of my own country. Moreover, if that seems to be the call, I shall be perfectly ready to go west and settle any where. I have endeavored to follow out father's injunctions—have studied men and character and Congregationalism, and have tried to help some in trouble, besides keeping up a full journal, which I shall enjoy reading to you next December. I hope I have advanced some in my Christian life, and that I shall keep on faithfully in the good fight.

Yale, Sept. 30th, 1867.

I feel, this year, as if I were in a new world. Some things seem more and others less in importance. This is owing, I suppose, to the character of our studies, to my realizing sense that it is my last year, and to my travels this summer. . . . In Moral Philosophy we are studying the Will, and learning to oppose the views of Jonathan Edwards and other Necessitarians. For my part, I find grave doubts and perplexities on whichever side I look.

During the absence of his elder sister abroad, Edward had kept up a correspondence with her, and was now looking for her return with great eagerness. On July 12th, 1868, he writes his mother: "My imagination is vivid enough for all ordinary purposes, but I wish you had not given it such a strain in your letter. "The dear sister arrived last night. You can imagine all the rest." Certainly, I can imagine a number of things. I hear her calling for black bread and cheese. I think of her as her own dear self, immersed in trousseaux, with orange flowers in her hair, a white veil floating around her in the background, Hymen, preparing his nuptial torch. As to my greetings, I cannot trust them to paper.

The marriage of his sister to Dr. Pray took place in Brooklyn, on her birthday, July 18th, 1868. Her father performed the ceremony, Henry Ward Beecher, the bridegroom's pastor, making the prayer. How little did any one dream what the next gathering in those rooms would be!

The following week the father and mother, with the birthday sister and the newly wedded pair, met at New Haven to attend the Commencement exercises and to hear Edward's oration. It had been arranged that the honeymoon should be passed at Orford, N. H., where the father, having resigned his professorship, was a temporary pastor. So Orestes and Meta Pray soon found their way to Orford, while the brother lingered to pack his trunks and say his farewells.

For one who knew Edward, it is not difficult to imagine the reflections and emotions connected with the completion of his college course, and his parting with his classmates and friends, and with the President and various members of the Faculty, to whom he had become warmly attached.

As instances of the regard in which he was held by members of his class, passages are given from letters by two of them.

From Rev. Dr. William Durant, now of Saratoga Springs:—

It was a severe personal loss, as well as a shock to me, when I read the notice of Ned's death. In college I had come to know him as one of the truest of men, deferring to his judgment as wise and righteous always, admiring the calm fidelity with which he ever pursued his high ideals in methods as in character, and, afar off, trying to follow the splendid example he gave. Afterwards he was one of those whom I most liked to meet. It was a special joy to me when we were associated in the ministry and in the Eclectic Club in Baltimore. Then too, he produced the effect of having grown younger, because amid the riper wisdom which experience and travel had given him, he retained more than most men the enthusiasm of youth, consecrating this ardent energy to his Master in service for "His brethren, even the least." With his catholic grasp of truth, his practical appreciation of the best in modern thought and research, his keen touch with the hopeful, forward movement, and his generous, sympathetic loyalty to

the "good news for the brotherhood of men," he was already harvesting richer and more precious fruit than it is permitted many to gather. To be taken away just then impels the question, "Why?" It seemed as if he was most needed here, that he was on the threshold of a most noble and useful career for the Master.

From Mr. Henry P. Wright, now Dean of the college :—

Your son had a wonderful faculty of reaching everybody. Every member of our class, whatever his social position or religious convictions, always listened with interest when he had anything to say. I think one reason was that he was so perfectly sincere. That he should be taken away in the midst of his work is a mystery. On the other hand, measured by its achievement, his life was long.

CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR AT PRINCETON.

Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward in our century the work he began in his; not only worshipping him on our knees, but working with him on our feet; not only keeping up with the rush of the times ourselves, but helping to keep in step some poor stragglers that have no heart and sound legs to keep up with.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

The young graduate met with a warm welcome in the Granite State, and the days were filled with delightful visits in the parish and with various excursions in the beautiful region around Orford. Among the guests was a cousin, Miss Martha E. Lawrence, a well-known teacher of Lake Erie College, who writes:—

There was about Edward an illumination which seemed to reveal the Christ within and transfigure him, without in any way overpowering his human nature.

I have always treasured a picture of him, one Sunday evening, at prayers, in Orford, N. H. It was just after his graduation. As he gave an abstract of his father's sermon, "I must be about my Father's business," without any physical resemblance to Hoffman's Christ, he stood there a strong reminder of him.

I always felt that the man Christ stood behind the human man whom I called cousin Edward, whether he preached from the pulpit, rowed the boat with half a dozen of us in it, went on a picnic to the fort, read aloud to us from Meredith's *Egoist* or some article of his own, played with Wallace, or helped to entertain company.

I was much struck with his warm friendship. It was revealed far more by the glow of his eyes than by the language he used. Like every one, I was impressed most strongly by his devotion to his mother of which I had heard from his boyhood, and which seemed to increase with his years.

After much consideration, Edward had decided to spend a year in Princeton, mainly for the study of Hebrew under Prof. Green, and after that to pursue his studies in Germany. And many were the talks about his future plans.

The days at Orford flew quickly by, and the happy circle disbanded and went their several ways,—the young couple to their Brooklyn home, and the son setting his face towards Princeton, while not long after the parents removed to Marblehead.

Orthodoxton, 24 Brown Hall, Sept. 11th, 1868.

Had I known you would leave for Marblehead so soon, I would have remained to help you. Will you believe that I have come here to study theology with a Concordance, Prayer Book, and a Greek Testament, but without an English Bible!! Hebrew is progressing under the auspices of Prof. Green. He meets us six times a week, and is a remarkably fine teacher, and very patient and earnest. Dr. McGill is also a charming man, suave and bland and simple as a child. We have him once a week in Homiletics, Dr. Hodge twice in Exegesis, Prof. Hodge once in New Testament Literature, and Dr. Moffat once in Church History. The latter is a fine, old Scotchman, with the kindest heart. It struck me quite strangely, at first, to have a prayer at the beginning of every recitation or lecture. If it does not degenerate into a mere form, I shall like it.

Sept. 22d.

I called, last night, on Mrs. Prof. Aiken, and had a right pleasant evening. It had been nearly three weeks since I had spoken to a lady, and I did not know before how much I should miss their company.

Sept. 24th.

I have just come back from a class meeting, at which a Debating Club was formed. I have good elocution practice. But my great work is Hebrew. Next in importance comes Prof. Hodge's Exegesis on Romans, which we have twice a week. I am also attending Dr. Hodge's theological lectures to the Middle and Senior classes. More than all, I trust that I am coming nearer my Saviour and learning something of my own weakness and consequently of his strength. I try to act on Prof. Northrup's advice and not play the hermit.

Oct. 12th.

Dr. Hodge lectured, to-day, on the various theories concerning the origin of evil, and pretty effectually demolished five or six of them. . . . The board now is very good. Every night I have a large bowl of bread and milk, and with that, you know, I do very well.

Last night, while I was in Alf Myers's room, he and his chum were engaged in a little gymnastic scuffling at a rather late hour. A series of knocks came from the floor, and they stopped at once. This morning a Senior called and spoke of the disturbance. They apologized for the late hour, saying it should not occur again. The Senior went on to say that, if he might go still farther, he would express the fear that such undue levity was inconsistent with the Christian character. He thought there was danger of

grieving the Spirit by such conduct. While expressing their entire dissent, they treated him courteously. A great deal was implied in his tone that cannot be expressed, though, if I could draw a picture of a long solemn face, with pursed-up mouth, you might get some idea of it. But what will such a man do in the world?

There are many things about which I want to talk with you and father. Meantime, I watch and ponder and read and think and pray. I want more and more to remember that I am to address human nature, and to study that in the light of God's word, and the observations of others, and of my own. . . . Please leave all the hard work about the house for me to do, when I come home. If at any time you wish for me, don't hesitate to let me know it.

Edward started, one day, to walk with a classmate to New York—about fifty miles. At two o'clock in the morning they took a lunch and then set forth, expecting to reach the city at four P. M. They had walked as far as New Brunswick, when the pouring rain broke up their plans.

In a letter of Oct. 31st, he describes Pres. McCosh's Inauguration:—

I succeeded in getting a standing place, such as it was, near enough to hear well, and there I stood for four hours. Dr. McCosh held the immense audience for two hours by a discussion of university study and university reform. He took a middle ground between those who would sweep away all the old landmarks, and those who cannot listen to anything new. In the evening he held a reception at his house, while outside, the College Green was lighted by hundreds of Chinese lanterns, under which fair maids and brave men promenaded, arm in arm, listening to delightful music from the band. But where was my maid, O Muse? Some of the college students are very conceited. On Tuesday, they applauded at the most inappropriate times,—once when the name of Christ was mentioned.

Edward became greatly interested in a German student, who was trying to pay his way in the University by teaching German, but who was not very practical. He helped him to a better room, and assisted him in Hebrew, advising him in other ways.

In the latter part of December he went to Marblehead, and then innumerable matters were talked over. After his return, on Jan. 17th, 1869, he writes of his journey from Springfield:—

The familiar old cry of the conductor, "W-a-a-re House P'int," almost took me from the cars, in the expectation of seeing Nelly and the red wagon, with some one to meet me. . . I reached New Haven just as the college bell was calling to afternoon recitation, and on the way up met Ned Rawson. He was passing me, when at once his face became radiant, and out came two strong hands to grasp mine. I promised to spend the night with him and Robert Hume. Tinker and Will Wood were in their room, and I was well shaken with one at each hand. Mrs. Porter's tea table, where I had my old seat, looked as cheerful as ever. Mrs. Porter spoke of Miss Marie Cooke as saying that it was her great hope for Margaret's son that he should become a good churchman. I called at President Woolsey's, and found the three daughters at home, playing a blue-stocking game. The next morning I called on the President and received a general letter of recommendation, stamped with the official seal.

Princeton, Jan. 24th, 1869.

I am now, my dear mother, comfortably settled and at work again. We are taking fourteen verses of Hebrew a day and constantly increasing. But the week has been unusually busy with what came near being a fatal tragedy. My German friend, rendered desperate by certain circumstances, attempted suicide. He called at the druggist's for a bottle of morphine, and took nearly the whole. On returning from the Wednesday evening meeting, of which I had taken charge, I was told that he was in great agony, and was calling for me. I found the poor fellow tossing about on his bed, only half conscious, and saying that he had but half an hour to live. I instantly summoned a physician, while I held his hand and tried to soothe him. I told him the doctor would shortly be here, but he only cried, "Too late! too late!" But when the doctor appeared, on examining the bottle, he said it was not morphine, but quinine, although he had taken almost enough of that to kill him. The apothecaries are not allowed to sell morphine without a prescription, so that his evident purpose was forestalled. I was up with him a good part of that and the following night, and had charge of everything.

Tuesday. My patient is quite recovered and about his recitations. At the Refectory we have a very pleasant company. At breakfast, however, I see but few of my friends, as I am uniformly early, and most of the others are uniformly late. Good manners and attention to the wants of others prevail extensively. . . A fine, new Presbyterian church has just been dedicated. I like it very much, on one account. It is all true. There are stained windows, but no frescoing. All ornamentation is in carved wood and everything is what it seems to be. . . My German patient had hardly got well, when one of my classmates in some way wrenched his neck, so that any attempt to move it, caused him agony. I applied remedies, put him to bed, and helped him all I could. He is well now, and I am again free. I say free, though not because it was other than a great pleasure to be able to do anything for him. I should never consider that a burden. But, of course,

there were other duties that I neglected for the sake of this higher one.

Our class is now preaching sermons at the rate of four a week. These discourses are written and committed to memory. I shall not write mine out, however, as I want to make my first trial of an extempore sermon where I can be criticised.

There is a so-called Parsonage School-House, about four miles distant, which gathers, every Sunday, twenty or thirty persons, who are mostly dependent on our students. Some one called last night, asking me to take the place of a Senior, who had been obliged to leave town. I hesitated, but was decided by a resolution I had made never to refuse anything of the kind without some very good reason. I had only this morning for preparation, so I stayed at home from the chapel. There were in the school-house between twenty-five and thirty. My text was, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I was surprised, when I found my half-hour gone, and am pleased to know that I can think while on my feet. Of course, I have often made addresses, but never to have the sole charge, and with what could be called a sermon. I have had a good talk with Dr. Green on the low state of piety among us. He has a warm, sensitive heart, and will do all he can to promote a better state of things. . . . For the last few mornings I have taken a light breakfast in my room, brought over from the Club the night before. I feel better for this simple fare, and gain time.

This habit of a light breakfast Edward kept up to a great extent through his life, and, as he felt, with advantage.

Feb. 14th.

I preached my experiment sermon, last Thursday night, and then sat down and wrote it out. I shall be glad of your criticisms. Prof. Hodge supposed it was written, and said some kind things about it. My text was, "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." It is the practice here to congratulate those who are thought to have preached a good sermon. But when many came to me with outstretched hands, where I could do so, I held back. I took this ground, because there is a tendency to regard the exercise as a merely literary and rhetorical one. Indeed, it is rather the custom to write an elaborate and highly polished essay, reminding one of prize debates.

As to the style of meeting and parting with general acquaintances, Edward expressed himself plainly. "I don't know how others feel, but for myself I strongly object to making a male Copenhagen, even with college friends. I like them, I respect them, I admire them, but—a kiss is too sacred to be made thus common. I quite agree with you in this, regarding it as a symbol of something very deep and hallowed."

Some years later, in describing a journey, he writes:—

My companion in the cars was a dentist, who, in the course of our conversation, said: "Don't let people kiss babies on the mouth, but back of the ear, if they must kiss them. I have had bitter experience. One child was killed by the kiss of our cook, who had diphtheretic sore throat. She was strong enough to overcome it, but it killed my baby. This summer my little boy of three months died of whooping cough, which he took from a little girl who had just kissed another child, at school, who had the cough." So you see there is quite as much reason against kissing babies, as the promiscuous kissing of grown people.

Feb. 22d, 1869.

Washington's birthday, but no respect paid to it here. Alf Myers had a criticism to read in his class, but went home, leaving it in charge of a friend, with a sentence added, "The writer regrets that he has been obliged to procure a substitute to read this criticism, but in his native state, it has long been the custom to honor the father of our country by observing his birthday with due respect, and he has deemed it a duty and a pleasure to take that day, which in the public schools is given as a holiday." There was a general smile when this was read. . . . A friend tells me of a town where the congregation decided to have the clerk line out two verses at a time, instead of one. But on the first occasion, an old deacon threw down his hymn book and marched out. The next day he thus took leave of the church:—"You're a goin' jest clean ag'in Scriptor, and I'll have nothing to do with ye. The Scriptor says, 'Line upon line, here a little and there a little,' and when you leave that, you're on the road to destruction. . . ." The other day, John Lockwood gave me a book 238 years old, Buxtorf's *Hebrew Lexicon*, published in 1631. I always appreciate such a gift.

I am in for it now. Senior Page told me that the people to whom I preached my first sermon were desirous to have me preach for them the first Sunday of every month, so after a little hesitation, I agreed to do this.

I shall, probably, sail either the 24th of April or the 1st of May. I should be delighted if you could both come to Princeton and then see me off. My dear father and mother, you seem to be constantly with me, advising, helping, loving me. I suppose I have this impression the more, because I have been away so much, and yet have always felt your influence and care. And why should it not be so? The one thing I am assured of is your love. This principle of love, this trust in the soul of another, will be just as real to me when I am thousands of miles away, as when I am at your side. Yet this cannot always supply what I need. If I am sad, I want a token of that love, as well as a knowledge of it. In Germany, I may have times of great homesickness.

I have heard Dr. John Hall twice, this week. It seems to me that his great power lies in his noble Christian heart. His humility and love strike you in whatever he says. There are no graces of

oratory, but he drives everything right home, and he uses many forcible illustrations. . . . One of my classmates read a sermon, this week, before his class, in which he described the finding of Moses in the bulrushes. He pictured the Princess bending over the child as it laughingly looked in her face. In criticising, Dr. McGill, in his bland, quiet tones, simply remarked, "You should be careful not to mislead ordinary hearers. The Scripture account is that she saw the child, and behold the babe wept."

It is just announced that the *India* will sail on the 10th of April. She is reported to be the newest, best and safest ship on the line. It may be best to go even as early as that.

As Edward was very desirous of a visit from his parents, before he left Princeton, and as Prof. Green and others sent a request that his father should read one of his Lowell lectures before the Professors' Club, the visit was decided on. And a delightful one it proved, including a home at Prof. Aiken's, a breakfast at Pres. McCosh's, an evening at Prof. Green's, as well as interviews with most of the professors and with a number of Edward's fellow-students. Extracts from a letter by one of the members of his class are given, and also from one by Prof. Green, of whom Edward always spoke in the warmest terms, both as an instructor and as a man.

The impression that Ned made upon me, when we first met in Princeton, was one of a remarkably strong and symmetrical manhood, an impression that deepened as time passed. I used to admire his robust frame, as he took long tramps and sawed wood without apparent fatigue. He was equally vigorous and tireless as a student, working for hours together, standing at a high desk. For recreation he turned often to his flute. He was always fresh and cheery, free from moods or any morbid tendencies. While so strong, he was never abrupt, or sharp. Quick of perception, he never endangered wounding others by saying bright things that might hurt sensitive feelings. There was a remarkable frankness and transparency about him, that made one sure of looking through his eyes into a well so pure that it had nothing to hide, and therefore made no attempt at concealment. While peculiarly manly in every respect, he yet had a fascinating boyishness. He was simple, straightforward, spontaneous. I need not add that we all admired his scholarship. I well remember his recitations, showing so clear and thorough a mastery of his subjects. And with all this his deep, fervent, healthy spirituality impressed me.

From Prof. Green:—

For your son I have always felt a very warm and cordial re-

gard. His form is now before me, as he was during the year that he spent in this Seminary. I was greatly impressed by his fidelity and diligence and the ability which he manifested. He had a mind of a high order, and he was thoroughly devoted to the work which he had undertaken. The success which has crowned his self-denying labors, and the attachment felt for him by those who were brought into contact with him, is no surprise to those acquainted with the thoroughness of his work and the excellence of his character.

Before Edward went abroad he desired to procure a license, simply, however, that he might feel at liberty to preach an occasional sermon, if this should be desirable. But as a full theological course was usually regarded as essential, the New York and Brooklyn Association objected to making an exception. By the advice of some of its members, however, he concluded to make an application. When, therefore, he had said farewell to Princeton, he proceeded with his mother to Brooklyn, while his father, according to a previous arrangement, went to Washington.

When the Association met, there were several Union Seminary students who presented themselves for examination, for the purpose of obtaining a license. These students had been through the three years' course, while Edward had been at Princeton only one year. But his examination in theology was considered quite as satisfactory as that of any of the candidates for license, so that it was felt that, if the Association licensed any of the members, they could not except him. And he received a license, although not designing to make much use of it.

Edward writes to his father:—

New York, April 4th, 1869.

We have just reached the rectory, (of Ascension Church) after doing a good deal of work. Mother will give you the particulars as to my license. I am glad that I took the step, although, when they were discussing my being admitted to examination, I felt as if it were quite a brazen act on my part. They all looked surprised when it was announced that I was a member of the Junior class at Princeton. I like the steamer on which I am to sail, and have secured a good berth. I leave home with many regrets and many

sad feelings, but with the hope of benefit to myself and thus to the world.

Edward made a little visit to his sister Meta, in Brooklyn, and then, on April 10th, went on board the *India*. There were with him his mother, Dr. Pray and other friends to bid him God speed.

CHAPTER VII.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN GERMANY.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies.
Shall the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friends! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our souls we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some time their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

—Whittier.

Steamship India.

6.30 p. m., April 10th, 1869.

Dear Mother:—

Your love follows me everywhere, and I am constantly reminded of your watchful care. I was completely surprised at the discovery of my large mail bag, and by the pictures of several of my classmates. . . .

Evening, 10 o'clock. . . . Permission from the Captain has been obtained to have prayers every evening at nine o'clock. To-night, "The Lord is my Shepherd," was read, and it helped me much. That I have Christ with me always is an unspeakable comfort. I commit you all to his charge.

April 11th, 5.30.

All smooth and quiet so far. The only motion on the water is the long, rolling swell, which keeps heaving up the surface of the deep. I have been watching the gulls as they float on the air with outstretched wings, dive into the water, swim on its surface and then rise with long, measured stroke of their wings.

April 16th.

I cannot write much with the vessel lurching from one side to the other, so that I have to hold my ink bottle in one hand to keep it safe. It is very comical to see the way in which things slip and slide about. I stand before my wash-basin in the morning, and one minute find my head rushing for the door, and the next, my

feet kicking against the lounge. We hold our soup plates in our hands, and then make a rush for the contents.

All this time, I have said nothing of the grand, majestic ocean. I feel how inadequate have been all descriptions to give one any idea of it. I have now seen it in all its moods—no, I don't mean that, for they are ever changing. But I have seen it smile and frown, weep and laugh, sing and rage, by day and by night. It grows on me in all its beauty and grandeur. I have no fear for myself, I only fear for the souls on board, who would not be ready to go if the call came. While the power of the storm awes me, the elastic vigor of the ship, united with such perfect submission, makes me wonder even more. It resists not, only endures, sinks only to rise, bends only to erect itself. Every wave seems made up of an army of beings, all pressing, hurrying on, lifting themselves in sheets of foam above the general mass. Then the exquisite shades of green, which rise in the wake of the vessel, the general color of the waters, now pitch black, now reflecting the blue of the sky, with an added depth,—all these things charm me.

The passage was enlivened by his daily mail, the dates in which the letters were to be read being notified. There were letters grave and letters gay. Extracts are given from one of these, by a classmate, as showing the influence that Edward unconsciously exerted:—

This farewell letter speaks of a vacant room opposite me, of perplexities in Hebrew, with no Ned to relieve them, of much that is sad. Inasmuch as you are leaving me, do let me tell you the high respect you have elicited during the few months of our acquaintance. I have watched you carefully, and long will my impressions remain, and, I trust, work out practical results in my life. . . . If any other doubting, shrinking one comes to you as I did, talk to him as you did to me. From the first, I have been impressed with one prominent characteristic: Your strength has amazed me. "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, that he is grown so great?" I would like to know how to gain such strength of mind and character. I am a natural hero-worshipper, and you will long be a hero of mine. If your life is spared, you may do any amount of good. You have as strong a momentum about you as almost any man I ever saw. . . . May the divine benediction, in all fulness, rest upon you through life!

Landing at Glasgow, in his usual exploring fashion, Edward sought out the various places of interest; then visited at Mr. Stoddard's in Port Glasgow; and from there went to Edinburgh, of which he speaks enthusiastically. From Rotterdam he writes: "Imagine me making a hash of English,

French and German, and trying to induce these Hollanders to digest it."

From Antwerp, of the two masterpieces of Rubens's, "The Elevation of the Cross" and the "Descent from the Cross," he writes:—

They are on opposite sides of the Cathedral and I passed from one side to the other in mute admiration. I was much struck with the difference between the expression of anguish on the face of the Madonna in the former, and the look of settled sorrow in the other. In the Museum is a painting of the Crucifixion by Vandyke, with Mary leaning against the cross. Her despairing look brought tears to my eyes, and haunts me yet. I left only when the keeper told me it was time to close. . . . But the Cathedral in Cologne! I can only say that when its grandeur dawned on me, I could do nothing but pray. It was sometime before I realized it, and then it came over me with a strange power. I could have knelt on the steps before the altar in adoration. If God permits such works to his creatures, what must his own heavenly mansions be?

Wishing to make himself at home in the German language as soon as possible, Edward shunned the beaten track of English and American travellers, and went to Würzburg. On April 15th, only five days after his departure from New York, Dr. Pray, his sister's husband, wrote him of the birth of a daughter. But the letter was hardly despatched, when his mother was called to send him the following clipping:—

By a distressing accident which took place last week on the Long Island Railroad, not far from Jamaica, the breaking of a defective rail detached the forward truck of a car, and the car was dragged over it, breaking up the floor, and killing six of the passengers outright, besides wounding several more. The bodies of the killed were horribly mangled. Three of the passengers belonged to one family circle, whose worth and sorrow have awakened a wide and deep interest—Mr. W. H. Rushmore, president of the Atlantic Bank, Brooklyn; Mrs. Pray, sister-in-law of Mr. R.; and Dr. Orestes M. Pray, her son, a young physician of the best promise.

Dr. Pray, the third victim in the family of this calamity, was the youngest child of the above-named lady. He was accompanying his mother. After the wreck, stranger hands laid side by side two bodies unidentified. They were afterwards recognized as mother and son.

Würzburg, May 11th, 1869.

I came into my room, yesterday afternoon, and found a letter

on my lounge, mailed April 27. The first thing that caught my eye was the clipping it contained. I turned to the letter and read a few lines on each page without comprehending it. I looked again at the clipping and went over it mechanically, yet could not realize what had happened. I read it over two or three times before my brain received what my eyes told me. And he is gone! Gone so suddenly, so fearfully! Everything about me is a reminder of him, my guide-book, his notes, his letter so joyfully announcing the birth of little Florence, which I received the second day after I came here.

May 12th.

I have just finished a letter to Meta, which I shall send by the same steamer. I long for the time when I can take care of you all, and have the whole family gathered into my house, which, I trust, will be in four or five years. But it is all in the hands of God. . . It keeps coming up and choking me, although I go through my duties as before. May the band which waved me adieu from the dock be no more broken into, till I see them again. I feel what I cannot express. The sense of sickening loss I meet by the love of Christ.

May 24th.

It grieves me, dear mother, that you suffer so much under this heavy burden, which God has laid upon us. I feel the loss most deeply. I mourn for those who are left. But I ask myself, do I really believe in the love of Christ for his own? If I do, I must receive this stroke, not merely with a dull submission, but in trust and hope. Although it is incomprehensible to me now, I must feel that it is the best thing for us. None the less do I mourn the loss for myself and all the stricken ones, but there is no bitterness in the cup. Ress sees why it was done, and rejoices in that love which out of this sorrow will bring good fruit. What would be the value of all my professions of trust in Christ, if I could not say just this? And for darling Meta, there certainly comes help from on high. . . Is this body all? Does she not know that Ress is with her in spirit? Is not Christ's love more than all else? And would he do aught except in love? Ah, dear mother, we are so bound to this mortal life that whatever beclouds it seems frightful and dreary. But what should keep me here save the cause of Christ? If then, that cause calls a dear one away, shall I murmur? Was it not Christ who gave Ress to Meta? Was it not he that put so much of bliss in their brief *miteinanderleben*? Is he less loving now than before? It is not of myself that I feel thus, but through Christ who is with me. Then do not let your poor heart wear out in sorrow, but rejoice in him, who, having given himself, will surely give all we need. . . Remember this always, dear mother. As I came here, not for pleasure, but from duty, I am ready at once to give up my plans and go home whenever duty says, "Go Back." That duty may speak through your mouth. If it does, let me hear it. I believe that Christ has a work for me to do, and that I must prepare myself for it with all diligence and care. But filial duties are among the highest.

After two or three months at Würzburg, where he studied with Dr. Munde, who was well known in America, he spent some time in Munich with Mr. Frank Cramer, one of his Yale classmates. In July, on a tramp through the Tyrol, he wrote:—

“These days have not gone by, without bringing up the wedding and the graduation, with the month at Orford. And then comes the parting, on April 10th, and my last glimpse of Ressa, with you on the wharf, as I was slowly borne away. Ah! God only knows what further changes may come, but with Him I am content to leave all.”

His tramp among the Tyrolese was full of interest, and brought him fresh vigor.

Meran, Schnalsenthal, July 26th, 1869.

Unsere Liebe Frau.

How certainly does one find evils in every situation in life! Here are these Tyrolese, simple, with few wants, very pious, obedient to the priest, going regularly to church and repeating their prayers, making pilgrimages to the chapels on high peaks, having many homely virtues and few vices, yet with no actual belief, only a superstitious reliance on the priest, without any real knowledge of God, and no desire for any thing better. They are the same now that they were a hundred years ago. Bring in the railroad and modern civilization, and you bring education, freedom of thought, aspirations for something higher, and the ground for a truer belief. But you also bring in selfishness, avarice, strong drink, and all the vices of the city. Simplicity goes, and polish takes its place—the polish of steel which is hard as flint. In a rude state, men walk over grassy paths, winding by cool brooks; in a civilized state, hard, firm, direct. In one case they bow like slaves before the priest; in the other, they stand upright.

On his return to Munich, he writes: “We have fallen into the custom of taking a very simple luncheon instead of dinner. About twelve o’clock we go into a nice little court and enter a milk shop, where, in the back room, our clear, sweet-faced milk-frau brings us glasses of milk with bread and cottage cheese, and sometimes steaming potatoes. We pay six kreutzers and come away satisfied. It is far better in this warm weather than meat would be.”

In Edward’s country home he had been brought up an ab-

stainer from all intoxicating drinks. And on entering Yale, he had taken a pledge for his college course. But at that time there was less consideration given to the details of the temperance question. In Munich he wrote that he drank no water, as it was full of chalk and very unhealthy. Thus in the matter of beer and light wines he easily fell into the habits of his associates and the professors he knew. But on the tobacco question he was decided, and notwithstanding the constant temptations, he never yielded, even although a surrender would have enabled him to enjoy many discussions from which the nicotine atmosphere drove him away. As to the temperance question, on his return to America, and carefully studying it, he became a hearty believer in total abstinence and a zealous worker in the cause.

Aug. 8th, 1869.

When I know so much that I do not need advice from father, I will come straight home and get a professorship in Self-Conceit. I have so often learned by experience the wisdom of his counsel, that I cannot but have the utmost regard for it. . . . In all things, whether I am walking or reading, seeing paintings or people, I endeavor to keep in view the great fact that, by the help of God, I am to influence men. A knowledge of the history of art unites itself, practically, with the history of the church. Studying the effect of the different customs and beliefs upon the paintings and buildings of a people, gives me many a clew to the mysteries of human nature. Seeing the paintings themselves is much more practical than reading of them from books, though the two should be united. Now is my opportunity to do both, and I have made a beginning. It is not self-culture that I seek, still less the pleasure derived from seeing and hearing the beautiful, but strength and knowledge for my work. For whether I have followed the strong, bold sweep of nature's pencil, or that of her imitator, man, I have found something new, something that I hope will help me to reach men's hearts.

From Munich, Edward went to Vienna, and thence to Leipzig.

Dorothea Strasse, October, 1869.

A strange feeling of sadness comes over me, dear mother, in this German home of my sister. Miss French, who knew her, is directly opposite me, and, as I hear her playing, I think of Meta as studying here quietly, and then dreaming sweet dreams—so soon ended. I have met several of her friends, and among them, Mr. and Mrs. Thallon and family—Scotch people residing in

Leipzig, of whom I see much. One day I took a walk with Miss Johnson out to Gohlis, and saw Schiller's house, where he wrote the *Hymn of Praise*. It is a queer little cottage, and is kept just as it was. I went down, the other night, into Auerbach's wine-cellar, which was frequented by Goethe, and where, according to tradition, he wrote parts of *Faust*. At any rate, the walls are adorned with illustrations of various scenes from Goethe. Enclosed is the ivy from Gluck's grave, which please send with the others to Miss Charlotte Kimball, thanking her for her note, which I will answer soon.

Oct. 7th.

Yesterday, I handed my sister's card to Baron Tauchnitz, who gave me a ticket to a concert at the Gewandhaus, commencing at half-past five. The concert was superb. There is no such music in the world as here. I saw Richter in the audience, and Moscheles, and Gilmore from Boston.

The Baron thinks I ought to remain in Leipzig, and Mr. Thallon and others join him. But I should speak less German here, and can do more solid work in a quiet city. So I adhere to my decision to go to Halle, for the first year at least.

At the time arranged Edward carried out his plan, and found a delightful home in the family of Prof. Jacobi, occupying the room where Prof. Mead had resided some years before. In such a family, he felt that he would make more rapid progress in German, and would also have more frequent intercourse with the professors.

Halle, Weidesplan, 2. C. Bei Prof. Jacobi. Oct. 19th, 1869.

. . . To-day, I have been making calls on the professors, with all of whom I was pleased. Prof. Tholuck was walking in his garden when I found him, and simply gave him my card. He walked back and forth with me, talking of many subjects, and among them of the Americans that he knew. When I left, he asked me to join him in his walk, next Thursday, I came away greatly charmed.

Oct. 20th, 1869.

I am now a fully matriculated student in a German University. This afternoon, the process began, at a quarter of four, and two hours and a half were required to matriculate about fifty. Assembling at a room in the University we all gave in our certificates, (*zeugniss*). Then we were taken into another room, called up alphabetically, and made to sign several documents, giving full particulars as to ourselves, ancestors, age, position, country, etc. After paying five thalers, seven and a half groschen, and showing the directors how to write Marblehead, and writing Yale myself, I got out. There was still the *verpflichtung*, but I was out so long that, without intending it, I missed that, and when the porter



LINDEN HOME.
Taken by Edward himself.

showed me the room into which they went, I had simply to receive my papers, shake hands with the rector, and pass out. And a heap of papers I carried with me.

Oct. 22d.

I had a very interesting walk with Tholuck of two hours. He is not only a teacher, but a father to his pupils, one whom I can love as well as respect. . . I am much pleased to see the affection between the students and professors. Each professor has a certain hour, every day of the week, when the students are at liberty to call. The notice of the hour is posted in the University, and on Prof. Schlottmann's door is a request that all will enter without ringing. Then they are always invited to the Student Unions, when there is any celebration. And the professors lose none of their dignity by becoming their companions as well as their teachers.

Halle, Oct, 27th, 1869.

Prof. Schlottman uttered a true thought yesterday, when he said, in reference to Spinoza's attacks on the authenticity of the Pentateuch that we ought not, on that account, to reject his conjectures as to its origin, for God often makes use of opposers, to further the cause of Christ, and those who are farthest from the right may yet present a truth of which his followers are ignorant. There is a tendency in human nature to act contrary to this. For, in showing that the final conclusion of our adversary is wrong, we feel that his arguments are the *spoila opima*, and that we can carry them all off to our own camp. And so they are, but not to be converted to any use we may fancy. The gold is still gold, the silver, silver, and he would be an unwise conqueror who should cast treasures into the desert, and level the walls of the commanding fortress which has been delivered up to him. Spinoza says Moses did not write the Pentateuch, but Spinoza is no believer in Revelation, therefore his opinion has no weight. Perhaps not, but consider. A greater victory than that of disproving all his arguments is that of defeating his main point, and then turning his weapons to our use. It is always of infinitely more importance that we should be right than that we should be victorious. In the last generation the church committed the same error, when, because science threatened religion, she rejected science. She has since learned to use science to defend what she supposed it would attack. Where reason attacked religion, she declares that reason came not within its province. She is now learning where reason ends, and how to use it in her cause.

Prof. Erdmann's lectures on the History of Philosophy are intensely interesting. He is a thorough Hegelian. In answer to the objection that philosophers disavowed the philosophy which followed theirs, he asserted, what I believe to be true, that posterity always understands a philosopher or poet better than he does himself, and can directly draw consequences from his system which he himself would deny. Fichte, who was deeply grieved

because Kant attacked him for drawing the legitimate conclusions from the philosophy of the former, lived to see the philosophy he had thus unfolded, further developed by Hegel, and in his turn, became the assailant.

Oct. 29th.

The German students are not aesthetic, practically. Perhaps, their learning swallows up ordinary matters. But if they could spare a little time from their conjugations, or from their all-engrossing *kneips* to read a treatise on Etiquette—(I should like to translate one into Greek, in which case they would read it,) they would learn something as to the proper use of knives and forks, the way of taking soups and other liquids, and the use of tooth-picks at the table!

After giving an account of his various recitations and of his teachers, he says:—

Nov. 5th, 1869.

I have never studied under a professor as deep as Prof. Muller, nor with one as loving as Prof. Tholuck. Great as are his learning and influence, they yield to his love. For every one of the students under his charge I believe he has a strong and discriminating affection. That alone could have enabled him, after fifty years, to delight in imparting information for the one and fiftieth time.

In common with many others, Edward's parents had met with great financial losses. Then, as they had difficulty in renting for any length of time a comfortable home, they had improved a rare opportunity to secure one of the old colonial mansions at Marblehead, an outlay which greatly crippled their resources. On learning this, in order to lessen his expenses, Edward gave up his pleasant home at Prof. Jacobi's. "You would smile," he writes, "to see my present frugal way of living. I take a cup of coffee in the morning in my room, with a couple of rolls without butter; take a very simple dinner at noon, and sup luxuriously on black bread and butter, which I keep in my room. I often imagine you at work, fitting up the new home. As to the great linden trees, which neighbors advise you to cut down, I say, 'Woodman, spare the axe and take the knife.' I think 'Linden Home' would be an appropriate name,"—a name which was at once adopted.

The terrible blow which had fallen so suddenly on Edward's sister had broken her down. For the sake of her little one, she made every effort to rally, and was taken for a change to the seaside home at Marblehead. But her friends hoped against hope, and they were at last obliged to send to her brother the sad tidings that she was apparently sinking into a decline. In reply, he says:—

Halle, November, 1869.

I know not what to think, still less what to write, dear mother. A cloud seems to rest over my home, and the knowledge of what you are suffering, with forebodings of what may happen, make me very sad. Dear Meta! Must it be so? Cannot the disease be thrown off?

Halle, Jan. 23rd, 1870.

Your sad letter, dear mother, was delayed, or I should have written sooner. I know not what to say. I lost one sister before I was old enough to know her. Shall I lose her now whom I love so much? Yet I do not wish to be selfish, and God gives me strength to say, "Thy will be done." She longs for that other world, and there will lay down those griefs which have weighed so heavily upon her life. What is loss for us is infinite gain for her. Shall we grudge it? For yourself, dear mother, do not mourn too bitterly, if the blow comes.

By the same mail, he wrote his sister:—

My Darling Sister:—

I can write but little, for my heart is full, and these words may come too late. But beyond this world stretches out an eternity, where we shall know each other in the clear light of God's love. We part but for a few years. And though it is a bitter grief that I can say no word by your side before you go, I can bear it all. But, my love, if you are yet here, will you, while thus near to Christ, breathe a prayer for me, not that my life may be long or happy, but that it may be Christ's, and that He may make it a great power in his church. . . . Must I say good-bye then? It is very hard. But what a meeting when we are all together in the other world! This one has not much to offer, save work for others.

May God help us all, my sweet sister!

Your loving, loving brother,

Ned.

In the afternoon of the same day that these letters were mailed, he writes:—

I have just received your letter from Brooklyn, and have now

finished reading it the second time. The first time I was so blinded that I could scarcely see. It must always be so. Our feelings must have play before we can receive such things in submission. I opened my Bible, and the first passage my eye lighted on was the last six verses of the 34th Psalm. Read them, mother. But, though my eyes swim, and my throat chokes, I would not change anything that I have written. As I pace my room to and fro, I feel that Christ helps me. My thoughts turn from that sick bed and my suffering sister to that Saviour who is supporting her, and I feel a burning desire to preach him to all. Oh! that he may help me to save souls! By that strange providence, through which God mingles comfort with sorrow, there came to me at the same time as your letter, a note from a friend in Leipzig, referring to a few words I said to her on that Sabbath evening when I preached there. She writes:—"I want to thank you very, very much for your kinds words of sympathy on that evening, which I shall always remember. I assure you, those words have helped me much, so that even now I can see that out of the darkness cometh light." I cannot now write more, but "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" I pray God for power to read, understand and reach the hearts of others. While I can do that, let me live; when I cannot, let me die, and join my dear friends in serving Christ in the temple not made with hands. Perhaps, even now, dear Meta is with him. Do not grieve on my account, dear mother. I assure you that, except in moments of sudden grief and longing, I am happy in yielding to the will of God, glad to give him what he calls for.

The following is copied from the magazine where it appeared:—

Many of the readers of *Hours at Home*, who are familiar with the name upon past title pages of Claude Iris, will learn now for the first time that this was the *nom de plume* of Margaret Lawrence Pray, one of the victims, real, though remote, of that terrible disaster on the Long Island Railroad, April 23d, 1869. Her husband, Dr. Orestes M. Pray, of Brooklyn, his mother and uncle, were instantly killed in the horrible crash. The news carried to her sick bed only a week after the birth of their first-born, was a shock too great. From its effects she never recovered, and peacefully she passed away, on the 11th of January last. Mrs. Pray was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Lawrence, and granddaughter of the late Dr. Leonard Woods, of Andover Seminary, one of the fathers of New England theology. Meta, as she was called, and her destined husband met in Germany, where he was pursuing his professional studies, and she had gone to perfect her musical education. From early childhood, she was mature beyond her age, particularly in her poetic gifts. The poem "Memory Bells," published in this magazine, in that fatal April of 1869, was written at the age of fourteen. Those who loved her have this added to their sorrow—the deep regret that so rare a blossom should have fallen before its promised golden fruitage.

Yet like a voice from beyond the grave come her own sweet
 verses—and "God knows."

ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

Hush, she sleeps, the maiden Alice;—
 Slow has come the dim, blue dawning,
 And the rosy wine of morning
 Fills the Daylight's golden chalice.

But it brings no sudden waking
 To that restful, happy sleeper.
 Ah! what blessed dream can keep her
 While with life the air is shaking?

Pale she lies and very quiet;
 Though the flowers are in the garden
 Gem-bedewed, their little warden
 Lets the bees among them riot.

Blessed dreams indeed have won her.
 Shut the door, and look thee slowly
 On the face so fair and holy,—
 Heavenly peace hath gleamed upon her.

Kneel beside her; smooth her tresses;
 Call her low, with utterance tender,
 Sweetest names that love can lend her;
 Touch her lips with softest kisses.

Yet thy words bring no unclosing
 Of those eyes that yester even,
 Shone upon thee blue as heaven.
 Ne'er she'll wake from that reposing.

Alice! Alice! darling Alice!
 Life to thee was full of glory,
 Glittering—as in ancient story
 Of some charmed, fairy palace.

I am tired and disenchanting.
 Thou wert younger, fairer, stronger;
 Alice! live a little longer!
 Pluck the flowers thy hopes have planted.

Ah! that I, instead, were lying
 On thy couch, its silence greeting,—
 Hushed my restless heart's dull beating,
 All forgotten tears and sighing.

For God knows, my little maiden—
 Only He—how very weary
 Are my feet, and sad and dreary
 Is this soul with pain o'erladen.

Yes, God knows! and maiden Alice,
Sends to thee his blessed slumber.
I the bitterest drops must number,
One by one of life's sad chalice.

Well, what matter? since the morning
Breaks for all, and softly blending
Shade and sunlight, all are ending
In one Paradisal dawning.

So I leave thee, Alice, sleeping.
Tears, but not of wild repining,
In my eyes are tremulous shining,—
Rainbowed mists before them creeping.

Though thy rest so calm and still is,
Balmy airs from heaven are straying,
And the angel Peace is laying
On my head her whitest lilies.

Halle, Feb. 6th, 1870.

From Miss Kirby's letter to Mrs. Thallon, I learned how bright was Meta's departure, how sweetly she passed into the other world. And with it her life is now begun. For the first time she lives. Is this *Life*, so full of darkness, misery, woe? Can it be more than the shadow of death, out of which we pass into the light and reality of life? I would willingly lay down my own life at this moment, did I not know there is work to be done, and that it would bring sorrow to the hearts of a few, even as this loss brings sorrow to my heart because,

“He hath put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.”

But I sorrow most in thinking of the dear mother and her griefs. When I think of you two, alone in the great house, I am very sad. It seems as if I ought to be with you. I want to do what is right, neither yielding duty to my feelings, nor letting other duties turn me from my filial ones. Can you look through the years, mother, to the time when those of us who are left can be together, and then to the still better time when we shall all be united in heaven?

Do you know, dear mother, how completely I seem to lead two lives? I cannot put on the outward marks of sorrow, bearing about to the world a sign that I have suffered! Nor can I admit the generality to come in where I stand. The outward life, in a sense, seems unchanged. But when I turn within, the sense of my loss and of your and father's suffering alone, sends pangs to my heart. Yet there is no insincerity in my ordinary demeanor; it seems rather as if there were two sides to my personality, and perhaps it is well that it is so. Self-control I hold to be one of the most necessary powers, if we would control others. But what is it? Not an extinction, or crushing out of our feelings, whether of

love or sorrow, but rather a power in reserve, to be used, when these would turn our actions out of their proper channels. Well, good night, dear mother, and may God be with you and father and Anna, with a kiss to her.

It was early in February that, in skating, Edward fell on the ice and struck his left skate into his right foot, inflicting an injury which confined him two weeks.

"One day," he writes, "I heard some one below, slowly picking his way through the rickety passages of my rickety boarding house. A feeble step mounts the stairs, the door is pushed open, and that dear old man comes toward me, breathless, supported by a friend, but with a sweet, deep smile which made that battered, homely face beautiful, and lit up my narrow room with a flood of sunshine. He had been anxious; wanted to see me; wished to know if I was gaining; hoped I should soon be about again. I replied that I had no doubt the accident was all for the best. 'Ah! but, Herr Lawrence, that depends. To whom are things for the best? All things work together for good—to *them that love God*. So, unless we love God, they may not be at all for our good.' That lesson from dear Tholuck I think I shall remember."

Wittenberg, March 20th, 1870.

I must write from this old city, the home of Luther and Melancthon, and of Lucas Cranach, the painter of the University now in Halle. I walk about these old streets like one in a dream, and seem to see those grand heroes before me. Here is the cloister where Luther studied. I sat at the table where he wrote. Here he pondered over that great step whose magnitude even he could not anticipate. I imagine his return from Rome, disgusted with what he had seen. I see the people thronging about him, as, under the oak outside the city, he burns the Pope's bull. This lesson should every one learn from him, that there are to be years of quiet, patient, unseen labor. One must toil in silence, and when the time is ripe, the fruit will come. Then one can say,—"*Hier steh ich, ich kann nicht anders.*"

Above the doors of many of the houses, are pithy sentences, of which I give a specimen:—"Ist des Papst und Calvini Gift." Calvini is in large letters, as if calling for special attention. Then follows a notice that this stone was repaired, and the house built in 1777.

Halle, May 10th.

What a delicious feeling this budding spring brings with it! The

tender green, the fragrant atmosphere, the life breaking forth everywhere, triumphing over the power of death, which has been striving to hold her fast in bands of ice. The warm flow of health runs through all nature, which luxuriates in her strength and floods the earth with beauty. What a warm, loving, tenderly beating heart she has! How delicate are her gifts! How wonderfully does she please the eye!—each leaf a world and a million of worlds! See the cold, bleak trees open their eyes and clothe themselves in their sweet robes of leaves, and then flutter with joy at the first touch of the sun! How the buds come out, slowly and bashfully at first, and then gaining courage unfold and drink in the warmth of the sun! And how the breezes caress these new visitors! The same wind which a few months later, will dash in fury against them, driving them from the trees and whirling them about in eddies of rage, now kisses them, whispering sweet words of promise. There come to me dear Meta's words,—oh, how strangely!

The Spring of the year, the spring of the heart,
And one will never depart.

Ah, she is now where there is no winter and no night. If we had a ways lived in winter, how impossible would it be for us to picture the early spring; or if in night, to understand the glory of a rising and risen sun! And here we are in the winter, and here in the night. What a spring! what a dawning are yet to come!

In one sense, I love the world more every year. The face of nature grows dearer to me day by day. There is not a phase of it in which I do not find something beautiful. But when I can sit, as now, and look up into the clear, blue depths on which sail the snowy cloud masses, pinnacled and domed and alive, it seems one delicious poem, one grand hymn, which all mortals could hear if their ears were not closed. The sights of last summer, the grand mountains and glaciers, give me more pleasure now than even when I lived among them. They seem actually to speak to me.

These beautiful May days take me back to that 20th of May—your silver wedding, six years ago—when there was hardly a cloud in the sky. What delightful days those were! It seems like a dream, that I took part in them. And I cannot, cannot make myself realize that, when I land again in America, I shall not see *her*. Sometimes I am asked if I have brothers and sisters at home, and as I attempt to answer such a pain comes over me that I can hardly speak.

Prof. and Mrs. Tholuck have invited me to dine at their house three times a week. And not long since I passed a very pleasant evening with them. The Professor, at my request, described the effect produced upon particular men at the appearance of Strauss' "Life of Jesus." Prof. Wegschneider, a sleepy Rationalist, read it, and remarked, "Humph! We have got along so far with Christianity, and I guess we sha'n't leave it for Dr. Strauss' sake." Ullman, a keen, courteous Evangelical, laid it down after a careful perusal with the words, "Well! it can be answered," Gesenius,



MARGARET LAWRENCE PRAY.
(*Edward's sister Meta.*)

however, rubbed his hands with pleasure,—“Ha, this is capital! What a scandal it will make!”

Halle, May 10th, 1870.

At eleven, I joined Prof. Tholuck in his garden and had a talk with him till one o'clock. I had asked him to give me some of the ground ideas of Strauss. This took us down into the depths of Hegel's Philosophy, and over quite an extensive field. In our walk a few days before, he spoke much of the philosophy of Schopenhauer, who holds that there is so much more sorrow and misfortune in life than pleasure, that if we were not fools and did not grossly deceive ourselves, as well as have an instinctive fear of death, we should all commit suicide. Our imagined happiness is really only misery; our hopes are deceptions, and all religion an uncertainty. Tholuck said that all he had been able to accomplish as a teacher, often seemed trifling and fleeting; but when he thought of Neander, and how he had influenced his life, he had some hope for his own influence. He finds none of the English philosophers very deep, though clear and practical. Locke, he does not place high. Hume higher, and to John Stuart Mill he would say “Dig deep.” Bentham is much referred to in political economy. Coleridge he considers the deepest of English philosophers and expressed great pleasure in Prof. Marsh's Introduction to Aids to Reflection, although he thinks Coleridge got many of his modes of thinking from Germany. The Germans, he says, are remarkably dependent on England for fictitious literature.

A young American held out his finger to me, the other day, showing me a ring, the sign of his engagement to a German young lady. He thinks German wives are more docile and easily managed than Americans. How many select a wife on the same principle that they would buy a hound! Pretty creature! Thou must be good and obedient, and thy hands must be small, and thine eyes bright, and thy complexion fair and features regular, and then thou shalt have a nice little kennel and a handsome collar and good clothes, and the inexpressible honor of taking care of my noble person! It will cost less than hiring a housekeeper, and a wife can never strike for higher wages. The worst of it is that so many accept the position as one naturally belonging to them. Man gives woman the name of the better half, and takes the fact to himself. He calls woman an angel and makes her a servant, worships the idea and makes the fact worship him. But I suppose, in the first days of courtship, this is hardly thought of.

In May, Edward moved his quarters to Frau Cosack's, whose husband had been a professor in the University. He there became acquainted with her daughter from Magdeburg, the wife of Herr Hauptman Kloer, who was then before Paris with the German army. As Edward was obliged at that time to be very careful of his eyes, Frau Kloer read

to him, and was a help in other ways. He formed a warm friendship with her, and through her, with her husband, from whom he received kind messages in his letters, as during his absence she made her home with her mother. The friendship of the trio, which brought him great pleasure, continued through his life.

Halle, May 28th, 1870.

Dear Mother:—

Prof. Müller is in full activity and tolerable health. He is the most zealous of lecturers, and never misses an hour without good cause. He has just published a volume of essays on various theological subjects. I heard him on dogmatic theology, last winter, and hear him now on the Gospel of St. John.

I had a pleasant walk with Tholuck day before yesterday. Speaking of my Uncle Leonard's translation of Knapp's *Theology*, he told me something of Knapp, who was his predecessor in Halle. When he came here from Berlin, he asked Prof. Knapp how many of the eight or nine hundred theological students who heard him were sincere Christians. The tears came into Knapp's eyes as he answered, "Oh, you cannot ask that here. Everything is cold and lifeless. The only one I know the Moravians sent me. But these," said he, bringing out a bundle of letters, "these are my consolation. They are from students, telling me how they have been led to Christ since leaving Halle."

I then inquired what were the outward influences that led him to take such a different position from all those about him. He gave them as two. The first was Neander, but that was more preparatory. Baron Cottwiz was the other. He had always been asking himself what was the object of this human life. It was not pleasure, for many failed of that. Not learning nor science, for but few could obtain these. Baron Cottwiz took him into his family and without speaking to him directly on religion, showed him an actual Christian life which gave itself up to others. The Baron supported about five thousand poor men in various ways, yet without publicity. He went incognito through the world. There Tholuck learned that to live for others was the highest aim. And he could say that his life had been one of self-denial. He left Berlin, where he had hundreds of Christian friends, and accepted a professorship here, where he must stand alone. The only active Christians he knew in the place were two tradesmen. One of them established the prayer-meeting where Müller, afterwards of Bristol, England, and one of his first students, was converted. And since that time, the change has been truly marvellous, not only in Halle but throughout Germany.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THOLUCK JUBILEE.

“Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master’s steps be thine.”

Next Friday comes the Pflinger recess of ten days. I had arranged to visit Thuringer Wald, but have concluded to make a foot tour. Justus Jacobi, Ulrich Cosack, Waalrolt and myself propose to start on Tuesday and be ten days on foot. We go through the Thuringer Wald, coming out at Eisenach and the Wartburg, and then take the train back, visiting Weimar on the way. The only difficulty I feared was as to the Sundays. So I told them that I never travelled on Sunday, but if they chose to do so, I would overtake them on Monday. They, however, would not hear to this, so that it was agreed to make Sundays days of rest.

Early on June 5th the four young men started forth, but on account of the rain, took the cars direct for Weimar.

I found the address of Frau Presidenten Rathgen, the daughter of Niebuhr, to whom I had a letter from Pres. Porter. She proposed a walk, and under her guidance, I saw a good part of Weimar. Goethe’s summer house and garden were closed, but we found a weak spot in the hedge and, laughing like a child, she sprang through with me, only bidding me look out for a dog. I wanted to find a flower to send home to my mother. She picked some honeysuckles, and asked me to send them from her, which I accordingly do. We went into Goethe’s garden and house in the city, so I saw the window where he died, calling out at the last moment, “More light,” which the Germans interpret metaphorically. I went into the garden where he used to walk, with his hands behind him, thinking and composing. I cannot describe the feelings that came over me in the home of that great spirit. The grandeur of man, his possibilities and limitations, came clearly before me. What is Goethe now? Is he without God?

From Weimar, they went to Eisenach, from which place he writes:—

Yesterday, it was Goethe; to-day, Luther. We were awakened

at half-past four by the songs of the boys. The old chorals rang out beautifully in this pleasant, old, narrowed-streeted city. *Ein feste Burg ist unsre Gott*. From a certain spot at *Die hohen Sonne* one gets a look at the Wartburg, five miles off through an opening in the trees—the most beautiful and remarkable thing I have seen in this journey, seeming like a lovely picture in a frame of green.

Halle, July 7th, 1870.

In what a rebellious state one must live, who cannot take the world as it comes! The hard, old world grinds away and brings us down to the stern bread and butter facts of life. When I see those around me pressing on for some new bubble, I feel as if I had lived for ages. But the next minute, I am pressing on too. Yet, if I seek unfindable things, I do it all the time with a half-consciousness that it will never be found, and that I am deceiving myself with the feeling that I will take what I can get, even although the ideal never can exist. It may seem strange that I should say this, when I have so many and such good friends. But this does not satisfy me. The friendship which is worthy of the name seeks the greatest possible perfection in the character it loves, loves so truly indeed that it cannot be deterred by the offence it might give in pointing out a fault. Such is a mother's love. Such is your love and father's love, but I cannot expect to find that in the form of friendship. This longing for what we cannot find should lead us to Jesus Christ himself. But the bonds of flesh so bind us that it is with the greatest difficulty we rise to close communion with him. How gladly would I free myself from these clogs!

During these anxious months, Edward sent accounts as to the progress of the war, which appeared in the *Christian Union* and other papers. His letters home also gave many particulars.

Halle, July 24th, 1870.

The horrible war-giant is still arming himself, and when he once breaks loose, I know not what sights this world may see. Everybody is pressing into the army. The young men who have never served will form the reserve, and occupy the fortresses. Lectures are thinly attended, most of the students being already in the ranks. Troops go through on the railroad by thousands each day. All regular trains are stopped, and to travel is almost an impossibility. Every house in the city is prepared for the lodgment of soldiers. Frau Prof. Cosack has two beds ready, which may be demanded at any time, for those on their way to the Rhine. Large booths have been erected at the station where refreshments are sold cheap to the defenders of the country. The enthusiasm which prevails everywhere is indescribable. A friend, whose husband is a lieutenant, expresses her regret that he must remain at home to take charge of the reserves. She would gladly send him into the battlefield. The women are not at all behind in their zeal for work.

They are making preparation for the hospitals and inspiring all hands to join them.

I hear from every quarter expressions of the greatest pleasure for the sympathy which America gives, for the protection of our embassy offered to Germans in Paris, for the sums of money sent from Germans in the West, and for the tone of the newspapers. Tholuck speaks of the friendship between the two countries as a kind of *gemuthlichkeit*, arising partly, on this side, perhaps, from some secret leanings towards republicanism. The mails as yet remain undisturbed, though letters should be sent *via* England.

In his summer vacation Edward gladly accepted an invitation from Prof. and Frau Rathin Tholuck to pass a few weeks with them at Suderoda, in the Harz Mountains. He writes:—

Suderoda, Aug. 19th, 1870.

I have been here two weeks, but can hardly realize it, the time flies so fast. Our company is increased by the presence of General Superintendent Niemann, from Hannover, the office being something like that of a bishop, and also by that of Prof. Dorner. The other day, we all received from the Graf and Gräfin Harrach an invitation to a rendezvous at one of the beautiful spots in the Harz Mountains, seven or eight miles from here—the Magdesprung where two foot tracks are formed in the rocks at the edge of a precipice. The story is that a maiden leaped over here to escape from a pursuing hunter.

Profs. Tholuck and Dorner, General Superintendent Niemann, Herr Besser and I walked there through beautiful thick pine forests. When we reached the hotel, it was nearly one, and the rest of our company were already there. Nine of us sat down to dinner. After this Frau Tholuck wanted to hear "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," the great patriotic song of the day. Herr Besser sings, so I offered to accompany him. While I was playing, Tholuck came over and stood with others by the piano, and as I rose, said, "I did not know that you played so," and folding his arms about me, "I must embrace you, because you have played this song, and with such spirit." I was delighted to have given him such pleasure.

On our way back, the Herr Rath had walked quietly along for about half an hour, his umbrella under his arm, when he suddenly stopped and said to Prof. Dorner, "But I have left my umbrella behind." "You have it under your arm." "Oh, well, then I must be a *gelehrte*," was his laughing response, as he trudged forward again.

On Tuesday, we had another excursion, to which we were invited by Graf Sedlinitzky, the former bishop. After dinner, Tholuck told over the coffee several of his inimitable stories, some of them untranslatable.

On their return to Halle, Edward writes:—

Those six weeks in the Harz! What a delightful time it was!

And then it is such a pleasure to get back to my studies! I like to read the papers you send me, that I may know what questions are discussed in the Christian world. As I look at the dangers, political, moral and religious, which seem to hang over my country; as I see all the fearful tests to which the Republic and the Church are being brought, I realize how great is the need that every man with a clear head and warm heart should throw his whole being to turn the tide for truth and for God, and that he may hold himself firm to the everlasting Truth, the everlasting Life. What an untold wealth lies in our nation, if it be only developed, if the full manhood of the people be only brought out!

I dined with Prof. Ulrici and family. He is a man of deep religious feeling and a profound philosopher. And he is thoroughly acquainted with all periods and forms of art.

In October, Edward visited Leipzig and Dresden. Through the introduction of a friend, he formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Mrs. Gibbens and her daughters, an American family residing in Dresden. This acquaintance grew into an enduring friendship.

I returned to Leipzig in time to hear Herr Joachim and his wife in the Gewandhaus Concert. He is, as you know, the Charles Auchester of the romance, and the finest violin player in the world. It seemed like a dream to hear him in this place. There was David his old master, directing, and the wonderful orchestra of the world playing, and the inspired face of Mendelssohn presiding over the scene which draws the most musical audience in the world. I return to-morrow to Halle. The lectures will not commence for eight or ten days, but I feel in haste to be at my books again.

Halle, Oct. 30th, 1870.

I am fully started in the University once more. From Prof. Kostlein, a new teacher, called from Breslau, I hear lectures on Ethics five times a week; from Prof. Erdman, four times, on the Philosophy of Religion, and from the same, five times on the History of Philosophy. Tholuck I hear twice a week, on Encyclopedology, and Ruhm twice, on Prophecy. Herr Besser, with whom I take dogmatics and philosophical studies, will be here in three weeks. Then twice a week I go, at half-past six, to Tholuck's study and sit on the sofa beside him, where we discuss ethics for an hour. I have told Tholuck that I want in all things to keep my eye on the ministry, not on a professorship, and I find that he remembers this and shapes his talk accordingly.

Halle, Nov. 10th, 1870.

Dear Mother:—

In order to keep up with the lectures and get their full value, I have to read a great deal, and then the subjects are so interesting that I can scarcely break away. I am now right in the sea of German thought, studying its richest treasures, but

at the same time keeping up my parallel course in the Hebrew poets and Greek biographers. . . . I have copied a short poem from the *Kladderadatsch*, hoping that you, or some friend, if you have not time, may translate it. Prof. Tholuck read it to me with the greatest enjoyment. I write a good part of my letters now in the academic quarters. The lecture ends at the hour, and the next begins at a quarter past. So I sometimes fill up these quarters with writing, although I generally employ it in walking out in the fresh air, to get my brain clear for the next lecture, as these rooms have absolutely no ventilation.

Nov. 27th, 1870.

To-day, Tholuck preached one of the most touching sermons I ever heard. "Confessions and Creeds," he said, "are the pilgrim garments which we wear on our earthly pilgrimage, not the saintly robes of the love of Christ which shall clothe us."

The far-famed Tholuck Jubilee came off Dec. 2nd, of which Edward wrote a detailed account for *The Independent*, giving also a full translation of Tholuck's address, which Prof. Schaff copied for a Presbyterian magazine. In explanation of his brief letters home at this time, Edward writes:—

In those three or four days, every moment was taxed. First of all, I had engaged to take part in a few recitations and tableaux, arranged in honor of Frau Kloer's birthday. To play Alphonso in a scene from Goethe's *Tasso*, was one of my performances. Then I appeared in several tableaux as Werther, as Goethe, etc. I must also prepare my first dinner speech in German, and with a very short time to do it in. I must be present at all the jubilee exercises, and secure my stenographer for Tholuck's speech in German. My stenographer found his address full of obscurities and complicated sentences, while several times there were slips of the tongue, for instance, "at home and abroad," for "at home and in the fatherland." All these I corrected, as well as I could. About three days after, Tholuck sent for me and said that, if I wished, he would look it through and correct it. I could only tell him that it was already gone.

It was really a great favor that I was present at the reception of the deputations, on Friday morning. Tholuck had invited me to be there the day before, but when I spoke of it to his amanuensis, he was incredulous, saying it was impossible; that the Professor had nothing to do with the arrangement; that the Frau Rathin had only invited a few of her particular friends. So I must give up my hope. But later in the day, the Professor sent down express word that the three Americans were to be admitted, and that settled the matter.

Rev. Dr. Lysander Dickerman, the well-known Egyptologist, was at that time a student in Halle. In his published

account of the jubilee, he says: "One of the most interesting features of the day was a brief address in which Mr. Edward A. Lawrence, Jr., of Marblehead, acquitted himself most creditably. . . . The response to his address was the following brief sentiment of a German, "Long live the Tholuckeans in America!"

This report greatly interested many of Edward's friends in America, and among them, Rev. Ellery Tyler, a son of Pres. Tyler, who had known him as a boy in East Windsor Hill. He writes, from Vineland, N. J.: "I must tell you of the tearful pleasure with which I read a recent number of the *Congregationalist*, bringing your dear boy into notice in so interesting and worthy a manner."

The following letter from Mr. Dickerman, with regard to the Jubilee, was sent me after Edward's departure from earth:—

In the winter of 1870, Dr Tholuck celebrated his *Jubilaum*. His old pupils came to rejoice with him from all parts of Germany. Italians and native Greeks were there. Three hundred plates were set for the distinguished guests. Young Lawrence was determined that a torchlight procession should precede the festivities, and that all Halle should know that honor was paid to its most renowned professor and citizen. Torchlight processions were not popular with the students, and even those who promised to join this one, did not all keep their promise. This was from no want of respect or affection for Dr. Tholuck, but the sacrifice was greater than they wanted to make. Mr. Lawrence was not to be defeated in his determination to have a procession of which the friends of Tholuck could be proud. He succeeded. He entreated, argued, and possibly hired young men from the city to bear torches, and when he came into his room after the imposing procession he was covered with smoke and soot. I understood why torchlight processions in Germany were not popular. As he looked at me through the flakes of soot that hung from his eyebrows, he said:—"I would not have done this for any other man, but I was determined that dear old Tholuck should not lack any mark of respect that was ever paid to any other Halle professor."

After dinner, when it came his turn, he brought the greetings of the many American students whom Tholuck had aided. He began his address by an allusion to the remark that "republics were said to be ungrateful," and proved that on one occasion some sons of the great western republic were not so. The Americans present were proud of him, as we had every reason to be,



AS A STUDENT ABROAD.

Taken in Italy.

and the Germans applauded him long and lustily. When I went up to our honored Professor to present my personal congratulations, he said: "Lead me to Mr. Lawrence." He seized his glass, then with tottering footsteps crossed the hall, leaning heavily on my arm. They looked into each other's faces, touched glasses, but neither could speak, and neither could swallow. No two hearts in all that assembly were more firmly knit together. In the affection and high esteem of that ripe old German scholar, of that devout and sturdy Christian, there was the promise of usefulness, which the young American abundantly fulfilled.

The hearty admiration of your son by Prof. and Frau Tholuck was often expressed to me in no measured terms. That they loved him as if he were their own son I never had a doubt. Hardly a day passed that he and Tholuck did not walk together.

Edward sent home a little pamphlet entitled,

DR. THOLUCK'S.
FUNFZIGIYAHHRIGES JUBILAUM.

am 2 December, 1870.
Erinnerungs blatter
für
Freunde

Der neberschness ist fur die Tholuck, Stiftung bestiment.

When sending this pamphlet, he writes, "I know you will like to see my virgins speech. And if you wish for something interesting and beautiful, read No. 16 *Preis des Greiser Alter*, which you might well translate.

Edward's speech, or toast as it was called, has been kindly translated for me by an old friend of his, Rev. Mr. Zimmerman, pastor of the Lutheran church in Syracuse. But it is too long to be given here.

Halle, Jan. 8th, 1871.

Dear Mother:—

We sat the old year out—Frau Kloer, Ulrich Cosack, Walter and I, and did not go to bed till the bells had rung in the new Decennium. I began it by getting up early, to go in a quartette, to serenade Frau Tholuck, it being her birthday. We sang three chorals in the room adjoining hers, and then drank coffee there till she appeared, when we gave our congratulations. Soon after came the Herr Professor, and we remained with them while they drank their coffee.

The cannonade of Paris has at last really begun. Frau Kloer's husband is captain of artillery before Fort Issy, at Paris, and ac-

ording to last night's news, this fort has already been silenced. But these are sad, anxious days for her, to wait and watch, knowing that at any moment a shot from the enemy may strike him.

Have I written you about Frau Prof. Boehmer, what a charming woman she is? I feel very much at home with her and her husband.

After speaking of various plans for the coming year, Edward writes:—

Halle, Jan. 15th, 1871.

Of my longing to see you, and of my wish to be with you, after being away from home more than two years, you need no assurance. And I have had thoughts about spending a year at home and studying with father, and helping him, which would be delightful. But I have for some time been coming to the conclusion that, on the whole, the year had better be spent here. Since overcoming the difficulties of a foreign language I have found myself brought into a new current of thoughts and opinions. My studies have been purely theological—Exegesis, Dogmatics, Christian History, Criticism. I have found myself all the time working deeper into the heart of the matter. I was never satisfied, for I had not reached it. I studied at times more for the sake of others, than for my own sake. I felt that I had a living fact in my experience which could be shaken by nothing outward, but I wanted to be able to make it clear to others who had not this experience. So went by the first year. Now it is different. I feel as if I had reached a foundation, and that I can build upon that. The foundation is my life in Christ and for him—if only it were deeper and stronger than it is! And I desire to bring this fact into agreement with the whole system of my thinking and feeling and acting, so far as possible. Instead of learning a system of theology from others, I would make the doctrines contained in the life of Christ my own. Before I reached this standpoint, I had less inclination for theology. There seemed to be much in it that was arbitrary and forced, made so by theologians. I feel now first of all the need of becoming clear concerning myself. That which I have lived in Christ remains what it has been. How shall I make that life work itself into all my opinions? I have a work to do for the world,—to preach the Gospel. But how shall I look at this world? This I must decide by working out my own life and opinions into clearness. I am studying principally Kant and Schleiermacher. Kant takes me into the inmost heart of my understanding, and shows me that if I rest there alone, I can find no God. He does not stop there, however, but goes on and shows me a yet higher part of myself, whose voice I must hear, which tells me of a God and immortality. Schleiermacher shows me the origin of my connection with God as a Christian. How I shall work their suggestions up for myself, how much I shall accept, how much reject, I cannot say, but I feel that I must go on and work my way through. I have nowhere found such

satisfaction with theoretical studies as with these. I know as much as this: Whether I come out a Calvinist or something else, I shall have a living, not a dead belief, and if I accept Predestination, it will be because I believe that God's voice in Revelation and in Nature declares it to us. If I do not believe, it will not be because this or that theologian has shown me that his views are plausible, but because I have felt the truth. I think you have no reason to fear that I shall be led from the truth of God as he has revealed it to us in the Bible, for my desire to search the Scriptures increases at every stage.

Leipzig, Jan. 22d, 1871.

I did, yesterday, what I had been meaning to do for a long time, called on Prof. Tischendorf. I simply sent in my card, and was received very warmly, and had a good hour's conversation with him. He makes a pleasant impression, is lively and conservative, may possibly go to the next Evangelical Alliance, when it meets in America, if he can previously bring his grand edition of the New Testament to a good stage of advancement. He gave me a leaf out of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, of which he had twenty copies printed on parchment for the Emperor of Russia. He has accomplished much in his line. Only one must not take him out of his province, and consider him a great theologian or exegete, anything in fact other than a fine text critic and reader of manuscript.

Halle, Feb. 5th, 1871.

Dear Mother:—

The birthday letter came day before yesterday, to my great joy. And the picture of my birthday sister was welcomed,—with how much pleasure I cannot begin to tell you. Anna has the same familiar look, and yet is greatly changed.

You will like to know what I am reading just now. It is Kant's *Critique of the Pure Reason*. I have finished the first reading and am now in a condition to begin really to read it. I find no difficulty in the style, but to know the systematic work as a whole is a labor of time. I am repelled by the man's lack of heart and warmth, and feel that in many cases he sees only the half truth. But I admire his clearness and depth, and the fearlessness with which he seeks to penetrate into the centre of our being, without letting himself be bound by authorities.

I have just commenced Lotze's *Metaphysik* with Besser. He is professor of Philosophy in Gottingen, and the most important philosopher of the day, standing far removed from the extremes of either Hegel or Hebart. Then I am reading and hearing lectures all the time on the history of Philosophy. Just now, Spinoza is under consideration. Then comes the *Dogmatic* of Schleiermacher, to which I always return with fresh pleasure, no matter how far I am from him in his conclusions. His *Discourses Concerning Religion* I read occasionally, in the evening, with Besser. And I have just finished his monologues with my friend, Frau Kloer, which I have read to her evenings, between half-past nine and eleven. I have also been reading portions of his letters.

which are published in three or four volumes. There, one feels the great contrast between him and Kant. What a full, loving heart he has for all whom he can reach, and who have faculties which can be developed and elevated! In the theological line, again, comes Ethics, which I hear from Prof. Kostlein. When I add that, once or twice a week, I read with Louise and Conrad Cosack the *Nieblungen Lied*, you will see that I have no time to be idle.

There was a strong feeling among several who were interested in Edward, some of them being teachers in a University or Theological Seminary, that he should study with a view to a professorship, and that, for this purpose, he ought to secure a Doctorate of Philosophy. One of the Andover professors wrote a letter to Edward's father, from which brief extracts are made. "I have often heard of your son, and have been led to suppose that he would become a teacher in some theological seminary, and have therefore supposed that he would remain and secure a degree of Doctor in Philosophy. I know the dangers of a foreign residence, but educated as your son has been, I presume he will escape them.

. . . "I have thought of asking him to furnish some articles for the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, exhibiting the views of the German scholars. Why is it not best that he should gain as much of the *prestige*, resulting from his studies in Germany, as possible? The reputation which Prof. — acquired from his foreign residence has helped him greatly." When his mother reported these opinions, sending him the professor's letter, he replied:—

Halle, Feb. 27th, 1871.

I am not thinking of a professorship. I do not mean to affirm that I would never be a professor. But now, my sole aim is to fit myself to preach the Gospel and to teach it as a pastor, and I should consider anything that would turn me aside from that purpose as a hindrance. As a minister, I desire a much broader range than is usually sought, with the ability to command press and platform in my work, although with everything running in that channel. To study with a view to a professorship would not be concentration. I could study up for the degree of a Doctor of Philosophy, but in many things this would turn me aside from my chosen work. I would not reject "prestige" of course, but to labor just for its sake, I hope never to do. And I should far rather win

a professorship by hard work than to study now for the prestige of a degree. . . German Theology, Philosophy and Ethics, in their working and counter-working, I have studied and wish to study still more in their original atmosphere.

Edward wrote us of the plan of a journey with his friend Dickerman in the spring vacation. He found that he was quite willing to travel in the third-class cars, to which Edward had accustomed himself, and to do other things in the same economical fashion.

Of this journey, Mr. Dickerman has written:—

At the close of the winter semester, in March, 1871, we started for Italy together, and for two or three days were "The two Gentlemen of Verona," as Ned wittily expressed it. We visited Venice *via* Leghorn to Naples, then to Rome and Florence, afterwards to Pisa and Geneva, *via* Spezzia. He spent the following summer in Geneva and I in Zurich. This tells nothing of the lovely character which has left on my memory and heart an abiding admiration. Oh, how I miss him! No more charming travelling companion can be imagined. He was always cheerful, conscientious, and unselfish. The early training of his boyhood, his thorough education, and his scholarship made him remarkably intelligent. Few subjects were introduced on which he had not thought or read, and his intimate knowledge of the Latin poets and orators shone brightly as we visited the eternal city and its environs.

Later, Mr. Dickerman writes: "I am glad you are to publish a memorial of your son. Yet I have a strong feeling that no printed page can ever do justice to the noble life so early closed. It is a blessing ever to have met such a man. I loved him. I cherish his memory with a sacred passion. What will it be to meet him amid the glories that can never end?"

Only a few extracts from Edward's account of his journeyings will be given.

Hotel Washington, Naples, March 12th, 1871.

I am looking right out on the lovely bay, Capri in front, Vesuvius on the left, an old, moss-grown fortress right under my eyes, and our own American ship, the Franklin, lying in the centre of the harbor saluting, or being saluted by the forts on shore. It is an incomparably beautiful scene. Father knows it, and can understand my rapture.

I joined Dickerman at Munich, dined with the Stuntzes, with

whom I had a joyful meeting, called on Dr. Dollinger, the Catholic, talking with him for half an hour. . . . Our neighbor in the coupe was M. Coqueril *fils*—a Protestant French minister of Paris. I have seldom met a man who unites so much quickness and keenness of thought with such varied and extensive learning. We exchanged cards, and he invited us to visit him in Paris, should its days of trial ever pass by.

. . . Here in Milan, first in interest comes the Cathedral, and I cannot even attempt to express my admiration. I am lost in the forest of its columns. My eyes are never turned towards any part without discovering some new beauty. This morning, I visited Santa Maria della Grazia, where I saw Leonardo Vinci's Last Supper, and studied for a long time the expression of each face. . . . In Florence, I made the acquaintance, among many others, of Salvator Borghi, a member of Parliament and editor of *La Perseverance*, in Milan, the most important paper in Northern Italy. I had much time with him and gained information that you will see some day. My Italian improves, and I am able to carry on a conversation, provided it be not too deep.

They spent some time in Rome, where Ned in his usual fashion made a study of the manners and customs, the music, the architecture, the art and the artists—ancient and modern—the saints and the sinners, the history, the philosophy and the religion of the imperial city. It was not simply sight-seeing, interested as he was in that, but going into the roots of things. He writes: "Henry Ward Beecher's letter, stating that I was a correspondent of the *Christian Union*, and bespeaking for me the usual courtesies, is just what I wanted to admit me inside the Catholic element at Rome. Most people condemn from the outside; I would rather condemn from the inside." In one of his published letters he considered quite fully what he called "The Roman Question," presenting the *pros* and *cons* relating to the Pope's temporal sovereignty.

Edward was assisted in carrying out several of his plans by Father Metcalf, who was at that time a resident of Rome, and with whom he renewed his acquaintance some years later at Marblehead, where he found him settled as pastor of the Catholic Church there.

Florence, Via Guelfa, May 12th, 1871.

Your last letter is full of recollections of the past. I shall think

of you and of that silver wedding day on the 20th, a day full of sunshine and happiness. Such days lie now only in that great, inexhaustible future, which is before us.

My son often referred in his letters to his genial fellow-traveller, Mr. Dickerman, who added much to his enjoyment.

Edward reached Geneva in June, where he writes: "The last week was the Anniversary week here and full of interest. Numbers of pastors from all parts of Switzerland and from Paris and Italy were present. There was a social reunion, to which Merle d'Aubigné sent me an invitation. It was at one of the beautiful villas, a mile or two out of the city. The grounds were all open, and we strolled about on the border of Lake Lemán, with the Alps on one side and the Jura on the other, all in the beautiful light of the moon. Refreshments were abundant, the grounds were lighted up as it grew dark, and we had very interesting speeches, mostly from those who had taken part in the war. I have already experienced unusual courtesy from the professors and ministers of Geneva."

Edward passed a few weeks in Geneva, securing a pleasant home in the family of Pastor Bost, with whom and Madame Bost he formed a warm friendship. Besides various excursions among the mountains, of which he sent home most glowing descriptions, he made a thorough study of the city, both historically and theologically.

Oberammergau, Sept. 10th, 1871.

Dear Mother:—

I have just heard the Passion Play for the third and last time. The first Sunday I was in the house of Christ and learned to know him well; then I came here to the house of Pilatus and have been here ever since. One of his daughters takes the Virgin Mary; another is in the chorus of guardian spirits. The whole family is charming. I have been trying to get some of the music just for my own pleasure, and to-day, one of the two girls slipped one of the chief parts out of the theatre, and I shall copy some of it to-morrow. They say no one must know of it, but I have no scruples of conscience, as I do not mean to make any public use of what I get.

There is always an immense concourse of visitors, chiefly American and English, which rolls in here Saturday night, and off again Monday. During the week the village is quiet, and then I enjoy it best. Could I have my books and study and write, I should much rather stay here than to journey all around. But I regard the latter as a kind of duty, and shall, of course, adhere to my plan. The people are just now going out of the village, and many drop in to say good-bye to the two beautiful girls. I have to smile at the stereotyped inquiries put by successive visitors to each of them:—"Are you not very tired?" "Was it not extremely exhausting?" I have proposed that they should have a list of answers printed, which can be put into the hands of every questioner.

The two girls were seated on the bench near me, and at my request, have written their greeting to you, which I enclose. They have now gone out into the field to work. Think of it! I grow indignant whenever I see it. They become old women before they have ceased to be young.

Shortly after Edward passed from earth there appeared in the Poughkeepsie *Eagle* the following passage from Father McSweeney, formerly a resident of that city.

Mount St. Mary's, Nov. 19, 1893.

I recall one out of several delightful instances of Mr. Lawrence's honest courage and courtliness.

It was at the Vassar Institute. One of us priests had spoken of the Passion Play, setting forth its eloquence, its beauty and its power. Yet, having never, up to that time, seen it himself, he could hardly reply with much confidence to those who rose and differed with his views. To his great delight Mr. Lawrence got up and surprised us all by relating how he had seen the play and thought so well of it as a means of Gospel teaching, not to speak of its supreme artistic excellence, that he had visited it three times in the same summer, sitting out each while the eight hours' performance. The result was that the priest was immediately consulted by various members of the audience about the works he had quoted, and several of those present went to see the play the year after, including the priest himself.

So here and now that priest drops this little spray of respect and affection on the sunny southern grave of his former fellow-citizen and associate.

EDWARD MCSWEENEY.

Baden Baden, Sept. 21st, 1871.

I have just come from the play tables. I can readily understand how a person once under way should be fascinated. I have seen one young man almost break the bank. . . Many ladies sit the whole day at the table, which is open from eleven in the morning till midnight.

On Saturday, I went to Bad Rolf, the establishment of Pastor

Blumhardt. He is the man who, nineteen years ago, cured one "possessed of a devil," by prayer, and since then is said to have wrought many wonderful cures. I had heard so much of him that I was anxious to see with my own eyes. I found about ninety-three, most of them troubled in mind, who wished rest from the world and Christian intercourse with him. He is a charming man, reminding me somewhat of Tholuck, and well calculated to exert a strong influence. Of late years, his cures have been less frequent. Neither is that his express object, but much more to lead souls to Christ.

From there I went to Tubingen, where I visited Profs. Oehler, Palmer, Weizecker and Wildemuth. Beck was not at home. At Reutlingen I visited the institutions of Werner, whom Palmer calls the Christian Communist, and spent a few hours at Fraulein Seckendorf's, an establishment similar to Blumhardt's, only more so; and here I met facts which staggered me, cases of cures admitted by all, which could not be accounted for on ordinary grounds. I want to get some insight into the religious peculiarities of the land, and this was one of my great reasons for visiting the Tubingen professors.

Gottingen, Oct. 7th, 1871.

My Dear Father:—

I am very glad that you had a birthday, and doubly glad that I can congratulate you upon it, as your son. I pray that you may long be able to work for Christ, and that when you can do that no more, your life may reappear in that of your son.

Halle, Oct. 9th, 1871.

I cannot express my emotions on seeing Tholuck again. He took my hand, put his arm around me; and said:—"God be thanked, my beloved friend, that we meet once more!"

At the close of the war, Herr Hauptmann Kloer found in Madgeburg a pleasant suite of rooms, just outside the city on an island between two arms of the Elbe where they have an outlook over the whole region.

Oct. 12th, 1871.

I do not deserve to be treated with such kindness. They were both at the station when I arrived, and the two now sit near me, and send to my father and mother "*einen gruss wenn das sich schickt,*" says Frau Kloer, "*wenn nicht, eine empfehlung.*"

Madgeburg. Oct. 16th.

It was a good idea proposed yesterday, that a *gemeinschaftlicher* brief should be sent to Marblehead. So I open the list, and bring the other members of the trio into the paternal house as welcome guests. We have a small republic where each one has his own way, a Christian Commune, which seeks to secure God's best gifts, and share them with others. And thus, although our republic consists of different sexes and different nationalities, and different professions, we never have discords, for our aims are one. This outward union in one place can, indeed, last but for a short time, but it will continue, I think, when one of its members has migrated, and may, perhaps, fit each of us better to enter into the

divine kingdom, where there is no more need of republics. But I must make way for the lady-member, who will be followed by our army.

My Dear Sister Anna:—

Nothing of all we meet in the world can ever completely satisfy our wishes. They are but single rays of light which come from the great Source. And only in reaching that, only in coming to the great Divine Life, to God himself, shall we find what we seek. It is hard, is it not? to love so intensely one whom we cannot see, one whom we cannot take to ourselves, and looking in his face, tell him all we feel? But that is only because our eyes are blinded so that we cannot see him. The reality, however, is just the same.

Reluctant as Edward was to part from Tholuck, he felt clear that it was best to carry out his original intention to spend some months at the University in Berlin.

Berlin, Oct. 28th, 1871.

I have been with a friend of Besser's who has devoted his life to the working classes. He is well to do, has taken his degree in the University, and can, therefore, pursue his work with independence. He has started well in Berlin, but the lamentable thing about it is that the church and philanthropy stand at sword's points with one another. Any humanitarian enterprise which has a church-tinge to it is suspected by all parties,—by the church itself, as if it were against the church to work in any other than the established channels; by the people, because it seems to proceed from the church, for which they have no sympathy. A clergyman thus finds it hard to engage in any work of practical beneficence, other than that which has been handed down to him by tradition.

Berlin, Nov.

I have told you something about Besser, the best friend I have among the German students, and just now made professor. Today, I have received his Latin dissertation which he presented, last Monday, as his opening work, "*De Notione Subjectivae Fidei quae Ecstat in Quator Evangelis.*" He is especially beloved by Tholuck, and has charge of the Tholuck house for students.

You will want to know about my work here. I leave my room at eight in the morning and hear Dorner's Dogmatics till nine. Then till ten, five times a week, I hear Bruckner in Biblical Theology of the New Testament. From ten till eleven I read and discuss with a young professor, Schleiermacher's Ethics, and from eleven till twelve, hear Harms on Philosophical Ethics. Every Thursday evening I am in the Theological Society at Dorner's, when we read and discuss Rothe's Ethics. Saturday evening, I am in another society, directed by him, for the discussion of Plato's Ethics. Monday evening, I am often in a Philosophical Society, where various topics are discussed. You will see that I am making a specialty of Ethics.

I am often at a pleasant evening party at Dorner's. There comes a simple invitation:—"Professor Dorner and wife would be happy to have Mr. Lawrence drink tea with them on Friday evening, at eight o'clock." Very soon after the appointed hour I am there in full dress. Frau Dorner is on the sofa, and before her is the usual oval table, with a plate of cakes upon it. On the other side stand the gentlemen, for Frau Dorner is the only lady present. The guests in this case were mostly older students or young candidates. I seated myself by Frau Dorner, and talked with her about Prof. Richard Rothe of Heidelberg, whom she knows quite well. Cups of tea were passed around, and we sat there about an hour, eating cakes and sipping tea. Then we adjourned to the next room, where the supper table was spread, and about sixteen or eighteen sat down, the Professor in the middle on one side, and the Frau on the other. There were all sorts of cold meats, ham, tongue and roasts, bread and butter and tea. We sat there, talking and eating, Dorner having a word for every one and presiding with his accustomed urbanity. We talked of universities and churches, of new books and various theologians. Then the cups and plates were removed, new ones laid on, and puddings, with bottles of red and white wine, brought in. The conversation was continued over the wine, Dorner seeing that the glasses were kept filled. Lastly came cake. We talked on till after eleven, when the company dispersed.

With his fellow students in Berlin my son made a number of acquaintances that he greatly valued, some of them being his own countrymen. Among these was Mr. Franklin W. Fisk, now President of Chicago Theological Seminary, who writes warmly of Edward.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WINTER IN BERLIN AND HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed, is work for God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of Heaven, God and all men looking on it well pleased.—*Carlyle.—Past and Present.*

On account of his mother's and his sister's health, it was decided that they should accept the invitation of some Scotch friends, and taking an ocean voyage, pass several weeks in the suburbs of Glasgow.

After a few weeks in Scotland, it seemed best for them to go to Berlin. Edward writes his father: "As Anna has gained so much, the winter can be made very profitable to her in German and music. I don't know just how I shall arrange for mother, but shall find out the best way. I would rather deny myself many pleasures than to have her fail of a happy winter here."

That winter in Französische Strasse 65. IV, was indeed a happy one. On Jan. 16th, the double birthday, we had a celebration, our landlady, Frau Bernstein, preparing for us a coffee-supper, to which we had brought, in anticipation, from friends in Scotland, oatcake, buns and various *et ceteras*, while as guests Edward invited his English, American, German, Scotch and Italian friends. He had rented a piano for his sister, and her face was radiant with delight that her great ambition had come to pass, and she could play well enough to have Ned accompany her with his flute.

In a letter to the father at home, Edward's mother writes: Our manner of life is very simple. About half-past seven, the

servant makes a fire in the porcelain stove in the larger bedroom, a little before eight, coffee and rolls come in with just so many lumps of sugar. I give Edward his breakfast, and he is off to lecture. Then Anita and I take ours more leisurely. The *madchen* soon makes a fire in our sitting room, putting things in order. Edward has a second lecture at eleven.

On Tuesdays and Fridays, when Anita has no Conservatory lessons, Ned has arranged for his young friend Ulrich Cosack to meet us at the Museum, when for an hour or two, he acts as our guide, enlightening us as to the wonders that everywhere greet our eyes. And we have the catalogue that Ress and Meta used.

Edward seemed very happy to have his mother and sister with him, taking them on unceremonious and frequent visits at Dr. Cramer's, to delightful evenings at the Loesches of Oranienburger Strasse, and to the fortnightly receptions at Dr. Abbott's, at Hansvoigti Platz, where a pleasant company was always gathered. Then there were the garden concerts, the dinners at half past one on *Unter den Linden*, where, in daily passing the palace, the good old Emperor was seen at the window, reading his paper; and the long walks, especially in the Thiergarten, reached through the classic Brandenburg gate. But nothing was of more interest than the Museum, with which Edward had become so familiar, and where he delighted to point out the wonderful collection of statuary, the Kaulbach mural paintings, and the galleries of the old masters.

A great addition to their enjoyment was frequent intercourse with Edward's particular friends, Herr Hauptman and Frau Kloer, who had arranged to pass some months in the city while we were there.

Ned introduced to us his bookseller and friend, Edward Müller, of the firm of Meyer & Müller, with whom they formed a pleasant acquaintance.

Berlin, Feb. 10th, 1872.

Dear Father:—

I wish you could see how mother and Anna get along in the new life. The contrasts between the German ideal and actual—the thought and the act,—strike mother very strangely, and she wants to have them explained. But that is just what can-

not be done. She often says, "How much your father would enjoy this!"

Edward frequently met George Bancroft, our minister to Berlin, who was good enough, one day, to mount up to the third story of the house where they had lodgings, to call on his mother and sister. At that time, a son of Henry B. Smith, William Allen Smith, who has since passed from earth, was his private secretary. After Edward's departure he sent the following lines:—

I learned very quickly to admire the manliness and sincerity of Mr. Lawrence's character, the even balance of his mind, his exact and studious and comprehensive methods. He was a thoroughly genial man, clear and straightforward, always considerate of the feelings and opinions of others, and ever ready to bear his share of work, or of social obligation. I have a very clear recollection of him as an unusually symmetrical young man, so that his later growth and distinction were just what one would have expected.

Rev. Alfred Myers, of the Collegiate Reformed Church in New York, was a classmate of Edward in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. The following letter from him speaks for itself:—

Edward liked a cool room to study in, but the coolness was all in the physical atmosphere. His heart shone out through the friendly eyes and thrilled in the warm hand-grasp, which conveyed the affectionate, transparent nature of the man.

We parted at the wharf in New York, when he went abroad. And he had completed his studies in Halle before we again met in Berlin, in the winter of 1871-1872. Those were the days when the German soldiers seemed to tread on air as they marched through the streets, and the strains of their martial music had in them only the ring of victory.

Edward acquired a home-knowledge of the Germans. Many of the best families were eager to receive the cultured young American. As you know, he was a special favorite with Tholuck. To go there in company with him was to ensure a warm reception. A walk with the great professor up and down his garden is fresh in my memory. He conversed freely on theological and other subjects, answering our questions in his own sweet and wise way. One remark he made concerning Edward, which I have never forgotten,—“When he returns to America, a great ethical light—*ein grosse ethisches licht*—will arise.”

The brief entries in my diary of those Berlin days are now to me of touching significance:—Nov. 19th, 1871. Long talk with Ned. Dec. 4th. Ned came in the afternoon for music. Dec. 6th. Ned

came. Chat about Kant. Dec. 18th. Ned arranged for Christmas dinner. Jan. 22d, 1872. I have not seen Ned to-day. The close of my stay in Berlin is recorded. Jan. 27th. Call from Ned. Good-bye to Ned.

As a friend, Edward was cheery, helpful and unexacting; as a Christian, he was always hopeful; as a minister, incessantly diligent, enterprising and progressive.

A light always shone from his clear soul in his personal character. It never failed in calm or storm. He brought to the service of the lowliest the culture acquired by all his study and world-encircling travel. We who knew him best, knew that this was done without one thought of self.

There was no trait of my dear friend that more impressed me than his transparent honesty. He was without guile. His face was as sunny as a summer day. His eyes were windows, and there were no blinds of policy or design to keep one from seeing what was going on in his soul, for there was nothing to conceal.

He was an every-day Christian philosopher. The principles of the doctrines of Christ, into which he had so deeply delved in the mines of theory and speculation, were by him constantly applied to the problems of life. Often his wise and pithy sayings come to me, and happy hours of our talk on nearly all things in heaven, earth and sea pass in review before me.

O kind and faithful friend! I write thus of thee, and yet it is to me as if thou wert still here, laboring to help the poor whom thou lovedst. But more fruitful ministries are thine, where thou art. For now thou seest clearer, now thou drawest nearer the Son of Man, whom thou didst love above all, and in whose foot-prints thou didst set thy steadfast feet in these dusty, thorny, stony paths of earth.

Farewell for a little while! As in the Berlin days I say,

Ned, *auf wiedersehen!*

Early in March the mother writes: "We all went in force, the Kloers with us, to hear Ned preach in the American chapel. His sermon was not written, but he is going to write it out from recollection. He has the root of the matter in him. One German word slipped out—*immer*—which raised a smile.

"Ned was invited yesterday to dine at Count Harrach's, the only young man in a company of professors. He enjoyed it very much."

March 3rd, 1872.

I have received an invitation from a German pastor in the vicinity of Berlin to come out to his house, on Saturday, and preach for him, Sunday. My chief difficulty, in writing the sermon, has been in guarding against too great abstractness. My

studies in German have been so extensively theoretical and abstruse, that I feel the danger there more than in English.

March 18th.

On Saturday afternoon, I went in the omnibus to Friedrichsfelde, where I was welcomed by Pastor Koch. The next morning, coffee was brought to my room at seven. At nine the Pastor appeared and took me to the church, which was built in the thirteenth century, and long used by the Catholics. He assisted me in donning the robes, the little white slip in front, and the long black mantle. Then I put on the high round cap and we went to the sacristy, just behind the church. As the service commenced, he went out to the altar and conducted the liturgy. Then I mounted the pulpit and preached my first German sermon from the text, "No servant can serve two masters." I learned afterwards, to my great satisfaction, that the people understood me very well. After lunch we rode out three miles to Marzahn, where I preached again to a large congregation, the majority being men, a thing very unusual in Germany.

The days went by only too rapidly, and in the spring came the time for separation. Anna was to continue her studies in Berlin, and her brother was fortunate enough to find a home for her in the family of dear Frau Wilsing, her foster mother, as she came to call her. But before the parting he took her, with his mother, to Dresden, Leipzig and Halle.

Dresden, April 4th, 1872.

Dear Father:—

The Sistine Madonna grows on me every time I come back to it. There is a never to be exhausted depth of meaning, an intense worship, which never fails to impress me deeply. I can hardly realize that I am saying good-bye to all the scenes with which I have been familiar, these last years. It is very hard to part with my friends. How do such occasions lead us to transfer our hopes and aspirations to that other world, where all time and space disappear, and perfect union with God and with our fellow spirits exists!

At Dresden, the three were a part of the time guests of Dr. Jenkins, the American dentist, of whose hospitality so many of his countrymen have had experience.

From Dresden they went to old Leipzig, so full of memories of Meta, dining at Baron Tauchnitz's, with the after-dinner shaking hands, and "*gesegnete mahlzeit*" all around.

Leipzig, April 11th.

We have just returned from a walk in the Rosenthal, where

dear Meta used to be so often. To-day, we go to Halle, where I say good-bye to friends and to Tholuck, I suppose, for the last time.

From his kind interest in Edward, Tholuck had invited him to bring his mother to his house. Well do I remember my walk back and forth with him in his garden, when he talked of my son, saying that he had a great work to do in America, especially in writing for ethical subjects.

Later, Edward writes:—

It was a sad American, who went to take leave of the beloved old man. The professor was in his study. He calls the leave-taker to sit down beside him on the sofa. Some affectionate inquiries are made, a few words of love and cheer spoken, and both rise. The professor is as much affected as the student. His sweet spirit glorifies his face. Tears are in his eyes. He who was called the last of the Church Fathers, places his arm fondly about his pupil, stoops, gives the paternal kiss, then says,—“You will find Frau Tholuck in the parlor, waiting to say good-bye to you.” And the door closes between us.

To his sister, from whom we parted in Halle, Hanover, April 14th, 1872: “We thought and talked much of you on our ride yesterday, my Darling. I knew just where you would sit down to coffee, and think of us all the time. And I had confidence that you would summon all your resolutions. We had a delightful ride to Magdeburg. At Braunschweig we were met by Prof. Grové and his wife, Meta’s friend, Jennie Claus, whose mother is with her.”

Dear Father:—

This is my last day in Germany. To-morrow, we go into Holland, and the land which has been a second home to me, and which has become dear through the presence of loved ones, and through the rich intercourse with men of science it has afforded, is again to become a far distant country, yet not again an unknown land, and therefore not really a distant one, for it will ever be near me in all its influences.

Amsterdam, April 16.

Dear Father:—

Dorner gave me a card to Prof. Osterzee, of Utrecht, and when there I did not fail to call and see him. He is a very lively, animated man and interested himself at once in my plans, giving me a card to several ministers. He spoke of the differences between the three theological faculties in Holland,

Leyden being the seat of modernism, as that is called which takes the place of the old Rationalism, and following the school of Bauer; Groenigen being also inclined the same way; while Utrecht is the centre of the Evangelical party. In Leyden, there are about thirty; in Groenigen, twenty, but in Utrecht, 130 theological students. There are, as I learn from others, strictly three parties, the Moderns, the extreme Orthodox, and the Evangelicals, who are more in the middle. Not only the theologians, but the people also are divided in this strife.

The well-known Amsterdam bookseller, Frederic Müller, to whom Edward had an introduction, invited him to bring his mother to lunch, and then proposed that during their stay she should make his house her home, while her son should come in and take his meals with them. A very pleasant acquaintance was thus formed with him and his delightful family, intercourse with whom has since been continued by correspondence and subsequent visits. While in the city, Edward was glad to meet the translator of Dante, Dr. Hacke von Myden, at whose house he was a guest at a very elegant dinner. Indeed, the stay in Amsterdam was full of interest, the enjoyment of everything being enhanced by the abounding hospitality of the Müllers, who took pains that there should be no omission in sight-seeing. At the Leyden station were directions to the house of John Robinson signed by Drs. Dexter and Day, and of course it was visited. It was a great pleasure to pass the evening at Prof. Kuenen's, and to be invited to lunch at his house the next day. The professor took us over the university, where he pointed out a remarkable drawing on the walls by a mischievous student, which, for its cleverness, was allowed to remain, and of which he gave us a lithograph.

Brussels, April 20th, 1872.

My Dear Father:—

We have been travelling more rapidly than we had planned, and shall reach Paris by to-morrow night. It has given me double pleasure to enjoy the great pictures of Rubens with mother. She had not appreciated him before, because in most of the German galleries there are hardly more than sketches, and unfinished pictures of his.

Paris, May 6th.

We are luxuriating in the Louvre where we go almost every

day. The city is much the same as before the war. A few of the chief buildings, such as the Tuilleries and the Hotel de Ville, stand there, a mass of ruins, but otherwise life is as gay and the city as beautiful as ever.

May 15th.

M. Coqueril sent us tickets for the Assembly at Versailles, so, yesterday, we went out there. There was all the noise and obstreperousness of a French Assembly. We saw Jules Favre, the two princes of Orleans, Grevy, etc., and heard Choiseul, M. Remusat, and Rouher speak. Unfortunately, Gambetta was not there. No one here knows anything about the duration of the government, or what will come after it. I like Paris very much, yet should not care to live here. It is too restless, and much as I enjoy the vivacity and politeness of the French, I am confident it would not please me in the long run as much as the less showy, but deeper German character.

We did much of our sight-seeing on foot, leaving our lodgings after an early and light continental breakfast, and taking our lunch wherever we happened to find ourselves. It was one of our rules not to pass by any cathedral or important public building unvisited. As swelling of the feet is often a sequence of perpetual tramping, I suffered much from this discomfort. But, being a firm believer in hydrophathy, I was not slow to apply the remedy. Whenever, therefore, Edward stopped on the sidewalk to consult his Baedeker, I would step into the sewer, standing in its proverbially clean water till my feet were thoroughly soaked. More than once I should have been arrested as an escaped lunatic had not Edward saved me from such a disaster. Thus it was that, day after day, I was able to accompany him.

In London, Edward sought out an Englishman, a Mr. Ford, with whom he had walked a good deal in Switzerland the previous summer. He writes his father: "Mr. Ford is the secretary of a society which is the general union of most of the philanthropic societies in London, and in that way I have seen much of what is being done for the poor. Through him, I became acquainted with a gentleman who for twenty years has devoted himself to work among fallen women. He has established six homes for them, each of which accommodates twenty-five or thirty, and has carried

on with others, for five years, the work of the midnight mission. Last year 188 women were taken to the homes as a result of this work. I attended several of these midnight meetings." At one of them he writes:—

Tables were spread and after I had said grace, we passed tea and bread and butter, two of the women being just tipsy enough to be noisy. This was followed by an address, singing and prayers. Most of them were quiet, some of them wept, while three or four talked and laughed. I was moved to say a few words to which they listened, although the tipsy ones kept breaking in with all sorts of remarks. I finally succeeded, however, in gaining their attention till the close. But it was my first experience of the kind, and I trembled all over. Oh, the misery and the woe of such a life!—and these women, our sisters! As they were leaving, all who were disposed to lead a new life were invited to go at once to the homes. One girl that I spoke with, and who seemed much affected, told me that she had a mother who was sick at home, and also a child, and that she couldn't leave them. She admitted, however, that her mother could go to the hospital, and finally promised to call at one of the homes and make inquiries. "I am much obliged to the gentlemen for their kindness," said another woman. I reached home at three o'clock in the morning.

Many delightful visits we made, at the Thallons', who had removed to London; at Sarkis Minasian's, Brixton Rise; at Rev. Dr. Raleigh's, Arran House; at Dr. Coffin's, Cornwall Gardens; at Rev. Dr. Bailey's, Kensington Road; at Mr. Campbell's, at the head of the Blind Asylum, near the Crystal Palace; at Mr. William Tebb's, an earnest writer and worker against compulsory vaccination; at Mr. Glover's, Allendale; at S. C. Hall's, founder of the *Art Journal*, and a great spiritualist: all interesting people, their wives emphatically included. We heard several of the great preachers of the city, but there were none whom we enjoyed more, or found more spiritual, than Rev. James Martineau. And we had the pleasure of spending a delightful evening at his house. We had also the great satisfaction of hearing George MacDonald preach. Of this, Edward writes his father: "His text was Jeremiah 9: 23-24. He spoke without notes very readily and earnestly. Among other things, he said: 'God's justice consists in letting every man have fair play,

and in answering all the claims he can have upon him. He does for every man all he possibly can. And it is his very love which, when rejected, becomes the torment of man.' ” Later, Edward writes :—

Mother and I went, by invitation, to spend Saturday evening with the MacDonalds. His house, called *The Retreat*, is on the left bank of the Thames, only separated from the river by the mall in front. We were taken into the parlor, where was Mrs. MacDonald, surrounded by her daughters and two Italian ladies. Then I went with him into his study, where we talked of almost everything. He told me of Miss Octavia Hill, who buys houses and lets them to the poor. For one house in a ruinous condition, owned by an undertaker, an enormous price was asked. She remonstrated, saying he could never get the money. “Ah, madam, it's not so much the house as the funerals that's worth to us.” She replied that, if he did not sell it at her price, she would compel him to have it repaired. Of course, he sold it. Mr. MacDonald does not believe much in societies, though his loving spirit rejects nothing that is the result of necessity. I said, “Individuals die, and societies do not.” “Yes, but societies rot.”

That Edward sought information in all directions, the following note from a London gentleman, dated 200 Easton Road, is in evidence: “My Dear Sir,—I have ascertained that next Sunday morning a discussion will be held on Christianity between a Christian and an Atheist. The Christian advocate, I am sorry to say, is not a good speaker; the Atheist is a young man with whom I debated two Sundays on the existence of God. I shall be happy to visit with you a few of the lower and more needy parts of London. I shall be glad if you can meet me at Portland Road Railway Station, Easton Road, at eleven o'clock.”

London, July 5th, 1872.

Yesterday, we had a grand fourth of July picnic, fifteen of us, English, American and Scotch, taking our lunch under the trees in the park. Night before last, I attended the opening of the Prison Congress, and heard speeches from French, German, English and American representatives.

Edward's mother writes: “Ned is a remarkable traveller to acquire information. He very soon gets the lay of any city. Then he has a habit of prowling about by night, to

see what he can see. Last night he went on the rampage till almost midnight."

July 9th.

Dear Anna:—

We have all been attending a Woman's Congress, arranged by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She is a fine woman, the best specimen of a Woman's Rights woman that I have ever seen. On Sunday she gave an excellent sermon on the kingdom of heaven. (This was more than twenty years ago, when such women had much to encounter.)

July 15th, 1872.

Dear Father:—

. . . We had a very pleasant run up to Oxford, and visited, among other things, the English monks in their Mission House. Their work consists in conducting retreats and missions. A retreat, according to Father Prescott, is a "prayer-meeting conducted scientifically." Their retreats attract numbers of clergymen, who spend four or five days in silent devotion, one of their own number conducting the services. Their missions are held in various places, and extend to ten or twelve days. They go out by twos and preach in the churches and the streets. These two have preached a hundred times in ten days. Mother and I wandered about in the old quadrangles, under the shadow of the ancient buildings, which have brought forth so many noble men, and found ourselves in another world. It took me back to my own happy college days. A little more than three years and three months ago, I left Edinburgh for Rotterdam, on my way to Germany, and now I have completed the circuit. I trust that I am in some degree better fitted for my great work. Very regretfully I look back on opportunities neglected and failures I have made. Yet I trust I have gained ground, that I have greater earnestness for my work, and I believe a clearer perception of its needs. I should like to begin preaching as soon as possible, and should be glad to stand in your old pulpit.

Father, do you think that the soundest doctrines and the greatest earnestness of purpose can ensure ministers from falling into a groove, where they grind out sermons and addresses, year after year, as from a mill? I have thought of this when hearing some of the old established ministers here and in Germany. Is there anything in the Presbyterian Synodical system which tends to this?—which leads men to insist more on soundness than depth, upon words than spirit? And what is the consequence? People do or say something because it is expected of them, rather than because they are prompted to it by a divine impulse.

July 15th.

We have been making a short but very pleasant trip among the English lakes. The homes of the lake-poets are enriched, not only by nature, but by association. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey, have all named many spots. It is a miniature Switzer-

land, leaving out the glaciers—with mountains, lakes and valleys, and even a glimpse of the sea.

Inverness. Mother travels about the country with only such additional clothing as can be carried on her son's back. In the Scotch Highlands she twice walked eighteen miles a day with me. We have had all our aristocratic notions knocked out of us, by sleeping in thatched huts or Scotch shealings, on chests or tables, I, at least. We walked through the Trosachs, and passed over Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle, but saw neither lady nor lover there. They are not so kind here as in Switzerland, where they have learned to supply what is needed, giving you torches when the sun fails, and outshining the moon with the glory of fire-worked falls. . . . I think it a privilege to be born an American, but I don't know who ought to be the next president. To-morrow, we are going through the land on water, which is not what every one does.

Edinburgh, Aug. 30th, 1872.

We are in the Boston of Scotland, and certainly one of the most beautiful cities in the world. We have become acquainted with Mrs. Wigham, a charming Quaker lady, and her daughter, who is often called Saint Eliza. They have been connected with all anti-slavery movements, and are special friends of Lloyd Garrison. They are now working for woman's franchise, and for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act.

We made many pleasant acquaintances in Edinburgh, the Fergusons of Portobello, and through them with the Knoxes and Wellstoods. We also visited at the Coldstreams, Miss Abercrombie's and Mr. Hjaltalin's. By special request, Edward preached in one of the churches to a company of soldiers, and in his usual fashion we went everywhere, studying the social questions of the city.

Of a very interesting outing, he writes his father:—

We took a trip to Ballahulish, Glencoe, Oban, Staffa and Iona in the *Pioneer*. Sailed along the coast of Mull, past Tobermohy, round into the Atlantic, reaching Staffa at one. It rises like a huge boulder out of the sea, and is on all sides indented by the gnawing tooth of ocean. We rounded a point and saw the celebrated Fingal's cave (not Fin-gulls, as some one supposed, looking for the gulls.) It seemed a vast temple cast up there by nature for those who wished to worship the unseen God. No idol stood within. It was empty, save for the swelling wave, which slowly, solemnly coursed in, and rebounded with a low, murmuring music, moving softly through the turnings of the cave, as if it were pealed forth from an organ. The ocean's sweetest, grandest music was rendered tender by the awe of the place. The entrance is tinged with orange, yellow and crimson, but all within it of a deep

hue, the brightest being the clear green of the water. This cave is of the pure church architecture, the columns thin, straight, simple, without capitals or pediment. It was one of the most remarkable sights I ever saw. We were landed in boats from the steamer, and spent half an hour in wandering about. From Staffa we went to Iona. Here are the ruins of a chapel, nunnery and cathedral, built hundreds of years ago, Iona being one of the first places in Britain where Christianity was introduced.

CHAPTER X.

MARBLEHEAD, NEW HAVEN AND CHAMPLAIN.

Be every purpose high, sincere and pure ;
Serve with thy might and God will do the rest.
Whoso toils truly, surely shall he reap.

—James Buckham.

Early in the fall, the son and his mother embarked in the *Trinacria*, an Anchor Line steamer. As Edward was the only clergyman on board, the daily and Sunday religious services devolved on him. A fellow-passenger, after a brief sickness, died of delirium tremens, and the sad task of conducting his funeral was one of Edward's first ministerial experiences, and took strong hold of him.

Sept. 19th, 1872.

In New York at last, and darling Florence at my side. And now soon for home and the dear father.

As both father and son wrote at a standing desk, an additional desk for Edward was provided in the same room at Linden Home.

From his journal :—

In the morning, after gymnastics, I write sermons. After dinner, I read Homiletics till dark, and then take a long walk. In the evening, mother reads aloud to us in *Lecky's History of Morals*, or James Martineau's *Sermons*, and for light reading, *Our Mutual Friend*. Father is also reading to me his Lowell Lectures on "Providence in History."

Edward preached for his father and assisted him in other ways. And a few times he supplied the pulpits of neighboring churches, in the absence of the pastor. Among those who heard him was Mr. Richard Palmer Waters. Mr. Waters was the first American Consul to Zanzibar, being appointed by Gen. Jackson. On his return to America, he bought Cherry Hill, in Beverly, and lived there till his

death, in 1887. He writes Edward's mother: "He only needs to be heard to attract attention and be sought for some of our best pulpits. *Here is where he belongs.*"

Mr. Waters did not understand how much Edward preferred a different kind of pulpit. But his warm interest in him was gratifying. Writes a niece: "My uncle was very much attracted to your son, and never quite satisfied at not having him in New England. He had just the traits that he appreciated and admired in a young minister, and he was never tired of praising him. How much indeed he was to every one who knew him, and what a memorial he has left!"

At one of the Essex South Associations, which he attended with his father, he met Rev. James M. Whiton, the well-known writer, at that time a pastor in Lynn. The following is an extract from a letter by him:—

Mr. Lawrence was one of those to my rare meetings with whom I looked forward with assurance both of mental stimulus and of social cheer. A passing remark of his in our first interview has remained with me as an influential thought. I remember the tonic cheerfulness of his conversation in my last interview with him. The strong enthusiasm, the tender sympathy, the balanced mind, the broad culture, the ripe thought, which made us feel him greatly needed here, assure me that the wheat has not been thus early gathered into the garner, but for the needs of the life beyond.

The following letter is from Miss Sarah Tracy of Beverly:—

I think I first saw your son at Salem, in a music room, where he was waiting with his sister and yourself. I was not then acquainted with any of you, but I noticed a sweet graciousness of bearing toward his mother and sister which has never passed out of memory.

I saw him next, when, near the commencement of his ministry, he preached in our church. That service deeply impressed us all. And we were so fortunate as to entertain him at our home. Since then, he has been several times with us, and always left an impression of likeness to his Master.

Early in the spring came a call to be tutor in German for

a year in Yale, to supply the place of Prof. Carter during his absence in Europe. This he thought it best to accept.

208 Elm St., New Haven, March 15th, 1873,

Robert Hume is coming here to attend Beecher's lectures. I have just finished Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, with Will Wood. It is not equal to the *History of Morals*, though very fine in many ways.

During the winter vacation, Edward made a visit in Champlain to friends with whom he had become acquainted in Berlin. And while there he supplied the pulpit for Sunday. After his return he received a call from Champlain, which he declined, not only because he was engaged through the year as tutor, but also because it was his purpose to be a pastor at the West. But the Champlain people were willing to wait till he was free, and urged his coming to them then, even if only for a year.

New Haven, May 11th, 1873.

I feel convinced that I should never be satisfied with a life of teaching, unless I had leisure to labor on original and systematic studies, which at the same time I could bring to bear upon those around me. And the ministry, I think, affords the best opportunity for the combination. . . Mrs. Hume moves into her house this week. I was there, yesterday, helping them put down carpets.

May 25th.

This has been a busy week, as we have had hard faculty work on hand. Tuesday evening, Junior elections were given out, and two spreads were discovered by the tutors, at one of which a number were more or less intoxicated. They were all called up and examined by the faculty, and finally one was dropped, four suspended,—(not hanged by the neck till they were dead,)—and six heavily marked and warned with letters home. The one dropped, and two of those suspended were in my division, and I was obliged to inform their parents of the fact. . . Recitations close here next week. But it will hardly be possible for me to get away before Thursday, not even to attend Alf Myers's wedding, which comes on Tuesday.

The call from Champlain was still urged. Writes a member of the Committee. "But one opinion has been expressed among our people—'We cannot give the matter up without one more effort to induce Mr. Lawrence to come to us for a longer or shorter time.'"

As they had considerably waited till his year at Yale was through, he consented to go, and had abundant reason to be satisfied with his reception. But as he was desirous to make a Western trip before he settled down to the new work, his father gladly supplied his place during his absence.

On June 8th, 1873, Edward writes:

Dear Mother:—

Here I am in the very last house in Chicago. On one side is the strong, lion-hearted city, iron, stone and brick-ribbed, pushing aside the soot and rubbish of its ruins, and swiftly, steadily rising again in strength, fulfilling the fable of Antæus. On the other side is the wide, flat, green prairie, only waiting for the time when its limits will be still farther encroached on. . . . I went, Sunday morning, to hear Prof. Swing in the McVicar theatre, which was packed. He is thoughtful, keen, earnest, preaches religion of the heart, is a little vague, but rich and illustrative, attracts by his thought, has no graces of oratory and no tricks, impresses the emotions of the life, not those of the moment. With time, he might need a little more back-bone, if his sermon to-day was a sample. He is undoubtedly a remarkable man, and is doing much good. . . . I reached Quincy at ten o'clock in the evening, and with some difficulty found Mr. Dickerman, who had just gone to bed. He was up at once, however, and the next day we drove and walked all around the town. He will have a beautiful church when it is completed, and the people seem warm-hearted and enthusiastic.

Lincoln, Nebraska, June 17th.

Some wizard stretched out a hand over these beautiful, rolling prairies, and forth came a city, all complete, the capital of the state. It is only five years old, yet has 7,000 inhabitants, a capitol, a university, an opera house, an insane asylum, a penitentiary, thirteen churches, three large hotels and many small ones, a \$50,000 school-house, and other things in proportion. I cannot get over my amazement at the place which has shot, not grown up, here. I had a very pleasant audience, yesterday, and never felt more like work. The people are cultivated, warm-hearted and earnest. The state is incalculably rich in all things except timber, and that can be supplied in a few years, as trees grow rapidly. They have the grand, billowy, waving prairies, watered by gentle creeks, swept over by luscious breezes; sometimes, too, by storms and tempests.

June 20th, 1873.

I left Lincoln and Omaha, after three of the most singular days of my life, and have not yet fairly recovered from my amazement. The chief sight at Omaha is the High-School house, the finest building of the kind in America. It stands at the top of the

bluffs of the river, commanding a superb view over the central part of our continent. Beneath lie fertile fields, waving off like the swell of the ocean. Cutting its way deep down through these billows, flows the broad Missouri. On various sides, straight lines drawn over the country mark the railroads which converge at this point, and the scattered, unfinished, but throbbing streets tell the tale of business enterprise and audacity. So high was I elevated, that I almost expected to see the two opposite oceans sparkling in the sun.

Although the Champlain church is Congregational, yet as it included Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Baptists, my son used playfully to call it a Presby-gational-aptist church. It had been arranged that soon after his return he should be ordained. And his father was to preach the sermon. Writes Mr. Stetson, a prominent church member:—

As there were so few Congregational churches in that part of the state, his ordination took place at St. Albans, Vermont, and I had the pleasure of making one of the party of friends who went with him from Champlain, for the examination and the ordination. One of the central figures in my memory of that occasion is the sainted father of our young friend, who had already gained a warm place in our hearts. It was a beautiful picture,—that of the venerable man with his loving ways, contrasted with the young, bounding life of his namesake, so full of strength and vigor. The one with the wisdom of mature years, shedding a halo upon the other, with a knowledge above his years, just setting forth upon a career full of promise.

“What a difference,” Edward writes, “between preaching to strangers and my own people!—for I already regard them as such. I can hardly realize that I am settled down to my life-work, and feel awed to think of it. I have never seen any one die, yet may at any moment be called to a death-bed. I never felt, as now, the need of seeking daily help from God.”

July 28th, 1873.

I enjoy it here in every way. It is a kind of idyllic life in many respects, save for the ugly sins of the place. If my eyes improve, I shall know of no hindrance in my work. I am often greatly pleased, dear father, to hear how the people speak of you. In a short time you sowed much good seed.

Champlain, Aug 31st.

The concert, last night, was a great success. The subject was

The Cross and the Crown, and on the marble table was a cross and also a crown, prepared by Miss Hoyle. The children, as they repeated the verses, brought up their bouquets, where they were so arranged that at the end we had a beautiful crown of flowers almost concealing the cross. Some of the little girls sang a sweet song, others repeated poetry, and Miss Dewey recited "The Changed Cross." Then I spoke on the same subject, and the concert was closed with singing,—“Must Jesus bear the cross alone?”

Edward spent a few pleasant weeks in the family of Mr. Hoyle, of whom mention has been made, and then removed to Mr. Cooke's, at some little distance from the church, which led him to call it Nebraska. He very soon formed an acquaintance with Rev. and Mrs. Francis B. Hall, of Plattsburg, which acquaintance gradually grew into an intimate and life-long friendship.

I must tell you about Willie Stetson. It was Communion season, yesterday, and he had never been present before. When the bread was passed around and he saw every one bow the head, he thought they were all crying. He stood it as long as he could, but when his aunt followed the others, it was more than he could endure, and the poor little fellow broke out into bitter sobs, which were heard all through the church. It was a pure case of sympathy.

You ask about my evenings. Besides the regular meetings I have a class, on Monday evening, of beginners in German. On Wednesday evening, after the prayer-meeting, comes an advanced German class. They are reading Werther, and I always think of you in that connection.

I feel a great benefit from my way of preaching one written and one extempore sermon. If the written sermon is intellectual and above the heads of some, the extempore one is always plain and practical. And if the latter is less developed, the former keeps up the habit of steady thinking and careful writing.

Edward at once commenced his walks. Having occasion to call at a certain time on friends at Chazy, eight miles distant, he set forth on a squally day. “I had a fine, rapid walk, in the course of which it blew and *snow*, and rained more or less. After an old-fashioned visit, I returned in the same way, and found many quite disturbed at my walking sixteen miles in such a day.”

Writes Mrs. Stetson, one of the “Nebraska” family:—

Mr. Lawrence was so full of life and strength that it was a great

pleasure to him to take long walks, scorning roads that were smooth and easy, scorning distance as well, but tramping in every direction and making himself acquainted with every situation and almost with everybody in our locality. The finest points of observation were soon known to him, the finest views were noted by his quick eye, and stored in his memory, to be brought out in delightful intercourse with his many friends.

One of the bright spots we remember so well, was the Sunday evening lunch. It was the custom in Champlain to have lunch on that day, after the evening service. Then, with the family circle broadened to include the married members, an exceedingly pleasant relaxation was had in social intercourse, occasions which Mr. Lawrence seemed greatly to enjoy.

Champlain, Oct. 26, 1873.

It is hard not to think of yourself—to be discouraged if you fail—and if you have written anything tolerably well to feel self-gratulation. I want to know my powers and how to use them, as I would use sharp instruments, but not to feel exalted if they cut well. For one thing, I am painfully conscious of my own deficiencies, and I do try to keep the end steadily before me. I cannot have anywhere a higher work than here, and should not feel as if I were going higher by entering a broader field.

I can easily see how a young man's head might be turned by the foolish remarks of people, if he does not estimate things at their true value. I try to keep my standard before my eyes, and to go my way unaffected by what people say. I do want to use every power for Christ.

Dec. 1st, 1873.

It is twenty-eight degrees below zero, but I am warmly dressed and happy in my work, except as I get down into people's sorrows and dark corners, and the skeletons that haunt them become visible. This sometimes makes me very miserable, more so than any sorrows of my own. . . . As I often do a little mending for myself, I should like to have you send me several needles, buttons, and two kinds of black and white thread, and also black silk.

Dec. 21st.

The ladies have been busy at work, trimming the church for Christmas. Some came, asking permission to finish it, if necessary, on Sunday morning. I told them I was not a priest to grant an indulgence. I remained working with them to the last, and it was finished by half-past ten in the evening.

Dec. 28th, 1873.

Dear Mother:—

I wish you could have been with me Christmas morning. When I entered my room, before breakfast, I found it changed into a bower of verdure. I had already arranged autumn leaves about it. A beautiful trimming of cedar twined, and wreathed, was wound above the leaves and around the picture cords; every window and door was festooned. On one side in large cedar letters was "Merry Christmas," and to crown all, drawn up before the

fire, was a large, elegant, easy chair, with a card, "An expression of affection from your friends."

Mrs. Stetson, one of the chief movers in this, writes: "I can see *now*, and I shall *never forget*, Mr. Lawrence's beaming face, as he hastened down-stairs to express his delight and his thanks."

Of the Sunday School Christmas festival, Edward wrote: "It passed off delightfully, and by half-past nine we had broken up without any kissing games. All had been happy, and none more so than I."

"The Methodist meeting is to be united with ours for the week of prayer, of which I shall be glad as a proof of Christian unity."

Later, he writes: "In this session with the Methodists we have had some of the best meetings I have attended here. There has been a great change of opinion among our people concerning them. Moreover, the speaking of the Methodist women will do much to make our women used to the idea. . . . Walter Doolittle, five years old, invited me to his birthday party. When some one asked him for an invitation, he said, 'No, he wasn't going to invite any gentlemen.' 'But you have invited Mr. Lawrence.' 'Oh! he isn't a gentleman, he's a minister.' I think the little ones are all my good friends."

Champlain, March 2d, 1874.

I mean to speak on temperance, the Sunday preceding election, though it will be mainly on license and Christian responsibility. Those who vote for a bad man, because he belongs to the party, will, I trust, become wiser.

March 10th.

Dio Lewis has given a lecture here. The next day fifteen women declared themselves willing to go into the crusade work. On Sunday, the four churches, Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist and ours had sermons on the movement. When I found the women ready, I went with them in full force. On Sunday evening I preached an hour on the subject, to a fuller house than I ever had. Men's and women's prayer-meetings were appointed for yesterday at two o'clock. And while we held ours, forty-two went out and visited the places where liquor is sold. They were received politely in all cases, while they prayed and

sang and appealed to the men. They will keep it up, with God's help, till they have success. The men are thoroughly in their favor, even the drunkards, many of whom were at our prayer-meeting. All classes and denominations are represented, and the women are heroines.

To his sister, who was about leaving Berlin for Geneva :—

My Darling Roslein:—

. . . You will find Madam Bost a charming woman, and her husband an able, entertaining man. I am glad you have such good society, and know the Dorners and Kummings, and Mommsens.

March 18th, 1874.

The election, yesterday, came off with unexpected success, which would not have been possible two weeks ago. The priest co-operated heartily and, at my suggestion, preached on Prohibition, telling his people to vote for it. This turned many of the French, who might otherwise have gone against us. I have evidence which, before a court, would cost the hotels a forfeiture of their license, as well as fines, but I prefer to carry the matter by moral suasion, if possible. The Catholic women meet every day with ours, and go out. I wish father was here to help us. We had a grand mass meeting, Thursday evening, with a crowded house, and Mr. Hall of Plattsburg made a fine speech. I still continue in excellent health, my morning cold bath being one of my great preservers.

The women have been to the hotels, which are indignant at the falling off of the traffic. I have been rolling up a big ball of evidence against keepers of the worst hotel, and this week will probably witness the inauguration of the legal phase. Of course, I shall not appear in it, but the thing would not be done, were I not to push it forward.

Edward had exchanged several letters with Mr. Francis Peabody, an American student in Germany, who had never seen him, but who had heard of him from Tholuck, and was led to open a correspondence with him. When Edward was in Marblehead, in the spring of 1874, an arrangement was made for a meeting with Mr. Peabody, who, soon after his return, had become pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge.

Edward writes his mother :—

April 19th, 1874.

I had a very pleasant call at the Gibbens's, and then met Peabody, according to our appointment. I enjoyed every moment of the visit at Jamaica Plain. Mrs. Peabody was not well, but came

down to tea. She is very bright and interesting. I spent most of the evening in Peabody's study, where our acquaintance ripened rapidly. He is thoroughly in earnest, broad and quick and scholarly. We went over many subjects to find our common interests, and ascertained that, with all differences, they were many. Like myself, he is a warm friend of Schleiermacher, and that gives a common standing point. He was up early the next morning to see me off.

In the course of a few years, Mr. Peabody accepted a professorship in the Harvard Divinity School. After Edward had gone to his heavenly home, Prof. Peabody sent his mother the following letter:—

I first heard of your son on my arrival at Halle, in 1872, where one of the first questions of dear Prof. Tholuck was: "Do you know Mr. Lawrence?" and I found that my lack of knowledge was a distinct loss of position in the Professor's mind. From the whole University circle in Halle I heard the same report of this exceptional American youth, who had lately left them, and I soon entered into correspondence with him, exchanging many letters before we ever met. Our letters went to the roots of things, so far as earnest youths could reach those roots, and we found a sympathy of heart and mind which drew us much together. It was an acquaintance throughout of the most congenial kind. I remember that the first book he commended to me was one which has fed many thoughtful minds, and which has lately been reprinted. It was: *Hulsmann's Beiträge zur Christlichen Erkenntniss*; a book full of spiritual insight and devoutness and truly reflecting the spirit of your son's thought. As the years went on, our paths crossed from time to time, and I always felt as if a gentle and refreshing breeze had met me, and went about my own work the calmer and fresher for it. Of late, I had lost him altogether, until that day when I arrived in Baltimore, to speak my little word, and found him gone and a city mourning for him. It was no surprise to me to find that he had lived so modestly that only by degrees the community had recognized his leadership, but that he was just coming into his natural place in the opinion of the best. No man I ever have known gave himself more unreservedly to the highest ends of life. I have always felt that the most responsible positions should have been opened to him, and especially that he should have been a teacher of young ministers. Perhaps it is better that he should have taught us how to live modestly in a parish work, and to show us how the fragrance of a consecrated life outlives many achievements which we count as great.

During Prof. Peabody's sorrowful visit at Baltimore, to which his letter refers, in a call there on Edward's mother,

he told her that he had some of the most beautiful letters from her son that he ever received, and that on his return he would send them to her. But he found, to her great disappointment, as well as his own, that before his last visit to Europe, in destroying many of his old letters, these treasured ones, alas! were among them.

April 26th, 1874.

I have written two long discourses on Prohibition, and have made deep thrusts, I presume, yet I trust with no sting. When you consider that four of our principal men have recently signed a rumseller's petition for a renewal of his license, you will see that it would not be strange if my remarks should create some disturbance. They were all present, but I could not pass over the subject. When speaking of the license, I could not avoid an earnest appeal to the consciences and the hearts of everyone before me.

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSE OF THE CHAMPLAIN PASTORATE.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—Phillips Brooks.

In the summer of 1874 Edward's father was appointed a delegate to the Peace Congress, at Geneva, where he delivered an address on the "Progress of Peace Principles." It was a great satisfaction to Edward that this address was so kindly received, being published in London as well as in this country and widely circulated. His mother accompanied his father, and his long-absent sister met them at Geneva and returned to America with them, reaching Marblehead in November. It was soon arranged that Edward's father should take his place in Champlain for a time and give him the opportunity to visit his home. Being there at Christmas, he got up a musical entertainment as a welcome to his birthday sister. His playful programme, which has been preserved all these years, was very like him:—

A Christmas Parlor Concert will be given on Dec. 25th, 1874. 2-3 p. m., by Mlle. Anna D. Lawrence, (just returned from Berlin), and Mr. Edward A. Lawrence, Jr., Pianist, Basist, Flutist, Preachist.

Audience.

Mrs. M. W. Lawrence,

Writist.

Agnes McPhail,

Scotist.

Program.

1. Overture.

Don Pasquale.

2. Song without Words.

4 Hands.

Mendelssohn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 3. Bass Song, Belshazzar. | Schumann. |
| 3 1-2 Flute and Piano Duet—Miserere. | Verdi. |
| 4. Song—Der Tod und das Madchen. | Schubert. |
| 5. Polonaise. | Chopin. |
| Part Second. | |
| 6. Sonata. | Beethoven. |
| 7. Duet for Bass and Soprano. | Siebe. |
| 8. Soprano Solo. | Mendelssohn. |
| 9. Flute and Piano Duet. | Symphony, Andante, Beethoven. |
| 10. Bass Solo. | Schumann. |
| 11. Soprano Solo. | Curschmann. |

Champlain, Jan. 7th, 1875.

The lightning express train that I took from Boston proved to be more thunder than lightning, for we had hardly been under way half an hour, when something about the engine broke, and we had to wait an hour before they could get another. At New Haven, I called on a number of friends. . . . Mrs. Hume read me letters from Robert, who is actively at work in India. I took the boat for New York, reaching there early the next morning, and was at cousin John Cotton Smith's, at the Ascension Rectory, before breakfast. I had a very cordial welcome from him and his wife. They are a charming family. Nellie is very attractive, and Rolie most kind and attentive. Wednesday morning, I called on Mrs. Field, who was expecting King Kalakaua. She said many pleasant things about Anna, and wanted us both to visit her in Stockbridge. . . . I spent Thursday night with John Lockwood, who has a fine boy of seven months. Friday night, I was at Alf Myers's.

Champlain, Jan. 25th, 1875.

Father left this morning, for Concord, where he will lecture at the Insane Asylum to-morrow, reaching home the next day. He has left a vacant spot in many hearts. It has been delightful to have his friendly counsel, always ready when needed, and his example to quicken my efforts. I have learned a great deal from his stay with me.

Of his sister, who was spending the winter in Marblehead, Edward writes: "It is pleasant to know that Anna is getting on so well. I think it would do her good occasionally to read an aphorism from *Aids to Reflection*. The time she spends with you now will be among the most valuable of her life. . . . I must tell you of Gracie's prayer the other night: 'Bless papa and mamma and Willie, amen. I can't bless the babies because they haven't got any names.' "

I preached, yesterday, from the text, "What doth it profit, my

brethren, though a man say he hath faith and have not works? Can faith save him?" presenting the power to make men better as the ultimate test of the truth of Christianity, the only proof that it can do what it claims to do. . . . There is in *The Nation* a review of Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy*, which I should like to have father read.

To his sister:

You want to do something for Christ, but do not know how. In just this way you must work for him, that you *live* him; then you are doing something for him every moment. And every time you do anything to help any human being, and every little act of thoughtfulness is something done for Christ. And so you may like the world, not because it makes you happy,—long happy it cannot make you, but because it gives you an opportunity to help others and to live Christ. And you may love your studies, because they can make you wiser in helping others, and good music, because it can take you away from a common, selfish life, and make you purer and better. And when you love all these things in the right way, you will love Christ above everything else, and will never lack opportunities to serve him. Men judge only according to what is really done, but if you have a sincere wish to serve him, he regards that as something done for him. And thus beginning to live Christ here, you can never stop living him. But this great duty of loving all men—I wish you would write me, why you think we should do it, and what it means. . . . Thunder storms, horses, all other fears, how shall they be overcome? Not all at once. Not by denying or ignoring the element of danger, for that lurks in all our life, but by steady discipline and increasing self-mastery on the one hand, and by simple, childlike trust on the other, which, in all danger, feels itself in the Father's care and lets his peace keep the soul calm.

The following is an instance of the many taxes on Edward's sympathy and shows what a hold he gained in the hearts of his flock.

But he had a sad task to discharge. A sick woman, whom he had visited, became delirious. She refused all medicine, thinking it was poison, but said she would take it if Mr. Lawrence would give it to her. He could hear her in the street, calling his name. He went in once or twice, but she rapidly failed and died the next morning.

The Glorious Fourth at Clinton Prison. Such was the heading of one of the papers. The account represents it as a notable gathering in the prison. After various vocal and in-

strumental performances, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the prison chaplain, Rev. Mr. Ransom, introduced the Rev. Mr. Lawrence of Champlain. "The orator stood before us, and, without circumlocution, delivered an address which was pertinent, witty and moral. 'Independence,' he said, 'was in the air; everything was filled with it, even the pinwheels and fireworks of the boys cracked out independence.' (And, as he was speaking, the report of a mammoth fire-cracker resounded through the adjacent grounds, producing the greatest merriment.) . . . He deprecated spread-eagleism and expediency as substitutes for principle; 'but,' said he, 'let the individuals who are the constituent part of our nation get right ideas, and become true men and true women, and as surely as day succeeds night, our nation will be prosperous, glorious and happy.' I have only to say that the orator would be creditable to any nation under heaven."

Later, Edward writes:—

I have had a call from the church in Malone, which Dr. Bulkley has just left, and where Dr. Herrick was. It is a fine church, the strongest in Northern New York. I have no idea of going, however. So long as I remain in this region, I am satisfied to stay here. When I remove, I should like to go either West or East, with the stimulus of energetic life, or of cultivated thought. I am now translating articles of Christlieb's for the *Christian Union*.

On Nov. 30th, Edward gave a tea party at Mr. Cook's, his Champlain home. Of this Mrs. Stetson writes: "Mr. Lawrence invited some of the neglected young men that were going astray, saying to one and another of the ladies, 'Will you come and do your best to make it pleasant for so and so?' The result was a delightful evening and one to be long remembered."

She adds: "I never talked with Mr. Lawrence without feeling elevated. It was one of his gifts to put himself on a level with those with whom he conversed, making them feel that there was something higher worth striving for.

Then he was so earnest in pushing forward the repairing of our shabby church, that it resulted in making it one of the prettiest churches in northern New York. He was also greatly interested in the singing, and taught us to love a higher line of music than that we had been accustomed to. Oh! there were many, many things that were a help to us all, and his memory is precious."

About this time Edward writes:—

We are seeing the results of our temperance work last spring. For the first time there is no place in Champlain where liquor can legally be sold. A year ago, there were twelve. Drunkards too have been saved.

To-morrow, I start an evening school for our French people, from which I hope a great deal.

One of his church members speaks of this school as being very successful, several old people learning to read under his teaching.

Friday evening, I go seven miles, to give a lecture on Germany, for the benefit of the Sunday School there. Thanksgiving Day we had a fine audience. People came who had not attended a thanksgiving service for twenty years.

March 1st.

I have had a letter from some one in Virginia, who has heard father preach in Orford, N. H., and writes:—"I enjoyed hearing him so much. A grand example of a holy life, he hardly seems to be of this earth. He always reminded me of John, the beloved disciple. I could sit for hours and hear him tell in his affectionate, childlike way of the love of Christ, and of God's mercies." It does me good to find father so appreciated. I value such words about him more than any praise to myself. May I only be a worthy son!

There is no translation of Rothe's *Ethics*. It would be almost impossible to translate. But he has been meat to me. You may remember that I studied him with Dorner, in Berlin. Kant and Schleiermacher and Rothe are the German thinkers to whom I owe most, but particularly Schleiermacher. I am studying the history of the Israelites, in connection with the Sunday School lesson, and grow more and more impressed with my subject. I mean to begin with the very beginning and in the next two or three years study carefully down to the time of Christ. I see more and more how necessary is a careful study of the history and geography to a fair understanding of the Old and New Testament, and that the study of Exegesis really depends on this preliminary or connected study of history. Ewald is grand, a complete master

of his material, though yielding too much to the mythical theory to please father. Yet he is thoroughly positive. Stanley brings out many additional points.

I mean to read on both sides of these important questions, and thus approach a riper and more correct result, wherever that may be. I feel sure enough of the great foundation, and in building on that, I must do my own work, and not let any school do it for me. The matter of Biblical criticism demands the utmost candor and allowance, and in it, every one so far as possible, must draw his own conclusions. In such studies, it seems to me, we should accept freely all the help which science and criticism offer, and work up the result to add to the treasures of the church. Whether I shall ever be denounced as a heretic, I don't know, but I must work on, only distinguishing between what is material for the pulpit, and what is meant for the study. I am conscious of a widening vision, as I go on with my work, and I hope, a deeper foundation. I trust I may turn out an earnest worker for God's kingdom. If I can be that, I care little by what name I may be called.

In one of his letters Edward used the word *pot-theism*. To the inquiry as to the meaning of this word, he replies: "Pot-theism is akin to pan-theism, basing itself on the text, 'Thou art the potter and we the clay.' It treats man as a being created and managed simply and solely for God's glory, whether a vessel of wrath or of mercy."

April 19.

Last night I had a Praise-Meeting instead of the regular preaching service, and it proved a great success. The subject was The Christian Life. I had selected six or eight hymns which expressed different phases of that life, and I bound them together by passages of Scripture and occasional remarks.

When I come back I want to bring Anna. I don't know when she may be able to spend two or three months with me, if not now, and I would not miss the summer with her for a good deal. She can read and study and practise, and I can take special charge of her German.

Edward's plan of settling in the West had not been given up. "The idea," he says, "of going far from you is painful, but I am ready to go wherever it seems best. And wherever I settle, I hope the way will be open for you to come to me.

"I have engaged to supply the Congregational Church at Poughkeepsie, May 9th, and possibly May 16th."

Edward was never willing to preach as a candidate, but

as the question of his removal to Poughkeepsie had been presented to him, he wished to understand the condition of the church. On May 9th, 1875, he writes from there: "At Mr. Abraham Wiltsie's, 66 Garden St. Mr. Wiltsie, a fine old gentleman, met me at the station and took me at once to his house. . . The church has been a strong one, but at present there is very little that is encouraging. I feel homesick away from Champlain, and to leave there would be to tear myself away."

Champlain, May 30th.

It is very pleasant to be here again, and to have my people around me. We had many beautiful flowers at church, yesterday, and as usual, I have them about my room, making the air rich with their fragrance, while through the open windows the birds' songs float in.

June 7th.

Deacon Kellogg drove me down to Corbeau, where I had a fine congregation. Coming back, I wanted to get out and walk home, but he objected, fearing that if people saw him driving alone, they would think he had been visiting on Sunday, whereas, if I was with him, they would know it was all right. So the minister concluded to remain. He said he has always known that I wasn't starched or stuck up, and he had seen my sister, and didn't think she was starched. Now how did that come to pass? We had both been in Germany. Did we get it there, or was it inherited? I told him he had seen my father and mother, and knew whether they were starched, and he could judge. He concluded that not to be starched was a family trait.

To the proposal, whether I was willing to consider a call to Poughkeepsie, I replied that I could give no decisive thought to the subject till the proposal should be made; that I wished to work where there was the greatest prospect of usefulness, and should be largely influenced by the unanimity with which a call should be given. And in any event, I should not be willing to leave here before September. . . Anna is a darling girl. She seems to feel much at home, and to enjoy the people here. It is delightful to feel that we are all on the same side the water. She sang in the choir, yesterday, and in the evening took the leading part.

Meantime, Anna sent home letters full of her happiness with her brother: "He cannot help doing good, because he has so much love for his work and is so in earnest."

June 25th, 1875.

The call from Poughkeepsie has come, and I have given my conditions of acceptance. If I go there, it will be simply because it

seems right. The prospect is not very attractive, but I believe a good work can be done there.

Plattsburg, Aug. 5th, 1875.

Dear Father:—

We are here with these delightful friends, the Halls, who are unsurpassed in their hospitality, and grow dearer every time I am with them. They are of the kind that can rightly appreciate the mother and daughter, who carried themselves like heroines, yesterday, and astonished the natives by their bravery in going through Ausable Chasm.

Last Sunday, I had my first open air service, in a grove near the school-house in Corbeau. The people turned out in large numbers, also the dogs. They had benches for seats, and a number were around me in their wagons.

When at Plattsburg, Edward arranged with Mr. Hall for a walk of twelve days in the Adirondacks. Of this trip he sent home glowing letters, the first of a series which followed in after years, as the Adirondacks became his summer resort.

Adirondacks, August, 1875.

I write this from one of the strangest villages I have ever seen in this country. It is on the banks of a singing brook, in the very heart of the mountains, with beautiful lakes around it. It has a store, a church, a hotel, large iron works, furnaces, brick kilns and a number of houses, with a pleasant street, lined with fine shade trees, yet you walk through it and see not a sign of life. The street is all grass-grown, the houses are empty, doors open and window sashes gone. All is silent as the grave. There are thousands of bushels of charcoal, but no one to burn it, thousands of bricks, but nobody to use them, tons and tons of the finest iron ore, but lying neglected, all seeming like Babel. Everything speaks of life and industry, yet all is death. But as the work of man decays, the hand of nature rebuilds her own structures. It is, in short, The Deserted Village.

I find walking here very different from any other walking I have known, being almost wholly through the primeval forest. You are thus out of the burning sun, which scorches you in Switzerland, and escape the hard, stony, cutting paths. You follow a simple footpath, which winds through the otherwise trackless forest, sometimes plainly seen, sometimes only found by the cuts on the trees, called blazes, which always mark the trail, as it is named. It is strange to feel yourself miles deep in the forest, with only this slight, winding thread to lead you through and out of it. In a good trail, you travel on soft, mossy ground. But you wind about on every side. You climb fallen timber or creep under huge logs. You brush aside the bushes, you dodge them as they fly back, you wade through the mud, you ford brooks, you sink at every step in the swamps, you step cautiously over

moss-covered boulders, where a mis-step may cause a fall, or some rotten root gives way and you sink deep; and so you bend and spring, and turn and twist, and climb and crawl and jump, until one mile of such tramping tires you as much as three or four miles on an ordinary road. I have learned to measure distances very differently, this week.

A camp is made of pine stakes or logs, built upon the side, or spreading over into a roof covered with bark. The roof slants down to the ground, leaving only one side open. Right in front a large fire is built. Our guide has two tin pails, each holding over a quart. In one of these coffee is cooked. We cut a stick for a toasting fork. We squat before the fire and toast our pork brown; then we toast cheese, and sometimes bread, and thus we have a luxurious repast. We have two tin plates and our large pocket-knives, which make up the whole of our crockery. At night, the fire is replenished with back logs. The ground under the shed which makes the camp is spread with hemlock boughs, and over these we lay our rubber blankets. Using our knapsacks for pillows, we take off only our boots, and with a huge fire crackling at our feet, we go to sleep.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 1875.

The last days in Champlain were very busy, very sad days. Some of my friends could hardly speak of my going, indeed I could hardly do it myself. Harriet Doolittle,—(since translated from earth) could not conceal her feelings, and it was as if a brother had been going from the family. How I shall always cherish their affections! The last prayer-meeting was very largely attended. The prayers were full of emotion and petitions for me, and some of them touched me deeply. Thursday I took tea for the last time at the Doolittles's, then said good-bye to all, Martin driving me to the boat. Dear Champlain! dear friends! I must not feel that I have lost them. Yet it was a sad parting. It is hard to think that those things of which I was a part will go on without me; that I shall never again live with them as I have done.

In a letter to Edward's mother, Miss Harriet Doolittle writes:—

At the last prayer-meeting there was a large attendance, and it was worse than a dozen funerals. I hope there will never be another like it while I am alive. Yet Mr. Lawrence could not fail to be gratified, for with all the unwillingness to let him go, he has the most earnest prayers and best wishes of the people. As he said, if he had all they asked for him, he could wish for nothing more. After the meeting, he came in and had his usual glass of milk and ginger-bread, but nobody could be sociable. Thursday morning I drove down to Nebraska, met Mrs. C. at the gate, and bade her good morning. "Don't speak to me," she said, and bursting into tears, rushed across the street. Mr. Lawrence dined at the Hoyles's, and at about three, came in and sank down on the sofa. "Tired out?" I asked. "No, not tired, but I never did such

desolate work." Sunday was a hard day for pastor and people, but it was nothing to the days that came after.

Among others, from whom it was not easy to part, was his namesake, Lawrence Stetson. He never lost his interest in the boy, keeping his photograph with his other treasures. In a letter to Aunt Patience of the *Christian Union*, some years later, the little fellow writes: "I am named after Mr. Lawrence, who preaches in Poughkeepsie. Do you know him? He is splendid. Your loving nephew, Lawrence Stetson." To which Aunt Patience replied: "I've seen your picture. What do you think of that? Where do you think I saw it? I agree with you about Mr. Lawrence. I've known him since he was a little boy, and the reason he is such a good man is because he began, long years ago, by being a good boy."

Lawrence Stetson is now in Oberlin College. And it is his purpose to enter the ministry, which Edward would have rejoiced to know. And does he not know it?

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORK AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

My life is but a field
Stretched out beneath God's sky,
Some harvest rich to yield.

—Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 12th, 1875.

We had a large audience, yesterday, many coming from curiosity to hear the new minister. I have seldom seen so many fine flowers at an ordinary church service. The people seem frank and friendly, and so far as I can judge, there are a number who are real workers. But I cannot help being disgusted with the way in which some speak of drawing congregations, as if the service were a fair, and you were to advertise the highest attractions. Yet where there are various churches, the spirit of emulation is apt to creep in. My church has the hardest work, and is the thinnest of any. Pray for me, that I may keep a pure spirit, free for my work and disentangled from the snares of ambition. I want to preach simply, quietly, powerfully, not with an eye to applause, but for the good of those who listen, be they few or many.

Deacon Wiltsie is devoted to the church, and will accompany me in my calls. My home for the present is in his family. My room is small, but the study in the church is cozy and well furnished. With my standing desk and easy chair and pictures, it will be complete.

Sept. 27th.

Mr. Smillie, brother of the Smillie who engraved Cole's "Voyage of Life," and a gentleman of the old school, is one of our members. He has a fine place, called "Hill Side," three miles out.

The most diverse beliefs and opinions prevail in our church. In one family I find those who are rigidly orthodox, and have ceased to attend our church because it is so liberal. In another, are Universalists; in another, one who is almost a Free Religionist; and in another still, where the talk is of sanctification and perfection. But I find very little difference in their warm regard for Abraham Wiltsie. Does not this show how love to God may unite them all? Orthodoxy, Liberalism, Methodism, Temperance, Indifference, are all jumbled together. Now may God work upon the chaos and bring out of it a beautiful, harmonious whole!

Oct. 4th, 1875.

It was Communion Sunday, yesterday, dear mother, and balmy as a June day. A basket of beautiful white flowers, tube rosebuds,

carnations and phlox, with a little cross rising from it, showed the giver's providing care. And she told the sexton to have it put into Mr. Lawrence's study on Monday. Some dozen or fifteen young ladies were there from Vassar, and nearly as many from Brooks Seminary, also in the gallery some forty or fifty little children from the Home for the Friendless. . . . Our church has the reputation of being the most sociable of any in the city.

Oct. 14th.

As it is important that I should get into my study early, and as you know I take a very simple breakfast, I asked Mrs. Wiltsie to let me have my oatmeal at half-past seven, to which she readily assented.

One day last week, I called with her and her husband on Mrs. White, principal and proprietor of Brooks Female Seminary, and a bright, active woman of New England education. But I must not fail to tell you of a game played at Dr. Wheeler's, a few nights ago. Each one has a name given him by his right hand neighbor, and a proverb by his left hand, neither knowing what the other gives. It seems, my name was proposed to some one, and a proverb to the same person, who read the two together. "Mr. Lawrence." "A new broom sweeps clean." Good, wasn't it?

I go to the Y. M. C. A. Rooms once a week, glance at the weeklies, to see how things are going on, and read the *Nation*. Otherwise, I read very little in papers or magazines. My eyes are gaining in strength, and I hope in a few years to have the entire use of them again, although not without glasses.

Nov. 29th.

How much I thought of you all, Thanksgiving Day! I am glad Harold Coffin was with you. We had a good congregation, and I spent a pleasant evening with other company at Brooks Seminary.

Edward sometimes repeated the kind things that were said to him, for the sake of gratifying his father and mother, but what would not be so pleasant for them to hear, he kept to himself. For instance, he said nothing about a fall he had, till his mother heard about it from another source. To her inquiries he replied: "When at Lake Mohonk, I slipped and fell on a rock, striking very violently, so that trouble in the spine and indigestion followed." In accordance with her wishes, he took massage treatment. But it was a long time before the difficulty was entirely relieved.

Dec 7th, 1875.

Friday evening, Mrs. Wiltsie and I rode out in the horse cars to Vassar, and were ushered into a beautiful scene. The long, broad windows were trimmed with greens, and fair ushers stood at

every point. In the parlor, Mrs. Wiltsie introduced me to Prof. and Mrs. Backus, and to Prof. Mrs. and Miss Henkel, Germans,—very interesting people. I left at eleven, and the next day, according to my promise, I went out and dined there. After dinner we went over to the Observatory to see Prof. Maria Mitchell, and I had a good, long chat with her on many subjects. She spoke of Mrs. Somerville, whose bust was given her by Frances Power Cobbe, of Theodore Parker, of her father, and of her wish to adopt children.

It had been the custom to have a regular sermon on Communion day, and at Edward's first Communion season he had conformed to this. But on the second occasion, he writes: "We had Communion in my own way. Explaining my reason for the change and for not dismissing the congregation, I stood by the table and spoke about twenty minutes on the Sacrament as a remembrance. I also read George Herbert's poem, 'Was Ever Grief Like Mine?' In the evening, I preached on Salvation, not merely *from* punishment or sin, but *for* something, and not only for heaven, but for righteousness."

As Edward's mother did not want his Christmas presents to come to him as among strangers, she wrote to Mrs. Wiltsie, who kindly entered into her plans.

Dec. 27th.

You prepared a happy surprise for me. The room was full of presents, but I hardly expected any. When the first one from home came, however, I caught the idea at once. I was much pleased with them all, and everything will be of service. In the afternoon, I drilled the Sunday School children for an hour, in singing Christmas carols, preparing for our festival of next Tuesday.

Jan. 10th, 1876.

Last night, my first words in the sermon were, "Whose voice is this?" When I spoke of the reverence we attach to the parental voice, I felt that I was drawing from my own experience, and that few could speak of a parent's voice with such reverence. So you see how your love helps my work.

Mrs. Wiltsie and Mrs. Elting, another dear Poughkeepsie friend, having discovered that Edward's birthday and his sister's came the same day, Jan. 16th, entered into a conspiracy, sending on a check to cover her travelling expenses and arranging for her to carry a paper in her hand, so that

Mr. Wiltsie, when he went to meet her in his carriage, might have some mark for discovery. Edward was beguiled away for the evening, and she was smuggled into the house. He writes: "Well! well! well! What will not a few women do when they put their heads together? And we unsuspecting men are completely caught in the trap. I came from my room, in the morning, as calmly as if my Roslein were not sitting in the parlor. I did not shout or leap when I saw her, but I *thought* a great deal. It is a delight to have her here."

Jan. 24th, 1876.

The dear girl has just gone, and I am dwelling in memory on her delightful visit.

Jan. 31st.

Saturday evening, some one from Vassar called to see if I could preach there Sunday afternoon, as Pres. Raymond was unwell. I am told it is quite an ordeal to preach at Vassar. But whether I am presumptuous or stupid, I felt quite as much at ease as anywhere. I had something to say, and was glad of a chance to say it. It was pleasant to see three hundred young ladies before me as listeners.

In our church and parish, our people are thoroughly united, and are growing more and more earnest. A broad spirit of Christian charity prevails. There is no dogmatism, and widely different views are often expressed, but there is no argumentation or wrangling. Our deacons, too, are the kindest set, and I delight in my work.

Edward's thoughts had been so directed to the Western field that it was not quite easy to give up the idea of going there. Then he wished to be satisfied that he was the man for the Poughkeepsie Church, with all the difficulties involved. After six months' experience, finding it was the unanimous desire of the people that he should remain as their pastor, he concluded to do so. On April 24th, 1876, he writes home:—

In announcing my purpose, I defined my position somewhat plainly, claiming entire freedom for myself to advance towards truth by what light I can get, saying that I cannot be bound by the utterances of any man or body of men, or even by my own past words, rejecting all lower names than that of Christ, whether of Peter, Paul or John, Calvinism or Armenianism, Orthodoxy or Liberalism, and claiming freedom from the bondage of the letter and

room for the liberty of the spirit. At the same time, I declared the facts which become every day clearer to me,—the presence and destructiveness of sin, the everlasting love of God, the power of the life of Christ, and the possibility of the new and heavenly life, through the working of the Holy Spirit. I told them that as fast as I gained new light so that what at first was only conjecture or opinion became a conviction, I should impart it to them. This is one of the very few churches where I could take such a stand, and it is worth much more to me than a large salary or more influential position. I shall not trouble them with my speculations, but when I reach any result, I shall feel free to bring it out plainly.

In a later letter, he adds: "I know that after my six months' preaching my people are satisfied with my position, although they might not have understood it earlier. I shall not let the dread of being called a heretic hinder me in my study of God's revelation. I shall always preach Life more than Doctrine. I say little about this, but thought it best, as I came into permanent relations with the people, to state my position clearly."

In February, Edward wrote that his church had been invited to sit with Henry Ward Beecher's Advisory Council in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, Feb. 27th, 1876.

The Council works well. They have become strongly in favor of Beecher, but will hear both sides. Plymouth has made an excellent impression by the free scope it gives to the Council. Beecher's last speech was grand in its subdued strength. No doctrinal point was under discussion. Some of the so-called bottom facts came to my knowledge, which threw a new light on the case. That was the skeleton Dr. Bacon referred to. It was a memorable Council.

March 20th.

Yesterday, I accepted an invitation to address the Sunday afternoon Temperance meeting, at which I expressed my views as to the use of fermented wine at the Lord's Supper.

Poughkeepsie, April 12th, 1876.

My Darling Mother:—

I must not forget my usual habit of writing to you on your birthday, and I want you to know how glad I am that you had a birthday. Not only selfishly, because it is exceedingly doubtful whether I should have had a birthday if you had not had one, but because I rejoice in your having lived. It has not all been bright, and there are many sore places in the loving heart, but it has been for good, and out of it all will come

blessedness. The hard grinding must polish and brighten the character, so that the soul's pure shape can be seen reflected therein by God's light shining on it. O my dear mother, what a son can give to a mother, what a friend can give to a friend, I do give to you. Can my sympathy be like something put in the bitter fountain to make it sweet? It cannot take away the anguish, but it may lighten the burden. And some time, when that which is in part is done away, that which is perfect will come and we shall see face to face. . . .

I cannot give up my picture of the family all living together for a time, and I think it will be in Poughkeepsie. The bent bow must be relaxed, and the sore heart comforted, and the birthdays celebrated. . . .

Long life and happiness to the darling mother, and many kisses from

Her loving Ned.

May 1st.

On Monday I felt very tired, so I threw up work and went off into the woods gathering May-flowers which are now on my table. On Tuesday evening, I was at the annual supper of the Young Men's Literary Club, which has met every week during the winter, for the last five years, having one week a reading, another week an essay, and the third a debate.

On Thursday afternoon, I drove out with Mrs. Wiltsie to a place about seven miles from here, where I had discovered a quantity of trailing arbutus. It is quite rare here, and few know where to find it. I made up several bouquets and sent around to friends. I also sent some to Marblehead which, I hope, reached you in good condition.

May 15th, 1876.

My back has not quite recovered, but do not feel troubled, for the doctor says the worst is over, only I must be careful. Father's proposal to come on and help me is very welcome. The pleasure of his society would help me more than anything else.

May 29th.

I am looking forward with delight to my vacation in Marblehead, making that my headquarters, and from it visiting various places along the coast. On what part of the Common is Abbott Hall to be placed?

Dr. and Mrs. Carter, one of his families where he was quite at home, were going to Europe, and wished him to occupy their house during his absence. And his father was to have a room there during his visit. Edward took his morning oatmeal there, his dinner at the Wiltsie's, and his supper wherever he happened to be.

The following letter by Mr. John Wilkinson of Newburgh explains itself:—

One summer afternoon, I was on the deck of the "Mary Powell," at the dock in New York. While waiting for the boat to start, I was attracted by the intelligent, kindly face of an elderly gentleman, who sat near me. Just before the boat left the dock, a young man, evidently a student, came slowly along—as if looking for some one. Seeing the elderly man he immediately went up to him and taking both hands in his, he kissed him, first on one cheek and then on the other. All this made a deep impression on me.

I stopped at Poughkeepsie, where I went to visit my father. On the Sabbath morning, my father and I attended the Congregational church. And there in the pulpit were the elderly and the young man! After the service, they came down in front of the platform and administered the sacrament. The beautiful, simple language in which the love of Christ was told by both father and son, all combined to fix a picture that will never fade.

Edward soon formed an acquaintance with John Wilkinson, which early ripened into a friendship for him and his wife that continued through life, while for the many little girls of the household he came to have a peculiar affection. In Mr. Wilkinson's letter of reminiscences, he continues:—

I remember a day upon the Beacons, the high hills opposite Newburgh, which were used for beacon fires in Revolutionary days. We prepared a buggy, with a safe horse to take the ladies over the rough mountain road, while Mr. Lawrence and I walked by their side. After reaching the summit, we took a ramble through the woods, one of the most enjoyable of my life. Your son's love of nature, his close observation of the shrubs and flowers, and of the stones and rocks, with the keen manifestations of delight as view after view broke upon our vision, were pleasant to behold.

Not long before starting on his missionary journey around the world, he made us a little visit. As we were gathered at the tea-table, he was requested to ask the blessing. His glance around, his broken words and his silent tears, are precious remembrances to us.

He will live in my memory as one who loved truth for truth's sake, a thorough student, with a broad mind, a strong character, and a loving heart. He will live as one who with scholarly tastes and a love of culture and refinement, laid all this aside, that he might go down into the slums to seek and save that which was lost. Ah, that will live forever.

July 11.

Last week Monday, I took the cars to Clinton Corners, fourteen miles from Poughkeepsie, and found a farm house on the shores of Lake Upton where they agreed to entertain me over the Fourth. I had fine dairy food, a Fourth of July oration from a bull frog, and the quietest Fourth I ever passed in this country.

Plattsburg, July 25th.

Here I am with my dear, good friends, the Halls. They wish you and Anna were here. I left the dear father well and enjoying his place. The people were much pleased with his sermon, Sunday morning. I expect to reach Boston Tuesday, and shall come out to Highlandville and make a little visit with you at the Mills.

While at home, he arranged to join Mr. Thallon and his nephew, from Scotland, on a trip to the White Mountains.

Mt. Washington, Aug 30th.

I am installed as cashier and dragoman. Our talk is mainly on literature, and that on its ethical side, contrasting the effects. The railroad is the chief change since I came here with Bob Hume, in our college days. Everything seems the grander, because I have just come from the sea, and its expanse and its waves seem interwoven with the mountain scenes. In this fog, we are all of us mystics, baptized in the cloud. We are waiting here, hoping that it may clear off before we leave.

The annual meeting of the American Board was this year in Hartford, and the father and mother, son and daughter, were all guests at Gov. Catlin's. From Hartford they went to the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, and for a fortnight were most hospitably entertained by their friend, Miss Anable, a niece of Mrs. Pres. Nott, whom they met there.

In November, from his study in the church, Edward writes:—

When I have had such a steady and pleasant pressure of work, I do not know. Last week, a Woman's Aid Society was formed in our church, from which I hope much. Yesterday, I preached to young men and women, and last evening, began my sermons on the Parables. I am now a tripod. One base of supply is here, where I study, another at Dr. Carter's, where I sleep, and the third at Mr. Wiltsie's, where I take my meals. There was no other way to arrange it. I am glad to know that Meta's poem is out.

Nov. 13th.

Yes, I think there is more truth in Stopford Brooke than the other, though I believe there is something beyond that. I do not think love needs "indefiniteness" but that, if it be true, it will have many unconscious elements, undeveloped beauties, that must have time to bloom and ripen, which would be destroyed by too sudden seizure, or too curious a search. Not because of "mystery" or "parables," but because everything that lives, should always grow, and in everything that grows there must be a hidden, unformed

part which dies if exposed. Here is the room for trust, that must be a part of every deep affection, which is willing from what it does see to infer deeper and better things that can never fully appear. This would all be caused, not so much by the sensitiveness of character, as by its incompleteness and gradual development. To utter a feeling is often to define, correct and strengthen it. I am not an advocate of too much reticence, yet when the best things one has to give come back from those to whom they have been offered, labelled with names most diverse from what they are; when the deepest and truest things are treated as counterfeit or superficial, it is no wonder that some become self-contained. Stopford Brooke's idea of friendship is too much of a chase and search, too little of profession and satisfaction, to suit me. "Curious love," "eager interest," "expectation,"—this search for something new, is not the deepest in love. Nothing should be "claimed," I think, from dearest friends as any "*duty due*" nor should we "*demand* confidence." But I take the flower of affection, not as a botanist, eager in pursuit, but as one who reveres and loves the rose for what it is and can become.

One speaks, sometimes, about himself, and finds, months after, that his words have been entirely misunderstood, and possibly harm done. So it seems the best way to say simply what is necessary of one's self till you find one who by reaching the foundations of your being, can understand all you say.

Nov. 20th.

Our women's work goes on well. The Committees are filling up, and I shall soon have a body of nine deaconesses to help me. They develop a good deal of enthusiasm, and I don't know what treasures we may unearth. Shall I tell you how my evenings, this week, are occupied? Monday, Quarterly Meeting of Sunday School Union; Tuesday, Aid Society; Wednesday, German Class; Thursday, Prayer-Meeting and Bible Class; Friday, our Concert. And the outside work increases all the time.

I think I gain in ease and power of speaking without notes—but I see so much which can and should be done. What mysterious powers stand at our disposal, if we will only rise up to reach them! if by a true life, we grow up into higher fields where God's breath is in the breezes! Through God's help, I can do vastly more than I have ever yet done, and why should I not say, "I will"? Does it not depend on me whether I grasp what God offers me?

Dec. 11th, 1876.

What a good prayer-meeting we had, last Thursday, on the old theme ever new, "The Lord is my Shepherd!" . . . I am slowly working on into Muller's *Doctrine of Sin*. It is a grand book, full of thought and instruction, and it is a real mental discipline to read it.

Dec. 18th.

Last week, we had a very successful New England supper. The young lady waiters wore pretty costumes, the tables were well

laden, and the rooms were filled. We cleared about \$190, quite a sum to make with only a week's preparation.

Poughkeepsie, Study, Dec. 25th, 1876.

Evening. To-day has hardly seemed like Christmas, though I enjoyed the children's gathering. My Christmases at the dear old Dingle Side in Connecticut, and my German ones, come before me vividly. I suppose there will never be any more just like those. My greatest pleasure has been the calling this afternoon on some of the sick.

My new desk in church I like very much. It seems like stepping out from a cell into the open air.

Poughkeepsie, Jan. 7th, 1877.

What great advantages have I had; how little have I done! I want to build up in this congregation a genuine Christian life, true, united, active. From the heart Christ must work as an influence, and where he is, there must be unity. Is it not vastly better to bring Christ to them, in any guise, and let him do his own work in their hearts, than to insist on certain dogmas in respect to him? I love him, I revere him more and more. But I cannot comprehend him. I know that the perfect man is divine—God's image, the fulness of the Godhead bodily. I know that the germ of Christ is in every heart, and that Christ, through his life, historical, through the inner spirit, seeks to waken this life in his disciples. By doing his will, we shall know concerning the doctrine. And the same about sin. For myself, I wish to study it in all its bearings, origin and all, and, of course, each part of the system will affect every other part. But those to whom I speak have little time for abstract researches. They have sin in their heart to contend against, an actual, terrible fact, and it is on this that they need to concentrate their attention. Teaching them about its origin, a mystery which no one can fairly solve, will help them very little in their conflict with it, and may rather divert their attention from its essence. That is what I wish to discover and disclose to them. To trace it through its windings and ramifications, uncovering the various masks it wears, and showing them the same hideous fact preying on their lives,—that is what I would do for them, as well as for myself. And Müller's work is full of grand hints and strong reasoning which I can respect even where I cannot accept it.

Yesterday morning, I preached my second sermon on Giving. These sermons speak to me, if to no one else. I feel that I ought to give more wisely. What right have I to unhelpful luxuries, when so many are without the necessities of life? I would not give up what may contribute to the higher æsthetic culture and productiveness, but any mere appendage should go.

CHAPTER XIII.

GROWING JOY IN SERVICE.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

In the spring, Edward's sister was taken down with that disease of a dreadful name and more dreadful character, cerebro-spinal meningitis. Edward was full of sympathy and desire to help.

Feb. 2d, 1877.

How I long to be with you! On my bed I sometimes see you weary, and Anna suffering, and can hardly endure to stay here. But I may be of more service later.

Feb. 5th.

I have been on the point of starting for home, but will wait till I hear, to-morrow. If the dear child is failing, of course, I must come. I rely on you to send for me when needed. Let me know at once, by telegraph if necessary. I shall wait with anxiety.

Later. I have sent a dispatch and await an answer. I pray earnestly for you all, dear ones. Keep courage, mother.

Feb. 12th.

Yours of Saturday has just come. I want to have you try the blue-light cure. I enclose a slip giving particulars. Many are putting blue panes into their windows. When in New York, Mrs. Wiltzie consulted two physicians about her, and they suggested that if at any time she seemed sinking, an infusion of blood might be resorted to as the last resource. I am delighted that Anna bears her sickness so well. And you will rest in the strength of God which we learn only when we are weakest. Kiss Roslein for me. She must be a pale rose now.

Early in March, he made his long anticipated visit, and on his return writes:—

March 5th.

My visit home seems like a dream. It touched me very much to have you come to me as you did, the last morning. The memory

of those days will be a happy one, and I trust not without a lasting influence. Poor Mamma and Roslein, having a good cry together. Why, I don't think I am worth shedding tears about. . . . If you can find the poem of H. H. "My Other Self," which appeared in the *Independent* a year ago, I shall be glad.

March 11th.

I am sorry Anna gains so slowly, and fear I should not bear it as well. It would gall me to think of my work lying undone, until I should have learned how much less important in God's sight is the individual work than each one supposes.

I will ask you to use the fifty dollars I send to help you through this time. I don't want Anna to lack any delicacy she may desire. I am sorry to hear of her pull-back. It must be very hard for all of you. But it's a long road that knows no turning.

To the appreciation of his generosity sent him, in reply he writes: "Don't call me 'generous.' You humiliate me. It is only a *hint* of a return.

"How old we are getting to be, sixty-four and thirty! Four years more and I shall be half as old as you. How long will it take me to catch up with you?

"Poor mamma, crying in her sleep! as if it were not enough to cry when she is awake, dear soul!"

Edward had been requested to teach German in one of the academies, but declined, preferring to give free instruction to any among his own people who desired to study that language, and also to friends outside his parish. After the first class was well under way, a second class of beginners was formed. He had only time to give a weekly lesson to each class. They made rapid progress, however, and, although that was not part of the program, more than one happy marriage was a result of these classes.

April 16th.

Don't you think faith is a larger word than trust? Trust seems to me the receptive side of faith, but then there is the active or assimilating side. . . . As to truthfulness, when we all come to see that the truth spoken in love is the greatest and sweetest kindness possible, I think we shall gain more trust from one another. I certainly should have far greater confidence in a person who acted on such principles, than in one who regarded my feelings at the expense of perfect sincerity.

Study, April 30th.

We have started a ministers' Monday morning meeting, of

which I am secretary. We talk of forming a brotherhood of churches for the suppression of the liquor traffic. What do you and father think of Dr. Reynolds for our work? There is some talk of getting Murphy.

. . . I find both more good and more evil in people than I used to suppose. Optimism and pessimism are alike false. One must have both owls' and eagles' eyes really to know men. Some people you may see forever and not know them.

Study, May 3d.

It seems to me that discrimination of truth depends on cultivating the moral insight in that direction, and that truth is to be won rather by deciding in practical cases as they come up, in the light of all the circumstances, than by speculating on cases which have not arisen. Truth has relation to moral, responsible beings. To seek by word, sign or silence to produce a false impression is untruthful, is it not? To leave a person with a wrong impression, where he is responsible to you for the error, and no higher reason constrains you, is untruthful. A stratagem in war is, of course, false in itself. The only thing that can be said is that war severs moral relations, and when men kill, they will deceive. In the case of sick persons, I believe deception often does more harm than good. We are so entangled in artificial customs that we can only gradually readjust our relations to them. Everything must have its form, but if it is mere form, is it not false? I think truth is the greatest kindness that can be shown one, where it is spoken in love.

At another time, Edward wrote:—

There can be no true friendship between two persons where one of them feels,—“I cannot ever speak of the serious things of life with my friend, or venture upon any criticism.” If any one should treat me thus should I not have reason to feel that he was not a true friend,—as if I were only to be coddled, morally as well as physically? Loyalty and frankness are essential to any true friendship.

From his earliest years, truthfulness was one of Edward's ideals. And perfect truthfulness between kinsfolk and friends he regarded as of the utmost importance, often speaking of it in his letters. For one of his bulletins, the last year he was with us, he selected a poem of James Buckingham's so expressive of his own ideas, that I cannot forbear inserting it.

THE BETTER WAY.

I think there's blindness in the way we seek,
 Sometimes, to help each other here on earth.
 Too oft the poor conforming word we speak,
 Too much we praise the dubious word and worth.

Oh, for that courage and that better love
 Which so apply truth's brave and wholesome test
 That men are helped to rise themselves above,
 And so by steps ascending reach their best!

Leave feeble charities of speech unsaid;
 They add not truly to thy brother's weal.
 But do thou kindle stars above his head,
 And wake in him betimes a loftier zeal.

The Study.

My room is charming these summer days. I have all the windows open, and in the morning I sometimes lie quietly on my couch, drinking in all around me. This must be a fine day for Roslein, breezes and bright sunshine. On Thursday, I walked about eight miles.

June 9th.

I will come home and help Anna on her journeyings, if you need me. It will be delightful, if she is well enough to travel. You speak of cutting her hair, but be sure it will help her before you do it. I would not sacrifice that beautiful head of hair to no purpose. Dr. Carter thinks there may be no need for this, and I hope it may not be necessary.

July 10th.

I spent a good part of the afternoon in the summer house at Mr. Smillie's, Hill Side. The sweet, placid river, the banks opposite, firm, cool, refreshing in the wooded heights, the projecting point where the edge cut into the water, and was mirrored there, the hazy indistinct mingling of water and shore of deep, indeterminate color,—farther off, hills shadow-darkened, with thick woods everywhere. Bright, sweet slopes, the blue Catskills in the distance, sky blue and snowy. I lay upon a slope and loved everything I saw. The bits of stone and grains of earth were dear to me, simply because they were things. Their existence was a sweet fact. I felt no need of added charm to win my love. They were real, firm, substantial existences. Is not that enough? Not only every living,—every created thing is a God-thought. How refreshing to be taught by plain facts to yield to the simplest impressions, to draw from nature instead of putting into it,—to follow the order of things instead of the order of thought, for the order of things is the order of God's thoughts, and should be of ours.

July 14th.

I need a more engrossing sense of my high work,—not of its parts and details, perhaps, but of its single aim. I need to be carried on by a flow of spirit, which makes life one. I need more consecutiveness of thought, patience to follow suggestions to their source, power to link thoughts together and to bring all under one idea. My thought and work is too fragmentary. I need more earnestness, joy in prayer, more consciousness of God, not merely as in nature, which is growing very strong, but as in the soul. I want simple honesty in word and act and thought.

Read a little in Burrough's *Wake Robin*. Birds chiefly. "Blue-bird with the earth-tinge on his breast and the sky-tinge on his back."

Nothing is so credulous as suspicion. If you cannot disprove an evil report, it should be brought directly to the one whom it concerns.

Study, July 20th.

As to my work, I have preached twelve sermons on the Parables in the evening, and five sermons in the morning, on walking as He walked. Have led the Bible class in the Old Testament and the New; Prayer-Meeting every week; Missionary Concerts, Sociables; have finished exegesis with notes, following Meyer and *Protest Bibel*, also consulting De Wette.

It was arranged that, in his vacation, after a brief visit to Marblehead, Edward should accompany his mother and sister to Vermont. It was one of his peculiarities, as some called it, that he did not believe in hunting and fishing, any more than in butchering, for mere amusement. But he greatly enjoyed an excursion in a fishing vessel, and had no scruples against catching fish for practical purposes.

Linden Home, July 27th, 1877.

Yesterday morning, father and I rose at three, and by four were at the dock, where we met Meservey and his crew, and rowed at once to the Dauntless. We were soon loose from our moorings, but there was fog and little wind, so that we moved slowly till near Lowell Island, and being almost becalmed, decided to fish for mackerel. My attention was soon called to a strange sight. The water was literally alive with thousands of fishes, called blue backs. They swam carelessly to and fro, a few mackerel among them, as if basking in the sunshine. They were everywhere, yet all at once even as I was looking at them, they were gone. How they went, or where, I could not tell. I suppose something must have frightened them. Soon they reappeared, and again disappeared. We had a fine breakfast of fresh mackerel, and then went on with the breeze. Most of the morning I lay stretched on the deck, dozing, thinking, dreaming. The water was clear, with only a long, rocking swell. I found, as I did last year, that the men were good-hearted and thoroughly courteous. About five o'clock, we reached home, taking with us a load of had-dock, cod and mackerel.

Fitchburg, July 30th.

This morning was foggy, but we started, and with great care, took Anna to the station, bags and baggage abounding. At Boston, our good friend, Mr. Courtis, helped us manage a careful but quick transfer to the cars. The dear girl was rejoiced at the change after six months' confinement. We reached here at 1.20 and drove up the hill to Mr. Mason's pleasant home.

Pittsford, Vt., Aug. 1st.

Yesterday, at half-past two, we arrived at this place. Anna was somewhat tired, but to-day is feeling very well. Uncle Samuel has been reading to us about great-grandfather Woods, of Princeton, Mass., a schoolmaster, called philosopher Woods, also of great-grandfather Wheeler, a chaplain in the Revolution, who helped stake out the ground the night before the battle of Bunker Hill, and his daughter, Mrs. Weld, who was on a vessel captured by a French pirate, on her way to join her husband,—a cousin of Theodore Weld,—in Jamaica, and her daughter, Caroline Weld, whose home for a time was with grandfather Woods, at Andover, and whose life was full of romance.

Pittsford lies on the back of a hilly slope, which suns itself all day. Mountains around, the air nectar, and a creek running beneath it. What is it that these hills and peaks awake within one's heart? As if there were mountains and valleys there which greet their sister forms, so that the inner and outer nature are wedded? Everything I see or touch seems beautiful, seems sacred. The very dust beneath my feet I love, and stroke and press tenderly, not for what it is to me, but for itself. It seems often as if all I behold were only the inner being, spread out in plain shapes before me, an echo of my thought, a reflection of my feeling. Yet it is rather the other way. Nature has deposited its shapes on the mind's sensitive plate; these are interwoven with life's joy and sorrow, and when the one is revived, the others also awake as part of the picture. Here is a great part of Nature's charm, that it thus recalls every feeling we have experienced. I love simply to surrender myself to what I see, lying passive for every sight and sound to sweep over me, and say what it will, to think *it*, not myself, and to pierce into the heart of things,—to drop my own fancies and see things as they are.

Seeing Mr. Hall, the pastor here, I realize the wonderful thing it is to have in every village one man, at least, of thought and training, who shall speak to people of spiritual things, and live among them a life of faith and truth. A woman also among women, who shall show a life of grace and charity. Their homes too can be centers of culture and piety. But what an empty word is culture! *What* do we cultivate?—that is the question.

Champlain. Aug. 4th.

In the old haunts again, among old and dear friends. Mother and Anna are delightfully situated at the Deweys, and I am staying at the Doolittles.

How the old life comes back to me! Those sweet, quiet years! Those days are woven in with these scenes—time and space, the warp and woof of life! How unknown is the future, how quietly, unwittingly we go on to meet our fate! How carelessly we sail into seas where storms await us! No shadow alarms us, till the bolt falls, yet we often shape it ourselves—our own hands forge the bolt.

Aug. 9.

Am now at the Cook's, in my old study, where I have written so

many sermons and letters. Lawrence is a beautiful, healthy boy, but rather shy. But, verily, this continuous feasting is trying to the constitution. The having the fatted calf killed for one three times a day is too much.

Edward went to Plattsburg for a visit to his friends, the Halls, his mother and sister afterward joining them. One evening, Mr. Hall and Edward gave a pantomime entertainment for the benefit of Anna. The pantomime represented the visit of a sister of charity to a dying soldier, at which said sister—Mr. Hall—slyly picked the pocket of the soldier, which was Edward's part. As he was not prepared for this performance, he could not repress his bursts of laughter, which were very improper for a dying man. This added an unexpected feature, and so amused Mrs. Hall that the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Leaving his mother and sister under the kind care of his friends, Edward started for his anticipated trip up the Saguenay.

Chicoutini on Saguenay, on Steamer Union, Aug. 22d.

At head of navigation, 235 miles from Quebec. Here, in 1635, Jacques Cartier and his companion landed, and sixty or seventy years later, traders and priests. The shores were then covered by rich timber. Dark and awful the Saguenay stole out from its mysterious shades and frowning cliffs. What was there to attract men in this severe climate? Fish and furs, the hope of gold, "La Bras d'Or," which, when shipped to France, turned out iron pyrites. Above all, with many, was the hope to save souls and win new sway for the Catholic faith. What daring audacity to face all these terrors for an invisible cause, a distant success!

A Catholic church towers up in all these villages, a sublime witness to the superiority of things eternal. We neared Tadousac and the mouth of the Saguenay, just at sunset. The sun sank in golden splendor behind the heights, while the few light clouds in the west caught the aureate tinge, and seemed like golden rockets dragging a train, or like flies that dart up a stream, rippling the water behind them. A cold chill swept down the stream, as we entered it. High, steep cliffs were on each side. At the left it was dark in the shade. On the right, the moon was shining on the reddish cliffs, which remind one now of the Palisades, now of the Scotch Highlands. Eternité and Trinité are the points of wonder, which make everything else seem puny. We came upon them about eleven, the moon being two thirds up the sky. We sailed right under them, till, suddenly, the moon was blotted out, and Eternité frowned awfully down upon us, its huge, triangular

bulk seeming to rise out of eternity's abyss. It was deep and dark and fearful, till, suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the moon shone again. Then, passing the bay, the friendlier domes of Trinité came near. I cannot describe, I could not fully realize the feeling with which I passed into that dreadful shadow. For some time afterward I walked the deck and tried to let the cliffs, only less gloomy than Eternité, impress themselves on me. Perfectly clear the night, stern, unchanging the gloom. But I shall put most of my adjectives in my journal. I send these!!!!!!! and you can supply the words. This morning, I have been to mass in the wooden church, where a sweet-voiced priest, with an attendant, went through the service, while a few peasants were seated, others coming in, and gazing tourists behind them. It was impressive to see the calm indifference to all earthly things with which he went on, wholly wrapped in the mysteries of religion. A wonderful thing, any way, to behold the church planted here, forever testifying to rude people of an invisible world.

From Quebec, Edward went to Champlain, riding up from Rouse's Point in a baggage-wagon and taking his friends by surprise. On Monday, he joined his mother and sister in Plattsburg. He writes in his journal:—

I found Anna much better. While there I gathered quite a geological cabinet of trilobites and fossil shells and glacier-scratches. We left, yesterday, for Burlington; were met by Mr. Francis, a college room-mate of father's at Dartmouth, who has a beautiful home on Prospect Street. Mrs. Hill, daughter of Gov. Crafts of Vermont, an old friend of father's, and now a neighbor of our host, told us, last night, of an escapade of father's:—that, when a boy, he was very fond of dancing, and once crept into the church through a window and carried off the fiddle to be used in a dance at the Governor's. On hearing this report, father wrote an amusing letter, utterly contradicting the story.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 3rd, 1877.

It is pleasant to know that Anna has gained so much. What kind friends we have everywhere! And what a delightful visit at Burlington, a most charming place! Prof. Moses Coit Tyler has been here, and seems gratified by what he saw and heard of the church.

Prof. Tyler, now of Cornell, was at that time in Ann Arbor, Michigan, from which place, after his visit to Poughkeepsie, he wrote to Edward's mother: "Whatever may happen to your son, or his church, so fine a spirit as his is a perpetual victory. There is but one opinion about him—that his discreet, self-denying life, united with his sunny

and generous manner, had won for him the love and confidence of all, but that the old prejudices against Congregationalism were deeply rooted in the Dutch society there, and would take time to overcome. For myself, I must say that I heard him preach with almost unbounded satisfaction. The discourse was masterly in thought, diction and delivery, suffused by the spirit of Christ, and every way moving and impressive. The fortunes of that church are one thing—not certain. The future of young Edward Lawrence is quite another matter. With his gifts, with his fine, apostolic, wise nature, there must come a very sweet and bountiful reward for these years of small things, borne with a spirit not small.”

Great simplicity and modesty were marked characteristics of Edward, and not caring to incur the risk of marring these, his mother never showed him Prof. Tyler’s letter, which, since his departure, she regrets. But wisely, or unwisely, knowing how many flattering words are said to ministers, though often in all sincerity, it was not her habit to repeat to her son the very favorable opinions often expressed concerning him.

Sept. 10th.

I have been catching up with the course of things, so far as possible. It is good to feel fresh vigor for the work of preaching. I shall make a more definite effort to get hold of our young men. The careful study I am making of Paul’s life and letters in connection with my Bible class is very fruitful.

Oct. 1877.

At the meeting of the American Board in Providence, one of the pleasantest things was to be with father. . . . In New York, we called on Dr. and Mrs. Schaufler, and it was delightful to see the two venerable men embrace one another. Dr. Smart wanted me to go to the Congregational Council in his place, as I am alternate, but I could not spare time or money.

Among the many families where Edward felt at home were the Dudleys, the father being one of the early pillars of the church. Part of a letter from the son, Guilford Dudley, is here introduced:—

My first acquaintance with Mr. Lawrence was when he came

here as our pastor. I took to him at once, and always had a warm place for him in my heart. I was thrown much with him, from the fact that I was superintendent of the Sunday School and also a trustee of the church. I shall not soon forget the many delightful hours that I spent in the study with him, he at his desk and I in the brown chair. His presence in our home was always welcome. We never made company of him, but he sat down at our table as one of the family. I was associated with him in Charity Organization work, and when he left the city, his mantle never found fitting shoulders.

Mr. Dudley's wife, one of the most active workers in the church, and who was universally loved and esteemed, has been called to her heavenly home. I quote a few lines from a letter she wrote to Edward's sister:—

All day we have been heavy of heart, but have not forgotten to turn in sympathy to his bereaved mother, sister and betrothed. Many testimonies will come to you of the influence wrought by his marvellously rounded life. But I will speak only of what he was to us, personally. He endeared himself to our household, sharing our common joys and sorrows. In a letter written just after my mother "fell asleep," he alluded to my added treasure in heaven, saying, "I want to give you one hand of rejoicing for her and for your assurance of her blessedness. Then I have the other hand to give you in sympathy for yourself."

June 19th.

Yesterday we had a floral service for the Sunday School, the subject being "Cross and Crown." The children had about a hundred bouquets, which they brought up as they repeated their verses for making the cross, while I crowned it with a wreath of laurel. I led the Sunday School in all their singing and by night was very tired.

June 20th.

A delightful excursion with the Wiltsies to Mr. Benson Lossing's. The superb view reminds me of Wordsworth's "Evening Voluntary." Under a sky of clearest blue, slightly hazy at the horizon, a few spots and streaks of delicate cloud to the southwest, I stand on a rail fence, woods at my back, where a thrush sings, bees buzzing around me. We are on a gently sloping hill, one thousand feet above the sea. Before me rolling meadow lands, rye and daisy fields, white as snow. A girdle of varied hills north, south and east, with mounds and valleys. Beyond that a second, distant girdle. A few woods and groves, stretching along the slopes, and crowning the summit. A charming, graceful view—nearness for detail, distant blue,—suggestions. Everything sleeps this noon, but bees and birds. Is this a dream? then waking would be pain. The scene casts sweet, forgiving light on the past.

June 22d.

I wrote a sermon this morning. My preaching tends too much

to be analytic, needs more vigor and plain, common life. I must be more with business men. How many of them advertise honestly? Finished *Water Babies* this afternoon. Bright, witty, pregnant. Loses himself, sometimes, I think, in his symbolism.

June 26th.

I had a charming drive with Mrs. Wiltsie, before breakfast. We started at half-past five, reaching home by half-past seven. How strange people will sleep so late!

Took a walk after the prayer-meeting to Morgan Hill. Here richer and sweeter than any symphony was the blowing of the wind through the trees in the moonlight! I seemed to fall away and lose myself in kind waves of sound. Last night, at the concert, I felt gloomy and misanthropic. For all mankind I cared little, and wanted little from them. How much we take! How little we need!

June 27th.

Monday night, a swift fire swept away a large part of Marblehead. Father was absent, and mother, Anna and Agnes were alone in the house, terrified, but collected. What preparations they could, they made for moving. But the house was not touched. The loss to the town was \$500,000.

June 28th.

Your vivid description of the fire brought everything plainly before me. I could see Anna going round from place to place, gathering up what seemed precious, and you, with every wit at work in the midst of danger, and Agnes, quick and determined. You were all heroes. Congratulations to you all! Thanks to God!

July 3d.

In our excursion down the river, I was vividly reminded of our sail on the Loch Katrine. But there was no day so fine as that at Staffa and Iona. I hear yet the organ notes of the sea, singing into Fingal's Cave, and among the deep columns.

I had my hair cut, yesterday, "dead rabbit," as they call it, and am greeted everywhere by looks of horror and amazement or merriment. It is amusing where people feel that politeness requires them to notice nothing. Mrs. Wiltsie advised me to hide myself in the Catskills, but Dr. Cate said, "No, they would shoot him for a wild man."

Edward early formed the habit of getting his pulpit preparations through by Saturday noon. Then he would devote the remainder of the day to long walks, or some form of thorough physical recreation, bicycles not being then in vogue. This exercise insured a good sleep for Saturday night, so that in the morning, refreshed and invigorated, he would enter on the duties of the Sabbath. This arrangement, so far as possible, he followed through life, and strongly recommended to his ministerial friends.

Study, Saturday, July 7th.

This morning, wrote a sermon, spending much time in brooding over it. In the afternoon, early, crossed the river in a ferry-boat. The two caissons are now standing in the river, and one has a great dredge at work. An immense tub descends into one of the compartments, opens, claws itself full, swings up and out into the stream, and opens, like two immense clam shells, with teeth, and the whole contents of black mud splash into the river. The caissons look like islands, swarming with men. I strolled up the river by a wood-path to the road. Then along through chestnut and oak groves, picking black-caps and red raspberries. Went into Bellevue villa, and was shown to the tower, from which there was a superb view, the same view that grows more beautiful to me as my life becomes a part of it. The Hudson was at my feet, calm, stately, sweeping in prolonged curves between its wooded banks, on towards the Fishkills, where it seems to stop, its way blocked up. Steamers and tugs, drawing long trains of barges and canal boats, slowly move up and down. The two furnaces stand like great smoking altars on its banks, one at each end of the city, where we sacrifice to the iron god. The city itself sleeps, embowered and partly hidden among the trees. Prominent, as everywhere, is College Hill, wholly Grecian, a temple on the Acropolis. Farther north and near the river stands the Insane Asylum—an immense spread-out mass of brick, encircled by trees. A range of low hills begirts the whole, running from the high Fishkills down to lower ranges.

Am reading Augustine's *Confessions* and *Goethe's Life*, together. Some striking resemblances. Augustine, however, had the more passionate, intense nature, went deeper into dissipation, and was loftier in flight. Goethe more sided, broader, more artistic. Both sensuous. Both vivid imagination, sense of the Infinite. Both misled by affections. Augustine grosser, if both paint themselves truly, yet in the end purer, truer, grander, not as wise in nature, more taught of God. Goethe was receptive, came much under the influence of men and things, and had great assimilating force. But the power of his personality was very strong, and while he was influenced by almost every one, he rejected what did not belong to him, and went his own way. He was continually being drawn into positions of danger to himself, and sometimes to others. Often, others were wronged by this willingness to let everything act upon him. Yet he had a strong will, which came to his rescue, by which he tore himself loose from the danger, and soon found help from new objects. "*Wir wollten nicht lernen,*" he says, "*wir wollten nicht.*" Goethe's was a thoroughly Greek nature.

In anything which concerned the welfare of the community or the country, although outside his church work, Edward never hesitated to speak plainly or to act openly. No fear of being charged with interfering in politics kept him

silent as to corrupt practices at the polls by either party. His frank utterances often appeared in the *Eagle*, whose editor opened its columns for free discussion or unsparing rebuke.

Edward continued to labor earnestly and unceasingly in the temperance cause, and at one time, on three successive Sunday evenings, gave the history of the reform in this country.

Allusion has been made to his habit of taking wine and beer, in Germany. From a report of one of these sermons, in a city paper, the following is quoted:—

The Rev. gentleman then made an impressive reference to a chapter in his own experience, when holding different views from those he now advocated. The dangers and effects of moderate drinking exhibited themselves in a most startling and tragic light. Mr. Lawrence continued: "I assure you, it was not long before I reached a conclusion. It was plain that there was only one thing to be done. That was to practise and to urge abstinence. I found myself among a people of irritable appetite, which, in any one, might be as easily kindled by the use of an intoxicant as powder by a spark. I did not think it manly to go about through homes, which might any of them harbor a hidden cask of dynamite, with a lighted match in my hand, even though I knew I should pass out myself before an explosion came. Right about me were homes devastated by just such an explosion. I did not find it unmanly to say, "Since I live among powder magazines, I will not use matches." And it seemed to me the true use of Christian manliness, liberty and charity, to urge all others to accept the teaching of experience and also abstain. . . It is Christian charity to drink no wine, lest it should make our brother offend. And it is justice to demand that the law shall stamp as illegal a traffic which public sentiment declares immoral and facts prove to be disastrous..

CHAPTER XIV.

SUCCESSFUL WORK AND HAPPY DAYS WITH NATURE.

Dear Lord, we thank thee for the joy of living, day by day,
That we may see thy glorious works which lie along our way—
The flowers blooming sweet and fair, the fields and meadows green,
The fruitful hills, the mountains clothed in distant silvery sheen.
We joy in living! may it be that while we live, we live to thee!

—Mary E. Brine.

When Edward came to understand the financial condition of his church, he was much troubled. Besides the encumbrance of a heavy debt, it did not meet its current expenses, and was therefore getting more and more involved. His mother received a letter from a friend in Chicago, who was connected with one of Edward's families, telling her of a great sacrifice he had made in order to relieve the church. She wrote him, asking why he had not enlightened his parents. He replied that he did not like to speak of such things, but that since they had heard of the matter, he would enclose his pastoral letter, adding:—

"At the Church and Society meetings, after speaking of the state of things, I said I would take from them only enough to meet my necessities. I thought that would not be more than \$1,000, I hoped less. I felt that it would be the only right thing to do."

He thus gave up half his salary. But as this sacrifice did not relieve the present emergency, it was resolved to have a fair, as was the fashion in those days. And as he had great confidence in the skilled women of his parish, he entered warmly into their plans.

October 20th he writes :

Another idea about our fair is to issue a paper, containing unpublished pieces by the best writers we can lay hold of. I have

thought of something from Whittier, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others. I want also something from the members of my own family. You have helped me already in this matter more than I can tell. We shall have no raffling in any form. The preparation is bringing our people together, and I think the result will be good. I am not only editor-in-chief, but the only editor, and I have even taken to the street to solicit advertisements.

Later he wrote :—

Tuesday evening.

I want to make up a column of Chips, that is, small items, facts of interest and Bubbles—by which I mean anecdotes, bright sayings, or anything amusing. Perhaps you can help me about it. Send any little scraps, such as you often do in your letters, or any favorite of yours or father's from his scrap book. I hope, too, for his Lady Bountiful. We may need all we can get. All goes well.

Ned.

On a visit to Dresden, in Germany, Dr. Jenkins had shown him a remarkable poem, which had been rendered into English verse,—*The Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer poet of Persia, who lived in the latter part of the eleventh century. Edward was very desirous to secure a copy, and after much book hunting, he succeeded in obtaining one in Piccadilly, London, published in 1872.

The edition of the paper, which was entitled *The Fair*, was confined to two numbers. And, dividing the Persian poem, he put the whole into these numbers. From his introductory remarks, one or two sentences are quoted:—“We give the poem entire, believing that those to whom Christ is the Answer will only be helped by this book, to what, to Omar, was agonizingly insoluble. And yet, judged rightly, the antidote is contained in his own verses. If Omar has not found the ‘Everlasting Yea,’ he, at any rate, gropes eagerly for it, and believes that there must be some Infinite Affirmative.”

It may be added here that Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole of Boston, the translator of Tolstoi, has published a variorum edition of the *Rubáiyát*. He sent a copy of this to the Shah of Persia, who issued a firman, ordering a medal to be pre-

sented to Mr. Dole, as a token of his appreciation of the gift.

This wonderful poem, in addition to the fine array of prose and poetry which came directly from the authors, made *The Fair* a brilliant paper that secured a wide private circulation. Edward writes his mother:—"I was amazed at the amount of money you sent me for *The Fair*. That was doing splendidly, and makes the sum total for the paper about \$119.00, while the whole amount cleared by the fair was \$750.00."

But it was a great disappointment to his friends, that notwithstanding the surrender of half his salary, nothing of what was made could be applied to the standing debt, as it was all absorbed by the current expenses. When it was suggested that he should try to secure the services of Edward Kimball, the great debt-raiser, he hesitated, knowing how heavy was the demand on him by large city churches. Finally, however, he consented to send him a letter. Then, without consulting any one, his mother also wrote Mr. Kimball, who responded most kindly that he would make it a point to go to Poughkeepsie as soon as possible.

In the fall, as a result of temperance labors, in which Mr. Gobright and Mr. Sawyer assisted, there was a large number of reformed drunkards, seven of whom joined the Congregational church.

In November, Edward writes:—"I have been preparing an essay on Spinoza, for our Literary Club. He was a great man, a saint in philosophy, a thinker in religion. This club is a grand institution. It meets every Tuesday evening, and has about a dozen working members, discussing all topics in heaven and on earth. Prohibition was the last, Russia and Turkey the week before. Science and religion crop up often."

After his sister's return home, she took a serious cold

and was again prostrated. Edward writes:—"You speak of Florida or a more southern climate. If this will benefit her, I will gladly give up my California trip, and put at your disposal what I should spend in that. Nothing must fail that can help her. I feel as if I were selfish to be so well and happy in my work, while you are enduring such trials. It will make me far happier to do anything for her than for myself."

After much inquiry, it was concluded that I should take her to Heald's Hygeian Home, Wilmington, Delaware, and remain there with her.

One of the homes where Edward and his family, to use his own expression, frequently took tea, or rather chocolate, and that of the best, was Mrs. Mott's, a great worker and a faithful friend. In a letter, she says:—

We feel that the church, humanity and the world have lost a life they could ill spare. Mr. Lawrence's face shines down on me as I write these words. He was a very dear friend, and I could always trust him. He was so large in every outlook, so broad and generous and helpful to others, so kind and patient, although sensitive as a child. And he went about his Master's business, comforting the sorrowing, helping to lift up the fallen, seeking the lost in the wilderness, if need be, uplifting and strengthening the down-cast, and always forgetful of self. I never knew any one who filled every relation in life so truly, so grandly, so beautifully.

Our first Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society was organized, largely, I might say, entirely, through Mr. Lawrence's influence. Then followed the Opportunity Mission Circle, to interest children. Another factor for the growth of the church was the districting of the city, and the appointment of lady-visitors for the different districts.

Mr. Lawrence was also particularly interested in the Literary Club, which has grown into Vassar Institute, and whose course of lectures, representing native talent, easily rivals the lyceum course at the Opera House. He was the head and front of the Charity Organization Society, and entered warmly into the ballot reform, himself watching at the polls. He was untiring in his efforts to lift his people to a higher plane, mentally and spiritually, and he was not satisfied to have his efforts bounded by four walls. Thus his influence radiated through the whole city, from length to breadth, and from height to depth.

Poughkeepsie, Jan. 24th, 1878.

It makes me heart-sick to have Anna suffer so. I hope you

will get away as soon as possible. I am glad she had such a birthday visit from William Lloyd Garrison.

Feb. 15th, 1878.

I suppose you had a long, anxious night of it, reaching Wilmington this morning. I will come any time you wish, leaving here Monday, and returning Saturday.

March 1st, 1878.

What a dear good father I have! How full of *esprit*! He sometimes reminds me of Charles Dudley Warner, delicate, keen, coruscating.

I have just finished a long sermon on Jacob, and am relieved. A pretty crooked stick he was. But he got straightened out before the stick was thrown away—what with sharp, old Laban and weak-eyed Leah and his bad boys!

March 11th.

I hope to be with you, Monday evening. I need a week's rest, for I have not taken a day since October.

At the appointed time he reached the Hygeian Home, bringing flowers and sunshine. He made himself at home with the patients, and at the request of the doctors, gave them, one evening, an informal sermon, in which they expressed a warm interest.

Meantime, his mother had a private communication from Mr. Kimball, that he had arranged to go to Poughkeepsie quite soon.

Poughkeepsie, March 18th, 1878.

I found, on my return from Wilmington, a despatch from Mr. Kimball, and about midnight he came. The next morning there were consultations with others, in which none were hopeful but Mr. Kimball and myself, although all were willing to make the experiment. It was a dismal, rainy morning, and the attendance was small, but the work began, and I hope by next Saturday evening to announce our debt as extinguished. For this we must thank you, for you gave me the impulse. Mr. Kimball is a delightful man, full of the religious spirit. He spoke to the congregation of you and father with great kindness.

I am often with you, and follow you every hour of the day; can see sister Filey coming in to call on Anna, Dr. Mary looking after her, and others performing kind offices. I regret to say that my friends in this unhygienic region do not show a proper appreciation of the graham rolls I brought.

March 26th, 1878.

Dear, Sick Mother:—

So you have yielded at last! How sorry I was to learn it, and how glad that you are where you can have the best of care! It was very good of Dr. Mary to write me that kind note. You have been giving your strength so long to others,

that it is not strange you should at last come down yourself. I am sorry that we, whom you have so watched and nursed and helped, can do nothing for you. How many, many hours and days and years a mother gives her children, before they even know that she is doing it!—God's love working through these human ties, linking generations together, with cords of everlasting kindness.

April 2d, 1878.

Dear, Sick Ones, which of you is the better? I hope you will prove living witnesses to the power of hygienic treatment. Here I am enjoying my unsanctified dishes, obstinately remaining well and hearty. The lines from Anna I shall treasure as sweet fragrance crushed from flowers. God seems very near to her.

April 8th, 1878.

So dear Sister Filey is gone. I am glad I knew her and shall know her again in the other life. The simplicity of the Friends is very charming, when it does not become too much of a form. Saturday, I took a long walk and found some trailing arbutus.

As the money had all been pledged for the church debt, the way seemed clear for Edward to carry out his long cherished desire of a trip to California. And in addition to his vacation, it was arranged that his father should take his place for a few weeks, both as a preacher and pastor, thus ensuring a longer time for Edward's trip.

April 15th, 1878.

My Dear Father:—

I now expect to start for California, May 1st. I hope you will bring some of your foreign lectures for Sunday evenings, when it is hardest to hold the audience. A delightful Easter, yesterday, and good congregations. "Easter—God's Amen and the Hallelujahs of Humanity," as a German preacher said.

When Edward spoke of his plans at a church meeting, there was something in the atmosphere which led him to surmise that doubts were felt as to the wisdom of his leaving at that time. Knowing that there would be greater freedom in the expression of such doubts, if he were not present, he arranged to be out of town at the next meeting.

April 27th, 1878.

Dear Father:—

You will have time to cultivate your garden and reap its fruit, for I am not going to California. Before I left for New York, on Monday, I put the matter into the hands of a judicious friend, authorizing him, when it came up on Thursday evening

to act for me, and if there seemed to be a feeling that my going would, on the whole, be an injury to the church, simply to withdraw my request. What I had surmised as possible took place. He found there was just that feeling, although every desire to have my wish granted was expressed, and also the best of feelings towards you. Accordingly, my friend, though personally believing that the church would gain by my going, withdrew my request, and I shall work on as well and as wisely as I can. I should urge your making me a visit, but that I hope in November we may all take a house together for the winter.

To his mother, who had entered warmly into his plans and secured letters of introduction for his journey, he wrote that he had been doing what would suit her next best to the trip:—"I have had a grand house-cleaning in my study. With the sexton's help, I took all the pictures down, and all the books out, dusting them carefully. Then the carpet was taken up and the floor washed, and everything put back."

Dear Mother:—

It seemed strange to be steaming up to my Princeton home. I went first of all to my old room in Brown Hall, and stepped inside. A Junior was packing his things, as I had done about nine years before. How strange to be in those halls, without any of the old companions,—McGregor, Lockwood, Burr, Alf Myers, Vollmer! I had a good visit, saying my say about German Universities, and passing the night at Prof. Aiken's. I learned from the speech of a good Doctor of Divinity, aged eighty-two, that there is no stopping place between Calvinism and Atheism. There is nothing like having positive convictions. I feel sorry for our poor Methodist friends, but I suppose we shall have to give them up! . . . In the evening, there was a kettle-drum at Prof. Cameron's where I met Pres. McCosh, and Prof. Guyot, with others. I was particularly sorry not to see Prof. Green, who was sick.

In New York, I attended the public rehearsal of *Elijah*. Madame Rappenheim was the soprano, and sang with fine voice and effect. Adelaide Phillips gave the contralto with wonderful feeling and power. The orchestra was not perfect, but it was a delightful concert.

I drop all the extras I can, and have brought my German class to a close, after nearly two years.

On going to my room, I found The Complete Goethe Gallery of Photographs, by Kaulbach, in large size, and the Schiller Gallery, in small size, which were given by my class of twenty-four. It was a beautiful thing, beautifully done.

Your letter has just come. What good news! You, going to church! Anna being wheeled to the woods on the Brandywine! What times you will have in visiting unhygienic people! I don't see but you must build an island where you can live on strict principles, hang your head and eschew salt. I inhale quite regularly now. In fact, I like it so well that I do it all the time. Does Anna mean to journey north in her wheelbarrow? The Tripod (named the *Clover Leaf*) may do them all good.

Since Anita, as Anna was often called, was unable to walk, on pleasant days one of the helpers used to take her on a wheelbarrow to the Brandywine. They were accompanied by a friend, a niece of Dr. Heald's. On those classic banks they spent many pleasant hours, resting and chatting, reading poetry and dreaming. Anita's mother, having read Edward Everett Hale's most suggestive book, *Ten Times One is Ten*, proposed that they should form a club for mutual benefit and for helpfulness to others. They fixed on the name, *Clover Leaf*, each of the trio securing a four-leaved clover as a badge. Edward entered warmly into the matter, and sent to the *Clover Leaf* the following letter:—

Poughkeepsie, 1878.

I am called to join the seance of Clover Leaves. A four-leaved clover is sometimes found, so this time, the stalk shall divide four-fold, and I will be the one to convert the body into a quadruped. "Ten times one is ten," but some suspect that in celestial mathematics, 2 plus 2 may make five. However that may be, I know that a body composed of three is stronger, wiser, better, than three units, isolated, unhelpful and unhelping. Self-help is much; mutual help is more. The law of the trio seems to be Truth and Kindness. A good book we often read puts "Mercy and Truth" constantly together, as if one could not subsist without the other. What God has thus put together, let no man put asunder, or woman either.

I am glad in this way to make the acquaintance of the triad. I am somewhat prejudiced in favor of one of the number, and that makes me much disposed to expect very good things from her co-Cloverites. On this triplet, why should there not grow the beautiful, rich blossom of that plant, only combining the two colors, white for sincerity, red for kindness, full of fragrance for all, and of honey for roving, hungry, busy bees, like myself, who are glad to gather some of the goodness which grows on clover leaves.

A warm greeting and best wishes from a bee who wants honey, and does not mean to sting.

Edward A. Lawrence, Jr.

May 13th, 1878.

Two years in succession, a small party of us have taken a spring walk to the woods. This year seven ladies and six gentlemen crossed the river and spent the day in the woods, where we had our lunch, coming home at six with flowers for the church.

On your way home from Wilmington, I want you to come here and stay as long as you can. I have engaged a room for you.

May 18th, 1878.

This will come to you, dear Father, on May 20th, the day I could not be present at your marriage, but I am glad *you* were. That dear silver wedding at Dingle Side is ever fresh in mind, when we were happiest as a whole family. But we shall be happier when we meet again in the heavenly home. You are alone, to-day, but will think lovingly of your wife and children, who in thought are beside you. About eleven years from now, I hope you may have a golden wedding.

May 29th, 1878.

Dear Mother:—

You are safely ensconced at Dr. Boardman's, in Walnut Street, on your way home. And Wilmington, with its dishes and its doctors, its eccentric people, its Mrs. Wintergreen and Dinah and Lucy and Mr. Hoyt and Mrs. Parsons—is left behind.

Edward met the wanderers in New York, with a centennial chair, on which his sister was taken to the "*Mary Powell*," and after a delightful sail up the Hudson, to the boarding place he had arranged for them. But they were allowed to stay there only a single night, for hospitable friends kept them visiting, kindly learning to make hygienic water-gems for the patient.

On June 10th, 1878, Edward wrote his father:—"Mother and I had a fine walk in the rain, on Saturday. She is as valiant as of yore, and tramped with me between eight and nine miles over the mountain road from West Point to Cornwall, to the home of Lyman Abbott."

Edward also described to his father his sister's jubilee. As she had not been to church for two or three years, on Floral Sunday her brother made a plan for her attendance. He had a lounge from his study brought over into the gallery, and took her to church quite early in Mr. Wiltsie's carriage. Then he carried her in his arms up-stairs, and placed her on the lounge, so arranged that she could see all

that passed below. After the service, which she greatly enjoyed, she held quite a reception, many of her friends going up into the gallery to speak with her.

Linden Home, June 12th, 1878.

To My Dear Son:—

To your exclamation, "what larks!"—if you mean according to the dictionary, "a bird of the genus *Alanda*, distinguished for its singing," I can say, *we* have a bird distinguished for singing, as his shrill voice rang so through the house this morning, a little after four, that it would not let me sleep. But I don't think he is of the lark genus.

You can't mean "a piece of merriment," for Webster's Unabridged pronounces that "vulgar."

As to the weather, I will attend to that, so that it will be all right, and I have one of the "steeds,"—a horse in the barn, and the bridle—I mean the saw hanging up beside him—both ready for use.

Now as to the little mother,—one more such turn would, I think, enable her to walk eighteen miles, and two more, thirty-six, if she had you, Ned, to walk with her. It is not strange that she sometimes forgets. Old people often lose the run of time. Even I am beginning to, young as I am. I lost a whole day, a week or two ago, but I found it again, and there was no serious damage done. Nor was there in your case. We both got all the time there was, and, I hope, used it well.

Thanks to our dear invalid for her few words. I have read somewhere of a certain sick person, who was carried to church, and when the crowd was so great that they could not enter at the door, "they uncovered the roof," where the preacher was, and "let down the bed on which the sick lay." It does not say that the lounge, as in Anna's case, was in the gallery,—perhaps it was, if there was any gallery. But it is stated that he went away much better than when he came. And I have no doubt that Anna did,— "It was a delight to her and all of us;" and it is to me to hear of it.

I have executed your order about the pamphlet. You can draw on me for any amount of Peace Principles, as you know my store of them is inexhaustible. And it is very convenient. It keeps me from quarreling with my neighbors, and with my family.

Now I shall look for you, Ned, next week, and if we cannot go a-larking, we will go a-fishing, which is much more apostolic.

You know who.

When the round of visits at Poughkeepsie was completed, the mother and sister went to West Hartford, to spend some time with dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Frances, on a farm, while Edward proceeded to Marblehead to pass his vacation with his father.

Linden Home, June 25th, 1878.

If we did not fish, we boated and talked. Best of all was our visit to Whittier. I never realized before what a typical Yankee he is! We chatted pleasantly for an hour, speaking of Christian Unity, of Indian religions and writings, and of prayer. He told us of the woman who prayed at an open window, whose neighbors, passing, used to hear her requests and then answered them; and also of the Presbyterian woman, who, desiring rain, called on a Methodist minister,—as there was no Presbyterian near,—to pray for rain, which he did. The next day there came a torrent which destroyed the woman's crops. "Oh," she cried, "why did I ask a Methodist? That's the way with them—they always overdo it."

Friday morning, I went to Cambridge, to be present at Irving Elting's graduation. At eleven, we went to Sanders Theatre, where was an audience "dressed to kill," and in some cases, killed to dress. There were good, plain orations, and at half-past twelve we adjourned to the spread, a Harvard custom, from the lack of hotels. The different societies engage from twelve to twenty of the best rooms in a building. Then all the delicacies of the caterers are spread out, and the rooms are filled with fair but hungry creatures. What tete-a-tetes in small rooms! What companies in large ones!

I had promised to be at Peabody's by seven, when we took tea. He is the same noble fellow. We had good talks, that night, and the next morning I left for Hartford, and at two o'clock was at the Willeys, in South Windsor. It was a delightful visit. I went all over the neighborhood, called at Deacon Grant's, on Charley Clapp, married, with two children, on Deacon Ellsworth, eighty-nine, genial but failing, at Dingle Side, sadly run down, and on Bowen Clapp, the same as ever. Mrs. Clapp *would* get me up a grand lunch. Then at the Sperrys's and Mr. Roe's. Of course, I called on the Rockwells, and found the doctor as smart as ever. The Watsons were all well, and Minnie has done some fine sketching. Wednesday morning, Lucinda drove me down to East Hartford, and at half-past nine, I was in New Haven. Alumni meeting came in the morning, and at twelve, twenty-six of the class of sixty-eight met and arranged for class supper. I paid my money, but as they were to have wine, and I did not care to meet them on such terms of conviviality, I was not present.

Raquette Lake, Aug. 22nd, 1878.

Off at 8.15. Down through the Saranac, then over a carry. A carry is a place where the boat is carried by team, or on the guide's shoulders, over a piece of land which separates two lakes. The boats only weigh between eighty and ninety pounds, and by slipping them over and resting them on a yoke, the guide can carry them several miles. The boats are long and narrow, painted blue on the bottom. When the guide carries it, you see only his legs, and as it moves along, with its smooth bottom upward, and a sharp beak and tail, it looks like some extinct animal of the Saurian species.

Three years ago, we went down the Raquette river to Tupper Lake and found it most weird and mysterious, almost ghost-like, lined as it was by dying forests which were gray with moss, and white with death.

At eight A. M. off through the lake and lily pads. What delicate creatures deer must be, since they feed on lily pads! Still up Raquette river, past Buttermilk Falls, over four carries, nearly two miles through Forked Lake, at last into Raquette Lake,—beautiful lake, with winding shores weaving in and out, lying low, running up and rolling off into hills and mountains of every shape. Islands of various forms float bewilderingly about, points jut into deep bays and recesses. Camps of all sorts are scattered along the shore, and as you pass, old-blue-flannel-shirted, unkempt, bare-headed and bronzed men rush out to greet you.

Forge House, Moose River, Aug. 22nd, 1878.

Our camp is close to the wilderness of the woods, among the immense pines that seem dwarfed by the stars which shine through. It is built up about three feet with logs, then finished in birch bark, the logs making a mantel-piece all around. The camp is laid with sweet hemlock boughs; we spread on them a rubber blanket and shawl, put our coats and knapsacks for pillows, say a word of prayers together, and are ready for sleep. Meantime our camp fire has been lighted and is adding its blaze to that of several others which are crackling and sparkling and flaming through the grove. We toast our feet, then crawl between the blankets, not turning the gas out, but letting the light flicker.

Oh, these nights of camping in the clear air, with the fire to tell you its stories, the logs seeming to laugh and splutter, talking about what they saw all those years,—up high and down low! It is better than tenting, better than spring beds. Plenty of blankets and plenty of wood—that is all.

About seven, Hathorne appears. "Your breakfast will be ready soon, gentlemen." Up! fold the blankets and down to the beach, where we ablute in the one mountain wash-basin. Breakfast in the log house,—coffee, pancakes, meat, fish, heavy bread and cake.

Blue Mountain Lake, Aug. 29th, 1878.

It was sweet to come out of the woods, which are so silent, without the hum of insect, or the note of birds, a silence interrupted by the growl of some bear or the tread of deer, or by the awful crash of some mighty falling tree which echoes over lakes and hills,—from such a silence, it was delightful to pass into a spot alive with the whirl of crickets and the buzz of grasshoppers. It was like going at a step from one world into another. And here was the long green grass that does not grow in the woods, and the raspberries that spring up over burnt and cleared tracts, and blackberries and even strawberries. How natural, how homelike, it seemed there in the grass! But the great thing is the view. My eyes never feasted on a more beautiful sight,—islands of all sizes and shapes, floating over the lakes, wooded to the water's edge, with

here and there a bold rock, perhaps crowned by a single tree, clinging to the rock, the low-lying shore sweeping around in graceful curves and piercing the lake with sharp points, the hills rising ridge beyond ridge and rolling away into big mountains in the distance, the sky clear blue, the water black or blue of a glittering sheen. We stood on the summit, and to the right the lake stretched away four or five miles, point beyond point, and hill beyond hill. A long low island measured the middle ground of the picture. In front was the plain broad surface of the lake. And to the left was a long view, as over a river through a vista of islands framed in by gigantic pines, far, far away to the mountains again. Oh, I am only writing signs. I can read them, you cannot. But to have lived to see that sight seemed enough. The views are fixed in my soul. I could only say, "God is good." When dark or troubled days come, and the inner prospect is beclouded, let me recall that sight and there will be comfort and help. Then, to remember that God is more beautiful than any of his gifts.

Back to the spring again! The wind was blowing hard, so we shot up the bay. As we went on, we found the water driven violently through a narrow inlet, only about six feet wide. We had the boat borne there, and in a moment, while the winds still whistled and the waves rolled higher, we rode on a mirror-like lake, about a quarter of a mile long, hidden between the mountains. What a harbor! What a contrast to the storm so near us! So have I known sudden rest to come to those who gave up their own will and were driven by the storm into a quiet haven.

Blue Mountain Lake, Ordway's Hotel, Aug. 30th, 1878.

This lake comes next to Raquette. It is much smaller, but lies right among the mountains. High above it towers Blue Mountain, and there are many islands and a few pleasant villas. Ordway's is a forest hotel on the west side of the lake, where people dress for the woods and have a good time. I wear my flannel shirt, without collar or neck-tie, and boots innocent of blacking. It is just on the edge of wood and city, where the lines waver and first one and then the other predominates.

To-day was a red letter day. I would rather climb a mountain than hunt a deer. The strife is keener, the conquest nobler, the reward richer, the benefit more enduring. Yet since my fall I have not dared to try the feat, and three weeks ago, I should not have felt equal to it.

Blue Mountain is 4,000 feet high; the lake is 1,500, leaving only 2,200 to climb. At nine, we started, rowed around the lake, climbed to Merwins's, a log hotel on a high plateau, and then plunged into the woods. It rained hard, yesterday, so that our going up was like climbing a running brook. The trail wound about like an eel, and wood-roads ran off in all directions. At last we lost the trail altogether, then pushed straight up-hill, through a dense forest, till we reached the top. Raquette lay before us, beautiful in her majesty. We ate our lunch, wrote a few lines, and sunned ourselves three hours, 4,000 feet above the sea.

Ordway's, Sept. 12th.

Yesterday morning, at two o'clock, we took the stage for North Creek, thirty miles distant. The road kept up its reputation of being the worst in the wilderness. We were hurled down into mud holes and tossed over rocks and roots, and rolled from one side to the other, and shaken up as if we were drops in a bottle to be taken. It was enough to cure paralysis.

CHAPTER XV.

HOUSEKEEPING IN POUGHKEEPSIE.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—Shakespeare.

Soon after his return to Poughkeepsie, Edward wrote:—
“I have made an experiment of preaching a five minutes’ sermon to children. If it accomplishes its purpose, I may often repeat it, giving the pith of the sermon in a form in which the youngest can remember it.”

Sept. 26th, 1878.

I have found a house on Liberty Street (later renamed Garfield Place) with extensive grounds and a fine view including the river. I can have it from November till May, just as it is, furniture, crockery, bedding, everything. Now please make all your arrangements accordingly, for I want you all with me for one winter, at any rate. I shall not allow Poughkeepsie cares to add to mother’s burdens. . . I still preach my five minutes’ sermons to children. Will you help me by giving incidents that I can work in?

These sermons proved such a success that they were continued through his Poughkeepsie pastorate. At one time, he gave a course of seven, on “Sweet Peas,” viz: Patience, Perseverance, Punctuality, Politeness, Pluck, Patriotism and Principle. They were, however, practical, not sensational sermons.

Oct. 2nd, 1878.

I enclose a little money, and insist that it be used to add to your comforts. I shall lay in the coal soon, also potatoes, six or seven bushels?—and butter—how much?

Early in November, the father, mother and sister, with the faithful Scotch Agnes, who had been in the family many years, all went to Poughkeepsie, where they were warmly

received by Mrs. Abel. Edward greatly enjoyed making the arrangements and providing for his "family," the only trouble being that his supplies were too abundant. It need not be said that his family had their share of enjoyment.

In accordance with an engagement to give his foreign lectures at Clifton Springs, Edward's father, with his mother, went on at the appointed time, although a storm had set in. Edward writes:—

Poughkeepsie, Jan. 11th, 1879.

We are wondering, dear ones, whether you are buried in the snows of midwinter, or wrapped in the pack of the Sanitarium. We are neither frozen up, nor boiled down, only shovelled out.

Jan. 13th, 1879.

I see that treatment is the order of the day. Can they pack infirmities out of the conscience?

Jan. 20th.

Yesterday, as there was no soprano in the choir, Anna stepped in, quite without preparation, and did very nicely. . . . I find I am growing more and more dependent on my home-life, and hope it can be continued another winter.

Edward was unwilling to take funeral fees, because, with all the other expenses, it would bear so heavily on the poor. In a case where he had had long and very painful responsibilities, and a fee of a hundred dollars was offered him, he declined it. The friend then desired Mrs. Wiltsie, whose house was at that time his home, to ascertain, incidentally, what he would like. As she made no headway in this attempt, when his parents and sister came to live with him, she solicited the help of his mother, who told her that it would be a very difficult matter, for if he suspected the purpose, they would get nothing from him. But, one morning, when his sister related a dream, in which something very choice had been presented to her, which she said was exactly what she wanted, his mother, seizing the opportunity, named something she herself would like, and then turning to Edward: "And *you?* Would you not choose a fine French clock?" "No," he replied, emphatically. "I would

have a copy of the Sistine Madonna." It was not long before such a copy was procured and framed and hung up in his study,—a perpetual joy to him. If he was late at a meal, which was very seldom, as punctuality was one of his virtues, his mother would say:—"Ah, but you have been lying on your couch, gazing at your elect lady."

After the pledges were all redeemed, and the church was freed from debt, what might be called a jubilee was held, in which Edward briefly told the story with warm, filial words, very precious to his mother, but which made her cheeks burn.

When he had come down from the pulpit, by urgent request, she then and there made her first public speech on presenting her son, in behalf of the ladies, with the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Following the example of our illustrious President Garfield at his Inauguration, as Edward's reply to her address, he simply kissed his mother.

One of his flock, Mrs. McGraw, appreciating most warmly his financial sacrifices for the church, went around among the people and collected as a Christmas present a hundred dollars for him to appropriate as he desired. Wishing the poor to feel free to contribute the smallest sum, she made a list of the donors, but not of the amount given. It was all done in a way most gratifying to him and to them, and with some addition to the sum he purchased a cabinet organ, which through his life brought him great enjoyment.

In May, after our return to Marblehead, he writes:—

"I am unable to express how much help and comfort you have been to me through the winter."

Edward felt strongly the evils of indiscriminate charity. He had long been considering the best way of aiding the poor, and after much inquiry, laid the matter before some of the citizens.

May 10th, 1879.

We had a meeting of about twenty, Wednesday evening, with a full and free expression of opinion. There was divergency of

view, but hearty sympathy as to the general idea I proposed. A committee of nine was appointed. We met again, Friday evening, and after a careful consultation came to an agreement on definite points.

May 26th, 1879.

At the next meeting, I read the Constitution I had drawn up. About thirty or forty of the best people were there. At first, they questioned, doubted, almost opposed. Then, by degrees, all swung round and adopted the constitution, with only one or two alterations.

Edward's relations with his brother ministers of the city were very pleasant. Writes one of them, Dr. Elmendorf, of the Second Reformed church:—

Mr. Lawrence was fairly entering ripe young manhood when I made his acquaintance, and he became my near neighbor in the ministry. His life lay open to my close inspection for several years. I saw its beauty, I tasted its sweetness, I prized its companionship, I blessed God for its usefulness and its bright promise of growing eminence and influence and achievements. It will ever be to me a precious memory.

His mental, like his bodily, powers were strong, active, masterful. He was an earnest, influential and valued member of the reading clubs and literary associations of our city, and was warmly interested in, and ready to labor for, the schools of every grade. His social and moral qualities were manifestly so genuine and superior that, while his counsel and co-operation were greatly helpful, his presence was a joy. None who were associated with him, can ever forget his gentle voice, winning look, honest, conciliatory and affectionate spirit, which held firmly, without obtruding his own convictions, and illustrated how brethren may agree to differ without weakening or chilling the strongest and warmest fraternal bonds.

The truths of God's Word were realities in his own life, and it was abiding consciousness of these which gave him such facility and power in the pulpit, and in pastoral ministrations. The faith he enjoined upon others he exercised himself. The hope he pictured was the anchor of his own soul.

From Rev. James Nilan, of St. Peter's church.

I feel your son's loss as that of a very dear friend. Although our doctrinal religious difference was deep and broad, yet our perception of the spiritual and moral side of the Christian faith had a close relation and an approximate oneness. His conception of duty to all human beings, was supremely Catholic. This was not, with him, a mere theory: it was wrought out in the texture of his own daily life. His spirit of self-sacrifice, the chief Christian virtue, was to me an edifying aspect of the vital force of Christian prin-

ciple, which, since the advent of Christ, works out the purposes of God under all forms of human life.

The remembrance of our discussions of religious questions in the Literary Club meetings, and afterwards in the Vassar Institute, is but the revival of intellectual and spiritual intercourse whose effects cannot be effaced from my mind. He was sincerely Protestant, without a taint of bigotry; he was scholarly, without vanity or pride; he had strong convictions, but conviction with him meant truth made so clear that the intellect could not refuse its acceptance.

You are aware how far asunder are the doctrinal formularies which we both held. And there is hardly a tenet of belief upon which our conversation, for many years, did not touch. Yet, never did an unkind word pass between us; never did an unkind feeling find a resting-place, for a moment, for each other, or for the honest belief of either.

Upon a certain occasion, when an agnostic friend, whom we both esteemed for his noble qualities, found difficulty in seeing how any reasonable man could believe the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of the Redeemer, I remember how Dr. Lawrence rather enjoyed the effect of my reply to the honest sceptic.

"You yourself, Dr. S.," said I, "believe in the Immaculate Conception." "By no means," he replied, "it contradicts the known laws of nature, which are unchangeable." "Not only you do," I rejoined, "but you believe it in your own case, and even that all human beings enjoy the same privilege. In order to prove this, let me ask you what do you understand by the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?" "It means," he answered, "that the Virgin Mary had no human father." "That is not what the Church teaches," I subjoined, "but simply that the Blessed Virgin from the first instant of her existence was exempted, by a special grace, from the penalty which human nature incurred from Adam's original transgression. Now, you, not believing in original sin, but regarding the story of its transmission as a myth, consider that not only the Virgin Mary, but all children of men enjoy the privilege of immaculate conception."

The honest man candidly acquiesced in the inevitable conclusion from his own premises.

This is but one of the many impressive incidents that arose from my association with your esteemed son. When I say that he frequently comes before my mind in prayer for the departed just and justified, I only give expression to what friendly nature is prompted to accept as if moved by the light of grace. Our faith teaches us that we should pray for those who depart this life, even without its external communion. What we call the soul of the Church, which to Protestants may be the invisible church, gives the right and broad interpretation to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. I recall, with a deep spiritual sense of pleasure, how profoundly impressed with this sublime Christian doctrine was Dr. Lawrence. I never doubted that he belonged to the soul of the Church, and died, as he had lived, faithful to conscience, the voice of God to man.

James Nilan.

May 1st, 1879.

When in Brooklyn, I attended a Symphony Concert in Steinway Hall, where I heard Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Wagner's *Kaiser Marsch*, a Chorus from *Meistersinger*, and best, the Overture to *Tannhauser*. It never before carried me so completely away. It was the story of life, the song of the world's redemption. At one point, the music was broken up suddenly into a fierce tempest. All was chaos and confusion. The foundations of life seemed torn up, the elements were in conflict. We heard only the hissing of the wind and rain, and the sullen swash of waves. In the midst of this, uprose, like a bird born in the storm, a gentle melody, indescribably serene and sweet. While the tumult raged angrily about, it floated on, blithe, careless, free of wing and light of heart, as if it had nothing to do but sweetly sing its joyous life out to the world. The storm swelled, seeking to crush the song. But the voice in the storm grew stronger. The trouble and the battle could not touch it. It swelled forth, it became a song of triumph. Out of the depths of discord it drew other voices till it grew into a full choir. The wind still whistled, the waves dashed, but impotently. The music which had not feared the storm, now commanded it. One by one, it grasped the powers of discord, and drew these all up into its now stately sweep. It spread from the inner centre of peace out to the farthest limits of confusion. The storm grew distant. It was dying away,—all hate, all trouble ceasing. The glorious hymn of praise gathers all life, all the world, into itself. It is the Chorus of Victory. It is God's own song of the universe, now chanted, an everlasting paean, by multitudes without number. O glorious hymn! This is heaven. The world is redeemed. Praise God in the highest! on earth peace, good will to men! Thus the voice of Christ is swelling through the centuries into the song of the church and the redeemed!

Your wedding day was not forgotten. Forty years, too! How that happy silver wedding at Dingle Side shines in my memory! I hope to be at home in time to help you about the house, so you need not hurry to get through.

Bellevue, June 21st, 1879. 9.45 p. m.

Here I am in a perfect summer retreat. The great river flows calmly by. Opposite, lies the city, half hid among the trees, College Hill crowning the whole, the houses glimmering in their lights while in front, on the line of the river, is the upper furnace, with its two fiery chimneys seeming like the gigantic eyes of some huge creature, whose face I try to fill out. I have been full of delight, ever since I came, wandering from spot to spot with a strange feeling of being so far from my work, and yet so near to it. It seems like the meeting of two different worlds.

From his journal:—

I believe that man has every potency of divine life within him, and that Scripture rests on that from beginning to end; that there can be no revelation of the Divine unless there be a divine element

to which it is revealed. "Dead in sins," we are certainly called, yet it is a death which is sleep. "Awake!" The foundation for all the Bible's appeals and for ours must be that. I want my preaching to be Christian, spiritual, ethical, emotional, intellectual, in somewhat that order. The Bible is the model and main source of all this. So I take the Biblical method as a method, not as an aim. I want to preach Christ. And I want to study Christ and the Bible rather than any special doctrines.

I was reading, yesterday, the *Life of Dr. Arnold*. How great his attachment to his school! It seems to me to show in some respects what a pastor might become to his people. There should be the strong family feeling, the one mind and purpose pervading all, independence of thought and action regulated to harmony by affection, faith and worship—the pastor everywhere felt, yet impressing not his own name, but Christ's on their heart. I hope for something of this here, and am willing to work long for it.

It may not be amiss to give extracts from a few other Poughkeepsie letters which have brought great comfort to Edward's mother. The following is from the young daughter of a family in which he was deeply interested:—

The memory of our friendship with Mr. Lawrence is almost too sacred to attempt to put in words the sense of our personal loss. Feeling thus, we can realize to some extent the greatness of your sorrow.

When I first knew him I was a child, and he was my ideal of true manhood. As I grew older, my childish faith was never shaken. Christmas was not Christmas until he had come with his cheery greeting and had seen our gifts.

I feel that it was his encouragement that helped me to undertake the risks which my four years at College involved, and remembering his sympathy and the stimulus he gave to better things, I have a heart full of gratitude. Then I remember, when sorrow came to us, how helpful were his words of comfort. As I write it brings it all back and makes words difficult.

I have always felt that, though I had not seen him for years, should any great calamity befall us, my first wish would be to have him with us. When the word came that he had passed away, the world seemed changed, but Heaven was nearer.

From one of his church members:—

He was so kind, so earnest, so thoughtful of others, so unselfish, so sympathetic, so true, so brave, that he always appealed to the best in his friends. He became to me more like an ideal brother, one whom I could always trust, on whose sympathy and good judgment I could always depend. I never knew a more thoroughly consecrated man. He held such close communion with his Saviour, that more and more he seemed to grow into his likeness. He

was always searching out into some hitherto neglected portion of the Master's vineyard and bidding laborers enter therein.

Another writes:—"He was to us an example and an inspiration in his sincerity, his earnestness, his forgetfulness of self and his consecration to Christ."

When Irving Elting, for whom Edward had a sincere friendship, concluded to settle as a lawyer in his native city, it gave his pastor much satisfaction. That Mr. Elting fully reciprocated his interest the following letter testifies:

No words can adequately convey my very high regard for your son. His personality was one of the most attractive with which I have come in contact. He impressed me at first, and always the more, the longer I knew him, by his evident genuineness, his whole-souled sincerity.

When I returned from Cambridge, after my graduation, I found him at the head of a Walking Club. By his invitation I joined in its Saturday afternoon tramps in various directions. In these rambles I came to know and appreciate his simple, wholesome nature. Well do I remember his love for the early spring flowers,—especially the trailing arbutus, whose most secret haunts he seemed to have discovered instinctively, as he led our blind but willing steps to fields gorgeously arrayed in their Easter dress.

From the acquaintance made in this informal way, I was not surprised to find him holding broader theological views than I should otherwise have expected. Recognizing the sincerity of the reasons which had prevented my joining the church, he requested me to take charge of the Young Men's Bible Class.

I should not do justice to the breadth and strength of Mr. Lawrence's character, did I not add a word concerning his influence on the whole city. In both social and political reforms his untiring efforts were always exerted, our Political Reform Club owing much of its life, if not of its very inception, largely to him. And in his departure for Syracuse, not only his church people, but the whole city experienced a recognized loss. In the number of days his life seemed short, but in the best sense it was a life full to overflowing.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE TOWER.

Society or Solitude—which shall it be? Your question is wrong. It is not *either*—or; but society *and* solitude. You should not divorce them. Society alone dissipates. Solitude narrows. Both must co-operate, as air and earth. Keep your roots deep in the dark soil, spread your branches wide in the open air. To eschew either is to live a half-life. If you fear either, something is wrong.

—E. A. L.—“Arrows.”

Abraham Hasbrouck's, Bellevue Villa, Ulster Co., N. Y.

July 5th, 1879.

In the tower room, here, on the top of the bluff, overlooking the river, I have my home for July. It is a small room, with a window on each of three sides, looking up and down, across the Hudson. Poughkeepsie stretches up the other bank, half hidden in the trees, guarded above and below by the sentinel furnaces, pillars of cloud by day, and of fire by night. The two chimneys opposite glare in the darkness, like two gigantic eyes of some huge monster, making a double track of light across the river. Above, with its broad fields stretching out in front, is the Insane Asylum. Just opposite is College Hill, the long, white, Greek temple everywhere visible. Along the line of the river, is the railroad track, here seen, there hidden. Express trains rush by and long freight trains creep up and down, day and night. The shore opposite juts out in little points and curves, and down the river stretches on in long sweeps, towards the projecting shore of this side in an acute angle. The southern horizon is marked by a hilly promontory meeting the more distant Fishkills, which sweep away to the left. In the middle of the river is the one pier and caisson of the projected bridge. Right beneath us, the high banks are thick with trees, and vocal with birds. How marked the contrast between change and fixedness! The smoke gliding away from the furnaces, the leaves fluttering on the trees, the little ferry-boat plying to and fro, suggest only change. The rest looks fixed. The clouds seem bound to their place, the river is apparently a dead, motionless surface. Yet I know that the river is ever sweeping on, and the clouds ever shifting. Just so is everything in life moving on, in one ceaseless stream of change.

I write from the tower, this blessed tower! Not for a long time have I had such quiet rest and happiness,—not the vacation carelessness, but the content of happy work amid the peace of nature and the joy of life. The pressure and strain which so often come

from within seem absent, and it is as if life welled up and every day was better than the preceding one. I seem to sit on the watch tower and think, and write while the world sweeps by.

Yesterday, I preached, morning and evening, on the *Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*. Mr. Matthew Vassar furnished most of my material, and took pains to notify others. I confined myself to ordinary ground, reserving my special heresy, as to hunting and fishing, for another occasion.

I rise at half-past six, take a swim at the foot of the hill, and am ready for breakfast at half-past seven. By the by, I married a couple, yesterday, and can put the fee to no better use than to send it to you for amusements. I want you and father and Anna to go out boating or riding every day. When this is gone I will send more. Now, remember that it is not to be used for anything useful, but for entertainment. And I want father to go to Vermont and visit his relations at my expense, for he needs the rest.

Schloss Schonaussicht, July 8th, 1879.

Yesterday, I breakfasted at half-past six, walking to Highland, where Mr. Adriance joined me, and we walked on to John Burroughs's, whom you know as a more sociable Thoreau, and who is very simple and very friendly. I reached home at twelve, plunged down the bank, and sprang into the river for a swim, coming up just in time for dinner. Then right away for the boat, spending the afternoon in making calls on my people. New faces are here, but I cling to my dear Mrs. Vreedenbergh, seventy-five years old. Thanks for the clippings you sent. I am reading Browning with delight.

The Tower, July 16th, 1879.

There have been three terrible days, each hotter than the preceding. To-day, it was 98 in Poughkeepsie. An hour ago black clouds came to the northwest, with rumblings of thunder, but passed by. Then the wind up-started and rushed over the woods. I was in my hammock, where I could see it all. It spread down the river, sent long lines of waves along the stream, whitened the caps and blackened the whole river. It leaped over to the city, enveloping it in a cloud of dust. The sloops furled their sails and the sky was overcast. At last it spilled over the edges in long sheets of vapor-like rain, till it poured down in torrents. The trees tossed to and fro, up and down, as if they were fighting the storm. The wind hurtled the rain on in waves, and all beyond the house was hidden. But now the clouds have passed by, the wind has died away, the birds are singing as if they had thought the world was dead, but find it alive. The trees, freshly green and glittering in new robes of light, wave to and fro in serenest content.

Highland Castle, July 22nd, 1879.

Please tell me when you have to pay the taxes and insurance, and I will see them provided for. I shall prize Uncle Leonard's umbrella. How precious such relics become! What a hard time, dear mother, you have been having with sprains and bruises! You come through them wonderfully, however. But do be more careful.

Highland Castle, July 28th, 1879.

Yesterday was a red letter day. Early in the morning it cleared delightfully. Then began the preparations for the open air service. We had had several rehearsals for the music. When I got back from church, at noon, I found the benches all arranged, a nice platform built for me, a cabinet organ, and afterwards bouquets appeared. I had engaged Captain Brinkerhoff to give the services of his little boat, which brought about thirty, while carriages came from all around. It was a delightful audience, under trees, in full view of the river, and I know not when I have so enjoyed a service. "A man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place," was my text, and I used the grand river which swept before us in its source, its course, its end, to illustrate the true life which has its source in God, employs its course in service, and flows towards the ocean. I have seldom enjoyed preaching so much, and could not but be grateful for the response it met with. The business gentlemen, who come up from New York for Sundays, did everything to make the meeting a success, and only reluctantly gave up a collection for any object I might name. Between 250 and 300 were there.

Highland Castle, August 2nd, 1879.

On Tuesday came a grand walk with the Misses Lily and Kate Wilkinson, over hill and dale, starting at half-past eight, and not reaching home till after five. We took chocolate and bananas and feasted on berries. I dashed down to the river and took a good swim, and then what an appetite! Wednesday morning, I took the little Hasbrouck boy down to the river, and letting him row the boat near me, I swam across, about half a mile, and with very little fatigue. I often sleep in the hammock near the tower. It is delightful to lie there and look on the glistening river, to see the flush before dawn, and hear the early concert of birds. Soon the ferry-boat makes her first trip, and at last the "Powell" steams by, which is my signal for descending to the river for my bath. Yesterday, after going to the almshouse, I spent the afternoon on the books of the C. O. S., which I shall do to-day also.

Monday afternoon, I am to meet Mr. Hall at Saratoga, and to go on with him to the Adirondacks.

Prospect House, Upper Saranac.

I carry my old knapsack of many memories, a rubber blanket, a flannel shirt, extra stockings, reading, etc. At Ausable station we took the top of the stage, and rode through Ausable Forks and Black Brook to French's, where we had dinner, then on again, shaken and jolted and oscillated, brother Hall reeling off his stories by the way till we reached Bloomingdale. He tells a story of a lawyer who said of his adversary in court, "He has roamed with old Romulus, he has soaked with old Socrates, he has candied with old Cantharides, he has ripped with old Euripides, but what has he said about the laws of Arkansas?" "I deny the allegation," was the response, "and defy the alligator."

Jonathan and David, as they playfully called themselves, had given directions for the building of a boat of their own, of which Edward gives an account in a letter, dated:

Blue Mountain Lake, Ordway's Hotel, Aug. 6th, 1879.

The boat had been on my mind, of course, and the one who made it had it here in waiting for us. We went at once to the boat-house. It was there, a beauty, floating like a feather and running like a duck. I had brought from Poughkeepsie two cane-bottomed seats, which were fitted in. We have been out in it, floating like a cork over the waves, and pronounce it a success. I had suggested blue for the inside and white outside. And among the hundreds of boats, on these lakes, there is no one like it. We have named it for my sister, so *Nannie O.* is painted on each side of the white bow. It weighs seventy-seven pounds, is made of pine clapboards, has spruce roots for joints, oars of maple, paddle of black cherry, a yoke of pine. There is not a nail in it, but nearly 4,000 tacks and 1,700 screws. Our two cane-bottomed seats and one board seat in the middle,—the whole costing fifty-two dollars.

Winding along in the *Nannie O.* we came out into the beautiful Raquette, our own Raquette, and are now in our old camp at Hathorn's. How delightful it is here! The boughs, the fire, the woods, the stars through the trees at night and the sparks seeming like earthly imitations, time's copies of eternal things, the unrest, the quick dance and chase and sudden going out, while the ceaseless fires above burn on in silence. Oh, the smell of the woods, and the view from the beach! Have you ever seen pink water lilies? We found them, yesterday, for the first time.

On Friday afternoon, at about two o'clock, we concluded to take a trip through Tact Inlet to a pond of the same name. As our boat was too long, Mr. Hathorn let us have a little red one. So putting up our lunch, we started off. The wind was stiff against us, and the waves high, as we went up the bay and then out into the inlet. The stream winds through an immense swamp, bordered by forests. The swamp is thick with bushes but gives hardly any foothold. Round and round we went, I rowing, Mr. Hall paddling, shooting round the strangest curves imaginable. The stream narrowed to a brook, then to a rivulet. We rowed as far as we could, often resting both oars on the opposite banks and pushing the boat in the water. But soon the brook twisted around under the bushes. Down went the oars. We pushed and pulled and poled in a rill four or five feet broad, dashing forward at almost underground passages in the bushes, getting out to lift the boat up rapids, over logs, round curves. At last, off came shoes and stockings, up rolled trousers above the knees, and into the water we went. It was like scouting through an enemy's country. Sometimes the top of the boat was actually broader than the river, and we dragged it many yards over sand where the water was only one inch deep. At last out into the beautiful little lake,

with its one rocky island, and just behind this lay our camp. Right in front was a huge boulder, against which a fire was built, and all the heat was thrown back into the camp.

The next day we carried the boat over to the upper pond. Blueberries were thick, also mosquitoes. I ate berries fast, and the mosquitoes bit me fast, and I doubted whether I gained or lost more in weight. Coming back through the inlet, this time, we rigged for it. Civilized as to the upper part, barbarous as to the lower, we stepped into the stream, one grasping the boat at each end, and so like bare-legged savages, we strode through the crooks of the swampy stream, through the bushes, over sands and rocks, and through deep, oozy holes, as far as the Eighth Lake Carry, then dressed, raced round the curves, out into and over the lake.

Brandeth's Lake, Aug. 12th, 1879.

This afternoon, we took our boat over a pretty hard carry of two miles, leaving it on Salmon Lake till to-morrow morning. This was the most of a push off we have made alone into absolutely new country, following a little foot-path all the way over hills, through swamps, obstructed by many fallen logs, pine and maple trees about us for miles and miles. It is a strange feeling to be entirely alone in the wilderness. Absolute solitude! Ridge after ridge, peak after peak, smooth and grand, away into the hazy distance. The water beneath was dark, and here and there was struck into blackness by puffs of wind dropping from the mountains as if great black wings were suddenly unfurled from the depths on the surface. I sat and thought, wondering what heavenly slopes and ridges correspond to these shadows. We sang songs together, and then went down through the woods, striking our boat just where we left it.

Smith Lake, Aug. 17th.

We have had a memorable day's march. . . . First we had to hunt all round one end of the lake before we could find the outlet; then to lift the boat over a jam of logs, row a few rods, and carry the boat three quarters of a mile, the worst we have had. Then again we stripped, and *in puris naturalibus*, except shirt and vest, dragged the boat a quarter of a mile. As we dressed, where were my shoes and stockings? Left behind. So into the boat again went I, back to the carry, and there, sitting all forlorn, like two sparrows on a branch, were the shoes. Through the day we had short carries, long drags, little rowing, and curves which would have rolled thread into a knot. We waded over sand, over sharp stones, rolling over rocks big and slippery, over roots and snags, logs, sharp sticks—how they cut the feet!—through deep holes, cold and dark, into ooze where we sank—no one knows how deep.

This, interspersed with carries, past rapids, and dried up streams and into lakes, over deserted camps, at one of which we stopped; built a fire, fried pork on a stick and dined. Over little Salmon Lake into Mud Pond; nothing but ooze many feet deep, lily pads growing so thick I could hardly row. I suppose we dragged the boat between four and five miles, twisting and crooking and lifting till the water deepened so that we could get into it, I standing

in the bow, paddling with an oar, Mr. Hall steering. We pushed through the bushes, which met over the stream, every now and then jumping out to drag the boat. The afternoon wore on. Still I stood and paddled round and round like a top. Going as fast now as we could, we came to a sharp turn, the boat slowed up, I lost my balance and lurched, the boat tipped, and in a second, the *Nannie O.* was half full of water. And there floated our luggage. Land on the point at once, ship the cargo over with the boat, out with the water, back all things, then on. It was now a broad, mucky swamp, covered with bushes, mostly blueberries. On the sandy shore, at spots, we saw many tracks of deer, and then of bears, which abound in these parts. Still on and round we paddled, as if entangled in an endless labyrinth. Occasionally came clusters of tamarack trees or hackmetack which feed on water. Then to spots where the trees seemed to have been dashed about by some storm, filling the stream, and where a way had been cut through with the axe. An occasional foot-mark on the shore was the only sign of human beings. And the sun was setting; should we have to camp in this swamp, or push through the ooze to firmer ground? At length we can row. Then we shoot on for half a mile, and *voila* the lake!

We came to Lake Massawepie just at sunset. It is about three miles long, with graceful, swelling shores and mountains in the distance. The sunset colors were on the water. All wears an air of peace and beauty as not of earth, lake and heaven resplendent with color, land and water melting into each other. We sat down in silence and drank it in. Then, as we heard voices, we left before it should be disturbed by any human presence, and so it abides in my heart and memory.

We inquired if we could go down the Raquette river by moonlight, and it was finally thought we might succeed. So, at about nine, we started. Beautiful moonlight mirrored in the waters. Rocks on every side of us in the broad river lined with forests and guarded by rolling hills. Shoot across the river, close to the opposite shore, out of the reach of the rocks, slowly for a while, then gradually across again to keep the left shore. And now the boat flew through the water with oar and paddle. Never so fast before. Soon the fog began to creep up. Then we were in a dense bank of mist, and the moonlight was very deceptive. We could hardly distinguish the bank from its reflection in the water. On the right a lunar rainbow was formed in the fog, resting on the river, and always going ahead of us. Still we shot ahead at full speed. As they had assured us there were no rocks we went on in faith. Along among many low islands. Stop! Great threatening rocks loomed up right before us. Slowly! then on again. This part of the river is called the Bog. And there were many low mud islands. We ran on one or two but came off easily. And now! What is that light? "It is the will o' the wisp," says Jonathan. Slowly! "Isn't that strange?" "Or else the light of a camp." No! It is gliding over the water. The will o' the wisp, sure enough. No! Just then we came opposite a boat gliding along close to the shore.



The rowers told us the carry was near by, and then, notwithstanding their light, they ran into a snag. The roar of the rapids was close to us. We crawled along round a point. Here's the carry! And then what a sight! A little elfin track laid on logs through the entanglement of woods. The moon clear above. Great, gaunt trees on every side. The river rushing and roaring past huge boulders, over the falls. A little car on the track, on which we slid our boat. A sheen of mystic light everywhere about. It was fairyland, and I wish I could paint it. Down an inclined plane glided the car. We pushed the boat into the water, and went back to behold the scene once more. Then a mile and a half to the sound of more rapids, and we landed at last on a float, drew up the *Nannie O.* for the last time this year, woke the dogs and also woke the people, banged at the door. found our room and slept.

Plattsburg, Sept. 4th, 1879.

I cannot tell you how grand a Christian companion, friend, brother, Mr. Hall always shows himself, in our travels. He is fidelity and patience personified. We still divide as before, he taking the jokes and I the facts. We have been over eighty-three lakes and rivers, traveled about 250 miles from railroads.

In Edward's frequent intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. White, of Brooks Seminary, a hearty friendship had grown up between them. And he was glad to arrange for his sister's early return in the fall, that she might pursue certain studies under the care of Mrs. White, and also undertake some teaching in the seminary, all of which she greatly enjoyed.

In a letter to his mother, Mrs. White writes:—"We knew Edward Lawrence in his family, in social life; and everywhere he was a living, vitalizing force, and felt to be so by those who differed from him most widely. His catholicity of spirit, his kind construction of the actions and opinions of opponents, the readiness with which he sifted the grains of wheat from the chaff in the remarks of those pitted against him, and the pleasant smile of enjoyment when the opposing side scored a point, won the admiration of every one, and put both sides in a good humor. Yet, through it all, he forsook not one of the foundation principles of his belief; he only acknowledged the manysidedness of truth. He was like the pure air and sunshine, a part of the glad

universe of God. Says my husband:—"I think Mr. Lawrence the best man, all in all, I ever knew. I loved him very much.'"

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 22nd, 1879.

Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hall came, and the next morning we took the "Powell" at seven to West Point, saw a cavalry parade, and at half-past eleven started for Cornwall. How much I thought of you, dear mother, and of our rainy day; I recalled where it began to rain, where we took our lunch, and how the distance grew as we inquired how far it was to Cornwall, so that we finally ceased to ask.

Study, Oct. 20th, 1879.

Our Charity Organization circulars are being distributed, and that work will soon crowd us.

Oct. 27th, 1879.

I will meet you at the boat, and we will come up here in time for breakfast at half-past seven.

It was very pleasant to be again in the same home in Garfield Place and among the old friends there and in the vicinity.

In November, at a large public meeting of the Charity Organization Society, Edward, who was introduced as its father, made an address from which two or three scattered passages are taken:

Promiscuous alms-giving is the largest, most inefficient and harmful method of giving. Wherever you make a beggar you destroy a man. At the basis of the new movement is co-operation. To give employment to those who need it is the true basis of charitable relief. . . Personal visitation can accomplish more than anything else. We want men and women who will visit families,—taking them, not material aid, but your experience and hope,—in short, taking them yourselves. Christ preached the gospel to the poor and gave—himself.

Edward's father took great interest in this society and was one of its most efficient visiting members. Not being very well, he left us for a few weeks to recruit at Heald's Hygeian Home, where Edward writes him:—

Poughkeepsie, Monday, Dec. 2nd, 1879.

I mailed "The Extra" to you, Saturday evening, which you can read and digest without salt. I need not say that we miss you greatly.

Mother and Anna have begun returning calls, and have had some amusing adventures. Some people always do have things happen

to them. They speak for themselves, as you see. Tell us, please, all about your doings. We shall welcome you back.

Ned.

During the winter, Edward preached four sermons on Charity and Pauperism, in which he spoke of what had already been accomplished and of what they desired.

The special request the society makes of all is that they should not give relief of any kind at their door, without full and accurate knowledge of the case, derived either from their personal visitation, or from information given by the Society. There is no longer any reason for that thoughtless and indiscriminate giving of doles at the door, which creates so much more misery than it relieves, but which cannot relieve a tithe of the misery it creates.

The aim is to expect permanent results in character, to counteract the spirit of pauperism, and raise the needy above the need of relief. There can be no more difficult, yet no more sacred work. Experience must be our constant critic, the sympathy of the public our friendly advocate.

Absolute distress should be relieved under all circumstances, and the children of vicious parents especially cared for. But if hunger will drive indolent men to work, or will make the improvident frugal, its aid should not be rejected. Throughout the whole, manhood, womanhood are the prime objects. Whatever contributes to that is charity; whatever hinders it is harm, no matter how well meant.

And so the work has begun and goes on. It is, as I have said,— a work for manhood and womanhood.

“And men who work can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity and so work humanly,
And raise men’s bodies still by raising souls.
The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
Works best for man, as God in Nazareth.”

Poughkeepsie, April 12th, 1880.

My Dear Birthday Mother:—

As I said recently, you certainly are the best mother I ever had. More than that, you are a dear, good, patient, loving mother, whom we do not half appreciate. God does, though, and teaches us to do so. There never was a time when I so realized how much you have done for me. Yet the whole will never appear till the day when all appears. But may God bless you every day, and through us, so that we can make your last days to be your best days. Rest I suppose, you never will, so long as you can work, but your heart will rest if surrounded by love. And don’t be tired of helping your son, who loves you.

Ned.

The busy days passed quickly, and in May his family re-

turned to their seaside home, while Edward remained as a boarder with Mrs. Abel, who took the best care of him.

May 7th, 1880.

I moved, this afternoon, into the front room, and the associations rushed over me quite homesickly. What a good winter we have had! How much you have helped me! I thank God for your goodness and all the rest of it.

May 11th.

Mrs. Abel has two girls who, with sufficient waiting on and waiting for, do well enough. I think we shall like them if we do just as they want to have us.

Now is the time for Apple Blossoms, and I wish Anna were here to sing the song for me. I am not yet far enough off from the winter to know all that it has done for me. I am glad we had that last walk together.

Thursday morning I felt stupid, but had sense enough to throw down my books, and take the train for Rhinebeck, fifteen miles up the river, and then walked home. I write, this week, a sermon on *Words, vain, false, cruel*.

Saturday came a note from Lyman Abbott, telling me that the New York and Brooklyn Association meets from July 9-11, in the Catskills, and inviting me to join them, all expenses paid.

June 7th, 1880.

This is a charming Monday morning. My delightful study is fragrant with flowers, musical with bird songs, breezy with the morning breath, clear, sweet and beautiful with the summer out-of-doors. They put blinds on my west windows, last week, which is a great improvement. I grow more and more attached to the room. Thank father for his dear, good, kind letter.

I must tell you about my butcher. I had quite a talk with him, this morning, or rather he with me. As he closed he said, "Vell, now shall I tell you, ven I first used to see you, I think, vell, dat ain't much of a dominie. But now, I come to think, Dere ain't none like him. Oh, you spoke out so clear at de funeral de other day, I could understand every word you say."

On his way to New York to join the company going to the Catskills, he writes:—

Steamboat *Mary Powell*, June 9th, 1880.

I am indebted for thought and stimulus, not only to Maurice and Martineau, but quite as much to Bushnell, Robertson, Schleiermacher, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Martensen, Meyer, Newman, Hutton, Stanley, Phillips Brooks and others, most of them leaning towards Broad Church indeed, but all of vital Christian piety. I have lately taken up Edwards on *Original Sin*. It is refreshing to read such a work of a great mind. It is clear, simple, serious, earnest, logical. There is much in it I like, especially where he speaks of the love and goodness of God. And as against his antagonist, I

think him usually in the right. But in much where they agree, I cannot help differing from them both.

Edwards argues on premises which I can by no means accept, and fails to discriminate where it seems to me most important, while on some points I cannot help regarding his theory as utterly false and unbiblical. His theory of the Will and of Nature, I cannot accept at all; indeed he confesses that under the theory of a self-determining will in some form, the Arminians are right. But I shall read him more.

On Wednesday afternoon, I went on board the *Baldwin* at New York.

Mr. Beecher, with one or two others, welcomed me. There were about seventy Congregationalists and guests. I met Dr. Henry M. Storrs, who introduced me to Dr. Conant, a Baptist, and they told me stories about grandfather Woods. Many others joined us at Cornwall. At Stamford, we were the guests of the town, some twenty or twenty-five carriages being in waiting to drive us around. We were luxuriously dined by the citizens, Beecher and Storrs making two short speeches. Then back to Temper House in Phenicia, where we washed and rested. At supper, speeches by Drs. Robinson, Bevan, Armitage, Ingersoll, and Beecher, who was simple, sweet, childlike, biographical. Then till late on the piazza, a circle of story tellers, Bevan, Robinson, Beecher, Martyn being chief. This morning, prayer by Beecher, simple as a child. One grows to love him very quickly. Here I decided to leave the party, and run up into the mountains, Dr. Storrs' youngest son joining me. We walked twenty-one miles, through Stony Clover and Tannersville. My night dress was a sheet wound round about me, because everything I had on was wet with perspiration. The next morning, we left early for Kaaterskill Falls, plunging down the gorge through Palenville and Catskill. I looked like a tramp, but to please you, I found out the stone jug,—(the name given to the stone house where Judge Cooke used to live)—and called on Mrs. Beach. It was a delightful excursion, and it was pleasant to associate you with so much of it.

Poughkeepsie, June 22nd, 1880.

Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a party of us drove out to Lake Minnierbaska, the sister lake of Mohonk. It is a grand basin, deep down in the rocks, and on the heights above it stands the house, which is nearly as high as the Catskill Mountain House. The houses here and at Mohonk are owned and run by two Smiley brothers,—Friends. They began a few years ago at Mohonk on strictest temperance principles. Failure was prophesied, but they have made a great success. They are noble men.

June 28th.

I have finished Edwards on *Original Sin*, and agreed with much and dissented from much. I think its tendency strongly pantheistic, though I do not fear being misled by this. Edwards does not seem as true to the facts of human nature as Bishop Butler, for example in his ethical sermons, but to be too much under

the influence of a preconceived theory, in the light of which he discovers and interprets all his facts. I do not find him clear enough as to what he means by sin, or rather by personal responsibility, for which he leaves little or no room. His criticisms of opposing doctrines are very keen, and certainly hold good against Pelagianism. But Müller on Sin is far more satisfactory. The chief point of difference is on the matter of personal responsibility. Then Edwards seems to treat the Bible as a scientific text book on theology, which I do not understand it to be.

Again he writes:—"While Edwards is dialectical, legal, even mechanical, Müller seems to me philosophical and ethical, and that, although I by no means agree with his peculiar theory. Of course, I consider Edwards the greater man. It is a good thing, however, to read them together."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EVER BROADENING FIELD.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning, and these three never converted any one, unless they were kind also. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.—F. W. Faber.

As Edward's father was seriously ill, it was arranged that he should come home and see him safely on his way to the Electropathic Institute at Binghamton.

On his return, Edward writes:—"I met father in Boston at Mary Pope's about six, and after supper we went to the train. I enjoyed the whole trip with the dear man very much, and tried to take good care of him. We had an excellent state-room and a pleasant voyage, arriving in New York, however, a few minutes too late for the train. But I took him to the Schaufflers' where he remained till evening, when I got him a berth on the sleeping car and telegraphed Dr. Mills to meet him. My ride home was delightful, though we caught two fierce squalls. I was in the pilot house all the time."

Bellevue, July 19th, 1830.

Oh, how good it is to be in the tower again! It has been a hard year. There has been a waking up and a breaking up. I have been forced into greater dissatisfaction with myself than ever before. My preaching has been too desultory, not enough on great themes, but on incidentals. I have not been animated enough by one great soul-absorbing purpose, for which everything is arranged, before which everything should give way.

The moon is nearly full, and I thought out my sermon in the tower-loft, late into the night. I have been gratified to find how the people have taken to heart both my sermons on the *Uses of Words*.

There are times when nature seems all in all to me. Yet I feel the human element and the charm it adds the harvested fields,

the smooth lawns, the cottage hid in the trees, the slender thread of a wood-path, with the memory of those who have shared such scenes with us. Besides that, comes "the still, sad music of humanity." But every form is full of delight,—this great river, the thoroughfare of the state, of several states. As I walk, I feel an intense energy of progression, every faculty awake to action, and at the same time an ecstasy of apprehension, every sense being full to delight, and the mind feeding on swift glances into this beauty. So I push on, and then at times stop and give myself wholly to perception without movement. But the other is more common, as if the energy of action almost overpowered the desire of sensation.

The Tower, July 25th.

Dear Roslein:—

I must write you about our charming second air-service. A cottage had been put up where we had it last year, but not feeling satisfied with the proposed site, I went out Friday afternoon to look about. Going to the well, I saw my amphitheatre rising about it on all sides. Then came the thought of Jesus at the well, and at once I dropped the subject I had had in mind and took, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink."

On Saturday, ferns and flowers were gathered, and while I was at church the arrangements were made. So at noon I found the well-roof covered with ferns, and oak leaves plaited over the curb. The platform was close to the well and back and above it was a booth of green branches, while wild flowers were in profusion. Above and around me were rows of benches. When I went out at four, I found the seats filling up, and the ground occupied with carriages. About three hundred were present. I referred to the well, and tried to show the soul's thirst and its remedy. Never did I preach with more satisfaction and delight.

Bellevue, July 28th, 1880.

Still these days go on their delightful course. Every time I come to the tower the view seems finer, the mountains grander in their curve, and the river in its sweep. And to these comes something from the whole, a gleam, a spirit, a presence, which rests on me with ineffable charm, touching the deeper springs of life. At times, it creates an ecstasy almost wild, at other times, a strange, sweet melancholy, as if it met outward wants only to waken deeper ones within. It seems to put me in touch with all things, even with myself. The woods and hills and water seem translated into my own inward landscape, and into every fibre. Sometimes I call from the tower to the children below. They look all around in wonder, not knowing whence the voice comes. So I think God often speaks to us from above, and we know not whence the voice proceeds.

The Tower, July 31st, 1880.

The Bellevue time is nearly at an end. And the city which seems to stretch out so fair is hot and dusty. At times I feel as

if I ought to share more the life of the people, enduring the same heat and confinement. I must come over later next year.

Writes a friend, who, with her mother and sister, used to spend several weeks of the summer at Bellevue:—"Mr. Lawrence fulfilled all his parish appointments, being away often the greater part of the day. But he was always there to occupy 'the prophet's chamber' in the tower, and to spend the evening in the summer house with a little party of friends. It was noticeable that those who gathered about him were in a cheery mood. They felt the charm of his faith-inspired life and conversation, and not infrequently words were recalled which were helpful long after they had dropped from his lips. One of the most secluded summer houses was a favorite resort with him for writing sermons.

"A trait which made a marked impression on the mixed household, was his unfailing good nature and kindness. Day after day, he was ready to undertake commissions, and not infrequently went some distance out of his way to accomplish them. His sympathy and tact were unusual.

"While at Bellevue, a Walking Club was started which gradually increased till it numbered about fifteen. The Constitution and by-laws consisted of four articles. We were to walk once in two weeks, on Saturday afternoon. Each member was to pay his own fare, take his own lunch and carry his own wraps. These regulations were strictly observed, to the special gratification of the ladies of the Club.

"After a little more than two years, from marriage, removals and other causes, this Club dissolved, rather than disbanded, leaving a legacy of rich memories. The wood-paths and highways along the Hudson, for eight or ten miles in each direction, are delightfully associated with Mr. Lawrence."

Referring to his ministerial life, the same friend adds,

“Always gentle and patient, with strong convictions, after careful thought, he was eager to work in whatever direction he was called. The social and sympathetic side of his nature was clearly marked. In the midst of his professional work he conducted an interesting class in Church History. But above all and through all, his life showed a constant and dominant aim to draw all men to the service of his Master.”

On account of his father, who he hoped would be able to return in August, Edward fixed on Marblehead for his headquarters in his vacation, making his outings from there.

Linden Home.

My Dear Father:—

On Friday I took the superb walk from Salem to Gloucester through one continuous park,—old pine forests guarding luxurious flower gardens, velvet lawns, winding avenues, and charming cottages. And the sea, rolling up on silver beaches and ragged rocks. I know nothing equal to it, except Newport, which has infinite riches in a little space. The sea and rocks are best of all, yet the woods and mountains seem dearest. I don't know. The sea is so vast, it is somehow incomplete, unrestful. A mountain or a valley seems more to have beginning and end in itself.

From a letter of Edward's to the *Christian Union*, entitled, *A Walk around Cape Ann*, a few passages are taken relating mainly to the old town he loved so well.

August, 1880.

A strange neck, this Nahant, craning itself so far out into the ocean! It is one of the oldest and most elegant resorts of the kind in the country, and we shall find little to do save to walk through its quiet streets, admiring its situation and charming homes. It has an air of serene seclusion.

Out from an abode where elegant repose dwells so securely it is a pleasure to emerge into the busier world, and wind along the coast to Marblehead. Notices to trespassers frequently drive us to the rocks, but they cannot hinder our course as we go on, leaving Lynn with its shoe factories and Swampscott with its cottages on one side, till by way of Beach Bluff and Clifton, two charming resorts which the railroad has within a few years opened to summer residents, we reach the famous old town of Marblehead, where “Floyd Oirson” was indeed “torr'd and futherr'd and corr'd in a

corrt," but not, as the story goes, "by the women o' Morble'ead," and not with any sort of justice.

Here, first of all, is the dear old town itself, its streets as crooked as ever, its people as merry, as earnest, and as warm-hearted, though by no mean as unintelligible. "How quaint!" are the words on the lips of all visitors, and no word could better express its character. I am always impressed by the real politeness of these men who lounge about the wharves of Marblehead or sail its boats. Address any inquiry to a group of them, and it seems at once as if they were all bent on the same errand as yourself. You ask for your friend "Josh Goss." Before you know it they are all on the search for him, and "Jaush Gaush" rings through the narrow streets. "He is just coming in from the Neck," half a dozen voices tell you, and a crowd gathers to help you deliver your message. Your Marblehead skipper is a whole-souled man, as tender as a woman and as brave as a lion.

By all means walk through the town. You will wonder how any one can be straightforward who has to go in such crooked ways, but here is a case where character and environment do not always correspond. Abbott Hall, the boast of Marblehead, is not only a fine structure, and a boon to the place, but a landmark on the coast. Nothing can be finer than the effect from the sea. Rising grandly out of the rocks and clustering houses of the town, it seems an ancient cathedral, with its spire piercing the sky, and a city nestling for protection beneath its eaves.

We walk to the Neck. Practically an island, it lies out in the sea, begirt with rocks, covered with residences of all sorts, from simplest cottages to elegant mansions, surrounded by a magnificent, ever-changing panorama. We wander along its pebbly beach and load ourselves down with wave-worn stones of beautiful shapes and hues. How these pebbles hiss as they roll back after the wave has struck them! "The waters rush up to seize us," says a friend, as we sit there, "and go back grinding their teeth because they can't get us." We visit the church, haunted by its daily group of spectators, climb the head, follow the contorted rocks whose lines are even more crooked than the streets of the town, and at last tear ourselves away to continue our course. The views along the shore are more and more extensive as the land shoots out into the sea. Turning back, we see Misery Island, Baker's Island, Lowell Island, then Marblehead running out toward us, with the tower of Abbott Hall always conspicuous, and the Neck jutting out still beyond.

Dear Father:—

We hear with joy of your continued improvement, and that you will soon be able to return. We greatly enjoy your dear, good letters.

We have here as guests, Miss McKown, Miss Stapleton, Lucy Price, Helen Andrus, James Hosmer, Miss Gregory and others, awaiting you. To-morrow I start for Mt. Desert, meeting Mr. Hall at Portland, and on our return shall expect to find you at home.

Bar Harbor, Aug. 1880.

I give it up. I have no words. I might describe the ocean alone, asleep in the sunlight, or when it breathes up along the coast—or the coast with its grand headlands, and sheer and jagged cliffs, or the brotherhood of bald mountain peaks and ridges, or the perfect weather we have had, but when all these are brought together in one moment and one impression, I can say nothing. It simply takes away my breath. I have seen wilder mountains, grander lakes, but never so rugged a coast, never such a mass of large islands, and never such a combination of all the beauties of landscape. It has simply been one long continued *Oh-h-h*.

When Jonathan and David reached Linden Home and found the father there and in restored health, a happy week was spent in walks and rides and rows and sails, with one bright day when the party went to Misery Island under the care of Capt. Messervey, taking dinner on the island.

After most of the guests had left, we had a delightful visit from Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Sunday being one of the days. Edward was to preach in the little chapel on the Neck, and as there was then no regular ferry boat, he rowed us over, and after preaching to us, rowed us back again.

Monday evening we had a musical, in which his sister, with a fine accompanist and other singers, went through *Pinafore*. This performance Mrs. Whitney warmly appreciated.

Twelve years later, on hearing of the blow which had so suddenly fallen, Mrs. Whitney wrote the following letter:—

I know the "deep places" and how the waters seem to go over one's head. It is only the "I will be with thee" that holds us from sinking. I know what bitter days you must be passing through "on the earth-side," and how hard the beautiful home will be for you. Your loss would not be so great if you had not had so rare a blessing to lose. I speak human-fashion. You know you have not lost it. It has but drawn closer to you than ever, and forever. One's life is not taken away by what we call bereavement; what has been made ours is all there, here and beyond—forever. No more change can come except the ecstasy of the full realization of what we now only believe. Christ held fast to his "own," as we do. "I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." Those whom we hold fast with all our being cannot be wrenched away. God, Himself, having once given, does not take back. And even the going out of sight is but coming

closer to us,—more into the heart of our being than the separate earthly individuality would allow. What is “face to face” compared with “heart to heart?” “Face to face” in the mortal sets a bar. Heretofore we have half known, half possessed, often but half understood; henceforward, beginning instantly with the change from the earthly to the spiritual, we know as we are known. All our yearnings mean but this. We are so near, we love so much more than ever; it is the pain of the free, unlimited affection struggling in the yet imprisoning flesh.

I saw your son in the heart of his home, and in the heart of his work and life. One of the days was that perfect summer Sunday. I have never forgotten his rowing us across the quiet bay to the little church upon the headland, and then telling us the things of the kingdom. His whole manliness was what impressed me; in his sweet relations with father, mother and sister; in his strong, ready, physical power of service, and in the harmonious, corresponding fulness of his spiritual life-force, that lent itself to us in his presence and his words. It was like, and I think I have said so to you before,—the rowing of a little boat across the Lake of Galilee, with a young St. Peter at the oars, and then a message through his ardent lips fresh from the Master. I always recognized in what after-knowledge came to me of him, the fulfilment of what I felt in him then. He could have done no less. And—you were his mother!

May this letter bring the comfort to some other hearts that it has to the stricken mother's.

When the vacation filled with sight-seeing and friend-seeing was over, Ned returned, refreshed and strengthened, to the work he loved so well.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 13th, 1880.

As last week was one of hard, though delightful work, I was not able to commence my sermon till Friday. The seats in the church had been oiled and were not dry, so we took possession of the lecture room. It was so pleasant to have my audience near me that I told the sexton he had better oil the seats every week.

I should grieve to leave this region, my study, my church, my people, my summer home over the river, my hills, my purple autumn-glows,—they have become a part of me, and it would rend my heart to leave them all.

Poor Bullen! off on a tear again! (One of the reformed drunkards, in whom Edward was particularly interested.) Monday I went on the search for him and found him at last, hidden away under a shed in the straw at the bottom of a sleigh. He was just getting over his spree, and cried like a child when he saw me. I kept him there till afternoon, taking him his dinner, and getting his money from him. He is well out of the peddling business, and I have found a place for him in the hat factory. But Saturday, he slipped away and got a drink. He came to church,

Sunday evening, and I preached so that he should understand. I found him waiting to speak to me, still slightly in liquor, but choked with sobs. "You hit me very hard," he said, "but that is just as it should be. Don't let me go. I'm going down, Mr. Lawrence, I'm going down." And he shook with emotion. My heart aches for him. How one realizes in such cases the impotence of all merely human resolve! I feel like a child in the presence of such evil, and can only call on God for help.

Sept. 27th, 1880.

What an evening I spent in Brooklyn at Mr. Thallon's! Henschel is simply wonderful, a true genius. He sang among other things *The Two Grenadiers*, and I felt that I had never heard it sung before. You will find a short notice in next week's *Christian Union*.

. . . I shall meet you at Lowell on Tuesday at the meeting of the American Board.

Oct. 18th, 1880.

What a good time we had at Lowell! But I write to say that the arrangements for the house are definitely made and all are expecting you. I shall appreciate your being with me more than ever. Then, as Anna is to be in Boston, I should not be willing to have you alone. The Jackson house is quite near the other, and is very snug and cozy. I am ordering potatoes, etc.

Study, Oct. 25th, 1880.

Well, the tremendous strain of the State Association is over, and I never felt better. The week was one of almost unmingled satisfaction. The session at Vassar was a great success, Pres. Magoun, Drs. Strieby and Brown, and Henry Ward Beecher being the speakers. Thursday evening was best of all. If I had desired any public recognition of my services, I should have been more than satisfied by what the moderator said on calling me out. According to the custom, I am the essayist next year, and the subject given by them is *Progressive Revelation*, just the subject I should choose.

Of the Poughkeepsie gathering, Col. A. B. Lawrence of Warsaw, who had been an officer in our Civil War, writes:—"I first met your son in his study, to which I was ushered as a delegate from our Warsaw Congregational Church. The similarity of our names led us to inquiries of our ancestral possible relationship, and we soon found that we ran back to a common father. It was the last meeting, I think, that Henry Ward Beecher attended, Edward and his Elmira brother being also there. In all the absorbing details of so important an occasion, provisions for entertainment, demand for skilful guidance of the many union

matters upon which the success of such meetings depend, he never forgot to look after me, who was but a layman.

"I was commissioned by our Warsaw church to secure, if possible, the attendance of the Association's next annual meeting. As Henry Ward Beecher also brought an invitation from Plymouth church, I expected defeat. But I told your son what I was commissioned to do, and some how it was done. He found time to accompany me to the station, and saw me off with such hearty good wishes as I shall never forget.

"With the Association the next year came a full house and '*Cousin Edward*' as our guest. He took our hearts away with him. My aged mother, to whom he was so deferential, spoke affectionately of him to her dying day."

Study, Nov. 8th, 1880.

Glorious election news, *nicht wahr?* All looks well for Garfield. To-day I am going to ride out in the country with our Home Missionary, James Phillips, to be gone till Friday. There is a great deal of heathenism out there.

Extracts are given from Mr. Phillips' account of this trip sent to Edward's mother.

Overlook, Duchess County, May 11th, 1894.

One morning, about eight o'clock, by appointment, myself with Dolly and Buggy were standing at the curb of the Congregational Church when your son came smilingly down the walk and was soon by my side in the buggy. The horse seemed to understand that there was something up, and flew down Mill Street, and away into the country, he all the time on the lookout. We went on, on, and up, up, up West Hook Mountain, leaving an appointment for that night at the school house. It was now afternoon, and we had tasted nothing all day. I knocked at the little hut of a friend, where they got us a cup of tea, with bread and butter, pot-cheese, and preserves, but would take nothing for it,—for Jesus' sake, they said. Afterwards, your son was lost in the grand view. 'Twas a beautiful large moon, and he preferred to walk down the mountain, running and leaping in front of my buggy. At last we got to the school house, a dim candle light, but quite a full house at so short notice. I opened the meeting, introducing him. It was here that a man told him he liked to hear him talk, but that I was like a cow giving a good pailful of milk and then putting her foot into it. Dear Brother Lawrence, how thou didst laugh over that saying, for that man was an imbibor, and I always aim to hit such!

After the meeting, we went through field and wood down into a deep hollow to an old Dutch house. Our bed-room was upstairs and it was freezing. "Shall we call for more clothes?" "No," said your son, "let me try it." And in he got. Breakfast the next morning, prayer and talk, and then up Horton Mountain, a steep, winding cow path with huts all the way, Mr. Lawrence walking up, up, enjoying the sight. I had to wait, for he would not come on, and when at last we reached the top, he stood on a high rock, looking off into Connecticut. I thought I should be obliged to leave him there. . . .

We visited among the old and the young, the rich and the poor. He saw noble Christian men and women, others again affected with the disease of infidelity. "What shall I do with them?" "Treat them kindly, and do not attempt to argue with them." The people he met still speak of him with loving remembrance.

After his return from seeing the ends of the earth, I said to him, "What think you of my work in Dutchess County?" "I have seen no work in my travels of greater importance. Keep a good heart." His letters always revived and comforted me.

People still ask me about him. Some, forgetting his name, inquire for that fresh, cheerful, young man, who took for his text, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." I have had many out with me for the last twenty-five years, but not one of them made the impression that Mr. Lawrence did.

The following letter to the Poughkeepsie *Eagle* will explain the work of James Phillips as it was at the time of the trip.

Dear Sir:—

Will you kindly allow me to draw attention through your columns to the concert to be given next Tuesday in aid of mission work in Dutchess Co.?

Personal inspection of some parts of the county has shown me their need of whatever civilizing and Christianizing influence we can exert. The half could not be told as to the destitution and depravity of certain sections. From Poughkeepsie the law stretches out its iron hand, though often ineffectually, to restrain and punish.—From the same place the Gospel should extend its gentle hand to relieve and transform. At a cost to our county of less than one-half of what we pay each of our policemen for patrolling the streets, Mr. Phillips gives himself to the temporal, mental, moral and spiritual necessities of the mountainous districts with a sincerity and devotion which I have not seen surpassed.

The privilege of raising the pittance paid as his salary belongs to the churches, and the proposed concert will not interfere with it. But learning something of the needs of the sections in which Mr. Phillips labors, a number of ladies and gentlemen have kindly offered to give a musical entertainment, the proceeds of which shall be devoted to the benefit of general mission-work in this county, under the supervision of the Committee already having

this matter in charge. The concert therefore commends itself to the patronage of all on account of its object, and also promises to such as attend it a rich musical treat.

Respectfully yours,

Edward A. Lawrence, Jr.

The public meetings of Vassar Institute had been held in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. But the committee, of which Edward was one, made an announcement that this year they were to be held in the Congregational church, commencing November 1st. Edward's father greatly enjoyed these meetings, and sometimes took part in the discussions, the range of which was very wide. *A Study of George Eliot*, and *The Theistic Significance of Evolution* being among them. *Is the Growth of Science Favorable to the Imagination?* was a debate in which Edward was one of the parties. *Luther, Pro and Con*, was another debate in which Father Nilan was the contestant against Mr. Wilkinson, a lawyer.

For the coming winter, Edward had secured a home on Carroll St., opposite to what was called the "old English burying ground," connected with Christ Church. Early in November, he writes:—"I shall sleep in the house next Tuesday night, and be ready to greet you there on Wednesday morning. Will have a beef steak ready for Agnes to cook. If you will send me a list of groceries, I will have them on hand. I shall have a good supply of apples."

In this house they soon became acquainted with their Quaker friends,—the Dickinsons, whose home was not far from them.

In the course of the winter, during Edward's absence for a few days, his father and mother were taken ill, his father seriously so. Dr. Cate, whose house was at that time Edward's summer home, was most faithful in his attendance. Mrs. Bourne, calling in on her way from church, and finding that Agnes was suffering from pneumonia, took off her wraps that she might remain and care for us till other arrangements could be made.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald, their Scotch parishioners and friends, lived close by and proved themselves neighbors indeed, watching with the father, and in every way bringing comfort and cheer. Flowers and fruit were sent in abundance from all quarters, and when the invalids were able to ride, friends called for them in their carriages.

Further acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Donald increased our attachment to them. Their eldest-born was the first child Edward baptized in Poughkeepsie, Willie Alexander Donald, in whom he took a special interest, which the boy fully appreciated. Edward always found Mr. Donald a trustworthy and faithful friend, and a wise helper in all church matters. How Mr. Donald felt towards his pastor, is seen by the following words written ten years after Edward left Poughkeepsie:—

The passing away of your dear son has given us very sore hearts. I am very, very sad over the thought that I never told him how much I owed him.

If I write that Mr. Lawrence made me a better and more useful man, it might seem like self-praise, but I can say that he helped to make me a happier man. I never met any one who exerted such an influence for good over me, and his quiet, happy way, together with his consistent life, gave me a view of human nature I had never seen before. I shall always gratefully remember him and thank God that my lot was thrown where he was to cross it. And we pray that we may put into practice those precepts so beautifully exemplified in his every-day life.

As it was not long before Mr. Donald followed him to the better land, Edward without doubt welcomed him there.

The many friends of Mr. Donald will be interested in the just tribute to his worth by Rev. Herman Hopkins, the present beloved pastor of the church:—

Many a minister has felt the loss occasioned by the death of worthy leaders in his church, but it is a rarer thing to be impoverished by the death of those whom one has never known. Mr. Donald passed to the higher life the year before I came to the church which he loved. Yet so unbroken was the affectionate testimony to his worth, so widespread and deep the sorrow that he had gone, that I felt, as never before, the loss of help and sympathy, which I had indeed never received.

John Donald stood upon the heights, whether as husband, father, citizen, business man or churchman. To many he was an ideal Christian gentleman. He served successfully as deacon and Bible school superintendent. He was strong but gentle; courteous but true. By his life he testified more frequently to the worth of Christianity, than some men do by their lips. In a church greatly favored in its possession of good men and women, he was held in honor and love by all.

After the return of his family to Marblehead, Edward writes:—

Study, May 9th, 1881.

I cannot even begin to tell you about the music I heard in New York. The choruses of the *Messiah* suggested the multitudinous praises of the redeemed which we shall sometime enjoy. Beethoven's *Symphony* I never heard better given; Whitney was superb, filling the whole building. . . . But when I came home and did not find any one waiting for me of my own family, I felt quite a touch of homesickness. Ah, we have had a good winter. Home life is the best. . . . The last *Independent* has a letter from a man you have converted on the tobacco question. . . . Saturday morning, I took my new room at the Cates', which they have made very comfortable. I send loads of love,—that is, all I can get in without another stamp. Have you had the Revised Version yet? I am very much pleased with it. You will find it interesting to take the Testament you marked from mine and compare the two.

Study, May 20th, 1881.

My Dear, Darling Mother:—

What a lovely present came this morning! I had so innocently told you what I wanted, without the slightest suspicion of your designs. They are so beautiful and rich, and they will wear so well. And it is your wedding anniversary. The charming day at East Windsor Hill always comes back to me. If it had not been for your marriage, I should not have received these sleeve-buttons. Did Mr. Van Keuren make them?

Everything is delightful at the Cates', so convenient and pleasant. I hope to spend a Sunday with you, and shall be glad to take hold of the book again while I am at home, (the folio in which I was pasting old letters for him).

Bellevue, July 4th, 1881.

What dreadful things have happened since I left home! And now the President's life hangs by a thread. If prayers will save Garfield, he will live. I fear the worst, and what is to come afterwards. God alone knows, and he reigns. That is our only hope.

Bellevue, July 14th.

My Dear Father and Mother:—

I am at work on my essay on *Progressive Revelation*. I have got Dr. Mulford's book *The Republic*

of God, and I was so much struck with the similarity of treatment to mine, that in three minutes I shut it up till I have finished my essay. This is partly accounted for by the German sources, Rothe, Hegel, etc. I take up the statement that Revelation is historic, history being an organic development towards a definite end, according to definite ideas. I suppose there may be a history of thought as well as of men, also of God's works and ways, so the definition must include that,—the movement may be downward as well as upward, decay as well as growth. The Fall of the Roman Empire is history. In some ways it must be the organic interaction of *freë* being. Revelation *is* and *makes* history, and is interwoven with history. The idea of the personality of Revelation is a most productive one. I find help for myself in it, as it brings God nearer and nearer into personal relations, so that my religious life is to be one of intercourse with him. How vivid all the cries of psalmists and prophets when we think of them as communing with God himself, rather than receiving some message of command and prediction! . . . In my essay, I have sought to state and develop what I find to be the underlying principles of my own faith, and what I believe to be the lines on which the church must and will do its work. The mere statement has brought relief and gladness to my own mind, and each step has opened a new prospect. Religion seems more vital, and God nearer. And the authority of the Scriptures is not necessarily impugned by relegating it to the position of a record of Revelation. You may not understand my reference to the naturalistic phase. That is rightly an appellation of every system which makes the natural or mechanical order so prominent as to exclude or overlook the direct personal Divine agency. But in my view, Revelation is universal and above all things personal, involving the direct and personal divine action in every case as the basis of all religion whatever. The centre of action is in the *personal Word*.

Bellevue, July, 1881.

We had quite an adventure on the *Bristol*. At midnight I was awaked by the stopping of the boat, and found that the rudder was broken. They threw up rockets, and the *Newport*, which was near by, turned towards us. Our captain shouted, "Our rudder is broken,—will you tow us into New London?" "Aye, aye, sir." After about an hour, we were off for New London. When we reached it, the waiter went around knocking at the state rooms, "This boat's broke down." Much grumbling and some profanity ensued. When the boats came alongside, our company filed along up the length of the *Bristol*, then down the whole length of the *Newport*, a strange procession, as if a funeral. At Boston I had a charming visit at the Gibbens's.

Bellevue, July 24th.

Anna's call to teach music at Lake Erie Seminary is just what I have wanted for her, and will be worth far more than any lessons she can take. Why cannot she run up here on her way in September, and pass a day or two?

Elk Lake, *alias* Mud Pond Aug. 10th 1881.

By degrees we have been throwing off the world and its crowds. . . . Landing at Schroon Lake village, we left our luggage to be forwarded and walked on nine miles to Root's hotel. We deigned not a glance at the numerous hotels of the village, with their gregarious humanity, but turning our back on Culture and Aesthetics, we strode forward toward hermit peaks and the gregarious mosquito. It is always a wonderful thing to me to walk and walk day after day, approaching distant mountains, which seem to beckon far off so sweetly, in their faint blue, and then frown so threateningly in their scarred, gigantic faces as you come near, up, up, mile after mile, and they congregate more and more about you. The air grows clear and cool, and the shadows deepen, and the lowlands stretch away far beneath. After walking about three hours and a half, we reached Root's at eight o'clock, eager for supper and then for sleep. Oh, it is good to be here again, right in the heart of the mountains! . . .

Saturday, Aug. 13th.

Five P. M. In camp on Lake Colden and the Opalescent River, the source of the Hudson, at foot of Mt. Marcy and McIntyre. For six years, ever since we were here in 1875 on our first trip, I have longed to be back in this very spot, and here at last we are, and to stay over Sunday.

Colden lies like a pearl in the rocky hand of the mountains. For miles around are unknown and unnamed peaks on every side. We have just discovered two fine camps unoccupied, with enough wood cut to last over Sunday. For three successive days we have ascended three different mountains, and had a clear view from each of them.

And here we lie on these green boughs, under the bark roof and see the rain fall as gently as snow and hear the wind sigh in the pines and the woodpeckers rap on their bark. The smoke of the fire creeps up the hill, the trees creak, McIntyre and Colden are wrapped in their cloudy robes, and we are at rest far away from all the world. It is very peaceful and grand.

Monday morning we left the camp with regret, although it had drizzled most of Sunday. Over the lake in a boat, up the steep trail to some fine falls, then over precipices to the Avalanche trail, bringing us at last to Lake Avalanche, the most awful, as Colden's is the grandest sheet of water. Sheer rise the rocks, then run in long bare slides to the top of Colden, which is cut by an enormous trap dyke. After leaving the Avalanche, reminding me of Wastwater in England, we spent the day in looking for a lake and finding a mountain.

With our guide, Blin, we plunged into the thickest of the woods. Up, up we went, till at last we decided to go to the top of Mt. Colden. Everything was wet from the recent rains, and we were soaked. Through the mouldy woods, filled with rotting trunks and roots of fallen trees, where the feet slip and plunge in deep holes, up dripping, mossy patches, almost perpendicular, where we pull ourselves up by the tough stems, picking berries as we go.

around rocky ledges, through low, tangled scrub spruce, from one peak, seeming the top, to another half an hour distant. At last we are on the summit. O grandeur! Up in the clouds which fly past, opening frequently to show the wild peaks about us on one side, McIntyre's long, bare, many-peaked ridges stretching along on the other, Colden and Avalanche water far beneath. This was the widest, grandest view of all. The peaks crowded on us, above us, yet we were in the midst, and the lakes were two thousand feet below. But I cannot give you any idea of it. McIntyre surpasses the other mountains in its superb view, combining the grandeur of Marcy with the beauties of Whiteface. Out of the glaciers I think I never saw a finer view. There were many clouds, but they were high and bright, and their shadows alternating with the light added to the effect. In almost every direction we saw to a great distance. Even Mt. Washington, a hundred miles away, was plainly visible, and the heights of Marcy. The broad stretch of Champlain and Grand Island, St. Lawrence sweeping along the whole of the Adirondack region. It was unspeakably grand, the glory of the kingdom of the world.

All the Saranac region lay before us; the Raquette river shone like a thread along its course. I shall never forget it.

We have been sleeping in the lathed, unplastered lodge, lifting doors into their places, hanging clothes on nails stuck up between the lathes. We write on the log porch of the old cottage close to the camp-fire in the woods, with people chatting and playing cards close to us. Good-bye and God bless you all!

Lake House, Long Lake Village, Aug. 21st, 1881.

We found the *Nannie O.* in fine condition, and at once brought her here. She is as lovely as ever and dearer, the only one of her ilk on the lake. After the hard trudging, it is delightful to stretch out in the boat, and pull along with ease. After striding over the rugged grandeur of the peaks, it is delightful to glide about among these peaceful lakes. . . . The air was clear as crystal and the lines of the hills along the lake cut the sunset-tinged heaven. The wind died out and in the fading light our white boat skimmed over the surface like a swan. We ran past wooded islands with rocky shores and rested our boat on a shelf of rocks near which we took our plunge and swim. The contrast with the gigantic mountain forms adds an imaginative beauty to every lake-scene, which only the mind with its memories and fancies could supply. And so we floated up to the Lake House, through the woods, a long eight miles march to Keene. At the old Beede house, I stepped in and there, sure enough, sat Prof. and Mrs. James, and Miss Mary Gibbens. They greeted us cordially and urged us to come in and take some hot soup. I was glad to see something of Prof. James. In the evening, I had a good walk with Mrs. James, which seemed like the old German days. She is a noble wife and mother!

From a letter from Mrs. James since Edward left us:—

“I have been thinking of the far-off days at Dresden, when we first knew him, a young man so different from the aimless ones one ordinarily met. How gladly would most of us die for such faith as his!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTINUED LABORS AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

Is toil but a treadmill? Think not of the grind,
But think of the grist, what is done and to do,
The world growing better, more like to God's mind,
By long, faithful labor of helpers like you.

—James Buckham.

Study, Sept. 19th.

The young music teacher arrived on time and was met by her brother and Mrs. McGraw. She is in clover, visiting among friends. Yesterday she sang a solo both morning and evening, very beautifully. I am delighted with her voice.

Please tell Miss McKown that I believe God seeks to reveal himself to every soul, and that such revealing action on his part must be the basis of every revealing action on our part.

I have just concluded an arrangement for the house for the winter on Montgomery Street. It is well furnished throughout, fine range, whole house well heated.

Study, Sept. 26th, 1881.

Our church was heavily draped yesterday. In the evening I preached on Garfield to a full house.

On November 24th, 1881, Edward preached the Union Thanksgiving sermon, from the text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The impression of the sermon upon his hearers may be inferred from the following lines:—

, Poughkeepsie, Dec. 8. 1881.

Rev. E. A. Lawrence, Jr.

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned, including members of both political parties, feeling profoundly conscious of the dangers overshadowing the future of our country from the corruption infesting our political life, especially in its relation to purity of the ballot, and believing that the earnest words in your Thanksgiving sermon would be eminently helpful in arousing attention to the danger, and in stimulating a healthier public sentiment, ask your permission to give it publication in the form best adapted to the end desired.

This was signed by eight prominent men, not only of both parties, but of the different churches of the city.

The request was willingly complied with, and the printed sermon—*National Righteousness*, was circulated freely in the city and sent abroad in various directions.

Of this sermon a friend writes,—“I wish that that truly masterly and eloquent sermon could be sounded out in our capital, that all there might listen to its burning words of truth.” Another friend says, “I cannot express my admiration of the sermon, of its bold style, its independent utterance of truth, its wise suggestions, and of its inspiration for the right. Please send me for circulation as many copies as you can for the sum enclosed.”

There were appreciating letters from Washington Glad- den, Phillips Brooks, and many others.

In a letter to his mother, Mrs. Garfield, acknowledging Mr. Lawrence’s tribute to her lamented husband, adds:—

“If General Garfield has, in the sacrifice he was called to make, given to the men of this generation a new impulse to rebuke the great wrong which has grown to such giant proportions, and against which his whole soul rose up, then has his death not been in vain, though our hearts do break.”

James Phillips, the Dutchess County missionary, writes characteristically,—“Your *National Righteousness* sermon is sharp, tart, unceremonious, sounding like the crack of rifles and coming from every point of the compass, striking nearly every one. It is a reckless discharge of chain shot, that crushes down everything in its course, dividing asunder, and piercing through joints and marrow.”

A letter from Benson Lossing, of the Ridge, Dovers Plains, is also given.

Dear Mr. Lawrence:—

Mrs. Lossing read the discourse to the family on the evening when it was received, and we were delighted and profoundly impressed by it: delighted by the force and beauty of its composition as a work of literary art, and impressed

with the gravity and infinite importance of its suggestions and startling truths. I cannot refrain from saying, that in every aspect, it is the best sermon I ever heard or read, as, in its chief topic, the highest earthly interests of the human race are concerned. Oh that it might be impressed with all its solemn truths, warnings and suggestions upon the hearts and minds of every citizen of our beloved Republic!

I am amazed and made ashamed by the statistical revelations you have made of the wickedness, the corruption, and the moral weakness of the office-seekers and the voters in the 12th Congressional District. No thoughtful man can read your statements without being thoroughly aroused to a full consciousness that he is reposing on the summit of an already rumbling volcano. There is one consoling thought—God still rules.

Allow me as an American citizen to thank you for this admirable discourse.

Very sincerely,

Your friend,

Benson J. Lossing.

Rev. E. A. Lawrence, Jr.,
Poughkeepsie,
N. Y.

Desiring to make the prayer-meeting an efficient influence, Edward sometimes published on a card for general distribution the subjects to be discussed for months in advance.

He frequently gave a series of talks on the same general subject. This year, interspersed among various other topics, were a number on the great apostle.

Peter called.

Peter sinking.

Peter confessing.

Peter protesting and denying.

Peter forgiven and instructed.

Peter preaching.

Peter healing.

In February, Edward's father and mother left Poughkeepsie to spend a few weeks at Heald's Hygeian Home. Edward writes:

"Now you are being packed and showered and rubbed and dieted to your heart's content, and I trust it will do you much good. I miss you and love you, and think of all

your goodness. They are preparing for the mission fair tomorrow. I am delighted to see the mission idea get hold of so many."

Study, April 10th, 1882.

Yesterday was the bright, glad day of the Christian year. The season, the suggestions, everything belong to a new and better world. In the afternoon, I went by appointment to the Old Men's Home to hold an Easter service. The few who had come in seemed sorry that no more were present, not knowing how little I cared for that. I talked to the old men with delight and real Easter gladness.

After your return from Wilmington, a little time will remain for me to care for your comfort, and to show my filial love. Take this, please, dear mother, for your birthday letter. We will celebrate the day when you come home. I want your birthdays and all the seasons between to be full of gladness. I am sure you will enjoy your Germantown visit with the Barretts. You must talk and listen for me and tell me all about it.

In April, 1882, the corner stone of Vassar Institute was laid, on which occasion Edward delivered the address, of which a few of the closing sentences are given.

In accepting such a building we shall assume a serious responsibility. It will not, as I understand, be committed into our hands in any narrow, exclusive sense, but as a trust to be held by us in the interests of the whole community. Let the edifice be never so wisely erected, never so completely equipped, never so much admired, it will be but like an empty shell found lying on the barren shore, the sport of wind and wave, if you do not bring all the Graces, and the Muses and the Sciences to inhabit it, if you do not make it an attracting centre, and an outflowing source of the best talent and culture of this city. Such an institution as this is meant to foster, nay, it should mould the sentiments, shape the thoughts and refine the tastes of society at large, lending dignity and richness to a life which is already busy and earnest.

But the growth of the past is pledge for the future. May this building rise to a fit and fair completion. May the Institute of which it shall be the shelter live long, live usefully, live nobly, the pride of many generations, and, to its founder, a lasting crown of praise.

His warm friend, Mrs. Cate, writes his mother,—“Your son's address at the opening of Vassar Institute was very fine. The Literary Club under his management is delightful, and he always speaks to the point. I wish you could

see him preside. But when I get on this subject I do not find enough adjectives of admiration in the dictionary.

July 11th.

It seemed, as I told them, like Pharaoh's calling for brick without straw, to appoint the floral service for Sunday, as the season is so late and no roses are out. But we had faith and went ahead, and after all, it was very beautiful with snow-balls and peonies and daisies and pansies.

I have had a good week for American History. Am right in the midst of the slavery struggle. What a palsy seized the nation! I am reading the *German Political History of the United States* by Van Holst.

July 23rd.

Saturday afternoon, I took a long walk alone over fields, hills, rocks and a mountain, to Black Pond, where I fished—for water lilies, and got some for the church.

I am getting deeper into history, always looking for the nationality of it, and wondering at the ways in which this has been developed. If my letters from the Adirondacks are shorter this year than usual, you may know that I am working at photographs.

In Camp, U. Ausable Pond, Aug. 13th, 1882.

Such a perfect day! Wind cool from the N. E. Heavens clear, with clouds flying over, light falling with greenish glitter on the forests that lie on the steep slope of the opposite hills. Greens and blues and white in all shades on land and lake and sky. While the guide, Tom Parker, rakes up about the camp we sit on the boughs, read Revelation in Greek, and I write.

The next day as the woods were very wet, I used it for taking views. De Forest and Speare came over and I took them with Mr. Hall. Pres. Porter has just come to a camp opposite. They row across and bring him back. And I think I have a good view.

Yesterday we made the grand trip up the Gothics. They are among the noblest sights from the pond, rising nearly 5,000 feet steep and straight, with their rocky sides seeming almost unapproachable. Very few try them. But we started bright and early, at 7.30, De Forest being with us. Our guide took us down to the other side of the Lower Pond. There was careful deliberation as to the course, for our guide had never made the ascent. Finally we were at the base. The straight slides and precipitous ledges fronted us. Sometimes we had to turn back. But on the whole we got on well, pulling ourselves up the steepest places by trees and bushes and grasses. Hardest was the scramble through the scrub balsams. But at last we were on the top, and the view was superb. Marcy, Haystack, Saddleback, Dix, Giant, Whiteface, McIntyre and a host of others. How familiar some of them seem! Down, down, straight ahead we catch the lower end of Ausable Pond which we have just left.

Saranac Lake House, Lower Saranac, Aug. 16th, 1882.

Sunday afternoon we rowed over to De Forest's camp, and talked, sang, told stories, etc., and took D. back to tea with us. Then along in the evening the rest of them came over to our camp and we had a real missionary concert there up in the woods, De Forest telling us much about Japan. His great idea is the self-support of native work. Speare told us of his fight with the Pope in the prison. Late at night I rowed part of the company home, and all said good-bye. But we had a wave from them as they started for Marcy. We were then on our way to a Rocking Stone, which proved to be a rocky stone only, as it would not budge.

Tuesday we had one of our very finest days coming up Eog River, a most romantic stream full of all delights. Little Tupper is especially beautiful because without the line of decay which runs round so many lakes here, caused by flooding its waters. It has drizzled to-day, so we have kept our headquarters here, instead of going on as we expected. But we have rowed much over the lake between the showers and shifting clouds, clinging to and floating along the hillsides, where all colors were greens and grays. Rowed about two miles up Bog Stream till we could push our boat no farther through the alders. It seems as if I had never seen such sights as some we have had to-day. Altogether the trip has had its own character. There has been less of incident and of work, or hardship, more quiet and taking our own time, more dwelling with Nature as a dear old acquaintance. We sing the old songs and have learned some new ones. Jonathan reads to me in *Pickwick* and I am reading *Marquis of Lossie* to him, his first of George McDonald.

Forked Lake House, Evening, Aug. 24th.

To-day we have had the hardest trip of all, perhaps, carrying boat and baggage over four miles besides rowing about fifteen, and that when we had given up going because of the rain. But a party came along for the same route, so we started too. There were two guides, two New Yorkers, and the wife of one of them being wholly unused to the woods, they had a trunk and city clothes. There was a long wet carry of three miles, guides had forgotten to take lunch, the trunk delayed them, they got wet, discouraged, famished. More grateful people for a bit of bread and butter I handed them from our lunch I have not seen. I doubled the carries to get all the luggage. But the day grew delightful. Charming ponds one after another we flew across. I bagged a view of one. The Little Forked and the beautiful Forked seemed quite familiar to us. And here we are at Fletcher's. And here I found your letter and Anna's. Thanks for both.

Big Tupper Lake, Moody's, Aug. 20th, 1882.

Just three years ago we spent a Sunday in this house on our way down the Raquette. It could not have been a more perfect day than this. And a strange picture is here. On the right a forest of dead trees, only trunks and branches among which the destroying waters spread. It is the very picture of death,

Studies in decay, I said as we rowed down the river through these stretches of desolation. They were beautiful seven years ago, though the forests were dying,—beautiful in their decay. But now the whole is hideous and sickly. Back of this which almost looks like a forest of masts of sunken vessels, roll away the blue distant mountains. But in front and to the right is the lake, rippling in the breeze, blue under the sky, glittering under the sun, with great wooded, rocky islands scattered along and lofty shores sweeping up from it. It is a perfect day of sweetest rest.

Poughkeepsie, Study, Sept. 20th, 1882.

I feel very happy in being at my work again, and hope to do it more in love to God than ever before. I have just begun a series of sermons on the aspects of Christ's life, taking Jesus as Son, Friend, Teacher, Benefactor, Citizen, Judge, Saviour. Then I am studying up Phillipians, meaning to expound that in time. I am also working as I can on American Nationality for the Literary Club. . . Everything is very pleasant at the Cates', and I am feeling very well and ready for work. . . I find "lots of trouble" everywhere, but He has overcome the world. . . I shall be more rigid than ever in taking my Saturday half holidays, for I have much to do Mondays, and that is what saves me for this work. My visit home was very delightful. The dear, old mansion would be very precious to me, if for no other reason, from the time and labor you and father have spent upon it.

Father McSweeney of Mount St. Mary's College, whose published account has been given of the discussion at the Vassar Institute concerning Oberammergau, relates the following incident in a letter to Edward's mother, illustrating his fairness:—

At one time, in Poughkeepsie, your son published a pamphlet which contained an expression that appeared to me erroneous. I wrote calling attention to it, but could not refrain from praising the intention of the little tract and wishing it success. Edward immediately called on Father Nilan and requested to be shown the work of Catholic Theology which I had quoted, and meeting myself afterwards, expressed his regret for having unwittingly drawn out my criticism, and declared, what I never doubted, his honesty of purpose. I followed his journey to Asia and spoke with him afterwards of the various missions he had visited. He seemed to me a man of great loftiness and beauty of thought, and of very broad liberality, but I am confident he would not sacrifice truth nor principle. My dear Mrs. Lawrence, Christ is the Way. Your son proposed following him more literally than most of us feel bound to do—preaching the Gospel to the poor. This was an immense grace, an inspiration from God, I trust. Thank God that your son was called so high.

A well known artist of Boston, Elizabeth Washburn Brainerd, a sister of Pres. Washburn of Robert College, Constantinople, and who is a member of the Catholic Church, expresses substantially the same idea as Father McSweeney.

Your son seemed to me in my too slight acquaintance with him, to have one charming trait that particularly impressed me, and I know from other sources that I am correct in this,—and that was the gentleness of his judgment of others. He was too wise to join in the modern push for unity. He could see the strong ground of those who say, "We cannot yet agree, but we will not have strife or bitterness. First of all, let us honestly try to understand each other." If he wished to know what a Catholic believed, on any subject, he did not go to his good Baptist or Methodist brother to find out. As a natural consequence, he had Catholic priests among his dear friends. May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed, by the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Study, Oct. 9th, 1882.

My Dear Father:—

I am glad of every year God spares you to us. Yesterday morning, I preached at Vassar, and enjoyed the service very much. I want to write a few sermons for young men and women, one on *True Manhood*, and one on *True Womanhood*. I wish you and mother would suggest anything that occurs to you.

I preached last Sunday evening on the kindness of God's severity, to the help of some, I find. But what a profound subject, needing infinite light to penetrate its darkness!

One day last week I walked twelve miles. I was never in better health and feel it every day as a royal possession. My organ is a great delight to me. And the Cates are dear, good friends. Yes, we all got up to see the comet about ten days ago.

As Edward's father was not well, it was thought that a journey West and a residence for a few weeks at the Magnetic Institute at Hamilton, Illinois, might benefit him. The mother was to accompany him and the sister also would be there. An arrangement, however, was made for previously spending a few weeks at Poughkeepsie, which proved to be their last visit there with Edward.

Edward writes the travellers:—

Study, Dec. 23rd, 1882.

A merry Christmas for you and father. You can hardly fail of this, among your friends at Oxford Seminary. I am glad to follow

you in all your journeyings, and was especially interested in your visit at Oberlin.

And now let me tell you of my new undertaking,—to raise among our people \$1,000,—1st.—to meet our slight deficit; 2nd. To refresco the ceiling and walls of the church and lecture room; 3rd. To get new carpets for the church. I have already secured \$400, and hope to carry it through quickly. All are pleased with raising money in this way, instead of by fairs.

Study, Jan. 2nd, 1883.

The night before New Year we had a Union Watch night at Dr. Hare's church, at which most of the ministers were present. We had the sacrament, then short talks and music till just before midnight when all joined in silent prayer, and the clock knelled out the year. Sunday morning and evening I gave a septennial retrospect, going over the whole ground. Our benevolent contributions the last year are larger than any of the preceding years. I spoke of stability as the thing aimed at in the last seven years, and of progress as the main thing now to be sought. In the evening we had the largest congregation of the year.

When he found that his mother had yielded to the request of the doctors and patients at Hamilton, and was reading to them chapters of *The Tobacco Problem* before it was published, he wrote her:—

Study, Jan. 9th, 1883.

I feel very much like scolding you. Away at a Health-Cure, yet so full of tobacco. You think you can't help it, but that is just the trouble. If you dropped one thing, you would take up two more. I shall add that one of the evils of tobacco is that it is wearing my mother out. Of course this scolding will do you no good, but it is a relief to me.

Jan. 16th, 1883.

The birthday remembrances have come in very sweetly to-day, with your own thoughtful tokens. Twenty-eight were in my History class last night. I grow more and more fascinated with Church History. I enclose three letters, as you will like to see the appreciation shown, but do not read them outside the family.

Jan. 29th, 1883.

Yesterday was the third rainy Sunday. I made an innovation, announcing a sermon by Dr. Bushnell, and I think all were well pleased.

Feb. 6th, 1883.

Last night in the History class, we had the subject of church government. Two weeks before I had given out Congregationalism to Fanny Hannah, Presbyterianism to Miss Wilkinson and Episcopacy to Miss Allerton. I put myself in the attitude of a heathen Chinese, and had each try to convert me. There were three able papers read, followed by a pleasant discussion. Next

week I shall resume the subject, after which we come upon Christian doctrine.

Last Sunday evening I preached a sermon on *truth*, meant to reach the delicate deceptions of daily life, and which, I judge, went to the mark.

From Mrs. Bamfield, a sister of Helen Hunt:—

It is always my custom when in a new city to be a "spiritual tramp" for a while, that I may be a witness of the spiritual condition of the different churches. I had just finished this tramping and was expecting to settle down in your son's church in Poughkeepsie when he sent in his resignation. Could I have foreknown his plans, I should have deferred my tramping till after his departure. I knew from my daughter, who was in his Church History Class, and also a member of his walking club, how devoted he was to his work, and I recall the high esteem in which he was held by those of other churches. My last interview with him was in the summer of 1890, when my daughter and I went to hear him in the new Old South in Boston. He walked home with us, but could not dine as he was engaged elsewhere. Little did I think that I should never see him again.

Gratifying testimony to the esteem Edward had won as a citizen appears in the following letter from Mr. Henry V. Pelton, a fellow townsman:—

In the active arrangement of various societies,—The Reading Club, Charity Organization, Political Reform Club, Vassar Institute. etc., Mr. Lawrence used to say that there was no one who had worked with him in so many as myself. You can understand how I esteemed such a friend and of how much value his friendship was to me. I have known no one who entered more fully into the life of the city in which he lived than did Mr. Lawrence. Whatever movement promised to be of benefit to the community had, not only his sympathy, but his active co-operation. He never spared time or strength, or shirked responsibility, and I believe that Poughkeepsie never had a citizen who, in the same length of time, contributed more to its social, intellectual and moral life than did Mr. Lawrence, nor one who was more missed from all these different spheres.

The formation of the Charity Organization Society was practically his work. In 1879, very early in the history of organized charity, and when the plan of it was known to very few, Mr Lawrence discovered its value and determined that Poughkeepsie should have the help of such an organization in its charitable work. With that thoroughness that was characteristic of him, his investigation of its merits was not complete until he had visited Buffalo, where it was established very early, and there studied its methods and its aim. To the society formed here he gave most unwearied service during the remainder of his stay in the city. He

was at no time its nominal head, but only because he refused so to be, but it was his energy and perseverance which kept up the work and aroused the interest when it flagged. Whatever the Society has accomplished here has been owing to Mr. Lawrence's discernment and perseverance.

A little later, when the first opposition was manifested to the corruption of voters, which was then very prevalent in Poughkeepsie, no voice rang out more boldly in its denunciation than did that of Mr. Lawrence. But that was not all. It was always characteristic of him not only to denounce evil but to fight it; not only to preach righteousness but to take measures to extend it. When the talking was over and most of the talkers had retired, he remained with us, an active member of the Executive Committee, uncompromising and unterrified, as long as he remained in the city.

These two movements were only a part, though an important part, of Mr. Lawrence's contribution to the development of a wholesome life among his fellow citizens. I have known no other pastor who touched this life at so many points, and very few who have exercised so wide or so strong an influence for good. His participation in the social and intellectual life of Poughkeepsie and the strong influence which his Christian spirit and scholarly tastes enabled him to exert in both, are only other manifestations of the helpfulness which marked his life here.

His departure from the city was a great loss to me personally as well as to the city at large.

Study, Feb. 18th, 1883.

I have repeated by request my sermon preached in October on *Christ as a Friend*. I have never been busier—or done more work than now, yet often have been more hurried and less restful. There are occasional gleams and lightings up from above and beyond. I think I never prayed more truly than now, never had a more quiet, sweet sense of God's nearness and love, never felt more glad to leave myself in his hands.

March 5th, 1883.

Miss McKown's death is indeed a great loss for us. She was a true woman.

It must have been a fine sight to look down on the breaking up of the Mississippi. How delightful to have a few touches of spring again! The lengthening days and strengthening sun and retreating snow seem beautiful. But, of course, there is much more wind and cold in reserve.

Study, March 27th, 1883.

What gay times you are having in St. Louis! I am glad you can meet so many charming people and renew your youth.

Study, April 2nd, 1883.

I see you are going the same round in Chicago as in St. Louis. I am glad father gains so much in travel. I hope you will hear Prof. Swing while in Chicago.

April 9th.

Our subject last Thursday evening was *Family Worship*. I asked those in whose families this was a practice to raise the hand. To my great surprise only half a dozen families were represented. I mean soon to preach about it. In the History class, we are in the midst of the controversies, and just taking up Pelagianism. There is no way of learning like that of teaching others. The Literary Club is through for the year, and I have declined to take the presidency again.

April 16th, 1883.

I preached last night on Ambrose, and come next Sunday to Augustine, which will be the last of the course. I hope soon to begin a series of evening discourses on the Sermon on the Mount.

I suppose, if it was possible for you to get away from Chicago and its many attractions, that you are now at Columbus.

April 30th.

Last Wednesday afternoon, I walked up to West Park, six miles north, on the other side of the river, and held a school house service. I went mainly to look the ground over, as they have no church. Mr. John Burroughs lives there, and is interested, and I hope to have something done for them.

Newburgh, May 13th.

Here I am with the dear, good Wilkinsons. I came here on an exchange with Mr. Fairley, the Reformed Episcopal clergyman. As I went on in the service, the power of it took more and more hold upon me. The solemn words, their reaching out to every condition of life, their fulness of comfort and meaning, the congregation following along—all was a joy to me. Yet I should want to be in perfect freedom to use or omit it. And these dear children! it is a delight to be with them.

On our return from the West we passed a few days at Schenectady with our friend, Mrs. President Nott. As the 20th of May was our wedding anniversary, we were all anxious to have Edward with us, and the Congregational minister kindly sent him a telegram, proposing an exchange. To which he replied:

Poughkeepsie, May 19th, 1883.

When the telegram first came, I thought I might arrange for going. But one thing after another came up, and I felt obliged to decline. So I can only send my very best wishes for your wedding day. It has been a great disappointment, but we will make amends when we meet.

As this anniversary proved our last, Edward always re-

gretted that he did not break through everything and come to us. He did, however, come by letter.

Sunday, May 20th, 1883.

Dear Father and Mother:—

What a beautiful day for your wedding! How it brings up that sweet time so long ago—one of the brightest days of my life it seemed,—the Silver Wedding at Dingle Side. It is not long to the Golden Wedding now, which you will have here, or there. Oh, but *all* will be golden then! George MacDonald in *Seaboard Parish*, gives this couplet, you remember, from the tombstone of an aged pair, who had been married fifty years:—

“A long time this may seem to be,
But it did not seem long to we.”

May 31st, 1883.

Last Sunday morning the Grand Army of the Republic came to our church. I preached an hour, but was fortunate in holding the attention of the men to the very last.

Study, June 10th, 1883.

I wish I could tell you all about the grand Home Missionary Convention held in Saratoga. I attended all the meetings, and it was one continued glow. There was no heresy-hunt, no nerve-cutting. On the contrary the speakers quietly showed what is the true nerve and motive of all mission work,—the constraining love of Christ. The meeting appealed to every sentiment of patriotism and religion combined. I never saw a nobler company,—young warriors, gray-headed veterans. I met many old friends. I got full of the matter and when they began pledging for the extra \$100,000, I pledged Poughkeepsie for \$100 extra. A good deal, you will say, as we had enlarged our contributions, and have raised \$1,000 for the church. But I took the risk. So after my sermon this morning, I sent slips around for the pledges. And when I counted up the amount I found \$134.25. The people are growing finely in the good work. I am learning to ask and expect more and more of them all the time.

I must say that the West draws strongly on me. I think the young men should more and more go Westward, leaving the Eastern churches for the older men. As I am unmarried, there seem special reasons for my going. Another could now easily take my work here. I could make a home for you, and in a year or two, have you with me. Yet there are strong ties here. And I want to continue my Church History Class. Well, I am not going at once, but must wait for providential indications.

By the way, those aesthetic stockings have come out of the wash, sobered down to a common gray. That is the trouble with aestheticism,—it won't wash.

July 2nd, 1883.

The week at Mohonk with Mr. Hall was one of the most delightful I ever spent. Day after day we rowed about to new scenes

and new wonders. I want you sometime to go to Mohonk, which seems like fairyland.

What a time you have had with your old letters! I shall prize them very much, you may be sure.

Edward wished his mother to select and preserve for him in a letter file her old family letters, as well as those from intimate friends. Alas, for human plans!

On Edward's last Sunday before his vacation, a committee from Plymouth Church, Syracuse, went on to Poughkeepsie to hear him preach, though he, of course, knew nothing of it. Edward left the next day for Linden Home, while the Committee went through the town to learn all they could about him, leaving, as they said, no stone unturned. As the result, one of them came to Marblehead to lay the matter of a removal before him, leaving it for his consideration. Edward soon started for the Adirondacks, although he regretted to leave his father, who was quite ill.

CHAPTER XIX.

ONCE AND FOREVER.

Our own, our own forever.
God taketh not back his gifts.

—Susan Coolidge.

Plattsburg, August 8th, 1883.

. . . At St. Albans, I had time to run up and get a view of the distant Adirondacks, the sight of which gave me new life. We were an hour late at Champlain, but at ten o'clock I found faithful Martin Stetson waiting for me, and the family at home the same. Yesterday was a busy day, for the Cooks left me free to come and go. Harriet Doolittle is not her old self at all. I spoke with her about Binghamton. I cannot help an increasing feeling of sadness as I go to Champlain year after year, and find one after another dropping away. But there is a fine set of children coming up.

Camp Fredo, Ausable Pond, Aug. 12th.

I can hardly describe my feelings on coming here. The day was clear and still; lakes, forests and mountains made a world apart by itself. I was glad to be back here again. In winter and working hours I had sometimes longed for the stillness and rest of the place. Yet there was something, at first, painful in the solitude. The break away from the busy, bustling world could hardly come without a shock. But now that is past, and I feel that here is the very heart of peace and the source of rest, and also of inspiration. It is not only a balm for the wear of work, and for all bruises and breaks, but somehow a spring for coming life. The strength of future days seems to be here, power for endurance and power for work. The fret and worry of the city cannot penetrate so deep as this peace, which is not a mere surface peace of nature, but of the mind of God. I think much of the dear home-circle, and hope all is well.

The Adirondacks, Aug., 1883.

We had intended to climb the Giant with Parker, but we heard that the ascent from Elizabethtown was easy, and finally concluded to try it. So we started off on the turnpike for New Russia. After three miles, we turned west on a wood-road past several shanties where we got directions. We had provided ourselves with a lunch, which was brought done up in newspapers. I sent it back to have it put in brown paper, and so it came to us. But when we

opened it, we found the brown paper had been put over the other, so we were still at the mercy of printers' ink.

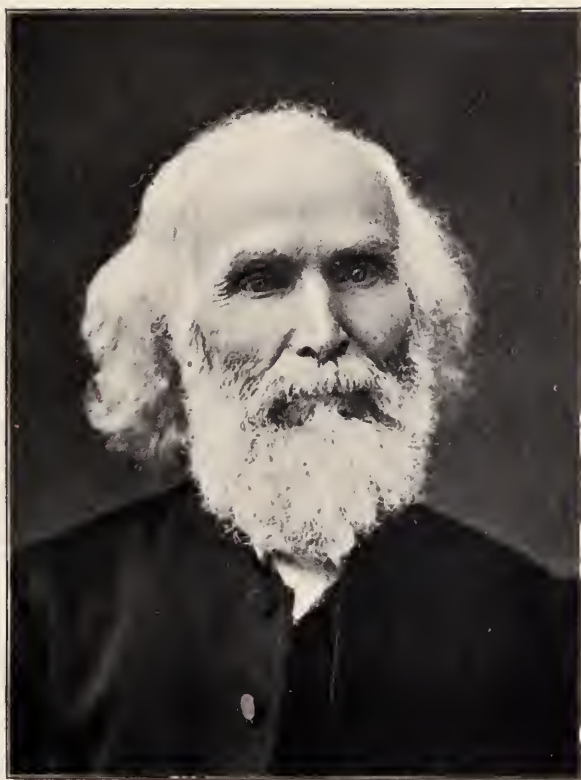
All went well, till we came to the last shanty. No one was there. We saw the Giant, however, and as the way seemed plain we went on. Just here we must have missed it in taking the right instead of the left. But we pushed on through overgrown wood-roads until they came to an end. Then we took our course by the compass, wandering on, occasionally striking a trail. The signs were not satisfactory, yet we could only push on and up. Finally we saw towering above us a long ridge. "It either is the Giant, or will show us the Giant," I said. So we plunged into the forest striking up the steep sides without the sign of a path. It was a long, hard climb. Soon we came to the top of the ridge, which was covered with forests. I thought I saw the Giant just opposite, yet there was no course but to go on. I never knew a top so far off. We concluded that if there are bottomless pits, there must be topless peaks, and that the Giant had lost his head. The day was wearing on, and it became a question, not of reaching the Giant, but of getting out of the woods. I had a map and a compass, but as we did not know where we were, I could not tell where to go. Leaving Jonathan to rest, I explored a little and surveying the country o'er, I decided that if we took a course a little north, we should bring up in Keene Valley. But Mr. Hall was hardly able to climb any more, nor was I anxious for it. So we struck down the mountain, following the course of the brooks. It was through the dense forest where the light was growing dim. Every once in a while, we became entangled in a jungle of bushes, where it was almost impossible to push through. We took a little lunch, drank of the brook, and went on refreshed. But following the brooks we were going nearly south, matters were growing serious, and the woods were growing dark. We sat down and deliberated. It was now between six and seven. Giving up all hope of reaching Keene, we took a course about N. E. along the mountain side and finally down into the valley. Still there were miles of forest before us and we could only pick our way slowly. We were evidently in for it. "We will go a few steps farther, and then we must give it up." Had we matches for a fire? Fortunately I had my little box. We had also the precious remains of that lunch in the newspapers, and Mr. Hall had his revolver. But we had no shawls, no hatchet to cut wood with, only a knife. We could, however, break up the dry timber and make a fire. We began to look out for a good place. Just then we struck on a wood-road. What a remarkable intervention! Do you recall the knight wandering through the woods in Undine? I thought of that. But we soon lost the road. The quarter moon piercing through the trees was all the light we had. But we pushed on and found another road, and then lost that.

The game was up. Now we must devote ourselves to gathering dry wood for a fire. But we had a burning thirst and must sleep near a brook. So we pushed down in search of one. Just then we came on another road, and forgetting the brook, we pressed

along, through all its windings, soon passing a deserted shanty. At last we came out to a large clearing. A superb valley in the midst of a cluster of mountains! On the other side of the clearing we found a highway, and then a house. There we learned that we were on the Keene road. Refreshing ourselves with a drink of milk, we decided to try for Keene. It was now half-past eight. Blin's hotel, where rooms were awaiting us, was ten miles away. Could the man of the house drive us there? Impossible, for his wagon was broken, but Mr. Shores at the next house might. We found Mr. Shores in bed. "Will you drive us to Keene Valley?" "I can't do it, as my horse is up under the mountains." Mr. Ryan, however, at the next house had horses. So on to Mr. Ryan's. "Have you horses to take us to Keene?" Mr. Ryan got out of bed to tell us that he had horses, but no wagon. This grew desperate. We must combine forces. "Mr. Shores has a buckboard. Can't you put your horse to his wagon, and drive us over?" This seemed a happy thought. Charley, the boy, was roused and soon came back with the Ryan team. It had been very warm all day and our clothes were damp from perspiration. Had he a couple of shawls that he could lend us for the night? No shawls, but he had some blankets if they would do. So he brought out two large pieces of home made rag carpeting which we wound about us. You would have laughed to see us, but I don't know what we should have done without them. So we drove on, three on the seat of the gently rocking buckboard. The moon was just setting, the forest clad mountains rose solemnly on every hand. By eleven o'clock we were at Blin's. He was just shutting up, but came at once to meet us. Rooms were ready, and he would have a hot supper in a short time. We washed, changed our garments, descended, ate a royal meal at half-past eleven, chatted with Blin, and off to bed at midnight.

Saranac Lake, Aug, 23rd, 1883.

It was good to reach this familiar spot. But there came a surprise. A postal from home, dated eight days before told me of father's dangerous sickness, and called me home. While I was arranging for a team of horses, Sam Dunning, the old guide of seventy years, with various letters, brought me a telegram from Mrs. Hall, conveying mother's summons. Much time had passed and it might be too late. But I would not believe this. That evening at ten, we started with a two horse team, in a large spring wagon, to ride forty-two miles in a dark night, through woods and over mountains, over logs and rocks, to North Creek, the nearest railroad station, where the train left at 9.30. Our driver had been up for two or three nights and warned us that he was desperately sleepy. We had been rowing all day and were also sleepy, especially Jonathan. I therefore felt the necessity of a semi-occasional interjected question, at which the driver would start up and urge on the team, "Go on! Go on! Go on!" Once or twice I took the reins and let him snooze. But I could see nothing beyond the horses, which fortunately kept the road. Now and then,



EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.

all three were asleep, nodding and swaying about with the jouncing of the wagon, till a sudden bounce would almost snap off my head. There was need of haste, for it would be all we could do to make the necessary four miles an hour. By midnight, the moon shone through the clouds, which helped us much. About one o'clock, we stopped at a little hut to feed the horses, during which process our driver lay down on a bench and snored, till we awoke him. We reached the station, in time to take breakfast, and to send a despatch to mother, "Expect me in the midnight train, from Boston to Marblehead." And ten minutes past 12.00, I found mother awaiting me at the door.

How eagerly had his coming been watched for, and how satisfied his father looked when he entered the room! During those sad days he proved the greatest possible comfort and help. And when, on Sept. 4th, the dear, patient sufferer went home, it was on him that we all relied. His sister had a friend with her, Miss Kate Dalton, full of interest and sympathy. When, unwilling the mother should be alone at night, Anna proposed the friend should be with her, and the mother objected to the daughter's being left alone, Edward, overhearing, said that all was arranged. He had the couch that was in his mother's room placed on one side of her bed. And there the dear boy slept every night that he was at home.

The morning after his father's departure, when our Scotch Agnes found that Edward had opened the windows and blinds in the parlor, she protested, at which he told her that we could not shut out the sunshine his father loved so well.

To my inquiry what minister he should ask to take charge of the services, he replied, "Mother, I should like to do that myself."

No notice was sent to the neighboring clergy, as at that season they were generally away on their vacation. But his father's life-long friend, "Bible Butler," as he was called, and Mr. Hall, his Adirondack companion, were present, both of them taking part in the services.

After appropriate passages from the Bible, Edward read

that wonderful poem from the Arabic, substituting God for Allah.

He who died at Azim, sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, our friend is dead!
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can read your sighs and prayers.
Yet I smile and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For the last sleep in the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb, the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea shell,—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

God all glorious! God all good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet you weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you,
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,

A moment's worth, a little space.
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept,
 Ye will know, by true love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain;
 Sunshine still must follow rain;—
 Only not at death—for death,
 Now we know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain, all is love
 Viewed from God's bright throne above;
 Be ye stout of heart and come
 Bravely onward to your home.
 He who died at Azim, gave
 This to those who made his grave.

No one who was present will forget the expression of Edward's face as he spoke of his father. He had found on his desk a slip of paper on which was the following extract: "We call it death to leave this world, but were we once out of it and in the happiness of the next, we should think it dying to come back again. *Hoc vult Deus.*" To which he had added his own rendering,—“God wills it—the key of the Christian life in joy and sorrow.”

“This is my father's message,” said his son on reading it. “It covers the whole ground. What more can there be? .

. . It is not to a house of mourning that you have been summoned to-day, though there is mourning in the house. It is not to the house of death, though death has been among us. We do not sit in gloom, clad in emblems of despair. We welcome to these rooms, the air, the light, the songs of birds. . .

“My father talked calmly about the possibilities of his case, and waited for results. ‘If I am spared to do a little more preaching and writing here,’ he said to me, ‘I shall be happy. If God takes me to better work and higher preaching there, I shall be happier.’

“‘Blessed pains,’ he murmured in the midst of sufferings;

and again, 'My cup runneth over.' When the day before he died, I stood beside him and repeated,—'Blessed be God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,' he could not well speak, but brought his feeble hands together in glad and solemn applause."

Only a few of Edward's words, which are taken from his father's Memorial leaflet, are here given. But his familiar talk, of which he had no notes, was so tender, yet uplifting, that his mother begged him to recall and write it down for her. And for ten years I had preserved it among my precious treasures.

In preparing this Memorial, I carefully laid the paper aside, that in describing these last scenes, I might give his whole address (all his remarks) for the comfort of other stricken hearts. But to my great sorrow, in some mysterious way, it has utterly disappeared.

At the cemetery, as Edward stood beside the casket and said a few words, his countenance was transfigured.

I am impelled to add a letter from Mrs. Byrnes, a dear friend, who was present at the funeral.

I esteem it a privilege and delight to have known your son—and to have known him just as I did—in his own home, as a son and brother, friend and host. What pleasant memories I have of the summer visits at the old house in Marblehead, where his presence was such sunshine! It was good to hear his footstep,—it was so suggestive of fresh, healthy life, and how cordially he greeted us, and how royally he entertained us with his never failing fund of anecdotes and songs,—all intermingled and pervaded with the refinement of a lofty nature!

He impressed me with such a sense of life—life at its very fullest and best—untroubled by anxious care—flowing out towards everybody in constant helpful service. I can never associate with him the thought of death. He even banished it when in its very presence he ministered at his father's funeral. I shall never forget that service—so beautiful and uplifting.

I like to remember him as he stood in the hall at the head of the casket—repeating that wonderful poem from the Arabic,—“He that died at Azim.” He was so reverently calm. This last office seemed the most complete expression of his filial love. We all felt as if led by him to the very gate of heaven—death and the grave forgotten—the other life as real as this! No break in the old

home ties, no gloom or desolation—only triumph, and the sweet peace that passeth understanding, which must have entered every heart, however doubting and troubled.

How thoughtful he was for you all at his sister's wedding!—receiving and caring for the guests that you might be spared every trouble up to the very moment when he was called upon to perform the service which his manner so hallowed!

I think no son ever ministered more lovingly or devotedly to any mother. It is in this relation that I often find myself thinking of him. His watchful tender care when with you and his thought when absent—expressed in the delightful letters which you sometimes allowed me to share. Realizing his great gifts as a scholar and preacher, and wishing I could have heard him often, I am still glad that I knew him best in the home circle—for there I saw the perfect Christian living which he so eloquently and earnestly taught.

To a letter I wrote Edward, full of self-reproach for things done and things undone, in his father's sickness, which I thought might have affected the result, he made the following comforting reply:—

“I sympathize with your sufferings. Yet, dear mother, although looking back on the past, you see things which might have been done differently, you ought not to distress yourself. We have not the knowledge of the future to guide us, and we have to stumble on, often uncertainly and blindly, trusting to God to pardon our mistakes and over-rule them for our good.”

We may find the waiting bitter and count the silence long;

God knoweth we are dust, and He pitieth our pain;

And when faith has grown to fulness and the silence changed to
song,

We shall eat the fruit of patience and hunger not again.

So, sorrowing hearts, who dumbly in darkness and all alone

Sit missing a dear lost presence and the joy of a vanished day,

Be comforted with this message, that our own are forever our
own,

And God, who gave the gracious gift, He takes it never away.

CHAPTER XX.

PASTORATE AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SYRACUSE.

A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength—his pure and mighty heart.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

At the request of the Committee of Plymouth Church, Edward concluded to go from Marblehead to Syracuse and quietly look about a little. On reaching Poughkeepsie, he writes:—

Study, Sept. 14th, 1883.

Back here at length. I am delighted with the improvements in the church and lecture room. The people are full of sympathy, and had there been time, some of them would have come to the funeral.

According to the fashion of the day, Plymouth Church desired to hear candidates, and wanted to have Edward supply the pulpit for a Sunday. To this request, as he wrote his mother,—“I replied at once:—I am not seeking a change, am not in any sense a candidate and cannot preach as such. I charged them not to resist any feeling among the people in other directions, and that the Committee must not be bound by any pledges they had made me, or exert any pressure in my behalf, and that I could not think of accepting anything but a spontaneous and unanimous call.”

There soon came a unanimous call, with the exception of one good woman,—“Aunty Moses,” who objected to having a minister without a wife.

As Edward’s objection to being considered a candidate was removed, he felt that he could decide better after a Sunday spent with the Plymouth people, thus giving to them and to himself an opportunity for judging in some degree

as to their mutual adaptedness. On his return, he wrote his mother:—

I cannot say that I felt any nervousness or apprehension. I knew I had a message for them, which was not from me. The responsibility and anxiety, if any, I felt belonged to the Committee who had vouched for me. But as I sat in the pulpit my heart was full, and I felt a sympathetic atmosphere. I thought of dear father and determined to preach a thoroughly Gospel sermon, with a view to nothing else.

Among those who at the close of service came up and spoke with me, was the one who had voted against me,—“Aunty Moses.” I heard that she went away saying, “I will vote for him now.”

Poughkeepsie, Oct. 14th, 1883.

I am anxious that they should have the right man here in my place and without any candidating. I want to have this settled as soon as possible, so that there shall be no interregnum or only a short one. When there was talk of raising the salary if I would remain, some who knew me best replied that that would make no difference, as my decision would be made on another basis. I saw Mrs. Elting on Friday, and she could hardly speak about it. I knew her true friendship, but was not expecting so much feeling. Annie Cudgell, the dear, sick colored woman, says,—“Well it’s all right. You see the Lord wanted you there, so we must just let you go.”

When I see you, I will tell you what arrangements I have made for a home. Of course, I shall have a piano for Anna. They have promised me a church-study that shall be satisfactory, which is a great consideration.

I was a delegate to the Congregational Council at Concord, N. H., but could not well go. I had agreed on election day to work at the polls against money, and to come for you later. But you shall decide what is best.

Among those who felt strongly at the prospect of Edward’s leaving, were Dr. and Mrs. Cate, whose house, during the summer months, was his home. Some time previous, Mrs. Cate had written his mother,—“I told the doctor a few days ago that I had one very strong objection to having Mr. Lawrence here, and that was I didn’t see how we could go on without him again. I think he is the loveliest, most rounded character I have ever known,—so bright, so thoughtful, so good, so saintly, so broad.” When he had concluded to go to Syracuse, she says,—“I have not written you since the sad, sad decision that your son is to leave us. I was entirely selfish, and I could only see what it

meant to us. For a long time I could not speak of it, and every time I do, a great heart-ache wells up. I do not believe that even you can understand what it means to us. If Mr. Lawrence were my own brother, I don't think I could love or admire him more. I feel that I am a better woman for having lived with him, and a great loss will come into my life. I almost wish we were going to Syracuse. I do not wonder in the least that you are proud of such a son, he is so strong, yet so altogether lovely, a rare combination in a man."

This friendship, which Dr. Cate also shared, was none the less pleasant from the fact that they were members of the Episcopal Church, Mrs. Cate being the daughter of Rev. Mr. Irving, rector of a New York church, and a nephew of Washington Irving.

In their great interest, they had almost completed arrangements for founding a health-cure at Syracuse, and were deterred only by learning that there was malaria in the city. They finally established a sanatorium in Lakewood, N. J. But their friendship for Edward never varied, and there were no more sincere mourners at his funeral, since which both of them have followed him into the heavenly world.

In a letter to Edward's mother, Dr. Cate writes:—

The trait in Mr. Lawrence's character most impressing me during all our intimate association with him was his inevitable sincerity, his perfect integrity. The absolute right in the minutest details of life seemed an infallible intuition to him, and his unquestioning obedience a matter of course.

His profound spirituality impressed one by the spiritual atmosphere always surrounding him. Yet he was very free from the common classical mannerisms, the artificial professional tone.

While possessed of all the amenities of manner usually resulting from high culture and refined associations, one felt that there was something infinitely higher in his intercourse with others;—that he was a gentleman by the grace of God. One cannot think of him, even as a boy, as anything but a Christian gentleman, as born and growing up in, not into, the church of Christ.

Our friend was strongly social, and his unfailing fund of humor, his geniality, his thoughtfulness for others, his wide cultivation, made him a delightful companion.

To sum up all, he possessed that combination of the best and finest in woman with true manliness and strength, which forms the most rare and delightful of all characters.

Similar to her husband's is the testimony of Mrs. Cate:—

“I shall always be thankful for those years he spent in our house. It was an education just to know him, and it is a good deal to say of one you meet in every-day contact that you never knew him to do or say one thing you had rather he had left undone or unsaid. In everything perfectly consistent, always so charitable and kindly in his judgments of others, and so absolutely true, so unprejudiced, so broad and so just. I had such implicit faith in his judgments that I found myself unconsciously adopting his opinions and feeling that they *must* be right because they were his. And I never found any reason to regret doing so. It seems to me that he and Phillips Brooks had many of the same traits.”

Edward by special request preached the Union Thanksgiving sermon at Plymouth Church, Dr. Beard, who had resigned his charge to become pastor of the American Church at Paris, being present. His subject was Gratitude, and among the causes for this he named the constancy of nature. “Our reliance is that the laws of nature hold good, that we may depend upon them for better, for worse, year in, year out, by land or by sea.”

Among the pleasant newspaper comments, two are given:

“If Mr. Lawrence's Thanksgiving discourse is to be received as a fair showing of his ability, there can be no doubt that he is destined to occupy not merely a conspicuous position but a place all his own, among the ministers of our city.”

“The Rev. Edward A. Lawrence spoke in his excellent Thanksgiving discourse of the constancy of nature as one of the causes of gratitude. We fear that after he has lived in Syracuse for a time and observed the manner in which our seasons get mixed up with one another, he will come to believe that nature, in Syracuse, has lost her hold on constancy. It is a fact that we never knew a minister, who had lived in the metropolis of Central New York for any length of time, to call attention on the last Thurs-

day in November to the constancy of nature as a special reason for giving thanks."

In commenting on this criticism, a week later, Edward remarked that he thought it very just, for the weather had done more things in a single week than he would have believed possible.

Syracuse, Dec. 2nd, 1883.

Dear Mother:—

These are full days, but in all that I say of what happens, you may be sure that the Past and the Absent are interwoven with the Now and Here. They are a sort of background which change the lights and shades of what goes on before my eyes, or an under-current of music mingling with what I hear.

Last evening, I attended the Bachelor's Club at Mr. Ewers', who is a most gracious host. About a dozen young men belong to it. It is a very pleasant affair, with chatting, music, and refreshment, but I am glad to say, no smoking.

It was some time in this new place before Edward could make satisfactory arrangements for housekeeping, especially as it was only for a part of the year. This time he passed in the hospitable home of Mr. Ewers, where a warm friendship was formed between them, as the following letter to Edward's mother indicates:—

My first thought is of yourself, for surely never before was son to mother so devoted, so loyal, so self-forgetful.

My own recollections of Mr. Lawrence are among the pleasantest of my life. As my welcome guest for a few weeks, when he first came to Syracuse, he was the most companionable of men, quick in his perceptions, genial and responsive. His heart was as large as his interests were broad. No tinge of unkindliness or selfishness ever betrayed itself in his speech or life. And none, I believe, was in his heart. Many were the conversations and visits at home and abroad it was my privilege to enjoy with him, and always there was something new found in him to respect and admire. He was so bright, so interested in all that was going on around him, his sympathies were so quick, his information so varied, one could not help being drawn to him both as pastor and friend. And we were looking forward to his promised visit here. But I cannot write of it. With those who were dear to him I wait in sorrow and in hope.

Edward writes home:—

The days are full of work. There is organizing and directing to do everywhere. Tuesday evening was our first deacons' meeting. They are a fine, strong, loyal set of men, on whom I feel I can rely.

There is much to do in all directions. Finances need to be systematized, young people to be brought together and set to work, and Sunday School to be pushed.

Not long since, I dined at Dr. Beard's and had a good, long talk with him about various important matters. He is a dear, lovable man, broad, strong, tender, eminently wise and sagacious, quick to see the fitness of things and to act accordingly.

Towards the close of the year Edward succeeded in engaging for a few months a house on Green Street. And in the last of December he took his mother to Syracuse. His sister and her friend, Miss Katherine Dalton, who had been with us in our great sorrow, and Agnes, shortly after joined us there.

On the 16th of January, the double birthday of brother and sister was delightfully celebrated by a gathering of their new friends.

On the 29th, Edward was installed, Dr. Beard giving the charge to the people.

Dr. Beard had long been their beloved pastor, and it was very hard for them to part with him. He is now an honored secretary of the American Missionary Association. But in all his changes, he never forgot his Syracuse people. And he always manifested a warm interest in his successor, concerning whom he writes:—

Your son's lovable, generous nature won every one who knew him, and those who came to know him recognized him as a beloved disciple who preached the gospel which he lived and beautifully lived. I have not met many from whose eyes there came such a language of truth and grace as were always speaking from his. One never questioned that look.

I met him first when our New York State Association had its annual session at his church in Poughkeepsie. His bearing and manner and look all greatly pleased me. I was sure that he was genuine. Later, I heard him read a paper at another State Association which gave me a high idea of his power. The next, I heard that he was my successor at Syracuse. I happened to be home from France when he preached his first Thanksgiving sermon there. My friends said that I nodded my appreciation of it at the close of every sentence.

Although our paths seldom converged, yet he always impressed me as a strong and singularly sincere and gracious spirit. Not many had a more lovely look out of the eye; not many revealed a

more kind and gracious soul. I never was surprised that people loved him.

In his Inaugural sermon, Edward took as his text, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." From the report of it, two or three passages are taken.

We are to preach him centrally. I mean by this that we are to show how the key of our lives, the secret of the universe, is in him. . . . If Christ is the centre, he is the radiating centre, and touches the circumference of life at every point. . . . Christ is a cosmic Saviour, and is related to all ages and all spaces. He claims all continents by mission work. He is related to the home, to the state, to society, to civilization, to art, to science and to philosophy, and whether they serve as a blessing or a bane depends on whether they serve Christ. . . . As I have come to know him, I have found him more and more the Way and the Truth and the Life.

Not long after his installation, the ladies of Plymouth Church gave a reception to their new pastor, and to Dr. and Mrs. Beard, who had recently left them. Most of the city ministers and several professors from the University with members of other churches were present. This occasion introduced Edward at once into the circle of his new ministerial brethren of different denominations.

Among these ministers was Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman, pastor of the First English Lutheran Church, who writes:—

I was one of the clergymen to welcome Mr. Lawrence as a member of our ministerial association and I distinctly recall the favorable impression made upon us all, an impression maintained to the last. As he took an active part in our discussions, he impressed us with his intellectuality and spirituality. I would characterize him by the word "spirituelle" as I understand it.

In his manner there was a simplicity as marked as his sincerity, there being an utter absence of self-consciousness. He possessed a complete mastery of self that was always apparent, for no matter how spirited our discussions might be, Dr. Lawrence, although intensely in earnest, never became excited, and while often differing from others, no one was ever irritated by him.

I wrote him a letter of congratulation on his betrothal, only a week before God took him, giving him the best wishes of his sincere and loving friend.

From Rev. J. Andrus, first pastor of Good Will Church in Syracuse:—

I bless God that I have known our great, noble friend, and for his influence and help and inspiration.

The one minister who ever guided and formed my character was Mr. Lawrence. I doubt whether another mother in the whole world has ever had so loving and devoted a son. I have often thought of the time when he would mourn for you, but that you should be left without him seems grief beyond consolation.

I am richer personally, intellectually and spiritually by reason of his acquaintance and friendship.

To know Mr. Lawrence was a benediction. It is the companionship of such as he that makes life worth the living.

From another brother clergyman:—

To me the most striking characteristic of our friend was his simplicity. While no one could be with him an hour without being impressed by the strength of his intellect, the extent of his information, the gentleness of his manner and the earnestness of his purpose, all these qualities were seen to be glorified by an artless simplicity which was as beautiful as it is rare. Of him, Pope's lines were eminently true:

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

He was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. His profession of religion, his scholarship, his public teaching and his social intercourse were at the farthest possible remove from affectation. A simple-hearted desire to know the truth and to do the right distinguished all he did and said. This made it possible for men of diverse views to work in loving co-operation with him. It is a remark of Burke that "genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle." It was so in the case of Brother Lawrence. Prejudice, irritability, and pride of opinion were softened and subdued before his transparent sincerity of soul. Who could reply with rancor to arguments presented with such loving ingenuousness? There would be far less of division among us into hostile theological camps, if we could all be successful imitators, in this respect, of our departed friend.

It was a great occasion, when, not long after Edward's removal to Syracuse, the Congregational Club of Central New York was organized in the parlors of Plymouth Church. The ladies of the church served a feast worthy of the occasion, the president of the Club, Dr. Charles M. Tyler of Ithaca, acting as toastmaster. Among the brief addresses reported was one by the new pastor. "The Rev. Edward A. Lawrence remarked that the principles of the Congregational Church might be said to be the doctrine of

Christian Socialism, or an element, which, without religion, is dynamite."

Of this meeting Dr. Tyler, now professor in Cornell University, writes:—

I first made the acquaintance of Dr. Lawrence at the Congregational Club in Syracuse. I was at once impressed by his refinement, his sympathy with his colleagues and his fairness of judgment. There was the gentleness of a loving nature, not incompatible with firmness when firmness was demanded. I once heard him deliver an essay upon a point of theology, which, for vigor of logic, breadth of scholarship, conciseness of language and grace of style, it is seldom my privilege to hear equalled.

Early in May Edward's mother made her first return home after her great bereavement. Soon after, came the following letter:—

Syracuse, May 30th, 1884.

I want you to have this letter before Sunday, to help carry you along through the first hard days. But you will be very brave, I know, and not only brave, but calm and peaceful. If we only have the Source of all rest in our heart, how truly shall we be at rest!

I shall hope to have fully a fortnight at home with you in my vacation. It was a very good winter to all of us, I think. You were wonderfully kept through all the dark days, and Anna also. And Miss Dalton's presence was a benediction.

I cannot forbear giving here a letter from Miss Dalton:—

Mr. Lawrence was so full of life, that somehow I never thought he could die. He seemed a part of the very spirit of nature in her sweetest mood,—one of those people who would always remain young. In some of the loveliest and noblest traits of character, he surpassed any one I ever knew.

It seems almost impossible that he has ceased from activity, indeed, I do not believe that he has. Although you may not see him, I believe he will often be with you in the spirit. I know he never had gloomy ideas of death. For him it meant more life and fuller, wider fields of usefulness and enjoyment.

Syracuse, June 3rd.

I am glad the getting home is over, and though you will have many trying hours, I believe you will more and more find yourself casting all anxiety upon God and his peace flowing more and more into your heart. It is a great comfort to feel that I can help you as your pastor as well as your son.

Wednesday afternoon, I paid a visit by invitation to my country parishioners, the Parsons, who live five miles out in a beautiful country region. It is one of the best of farming families. Fresh

milk, eggs, cottage cheese in abundance. Then they hitched up and three of them went in with me to prayer-meeting. It was like old times in Champlain.

I have just begun the Life of Frederick Maurice, a remarkable biography of a remarkable man. His parents and sisters, reacting from strong Unitarianism into rigid Calvinism, would not attend his church, or partake of the Communion with him, and his sufferings were consequently intense. Yet with all these influences, he became a broad churchman. He was a most unpractical man, but so wise and saintly that his life is an inspiration.

I have also been reading the Life of one of our ancestors, Lord Lawrence, an entire contrast to that of Maurice, which is almost wholly internal, while the other is external, with hardly a word in his letters as to his inward life. It is full of action, for he is wholly engrossed in the great public work which falls to him.

The public library at Syracuse, with its reading room attached, brought Edward much enjoyment and benefit. And with its librarian, Rev. Ezekiel Mundy, he formed a warm friendship.

Mr. Mundy writes:—

I remember well my first meeting with Mr. Lawrence as he came into the library and stood by the chair where I now sit. His frankness and geniality, combined with his definiteness of thought and quiet earnestness, won me at once. He came frequently to the library, made himself at home among the books, and showed constant interest in the library work.

He was a staunch upholder of all activities for public and private good. Every wise reform found in him a patient helper. And he not only did the duty that came to him, but was ever on the alert for opportunities to serve his fellows.

He impressed me as being always guided by certain fixed principles, from which there was never any thought of swerving. He seemed not so much to resist temptation as to live above it.

His life seems cut off in the midst of wide usefulness. But we may say of him, as Staupitz said to Luther, "The Lord has need of brave men there as well as here."

Early in June, Edward attended the Home Missionary Convention in Saratoga. On his return he writes:—

Syracuse, June 9th.

At Schenectady, I met on the cars some one from the Convention, going to Michigan. This reminded me of a splendid speech at Saratoga by a Mr. Puddefoot. So I said to him, "Well, that Puddefoot from Michigan is a driver, isn't he?" He was convulsed with laughter for a moment, then explained, "Why, that's my name." After that, we had a very pleasant chat.

Yesterday, I was obliged to announce that, owing to the unsan-

itary condition of the premises, and in accordance with my doctor's instructions, I should be obliged to withdraw from my study, so far as possible. Since then, some of the prominent men, after a survey, have made a plan which I trust will be speedily carried out.

July 13th, 1884.

Well, I have found my Bellevue. It is Pompey Hill, fourteen miles from Syracuse, and 1,750 feet high. It was started in 1796 by hardy Christian settlers from Connecticut, who found here a good soil and bracing climate. I went straight to a farmer's, Carmi Hayden, where I found good company. I slept in a hammock, wrote a sermon, took long walks, rode with the Haydens, played croquet, read up Pompey's history and a little theology, and was happy all the time.

The Bi-Centennial of the First Congregational Church of Marblehead was celebrated this year in July, 1884, and Edward, whose father had been a pastor of that church for some years, was invited to make one of the addresses. The subject he chose was, "The Apostolic Succession."

Of this address a few passages are given:—

Practically, we are to-day far nearer our quarter-millennial than our bi-centennial, for it is 249 years since Parson Avery was invited to come here. In spirit, certainly, he is the first minister of this church, and I am reluctant to admit that the storm which engulfed that family of ten as they were on their way to their new field, has robbed us of the right to consider him as your first religious teacher. When this town called him from Newbury he first hesitated at the sacrifice, then consented to come.

And away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

It was an apostolic choice made in your behalf, and while through the storm, "The soul of Parson Avery went singing to its rest," the influence of that devoted life must have done its work among the little stricken band, who were "Waiting on the mainland on the rocks of Marblehead."

. . . And your pastors have kept up the continuity of the Apostolic Faith. . . My father did not state his belief in just the same terms as John Barnard, or Mr. Williams in the same terms as Samuel Dana. But they have all, with possibly one brief exception, moved along the same line and built upon the same foundation. They were a succession of apostolic men. . . Prominent among those of more recent memory is Samuel Dana, wise, earnest, his prayers full of Christian flavor and regarded as the best preacher in the Association.

Many of you, I am sure, join with me in filial reverence for the

dear one latest removed from us, whose figure and whose character are clothed to me with the gracious dignity of an apostle as with the tender love of a father.

I have just come from the old Burial Hill, where the first meeting-house stood. It seemed almost a Pisgah height from which to look over into the future, to behold the next twelve pastors at work in their vineyards. I can wish for nothing better than that this succession may be like that which has preceded it, and that this may continue until the time of the apostolic reward, when all the centuries and their men and their works shall be gathered to the Eternity where the Past, the Present and the Future look each other in the face, where man is clothed with God's likeness, where God is all in all.

Mr. Richard Dana, a son of one of the pastors of the old church, in writing to his sister of the bi-centennial book she had sent him, says:—"I was especially pleased with Mr. Lawrence's discourse, entitled 'Apostolic Succession'. It is one of the best and most original applications of that term that I know of. Any minister who preaches the true Gospel of Christ, and faithfully ministers to the spiritual wants of his people, is a genuine Christian Apostle, even if he never wears a surplice, lawn sleeves, or an apron, or is called a bishop."

Instead of going to the Adirondacks this year, Edward, with his friend, Mr. Hall, took a trip into Maine.

Bangor, Aug. 14th, 1884.

We journeyed through Brunswick full of memories, and Augusta, full of suggestions, the Kennebec reminding me sometimes of the Hudson. I failed to see your friend, Mrs. Crosby, and Prof. Stearns was absent. Then I thought of Griffin, an old New Haven friend, pastor of one of the churches. We found him, and surprised enough to meet us. We all supped together, and then he took us through the rain to see Bangor. A nice city, nice people, nice society, nice churches, nice schools, nice sewerage, nice houses, nice furniture and pictures, nice women, nice teams, and nice stores. There isn't a nicer town in all the country, but no business!

Mattawaumkeag, Aug. 28th.

We had trout for breakfast, and on we went down the rapids and over the carries, till we came to this point where the river broadens out to a lake and where right among birch and spruce trees they have built our Sunday camp. We are coming to prefer our tent to the log camp. Everything has favored us. Running the rapids is a most exciting sport.

I was greatly disappointed that Edward failed to see Mrs. Eliza Crosby of Bangor, a friend of many years, and who was widely known as a writer of beautiful poems. On his second trip in Maine, however, he was fortunate in finding her. After his call to his heavenly home, she writes:—"No tongue, I am sure, can tell how great is your loss in the death of your noble son. I saw him only once, but shall never forget how his aspect and words impressed me. There could be no mistake about him. He was one of the men whom this poor world can ill spare. And what a treasure and glory he must have been to his father and mother."

After reading his book, she wrote,—“You must not suppose I have had any difficulty in deciding on the worth of *Modern Missions in the East*. I have read it, and read it, and read it again. It has been my special book ever since it came,—not merely a book, but an emanation from a pure and lovely mind. I feel a choking sensation, and tears come into my eyes when I read some pages. On the subject of Missions I have never seen anything equal to this book.”

Since that time, dear Mrs. Crosby has joined him in the better land.

Syracuse, Sept. 15th, 1884.

How well we have come through this past year, with all its recurring anniversaries, so saddening, yet so sweet! And now it is onward through God's world that we go, away from the past, yet to meet it again, renewed in the better world.

Syracuse, Oct. 6th, 1884.

You should see the box of delicious grapes sent me by dear Aunty Moses. . . . I have received from Bishop Hungington a pamphlet containing three of his lectures to theological students, on *Personal Christian Life in the Ministry*. It is very heart-searching and I have been reading it with great profit. I feel more and more the need of constant reliance on the inworking divine power. Any weakness in my work comes from the lack of that. "Without me, ye can do nothing." Prof. James has sent me an article of his on Determinism, which I am glad to see. I have also received a copy of the *Nation*, containing an article on the Election, with which I cannot agree. . . . We have merry times at our table; to-day, however, rather a dissentious time, for we were discussing the Salvation Army. They are being arrested in the

streets. We are very tolerant towards liquor saloons, but persecute the Salvationists.

Edward brought the matter into his pulpit, affirming that they did not break the peace any more than the passing of trains through the city, or the marching of political and commercial organizations. "Plymouth Church has heretofore opposed oppression and persecution, and should not remain silent, when they are in our midst. It will be easy for you to proceed against it. I cannot believe that the spirit of this Church has died out."

He also drew up a petition to the mayor, for the release of the Army, to which he procured the signatures of clergymen and leading citizens.

Syracuse, Oct. 27th.

Yesterday morning I exchanged with Dr. Thurber, and in the afternoon addressed the students of the University. In the evening I gave the annual address before the city Sunday School Association. I shall expect you Monday evening.

Edward had secured for our winter's residence a thoroughly furnished house on East Genesee Street. And as Mr. Moody was to hold services in the city, it was arranged that we should reach there in season to attend them. These services were held in the Armory, and were conducted with Mr. Moody's usual earnestness and spirituality, and also with his usual good common-sense and tact; and with the usual happy results.

Edward carried on his work with his wonted enthusiasm, as was testified by a religious weekly:—

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence of Syracuse is infusing new life into his large and important church. He is found everywhere in his extended parish, the young people especially catching the inspiration of his zeal, while his fostering attitude toward the new enterprises of our order in that rapidly growing city, proves the wisdom and unselfishness of his work.

Edward formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Rabbi Guttman of the Jewish Synagogue. And at one time, when Mr. Guttman had occasion to be in New York for a few

days, he called to inquire whether he would be willing to supply his pulpit. According to a journal:—

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, of Plymouth Church, preached in the Jewish Synagogue, on Saturday, to the great acceptance of the congregation worshipping there. Eighteen centuries ago, it was not usual for Christian ministers to preach to the great acceptance of Jewish congregations; but the world has moved considerably since that time.

The Rabbi, on his return, heard such a report of the sermon that he requested it for publication, and it appeared in one of their monthly journals.

Extracts follow from a letter with the signature

A. Guttman,

Rabbi Jewish Reformed Temple.

Syracuse, May 22nd, 1894.

My heart goes out in deep-felt sympathy to the mother of my good and noble friend, Lawrence. Weep not for him, for he who has lived so sublimely leaves a great lustre behind him. He speaks as eloquently now as ever, and his uninterrupted breath inspires a thousand lives. I love to think of him as a man of generous sympathies, clear-headed and noble-hearted, a lover of nature in all her varied forms, with lofty ideals, the eye of an artist, the soul of a poet, a heart as warm and tender as a child's, a philanthropist, patriot, teacher, and friend, who wept with the grief-stricken, rejoiced with the happy, and had a brother's word and a brother's hand for every one.

From the Rev. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*:—

It was at the New York State Association of Congregational Churches, at Oswego, in the fall of 1884, that I first met your son. It seemed at the time like an accident, but it proved to be, as I ought to have viewed it, a providence that threw us together for a week, eating, sleeping, chumming together in a strange place—neither of us having aught to do but to enjoy nature and human nature in a great convention together. I have never known another who with equal discrimination, courage, and good nature sized up men and their utterances. Traditions were prized but were never allowed to tyrannize. Honored names were revered but were never allowed to cover wrong in theory or practice. He thought for himself. He lived in the active present. He lived for the future rather than the past, and insisted firmly and fearlessly that both the past and the present must serve the future.

There were no members of his parish that interested the

pastor more than the children. And in public exercises when he could properly do it, he liked to set them to thinking.

On one such occasion he asked them questions about the fruit of a tree in a Scripture parable. In response to his inquiry as to what was done with the fruit, a boy replied, "They ate it." "That is true," the pastor assented, "but what else is done with it?" The children were silent for a moment and then a small boy on the front seat shouted triumphantly, "They *can* it." The laughter of pastor and people can be imagined.

CHAPTER XXI.

SYRACUSE, CONCLUDED.

Oh, these are they
Who on men's hearts with mightiest power can play—
The master-poets of humanity,
From heaven sent down to lift men to the sky.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

Syracuse, May 7th, 1885.

It seems hardly possible that the winter, with all its happenings, is past. Over and above its many burdens, it has been full of mercies. How needless is anxiety on our part! I thought of you all along, and imagined just when you were reaching Jersey City and Brooklyn. I know you will hunt up all your old and make many new friends. Thank Miss Morrill for her care of my mother. Mr. Kimball dined with us to-day, being very sorry that you had gone. I do thank you with all my heart for your thoughtfulness in that matter of our Poughkeepsie church debt.

May 25th.

To-day is taken up with matrimonial matters, and as the chaplain of the Bachelor's Club, I feel a grave responsibility. In the evening, after the wedding, we had a rare time following the social dinner. Mr. Ewers, president of the Club, introduced the toasts and every one of the eleven at the table made a response. The wit was keen and clean, the merriment great. We reached home at midnight, saying good-bye to No. 2 of the Club. Who will come next?

This unique Club was gradually dissolving, for as soon as one ceased to be a Cœlebs his membership, of course, ceased. From two of those who had thus left the ranks, a few words concerning their so-called chaplain are given. The first is from one who had joined Edward's church.

One of the things for which I am devoutly thankful is that I came under the influence of Mr. Lawrence at a critical time in my religious experience, and that through his earnest sympathy, his genuine Christian faith and his wise and kindly words, I was led back to the faith which had been obscured and imperilled by doubt.

To me the greatest traits of his noble life, so strangely cut short,

were his utter forgetfulness of self in doing for others and his sublime faith in God.

The other letter is from J. Scott Clark, who, although one of the Faculty of the Syracuse University, was an active worker in Edward's church.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Mr. Lawrence was the most Christlike man I have ever known. I used simply to marvel at times at his astonishing patience and fortitude. He was in the fullest and best sense of the word a scholar, yet he exemplified in a remarkable degree the fulfilment of the command to "do good and communicate." It is to me one of the strangest of all providences that one so eminently fitted to bless the world should be taken away, while so many thousands of useless men are left.

One who knew him well wrote, "He is regarded as one of the most accomplished scholars in Central New York, and ranks among the foremost preachers in the city. He is untiring in his efforts to build the church up spiritually and to develop a missionary spirit. His congregations are larger than when he came, and the prayer-meetings are much better attended, while the work among the young people is in every way most satisfactory."

Writes one of his young men:—

I remember Mr. Lawrence with the tenderest love as the only pastor who seemed to have a real, personal interest in me. And I shall never forget his great kindness and sympathy when my mother was taken from us. But I cannot express the feeling I had towards him, and shall always cherish.

Brief passages are given from the letters of one or two of his church members:—

"Your son's comforting words and kindly thoughtfulness at the time my mother was taken away endeared him beyond expression to our hearts. His memory is sacred."

"I have thought much of *all* the pastors of Plymouth Church, but to no one was there a stronger attachment than to your dear son. He was a model pastor."

June 7th.

On a recent visit from Prof. James, we spent the evening with a medium-exposer, who showed us many wonderful tricks.

Did I tell you about Pres. Ladd, the head of our new college at Santa Fe, and of an Indian School just started there? Last Sunday, we took dinner together at Mr. Burns's, and then drove out to the Indian Reservation, my first visit. The Methodists have been at work here for sixty years, and have a very pretty chapel and parsonage. The tribe is divided into two portions,—pagan and Christian, with the pagans in the majority. They have their Council house and keep up their dances, burning of the white dog, etc. Bad whiskey has much influence. They are a mixed, indolent, degraded race, more hurt than helped, so far, by contact with civilization. They have a beautiful tract of country, but the tribe needs to be broken up.

Next Sunday afternoon our Christian Workers Chorus of a hundred voices start a service of praise in the empire rink. It is an experiment to see what can be done for the masses.

Syracuse, June 29th, 1885.

I have been to Homer to deliver an address at the Academy. I was entertained by Deacon Hitchcock and his family, all broad, generous, Christian people. We had a delightful drive in the afternoon, and in the evening, after my address, we had a banquet at the hotel with toasts.

On Saturday came our Sunday School picnic. We rode an hour and a half on the West Shore Road to Beacon Beach on Oneida Lake, near a pine grove, where the children had a fine time.

A few days since, I had a delightful call on Mr. Calthrop, seeing the telescope, sun-spots and all.

Syracuse, July 4th, 1885.

I took tea, last night, with Andrus, and to-day have had a very quiet Fourth, taking dinner with Alf Myers in his pleasant home.

July 16th.

Last Monday, I started at half-past five, and walked seven miles to Jamesville where the Parmalees and Nortons are camping for two months in a beautiful grove beside a lake. I breakfasted with them, photographed and dined, and then set off for Pompey, a climb of six miles up the hill, which seemed lovelier than ever. Tuesday morning, despite the threatening rain, I started off over a succession of high ridges for Cazenovia, one of the loveliest villages on one of the finest lakes of Central New York. When within a mile or two of the place the rain poured down, and I was drenched. But I dried myself by a good fire in the laundry. I have been off with Dr. Spalding, who is here to look over the ground. You will see how well I am when I tell you that I walked twenty miles in all and without fatigue.

I am rejoiced to know that Brother Greeley is with you, which arrangement I hoped might come about.

Canandaigua Lake, Victoria Glen, July 20th, 1885.

Off again, you see. This time it is at Brother Eastman's camp, eight miles from Canandaigua,—a pleasant cottage under the trees, close to the lake.

A grand swimming party yesterday, and in the evening a row four miles off and a picnic in the glen.

I will plan to come home next Tuesday, and then I will do whatever you say. My time for the week is at your disposal.

It was during this visit that a letter came, which greatly moved him. This leads me to go back a few years.

While we were in Poughkeepsie, Edward became much interested in Frank Luckey, a young man of decidedly musical and also dramatic talent, and who was betrothed to a young lady of our parish. While Frank was at Cornell University, Edward visited him there and found the intention he had cherished of becoming an actor confirmed.

Sometime after Edward's removal to Syracuse, he was summoned to Poughkeepsie to perform the marriage ceremony of his young friends. Not long after, the troupe with which Mr. Luckey was connected went to Syracuse to fill an engagement there on Saturday evening. During the day he called, but my son was away in his study. I invited him to attend church with us the next morning and to dine with us afterwards.

Mr. Luckey attended church again in the evening, and in walking home with me he spoke most warmly of my son, not mainly as a preacher, but of his daily life, and the influence thus exerted.

It was while Edward was at home, in 1885, that he received the letter of which mention has been made. It was from Frank Luckey, telling him that he had become a Christian, and desired to prepare for the ministry. I cannot forget the emotion he showed at this tidings. Arrangements were soon made for Frank to enter the theological department of Yale University, and he is now a settled pastor in New Haven.

A few extracts follow from a letter of Mr. Luckey's, since Edward's departure:—

My reminiscences of your dear son and my cherished friend

evade being put into the rigid dress of words. As well might I try to bottle sunshine. But I will say that the memory of my walks with him along the Hudson and the nearer memory of vacation days in the Adirondacks are to me the brightest and most helpful moments of my life. His was so large, so peaceful, so elevated a nature, that something of that largeness, that peace, that elevation entered into my own soul to live there forever. He was one of the most influential of the factors that led, under God, to my entering the Gospel Ministry. My walks with him were windows for me into the Christian life. With him, I saw what it was to be a Christian, although it was not for many years afterward that I entered into that life.

Some one has said that Ruskin taught him to see. I can truly say that Mr. Lawrence taught me to see the beauty of the Christian life by living it before my eyes. I learned to love Christ through him, because I loved the Christian life in him. He made the gentleness, the helpfulness, the power of the Christ visible to me. I was your son's "Timothy."

After a few days at Linden Home, Edward started for the Adirondacks, making a brief visit at Champlain, and thence to Plattsburg, where his friend, Mr. Hall joined him.

Champlain, August 4th, 1885.

It seemed a long ride yesterday, and I was glad when I reached the station at nine o'clock, to find Allie Watson there. I met the warmest greetings from the Stetsons, and at a late hour went to sleep in my old room. I feel the power of old associations, to which you are so susceptible, more here, I think, than elsewhere, partly, perhaps, because it was my first parish.

I will drop a line before we enter the woods. I am so glad to have spent that week with you. Our walks and talks are very dear to me.

The Ausable Pond, Aug. 9th, 1885.

This lake has never seemed grander in its mountain belt, than yesterday afternoon when we came into it from Elk Lake. But as I was ready to give myself up to the beauty of the scene, it was discovered that our boat was leaking badly. And since I must bale it out, I could hardly turn an eye from my work. Thus do the necessities of life conflict with its desires!

Saturday Morning.

I wish I could give you an idea of last night at Elk Lake. There was no moon, but clear starlight. As the twilight faintly lingered, we rowed to the middle of the small lake and floated there, while we sang our Scotch songs. More and more vivid grew the scene. The lake is shut in by mountains of various heights and shapes, except at one end where there is a slight rise in the land. There was not a breath of air. The stars sparkled above and beneath us. The water disappeared. We were simply hanging in mid air between an upper and lower heaven unsupported in an immensity

of brightening space, as if we were at the very centre of a vast sphere, bespangled at every point. Around us lay the dark mountains that hemmed us in. The form and the shadow were indistinguishably blended into one, so that above and beneath we saw but one black ragged belt that encircled us, itself being within this starry sphere. There it was, a great, ominous girdle walling us in, while we floated in space, everywhere else so radiant. No language can describe the effect. It joined the two hemispheres of light, yet was within them as they seemed to stretch far away beyond it. Only at one point the cincture dwindled down into narrowness. Here was the single hope of escape if we ever escaped from its relentless grasp. I shall always remember that night.

Adirondack Village.

We have had a siege of rain. The brook near our camp rose to a torrent and finally threatened the camp itself. We built a dam and watched. But when the brook had fallen, the lake rose and spread all over the ground. The hollow where the camp fire had been was filled with water, serving as a bath tub to step into in the morning, you see. Our fire we protected by a bark covering. But we went to the boughs after dark and had a good night's rest. I kept in mind your last injunction, not to get wet. And every time I stepped into the swamp over my boots, I thought of it, but what could I do? And when the shower came down like big guns, I thought of it, but what could I do?

Lake House, Long Lake, Aug. 18th.

The question was whether we should come here by our old route over the road, long, muddy and wearisome, or should keep our guide and make a wild trip down Cold River, through the thickest of the wilderness. As Saturday morning dawned clear, we concluded on the latter, replenished our provisions, sent my camera on to Long Lake by a chance conveyance and sallied forth into unexplored regions. We had a trail for about a mile, then all signs of man ceased and we pressed through the forest, guided only by the stream and the sun. The streams were swollen, and when we came to one too deep for wading, we made our own bridge. Our guide would cut down a tall tree so that it fell across the stream, and we could pass over safely. Sometimes we had to make our way painfully through fallen timber. Our pedometer registered the distance, but rather uncertainly in such walking. At the junction of two rivers, we dined on bread, pork and coffee, and by four o'clock we had reached what is called the head of the Stillwater, where the river, which has been rushing over stony beds, suddenly settles down for two or three miles into a deep calm. As we had been advised to float or raft it down the Stillwater, our guide looked for a boat, but without success. Just then we came across a collection of logs evidently cut down for the building of a camp. Here was our chance. One by one, six heavy logs, by the united strength of all three were lifted into the water.

Four of these were of spruce, one balsam and one cedar, which

floated the best. Then, with withes and some of Mr. Hall's straps, they were bound to cross pieces at each end. A long setting pole was cut. Now how many will the raft float? Only two, surmises the guide.

The haversacks are carefully stowed away. I embark and then Mr. Hall. It just floats us. When the guide adds his two hundred pounds, it begins to sink. "You pole it down and I will work along the shore." So we set forth. By that time it is after six and is getting dark in the woods. The new moon, however, shows itself. Soon the current ceases, the water grows deep, the setting pole is of no use. We must row the clumsy craft along. But there is only the pole which Mr. Hall holds, and a round stick I managed to pick up. The great danger is that we may find the stream becomes a narrow lake, blocked by trees. The darkness increases, we slowly drift along making a mile in from one to two hours. Every moment it grows more strange and weird. The shores are lined with swampy forests, whose black shadows make the gloom of the river more intense. We are barely floating on the surface of the water, and as we wind along the various turns in the woods, the moon shows and then hides itself, ever sinking lower in the heavens. It seems as if we had embarked on an interminable voyage, creeping along no one could tell where, to reach there, no one could tell when. It must have been nine o'clock when, after repeated calls to our guide, we at last heard his voice, and slowly swinging around a sweep in the river, saw a camp fire's blazing welcome. Then we sang our canoe song.

But alas, when we reached land, we found our guide simply swamped, that is, his movement checked by a swale in front of him. We were just at the foot of the Stillwater, and could hear the rushing of the rapids close by. Once caught in them, the raft would be unmanageable. It seemed best for two to go on in the dark beyond the swale, and then for one to return on the raft for the third. Which was done, I being the third. Just as I landed, the last to step off, the raft glided away under my feet, and slipped down stream. We were left in the dark we knew not where, our sole reliance gone, and with them the precious straps. There was wild talk for a moment of plunging in to swim for the raft, but that was speedily negatived. What was our dismay to discover that we were really left on a little island, a few feet long, separated from the land by a deep channel in which we soon heard our guide wading. I followed on in desperation. But all in the dark as it was, I know not how, but by some means, using the alder boughs which formed a thicket about us for a footing, I walked across as on a bridge. Mr. Hall coming after, waded in nearly up to the waist. At last we were on land. But how did that help us? We had been assured that Mr. Platt, of Long Lake, had a camp at the foot of the Stillwater, and that was where we were. We discovered a blind trail which we tried to follow up hill and down hill, along the shore. But it was nearly pitch dark, and how could we find anything? Happy thought! Out came my little photographic lamp, and in half

an hour or more it guided us back and forth, through woods and thickets. But though there were trails many, no camp. At last we struck the logs of an old deserted shanty. It was no place to sleep, but the logs would make a good fire and water was close at hand. Here then, we decided to pass the night.

It was now eleven o'clock Saturday evening. First a fire, then our supper, pork, tea and pancakes. How good they tasted! Then the axe cleared away a little space in the young maple thicket about us. Log after log was drawn into a heap and a roaring fire started. Boughs were cut and spread on the ground, rubber put under and over us, and there at about one o'clock, Sunday morning, a weary but thankful trio, with no cover over their heads, but fire for their feet, lay down to rest, and sleep too. Early in the morning, we found our raft close at hand, and later a camp where we moved and passed a delightful Sunday.

Monday morning we were off bright and early. By trail all the way through splendid forests and along the dashing river which we had to ford in one place, going up to our knees. Four miles more of fine forest road brought us to Long Lake. We quickly found a boat and by six o'clock were eight miles up the lake, to our old home. How good to see the *Nannie O.* and to get your letters! You may be sure that I have had many thoughts of my last visit here, when I was summoned home.

Among the results of Edward's labors for Plymouth Church was the substitution of free sittings with voluntary contributions for pew-rentals, the introduction of the method for systematic giving, and the forming of a young people's society that he named the Society for Christian Service, which later, however, was changed to the Christian Endeavor Society.

He entered warmly into the Temperance cause, preaching, working and voting for Prohibition.

Deeply interested in the rapidly growing city, he earnestly favored every plan for missions in different sections, which should grow into churches.

As stated in a Syracuse paper, "During Mr. Lawrence's pastorate, and with his cordial support, three new Congregational churches were established, forty-nine members of Plymouth going out to these new fields of work. Since then, over one hundred persons have been added to the membership of the parent church,—a permanent gain in numbers."

Syracuse, Sept. 14th, 1885.

I have just come in from Mrs. Smyth's, and our winter-home is settled. I am much pleased with the house and think you will be. It is quite near Dr. Creegan's, where I have had a delightful home in your absence.

The house was owned by Mr. W. S. Smyth, formerly a teacher in the city, but now at the head of the Chicago branch of the D. C. Heath Company, and whom both the son and his mother held in high regard.

The meeting of the American Board this year was in Boston. And another event of peculiar interest to Edward took place during the same month. This was the marriage of his birthday sister, Röslein, as he often called her. Some extracts are given from an account of it that appeared in the New York *Evangelist*, with the signature,

“One of the wedding guests” :—

WEDDING DAY AT LINDEN HOME, MARBLEHEAD.

Notwithstanding many fears on account of the rain of the previous day, the auspicious morning of Wednesday, Oct. 7th, dawned crisp and clear. The slight chill in the air was dispelled by the glowing, old-fashioned fire on the hearth, with back-log and fore-sticks worthy of Yule-tide, built upon ancient brass andirons, a century heirloom.

It is seldom that a pleasanter party, or one more unique in character and circumstance, gather for a wedding, than that assembled on this occasion at Linden Home.

The stately old mansion, under its great protecting trees, crowns one of the hills of the quaint and historic Marblehead, with its uneven and labyrinthine streets, and its wild, rocky, artist-haunted shores, and its lovely bay dotted with sails, the blue ocean gleaming in the distance.

The house, built by “King Hooper” nearly a century and a quarter ago, but which shows no traces of old age, lent itself with all readiness to the youth and beauty of the occasion. The spacious rooms were decorated with vines and autumn leaves, while here and there clusters of red berries and long barberry wreaths brightened the scene, the whole harmonizing with the Oriental landscape hangings, too rarely seen in these modern days.

A large number of relatives and friends from Eastern and Western Massachusetts, from New York State and Ohio, had been drawn together—a delightful commingling of Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, Unitarian, Methodist, Quaker and Armenian thought and sentiment.

This company had assembled to witness the marriage of William

Wallace Nims, M. D., of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Anna Dana Lawrence, daughter of the late Dr. Edward A. and Margaret Woods Lawrence.

The ceremony was performed by the brother of the bride, the Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, pastor of Plymouth Church, Syracuse, assisted by the Rev. Francis B. Hall of Plattsburg, N. Y., and the Rev. S. D. Hosmer of Auburn, Massachusetts, one of the large circle of relatives.

A marked feature of the occasion was the naturalness and simplicity of the arrangements, as if the company gathered, instead of being formal visitors expecting and bringing display, were one large, united and agreeable family.

In one of the alcoves stood the bust of Leonard Woods, the grandfather, with benignant countenance, and on the wall opposite, wreathed with vines and crowned with a sheaf of wheat, hung the picture of the sainted father, whose natal day had been chosen as the bridal one, and whose fragrant memory hallowed the occasion, as his face looked upon his child. Who can say that his spirit was not near, sharing the chastened joyfulness of the hour?

There was a prosperous Browning Club in Syracuse, which Edward greatly enjoyed, and of which he was president for a year. By getting through *Sordello* without going to pieces, it proved itself worthy to live.

A member of this Club, Miss Aria Huntington, a daughter of the good Bishop, writes Edward's mother:—

As president of the Browning Club and leader in debates, Mr. Lawrence was most happy in drawing out the various views and divergencies of opinion which made our circle quite a remarkable one. He was ready to meet cordially those who in fundamentals were most widely separated from himself. I cannot recall an instance of impatience or criticism on his part even in the most excited controversy. Yet every one, I am sure, recognized how unfaltering was his adherence to his own faith. He never belittled anything essential, although in keen sympathy with the liberal in poetry and art.

Those of us who recall the days when he was with us, often say that the spirit in which he sought for truth was more exalted than that of most critics, and his Christian faith shone out in all he said.

Our pleasantest readings were in the study of *Sordello*, elucidating its obscurities, studying its history of the times and discussing its philosophy. When we reached the end,—the young minister cut off in the midst of his career—we little thought that Mr. Lawrence himself would lay down his life before he had reaped the harvest.

The lesson of *Sordello* is the incompleteness of achievement, even in one who has the highest aim, and the mystery why goes unsolved. It is only made very apparent that what is unfinished, imperfect, broken here, is the arc of the great circle of eternity.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's heaven for?

It was a diminished household that in the fall of 1885 took possession of the house Edward had provided in Irving Street. But his sister, now Mrs. Dr. Nims, was not far off, and with the horse and buggy which she drove herself, communication was frequent.

It took a little time, however, to overcome the trepidation one felt at riding in Syracuse, there being twenty miles of railway running through it, and eighty-one street crossings, several of them in the very heart of the city.

As Archdeacon Farrar was in our country giving lectures upon Browning, Edward was able to arrange for an address from him before the Syracuse Browning Club, with the pleasure of entertaining him as a guest.

In his lecture, which every one enjoyed, Dr. Farrar spoke in the most glowing terms of the great poet's belief in the Incarnation, quoting striking passages in illustration.

The next morning, at the request of Chancellor Sims, he addressed the students of the Syracuse University. As he left, the boys struck up a college song,

Here's to the health of Canon Farrar,
Drink her down, drink her down.

The Canon, catching the drift, smiled pleasantly.

When speaking with him of his total abstinence habits, he remarked, "I was brought to it for the sake of my poor of St. Margaret's parish,"—a beautiful instance of Christian charity.

While Edward read the writings of Henry Drummond with deep interest, he ventured to make some criticisms on his book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. He did this in an essay which was read before the Central Association, and afterwards was published in the *Andover Review*, July, 1886. Previous to this, however, at the request of Rev. Mr. Davis of Pulaski, he loaned him the essay in

manuscript. And extracts follow from the letter of Mr. Davis concerning it:—

“On my theory, Mr. Drummond has got ‘the cart before the horse,’ as it should be not Natural Law in the Spiritual World, but Spiritual Law in the Natural World.

“The admirable definition you give of law as ‘the orderly working of a supreme will’ explains the whole thing. This, and this alone, can give the true solution. The Spiritual underlies, informs, determines the Natural. As you well say, the terms ‘supernatural, and natural’ are liable to mislead, and that physical and spiritual are better.

“Please accept my thanks for the opportunity of perusing your admirable critique which has given me so great satisfaction.”

Edward entered warmly into all his mother’s friendships and desired me to bring my early correspondence with Louisa Payson, the older sister of Elizabeth Prentiss, and the wife of Prof. Albert Hopkins of Williams College. After her death her sister returned my letters, and in the evenings Edward read aloud the correspondence, a sort of history of our young, romantic days, in which the Willis family, Richard H. Dana, the poet, his brother-in-law, Washington Allston, the painter, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley and Margaret Fuller, editors of the *Dial*, and leaders in the Brook Farm Community, were prominent figures.

Edward was desirous that his mother should look over and select from her family and other correspondence, the letters suitable for preservation and put them into folios which he procured for her.

Edward warmly appreciated the generous assistance, sympathetically and financially, that his mother had received in her anti-tobacco crusade from Elizur Wright, the well-known reformer, and a wideawake member of the American Forestry Association. One of his chief reasons

for making his home in the beautiful Middlesex Fells was to preserve the forest from destruction till there was public spirit enough to secure it as a park for Boston. At one of his Forest Festivals, in pursuance of this object, and which was attended by prominent men, John G. Whittier and Theodore Weld were present by their written words.

Whittier says:—"With my whole heart I rejoice in the movement which promises much for the beauty, healthfulness and true wealth of the country. In a few years Boston and the suburbs will greatly need such a breathing place as the Middlesex Fells."

And Theodore Weld exhorts:—"Muster all you can to the rescue of the forests. If this universal vandalism that sweeps them down millions of acres every year can't be stopped, and that speedily, the life of the whole nation is sapped; and a century more will drag it to death's door. Blessings on your Middlesex Fells Association! Ring the alarm bells long and loud."

Edward was greatly interested in the personal history of Elizur Wright, who was an avowed Free Thinker. As a young man, although at one time he thought he was converted, he could not give his signature to the Confessions of Faith common in those days, containing harsh presentations of certain dogmas. Yet in spite of this, he labored as a colporteur, and intended to be a minister. But "through my studies," he writes, "I was led into the Creed Factories of the Old World, which quite knocked the bottom out of my faith."

Yet this man so lived that any one not knowing his unbelief would have assumed that he was a Christian. He was emphatically a doer of righteousness. Said Theodore Weld, whose name is everywhere honored, and who knew him intimately for a life-time, "If there be a person whose spirit, example and life have embodied more of the law of love, the Golden Rule and the practical unselfishness of the Sermon

on the Mount than was lived out by Elizur Wright,—him or her I have never seen.”

The impression he made on his own family who saw him daily was such, that one of his daughters remarked after he had passed from earth, that “if there was a hell and her father had been sent there,—of one thing she was certain, and that was that he had made a heaven of it.”

Edward also knew that Mr. Wright read with genuine appreciation books suggested to him by a friend, such as Mungers’ *Defence of the Faith* and that incomparable book by Edmund Sears,—*The Gospcl of St. John, or the Heart of Christ*.

On all accounts he was desirous to become acquainted with Mr. Wright, so that he was quite ready to accept an invitation to make a visit with me to Middlesex Fells, and pass the night there. The time arranged was July, 1884, when he was coming on to attend the Bi-Centennial at Marblehead.

Of this visit his daughter writes:—

“Father drove us all over his Fells in the afternoon, and the evening we spent at my brother’s. When we got home, and there was no one to care for the horse, your son insisted on relieving father of the task. Father also showed him his bird books, the glacial scratches, and the action of the ages upon his granite.”

Edward greatly enjoyed this visit. The impression as to his religious position that Elizur Wright made upon him is indicated by the following letter written to his daughter a little more than a year after.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1885.

My Dear Miss Wright:—

I am sure you know that the news which came from your home to us yesterday has filled our hearts with sorrow. I found my mother in tears, as I went to her, and the tears are still in her heart. Your father had been the very best of friends, and our path will be the more lonely, because he has gone to join the great majority.

But you know to us there is a deathless hope at the heart of

every such sorrow. Your father was a passionate seeker and lover of the truth, and of the truth he must be gaining ever larger vision. So I was assured when my own father left us, and that confident assurance makes the separation seem but brief. I delight to think of your father as in the hands of Him who is Infinite Love as well as Perfect Law, and whose "eye seeth every precious thing."

It is very little surely that we can see, but we too can see the preciousness of such a life as his, and God sees and cares as much as we do, at least as much. There was an "inward man" within him which ripened and grew ever more full of life while the "outward man" decayed and finally perished. It was that "inward man" that we all loved, and it is that so precious part we commit to God who gave it.

Trusting that the Divine consolation and assurances may be with you, I am

Yours in sympathy,
Edward A. Lawrence.

Below is given what appeared in the *Syracuse Daily Journal*, on Dec. 14th, 1885:—

Following the morning sermon in Plymouth Congregational church yesterday, the pastor, Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, addressed the following words to the congregation:—

"When two years ago you called me to come to this church, I was led to see in the call the voice of God, and though bound to a loving people, by common trusts and sacrifices, and though having then, as I have now, the consciousness which is always the deepest sorrow of any minister's life that God's precious gifts to man are contained in an earthen vessel, I went forth feeling sure that God had given me a work among you; that he had given me a message which I had no choice but to fulfil. Since that coming I have had no cause to regret it. I have felt sure that God is doing his own work, that nothing is in vain, that even our weakness he will use for the glory of his kingdom. Now, with equal clearness, reluctance and sorrow I am led to the conclusion that God calls me to leave you, that I can better serve his kingdom and his church by going from you than by staying here. I therefore have to announce that at the proper time and in the proper way, I shall ask you to accept my resignation of the pastorate of Plymouth church, to take effect between the 1st of April and the 1st of May. I have told you, so long before, that we may make the best of my short pastorate and that by the spirit of God we may so labor together that there shall be more saved and more brought into the love of Christ, so that we shall know well that our last days are the best. I therefore, friends, and you have, indeed, become friends to me, entreat you to make way for the Lord, to put away all things that can hinder His coming, to deem nothing too great a cost, that so be Christ may be glorified. I can exhort you in no better way than in the words of the Apostle, 'Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good

to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers, and grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption; let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice, and be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' ”

A little more than two months later appeared the following, which may be regarded as supplementary:—

After the sermon at Plymouth church, yesterday morning, Rev. E. A. Lawrence, the pastor, read this letter:

In accordance with my announcement of December 13, I hereby tender the resignation of my position as pastor of Plymouth church, the same to take effect at the close of the last Sunday in March. I request the church and society to act upon this resignation at their meetings next Wednesday, and also to call a council to ratify their acceptance.

For the sake of those who wish to know the reason of this course, I will say that it is not in haste or discontent or simple discouragement; not from any personal deprivation or personal experience, nor for any personal reason whatever that this step has been taken. It is not because of my health, which was never better, nor because of any wish to leave the pastorate, which I never loved more, nor because of the desire for travel, which I hold subordinate to the claims of home work. The decisive reasons which have led to this action relate wholly to God's kingdom, affecting the welfare of this church and my own present and future usefulness. It has been made plain that in the pastoral relations existing between us there has been a lack of certain conditions which are essential to healthy growth and aggressive co-operation. This discovery has left but one path open. All other considerations have had only symptomatic and confirmatory force.

I do not find it easy to part with this church and city. In even so short a time many bonds of attachment have been formed which it is hard to break. And the varied experience of the past two years has made it seem, on the whole, the most profitable period, to myself, of my ministry. For Plymouth church I have had large desires. Would that I could have done more! What has been done and sought is in the hands of God, who will test and judge. In leaving you I have no deeper longing than that this church may be thoroughly fitted to deliver God's message and do God's work in this community, which, like every other, can be saved only by the self-forgetting outreaching sympathies and ministries of a church full of vital piety, intensely loyal to its Lord, agonizing for the salvation of the world.

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE.

To Plymouth Church and Society.
Syracuse Feb. 28, 1886.

It may not be amiss to quote a few passages from a letter,

by Rev. Dr. Packard, his able and beloved successor, who knew him only during his later years:—

He impressed me as a wide-awake, loving, active human being, very much in the world he inhabited, seeing its beauties and entering into them simply and heartily. A scholar by instinct and habit, he was yet an out-of-doors man. A very companionable man he was, could tell a story well, and was always himself, whether in the humble kitchen of the working woman, or in the parlors at the meetings of the Browning Club.

As a Christian, he impressed one with his cheerful faith in his Saviour and his unselfish devotion to him. His attitude seemed to be:—"I am serving Christ with joy. Come and join me." I think that to an unusual degree he directed his life towards Christ, rather than towards men or even the church. As a minister, he had no private ends to serve through his high office, no artifices through which he made it serve his own ambitions. The ministry was not an instrument of his own power. This led him to push out along new lines which were not always acceptable to his fellow-workers. He was not only a theorist about advanced practical work, but a practical man who did what he felt might be done and ought to be done. The conditions under which he came to Plymouth church were peculiar, and while he had wise plans for the good of his people, he could not accomplish what he had set his heart upon. But he made my own work much easier.

Of course I could not be a stranger to his beautiful devotion to his mother and sister,—a devotion which no contemplated change in his own condition would have affected.

Edward was never more active in his labors for the church and the community than after his announcement of his contemplated resignation.

He had always been greatly interested in foreign missions, and he felt that he could devote his coming freedom from pastoral cares to no better purpose than a round-the-world journey, for the express purpose of studying the mission work of the various denominations. But he would not decide on this without the hearty concurrence of his mother. Finding, however, that, although he was her greatest earthly reliance, she was in warm sympathy with him, he entered on a careful preparatory study of the broad field.

From the report of Edward's last morning sermon in Plymouth Church, a few extracts are given:—

I have endeavored to say the needed thing at the needed time, dur-

ing my pastorate, and as a result, I have very little to say of the past to-day. The main thought in my heart, this morning, is one of gratitude that my pastorate closes with good feeling. I am thankful for all good wishes and prayers that will wing me on my way. . . .

There are in every church things that are dangerous, things which you must know in order to meet, tendencies more than results, and I charge you to keep your eyes fixed upon Christ. Do not be discouraged. Fight against the obstacles that rise up to check God's work in his church. The educative and evangelistic work must go on together. Do not let an issue form between the social and financial and spiritual sections of the church. It is sometimes difficult to keep the spiritual in the front, but there it should be kept. The struggle of this century is what might be termed an industrial and social struggle. Competition and co-operation in business should be more nearly allied. Perhaps the church will be the means of showing how labor and capital can be combined. God is coming down among us.

"In the evening, Mr. Lawrence spoke of his plans in his prospective tour around the world, 'The great question of all ages has been the kingdom of God, and the spread of his kingdom in missionary work. The prospect of studying this work seems opening before me and I feel in leaving you that I have accepted a larger commission,—one that stretches around the world, not given by man, but by God, as I believe he leads me. My view of the missionary work is to be personal, and not restricted by the plans of any one society.'"

He had many hearers from outside. Among these was Mr. Charles D. B. Mills, the efficient secretary of the Syracuse Charitable Organization Society, a most genial and scholarly man, with his accomplished wife. They were both prominent members of the Browning Club, in which Edward's interest continued to the last. Their letters, showing how warmly they appreciated him, were most grateful to his mother.

Mr. Mills writes:—

We first met Mr. Lawrence soon after he arrived in this city to take the pastorate in one of our largest and most flourishing churches. He was promptly invited to and accepted membership in the Browning Club here. We were from the beginning very favorably impressed by the appearance of this young minister. In-

vited to read some selections from the poet, he surprised and delighted us all by his admirable manner. Such naturalness, simplicity, yet finish and power, the accomplished mastery in true art, and deep impressions withal, showing clearly that he entered into and knew the thought of his author, and had full ability to express it. What he saw, he enabled us also clearly to see; what Browning wrote and meant to say, he had the gift to read and to render.

We found also that in the conversations and the discussions which at some length we not seldom held, he was well at home; he had considered and thought the way out to proximate solution on certain of the most subtle and perplexing themes. Earnest, candid, open-minded, he appeared a catholic and progressive spirit, yearning most of all and everywhere for the true and the real.

When after a time he resigned his charge in this city, and announced his decision to spend some time in making a circuit of the globe, visiting the peoples of the Orient that he might study them in their manner, their type of civilization, and most of all their religions, Mrs. Mills and myself repaired to his church in which he was to give some account of his purposes. He said, that for one thing, while looking to learn what Christianity might have for the other faiths, supplementing them where they lacked, he also desired to ascertain what those others might have, if anything, wherefrom to supplement Christianity. It seemed to us an eminently catholic and worthy purpose, one not easy to find in an evangelical Protestant clergyman.

After Mr. Lawrence's return, I did not see him on any occasion when I could confer with him freely of the impression he received from contact with the Oriental mind. He expressed much interest, however, in finding and conferring with the Theosophists of India, and the more eminent and representative of the Buddhistic teachers. I always believed that so open and catholic a spirit as he was, he would see and feel the superior truth and beauty found in the inculcations of that exalted saint and prophet who founded the religion that has been so widely accepted in Asia, and for centuries and milleniums now has borne his name.

The image of that bright and exhilarating face, that beaming, saintly soul, will remain with all that knew him, a hint fresh and everlasting of the bounty and the beauty that has looked down from the skies, and poured its blessing upon men.

From Mrs. Harriet A. Mills:—

I shall always cherish the impression that Mr. Lawrence made upon me in the Browning Club. His radiant and benignant face is still fresh and distinct as when it beamed and glowed while he read with wonderful expression some beautiful passage, or interpreted and brought out some of the deep, hidden meanings. Then, too, his rulings and decisions were always fair and wise. That was one of our best winters when he presided. Thankful too I am that we heard him on that last memorable evening in Plymouth church. It was pathetic to think of his going off so far. But his

enthusiasm and broad, aesthetic spirit inspired with hope and cheer.

In his purpose to visit missions of all denominations, Edward included the Catholic Missions. He therefore sought introductions from Catholic friends, and among them from Father Metcalf, with whom he had become acquainted in Rome. He finally obtained what he desired and thus was enabled to accomplish his purpose.

Abundance of evidence came to Edward of the warm regard in which he was held by his ministerial brethren in the state.

Of this evidence only one instance is given in a single passage from a letter to him by Rev. Mr. Eastman, at that time in Canandaigua:—

“I am pained beyond power to tell at the thought of losing you. But I do hope we may have you still in New York state.”

After Edward’s departure, Mr. Eastman’s wife, Rev. Annis Eastman writes:—

“We all remember your son with gratitude and love. He made a lasting impression upon the children and on a chance caller. He was my ideal of a Christian man. His prayer at morning worship in our home was so simple and direct, like the natural speech of a loving son to a father, that it would hardly have seemed strange if God’s voice had been heard in reply.

“But for you, dear friend, what can I say? You are rich in memories and hopes, but the days as they come and go must be heavy indeed.”

Writes a well-known clergyman:—

“At an anniversary of the church about the time of Dr. Lawrence’s departure from earth, the one thing which was made more prominent, perhaps, than anything else was the fact that Plymouth Church had sent out several colonies, and become the mother of flourishing churches.

“I knew Dr. Lawrence intimately during his pastorate in Syracuse, and a more transparent, beautiful Christian character I believe it would be impossible to find in the ministry or out of it.”

Edward's mother had gathered from far and near a large marine mail for his three weeks' passage in a Pacific steamer, which she smuggled into his trunk. These were sorted in little parcels and the day on which they were to be read marked upon them. There was a ladies' day, a ministers' day, a children's day and a deacons' day, the last, by arrangement to be opened on a day when at the prayer-meeting in Plymouth Church he would be particularly remembered.

For his bodily comfort, she made him a nightgown, closed at the bottom like a bag to protect him against mosquitoes and other insect foes. He was also supplied with a case containing needles, thread, and all the appliances necessary for doing his own mending.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Caroline A. Mason.

An account of the gathering of the deacons at the station with other friends was brought back to the mother by Nelson H. Strong, a dear friend to whose care Edward committed her. It was by an evening train that he started on his westward way. And there came the next morning from Rochester a postal card written on the cars:—

En route, 8.05 P. M.

I cannot realize it and I shall not try to. I am going on a short trip to California,—my long-delayed visit. Let the rest come after that. Mr. Strong is a treasure and will be as true, I am sure, as the beautiful compass he gave me. Those were precious lines from you. You are a brave woman, and will always be so, I am sure. It was a cordial group at the station.

From Ned.

From the letters and journal descriptive of Edward's journeyings only a few scattered passages can be given:—

Here I am in great, bright, wicked Chicago, about three-quarters of whose 700,000 inhabitants are actually foreigners by birth. Yesterday I visited the Board of Trade and saw the intense excitement, the jargon, the Babel of Mammon, the worship of Lord Wheat, its devotees flinging out their prayers with their fingers, the uplifted hand of their devotion, a finger pointing for each eighth of a penny, more or less, a bushel. How shall such a city be ruled? What a problem!

From Utah.

I wonder how near our Eastern people are coming to see what I have never before fully understood, that the secret, central evil of Mormonism is not *polygamy* but *hierarchy*, and that the iniquitous system can be extirpated only by measures which shall break up the authority and destroy the influence of the priesthood. Polygamy is

the cement to hold Mormons together. It is the bond which implicates them in a common guilt and crime, uniting in a common defence those liable to common penalties. It raises a war-cry, a quasi-religious banner, opposition to which may be called persecution, thus diverting attention from the real issue and source of danger.

All the same, it is to-day only a pretext. Mormonism is a system of politico-ecclesiastical despotism. Within its own territory it can tolerate no other sway. And it aspires to extend that territory, first, over the whole of the Rocky Mountain region, and then far beyond. The claims of the Pope of Rome to temporal sovereignty are not so exclusive as those of the Mormon priesthood. These claims conflict with the very spirit of our American institutions. They add priestly tyranny to the evils of political demagogism. They can be overcome only by attacking the hierarchy in its citadel. Remove all political power from every adherent to a polygamous system, and it must break down or depart.

En route from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles.

Where do you think we breakfasted? At a private ranch owned and occupied by the Del Valle family,—among the earliest original Spanish settlers. We seemed to have dropped down into Spain. We had a good breakfast, waited on by the sister-in-law of Senator Del Valle, with half a dozen young Spanish girls floating around as if they had just dropped down from the Middle Ages.

But there was an interest about the place, deeper than all one saw. This ranch is the scene of Ramona. "Yes," they said; "Mrs. Jackson spent half an hour here one day,"—evidently aggrieved that she did not stay longer and see more. "Have you read the book?" "No; she sent us a copy, but we haven't read it yet."

To me all the wonderful scenes of that creative imagination came up vividly, and gave the whole a thrilling charm.

San Francisco.

It is certain that the attempt to tyrannize over the employers of California by the boycott conspiracy is producing a widespread reaction, especially in the interior, where the mind of the common people is more truly voiced by the press. Several country newspapers are beginning to denounce the anti-Chinese boycott with vigor and success.

The cry of philanthropy is sometimes raised. Chinese labor is called serf-labor. I cannot see that this cry springs from any special care for the Chinese. It certainly is as foolish as it is false. These "aliens" are in no sense serfs, nor do they belong to any system of peonage. Their passage money is often advanced to be repaid in instalments. They frequently labor under contract, which may be oppressive. But the philanthropic way is to stop, not the Chinese but the contracts. A strict prohibition of the importation of contract labor, if enforced along this coast as well as along the Atlantic, would remedy many evils.

More genuine is the cry of patriotism, which objects to them because, while they crowd out our own people, they are not proper immigrants, but merely imported laborers, who do not become citizens or residents, and form here no homes or home ties. This undoubted fact, if a loss and an evil on the one side, is a safeguard on the other,

against their too great predominance on the coast. But it intensifies the sense of their aloofness and incongruity with us, and however much it ignores the actual benefits they confer, must be taken account of in estimating public opinion.

These elements then,—race antipathy, competitive jealousy, socialistic schemings, political ambitions and local irritation—are the main factors in the present agitation. They may take the noblest form of moral reprobation, of patriotic apprehension and zeal, of statesman-like precaution and missionary endeavor for the good of both races, or they may flow forth in the ravings of demagogues and stump orators, in the resolutions of anti-Chinese, non-partisan leagues, in the boycott and the mob violence as exhibited in various places. Whatever form they take they are united in a most incongruous opposition to the coming and continuance of the Chinese, combining to make public opinion flow strongly in one direction.

In gauging public opinion here, however, it would be a great mistake not to take account of another element, not anti-Chinese, numerically small, but morally very strong. It is composed of those who, however they may agree with one claim or another as to the danger or undesirableness of this people, yet feel themselves bound to oppose the present ruling sentiments and movements as mischievous, un-American and unchristian. Men in the East are supposed to have zeal without knowledge on this subject. But nowhere as in the West, have I heard appreciation and admiration for the Chinese expressed, or indignation at the movement against them. The leaders of the boycott declare that they are opposed by the churches and the ministers. Many others oppose them, openly or secretly, selfishly, because they want cheap labor, or unselfishly, because they want justice.

If the agitation of this Chinese question shall bring the nation to a more careful supervision and restriction of immigration along our whole coast and from all foreign countries, it will not have been without benefit. A swimmer, who would save a drowning man, must not permit him to clasp him too tightly, or he will be drawn down himself, and both will be lost. If this nation would save other sinking peoples, it must not be hampered by those it would help.

Before leaving San Francisco Ned sent a telegram to Syracuse:—"May 12th, 1886. Just sailing. All well. Fine weather. Bid Mother goodbye."

Only gleanings from his letters can be given, the one that follows being sent quite early, in reply to one that came in his marine mail on that day:—

S. S. *Belgic*, Pacific Ocean, May 18, 1886.

My dear Miss Leyden:—

On this, the seventh day out, the mail-carrier has just brought to me your letter among eight others. It seems a capital thing for one to start for the Pacific, when under the charge of such a grand postmistress as has been appointed for the Marine. I do not try to reply to most of my correspondents, but include the

thought of them in the letters I send to my mother. But in your case the thought that perhaps from this wide expanse of ocean I can reach out and help a friend, is too grateful for me not to yield to it.

If, as you say, any words of mine have aided you, it must have been because they were the outcome of an experience in which God has been trying to teach me things I am very slow in learning, but hope not to forget.

I know and have felt the difficulties of the two points you mention. And I am so indifferent to the form of any doctrine, I so thoroughly believe that the whole Christian faith is implicitly contained in the heart's acceptance of Jesus as Saviour and as Lord, that I should say "You have the true Apostle's Creed, if you have that." I am glad to remember that in the traditional creed the emphasis is placed not on the subordinate items which make up the sum of his life, but on the Person himself, through whom I am redeemed. If I know and follow him, he will teach me all I need to know about himself and as I need to know it. With that personal faith I am a Unitarian in the true sense that I worship one only God; a Trinitarian because I learn how the Heavenly Father makes himself known in his Son and works through his Holy Spirit.

And I believe thoroughly in the resurrection of the body. If you take that statement in the light of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, I have no doubt you will say just the same. It means just what Paul means, nothing more.

There was a time when some in the church tried to secure the affirmation of the resurrection of the flesh (*carnis*). But the church does not affirm it. The Bible denies it. On the other hand there has been a tendency to think of the future existence as a disembodied state, formless, inorganic, unconnected with this life, as spiritual but without spiritual substance or embodiment. This, too, the Church denies. "The end of God's ways is embodiment," says an old mystic, and the Incarnation of our Lord says the same thing. Whatever may be thought of an intermediate state, concerning which the Creed affirms nothing, I believe that the resurrection will be of an embodied soul, and that each soul will have *its own body*, spiritual in substance, the body which it has shaped for itself, as even our material bodies are more and more the expression and creation of ourselves. It is through faith in this embodiment that we, by analogy, reach out into that better state, anticipate recognition, association, and heavenly intercourse. Doubtless many have repeated the creed without such thoughts attached to it, but quite as clearly that is the Biblical truth the church has aimed at in those words, and despite obscurations and aberrations and false emphasis has been ever more clearly discerning.

Your words have been full of cheer and encouragement. They will help me to be faithful to the opportunity I have. With best wishes, I am

Sincerely your friend,

Edward A. Lawrence.

Passages are given from a very few of the letters in Edward's marine mail.

From Rev. Dr. George B. Spalding, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Syracuse:—

“I feel how great a loss I am to suffer by your absence. I have come to admire and love you without having really possessed you. I know that could we have been brought together we should have fellowshipped in a very dear way. I want you to feel all through your voyaging and journeying that you have done a noble and enduring work in this city. May your months ahead be full of dear, satisfying memories and dawning hopes which shall be most bright in fulfilment. God spare your dear mother to welcome you back as true and as loyal a son as ever blest a loving mother.”

Bishop F. D. Huntington writes Edward:—

“A good story is told of a clergyman, who met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. ‘Why,’ said the objector, ‘doesn’t the church look after the heathen at home?’ ‘We do!’ replied the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

“I hope your observations will enable you to refute some of the exaggerated estimates of the value of the Eastern Religions in comparison with the faith of Christ.”

From Deacon Edward F. Parmelee:—

“I thank God that he ever called you to become pastor of Plymouth church. I thank him that through you he has helped me through some severe trials. Our intercourse has been very, very pleasant. But you certainly know my heart better than I am able to show it to you by writing. May God’s richest blessings attend you during your journey and throughout your life!”

From Prof. J. Scott Clark:—

The most natural theme for such a letter is that of the help which has come to me through your society and your ministrations. The most effective method of teaching is doubtless by example, and you have thus taught me two lessons: 1st. The beauty and blessedness of patient and cheerful submission to the Father’s will, however much

it costs. 2d. The gospel of vigorous work. Whenever I find myself getting lazy, I think of those cool October mornings, when the bath-room used to resound to some heroic air, while you went to your early work with a vigor that produced its legitimate results in health of body and health of mind. Your methods of work throughout have been an inspiration to me.

In our university also we feel that we have lost a friend and helper.

From Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. B. Mills:—

Your stay in our city has been all too brief for the wishes of your friends, but long enough to permit the formation of ties of attachment to yourself that are strong and lasting.

We felicitate you upon the opportunities you will enjoy for so wide and careful observation upon *man*. The history of the world has laid open new avenues of thought, and has enriched our language with a word which never passed the lips of Socrates or Plato, or Aristotle,—*mankind*. More and more are we coming to find the *oneness of humanity*. . . . Never before, perhaps, could the force of the sentiment expressed by Terence be so deeply and widely felt, "I esteem everything human akin to me."

Wishing you all furtherance and blessing in your extended and varied journeys, we remain, dear sir,

Yours in all friendship.

From Mrs. Thurber, wife of Dr. Thurber, formerly of Syracuse, but now pastor of the American Church in Paris:—

Lest you may be inclined to study *Browning* too closely on your journey, I send this riddle, which you will find especially appropriate for an ocean trip.

Wishing you everything that is good, I am

Your sincere friend,

Sarah W. Thurber.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body He did make complete,
Without arms, legs, or feet,
My ways and actions did control,
Yet fashioned me without a soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave me soon my name.
Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.

I did my maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray.

Thousands of miles I run each year,
But seldom on the earth appear.

Now God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me.
But soon of me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

Now as soon as the soul had fled
I was the same as when first made.
Without arms, feet, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard both day and night,
To fallen man I give great light.
Thousands of people, young and old,
Shall, by my death, great light behold.

No fear of death shall trouble me,
For happiness or woe I ne'er shall see.
To heaven I shall never go,
Or to the grave, or hell below.*

S. S. *Belgic*, May 23rd, 1886.

My own dear Sister:—

I have found both your letter and the doctor's in my marine mail, which I consider one of the greatest efforts and successes of mother's life. Every morning, right after breakfast, I wave my wand and a group of dear friends gathers round me, with whom I converse with great delight.

May 24th.

The ship is pitching a good deal, but the passengers have become skilled in various curves and angles. It affords a good geometrical study to watch the diverse figures formed by these peripatetics. One has to brace himself up with all his might to avoid embracing every wandering post or person that comes within his reach.

Our most distinguished passenger is the returning Chinese minister, who rejoices in the euphonious name of *Cheng Tsao Ju*. All his greatness does not save his excellency from the common fate of mortals, and he spends most of his time in his stateroom; when the sun shines he also deigns to shine on us. When he emerges I bow to him, which bow he benignantly returns. He extends his hand; I take it and point to the sky, saying, "A pleasant day!" He looks perplexed. "Are you feeling better to-day?" and significantly place my hand on the spot where the heart is supposed to be. He understands, nods graciously, and our intercourse is ended. With practice, you see, I shall undoubtedly learn Chinese. Our mandarin never appears at the dining table, and report has it that he does not care to exhibit his chopsticks. It is a question whether fingers were made before chopsticks, which seem almost to have grown ready-made, and lain in waiting for this most ancient race.

*Answer given at the end of the chapter.

For dinner, in addition to rice, which appears at every meal, the Chinese have meats of various kinds, especially sausages and stews, brought on in open pans or pails. In the right hand is held the chopsticks. Then in the hollow of the left hand is held, with the utmost adroitness, a small china bowl, half filled with rice, and lifted up close under the chin. Now operations begin. Both chopsticks fly into the meat dish and fish about for some mouth-filling fragment. You may use your chopstick like a spoon or like tongs, usually the latter. With the greatest dexterity a morsel is caught up in the pinners, then transferred to the sauce bowl, where it is immersed in some savory liquid, then whipped up to the chin bowl, where the dry rice catches the drippings, and finally, after all these journeys, lodged within the long expectant mouth. This process is repeated for everything, except that now and then the rice bowl is brought close to the mouth, and with the two sticks turned into a shovel, rice is thrust in with a sort of sucking sound, as if being drawn into a vortex. It is a very interesting spectacle. You see the advantage of utensils which can be used with equal ease as shovel, tongs, or poker.

My dear Mother:—

In the mail called *Children's Day* my cloud vision was like one of Corregio's paintings of cherub faces shining out of the heavens. Every day showed more and more how wide a swath had been mown to bring letters from so many friends. Sometimes I had nine at once. But the supply held out, though I was very good and never looked ahead.

On *Ladies' Day*, a company of delightful women passed the morning with me, and with them was that charming picture of my little friend,—the Cherubic, looking as if she had been standing under the Sistine Madonna. I seem to see the wings. My daily supply of letters was the great feature of the voyage; indeed, I think I would almost cross the Pacific for the purpose of getting such a mail.

Every day I became more and more attached to the sea, which spoke out its daily messages. It does not seem to me "cruel," but very grand and strong and kind, with a tenderness even in its wrath. The wonders of the ship-life never diminished. A whole world in a narrow space! We manufacture our own electric light, our own ice, our own water, as well as our own propelling power. Never, for one second, was there a pause in the throb of the mighty engine. But, at length, out of the great blank, that had faced us so many days, loomed up the outlines of the vast, mysterious continent of Asia. Soon we anchored at Yokohama, making the quickest voyage that has been known by four hours and twenty-eight minutes.

Tokio, June 23d, 1886.

Having been invited by Mr. Masurzima, a Japanese friend, and a bachelor like myself, to his Club, we joggled along in our jinrikishas towards the suburbs. Off in a quiet corner, on the edge of the hill, embowered with trees, stood the quaint little Japanese house which belongs to the Club. "I entertain my Japanese friends," said my host, "at the Tokio Club, and my European friends at this Japanese Club." We had the whole house, with its much-matted, baby-house rooms, to ourselves,—two birds in a cage. Their custom permits each member to have the use of the house one night in a month.

We first had the tea ceremony, where a picturesque, demure little maiden, with astonishing headgear, vermillion-dyed lips and flowing robes, made tea as if she were performing mass. With reverent prostrations to the lacquered table, with stately impartation of the water into the teapot, with awful dignity in the folding of her napkin every time she wiped dry the long, wooden mustard spoon, held at precisely such an angle, after it had been dipped into the divine beverage, with all this and more, she fairly took my breath away. I felt a new reverence for a cup of tea, and drank, with emotions of awe, the solitary cup which all these mysterious arrangements had produced, and which was so strong it almost lifted me to the ceiling—a low ceiling, remember. Then I watched the same process repeated in the same cup for my host, and was thankful there were not twenty of us.

After this we adjourned to another room where, sitting on mats, we attacked the viands as they came in. I tried them all:—soups to begin and end with, endless cups of tea all along, hot saki, baked fish, chopped duck, rice, radish, pickles, etc., all in little bowls, and all with chopsticks. Yes, and the stately little maiden lost her gravity as she saw me use those implements. But then, I set her the example, and I am sure you would have laughed to see me. There were other infusions which neither I nor my host understood, but we tested them all.

Meantime the talk ran along on politics, law, society, women, religion. My friend was in all matters an outspoken Independent, and his words were refreshing.

From a letter to Mr. Ewers:—

Well, this is a queer little folk! And they have so many tongues and characters that they don't know what to do with them. If I stay, it will be to organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, which will stop their making scholars learn those dreadful Chinese characters. No wonder their eyes are set crooked, that they do everything backward, and have birds without song, flowers without fragrance, blossoms without fruit. This must all come from the use of the Chinese characters. But they are Romanizing their books—and all will be changed.

I am lingering in Tokio to let things soak into me. Do not understand by that, however, that it is wet here, for this is a dry season. Next week I shall be struggling along through Central Japan, in a baby-cart, with about a hundred Japanese words, and a slave to draw me.

To his mother:—

I can seldom understand the people, but can usually make them understand me, which is more important. And I sometimes can see and enjoy my own mistakes. Yesterday, looking at some little combs, I asked,—“Ikura?”—(how much). “Go rin.” Five mills, *i. e.*, one-half a cent.) “Go ri?” said I, interrogatively, to make sure, whereat the damsel giggled, repeating my words, while the mother, expectant of a purchase, frowned and expostulated. But it was too late; I saw my mistake and began to laugh myself, upon which the whole group joined. Rin is a measure of length. “It costs five mills,” was what

she said. "Does it cost five miles?" was what I asked. By dispensing with the verbs and using mainly nouns, pronouns, adjectives and adverbs, I get along very well.

Dai Butz is a bronze statue of Buddha, and although in a sitting posture, is forty-four feet high. I take it as at once the finest statue produced by Buddhism, and the highest symbol of the Buddhist idea. While there is not a trace of spirituality about it, there is a wonderful air of repose. It is the complete absorption of life, the final attainment of the end, the sinking away into Nirvana—life swallowed up in peaceful death, which is unconscious existence. It is very grand. But I contrasted it with the best pictures of Christ on the cross saying, "It is finished." "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The aspirations, the trust, the conscious victory of life over death, the hint of the resurrection, the glorification of spirit,—that is Christianity.

Inland Sea of Japan, Aug. 27th.

Although the cholera had almost disappeared from Kobe, whence we sailed, it was still considered an infected port. Therefore, when we reached Nagasaki, about ten o'clock at night, we were delivered over to the tender mercies of the quarantine. We were escorted to rooms where baskets, bags and kimonos awaited us. We bagged our clothes, and putting on the kimono, or loose wrapper and Japanese slippers, we were taken to the bathroom, where each was shown a separate compartment. Here we found great stone tubs, half full of hot water. And here let me say that while we put the boiler in the stove to heat the water, they put the stove in the bath tub.

When I came out of the bath, I was, with all deference, conducted up a flight of steps to another building, the rest following me. A cup of tea was brought us and a cigar or cigarettes to any who desired them.

Then our clothes were brought up in bags, having been baked in a heat of two hundred and twelve degrees, which was supposed to have burnt out all their depravity. About midnight we steamed back. The ship had been fumigated in our absence, and the smell of carbolic acid was everywhere. But we had no reason for complaint, for we had had a free sail out and back, with a free bath and a free lunch thrown in.

We made our first stop at the Goto Islands, and I started to go ashore for an hour. Just as I was going down to the rampan.—a large row-boat—the officer politely touched me, evidently requesting the pleasure of squirting carbolic acid over me from a very primitive kind of atomizer. I acquiesced, received a few drops, and went ashore a safe man. The next morning, when I was about to land again at Trushima, I was not surprised to see an official approaching me with a large tin watering-pot, from which he spouted carbolic acid upon me. At Fusan we encountered more spattering of the drops over the deck and upon the crew.

I must say for the officers that they seemed to feel the childishness of their precautions, and did their work in a very deprecating, shamefaced sort of way.

On the *Eldorado*. On the way from Tientsin to Shanghai.

Sept. 9th, 1886.

It is a perfect afternoon, clear and calm and cool withal. I am again the only cabin passenger, and my thoughts rove homeward. That moment of parting from you at Syracuse was very hard. It was as if my heart was being torn in twain. And often I have the greatest longing to see you and Anna, if only for a few moments. How precious now is the thought of that dear old Linden Home! Wherever else you may be you can always go back to that spot in quiet and comfort. I hope to spend the winter with you after my return, writing my missionary lectures, and preaching missionary sermons as I have opportunity. And I shall want to finish Louisa Payson's correspondence with you.

I have a growing sense of a work for missions to do at home. This has been my one central aim. With such opportunities I ought to be able to give special help to that great cause.

Do you know how dear this contact with Oriental life makes many features of our Occidental life?—our music, our art, our grand cities, our beautiful country homes! The very advertisements of those things have a fresh interest. Above all, home seems dearer than ever; and the longing for a home of my own increases.

For Mother:—

Shanghai, Sunday, September 25th.

A beautiful Sunday morning, with much of the cool, crisp air, at first, of home September days. But the sun grows rapidly hot. Yet I have been spared any oppressive weather, with the exception of two or three hot days and nights in Kyoto. I wonder who is with you to-day, and how it is with you in heart. Are you in the midst of one of your floods, and shall I be an ark to come along and take you in? You somehow have a wonderful life-preserver, and don't altogether sink in these floods. . . . Oh, my dear mother, one knows little of *how* it is all to be, but one may know so surely that it is all to be better than the best we can desire, that we may very patiently and gladly take the good here and endure the hard. The good is the germ, and the hard nourishes the germ. So that is my Sunday morning sermon to the little mother.

On the *Nanzing*.

You waved the magic wand of memory and took me back to my boyhood at East Windsor Hill. How well I remember the scene you describe of my tramping with Meta in wild glee over the garden, rejoicing over every fresh discovery. Other scenes I hold through your memory. It seems as if I had shared with you some of the experiences of your childhood. And the letters we have read together have almost let me live your life over with you. I hope for more of them when I return. I am glad you are making a selection, as I could not do it myself, nor could I destroy them indiscriminately.

S. S. *Ancona*, Oct. 12th, 1886.

Just as I was being taken out to the steamer, at three o'clock, I saw the *City of Sidney* moving away off towards San Francisco. These October days are full of memories, and my heart went with it. I should have been glad to have my place there, and to be pushing straight home to you. As it was, only my letters went, and an hour

later I moved on to the East by the West. Two sick missionaries went home with her, crippled after two years' work in Siam and China. And I have hardly known a pain since I left home. How little do I deserve such goodness! Pray for me that I may walk with God by land and by sea.

On the Peiho, Oct. 22nd, 1886.

Here I am, back again in the Peiho, peacefully floating down its winding course to the music of two great creaking oars, with which the coolies row or scull the boat, for they use them longitudinally rather than laterally. What a contrast to the flood-time when I came up! The turbid, rushing current has shrunk to a lazy stream meandering between low, sandy banks.

Fifteen miles from Pekin, in the temples scattered along the slopes of the western hill, our missionaries find a summer sanitarium. Starting from this place, on our way to the *Great Wall*, we skirted the base of the mountains overlooking the ruins of the summer palace, destroyed by the British.

Our four days' journey showed me the simple, childlike inquisitiveness of the people. I felt myself perfectly safe in their hands. The saddle-bags, filled with heavy cash, were frequently in the charge of strangers, yet not a coin was taken. They gazed in wondering crowds at my camera, but did not touch any of the utensils. My eyeglasses were the greatest marvel. Seeing them adjusted to my nose, they would beg to take a squint themselves. But as the Chinese nose is without a bridge, their efforts to make the glasses stick were in vain, and the strange, puzzled look on their faces was most comical. They show a decided admiration for foreign cloth, fingering over the stuff of our garments with the greatest eagerness.

At the first tea-house, where we lunched under an awning, I found twenty-five or thirty men and children, pressing close on us with gaping scrutiny of every movement we made, every mouthful we took. Yet all this was in a simple, friendly way, and when my companion, a young missionary, just before we left, mounted his stone seat and talking to them about Jesus Christ, received respectful attention, I felt that we were certainly not among enemies.

Cawnpore, Jan. 1st, 1887.

A happy New Year! I have just visited the beautiful memorial over the well where so many were massacred, the Memorial Church being built on the spot where General Wheeler camped. It is thrilling to re-peruse the history while walking over the ground.

I send this card, my first writing for the New Year. I hope to end it with you. Am on the way to Lucknow. After this you may direct to Jerusalem.

Cairo, Feb. 1887.

Right in the heart of this great, motley, Oriental city, and among the sights which Moses and Joseph saw. . . Never have I had such a circus on entering a town as on our landing from the steamer at Suez. There were about a dozen of us, nine of these being Americans, of whom three were ladies. First, after tedious waiting, we drop from the steamer into the lighter. Another delay! Finally, the tug steams off, landing us at a dock, where we are to take a train for a few rods to the Suez Hotel.

A rush of coolies and gamins! A flurry with trunks and satchels, only to find ourselves on the wrong train.

A rush for the other one! Adjurations and objurgations from the coolies, who clamor for more backsheesh!

A short ride and out again!

Still a long ways off! Now everything once more on coolies' backs! Trunks grow too heavy for them, and are transferred to donkeys.

Donkey boys beset us as we advance. "Here is Lady Langtry." "But we are Americans." "Oh, then, this is Mary Anderson." "But we don't want to ride, anyway."

Each of us is trying to keep track of half a dozen things seized by as many different men scampering off in every direction. A flying rabble, we work our way along the streets.

"My trunk, where is that?" "Oh, yes, there is the man, but where is my valise?" "I have it, but I don't see your other trunk." "Oh, here it is on the donkey."

And so it goes till we reach the Custom House, where everything is deposited. No trouble here, however, and we soon pass on, at last reaching the hotel, glad to pay almost any price to be rid of our swarm of men and boys and donkeys.

Ceylon.

A New York friend delights to tell how, one afternoon, in a hotel at Cincinnati, he was the involuntary auditor of a prolonged discussion, by a group of residents, on various features of the business in hogs. Dropping asleep, after a time, the last thing he heard was about pork. After a nap of two hours, on awaking, the first thing he saw was the same group. The first thing he heard was an eager tone exclaiming—"Take, for example, the article of pork," when he concluded it was time to leave.

The chances are about as five to one that any conversation in the hotels, steamboats or railcars of Ceylon will be about tea or coffee. This gives more variety than my friend found, for it is now tea, then coffee, then coffee and afterwards tea. And there may be reason enough for this, at the present day. The time was when the fragrant berry was the pride and wealth of the island. But the disease of the leaf, which afflicted Java and Brazil, has appeared here also, destroying crops and ruining planters.

Finding that tea would grow well on the island, most of the coffee plantations are now being transformed into tea-estates. But for this, Ceylon would now be poverty-stricken.

There is, probably, no part of the British possessions which more clearly illustrates, on a small scale, the benefits of British rule than Ceylon. It contains about 25,000 square miles and a present population of nearly 3,000,000, mainly Singhalese and Tamils. It has an authentic history of nearly 2,500 years, dating from 542 B. C. This is found in the Singhalese Chronicles, which record the reign of well nigh one hundred and seventy kings and queens, down to the last tyrant of Kandy, deposed, in 1815, by the British.

It has also a traditional history, running back to the beginning of the world, when, according to the Mohammedans, it was the home of Adam and Eve after losing Paradise. The truthfulness of this

story is vouched for by the name, Adam's Peak, applied to one of its highest mountains, and Adam's Bridge, to a coral reef between it and India. It has so excited the admiration of other peoples as to be termed "Lanka, the Resplendent," by the Brahmins; "The Pearl Drop on the brow of Ind," by the Buddhists;" "The Island of Jewels," by the Chinese, and "The Land of the Hyacinth and Ruby," by the Greeks. But its true resources were never known, its natural gifts never improved, its people never fairly trained, until within the last seventy years, under England's beneficent tyranny.

Calcutta, Dec. 29th, 1886.

My dear Sister:—

I had to laugh when your letter at last reached me. It was a postal curiosity, covered all over with new directions, having been sent hither and thither, in search of the "Bank of India," which does not exist at Madras, or anywhere else, so far as I know. But at last some one wrote on it, "Try the missionaries." Then it was sent to Ahmednagar, then to Allahabad, then Calcutta, and thus enclosed in a fresh envelope by one of the missionaries, it reached me.

At Delphi I had heard of certain sweetmeats as very toothsome; and on my way to Jeypoor, at a station where we were delayed for some time, I thought I would buy some of these famous sweets. So I went up to a vendor, who had a fair variety, and proposed taking one or two of different kinds.

No sooner had I touched one of them than the man, a sour-looking Hindoo, became angry. I took out money to show that I intended to buy them. That had no influence, and he began talking in a very excited manner. I could not, of course, understand him, but concluding he was a surly fellow, I put back what I had in my hand and left him, taking my place in the cars.

I soon noticed a buzz of talk on the platform and a crowd gathering. Then this vendor, accompanied by the English guard, came up to the car, pointing me out as if I were a criminal. The guard surveyed me, but, not seeming to discover anything atrocious, walked away. I began to feel, however, as if I were an escaped lunatic, or a runaway thief. Determined to know of what I was accused, I sprang from the car, pushed through the crowd, and demanded of the guard the occasion for all this disturbance.

"The man charges you with having spoiled all his high-caste sweetmeats, which he was selling to high-caste Hindoos."

"I touched only one of them. Tell him this, and that I had no thought of harm."

With that, I went back to my seat to await what came next. Soon a police sergeant appeared on the scene, the crowd following him. He did not seem angry, only anxious, and after looking me over, retired like his predecessor.

Then I called him, and he came back, repeating the same statement and asking my name and destination. I told him I was simply passing through the country, and could not be expected to understand these absurdities. I also claimed that, if the vendor exposed his goods for public sale, without any notice that they were reserved for a special class of customers, he must take the consequences. But as

he might have suffered in the loss of sales at this train, I would give him a rupee as compensation.

The sergeant repeated this to the man, who rejected the offer. "He claims that his stuff is worth seven rupees, though I don't suppose the whole thing cost him half of that."

I then told the sergeant that I wished neither to commit nor suffer injustice, and would do in the matter whatever he thought right. As he had no suggestion to make, I offered the man two rupees.

"Don't you give him a *pice*," interposed a military officer, who had just appeared on the scene. "He will take your money and then go around selling his candies the same as ever."

"Any way, offer him two rupees," I rejoined.

"He will not take them," replied the sergeant, "so you may as well keep your money."

Just as the train was moving off, the sergeant re-appeared with the announcement, "The man says he will take the two rupees, and if you choose to give them, I will see that the goods are destroyed."

I thought the experience well worth the money, and handed out the rupees, although I have not the least idea that the sweetmeats were destroyed, except by the consumption of the mouth, in which, probably, the sergeant took his full share.

But this incident shows how, in spite of all changes, they cling to their old customs. I was to them a barbarian, and my hand contaminated not only what I touched, but the whole basket. The railroad, however, is doing much towards breaking down caste. The Brahmin and the sweeper must sit on the same seat, and the Hindoo cannot avoid the shadow of the European.

In connection with his great purpose, Edward went into many side-issues. He desired not only to look into Confucianism and Buddhism, but to meet theosophists and men of the occult science. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that his mother, after many letters, secured for him from a Scotch theosophist and from a Buddhist, both of them at that time in this country, various important introductions.

Later, she was able to send him a most courteous letter from Dr. Elliott Coues, president of the Theosophic Society in America, to Co. Olcott of Bombay, president of that society in India. Edward forwarded the letter and received from Col. Olcott a cordial invitation to visit him. He accepted the invitation, although his visit was necessarily brief. But through the kindness of his host he was able to meet some of the most prominent characters in that circle, some indeed who had communication with the Mahatmas. From his account of an interview with the High Priest of Adam's

Peak and principal of the Buddhist College a few extracts are taken.

I realize that I am at one of the great centres of that vast system, which has claimed more adherents than any other religion under the sun. Here, if anywhere, I shall find illumination on these deep problems which have puzzled, sometimes paralyzed the human reason. This is the quarter towards which many sages of the West, especially of the American Athens, are looking for the light that is to rise in the East.

Among the various questions Edward proposed, only one or two are given:—

“What is Nirvana?”

I fancied a look of deep wisdom passing into that strange face, as of one who had solved life's mysteries.

“With consciousness, happiness is impossible, for the pressure of inevitable suffering prevents it. Nirvana is unconscious happiness.”

“It is hard,” I reply, “for the western mind to see how a man can be happy without knowing something about it.”

“Is that which survives after death the same person as the one who existed before, or is it a different person?”

I await the answer with anxiety.

“It is not the same person, and it is not a different person. The moral results pass along without the personality.”

. . . . At last, the High Priest began to question me, showing keen interest in western movements:—“Is spiritualism on the increase in America? I do not see how any one can be a spiritualist and a Christian at the same time?”

“Is it true that Christianity is losing ground there? Is the belief in hell disappearing? What are your own views on that subject?”

Beirut, April 18th, 1887.

At Damascus I had received an invitation from Dr. Dennis, to come with Dr. Robinson, with whom he was acquainted, directly to his house. And near the foot of the long hill was his carriage waiting for us, while soon after the doctor with his son Albert, and then Dr. Bliss, met us on horseback.

The Damascus water had disagreed with me, and I was not well. But this house has proved a haven of health, as well as of rest. Dr. Post was summoned and left a prescription, so that I kept my bed yesterday. Dr. and Mrs. Dennis have been full of hospitality, and Mrs. Dennis has watched over me like a sister. She is one of the lovely women of the earth. He is very quiet, unassuming, thoughtful, ever radiating kindness. Their home has been an Elysium to a traveller.

Of this visit at Beirut, Mrs. Dennis writes:—

I well remember the impression he made upon us of cheerful patience, Christian refinement, and warm appreciation of slight ministries. The day after his arrival was the Sabbath. It was a beautiful day, and he was not too ill to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air as it came in through the doors and windows of his little corner room,

opening out on the piazza. He enjoyed the birds twittering in a blossoming tree, the books about the room, and the simple, home food adapted to his need.

His visit was quite brief, but the glow of his refined and Christian personality lingers still in our memory.

Dr. Dennis adds:—"His careful observation during his long tour, his discriminating judgment upon mission matters, and his systematic presentation of some of the highest themes in mission literature, were all the natural fruit of his intellectual ability and his devoted missionary spirit."

From Rev. Lyman Bartlett, a missionary of the American Board in Turkey:—

I remember your son as a boy when I was in the Theological Seminary at East Windsor Hill, after which I saw nothing of him until his visit at Smyrna, and at our Annual Meeting at Constantinople. But the impression he left on me was that he had, in a remarkable degree, taken in and understood the missionary work as he had witnessed it in the management of the different Boards and among a great variety of people on both sides the globe. How well did he read missionary character, and how clearly discerned their trials and the developing processes through which they pass! . . .

How many dear friends have gathered on the other shore and await our coming! After my own kindred, one of the dearest friends I hope to meet 'over there,' is your sainted husband, whose influence upon me was perhaps stronger than that of any other teacher I ever had. I remember him with great affection and the deepest reverence.

The answer to Mrs. Thurber's riddle: A WHALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WORLD TOUR COMPLETED.

He who guides the spheres
Can through my little life, my labors small,
Further and fill His infinite design.
With Him one day is as a thousand years.

—D. M. Henderson.

S. S. *Rio Grande*, April 22nd, 1887.

If there was ever an idle *dolce far niente* time in my life it is now on this French coasting steamer, when we make our run at night and lie in port through the day, and have little to do but gaze at the deep blue sea under us and the pale blue sky above us.

It seems as if we were embarked on some dream-ship, and were to drift vaguely on in this way, with no toil or care; circling around this land-locked sea in company with the ghosts of Greeks and Trojans and others who once lived and fought here, and now have come back to review old scenes and times. An end will quickly come to this, but I would like to keep somewhat of its rest and peace to infuse into the busy, strife-filled days which are before me. I cannot realize that Palestine, with its blessed scenes and memories, is now a part of my being; that I have followed the steps and visited the homes of Jesus; that Nazareth and the sea of Galilee, Bethlehem and Jerusalem suggest experiences that bring me nearer to my Lord. I say this, yet realize little of all it means. Yet there it is, a precious fund to be drawn upon for all my life. Delightful, blessed days they were, which were spent in these sacred places!

I enclose a violet from Gethsemane, picked by Frere Jacques, the Franciscan monk, whose photograph I took.

Agean Sea, May 1st.

The visit in Smyrna was peculiar among all others for its associations with home. It was delightful to see George Constantine looking for me on the steamer, and then to find Mrs. C. in their home. There was much of the old George look in his face, and he is doing a good work here. He told me of the old times, of your keeping track of him in all his wanderings, and finally getting him from Richmond to East Windsor, and of his tobacco experience.

Then it was a great pleasure to see cousin Clara Lawrence, who is thoroughly engaged, not only in her school duties, but in the evangelistic work among the Greeks.

On steamboat from Ismid to Constantinople, May 12th, 1887.

The work of God in Asia seems spread like a panorama before me. What a collection of pictures has been graven on my brain, and what feelings impressed on my heart! The world is so little and yet so big!

God's kingdom so infinite, and so universal in its germs! . . . And now we shall soon be together again, never more to have any such separation until the last that shall be.

Edward had a delightful visit at Brousa, with Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, where also he met Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, who had been in the field for twenty years. "The two families have done everything to make my visit pleasant and profitable."

Of this Brousa visit, Mrs. Crawford wrote her mother, Mrs. Principal Greenough of Westfield, Mass., who kindly sent the letter to me:—

Bebeck, May 19th, 1887.

Before leaving our Brousa home we received a visit from Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, who has travelled all over the world. He is a most interesting man—exceptionally so—scholarly, a bachelor, and son of Prof. Lawrence of East Windsor Seminary. He had a photographic outfit with which he had taken views, so he invited me to go up on the mountain with him to take a view of Brousa. He is one who sees everything where he goes, and has most entertaining stories on Japan, China, Egypt and India. I hope you will not fail to have him visit Westfield.

Before Edward reached America, Mrs. Crawford was translated to the better land, so that heartfelt sorrow was mingled with the great pleasure of his visit to her father and mother in Westfield.

In one of his letters to his mother, Edward writes:—

When I reach home I shall want to prepare my lectures on missions. As to a parish, I wish to be simply led by God, not taking any steps to put myself forward. It would require very clear evidence to convince me that a large city church was the place where I could do most good.

I feel a growing desire to meet our theological and college students, and speak to them on many themes in Comparative Missionology. I believe I can utilize my studies best and do most good in that way. It would be a labor of love, and I should care little for pay, save for my expenses.

Yes, I am in the world of the Past; yet I am more engrossed in the Present and Future than in all bygone days. It is life that most interests and concerns me, and what people have been is of interest mainly so far as it helps to show what they are and may become.

Edward was present at the May meetings in Constantinople, 1887, and concerning the various matters that came under discussion, a few extracts from his letters are given:—

The old plan of stifling native growth and weakening native endeavor by the free use of foreign money is being changed as speedily as possible. The new plan of expecting from the people at least one-half of all to be advanced for new churches or schools is adhered to as closely as circumstances and the often increasing poverty of the people will allow. It is not easy to make the change, and there is a frequent conflict between sympathy and judgment, the result varying in different men. But some of the inferior stations are really accomplishing great things in this direction, and all are impressed with the importance of a self-helping native church.

An illustration of progress, in this respect, appears in a letter which was read from Miss Chamberlain of the Sivas Station:—

“In building the school-rooms for the boarding department the girls of our High School did excellent work in pulling down the old barns and erecting the new structure. Each wished for the hardest work. The glee and energy with which the girls took hold, inspired the hewers of wood to work with a zeal of which they had not seemed capable. Hammers struck faster and truer, and the layers of brick astonished every one by their frequent calls for more. We read that Shallam’s daughters wrought to help their father to repair the walls of Jerusalem. Even so, the village girls became carriers of water, brick, tiles, and stones, and their daily prayers rose for the workmen and those that should receive instruction within its walls.”

From one of the stations came this pathetic cry:—“A lone missionary sees clearly that unless reinforcements are sent soon the report for next year will be summed in the word—*Swamped*.”

The matter of self-support in the native churches was the main point in the address I made and which, by request, I repeated at Marsovan to the natives, through an interpreter. I have had such opportunities for beholding great things in God’s kingdom that I pray for the gift of presenting effectively what I have seen.

The sessions were concerned entirely with the Lord’s business. There was not the slightest allusion to the discussions and differences at home. They were the king’s messengers who had no time to fall out by the way.

To a friend in Poughkeepsie, Edward writes:—

On the Black Sea, June 17th, 1887.

. . . Your letter was forwarded to me at Satara, a country mission station, one or two hundred miles to the south. I had been visiting some of the citadels of Brahmin heathenism, and admiring the courage and the faith that could make the attack with a band far smaller than Gideon’s. It seems almost like attacking Gibraltar with trumpets and pitchers.

Good is it not?—that of Mark Twain:—“Remarks the camel, ‘There are three of us, the pyramids, the sphinx and myself.’”

Well, I saw the three in conjunction, and if the camel is not the oldest, it shows its age the most.

Being unable to go through the Desert with Moses, I took a short cut to Jaffa and Jerusalem, our religious geographical centre, where the body of Christ is rent, as were his garments generations ago.

From Rev. S. F. Wright, editor of a New Church magazine issued in Cambridge:—

My wife and I first saw Mr. Lawrence in front of a hotel in Jerusalem. He had just joined the party to which we belonged. It was early morning when we set off for the Jordan. The horses were of all sorts, and he chose one of the most spirited and leaped so high to mount him that he went over the other side. The second attempt was successful, but he had a busy time keeping his horse within bounds.

The genuineness of his friendship made itself felt at once. He must have made his way among people with unusual facility. Such a person seems always ready to be taken hence. I think of his influence with us all as increased rather than diminished.

As the spring found Edward's mother somewhat broken in health—by the advice of medical and other friends, and the strong endorsement of her son, it was decided that she should go abroad and meet him on his return journeyings. Accordingly, in the latter part of June, she crossed the sea, and went directly to London, to their old friends, the Coffins, in Cornwall Gardens.

After much telegraphing back and forth, it was arranged that Edward, who had, reached Vienna, should meet his mother at Hamburg. He had written, "When we are once together, I want to make our plans for your satisfaction and pleasure." She had, therefore, expressed her desire, that so far as they could do so, they should visit their old friends in the different countries. So they went first to Schleswig, where Herr Major and Frau Kloer were now living. Edward writes his sister:—

The first one I saw on the platform was the Herr Major in his uniform, whom I should have known in Japan. With him was Emma, now grown to a fine, bright girl. On reaching the house, Frau Louise appeared, and then Ulrich and his wife and child—the same old Ulrich whom I always liked so much. Erich too is here. Conrad is a professor in the Berlin University, while Walter is in the army.

The following letter from Frau Louise Kloer was sent after the sad tidings of Edward's departure had reached her.

Can you understand, my dear friend, how I wish I could be with you, if for only one hour? For me to sit here, with my heart so full of deep sorrow, of bitter regret, and of so many, many questions, and to have only this unhappy pen of mine that stumbles over every English word, is a hard and bitter thing. Do you remember those bygone days in Berlin when you told me of your dear daughter Gretchen, and how much I felt for you, though I never knew her? Need I speak of my deep sympathy with you now? I have myself lost more than words can tell. And his betrothed—I feel deeply for her. It must have been your great wish for Edward that his loving heart should find its fellow-heart for this earthly life. And now he is taken away from all earthly things. But his image is implanted in my heart like a true, golden treasure. I loved him because I knew his best, his very noblest own self enough to understand his highest aims. He has now reached what he aspired after, and we are yet on the way; but I think he can help us still. Do you understand me?

Her husband, the major, adds, "Your noble son was more to me than I can tell you. His friendship will remain in my memory and my heart. And you have lost more than one can feel and think. God be with you and your dear daughter."

They had a charming visit in Amsterdam with the dear Van Brakels, Prof. Jacob Müller of Leyden and all the Müller family circle. From subsequent letters of these Dutch friends, a few passages are given. Henrietta, the younger daughter, who came to Keisersgracht expressly to meet us, writes:—

"I so well remember your visit, and what most of all impressed us then and has remained in our memory, was the great love and tenderness your son bore you. To us he seemed an ideal son. How I pity his betrothed—enduring the sorrows of widowhood without ever having known a wife's happiness!"

To a letter full of sympathy from his wife, Dr. Van Brackel adds, "I wish I could write you in my own language, for now I cannot express myself as I would. For me, your son will always be the happy type of a man, in whom mental development and sincere religious feeling

were combined in a beautiful harmony; a man who inspired his fellow-creatures, perhaps not less by his whole behavior than by his words, the English "gentleman," combined with the German "biederman." Happy the mother who has possessed such a son!"

From the brother, Jacob Müller, professor in the University of Leyden:—

"In your son's manner there was something of the affection of a boy for his mother, mingled with the courtesy of a knight for his lady-love. Your last visit to Amsterdam and Haarlem remains with us always. How well your son talked, that night at my sister's, about his missionary travels!

"I recall that grand organ-playing in the church at Haarlem, our trip in the environs, and my last words with him at the railway station. My children often talk about the American lady and gentleman to whom they stammered their very first English phrases:—'Mrs. Lawrence, how do you do?' 'Mr. Lawrence, sit down.'

"Many changes have taken place since your first visit to us in Amsterdam. Your husband and my father are no more here; but that you would survive your son, surely that you have not expected; and I wish this deep grief might have been spared you."

Thence we journeyed to Heringsdorf on the Ost See, where we were the guests of our old friend, Frau Wilsing of Berlin, in her summer home. From there to Berlin, where Edward was specially interested in looking into the missionary developments among the Germans. And most warmly would he have welcomed *Christian Life in Germany*, by Dr. Williams of Chicago.

It was his great object to get at the missionary atmosphere of the different countries through which we passed and to see those who were in any way promoting missionary work.

From Berlin we went to Nuremberg, where we visited the wonderful museum in the Carthusian Monastery and saw the instruments of torture in the old castle, the all-embracing iron virgin being among them.

Thence by a seventeen hours' stretch, including a night, to Zurich, where my son Edward expected to meet Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, Mass., who was making a missionary tour. But through some strange misunderstanding, in spite of all their mutual efforts, they failed to meet.

It need not be said that the following letter from Mr. Porter brought much consolation to the bereaved mother.

I soon found myself upon your son's track in Turkey and India, where his visit was fresh in the minds of the missionaries who had been so glad to welcome him, and to whom he had brought such cheer and sympathy as they had seldom received from tourists. In many of the remoter places, they told me that for twenty years and more they had not had a visit from any American minister until your son appeared among them to encourage them by his intelligent inquiries, his enthusiastic observations, and his many public addresses given to the native Christians and the various schools and colleges.

As I proceeded from one country to another, I found a readier welcome than I had ventured to expect. It was partly because Mr. Lawrence had prepared the way for us by his brotherly words and helpful spirit, shedding rays of light along the pathway wherever he went. For his sake, therefore, many a bungalow was thrown open to us; and if the brethren sometimes expected a good deal of work from their guests in return, it was because he had set the example, and we were supposed to be no less willing.

I shall always remember that bright summer's day which I spent with you at Marblehead soon after my return. After lunch, your son and I strolled over to the Old Fort where we sat down and recounted our long wanderings, our many perils, our unique experiences. We were then drawn to each other in a peculiar sense, and in parting we looked forward to future opportunities for cultivating the tender memories of the Orient, which had entered so largely into our lives.

His early departure made a profound impression upon many of us. He had exhibited so many noble qualities in his pastorate, and was planning such effective and praiseworthy reforms in the city, that great hopes were cherished concerning him for the years to come.

But, dear Mrs. Lawrence, let us remember that while, humanly speaking, nothing may be said to be finished on earth, yet, in a very important sense, a Christian's work here is done when the Lord calls him away.

And now tidings has come that the Lord has called Mr. Porter to the other life.

After a charming trip in Switzerland, which included the ascent of Mt. Rigi, we went to Paris, from which place Edward wrote his sister:—"Aug. 22nd, 1887. We are getting acquainted with the shops, creameries, bakeries, meateries and restaurants of our vicinity. We think Paris a very glittering city, but it is not our idea of heaven."

Edward spoke at several of the McAll meetings, someone translating as he went on. He preached on missions in the American Church, and assisted Mr. Hough, the pastor, at the communion table.

From Paris, we went to Glasgow as the guests of our hospitable friends, the Patersons, of Mile End, and thence to the Manse of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, to visit one of Edward's tent-mates and fellow-travellers in Palestine, Rev. Thomas Young.

By special request, extracts of a letter from Mr. Young are given concerning this visit and his journeyings in Palestine with Edward:—

I think I never came across a mother and son who were so entirely bound up in one another; whose sympathy was so complete, and whose love was so deep. The few days in September, 1887, that you and he spent under this roof are still to my wife and me a revelation of what a mother and son can be to one another. Therefore, it gives me a very agony of mind to think what a loss you have sustained, and how bitter must be your grief. To say that my wife and I sympathize with you, weep with you, is to put on paper words that are far too cold to express our real feelings. You need not doubt that our most earnest prayers are for you. . . .

I first met with your son, as you know, in Jerusalem. Dr. Robinson, whose acquaintance I had made in Beirut, was the common friend that linked us together. We three, with sixteen others, were setting out on a trip through the Holy Land. We wanted to be together; so tent XIX was assigned to us. A happier trio never spent six and twenty days in each other's company beneath those Syrian skies. And of the three, indeed, of the nineteen, none was such a general favorite as your son. He was so good, so clever, so courteous and genial. Easy and simple, but gentlemanly and self-respecting in his manners, many-tongued, but pure in all his words, keen in his joy and appreciation of nature, but intensely spiritual in his deeper thoughts and feelings, he was one of the most delightful and elevating fellow-travellers I ever came across.

A crowd of memories rush over me. I think of the earnest worker by the Sea of Galilee as he kept me out of the tent, whilst he, in cur-

tained darkness, was developing some views he had taken, or as, next day, he photographed our camp near the ancient site of Bethsaida.

I think of the light-hearted young man as he laughed as his mishap in the stream near *But Jenn*, when his horse stumbled, splashing him and soaking his saddle-bags, or when, in our unsavory bedroom above a stable in Baalbec, he joined in those jokes and puns of merriment which threatened to banish sleep for the entire night.

I think of him as, on the evening before Easter, he and I strolled away together into the moonlit loneliness of a garden of trees near Cæsarea Philippi. We wanted to realize the outward circumstances under which Christ's agony took place in Gethsemane centuries before. Amid the sharp, deep shadows of those leafy boughs our conversation was of the mysterious divine sorrow of our Saviour. It was an evening never to be forgotten.

He seemed at once to win his way to the hearts of strangers. When our tour through the Holy Land was ended he was slightly indisposed, which necessitated his being laid up for a few days in Beirut, at the house of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dennis of the American college there. And how kind they were to him! And how affectionately they spoke of him to me after he had left! A few weeks later I saw him in Constantinople.

I next saw him when you and he gave us the great pleasure of visiting us in our Aberdeenshire home. It was my hope that he would come again to see us, and perhaps bring with him the one who was to be his wife. But alas! We are not to meet again on earth. He has crossed the Jordan and passed into the heavenly Canaan. May I have grace to follow! And so may the tent-mates of a Holy Land on earth be happy associates in the truly Holy Land on high!

From Ellon we went to Aberdeen, where we were graciously entertained by Mrs. Isabella Fyfe Mayo, author of *Occupations of a Retired Life*; to Edinburgh, meeting many of our Scotch friends, and where Edward saw prominent men, connected with foreign missionary work. We also visited friends in the south of Scotland, at Castle Douglas, where Edward told the assembled and attentive tenants of Mr. Duncan of some things he had seen in heathen lands.

And here he left me in order to attend the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, with arrangements for me to join him in London. On his way he visited the Exposition at Manchester, concerning which he wrote:—"I have never seen so fine a gathering of modern paintings. As we rode away one who sat by me on the top of a car remarked,

'The reason Hi like that collection so well is because there haint any of the hold masters there. The hold masters hare a noosance, that's what Hi think.' "

At Wolverhampton, two thousand people must have been sitting in the great hall. The papers were exceptionally good. In the evening I saw the spectacle of a dull speaker being stamped down by his audience, and that a religious one, before his time was up. The bishop announced that he had two minutes more, but he was fairly drowned out.

Several weeks were passed in London, where Edward, according to his usual fashion, entered into a variety of matters—visiting Mildmay Park, the China Inland Mission, a Fabian gathering, and Toynbee Hall, where, he says, "it was interesting to see Free Thinkers, Orthodox, Congregationalists, Unitarians and Church people, as well as Roman Catholics, gathered about Mr. Barnett.

Then I went to the Positivist Society, a small company of intelligent, scholarly-looking people, who meet in a little hall of Fetter Lane. Professor Beesley read a lecture on the French Revolution, the last of a series. We sang hymns before and after, that is *they* did. I could not join in the last, which began,—

No God's Will will help us now,
Farewell to miracle,

¶

and closed with an invocation to *Order*. All the while, just back of the speaker, we saw the beautiful Sistine Madonna. The child Jesus seemed to look with strange pity on the scene.

Above, on the walls, was Family, Humanity, Country; also,—The Foundation, Order; The Principle, Love; The End, Progress.

But Progress towards what?

I doubt whether there are any people more caught by the illusion of words than the Positivists.

We attended a lecture by Dr. B. W. Richardson, and then ascended to an upper room to hear a most noisy, vociferous discussion by Burns, so prominent in the riot, and other tumultuous men, in which were grains of wheat mingled with much chaff. We had a delightful visit at the home of Mrs. Bright Lucas, then president of the British Woman's Temperance Society, and also at Clissold Lodge, the residence of Miss Reynolds, who still carries on her father's work in the British Anti-Tobacco Society, which he

founded. We had a very pleasant afternoon tea and evening with her and her friend, Miss Nicholson, who was living with her. In a letter of sympathy, she writes:—"How well we remember Mr. Lawrence's manly bearing and his chivalrous devotion to his mother."* We also visited at Mr. Tebb's, a vigorous opponent of enforced vaccination. We became well acquainted with Mr. S. E. Hall, founder of the *Art Journal*, and a confirmed spiritualist, passing a delightful evening at their house, with him and his accomplished wife.

We had frequent intercourse with our old and tried friends, the Coffins, of Cornwall Garden, and the various scattered members of the family, who did much to make our stay in London agreeable.

We were in London at the time of the Trafalgar Square Riots, and Edward was in the procession when it was so thoroughly broken up by the military. We attended churches all over the city, but found no service that interested us more than that of the Salvation Army in Regent Circus.

Edward entered there, as everywhere, into the sociological questions of the day, and was often out till midnight, and on one occasion the whole night, studying the condition of the unemployed and exploring the wickedest parts of the city.

But his main object was to gain information as to the history of the various Missionary Societies and their different organizations and methods of work. It was for this purpose that he secured lodgings near the British Museum, where he passed many hours. He also saw a good deal of prominent men, connected officially with the various Missionary Boards, learning the results of the different modes of management, and drawing his own conclusions.

*There has lately come the sad tidings that on Jan. 27th, 1900, Miss Frances Emma Reynolds, "one of the noblest and purest of woman-kind," and for twenty-eight years editor of *The Anti-Tobacco Journal*, was translated to her heavenly home.

It was very pleasant to meet in that gathering-place with Prof. and Mrs. Mead, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, and occupants of the house built there for his grandfather, and to talk with them of the old and the new times.

It was not without many regrets that we parted from our various friends in the Old World. But, once embarked on the steamship *Pavonia*, our thoughts went forward with joyful anticipations. And is there not always this mingling in human life, according to the old song of Meg Merrilles?

Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, and bliss and strife,
In the mystic thread of life.

It was early in December, and the rough weather gave opportunity for sundry acrobatic feats more entertaining to others than profitable to the performer. About the middle of the month we reached Marblehead, and very soon hastened to the waiting sister at Syracuse. In his old church, and in other churches there, Edward gave some account of his missionary tour. From Syracuse, he went to Champlain and Plattsburg, where he had delightful visits with his old friends, and where he preached missionary sermons. Indeed, he would gladly have given a year to this work among the churches, had the way been opened.

In his missionary talks, Edward often told the touching rupee story, of which a full account is given in his book, *Modern Missions in the East*. When he was at Dindigul, in the Madura Mission, Dr. Chester took him to a small village to assist in the Communion services in a little church just built, with mud walls, four holes in them being three windows and a door, the whole costing a hundred rupees.

After the sacrament, Edward told his attentive hearers, sitting cross-legged on the mud floor, about his travels, Dr. Chester being the interpreter. And when they left, the

leader, Savini-Mutter, followed them, handing to the Doctor a bright silver rupee, a hundredth part of the cost of the church, which he passed to Edward, telling him the leader presented it as a thank-offering, to help him on his journey.

In a letter to Edward's mother, after saying—"We never had a visitor who more thoroughly enjoyed seeing and hearing about Mission work than your son," Dr. Chester adds—"He shed tears as he took that rupee. He could not help it. And so did I."

A double-eagle just covered the rupee, and in telling the story, appreciating hearers had several times covered it. He had thus been able to send a hundred dollars to help in the work of that station. The little church at Sachiapuram greatly desired a bell, and Dr. Chester wrote him, "You don't know how much these gifts are worth to my station," adding that a part of the money was to be appropriated for the desired bell, to be called "The Lawrence Bell."

By request, Edward delivered an essay on Missions at the New York State Congregational Association, which was held in Albany in May, 1887. In the report of this meeting, in a religious weekly, is the following comment:

"The most original and stimulating address of the whole session was that given by Rev. Edward A. Lawrence."

Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob, at that time pastor of a Presbyterian church in Albany, writes:—

"I shall never forget the sensation of that hour during the State Association in the First Congregational Church of Albany. I entered, expecting the usual dull routine. A stranger was in the pulpit speaking. I was struck at once by his scholarly, spiritual appearance, and instantly I felt that something out of the run of ordinary Association affairs was in progress. I soon felt myself caught in the stream of his thought and was carried with the rest of the audience to the end in profound and delighted attention. As you know, I hurried a block or more to overtake the man who had laid

me under so great obligations, and make suitable acknowledgement of my indebtedness. It is hard to think that so great a power for all best things is snatched from us."

Of the following testimonies some, as will be seen, were written concerning the missionary addresses, or lectures as such, with the desire that they should be published, while the others relate to their appearance in book form, under the title, "Modern Missions in the East."

Writes Rev. Dr. Spalding, of the First Presbyterian Church at Syracuse:—

When your son went abroad to visit some of the most important missionary stations of the church, I felt largely sure that his keen, observant spirit, his philosophical instinct and habit, and his profound Christian faith would gather much and precious fruit for the enlightenment and incitement of the churches on his return. The lectures on Missions which followed, delivered before audiences of largest intelligence on this subject, fully met my high anticipations. For comprehensiveness and exactness of view, intense practicalness, and simple, strong, exultant and always-inspiring faith, I know not where to find anything that equals these lectures by your dear son. His own missionary spirit, that of unselfish love, and boundless faith in the commissioning words of the omnipotent Christ, were vibrant in all his words and in every tone and gesture of his delivery.

It seems to me that it were an irreparable and a criminal loss to have death silence so signal and noble an utterance. I hope most earnestly that his large, wise thoughts and stirring appeals may continue to be heard in all the churches through the printed page. Dead, may his clear conscience, and his holy zeal, and his Christly love, speak forever.

From Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the veteran missionary of the American Board, having been forty years in Turkey:—

I regard Dr. Lawrence's book as the book of the closing decade of the nineteenth century. Other admirable books have been written, but not one that can take the place of this. Accurate observations on the mission field, noting the views and opinions of five hundred missionaries, each one on his own field, conversations with natives friendly and unfriendly, and very careful reconsideration of his abundant notes, were the fountains from which this remarkable book was drawn. One can hardly speak of it too highly.

By J. Rutter Williamson, Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Missionary Union, London, Eng:—

It gives us great pleasure to write about *Modern Missions in the East*, whose gifted author was so suddenly taken from the world a

couple of years ago. There is no book, as far as we know, which deals with the principles and philosophy of Missions in such a charming and masterly way. This opinion was recently confirmed by independent testimony from one of the foremost authorities in missionary literature. There are but three books we dare to think *every* volunteer should read. They are the Bible, *The Holy Spirit in Missions*, and this volume. So few books deal with the problems of mission life in the wise catholicity and clear sagacity that is needed to call its readers to their knees in prayer. Mr. Lawrence writes with the wealth of illustration of a Henry Drummond, and with the delightful transparent simplicity of Ruskin. We are sure after reading it many a volunteer will have a nobler ideal for his life and a quicker sympathy with the difficulties of those already in the field.

From Professor Francis G. Peabody, of the Divinity School, Harvard University, Cambridge:—

Modern Missions is certainly the most faithful and picturesque story of missionary work I have ever seen, correcting many false impressions and entering into the real spirit of such service. It should broaden and deepen our appreciation of Christian devotion to read these graphic pages, and they seem to me to abound in the beautiful spirit of your son's whole life.

From Rev. John Phelps Taylor, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary:—

I wish to express my delight in the prospect of seeing in print the Lectures on *Modern Missions in the East* delivered in Andover a few years since by your accomplished son. They who were so fortunate as to be Mr. Lawrence's hearers were charmed with the beauty of diction and wealth of matter, with the breadth and balance of judgment, the glow of zeal and devotion and with a humanity and nobility of tone, which were keyed to the missionary level and tended to awaken the missionary spirit. I have no hesitation in saying that it was the best series of lectures on the subject that I ever heard.

From Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, formerly a missionary in Turkey, now Secretary of the American Board:—

Modern Missions is a constant surprise and pleasure to the reader who is conversant with mission work. It is a surprise that Dr. Lawrence was able to obtain such a correct and comprehensive view of the methods and achievement of this branch of modern church work, and, at the same time, put it all into a form so fascinating. I have seen no work which is so generally instructive and inspiring upon the broad subject of missions, without a heavy page in it from beginning to end. It is full of suggestions for the missionary and missionary worker, who cannot fail to profit by seeing the work through the eyes of so keen an observer and so wise a man as the author of this book shows himself to be.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH THE CHURCH AT SING SING.

O brave soul! O strong, true heart!
Mighty sentinel on eternal battlements of right!
Thy face grows with the light of truth unforced by art.
Thy features beacon forth a transcendental sight.
Give me the secret of thy holy labor for mankind,
Lift me to the measure of thy pure and lofty mind.
—Rev. Frederic Stanley Root.

Not long after the meeting of the Association Edward accepted an invitation from Mr. Truesdell, a prominent member of the Presbyterian church in Sing Sing, to pass a Sunday at his house with a mutual Champlain friend, and also to preach in the church. As the pastor was in Europe, this led to Edward's supplying the pulpit for a few months.

As it was vacation in Ossinning School, a flourishing institution for young ladies in Sing Sing, and as Mrs. Sherard, who looked after the comfort of the family, was willing to receive him as a boarder, he made his home there for the summer. And a delightful home it proved in every way. The inmates of the household were most congenial, and from his room in an upper story he looked out on his beloved Hudson, which was always an inspiration to him.

Early in June he received tidings from Syracuse, which called forth the following letter:—

June 13th, 1888.

My dear Rose-stalk—that bears another precious rosebud on its stem. I thank the Giver of all life for his wondrous gift to you. Everything seems to tell of the glad news. The stars winked gravely last night, as if they said, "We know all about it. There is a little one born into the world." The leaves say in their rustling, "*Kleine Liebchen.*" And the great sun has an extra smile on his broad face.

The sexless spirit looked in to see what it should be. It heard no girl's name uttered, but caught the sound—Wallace Lawrence Nims. "A boy I'll be" it cried, charmed by the name! And so a boy it is.

I wish we could come in and see the happy trio. But we shall hope ere long to meet in Marblehead. Meantime, may his majesty flourish! When I have time I will write you full instructions what to do with him, and how to begin his education.

Your loving brother.

Sing Sing, June 24th, 1888.

I never took a railroad journey in such heat. The cars were sweltering, far hotter than the outside air. But I imagined myself in a Turkish bath, just fit for the shampooing, which made me comparatively comfortable. I was at the nursery end of the car, for in the five seats around me there were five babies, and part of the time a quintette of rasping baby voices.

June 28th.

The night boat on Wednesday evening took me to New Haven, to attend our class meeting. . . . About twenty-five, of 1888, lunched at Charley Farnum's, where we had an elegant spread. . . . In the evening our supper was at Brothers Hall, not breaking up till half past one. There was wine on the table, but having made my protest before, I turned my glasses down and drank apollinaris. About forty of our class were present. After the meal came toasts, and among them "The Lawyers," "The Press," "The Clergy," to the last of which I responded.

At the Alumni dinner we had fine speeches, and among them one from President Dwight, full of wit. There was great enthusiasm for Yale and the University. Afterwards, I called on old friends in the city. Altogether it was a delightful visit, bringing me nearer my classmates than ever. One of them told me he had given up tobacco, which he found was injuring him. . . . By racing from one train to another I was able to reach here at half past nine.

Sing Sing, July 3d, 1888.

Last night I attended our first meeting of the Session. I see how much more red tape is necessary than with us, because they are responsible to higher powers. And I see, too, how, sometimes, that may be well. There is a great deal of real missionary activity in the church here, combined with docility on the one hand, and strong conservatism on the other.

I study through the day and call in the evening. It is good to be living and working among people again.

July 8th.

From my window I can see the great river glistening among the branches of the trees. Haverstraw Bay, five miles wide, stretches away to the north, and Croton Point thrusts its long tongue out into the river.

There is much organizing work to be done here among the young people, and willingness and desire to have it done. The church has sprung into great vigor under the short ministry of Mr. Dwight, who has the hearts of the people, and whose return they are looking for. I have preached my first five minutes' sermon to the children, "Let your light shine."

On our return from abroad, we became acquainted with Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, then the accomplished

assistant editor, and since Dr. Field's resignation, editor-in-chief of the New York *Evangelist*. From her, after Edward's departure, came the following comforting words:—

“Your dear son's career is not cut short, is not blighted. I like so much what Dr. Briggs said at Washington, that the saints in light are occupied in teaching the little children and devout heathen. With your son's fine powers, his deep experience and broad culture, what work may he not be doing for his master in unfolding to devout Buddhists or Agnostics even, the mysteries of redeeming love, explaining to them those glorious truths that have been hidden from ‘the wise and prudent.’ And he is waiting for you, and you can wait for him as if he were across the ocean to be gone an indefinite time.”

Sing Sing, July 13th, 1888.

I have been thinking much about my future work, wondering what it is to be, glad that I have not to decide, sure that the path will be made plain. I was perfectly clear that it was not my duty to accept the call of which I wrote you, because it would be the old story of ministering entirely to the church, instead of *through* the church to the varied needs of a mixed and enlarging community. This is the best time of my life for active, upbuilding work. I am inclined to go to the West and look over the field on the ground. I cannot say that I feel best fitted for real pioneer work, though heartily ready for it, if that is shown to be the thing. I suppose one's fitness should be consulted. And in the raw West I fancy there must be a certain roughness of manner and style to do the best work. Yet new work in some growing city might give opportunity to use all one's past experience and acquirements, and at the same time to do thorough missionary work.

The more I see how men press themselves on the churches, the stronger is my purpose to do nothing of that sort. Nor can I work to get myself appointed lecturer. It goes too much against the grain. If my lectures can help the good cause, it will be indicated. It is God's work. I want to be well prepared to do that work, but without a thought of self-advancement. Meantime, this work is providential, and I am happy in it.

While in Marblehead, Edward had joined one of the semi-weekly classes for oratory, in Emerson College. And he was so much benefited that he concluded to attend Pres. Emerson's summer course at Martha's Vineyard. He was, therefore, very glad to learn when visiting at

Westfield the bereaved father and mother of Mrs. Crawford of Brousa, that he would meet them at the Vineyard.

Cottage City, July 17th, 1888.

On the dock I met Principal Greenough kindly waiting for me, and after dinner we scoured the region in search of a room. I finally settled down, or rather *up*, in this Eagles' Nest. It is a tower room and one of the coziest little nooks to be found. It is about eight feet square at the bottom, shrinking to five feet at the top, the height also being about eight feet. A little cot-bed, a wash shelf, a chair, a board in the window, and a few nails comprise the furniture. In fact, it is just a snug stateroom, such as I have lived in so many weeks. When the tower rocks I fancy myself at sea. There are little windows on the three sides, through which comes a fresh breeze. I am writing on a board at the window. It is delightful to lie on my bed and look out over the oak trees and across the blue ocean.

At the first gathering of the school, I noticed a young lady whose face I was compelled to study, and found afterwards it was a Miss Watson, daughter of our old East Windsor friends. Her mother, on whom I called, has a cottage here where they pass their summers, her daughters taking fine sketches, and one of them being a very successful teacher of painting.

Professor Dwight of Vassar College is spending his summer vacation here as usual, giving instruction in his special department. I am very glad to join his afternoon class in zoology, working also with the microscope. My plan is to take a swim before breakfast, which is at half past seven, and then oratory from nine till eleven.

Through Principal Greenough's introduction, I have engaged to speak, next Sunday evening, in the Agassiz Hall, on "The Grain of Mustard Seed." I intend shortly to make a visit at Nantucket.

July 21st.

We were dissecting a lobster, yesterday, when the boat whistled, and I had to run to catch it. . . . I have just come in from a stroll about Nantucket. It is not as quaint as Marblehead, nor is the stream of summer travel shunted off the main town as with us. Consequently, the whole has a watering-place aspect. I have seen but one three-story house like ours, and none of the old style quite equals Linden Home. Nor are the streets as crooked, or the coast as wild. But there is fine, warm bathing all along, both surf and still water, far better than anything *we* have. I have seen the North Church, where Cousin Samuel Hosmer used to preach.

I am off this noon, back to Cottage City. Dr. Emerson informs me that I am to be a guest in his school while here. And Professor Dwight would not hear of any fee, so I am, perforce, a dead-head. Then the Greenoughs are as kind as possible, Mrs. G. looking after me like a mother, while every evening Mr. Greenough and I take a long walk together.

Although Principal Greenough saw but little of Edward, yet, as he says, some years later, it was sufficient to deeply impress him with his rare qualities.

Mr. Lawrence had a remarkable power of analysis, with great breadth of vision and broad scholarship. When I met him, soon after his return from abroad, he was unemployed as a pastor. In our conversations, I found that opportunities were not wanting to him to settle in cultured communities; but, said he, "I long to work for the destitute and neglected, those who especially *need* help." I was, therefore, surprised when I learned that he had accepted a pastorate in Baltimore. But I soon found that he had planned to work with the church and through it, for the saving of the poor and the degraded.

Prof. Dwight also writes:—"Your son was the soul of frankness and honesty; his face was open, his speech was outspoken, his yea was yea, his nay was nay. Yet he was courteous, considerate, eminently gentle and thoughtful of the good of others and of their feelings.

"He was very able as a thinker and as a writer, and effective as a speaker, especially by reason of the absolute clearness of his thought and diction; yet he always held much of his power in reserve.

"He had a nobility of character which could not fail to make him a daily and priceless treasure and solace to his mother. For one, I am exceedingly thankful that the providential orderings of my life brought me into acquaintance with him and that I may rightly claim a place among those who mourn for him."

Sunday, it poured all day, but I had in the evening a surprisingly large number of young people for my talk.

This afternoon we had a fine collecting expedition with Professor Dwight, wading the whole afternoon in the water, the ladies having donned their bathing suits.

Love to the darling young mother and the precious young boy and the beloved young grandmother. I suppose all you womenkind are occupied with that boy. Bless his little heart! He came down into a snug nest, when he might have been born in the gutter. . . . As to your letters, which you are collecting for me, I want the most characteristic. [Alas! they are never to be put into his hands!] . . . I am charmed with zoology, but Marblehead has a far better coast for collecting than Martha's Vineyard.

According to a previous arrangement, Edward spent the last Sunday of July in Poughkeepsie, where he preached for Dr. Van Gieson, of the First Dutch Reformed church, being the guest of Mr. Henry Pelton, with whom he had

been so intimately associated in the Charity Organization and other work. July 30th, he writes,—“The Poughkeepsie visit was very pleasant. The Peltons are excellent hosts. The congregation, morning and evening, was large, many of my old people being there. I went home to dinner with dear, good Miss Storm, meeting a host of her cousins.”

On returning to Cottage City to complete the term he writes:—“It fell to me to read Coleridge’s *Hymn to Mont Blanc*, and I had the delight of getting into it and out of myself as seldom before. The time from eleven to twelve was taken up with recitations by the teachers, most of which were as fine as anything I ever heard.

“In parting with Dr. Emerson, he said to me, ‘Whenever you can be here for short or for long,—the longer the better,—I want you to come and pay the same tuition you have been paying the last session,’ adding that I had been a help to him and the school, which it was very pleasant to hear. I have never had a teacher from whom I have gained so much in so short a time; never. I think, one who has given me so much stimulus with instruction. I never knew such an atmosphere as his in any other school,—sympathy, appreciation, aspiration.

President Emerson writes me:—

I found your son a man of rare culture, and, therefore, he made rapid progress in the study of oratory. He had quick perceptions of what was finest, most beautiful, and upbuilding in the highest order of literature. He loved truth and reality and could not endure sham and pretence. He seemed to me an ideal character. If he had a fault it consisted in entertaining too modest an estimate of his own abilities. His influence on the other students was most elevating. One could not meet him, however casually, without receiving an impulse to a higher life. There is nothing beautiful in human nature which he did not see and appreciate. Indeed, so full was he of the sense of beauty, love and worship that his very presence revealed new possibilities of living. Such a saintly soul! I loved him as I love but very, very few. The dear, blessed man has found the heaven for which he was so well prepared.

The baptism of his sister’s little one had been deferred till he could be with them. While he was at Linden Home

this summer, therefore, on August 21st, 1888, a pleasant company was gathered, George Constantine, the Greek friend of their youth, recently from Smyrna, being present and making the prayer. Edward then took the baby in his arms and baptized him with water which he had brought from the river Jordan—Wallace Lawrence Nims. And the little fellow behaved with great propriety, looking up in his face as if conscious of the dignity of the occasion.

Sing Sing, Aug. 26th, 1888.

It is good to be welcomed back here, and I feel as if I could work with new life and strength.

Oh, how beautiful is this river! A sweet blue in the foreground, the line of clear cut green shore just beyond, and back of that a hazy stretch of cloud-like hills. How I long for a settled home, thoroughly my own! Those days at Marblehead were delightful, and will be long remembered. Are you still wading through the floods of memory in those letters? I am very glad that I have read some of your correspondence.

You will understand how much gratified I have been by the strong expressions of preference for my unwritten sermons by some of my most intelligent hearers. A new joy in the service of Christ seems to come to me.

The other day I paid a visit to my prison friends,—the Brushes. He is warden of the prison and never able to be at church. But his son and daughters are quite regular in their attendance, and the daughters, being stenographers, have made reports of my sermons, and have promised me a copy of those that are extempore. I go down this week for a prison inspection. Under the present law, the hundreds there are idle, simply being marched out for exercise two or three times a day.

Yesterday afternoon I took charge of the Gospel Temperance prayer-meeting, a mixed company of Adullamites, where dear Mr. and Mrs. Cady are the regulators. And every day I am more in love with the view from my window.

Ossining Institute, Sept. 20th, 1888.

Yesterday a company of eleven from our school, with a number of others, left the dock in a sailboat for High Tor. It is a single peak on the other side, from which you have a broad view in every direction, not wide, rugged or grand, but varied, noble and charming, the river itself up to Peekskill being the centre of the whole. And it was a most appreciating company.

I am duly installed as chaplain, conducting the worship of the school, which is very pleasant to me.

As to the question of remaining here until spring as acting pastor, I shall not probably decide until I come home and can talk it over with you. I see much to be done, and shall have hearty co-operation in doing it. The people have throughout manifested their loyalty to Mr. Dwight and their fidelity to me in a remarkable way. One im-

portant element in my decision will be my mother's happiness. We might rent the house Mr. Dwight has occupied, or go into a boarding-house. They would like to have you come right here to the school, and would do everything in their power to make us comfortable.

Oct. 12th.

Your decision to make your home with me at Ossinng Institute was very satisfactory to us all. . . . Wednesday being a perfect day, I improved the opportunity and had a glorious walk of fifteen miles to the Palisades..

Edward went to Linden Home for a few days and was amused at the inquiring glances of the officials at the different stations on his presenting his check from Sing Sing. To these glances he was wont to reply.—“They have let me out for a little while.”

Ossinng Institute, Nov. 2d.

My visit at home, dear mother, was very precious. The old house grows dearer all the time with all the added memories. I wish we might carry it with us. . . . The parting must have been harder than usual, if you could get no relief by setting things to right in your closets and bureaux as you generally do.

My beautiful tree has hardly a leaf left upon it. But the sweeping away of these beauties has opened out a broader prospect all along the river. As the near drops away the distant becomes visible.

I am getting ready for the winter and its work. I must say that it is a great satisfaction to labor in a community where there is no religious controversy or theological suspicion in the air. Yet there must be conflict for progress, and I would not shrink from my part of it.

Nov. 6th.

I am beginning to make pastoral calls under the new arrangement which was announced to the people last Sunday.

Last night was the final Republican parade, and Ossinng was beautifully illuminated. After it was all past and the girls in bed, it was suddenly suggested we should follow it. At once, seven or eight teachers, under the escort of Mr. Lovell and myself, sallied forth and chased up the procession. That was reversing the usual order of things, teachers going out “unbeknownst” to the scholars. I wonder if you ever had such an escapade.

I have begun Martineau's *Study of Religion*. What a marvellous mind and style! And here the style is the man. So graceful, yet so grand! So keen, delicate, majestic! More than almost any writer of to-day he has the power of expressing the inexpressible, of fixing in words the subtlest, most evanescent shades of thought, of bodying forth sublime meanings. His statements are often arguments, his words, battles. I am thankful that he has been spared to publish these two grand volumes.

While in London, so great had been Edward's interest in Mr. Martineau's philosophical and religious essays, that he

took his mother more than once to hear him preach. And it was always a great pleasure to recall the delightful evening we passed on our first visit to London at his house, where we found him a most genial as well as entertaining host. His friends understood that he had little sympathy with his sister Harriett's religious views.

A charming, and it might be said, romantic visit Edward made with his mother at Eagleswood Park, Perth Amboy, the home of Mrs. Rebecca Buffum Spring, an old friend of whom his mother had lost sight for fifty years or more.

Rebecca's father, Mr. Buffum, was the first president of the first Anti Slavery Society in Boston; and his daughter was in close sympathy with him. It was after her marriage that she made her way through many dangers and difficulties to Virginia to visit John Brown and his followers in prison and do what she could to mitigate their sufferings. In writing me, Mrs. Spring says:—

Aaron Stevens was the only one of the prisoners I saw besides John Brown, for the fearful mob which filled the street declared that if I was allowed to remain longer in the prison, they would tear it down and kill every one in it. When the great prison door closed behind me I stood on the little platform with my son, looking down upon a sea of angry faces, and did not feel afraid, as I had caught the martyr spirit within.

Alfred Stevens had joined John Brown in Kansas, worked and suffered with him, hiding behind hay-ricks, sleeping in barns or on the ground, suffering cold and hunger, but keeping Kansas free. Stevens was called the St. John of the company. The jailor, Avis, became much attached to him, saying "I can never put the rope round his neck."

His feet were chained together, and he wrote me, "I can take a half step, and go clanking round the room; the worst is that I have to wear manacles at night." When it was proposed to chain him to the floor, the jailor said, "If any more irons are put on him somebody besides me will have to do it."

I offered to have him buried at our place, and he wrote:—"Death has no terrors for me; at the same time I should like to live as long as I can do any good."

Another of the prisoners, Absalom Haslett, wrote me:—"I thank you for what you have sent Mr. Stevens; he has always shared everything with me. You have offered to have him buried at your place. Will you let me be buried by him? I am willing to die in the cause of liberty. If I had ten thousand lives I would give them all in the cause."

There they lie, in our grounds, Stevens, twenty-seven, Haslett, twenty-two, and the whole land is free. On each memorial stone is engraved:—

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

Of Mrs. Spring’s interesting personal history I will not speak, but will give the letter she wrote when she heard of my great sorrow:—

Los Angeles California.

Oh my Margaret! How did it happen? That beautiful life,—so needed, so dear;—how could you bear it?

I am glad I saw him. I am very glad he came with you to Eagleswood. Do you remember how he went out and took the scythe and surprised the man by his knowing how to hold and use it better than he did, and how the man was moved by his kind and lovely way of teaching him, and thought him the kindest and most perfect gentleman, as he was. I have not a word of consolation to utter, dear friend; but I am deeply grieved for you. How different the rest of your life will be—all the new hopes given up—the new home that was to be, all so changed. God give you strength to bear it!

Ossinning Institute, Nov. 21st.

I have been much occupied the last few days in getting our Christian Service Society started. Last night we had the first sociable here. The ladies of the Institute helped me greatly in all the arrangements, and now the society is fairly launched.

Mrs. William E. Dodge had kindly invited Edward’s mother to pass a week with her. November 28th, he writes:—“I was in New York yesterday and had a pleasant call on Mrs. Dodge. She will expect you December 10th. Dinner at six o’clock, to which I have promised to stay. She will send her carriage for you, and she showed me her coachman, so that I might know him when he meets us at the station.”

From a delightful visit with Mrs. Dodge, his mother went to Sing Sing, where she passed two or three weeks very pleasantly, going from there to Syracuse.

Sing Sing, Dec. 4th, 1888.

I go up again to Poughkeepsie, next week, to read my paper, “Among the Theosophists of India,” before Vassar Institute. Then I have promised, if possible, to address the students at Vassar College on Missions. And I have just engaged to prepare a course of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, to be given at Ossinning Institute, open to the public. So, with all the work of the church, my hands will be full. The Christian Service Society moves on finely, sixty-five at our prayer meeting, over thirty taking part, with no time for

more, and singing that makes the rafters ring. I commence a teachers' meeting this week. I am very well and most happy in my work.

Sing Sing, Jan. 16, 1889.

My dear birthday Sister:—

What a different birthday this would have been if you had not come at all! I wonder if this fact has kept me a bachelor—a birthday sister! If you had come seven years earlier we should have been twins. But the one who came then might not have been *you*. Your soul might not have got round in time to go into that particular body. So it would have been some one else's soul in your body, or your soul in some one else's body. I don't know which. And since it is so very uncertain how the matter would have turned out, I will leave it just as it is, and thank God for you just as you are, and as you are going to be.

But there is a good deal more of you this year than last. You are two wholes, you see, and a better half. Only the better half is a baby. I suppose the doctor will kill the fatted calf, not because you have been a prodigal, but because you haven't.

Hereafter we may celebrate the day of our birth into heaven. Perhaps it will be of the recurring centuries or millenniums. And all will be together then. How strange to think a few million years ahead, and of continual growth in love and God. Ah, well, we are blind kittens now. We shall get our eyes opened there.

You know the little fellow who did not want to be "born again," "for fear I might be born a lassie, sir!"

Your loving brother,
Ned.

Sing Sing, Jan. 16th, 1889.

My dear Mother:—

Forty-two years ago to-day I did not amount to much. Now you will hold up your hands in surprise that it was so long ago. Yet what a tiny step I have made out into the eternities! A few centuries from now I shall look back and see how very little I amounted to when I was forty-two years old. But I am, probably, two-thirds through my work here. It remains to the last third to do my very best. And I think last Sunday was one of the best of my life.

Feb. 7th, 1889.

The view from my window seems more beautiful every day. And I grow every day more attached to our family. As the distinguishing characteristics of the teachers come out, and personal elements and relations appear, it is all the more interesting. The problem of school life, too, grows more and more attractive.

So, dear mother, you have discovered that you are too old to be with us, and must retire into some home. Then I am too old for the pulpit. Let us move to Poughkeepsie, and then go you to the Old Ladies' and I to the Old Men's Home. We can exchange visits, and possibly I may get a Bible class in my old church.

Sing Sing, Feb. 13th.

Last Sunday we had four volunteer students here, who are all going out as missionaries. They took the whole time of the Sunday

School, and the evening was given up to them. This afternoon the women's meeting is addressed by Dr. Atterbury, a medical missionary, whom I visited in Pekin. We hope to bring the church up to the point of raising a thousand dollars a year for the support of a missionary family. And better still, we hope to have some of our young people go out as our representatives. The best of all is that the more the people get of this the better they seem to like it.

In speaking of the conversion of a Nova Scotian civil engineer and a hard case, from hearing his sermon on the Prodigal son, he says, "Is not this worth coming to Sing Sing for?"

Edward had been repeatedly urged to go to Fargo, Dakota, but the way had not seemed clear. About this time he writes:—"I must confess I am relieved that Fargo is supplied. I wrote them to find another man, if possible.

Sing Sing, Feb. 19th.

I wish you could have seen the valentine I received,—a remarkable piece of art and fun—the work of our art-teacher. I haven't laughed so much for months. You shall see it when you come.

There has been splendid skating on the river, and *my family* and I used it to the best advantage.

Early in March, his friend, Mr. Hall, from Plattsburg, joined him in New York, and went on with him to attend President Harrison's inauguration at Washington, from which place Edward writes:—

I am struck with the number of colored people, of all sorts and hues, some very intelligent, most with the childlikeness of the race. Saturday was our only time for Congress, as it adjourns before Monday. The flags were flying from both wings, indicating a Sunday session, but not for us. It was a day of last things, when many bills were being swiftly railroaded through, and at the same time much filibustering. There was such a din and clatter that it was hard to see how any business could go on:—the galleries whispering, the members talking, others shouting at the speaker, the speaker pointing at and shouting at all, the sonorous voice of the clerk meantime ringing out bill after bill. I saw the members vote a bill of about two hundred sections, appropriating some twenty million dollars, in about one minute. The committee, however, had spent some two months in considering it. The Senate presented a marked contrast to the hubbub of the House.

On Tuesday, by standing two hours under umbrellas in the rain in a great crowd, we at last saw the President take the oath of office, and heard the Inaugural. They illustrated Protection by holding an umbrella over the President's head to shield him from heaven's free trade in rain.

Then we rushed for our seats at the other end of the Avenue, where, for three hours, under cover, we saw the procession salute the Presidential party in their stand just opposite us. The finest thing in the procession was the marching and music of the Seventh New York regiment. Colonel Cody, with some of his cowboys, elicited great applause. A huge mastiff labelled "Protection" walked in the procession.

I shouldn't care to come twice on such an occasion, but I am very glad to have been here once.

Ossining, April 19th, 1889.

I will come down to pass Monday night with you, as proposed, at Mr. Minasian's, lunching Tuesday at Dr. Prentiss's, and seeing you on your way to East Orange. I want you to come here, at the latest, by the middle of next week, and stay until you go to Lakewood. What a good letter from that Roman Catholic priest!

The letter was from a priest in Canada, who entered heartily into the tobacco crusade.

We greatly enjoyed our anticipated visits in Brooklyn with the Minasians and other friends, and had a delightful nooning at Dr. Prentiss's, of Union Theological Seminary, with his beloved daughter as our hostess.

The following letter gives the Doctor's impressions of that visit:—

From my long acquaintance with the father and mother of Edward Lawrence, I had watched his career with peculiar interest, and had come to think of him as destined to make a special mark upon his generation as a Christian leader and worker. His endowments, both intellectual and moral, were of a high order, while his education was signally fitted to develop them in strength and beauty. Ties of kindred and early environment brought him into vital contact with the best culture of New England; and to this were added the advantages of study in Germany, and of foreign travel.

Although my personal acquaintance with him was slight, yet my recollections of him are exceedingly pleasant. He was every inch a Christian scholar and gentleman. In expressing his convictions, decision of character was very striking, but not more so than his modest and quiet tone. His tone, indeed, was the man himself, and you felt it in all he said and did. I recall with great interest a visit that he made at my house with his mother in 1889, reminding me vividly of his father, his uncle, Leonard Woods, Louisa Payson Hopkins, Henry B. Smith and wife, and other old friends.

But the deepest and tenderest impression of that visit—deepest at the time and tenderest still—was the beautiful devotion of the son to the mother. Never did I see filial affection express itself in a manner way, and the scene always comes back to me when I think of Edward Lawrence.

Sing Sing, April 23d, 1889.

My Darling Sister:—

The Lord is risen! Thank God for that!

And the doctor is better. Thank God for that, too! I can share your joy in the recovery. How we gain love for those we nurse! I am glad you have been having experience in marketing. We have had pleasant visits in Brooklyn. Mr. Minasian's daughter is a girl I wish you knew—lovely, simple, engaging, unspoiled. And we saw the Academy pictures in New York, which mother greatly enjoyed.

On Friday I give a Browning evening here at the Institute, and the last of my Christian Evidence Lectures. Love to the doctor and baby.
Ned.

Edward's mother reached Sing Sing the latter part of April. Soon after came the centennial celebration of the British evacuation of New York. Edward made arrangements to be there with Mr. Hall, expressing much regret that, owing to the great crowd and the difficulty of securing a good seat, it would be an unwise risk to take his mother there. As he left a day or two in advance to attend a wedding, some of the teachers requested him to procure tickets for them, if possible, to seats on a high stand.

New York, 44 Irving Place, Tuesday Morning, April 30th, 1889.

Dear Mother:—

Came down comfortably. Found my place here near 14th St. Then hunted for seats. Prices all up in the air, as well as the seats. Finally took ten open-air seats in Union Square, for which I send tickets. Jonathan is with me, up by the Worth Monument. A friend of mine will meet the ladies and guide them to the stand.

To the suggestion of some of the teachers that I should join them, I readily acceded, and we all started off early in the morning. The friend, Mr. Bixby, met the little company and guided us to the stand, where the teachers, with cushions they had brought, improvised a comfortable seat for the mother.

In the afternoon, before we left, I wrote a note to my son, sending it by Mr. B., although he did not meet him till almost midnight. The next morning I received from him the following card:

Madison Square Seats, Tuesday, 6.15 P. M.

We have been about ten hours in this place, just opposite the re-

viewing stand of the President and his party, with a fine view of every thing. Procession just closing,—over five hours long. I hope our ladies had a good view in Union Square.

By the next mail came another postal card, dated Tuesday, 11.15 P. M., which is given *verbatim et literatim*.

11.15 P. M. Tuesday.

Well! Well!! Well!!! Well!!!! Well!!!!!! But it is lucky for me I didn't know it until it was through. Seeing the crowds, I felt very anxious for our ladies on the great stand with no reserved seats, and feared that one foolish man had made ten unhappy virgins. Had I known you were among them— But you are always surprising us by your capacity. And now we have all proved wise and all been happy. I will bring the whole procession into Prayer Meeting.

Ned.

Among all the ministerial sons and grandsons of Leonard Woods of Andover, who was regarded as one of the Congregational fathers, Edward was the only Congregational minister. But he worked easily in Presbyterian harness, and greatly enjoyed an exchange with a Reformed Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Mr. Finley of Newburgh. He had a warm friendship for his Episcopal cousin, Rev. Dr. George Baker, at the head of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and for his excellent wife, recently translated. At their request he gave one of his missionary talks in the chapel of the hospital, and to a most appreciative audience.

Among the pleasant visits that we made together was one at the Stone House, Abington Avenue, Newark, N. J., the home of Dr. Ward of the *Independent*, and of his artistic sisters. Edward greatly enjoyed the curios of all descriptions from Babylonia and all over the world, and the whole air of the house, speaking to me of its suggestiveness and thoughtfulness. And all sorts of subjects—philosophical, political and religious—were discussed.

The following passage is from a letter by Dr. Ward, after he heard of Edward's departure:—

In such a crushing sorrow, there is no full comfort, there is only alleviation, patience and faith. Few sons were ever so much loved by a mother, or so much deserved to be loved, and few mothers were ever so devotedly loved by a son. It is a great deal to have had

such a son, and to have suffered such a loss. She that was most blessed among women felt the sword pierce her heart, when her son died in his young ministry.

While at Sing Sing Edward took his mother to New York to a meeting of the Presbytery with which the church was connected. It was a session of unusual interest, as the revision of the creed was then broached and the *pros* and *cons* were skillfully marshalled. Of the continuance of the discussion thus started, every one knows.

CHAPTER XXV.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH ARETHUSA HALL.

“Before the mysteries of thy word and will
Thy voice can gently bid my heart be still,
Since all that now is hard to understand
Thou wilt unravel in yon heavenly land.”

Edward always entered warmly into his mother's friendships. And he was particularly interested in Arethusa Hall, a near relative of Sylvester Judd, whose Life she had written, and a friend of his mother's for many years. Although there had been a great change in her religious views, and she considered herself a disciple of Francis Abbott, who was connected with the Free Religious Association, yet the early friendship was never interrupted. Their differences were seldom referred to. In reply, however, to a letter, asking some questions, she writes, frankly and fully.

On reading her letter to Edward, he said he should like to answer it, which his mother was glad to have him do. One or two other letters followed, his last reaching Northampton during his mother's visit there.

Not many months after, Miss Hall passed into the unknown land, and Mr. Abbott, who published a Memorial for her friends, inserted in it the correspondence which is here given.

Northampton, May 21st, 1889.

You ask “how the other life looks to me.” I have no idea of its *details*. I trust; I hope. I think there is great reason to believe in its existence, and every reason to trust that all is wisest and best; that the Ruler of the Universe does all things well. Upon the bosom of this wonderful Nature I feel that I can cast myself and die in peace.

The religion of Nature, including man, of course, with all that he has effected, and all that has been effected in this wonderful universe, so far as science can penetrate through the æons of the past,—the *religion* derived from all this, is to me soul-satisfying, and

forms the highest, the noblest Ideal of the Infinite Person, the soul of all, that I can desire. It forms to me a religion incomparably more intelligent, more reasonable, more exalted and wisely devout than the past has entertained. All the historical religions of the world, including the Christian, differ from each other chiefly *in degree* in seeking in the *supernatural* for the satisfaction of the infinite longings of the soul.

And, dear Margaret, I know the candor of your nature will allow me to say it to you, since it is true, and you will feel kindly to me still when I say:—It is strange to me, how a woman of your intellect, of your natural independence of thought (and, in saying *you*, I would say also, a man of your son's knowledge, and ministers generally of the highest scientific knowledge), how you can believe the Bible to be other than a record of the best knowledge and thought of the purely human mind, working in the way natural to all minds, simply under the light and knowledge to which they had attained, and how you can take this record as from the mouth of God. And then the God of this whole mighty universe, coming to this speck of earth, entering into the womb of a virgin, and, in due time emerging as a human child, to be a Mediator and Saviour of a race whose ancestors offended the Supreme Parent, and thus dragged all his posterity to perdition! I can't help it, Margaret, but it is to me on a par with all the avatars of heathenism. And the whole system is to me but a more civilized form of what we call heathenism!

You are too wise to be shocked. You may be pained. You may pity. I should not say it, but in trust of your truly superior intellect, and your great hospitality for what you may consider great error. I have failed to do justice to my thought and my position, but I am too tired to re-write, and thus give more clearness and fulness to them. I think, however, you will be able to read between the lines.

I should not have attempted to define my position thus far, had you not rather given me the challenge. I know well all the arguments you can bring against me, have known them from my youth up, through the "bodies of divinity" I have read, and all the preaching I have heard. I do believe I am on a "*Rock*" more aged than yours, and deep as the foundations of eternity. I am at peace, and my religion is to me the soul of my life, permeated with an enthusiasm such as I never felt under the influence of the faith into which I was born.

How beautiful the world is now! What a wonderful resurrection to new life! God, immortal in all!

"O God, I can trust for the human soul!"

Faithfully, your old friend Thusa.

Sing Sing, May 23d, 1889.

My Dear Miss Hall:—

Your last letter to my mother, in which you kindly refer to me, has so much of interest in it that I have asked the privilege of making some response. I wish this especially because, if I understand what you say, your rock is our rock, and, however we may have come to it, and with whatever difference of

expression and explanation, not only our Life, but our Faith rest in the same way upon *Him*.

We should, of course, at the very start, grant the inadequacy of language to express our Faith, and the inadequacy of our Faith to compass the Truth. Our words miss the thought at which they aim, and the Truth evades our definition. Yet, in a partial and differing way, each may apprehend it, and we may meet in the same centre.

You "have no idea of the details of the other life," but great confidence "in its existence." You "trust that all is wisest and best—that the Ruler of the Universe does all things well." There we are quite at one. The only suggestion I find as to details is from the analogy of spirit and character in this beginning of life. I believe that the Eternal Life begins in Time, and that this beginning shapes the continuance and the end; that death is not revolution, but evolution. So from the study of the germ here I come to anticipate certain things beyond. But, because of my belief in him who does all things well, I am most sure of all that it will be better than my best imaginings. That, too, seems to me the teaching of the bold Oriental imagery of the Bible. I have little doubt that our hopes are much alike in this matter.

When you speak of the "religion of Nature" I am not sure that I know just what you mean. If you mean simply that wonder, awe, reverence, which in many souls results from the view and study of Nature,—in a word the *feeling* which Nature inspires in us, without reference to any thing to which Nature points, I should say that was to me an unusual sense of the word, for which I should be more apt to think of Nature, including Man, as an *effect*, not exclusively, but to use the term "religiousness." Religion seems to me to imply the relation between persons, and I like best to speak of it as the *Life of God in the Soul of Man*. . . The religion of Nature would, therefore, mean to me the religion to which Nature points; the personal relation which it suggests. But I think this must be your own meaning: for you say "the *religion* derived from all this . . . to me forms the highest, the noblest Ideal of the Infinite Person, the soul of all that I can desire."

If Nature, "including Man," inspires you with faith in an Infinite Person, of whose personality our own is but a faint reflection,—then we are alike. Right here it is possible that our ways might divide, yet your words encourage me to hope not. I am accustomed to think of Nature, including Man, as an *effect*, not exclusively, but mainly so. This effect suggests—I should better say *reveals*—*God*; and that as something not separate or removed, but at once immanent and *distinct*. I should not care at all for the geometrical manner of stating his relation to Nature, whether that be called transcendent or immanent, whether he be thought of as working within or without, above, beyond, in front or back of all things. Every such expression is partial. All taken together can but hint at the truth that he is *All in all*. But I should care very much about being able to say *God and Nature*, rather than *God or Nature*, as if the two were not simply interwoven but identical. Some distinctness between the two is certainly necessary, in order to have any relation between the two. Grant sufficient distinctiveness for an actual

relationship, then I think all various ways of expressing that relationship, in a degree, truthful. We may think of it as being that of the Cause to the Effect, or of the body to the raiment, or of the soul to the body, or of the life to its manifestation, or of the Ruler to the Universe. Each expression is partial, each helpful.

It seems to me that you indicate the acceptance of some such relationship between God and Nature, implying their distinctness. You say "the Ruler of the Universe does all things well;" you speak of "God immanent in all," and of the "Infinite Person, the soul of all." We use exactly the same language. Do we not mean the same? Only one phrase causes me to doubt. Looking on Nature as the work and working of God, I should need to change one word in your sentence: "Upon the bosom of this wonderful Nature I feel that I can cast myself and die in peace." I should put the word *God* instead of *Nature*. Yet I could say God in Nature, and be well content. Of course I am here guarding myself against absolute Pantheism, as I would on the other side against Deism. I am merely stating the faith of pure Theism, though I should claim the right to term it pure *Christian* Theism.

But if we have kept near together up to this point, you imply that here our paths diverge. And you wonder that intelligent persons can hold the Christian beliefs which we entertain. I suppose the difficulty with those who discuss these points often, is that each side imagines the other to hold what it does not, and does not understand the opinions the other does hold. I should be glad if I could show at least how closely the Christian beliefs we hold are connected with what you accept.

You say "the religion of Nature including Man, . . . to me forms the highest, the noblest Ideal of the Infinite Person, the soul of all that I can desire." I suppose you would not object to the expression that the Universe or Nature is the Revelation of God. Now, is it not true that the highest thing in the Universe, looked at as such a revelation, is *Man*? Man is the highest revelation of God. But the highest thing in Man is *character*. And the highest character is righteous, forgiving, self-sacrificing Love. The holy Life of Love is the highest Revelation of God. Now the Christian claim is simply this, that Jesus of Nazareth presents us this holy Life of Love, and that he is therefore *the* Revelation of God, *the* Son of God, who is Love. You may question or deny this claim on historical or other grounds. But I do not see how you can regard it as either superstitious, unintelligible, or unreasonable. We are convinced that in his life and workings Jesus is absolutely unique among the sons of men; that he was sinless and morally perfect, the supreme example of history; that he made unprecedented claims as to his authority, kingdom, and relations with God; that he has, in accordance with those claims, exerted an unparalleled influence for good upon the world through eighteen centuries. This supremacy of character we believe carries with it a Lordship over Man, and also over Nature. Being Lord of Life, it is not strange to us that He should be Lord over Death; and the Resurrection would be no surprise to us, even did we not find it supported, as we believe, by irrefutable testimony. The whole structure rests upon the original claim of a

unique, a Divine character, *the* Revelation of God. As God manifests himself in the Universe, here we find Him manifest in the flesh, "the Word made flesh." When you protest against the idea of "the God of this mighty universe" entering into human condition, etc., we ask what else would you have? All this simply says that in giving His superb Self-Revelation in a Divine character, or as I like to say, in a Divine-human life, God wrought by natural processes, and put His Revelation into human terms. Why should not the holy Life of Love, that was to reveal God to men, be born as a child, and consecrate human life by passing through its various conditions? If the beauty of God is embodied in a flower, why not His *Love* in a Son of Man? If God's Self-Revelation is to be *localised* at all why not on "this speck of earth" as well as on any other speck? What are physical dimensions to the soul? If Humanity is God's highest work, why might He not specially manifest himself *to* Humanity in a human life?

I have visited heathen nations and learned something of their philosophies and practices. And I must say that I cannot find their philosophies absurd. They seem to me often peoples dreaming, who catch fleeting visions of what others have in waking reality. Their incarnations spring from the natural and I believe the prophetic longings of the heart to see God. They hint of Christianity as the grotesque shadows do of dawn—only these incarnations are seldom either holy or historic.

But the Bible! You wonder that we can receive that as we do. This is somewhat the way in which I receive it. I believe not only in Jesus as the historic man of Revelation, but in the Jews as the historic people of Revelation. Not as a good people, on the contrary, as stupid, perverse, wilful; but as displaying in their history the working of God's rule of righteousness in a way as unique at least among all people, as God's working of art and thought are among the Greeks. Now the Bible is precious to me as containing the records of this Self-Revelation of God in History. I cannot help believing that its historians, psalmists, prophets, apostles, evangelists produced here a sacred library that is of monumental and perpetual importance in the matters of religion. As a matter of fact, it is the chief inspiration of the religious life of Christendom to-day, and has been for centuries. And to me the co-ordination of its parts indicates a special design as much as the harmony in the Cathedral of Cologne. But the great thing is the Divine Life which is at the heart of the Book, as it is at the heart of Christendom.

What I have written seems to me the essence of the Christian Faith. It is, doubtless, overlaid by many errors and superstitions, but this is the saving substance. And for this substance I do claim two things. First, it is not unreasonable. Let it be true or false, yet it is a plain, definite system of thought and faith based on alleged historic events. It is nothing that is not consistent with the highest intelligence and the purest practices. Second, the character of Christ, who is Christianity, is so pure and commanding, the occurrences connected with his life are so extraordinary, the impression he has made upon mankind is so deep and widespread, that he justly claims as he more and more receives the reverence, the imitation, the

patient study of the wisest and the best, as well as of the worst and lowest. Interpret him as we may, he is in the world as one of its moving powers and ruling principles. As a matter of fact I have learned to know God through *him*. He has shown me and mine God's Fatherhood, Forgiveness and Immanence. He has formed, for me, the Brotherhood of Man. He is my Life. I cannot define him; but he has shown God to me. And what is best in those I know usually flows from him, always conforms to him, so that they too become to me in character, revelations of God.

I am keenly alive to the movements of science and criticism. They have changed many definitions, and undermined many philosophies and theologies, but I do not see that they have changed one fact in the Christian Faith. They have only swept away theories to bring us in closer contact with eternal realities.

And when I or mine go out from this life, into the great Beyond, I think we have something even surer and vastly more loving to which to entrust ourselves than the bosom of Nature. I want no dearer, grander example, no closer companionship with which to go forth than that of Christ. I commit myself to his guidance, sure that he "came from the Father," sure that he will bring me to the Father. And, as I believe that he leads many whose eyes are held from seeing him, so my own confidence is that you and some like you, who seek God, are being led by him and are to be more and more his disciples.

I have written much at length, but it has been with loving thoughts of my mother's dear friend, whose name is one of our household-words. You may be sure that no words of 'yours can shock us. It is only irreverence that should shock, and truth-seekers must speak freely together. Some day we shall surely "know as we are known."

With respectful and affectionate regards, I am

Yours sincerely,

Edward A. Lawrence.

P. S. Browning's Poem, *Saul*, expresses at its close what I take to be the Christian Philosophy of the Incarnation. Are you familiar with it? It is a *great* poem.

Northampton, May 29, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Lawrence:—

Your letter of the 23rd instant impressed me so deeply with its kindness, its candor, its broad, catholic spirit, that I could hardly refrain from taking my pen at once in reply.

Yes, I feel that we are substantially upon the same "Rock"—that Rock which is at the foundation of all religions, and which forms the basis of that sympathy of religions which should exist. The human soul, from its very nature, seeks after God, and is not satisfied till it finds something to rest upon. But this something varies according to the conditions of inheritance, education, and the light of science. If each, with earnest seeking, does his best, I don't see what more can be required.

Now as to the "Religion of Nature." My terms of expression were not explicit, yet you very well guessed my meaning. Yet I think we differ in regard to the "relationship" between God and what

is called Nature. And first, let me say, this earth, in my highest thought, holds but a very limited place in what I take in as Nature. And here let me give you, as what I am ready to accept, Mr. F. E. Abbott's statement at the commencement of a series of articles in *The New Ideal*, upon "The Philosophy of Free Religion." "The universe is known to us as at once infinite machine, infinite organism, and infinite person--as mechanical in its apparent form and action, organic in its essential constitution, and personal in its innermost being; it is the eternally self-evolving and self-involving unity of the Absolute Real and the Absolute Ideal in God. . . and is the Ethical Realization of the Infinite Divine Ideal, which reflects itself in the Finite Human Ideal, as the sun reflects itself in the dew-drop."

Now this view does not make God so "distinct" from Nature as your thought seems to be, but as entirely within Nature, and in no sense *outside* of it, as the cause of an effect. So you see the fulness of my meaning when I said the "bosom of Nature." I might say, the bosom of God, and express my own thought, but the expression carries generally a very different sense. My aim, these late years, has been to find God, as revealed in Nature, including its *largest* sense, and to square my life, both physically and morally, by the laws inherent in the Universe. And, with this comes, in my spirit, the feeling, the emotion of religion in its deepest, most reverential sense, a sense too deep for words, but one of yearning for union with the Infinite Ideal, and for the utmost possible attainment of the Infinite Perfection.

As you say, "our paths diverge" when we come to this foundation of our beliefs. It all turns upon this,—whether we do or do not believe in the Bible as a *special* Revelation from God. I must say, frankly, that I do not consider it a Revelation from him, in any sense differening in kind from the revelations of Nature in a *broad* sense; and especially as given by other highest souls that have lived, and who, as well as the writers of the Bible, have given us their best thoughts. Of these latter there have been many, scattered through the ages and nations; and, at the present day, it seems to me that the truth-loving and truth-seeking souls, with the aid which advanced science gives, are more likely to arrive at divine knowledge than any writer of the Bible. I appreciate all the grandeur and excellence of religious thought and emotion contained in the Bible, but consider it purely a human production. As to its theology or system of doctrines, I cannot consider it as any authority.

With the view of the Bible, the position of Jesus, as an *authority*, of course stands or falls. Thus, to me, he was not exceptional in *kind* from other men. In character he may well be placed among the highest sons of God that have been produced in the human. I cannot say that I see him to have been entirely free from the imperfections of the finite. For myself, I do not feel the need of any one to come between me and God, any farther than as helps, such as you and other spirits imbued with the divine may be to me. I find God in vegetable and in animal nature, and especially in the human. I know one who says he knows most of God through his mother; another, who said he knew most of God through what he considered the exalted character of the lady whom he loved.

I know I touch upon a most tender point with you, when I venture to put Jesus in the same category with purely unexceptional human beings. But I feel you will see that it is a reverence for what to me is truth, and that you have too much religious philosophy to be disturbed or offended by it.

You are true and consistent with your own thoughts, and I respect your fidelity. You can do no otherwise, neither can I than I do. And your rare liberality and ingenuousness towards what to you are my errors, is to me very gratifying.

Since commencing this writing I have received a postal from your mother, saying she will make me a visit. This is surely a pleasant prospect. Our friendship, of more than half a century I think, has been unbroken. I have always found her the same true, noble-minded, faithful friend. I have kept along with the history of her family, and have felt an identity almost as though they were of kin. I know the close alliance, almost more than that of blood, between you and her, and am glad you have the joy it brings.

With the kindest regard,

Very sincerely yours,

Arethusa Hall.

Sing Sing, May 30th, 1889.

My Dear Miss Hall:—

As I supposed, our conceptions of the central mystery of Life are certainly allied, our trust is the same. I was glad to get the clear statement you quote from Mr. Abbott. It certainly offers an inspiring faith. If in this eternal process of the universe it differentiates itself into subject and object, the way is thereby opened for the distinctness of which I spoke, and for the thought of God *and* Nature. The whole conception I could accept as one of the alternative yet complementary statements of which every one is greatly suggestive, no one nor all combined exhaustive. And I should like to know more of Mr. Abbott's writings.

I am more concerned to write of the point at which our views take a wider divergence. I see that you understand my aim, which is not at all controversial or proselyting, but solely in the interest of mutual understanding. It is not my care to represent "our view" as *the* true one, or the only one. But I was impressed by your wonder that intelligent, candid people could hold to that which to you seems so deeply tinged with superstition, and so unreasonable. And I am deeply concerned to speak of the Christian Faith as that which is altogether reasonable, and the foe of superstition, consistent not only with the purest character but with the keenest intelligence.

It is in regard to the Bible, I judge, that you wonder most at the Christian views. But just here I suspect that you attribute, quite innocently, and not without some reason, views which can in no sense be called a part of the Christian Faith.

The Bible is to me, indeed, the Book of Books. I believe that the Hebrews had, under divine appointment for their work of righteousness, as marked a *genius* or *inspiration*, as you may choose to call it, for religious insight and expression, as the Greeks had for the insight and expression of art and philosophy. The results of one seem to me as absolutely unique as those of the other. I no more expect to

see the Psalms, Job, Isaiah, John, Paul, equalled in their line than Homer, Phidias, Plato in theirs. I find much that is sublime and religious in other ancient, sacred books, but nothing, as a whole, equal to these books. The Hebrews combine, in the most surprising way, sobriety and sublimity, the historic and the imaginative sense. They even present the genius of universal history. And this historic sense, which makes Christianity a historic religion, is amazingly lacking in all the great religious books of which I know.

I do not believe the Bible to be a book of Science, either natural or religious. I am not concerned to defend or assert its infallibility. And I do not see how any advance of Science is to displace or overtop the Bible any more than—Phidias. Science has its own glorious work to do *for* us; yet more *in* us dispelling our errors. I do not see how it should produce aught to take the place of the 23d Psalm, or the 139th, or of the Gospel of John. All I can say is that when as a book, not of philosophy, but of religion, anything more inspiring, humbling, comforting, transforming than the Bible appears, I want to know it and use it, and thank God for a yet grander gift to man.

Yet with all this I would not, in any strict sense, say that I hold the Bible as a Revelation of God, either general or special, I do not think "all turns on this." The Christian Faith grasps the revealed *character* of God. Character reveals itself in life rather than in documents. Here primarily in a people, centrally and supremely in a person. Christ is to me the Revelation of God, the end in a long self-revealing, historic process. The Bible *records* that Revelation. I accept it as a faithful record, and would be satisfied to claim for it the same degree of credit that is accorded to trustworthy historians. I do not turn aside to consider the mooted questions of Higher Criticism. All I would now insist on is that the unhistoric character of the Bible, as a whole, has not been shown in any such way as to impeach the intelligence of those who hold to its substantial fidelity, or render them liable to the charge of superstition.

But you may say, "these are your individual views. The great mass of Christians think quite differently." Is it too much to ask that the Christian Faith be judged not by any individual opinions or sectarian views, but by the great Catholic creeds of the Church? The briefest, most common statement is the Apostles' Creed. It contains not one syllable or suggestion about the Bible. Nor does the Nicene Creed. Nor any of the Catholic Creeds, if I remember rightly. But they contain the Christian Faith for which we stand. The exigencies of the Protestant Reformation caused the later reformers to press forward the Book into a somewhat abnormal position, to offset the claims of the Pope. But that does not affect the substance of the Christian Faith, which lays hold of a Person.

I do not quite understand what you mean in saying that you consider the Bible purely a human production. I should suppose that we would both say that *nothing* good is *purely* a human production. The human and divine so intermingle that I cannot separate them, least of all in religious art and utterance. I do not regard the Bible as presenting a theology or a system of doctrine any more than the earth presents a system of geology, or Phidias a system of art. It presents a vast number of historic and spiritual facts and emotions,

a few fragmentary conclusions or doctrines, as in Paul's writing. Mainly it presents a Life.

And so far from believing that "with the view of the Bible the position of Jesus as an *authority* stands or falls," I hold just the reverse. The authority of Jesus, for me, determines my views of the Bible. Simply granting a faithful historic character, it presents to me Jesus. Then I judge of the Bible by him, his words, deeds, spirit. It is little to me apart from Christ, or except as viewed through Christ. I can only say with the view of Christ, the Christian Faith and all Christian theology and views stand or fall. And his authority springs for me, not so much out of his relations, as from the character, the Person.

Of him I will not say more. The real difference would lie in the interpretation of Jesus. Only I should say that no honest, reverent expression of doubt concerning him, should be offensive to a follower of his. It can only cause the longing that the doubting Thomas may see his Lord in all his glory.

Only as to one remaining point would I speak. You do, apparently, recognize the need men have of "helps" to come between them and God, and refer to those who have known most of God through a mother, or a lady love.

I presume you would not object to the statements that we know God at all only through his Revelation of himself, and that the whole universe is a Revelation of Him. But that which is highest in the universe must most clearly and fully reveal Him. Surely the highest in the universe is Man, and the highest in Man is Character, the highest in Character Love. Just in so far then as Christ seemed to me to present or approach the perfection of divine character, of self-sacrificing love, at once universal and particular, would you not say that to such a one Christ presented the *supreme* Revelation of God, that through Christ, *par excellence*, such a one knew God? But all Christians do hold it as of the innermost essence of their faith that Christ does embody Divine Character in perfect Love. To them, therefore, there would be an absolute need of Christ between them and God, as *The Way*, the medium of revelation, knowledge, communion. As he said, "He that hath seen *me*, hath seen the Father."

May I say, in closing this long letter, that I have several times had this experience. I have met those who in the course of life have undergone a reaction from their early views, and have sought rest elsewhere, finding it or not as the case may be. Those early views were the mechanical, exaggerated views of some sect or set of people from whom they had been imbibed, rather than the natural outcome of the Bible or the great creeds. Especially have they been mechanical views of the Bible. And ever afterwards they conceive of Christianity, most naturally, but mistakenly, under the guise in which they have rejected it. Yet first and last it is something quite different from what they take it to be. Local opinions, temporary teachings have hidden the Faith of Christ from their sight, and they perhaps never see its essence as the simple, humble believing heart accepts it.

It has seemed to me that this may, in some sense, have been your case. Certainly you appear to be meeting views of the Bible which

do not seem to me a part of the Christian Faith, which are not my views and are in no Catholic Creed.

I have written at length because I have written in haste. It is now one A. M. and I seldom sin in this way. But your letter was kind and good, and you will understand my reply. I go to my new work in Baltimore in a week and do not know when I could write after to-night. But I sincerely hope that I may hear again from you with more questions or explanations. My address after leaving here will be "The Altamont," Baltimore, Md.

I know the pleasure that is in store for my mother during her visit with you, and wish I could share it.

Sincerely yours,
Edward A. Lawrence.

Northampton, June 15th, 1889.

Dear Mr. Lawrence:—

Your letter, with its clear statement of views and its kindly spirit, was received on the morning of the day on which your mother came to me. You can understand how fully that week was occupied. I think I understand fully your principles of faith. They are such as have been familiar to me from my early years. My stand-points are different now, but, by different paths, I think we lead up to the same spiritual results. I think we must, each and all, be faithful to our convictions of truth, after first seeking, with our best powers, to know what is truth. My views in regard to Jesus differ from yours. I do regard him as a "revelation of God," but in no *exceptional* sense, as differing from other great souls that have appeared upon earth, and, of course, as giving him no *authority* differing in kind from that of others. And so I regard Christianity as only another form which the religious sentiment in man has taken—higher and purer, certainly, than any other, but not the ideally perfect which the world may be yet destined to see. It has had the advantages of connection with a higher civilization. But, as science reveals more and more of God, with the eternal laws of the universe, both moral and spiritual, as well as physical, religious views, it seems to me, must be greatly enlarged and generalized, and freed from the limitations of one globe, or one man upon that globe.

Mr. Abbott has a printed discourse, entitled *The God of Science*. He has also a volume, *Scientific Theism*. Both are mere fragments of a work on which he is laboring, a comprehensive Scientific Philosophy, which leads up to the most high and adoring conception of God as the all-pervading, immanent Life, Spirit, Intelligent Principal and Person of the *whole* Universe.

With appreciation of your truly catholic spirit,

Yours sincerely,
Arethusa Hall.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEW FIELD OF WORK IN BALTIMORE.

"He most lives who thinks most, feels noblest, acts best."

Edward had been urged to supply for a Sunday the First Congregational church in Baltimore, but under the circumstances had declined to do so. Then a delegation came up to hear him, and as the result of their report, he received the following letter from one of the Committee:—

"Baltimore, Wednesday Eve, 10 P. M.

Dear Mr. Lawrence.

Our meeting just adjourned. Call unanimous. Not a vote against you. Closed meeting with doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Edward decided to spend a few weeks there, and then, if everything proved satisfactory on both sides, to accept the call.

The following letter is from one of the delegates to Sing Sing,—Mr. D. M. Henderson, a deacon in the Congregational church:—

My Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

In what I may say about your son you will allow me to dispense with his title. I knew him best as "Mr." Lawrence, and in his modesty I think he preferred that style of address.

I first heard of Mr. Lawrence just after the close of Mr. Slocum's pastorate here. Some friends of his mentioned his name to our Committee of Supply, but, learning that he would not come to preach as a candidate, as we then thought the proper thing to do was to hear everybody who wanted to preach and then make a selection, we dismissed him from our thoughts. But our experience of candidating was a sad one, and we learned that to investigate first and hear afterwards was the better method. In this sober second thought we remembered the man who would not be a candidate. Mr. Lawrence was then preaching at Sing Sing. The committee asked me to go up and investigate. I went and heard Mr. Lawrence preach twice, and noted the kind and amount of work he was doing. I liked

his appearance and manner. He struck me as being self-possessed, but not self-conscious, not too careful to appear clerical, and careful not to appear too unclerical. His unconventional style of prayer, with its entire absence of the rhetorical element so noticeable in most public prayers, could not fail to strike any one. His morning sermon seemed meant to baffle the "trial sermon" hearer, as it was wholly an Easter Allegory, and of course, could give no idea of his usual pulpit ministrations. One could gather from it, however, impressions of a good literary style, fine imaginative powers, and a still finer spiritual insight. The evening discourse on the "Golden Rule" showed that power of lucid presentation and illustration, and the gift of practical application, which after years proved to be strong points in his character. I made such inquiries as I could without making known the object of my visit, and received uniformly favorable responses. I was particularly struck with the remark of an Irishman, not officially connected with the church, "Mr. Lawrence beats any man I ever saw for making himself at home with everybody—the rich and the poor, the dirty and the clean." With what I had already seen and heard, this was the one word needed to decide me to report favorably. A second delegate from the Baltimore church visited Sing Sing, and his report agreeing with mine, Mr. Lawrence was called to the First Congregational Church in this city. Before accepting, he visited Baltimore, preaching on Sunday and conducting the mid-week services. His investigation was most thorough, including everything about the church building, from the basement to the roof. He questioned the church officers about their ideal of a church and its work; as to what reason, if any, the First Congregational Church in Baltimore had for existing, and what work it was doing, or was fitted to do, which could not be equally well done by the other churches in the neighborhood. Having, by observance and study of the field for several weeks, satisfied himself that there was work to be done, he consented to become pastor.

Immediately his genius for organization began to make itself felt. There was a general stock-taking of the material and spiritual assets of the church. The roll of membership was carefully revised, committees, which had existed but in name, were quickened by having definite work appointed for them and regular reports called for. The young people found that there was work for them to do; the lately-formed and not fully pledged Y. P. C. E. took a vigorous start forward, and the children of the church were gathered together as a band of Little Pilgrims, the nucleus of the first Junior Endeavor Society in the state.

He had rare talent for using unpromising material. Persons, whom no one else had ever thought of looking to for help in any department of church activity, were asked to undertake certain things, and, doubtless to their own surprise, as well as that of other people, they did it well, and, from having a place to fill, came to have a new interest in the church and its work.

The pulpit ministrations of Mr. Lawrence proved very acceptable. The most remarkable thing about him as a preacher was his versatility. When you had heard him twenty times you could not guess what kind of sermon he was going to give you next. His exegeti-

cal discourses showed him the thorough, open-minded Bible student, his sermons on questions of Christian sociology showed at once a wide reading and a personal knowledge of the subjects considered; his treatment of questions of the hour was always vigorous, without sensationalism, and passed unerringly from the apparent effects to the hidden causes. In the pulpit and the prayer-meeting he had a genius for making things clear. Here, as in his daily conversation, his nearness to and childlike reliance on his heavenly Father were apparent.

I need not write of the work he did for the city. Wherever charitable and philanthropic work is done, his name is known and his memory loved and honored. His work in the tenements was undertaken from a clear conviction that the salvation of a city could only come through such personal contact with the needy. This that he hath done shall be told as a memorial of him.

It was not to be expected that everything which such a man should undertake would meet with universal approval. There were those who differed from him, and in the latter days some things were said that may as well be forgotten. I only recall the fact because my admiration for Mr. Lawrence was greatly increased as I marked the way in which he bore himself in very trying circumstances. I found that he could meet on equal footing not only "the rich and poor, the dirty and the clean," but also the friendly and the unfriendly. Forbearing, charitable, yet manly and uncompromising where duty called, such a mingling of sweetness and strength in one man was something I found myself envying. As he honored me with his confidence at the first, I count it a privilege that I had still more of it in those last days.

Baltimore, The Altamont, June, 1889.

I have been through the leave taking of Ossinning Institute on the beautiful hill and of the dear ladies in it. I said good-bye to the girls in the hall right after breakfast, then in the library to the family and the teachers, going through it quickly that it might not pull too much on my heart-strings. Then I went up stairs for my satchel. As I passed out I found the household gathered on the porch waving good-byes. When I stepped down, the flowers began to fly, of which I gathered what I could and ran off, waving hat and handkerchief. I brought with me memories which I shall always cherish, of the teachers, the beautiful view from my window, my friends in the church, the Society of Christian Service, and the large, stimulating congregations.

At a meeting of the session, a minute was adopted in reference to Edward's removal to Baltimore, from which a few sentences are taken:—"Mr. Lawrence came to us under peculiar circumstances, to supply what was regarded as the temporary absence of our pastor. He took up the lines as they fell from Mr. Dwight's enfeebled hands. He has proclaimed the Gospel from the pulpit with decided

ability and spiritual earnestness; he has organized the young people into systematic effort for Christian service, and has commended himself to all classes of the church as a Christian workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

The writer adds,—“The above would have been made more full, but that we did not want to seem fulsome in our praise.”

A few extracts follow from two or three letters by friends in Sing Sing. The first is from Miss Fuller, the present principal of Ossinning School.

Mr. Lawrence seemed a very part of Ossinning. He struck the key-notes of all our life. No one who was favored by being here during his year's stay will ever lose the inspiration of his presence. And his visits to us after he left were always the most welcome events that came into our years.

Mr. Truesdell writes:—

Mr. Lawrence was so dear to us all at Sing Sing, and the year of his pastorate here was such a bright page in the history of our church, that we have felt ourselves drawn near to you. You will remember that he came to us shortly after his trip around the world, his whole being aglow with enthusiasm in view of the work in the foreign mission field, so that it is not strange that his stay with us was marked by a largely increased interest in the great cause. He had seen and knew, and he helped us to see and know.

His work among the young people in Sing Sing was also notable. He had a peculiar power of adaptability, and before long, under his leadership, the Society of Christian Service was organized. The Christian Endeavor name was afterwards adopted in order to bring the society into closer relationship with similar societies through the country. The Christian life to him meant service, and no one that knew him could fail to see how unselfish that service was in every thought and act of his life. It was a rare life in its broad minded philanthropy and devotion to everything that was true and good.

I cannot close without speaking of what Mr. Lawrence was to us in our home circle. We loved to hear his voice at the door, and the children were always looking for his coming. He seemed to be quite as much a companion for them as for the older ones, and they frequently received the most of his attention. There were sad faces when we heard that he had gone from us forever, but what a wealth of comfort we all have in every remembrance of him!

Rev. Edwin Fairley, of Roseland, N. J., who was a teacher for some time in Mr. Holbrook's Military Academy in Sing Sing, and who attended the Presbyterian church there, sent the following letter:—

I want to express to you the great sorrow I felt when the Lord called Dr. Lawrence to a higher field. I came to know him while he was in Sing Sing. I heard his first and his last sermon there, and there were very few between that I did not hear. Although five years have elapsed, I still have many of them in mind, especially one from the text, "A man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place." At the time I remarked that every word seemed fitted into its place like a jewel into its setting. It was the most finished sermon I ever heard.

Dr. Lawrence's influence came into my life at a time when I needed counsel. I was rather wavering in my purpose of entering the ministry, but the example he set me and the personal interest he took in me, were a tonic which had the desired effect.

As a preacher he was one whose influence grew on you. There was a sense of reserved power about him, and a deep earnestness which increased as one got better acquainted with him. Almost with no exception, he preached without notes, and always held the closest attention of his hearers. Did you know that President Dwight of Yale said of his missionary lectures that they were the best he had ever heard? I have this on the testimony of a clergyman who heard the lecture and, I think, Dr. Dwight's remark.

Mr. Lawrence used to come up to Mr. Holbrook's school to see us, and on two occasions he spoke to the boys publicly. He was a thorough enjoyer of life. During the winter he often skated on the river. We had a toboggan slide at the school, and I remember his pleasure as I took him down for the first time. He was far from being anything like a recluse. Of course you know how large a part he filled in the life of Ossining School. The graduating class of 1889 took for their motto the text of his Baccalaureate sermon to them,— "The truth shall make you free," only they translated it into German, "*Die wahrheit wird dich frei machen.*"

At the socials of the church Dr. Lawrence was always a central figure, and you may be sure there were no long faces in his vicinity. The amazing vitality of the man used to impress me then, and it impresses me still more now that I have learned something of the outlay of strength and time that the ministry requires.

By his suggestion the young people were organized into a society of Christian Service. At its business meetings he was always present, and his wise words and judicious leadership were fully appreciated. I well remember the last sermon he preached in Sing Sing, just before he went to Baltimore. As he spoke the words of farewell there were not many dry eyes in the congregation.

Baltimore, The Altamont, June 10th, 1889.

An excursion, to which I was invited, brought me at once into contact with a large number of people. The city has a free summer excursion society. It furnishes a steamboat with capacity for fifteen hundred. On ten successive Thursdays they start out at eight in the morning, with a load of poor people, carefully selected by tickets, and a hundred helpers, mainly ladies. They steam away two hours to Chestenwood, a beautiful spot of sixteen acres, belonging to the society. There are groves, pavilions, booths, etc., all kept in fine order. They have two meals and are brought back by seven, P. M.

Three of the excursions are exclusively for colored people, and this was a colored day. There were three colored preachers on board, who spent much time in a preaching service, baptism, and an experience meeting. It was just the hottest kind of a religious time. An old granny of nearly ninety years got up, jumping and bouncing like a rubber ball. They shouted and shrieked and raved, one man marching wildly up and down. The three preachers leaned on the desk, beaming more and more as the excitement grew. One great mountain of flesh would get out, "Glory to Jesus!" then sink back almost in a fit.

"We don't want the entertainments here to conflict," said the "locust" (local) preacher, pointing from the temple to the dancing pavilion, "so we shall close here on time. But first you will be entertained by a sermon from our Brother." Said Brother was an educated darkey, rather too mild for his audience, telling them that their religion wasn't judged by the noise they made. I noticed, however, that the greater the noise, the happier he grew. Some thirty or forty pickaninnies were baptized. Then they danced, though not with the same zest as in their worship. "Nothing like 'ligion" for developing the feelings.

As a preparation for the meal, nine hundred loaves had been sliced by two bread-cutting machines in thirty-five minutes. Red, white, or blue tickets, given to each, directed them to corresponding booths, where two sandwiches and a mug of tea or coffee were passed to them. The most perfect order, despatch and system prevailed. Sixty or seventy ladies go down every week and make all the arrangements. There is a musical committee, a medical staff, and everything to match. On the way home we kept them singing negro melodies,—a gay, careless, happy throng.

The people are very cordial in their welcome. And Sunday was all through a pleasant day. I preached in the evening on "Lift up your eyes and look over the fields,"—a *resumé* of Saratoga. The people gave good attention. It is a small flock, but they seem to have the material of growth. And the social life begins at once. I tea out to-night at Mr. Belt's, and to-morrow at Mr. Morris's, our former friend in Poughkeepsie, who belongs to a Presbyterian Church. You will recall his wife as a member of Miss White's school with Anna.

My room in the Altamont is on the fifth story, with a view along the boulevard over all the housetops out to the Druid Hill Park. It is so fine as to be some compensation for the unmatched loveliness of my Sing Sing view.

Wednesday. I am still studying the work and people, hoping to be wisely led. Much that is hopeful, some things discouraging, all to be taken into account.

One of Edward's earliest pastoral calls was at Mr. Nunn's, at that time living on Bolton St., not far from the church, of which Mr. Nunn was both a deacon and a trustee. The little girl, Louie, who met him at the door, he took on his lap, as was his custom with the little folks. As

Mr. Nunn was not at home, he arranged with Mrs. Nunn for a walk with him. So he called there on Saturday afternoon, the oldest son, Edward, joining them. As it was the Fourth of July, they went to Patterson Park, where they heard patriotic speeches, thence to the river, visiting some of the German vessels, Edward talking with the sailors in their own tongue, ending up with Fort McHenry.

As the Nunn family was one of those abounding in hospitality, he often took an informal meal with them, becoming acquainted with all the children, with the exception of the eldest daughter, Elizabeth Lowry, who having spent four years at the Maryland Institute of Art and Design, was at this time in New York. She had gone there to attend the Institute for Artists and Artisans. She also took lessons in wood carving, making the collection-plates which she presented to the Congregational church, and which are still in use.

But the work to which Lowry gave herself most heartily was the teaching of the roughest boys in the lower part of Baltimore; a work under the charge of the Unitarian church. Rev. Dr. Weld, the pastor of that church, was desirous to have the boys brought into the Sunday School. Lowry had some hard cases to grapple with, but was so successful, that when only sixteen, Dr. Weld appointed her superintendent of the guild. Industrial work was introduced, instruction in carving and moulding falling to her. That she might be better fitted for this work was one motive for pursuing her studies in New York, although while she was there the work in the guild was for the most part suspended. On her return she opened a studio for teaching carving and moulding, as well as free-hand drawing. But her best efforts were expended on the guild.

It was not till after her return that Edward met her. He became much interested in her work, especially as he came

to know it in attending the exhibition, of which a sketch from a Baltimore journal follows:—

The Boys' Guild of the First Independent Christ Church gave an exhibition in the basement of the church last night. The work shown was that of the industrial school, which is conducted by Miss Nunn, a graduate of the Maryland Institute. In this school are gathered newsboys and others, who are taught by Miss Nunn and her assistants to model in clay and also free-hand drawing and wood-carving. About sixty boys attend this school, the hours being from eight to ten o'clock on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The boys pay a small fee, so that they will feel that it is their own school, rather than a charity. The congregation and outsiders contribute liberally to support the school. The boys also have the use of books from the guild library.

Miss Nunn is devoted to the work of teaching these boys, gathered as they are from among the poorer classes, and the boys repay her kindness by strict obedience and attention to their studies. Last night, from eight to nine o'clock, there was a constant stream of visitors. Many of the boys brought with them their fathers and mothers and friends to examine their handiwork, and much pleased were they at the progress made.

The Altamont, June 17th, 1889.

It has been a pleasant, though unsettled week, much visiting and inspecting. I have been looking out for snags, but so far have struck none. Yesterday the trustees voted unanimously the only points I asked—six weeks' vacation, and the fitting of the upper room in the church for a study. This will give me, practically, two rooms,—the small reception room down-stairs, easy of access, and the study upstairs and away. I shall receive my afternoon calls in the reception room.

There is much more New England blood in the church than in either Poughkeepsie or Syracuse, also some pure Baltimoreans. It is a wide-awake, active, busy people, cordial and social. The libraries here are delightful, the city beautiful. I dined one day with Mr. Stickney, who is the quintessence of New England Congregationalism, a rich bachelor, a polished gentleman, peculiar and interesting. There has been much good work done here in the past, which in one way is discouraging, because with such good work there has been so little growth. The Charity Organization here opens up invitingly.

In reply to your inquiry as to the exact meaning of *Volapuk*, I would say that it is a universal language devised in Germany and somewhat extensively used already in business correspondence. It has ardent advocates, but will hardly, I think, be the language of the future.

On June 24th the following appeared in one of the Baltimore papers:—

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, who in May was called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of this city, and who came early in June to look over the field, yesterday morning announced to the congregation his acceptance of the call. He followed up the declara-

tion of his decision with a sermon of no ordinary power upon the relationship of people to pastor, and *vice versa*, and of both to the cause of Christ. It was an entirely extemporaneous discourse, delivered with much feeling, and replete with strength in illustrative examples of what he termed the Christian church as distinguished from a Christless church; the one a man-of-war, with fully-equipped men, to run down and destroy the rams and batteries of opposing forces; the other an excursion boat, with gay banners flying, and all aboard bent upon a good time to-day, without thought or fear of the morrow. He was particularly happy in his preliminary five minutes sermon to children, from the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." His chief practical illustration was drawn from his observation on a visit during the week to one of the large canning factories of the city, where he learned that the value of the small peas was double that of the large ones. This fact he turned very effectively in pointing his remarks, and the large number of children in the congregation were evidently greatly interested.

Edward writes his mother. "It does not seem as if I had anything to do except to take each step as God has led me."

The Altamont, June 27th.

The whole community is being broadened, and sectarianism is dissolving, in which work Congregationalism is to play an important part.

June 8th, 1889.

I found so many churches about us closed in the evening that I asked the trustees, who had voted to close our church also, to leave the matter in my hands. So I preached last night to the largest audience I ever have had. Having just come, I feel well and fresh, and can easily do it. Our relations are specially fraternal with Brown Memorial Church, where Rev. Maltbie Babcock is pastor, who married Miss Tolman of Poughkeepsie. At their closing service he spoke very kindly of me, and urged his people, while their church was closed, to attend our church. So they came in large numbers.

July 15th.

On Thursday I go seventy miles out to Blue Ridge to Monterey to visit Mrs. Hawley, who has a cottage there, returning here Saturday. On Monday I leave for New York, coming to Boston by the Fall River boat. I shall be glad to meet the friends at Linden Home, as you have arranged.

Hathorn's, Raquette Lake, Aug. 7th, 1889.

Well, dear mother, if there ever was a question about this region it is answered now. I had a little curiosity to see how it would strike me after four years' absence and a *tour du monde*. But after all seen and done, I must say that nothing in nature so thoroughly satisfies me as this. It fills me up, meets every want, is good all round. And I never loved it so much as now. The old first impressions seem renewed. There is even greater enjoyment because larger capacity. The variegated green of the woods, the blue and

white of the sky, the silver gleam of the water, how wonderful in such conjunction!

Fourth Lake, Aug, 11th, 1889.

My Dear Mother:—

Your letter and the one you forwarded from Baltimore reached me in good season. They wish me to speak on Athanasius in a course of lectures before the Johns Hopkins Y. M. C. A., which I have written I will do. . . I greatly enjoyed all our guests at home, especially dear Theodore Weld. You took great pains to bring the visits about.

Theodore Weld, who was always a delightful guest, went with us Sunday morning to hear Edward preach in the little chapel on Marblehead Neck. After our return he showed his appreciation of the sermon by doing what Tholuck did on hearing him play and sing "*Die wacht am Rhein*;" he put his arms around his neck and embraced him. And in a visit we made him soon after Edward's departure he could not speak of him without tears.

Wallace shows his literary disposition in slinging ink so dexterously on the carpet. . . Your situation at home *alone* is not what I wish. But the Lord leads step by step and he will make all plain. . . Miss Fuller's letter is most interesting. I am glad she is going to Martha's Vineyard.

Jack Sheppard's steamer makes a free trip on Sunday, bringing people all along the lake to service. This year Hess arranged to have it on his island. There were about seventy present.

McCoy's Hotel. This last week has practically been given to the ascent of Mt. Seward, the greatest thing we have undertaken, involving a hundred miles of rowing and forty miles of tramping. Monday morning down Tupper Lakes, past the Devil's Pulpit, to Martin Moody's for dinner. Martin claims relationship with Dwight Moody. He needs the attention of his cousin, for he is known as the teller of the biggest stories in the woods, of which the following is a specimen. He was out splitting logs when a bear came along in vicious mood. Weaponless, he manœuvred about a log till the bear got his tail in a cleft. Then he suddenly brought out his axe and Bruin being caught fast by his tail, it was easy to brain him. He excuses himself by saying that there are lots of fools that want stories, but will not believe him unless he lies to them. But every one should know that such a story is a lie, because a bear has no tail. . .

From Moody's we went up the Raquette River through the desolate, flooded region. Leaving our boat, we heard at Long Lake that an old Frenchman had cut a trail to one of the peaks, and that we should do well to get a Robinson boy to make the climb with us. At eight in the evening we reached the Sagamore Hotel on Long Lake. The house was packed full. "Not a corner for you,—no cots even." But we made ourselves known as old Adirondackers,

three of us clergymen. They began to consult. The clerk gave up his room for two; then they put together a big bedstead, set it up in the large parlor with a fine bed on it, and gave Jonathan and me entire possession,—about the largest bed chamber we ever had in the woods, except when we camped in the open air. Here we arranged with a brother of our former guide, Jack Robinson, to make the Seward climb with us. He had never made it, but for that matter no one there had done so. We could not get off before three o'clock, so that it was half past five before we reached the island where we decided to pass the night and the next day took the *Nannie O.* round to Bartlett's.

Thursday morning we were off from the island at quarter past seven. Up Cold River a mile, leaving our boats in the bushes. Along the river, about three miles to find Harnay's trail, almost every tree being blazed and the travelling easy. Water was abundant and we lunched on pork, bread and butter, cookies and hot water, beside a lovely brook. About the middle of the afternoon, after passing through a region haunted by deer and bears, we reached Harnay's Peak. But once on it, we discovered that the summit was far away, seeming half a day's journey. Then we struck into the woods on our own trail, hurrying on until dark. About half past six we were at the foot of what we took for the peak. So quite in the gloaming we cut our wood, had a grand fire made and supper cooked. Then we gathered balsam boughs for our bed, and how we did sleep! The grand trees above us towered and towered away into the sky until they seemed to be bearing up the starry heavens that glittered through upon us. In the morning, at half past seven, we were off again. The climbing grew harder and the trees denser. But each new peak disclosed a farther one beyond deep ravines. So we struggled on from peak to peak, through ravine after ravine, always in the dense forest, with only an occasional outlook. There were also great cliffs and ledges, which we had to scale or shun.

At last, about half past three, after a desperate push through the scrub spruce which covered the top, we were at the signal. We have never had such a tug for a top. But, what a view! The day was hazy, yet we counted twenty-five lakes, and a clear day must have brought out others. Long Lake stretches far away with its pointed shores, the Saranac, the Tupper, little Tupper, glorious in sunlight, at the extreme point of vision, Raquette river, Ampersand, and many others, and then the peaks scattered on every side. But what a vast mass,—this Mt. Seward itself! No mountain in the woods where so much land and rock are piled up—some five or six distinct peaks, on all of which but one we had been. It was a moment of praise to the Lord who had guided us to this glory of his creation. A few jubilant, exalted moments of transfigured vision! Then a speedy retreat, for night must not find us on the peak. Working around, or sliding down the ledges, we soon dropped 1,500 feet, and by half past six were again preparing to camp beside a gurgling brook in the dense forest.

Up at daybreak Saturday morning, and off at half past six. A line due south for Cold River. Seven miles took us

there, which means about five hours' walking. In the woods one does well to make two miles an hour, and often only one is possible. Cold River once reached, the trail was easy, and nine miles brought us to the boat. But the lack of proper nourishment told on us. Just then as a raven brought food to Elijah, a plump partridge was sent into the way of our guides, and we lunched on this gift from heaven. About six o'clock we were in the *Nannie O.* How delightful to be in the dear boat again! But we had twelve hours of rowing before us, with a draw of a mile and a half. We dismissed our guide, then shot down the Raquette, and in fifty minutes the first five miles were passed. I hurried across the carry, ordered supper, and also ordered a wagon for our boat, helping to catch one of the horses. About half past eight, we were on the Raquette again, and off for our final pull of seven miles. There was no moon, but a starlit heaven. The banks were covered with forests, whose great trees cast their gloomy shadow all over the river except where it mirrored the sky. The influence of that night-row on the forest river is still upon me. Nothing but woods, water, and stars, all strangely and darkly blended. It was ever a push on into blackness, save for the path in the gloomy river where the stars were mirrored. An awestruck, unearthly feeling came over us. It was as if we were on the river of Hades, gliding down Styx, Phlegethon, or Lethe and Acheron. I rowed, Jonathan steered, and we seemed to be Palinurus and Charon sent to carry an invisible load of souls to the dark abode.

It was very difficult to find our way. I rowed steadily, but slowly, both of us on the watch. Now we were suddenly ashore on a sandy beach, which looked like wind-ruffled water. Now we stopped, scared by something which proved only a dark shadow. Then we glided past projecting logs that might have wrecked the boat. Twice we ran into logs, but with warning enough to break the shock. We were tempted into swales and marshes, and often bewildered by some sudden turn of the dark gleaming river to know whether it was water, shore, or air. It was the most gruesome, unearthly row we ever had. Sometimes the very stars seemed hidden without cloud or mist. Then Venus blazed out like a moon. All at once we were surprised by familiar signs and found that an hour and a half had slipped away as in a dream, and we were near our landing place. With what concern you and Mrs. Hall would have watched us could you have seen us on that river of the shades! And now we were back on earth again. How many must row down life's stream in just such mysterious darkness, scared by imaginary dangers, ignorant of real harms, not knowing whether the lights are above or beneath them!

Leaving the boat, we donned our packs and set off on the three miles' walk. Just before midnight we succeeded in rousing Mr. McCoy, who had given us up.

On August 26th there came from Saranac Lake a telegram to Edward's sister, then at Marblehead:—"How is Mother? Shall I come home? Reply immediately."

Aug. 27th.

Dear Mother:—

Anna's telegram was delayed, but your letter of Saturday has come bringing great relief. Hearing that you were ill, after my former experience, I did not feel that I could go on without more definite tidings. Take great care of yourself, for I depend on you this winter in Baltimore.

Elizabethtown, Sept. 1st, 1889.

We must have tramped and rowed from four to five hundred miles in the last four weeks, climbed eight mountains, visited over thirty waters,—*the best yet*, we say. Both come out in fine condition.

Baltimore, Sept. 10th, 1889.

After delightful visits at Champlain and Poughkeepsie I reached here safely and am in my new quarters, 1021 McCulloch St., a pleasant fourth-story room.

The Study in the Church, Sept. 12th.

All my books are up except one case, my pictures hung, my standing desk and sermon case in position, chairs and lounge, *et cetera*. Desk and organ yet to be brought in, carpet and stove to be procured. Everything harmonizes with the fresco. I could not have a pleasanter study. As to my boarding place, it is kept by three maiden sisters, genial, Christian, excellent housekeepers, delicate, abundant table.

I want you to know Baltimore and my people. There is much work to be done in building up. It will take time and patience, but there are willing helpers.

You will have heard that the Douglas Axe Company has failed, and through the treachery of the manager. And I suppose we have lost all of our investments. But we will take it patiently.

Baltimore, Sept. 16th, 1889.

I have just secured our rooms from Nov. 1st, for as long as we choose. They are on the second story, one a large front room for you, the other, back of it and connecting with it, for me. It is just seven doors from there to our boarding place, the Tysons, two blocks from the church, and one from the horse cars, running down town. Our hostess, Mrs. Ferguson, is Scotch, a genial, motherly body, with a daughter and two sons, all grown up. I tea to-night with Mrs. Carey, formerly Miss Wing of Poughkeepsie, our next door neighbor. Our breakfast hour is eight, but I take mine alone at half past seven, in which you can join me. Our fellow-boarders will be mainly Johns Hopkins students.

Sept. 25th.

I don't find my Hebrew Bible. If you can find one on father's desk or elsewhere, please bring it.

Let me know what is proposed to pay up the bills and I will send on the money. How can it better be used than for your comfort and my pleasure in having you here? I don't want you to economize on yourself. You have done it long enough for us.

Oct. 10th, 1889.

In visiting an old Phillips Academy classmate, Owens Shepherd, living out in the country on a farm of a hundred and fifty acres, I

called on a colored Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Lincoln University, who has a little church there, and a school of from sixty to seventy scholars. Mrs. Shepherd says he does more good than any clergyman in that section.

This afternoon I assist in laying the corner stone of the Associate Reformed Church, which is independent, Mr. Ball, the pastor, being a Congregationalist. Directly after that to an "At Home" of Mrs. President Gilman.

Baltimore, Oct. 3rd, 1889.

I wish you could have been here at our Harvest Home service. The germ of it I had in Poughkeepsie, but I developed it still farther to-day. Subject,—Fruits of the Spirit. The Tree, Rev. 22 : 2, bore twelve manners of fruit,—one for each month, its leaves for the healing of the nations. I add three to the nine months, making twelve. We brought in a large tree with leaves, placing it in the centre of the harvest-fruits, then hung on it, wrapped in the leaves, twelve different fruits. I called for January. A scholar brought me from the tree a fruit, which I opened and laid on a silver tray. It was a fig. Meantime, a class recited two or three passages on Life as the fruit of the Spirit. I said a few words and led on to February, which was Faith and Prunes, and so on through March, Dates—Hope; April, Pear—Liberty; May, Apple—Meekness; June, Peach—Joy; July, Banana—Kindness; August, Quince—Goodness; September, Lemon—Temperance; October, Grapes—Love; November, Persimmon—Long Suffering; December, Orange—Peace. All went through without a break, and all seemed delighted. I trust it was profitable for old and young.

On his way to the meeting of the Board at New York, Edward made a little stop at Sing Sing, of which he writes:—"I could not have had a warmer reception than they gave me at Ossining. I made a number of calls, and met the young people just coming from a Christian Service meeting."

Yesterday afternoon I was present at the opening of the Board. Dined at Dr. Lyman Abbott's at six, where I met Mr. Marden of Colorado College and Mr. Crittenden, who, you say, used to appear and disappear and reappear. I was put on the Japan Committee with Professors Fisher and Tucker, General Howard and President Northrup, a broad, liberal committee on an important field.

I am glad you are to speak at the Concord Reformatory. Speak to the men as just what they are,—men who need help and may be encouraged to help themselves,—as you would to any ordinary company of men.

Edward's installation occurred November 21st. His mother joined him previously, and his sister and her hus-

band,—Dr. and Mrs. Nims from Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. Hall from Plattsburgh, and other friends being present.

The next evening there was a grand reception in the church parlors, which were decorated with bunting and flags, and where people of diverse denominations were gathered.

Mr. Henry Stockbridge, one of the earliest and most influential members of the church, and a genuine New Englander, introduced to the new pastor a number of prominent men in the city, with representatives from the Presbyterian, Baptist, Independent, Methodist, Lutheran, Reformed Dutch, Friends, Episcopal and Swedenborgian churches. This was warmly appreciated by Edward, especially as it gave him a fine opportunity in a short time to learn much of his new environment.

The ladies had prepared an elaborate entertainment—raw oysters in their shells and also on ice—a special favorite in that gastronomic city—being present in abundance. Among the invited guests was Judge Brown, who was mayor of Baltimore at the time of the riot in the streets early in the Civil War, when the Baltimore seceders attacked the Sixth Massachusetts regiment. For countenancing this, the mayor was imprisoned in Fort Warren, but after the war was ended, he accepted the result and became a good citizen. At the reception he made an address, the substance of which was that some years ago, while travelling in Canada, he fell in with a party that was going up the Saguenay; that he became greatly interested in a young clergyman of the party, and earnestly wished that he might come to Baltimore as pastor of the Congregational church, though he himself was an Episcopalian. He went on to say that he had been abroad for some time, and on returning, found that his wish had come to pass, and he now extended his right hand of welcome to the Rev. Mr. Lawrence. Of course, this was a charming episode.

Other speeches were made, and among them one by Mr. W. H. Morris, of whom mention has been made, and who is the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. of Baltimore. He spoke of Edward as founding the Charity Organization Society in Poughkeepsie and of his readiness to help in every good work. But of all this he speaks more fully in the following letter, written after Edward left us.

My Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

It is a great pleasure to recall the years of fellowship I had with your son, and my dear friend, the late Edward A. Lawrence. In September, 1875, he and I commenced work together in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., he as pastor of the Congregational Church, and I as secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. By a singular coincidence, we reached the city on the same day. I was present at his installation and he at my introduction to my new work. For seven years we worked side by side and I learned, as we all learned who were privileged to be his co-laborers, to esteem him highly for his work, and to love him dearly for his true, manly friendship and counsel. As I recall these years of delightful service together, the recollection of his desire to inspire and help others impressed me deeply. All the rich furnishings of his mind were shared with his friends. Was there a desire on the part of the young people to study German, his was the ready hand to organize and conduct such a class, and I remember with deep gratitude his labors in a class of which I had the privilege of being a member. Was it a Charity Organization to be put in motion, his was the hand at the helm, and the heart to deal wisely and sympathetically with the problems connected with such an undertaking. These were the early days of social economics, and a broad-minded and warm-hearted leader was needed, and Mr. Lawrence proved just the man to direct and control. Until the time of his leaving Poughkeepsie he was at the head of the Charity Organization, and whatever of success it had in solving the difficult problems incident to this kind of work is justly due to him.

Broad in his sympathies, catholic in spirit, every good enterprise appealed to him, and his hand and heart were always at the service of his fellows.

I was privileged to visit him at his church in Syracuse, and to see him frequently after his return from his missionary tour around the world, and all my intercourse only served to deepen my admiration for his talents, and to discover more and more the sincere love of his fellow men of all nations and climes which characterized his whole life.

After his return from his tour of the mission stations I learned that he might possibly be secured for the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Baltimore, then vacant, and I suggested his name to the committee. He accepted the call to Baltimore, and the friendship of the past was again renewed with keen pleasure. He was a fre-

quent visitor at my home, and his tenderness and love is warmly cherished by all the members of my family.

The broad, catholic spirit that always characterized him was manifested in all his work in Baltimore, but the story of these years may well be told by others.

My memory of him will always be an inspiration, and I shall cherish it in the hope that "some sweet day" it will be renewed, never more to be broken.

On Thanksgiving day, which came the week after his installation, in accordance with the appeal of some three hundred clergymen to all preachers,—Edward made Civil Service Reform the subject of his sermon. In closing, he remarked:—

Finally, it is objected that without the emoluments of office, party zeal would decline. That, however, is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the merit system. It would diminish that blind partisanship which is really only a scramble for office. . . . For forty years patriotic and other motives were strong enough to conduct the government without the spoils system. It is a question whether the government is strong enough to endure the unrestricted spoils system forty years longer. Let righteousness prevail through your fidelity, your intelligence, your patriotism, your opposition to organized bribery, to official plunder and to party spoils.

Edward and his mother dined at Mr. Stockbridge's, whose wife having been a great traveller was full of interesting reminiscences.

December was a busy month, with calls and informal teas among the people. A Christmas festival was held in the Sunday School rooms of the Congregational church, at which Major Pangborne arranged for a calisthenic exhibition by about fifty little children from the W. C. T. U. kindergarten on East Baltimore St., after which sliding doors were suddenly opened and a Christmas tree was revealed, followed by the appetizing gifts of Santa Claus to the delighted little folks.

Edward at once entered warmly into the temperance work, and he had no truer friends than the members of the W. C. T. U., as the following letters indicate:—

From Mrs. Sarah W. Tudor, a member of the Quaker church: "It was upon the reception of Rev. Edward A. Lawrence as the pastor of the First Congregational church that I first met him and was attracted by his genial presence, his cordiality and his conversational powers, which were truly characteristic. His sermons were soul-inspiring, soul-confirming. He was endowed with remarkable vigor of mind, unusual intensity of purpose, and with an innate intuition of life and its responsibilities which peculiarly fitted him as a philanthropist for the manifold calls made upon him, to which he responded so magnanimously. In him the Woman's Christian Temperance Union found a valued friend and advocate on whom they could depend implicitly. After the purchase of the building known as The First National Bank of Baltimore it was remodeled. And on Sept. 13th, 1891, it was dedicated as the Memorial Building and Headquarters of the W.C.T.U., of Maryland. It is my privilege to give his unique address upon that occasion, *verbatim*; believing his friends will recognize in it, the characteristics of the man.

This Memorial Building is

A History and a Prophecy;
 A Memory and a Ministry;
 An Oratory and a Laboratory;
 A School of Industry;
 A Palace of Pleasure;
 A Temple of Praise.

It is dedicated to Temperance and Beneficence;
 To Reform, Prevention and Regeneration;
 To the Home, the People, the Church;
 To the Glory of God, and the Good of Man.

May God's Blessing ever abide on it, and on all who go in and out of its doors!

At the crusade anniversary of the Baltimore Women's Christian Temperance Union, for which he was the orator of the day, and his mother an invited guest, I love to recall the merry twinkling of his eyes and the humor of his animated countenance while being so unceremoniously introduced to his audience, through the writings and incidents in the life of "Meta Lander," as his mother—whom he regarded with the tenderest devotion—would not consent to a formal introduction.

From Mrs. Juliet S. Baldwin, a prominent member, and at one time the president of the W. C. T. U. :—

I greatly admired and loved Mr. Lawrence, and always found in him a willingness to help in any project which he felt was for the glory of God. Such a soul as his could only rest in the divine love, and that he is with God must be such a comfort to you.

From Mrs. Manny, also an active member of the W. C. T. U. :—

How can I express to you my deep sympathy in the sudden removal of your dear son? Not many mothers are blessed with such a son, and I am sure few mothers have been more fully appreciated and loved. I shall never forget his sermon about mothers, and I felt that he was speaking from personal experience. It was really a beautiful public tribute to his own mother. When I read in *The American* the notice of his departure, the tears would come, and then came the thought of you, his sister, and his affianced, the church and the world. What a bereavement! But for *him*, with his culture, his spirituality, his consecration, how he will enjoy heaven!

On Jan. 12th, the Anniversary of the Railroad Branch of the Y. M. C. A. was held in a Methodist church. The address was given by Edward, "who spoke of the association as offering young men three things—a friend, a purpose, and a model."

Baltimore, Jan. 16th, 1890.

My Dear Birthday Sister :—

What a great blessing it was to me as a boy that you came into the world as you did! I had an older sister, but she has joined the majority, and we two are left together, two children and the father there, and two children and the mother here. You are much richer than I,—a husband, a son, a home, all your own. And none of these have I. The ideal wife, how would I welcome her as an ideal gift!

I forget just how old we are. Is it thirty-five and forty-two, or thirty-six and forty-three? It matters very little. We will grow younger every year if you please, and better if the Lord will. No *if* about that, however. He would have us grow better and more useful too. May each year bring us nearer to God and to each other!

We need not be blind to certain unpleasant things, but we should often be dumb. Speech magnifies, sometimes distorts. We cannot expect comprehension by others, but will be grateful for what of it comes and not surprised when it fails. Appreciation is pleasant, but not necessary. On the whole, I get far more of it than I deserve. I desire to work as unto God, not as unto men. There can be nothing more disappointing and bitter than the thirst for human praise.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GROWTH OF THE BALTIMORE WORK.

It is by our justice to our employés, by our example to our friends, by our kindness to our neighbors, by our zeal in fulfilment of citizen duties, by our tender personal care of those who have strayed, that we can root out the evils around us.—Octavia Hill.

It was a very busy life that followed Edward's installation. On Sunday, he preached morning and evening, was present a part of the time at the Sunday School, and attended the C. E. Society, which preceded his evening service. Monday afternoon, he met a class he had formed of Little Pilgrims, taking them through *Pilgrim's Progress*, which had been the joy of his childhood. He often preached a short sermon to the children Sunday morning, and also looked out for their bodily improvement, arranging gymnastics for them on Thursday afternoon. On Monday evening, he and his mother frequently held receptions in Mrs. Ferguson's pleasant parlors, which were social times, often enlivened by music. Tuesday evening, there were singing classes for beginners and also for advanced singers, in which the pastor took special interest. Wednesday was the regular prayer meeting, after which came his Bible class.

At the Misses Tyson's boarding house, which was quite near Mrs. Ferguson's, Edward and his mother met a very pleasant company, most of them Johns Hopkins students. Among these were Professor Cutler and his wife from Clark University, Worcester, and Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf.

Mrs. Metcalf writes:—

We want to tell you how glad we are to have been in Baltimore while your son was there, not only on Sundays, but three times a day all the week round the table. He did my soul good and showed

his friendship that first afternoon, when every one else seemed so formal and preoccupied. As soon as we entered the room he came to meet us and sat down with us. The heart grows warm at such a welcome. And we have always felt that he was our friend; but now he will welcome us to the new country when we go there.

One should have seen Mr. Lawrence among his "Little Pilgrims," so childlike and sympathetic, yet wise, inducing them to follow their better impulses. Formal and insincere people must have felt quite out of place in meeting his clear eyes and straightforward greeting.

How courteous and beautiful were his ways with his "little mother!" No one could forget that.

A younger brother of Mr. Metcalf's was also one of the boarders, who is now a professor in the Woman's College in Baltimore and president of the Lawrence Memorial Association, in which he is at the same time an efficient worker.

Edward had a very social people. As Congregationalism was almost an unknown quantity in that region, the overheard reply of a Baltimorean to a stranger on Eutaw St. "What church is that?" "The First Conversational Church," was accepted as a not inappropriate reply. The pastor and his mother had frequent intercourse with the deacons and their families—the Hendersons, Nunns and Houghtons. As the Houghtons lived close by the church, it was an easy thing for the mother to run in there to tea on her way to the weekly prayer-meeting and for her son to follow her. One of the deacons whom they saw most frequently was dear Deacon Cressy, the church missionary, who was loved by every one who knew him, within and without the church. He was a weekly guest at the tea-table of Deacon Nunn, where they often met him. Good Deacon Cressy was Edward's unfailing reliance, always entering into all his plans, and although nearly blind, carefully threading his way through the streets and carrying comfort and cheer all over the parish and elsewhere.

Extracts from his letter to me are here given:—

My heart is so full in the removal of your dear son, my beloved pastor, that my pen fails in expressing its deep emotions. I know that only Christ can comfort a heart wounded like yours, in the loss

of a son so devoted to his mother, and so filled with the love of Christ, going about doing good, and like his Master, lifting up the fallen, speaking words of comfort to the afflicted, leading blind minds and hard hearts into the light of God's truth and love, and preaching the Gospel to the poor.

His Christ-like spirit and tenderness were manifested, not only in the pulpit but in his pastoral visits among all classes, rich and poor, wise or ignorant. His very countenance expressed it. He especially endeared himself to the little children, with whom he was always a favorite. The Christian Endeavor, and the Junior Society, the Little Pilgrims, the Charitable Organization Society, the Mission and the Tenement Work,—in all these and other ways, by which he could win souls, he was always active, whatever self-denial it might cost him. His zeal was untiring to the last. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 1st, the Preparatory lecture was on the 17th chapter of John. His earnestness, the brightness of his countenance in presenting the truths of that chapter, were so manifest that it was spoken of by many in the congregation.

In my own especial work he always took the most hearty interest, and it has been a comfort to me to feel that it was a help to him, as he frequently told me that it lightened his labors and aided him in various ways, giving him access to many whom he would not otherwise have reached.

Edward naturally took much interest in the Johns Hopkins University. And he had pleasant intercourse with those students who attended his church, some of whom joined the C. E. Society, and in other ways were helpers in his work. Portions of letters from two or three will show their appreciation of him.

One of them writes:—

I first saw Dr. Lawrence soon after I entered Johns Hopkins University. It was at a special meeting of the Y. M. C. A., at Levering Hall, in the interest of missions and charities. This meeting led me to join the Charity Organization Society. At the visitors' meetings of this society, Dr. Lawrence was one of the most regular attendants, and one whose counsel was most helpful in solving the difficult problems which constantly arose.

Though I am not a Congregationalist, I soon found that Dr. Lawrence, more than any other of the clergy of Baltimore, stood for the relationship between the Church of Christ and social reform.

It was this fact more than any other that led me to choose his church as my church home, but the more I heard from Dr. Lawrence and the more I saw of his work and ways the more evident it became that I had chosen well. The breadth of his knowledge and sympathy, and the strength and beauty of his character were growing sources of inspiration.

Another of these students writes:—

I came to Baltimore a stranger, bringing an introduction from one who had known Mr. Lawrence in former years. I well remember his hearty greeting, the firm handshake, the rather searching look, as if he would see what manner of man I was. After a few moments of pleasant talk, he told me it was the evening of the church prayer-meeting, and asked me to excuse him while he looked over his subject. I arose to go, but he urged me to stay and go with him to the service. He handed me a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* to read while he turned to his study table. I opened the periodical, but instead of reading I was guilty of studying his looks, his manner, his quick glances at the pages before him as he consulted passages of Scripture. After perhaps twenty minutes, he turned abruptly and asked me what I had been reading. I owned up and said, "Nothing, Mr. Lawrence, I have been watching you at your work." He answered with a smile, "Ah, I see you have a way of studying men." He showed me his library, pointing out some of his most valued books, and speaking almost affectionately of his picture of the Sistine Madonna.

The church service to which we went he conducted in a manner I found to be characteristic of the man. A brisk, rapid summary of the points of the Scripture read, a gathering and grouping of the incidents of the text, a clear, forcible exposition of the meaning that rendered even complex and difficult passages easy of comprehension.

The acquaintance thus begun only ended with his life. I occasionally asked his co-operation in Christian Endeavor work; and in matters that perplexed, in the solution of difficult problems, in deciding questions of ways and means, I was often struck with the rapidity and wisdom of his conclusions.

Mr. Lawrence was sagacious to a remarkable degree in handling men. One gentleman said to me:—"Not one man in five hundred is his equal as an organizer." I found this to be true. He sized up men and saw the place they would fill, the kind of work to which they were best adapted, with an accuracy that amounted to intuition. This faculty would have made him a forceful leader in any calling, whether in professional life, in business enterprises, or in statecraft. I think he recognized his power in this direction; and, although fitted by natural ability and training for the work of the scholar, the thinker and writer, he would say: "My work is among men."

It often happens that men of this type are reserved and unapproachable. Mr. Lawrence was nothing of this. With the genius of the scholar was combined a rare humility; with a strong, forceful nature and an uncompromising devotion to truth, forgiving sympathy and patience for those who failed to reach his standard; with the ripe experience and judgment of a man who knew the world, the ability to come down to the level of those who lived in lowly ways. He imitated the Master who mingled with publicans and sinners, and labored in his name to help the erring and bring them to better ways. It was this spirit of aggressive Christianity, I think, that sometimes brought upon him the criticism even of Christian people. There are those who shrink from having their own or their pastor's hands soiled by contact with the lowly.

The longer I knew Mr. Lawrence, the more did I admire the cheerful disposition which characterized him. He always had a kind word for those who criticized him. I never heard him say an unkind word in regard to anyone, though his sensitive nature must often have been wounded by the careless remarks of others.

Edward wrote me of his pleasure in finding among the Johns Hopkins students who attended his church a Mr. Joseph Willard, whose grandfather and subsequently his father were deacons in the church at Orford, N. H., where Edward's father was for a few years the pastor. Mr. Willard was so active in the work of the church that my son sometimes playfully spoke of him as his deacon. A letter from Mr. Willard, now a professor in State College, Pennsylvania, is here given:—

I go immediately back in thought to Mr. Lawrence's *abounding* life. Going down Madison Avenue one day, he was telling me some of his plans and hopes for the future. I said rather mechanically, "It is a grand thing to live in our time." I cannot forget how earnestly he repeated, "It is a grand thing to *live*."

You probably know of our skating down the Chesapeake, of our walks out into the country, and down into the more congested sections of Baltimore. At these times, our conversation often turned on the immediate need of tenement work, the University Y. M. C. A., the Christian Endeavor Society, on the Higher Criticism, or the phases of life presented by the street. Once, as we were comparing the interpretations given to nature by several of the poets, near Gwinn's Falls, he remarked, "It makes all the difference in the world what kind of a heart one brings to nature."

The *influence he had on men* often startled me. President Gilman once told me that at that time more Hopkins students were attending the Congregational Church than any other.

His extreme unselfishness need only be mentioned, his tenement work alone being enough to prove that, were it not an every day practice of his life.

His *sense of having a mission* and the energy and invincible determination in carrying it out was always apparent; indeed, he once told me, if the way ever opened, he would like to locate on a distinctly mission field.

As a final characteristic I should say *personal devotion to Christ*. This seemed to be the ruling passion of his life. Almost every Wednesday evening, he would give out to be sung in the prayer-meeting, "For me to live is Christ."

In reply to a letter from Mr. Willard, Dr. F. E. Clark, president of the Christian Endeavor Society writes: "I only wish we had more space in our paper for the eulogy

his noble life deserves. I felt a sense of personal loss when I heard of his death, though I knew him but slightly; I am sure that his life will live in the lives of a multitude of others."

As inquiry is often made as to Edward's labors in the department of Socialism, it may be well to give a summary of his efforts in that line.

Even during his first year in the city, in February, 1890, a class in Social Science was formed to study the "Problems of the Modern City." This class met in the church parlors on Thursday evening. The subject first discussed was the "Evolution of the Modern Industrial City." Then followed discussions on "Socialism," "Immigration," "Labor Organizations," "Labor Problems." Some of them were continued over a second evening. On March 23d, an essay on "Poverty" was given by Mr. William Howe Tolman of Johns Hopkins, now associated with Dr. Josiah Strong in the League for Social Service—a cause into which Edward would have entered with all his heart. On March 30th, Mr. Sidney Sherwood gave a public lecture on "Land and Taxation," followed by discussion. "The Single Tax" question was also discussed.

On February 15th, 1891, Edward preached a sermon on Christian Socialism, and on March 8th, and April 8th and 12th, Socialism was discussed by the mission circle of the Christian Endeavor Society. On March 8th, 1892, Rev. W. D. P. Bliss gave an address on Christian Socialism. On March 29th, Mr. Riis delivered an illustrated lecture on "How the Other Half Lives," for the benefit of Tenement House Reform. On April 3d, 1892, there was a service in the church in the interests of out-door relief in Baltimore. On October 30th, 1892, the evening sermon was from the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and was illustrated by photographs Edward had taken, showing "How the other half lives."

From the sermon on Christian Socialism, in February, 1891, extracts are given from the printed report in the Baltimore *Sun*.

The best definition of socialism will begin by showing what it is not. It is not free love and the abolition of the family. It is not communism, anarchism nor "dynamitism." It is not the distribution of all property among all persons, share and share alike, so that all may be equally rich, and a distribution frequently repeated, so as to keep them so.

Christianity, in reference to socialism, is a coming and growing kingdom, of which Christ is the head, and God's righteousness of love the substance and code. Fatherhood and brotherhood are its main principles. It is individualistic, because it begins its work with the individual and insists on the absolute, infinite value of each human being. It is socialistic, because it forms men into a community, into a body or organism where the whole is to exist for the sake of each of its members and each of the members is to exist for the sake of every other and of the whole. This is the kingdom of God. Thus Christianity is individualistic socialism, contradictory as those terms appear. Christian socialism is the application of these principles of the kingdom of God to the purely economic movement known as socialism. It adds the impulse of the heart to the impulse of the stomach, an enthusiasm for humanity to self-interest, the love of God to the law of social evolution, which is his will.

Soon after the delivery of this sermon Edward received the following letter from a Nationalist:—

You will pardon my writing on the subject of your sermon delivered yesterday on Christian Socialism. The brief mention in the *Sun* was read with earnest avidity by all *practical Christians* and particularly attentively by the Nationalists of Baltimore. "Come over into Macedonia and help us." The time is ripe. Out of the theorizing of the centuries has evolved a perfectly practical method, and under existing laws (civil) to bring man to love God and his neighbor as himself; under Nationalism, pure and simple. The Nationalist Club, No. 1, of Baltimore, is composed of gentlemen and ladies, all of whom are earnest workers in the cause of right. I enclose a copy of our address, which upon perusal you will find in perfect accord with your sermon, and which defines very clearly the means to bring about the result that is so constantly theorized on, but never practised.

The First Nationalist Club meets every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, at Industrial Hall, 316 W. Lombard St., one door E. of Eutaw, where such men as G. Lloyd Rogers, Joseph Knell, Geo. R. Gaither, Jr., Ira Dean, etc., will greet you and bid you welcome. If you have not given the study of Nationalism any thought, (although from the magnificence of your sermon one would suppose you a finished Nationalist) I might state that the names of Edward Everett Hale, Gronlund, Huntington, Austin, Willard, Bellamy, Higginson, and scores of others famous as men and advanced thinkers are our

leaders. We hope to have you call to-morrow and each succeeding Tuesday, and help us on in our practical work.

Very respectfully,
Geo. W. Knell.

Edward accepted the invitation and attended a Nationalist meeting, although he slipped in as a private citizen. Being moved, however, to make some remarks which led to the inquiry who he was, he gave them his name and was most cordially welcomed.

Rev. Horace G. Hoadley of Waterbury, Conn., a Johns Hopkins student, was an active member of the class in the Congregational church for the discussion of practical questions. On leaving Baltimore, he wrote my son, March, 1891:—

“Returning to dear old Yale, and thinking of the spiritual needs of the students, I have wished that you were college pastor here, as being remarkably fitted for such a position.”

Extracts are given from a letter Mr. Hoadley wrote me in the spring of 1894:—

When I heard of your son's death I had to dismiss from my calculation one of the foremost personal forces for righteousness upon which I had counted in looking toward the bettering of the world. It seems to me that one of the most remarkable things about him was the comprehensiveness of his mind and of his character. Evangelists are liable to either depreciate the importance of foreign missions, or to be too limited in their personality to be much interested in both kinds of work. Your son was an enthusiastic promoter of both, not less intensely earnest in either field than are the specialists. In evangelistic services he was master of the occasion. He eagerly discussed with me the question of the true relation of the government to the businesses in which men are engaged. He set the people of his church to work on such questions. The winter I was there he was carrying out a previously arranged plan for monthly discussions of these and other subjects by the people themselves. He asked me to map out the subject of socialism so as to fill two evenings, assigning different phases of it, long in advance, to different persons that they might make thorough preparation. Which plans were carried out. He also presented these social subjects fearlessly from the pulpit. He was a powerful orator, fluent, illustrative, cogent in argument, appealing to the popular mind as well as to intelligent and thoughtful hearers, not bound to manuscript, able to make free, immediate use of his material, and so to throw his whole personality into his words. How vivid and powerful were those sermons which

he gave us on Old Testament characters! Their figures stood out as if they were alive. And he could lay before us long periods of history in a single discourse in a most engaging manner. At the same time he was a very capable organizer of the efforts of his people. He was very prompt and despatched business rapidly. As soon as it became desirable for him to call upon a university student at his room, there he appeared. Go, as I did once, to a meeting of the Charity Organization Society visitors, and there you would find him listening to the details, and making practical suggestions for the treatment of the cases named.

Mr. Lawrence was by far the best minister that I ever knew. Best of all, he was a genuine man with whom there was satisfaction in talking of a matter which concerned one deeply. I don't know where we shall find such another man. His life of the past is an inspiration to us.

On March 12th, 1890, at the Presbyterian Sabbath School Institute, Edward gave an address on "The Teacher's Ideal."

Early in March his mother left for the north, making visits on her way. He writes to her: "I read the account of your journeyings to Miss Leftwich, who was greatly amused. Providence befriended you as usual. I had a pleasant visit at Lakewood. You cannot keep your 'theological novel' a secret; Mrs. Cate had seen a notice of it."

Referring to the dreadful railroad accident by which Miss Brigham was suddenly killed:—"Miss Brigham was transferred to higher fields of labor,—first from Brooklyn to Mt. Holyoke College, then to heaven; why is the one more trying to the faith than the other? The way was strange, but what matters it how? She was wanted there even more than here."

Baltimore, March 28th.

Just a line for you in Sing Sing. I should like to be there with you. I am glad you were pleased with Mr. McWilliams. I liked him at once, and I think all appreciate him.

April 9th, 1890.

A great gathering last night in the hall where we heard the oratorio. I think I never spoke to so many people at once—about fifteen hundred. My subject was—*The Debt and Duty of the City to the Country*.

Baltimore, May 1st.

Yes, I am alive after the hailstorm. Four panes were broken in my study, otherwise no harm done in the church. Most of the windows were protected by netting, or the damage would have been

great. I never saw anything like it. I was just going out to address the Baptist Sunday School Anniversary, but waited till the storm was over.

May 13th.

I am very busy, but must take time to tell you about the twenty-fifth anniversary of our church. I read letters from all the pastors, and then spoke of my one year. Professor Chickering from Washington was here and took part in the services. In the evening, Mr. Stockbridge gave us a very good history of the church, and Mr. Henderson a fine poem.

My arrangements for a supper on Monday in the church rooms, the ladies questioned a little. They had never had a supper there, and thought that not more than fifty would be present. But when I called for names, more than a hundred were reported. They then took it up with zeal, and prepared supper for a hundred and twenty-five. I had the tables arranged in that large room upstairs for a hundred and forty. There were only three invited guests, except the Second Church. Result: We gave supper to two hundred and had fragments left. Then we adjourned to the large room down/stairs and from nine till eleven had a succession of some of the best speeches I ever heard from a general company. Every department of the church was represented and the introductions fell on me. All declared it a perfect success.

To-morrow the Conference of Charities and Corrections comes for a week, so I am full.

May 22d, 1890.

I am very tired after all the meetings, and very busy and very stupid. You will find a letter concerning the Conference in next week's *Congregationalist*.

From this letter several passages are given:—

Baltimore applied for the Conference two years ago in vain, and then last year Mr. John Glenn, that incarnation of the charity movement, to whom more than any other man the success of the Conference is due, went across the continent to San Francisco, armed with so formidable a document of invitation that the Conference surrendered at sight, despite the urgency of Denver and Indianapolis. Twenty-six states, the district of Columbia and England are represented. But the work it represents is much more remarkable than the territory. . . . The variety, however, has by no means led to confusion. The predominant feeling has been that of the absolute oneness of all phases of the work, in their underlying principles, in their tendencies, their needs and their general interdependence. Every topic that has been taken up has shed light upon, and directly opened into, every other.

In all the variety of subject, of treatment and of detail, there was a surprising agreement, all the more surprising because unsought, sometimes even unconscious, both in the general principles of work and the improvement in method made and still sought. The central point of this agreement, as exhibited by these practical experts and hard-headed specialists in every one of their various branches, can best be summed up by saying that, with all the most intelligent, in-

dependent and advanced among them, *the institution grows less and less, the individual more and more. Force and fear grow less and less, faith and love more and more.* . . .

The absolute exclusion of politics from charities; the organization of all this work under charge of non-partisan state boards, with the co-operation of voluntary associated charities; the cessation of official out-door relief; the saving care of neglected children; the training of convicts for reformation and usefulness, the freedom of the insane from asylums as well as *in* asylums; larger employment of trained women in hospitals, asylums and prisons; especially to have charge of women and children in police stations, etc.; the ample equipment of all institutions with land at the rate of one acre for each inmate; industrial training for all; the aid of the church and the clergy, especially on Prison Sunday, Hospital Sunday, Children's Sunday—all these were among the definite results sought and recommended by the Conference.

The height of the meeting was reached on Wednesday morning, when the degree of hope to be cherished in treating the insane and idiots was being discussed. From the most skilled specialists in this department came protests against the thought that any case was hopeless.

Then came from some one the assertion of the necessity, for best work, of the belief in the immortality of the soul, and from another the belief in free will. Throughout the entire Conference no tinge of materialism was to be detected. The personality of man and the power of love were treated as supreme. These practical workers and scientific experts are inspired by a lofty ideal, animated by a divine enthusiasm, incompatible with hesitant agnosticism, or gross materialism, in the things of greatest concern.

When at the mass meeting, Wednesday evening, the Conference was fitly closed with the Christian Endeavor song, "God be with you till we meet again," followed by the benediction, this was but the expression of the fact that had throughout been made plain, that the whole was one great work of Christian philanthropy.

Although Mr. Glenn, of whom Edward writes as the soul of the C. O. S., was totally blind, his inward vision made up for his outward limitations. And though a graduate of Harvard University and highly intellectual, he gave his influence, his money and himself without stint to the work of helping the poor. My son often dined at his house, thus securing opportunities for free conversation on matters relating to the society. In all this work, Edward was thoroughly practical. Being very desirous of an arrangement by which some one properly trained should go into the families of the poor and teach them hygienic cooking, he prepared an address on the subject for one of the Sisters'

meetings, from which address one would infer that he had graduated at a cooking school.

As Mr. Glenn has followed my son into the other world, who can tell in what good cause they may now be working together?

A few days after Edward's departure, I received a note dated Glenn Building, November 18th, 1893, to which was attached his own blind signature, John Glenn:—

My Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

If it would be any pleasure to you, it would give me very great pleasure to call upon you and talk with you about your son. You know what his loss is to you, and I would like to tell you what his loss is to me.

During his call, which gave me great satisfaction,—as an illustration of Edward's modesty, he told me that one day, in speaking to him of a German book he had been reading, he innocently inquired, "Do you read German, Mr. Lawrence?" to which he simply replied in the affirmative, and that afterwards on learning of his scholarship and wide attainments, he was much chagrined.

The following letters from him and from Miss Richmond, secretary of the society, show their appreciation of Edward.

Your son and I were friends from almost the first moment. His sincerity of purpose and truth marked him for me as a leader, and I accorded that position to him willingly, and whenever in my official position I gave him the lead he filled the place splendidly and unconsciously. One could almost say of him that he wist not that his face shone.

He was of immense service to us, and his impress rests visibly in the lines of our work. But it was only after he was gone that we felt what his work had been. He had given us so much that we could not realize until afterwards how much he had reserved, and whenever I think of him I can only wonder and regret that I knew so little of the character of which I thought I had known so much. I shall long remember him as an inspiration.

John Glenn.

From Miss Mary F. Richmond, secretary of the Charity Organization Society:—

My Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

It is a striking illustration of the heartiness and thoroughness with which Dr. Lawrence devoted himself to every

one of the many vital interests which occupied his time and thought, that, though I saw him very frequently during the years of his residence in Baltimore, and talked to him very freely about our common interests, yet the one subject of Charity Organization was so absorbing that we seldom travelled very far from it, and I was too often in danger of taking it for granted that this was his chief interest in life, since it happened to be mine. I like to remember, however, that he was a many-sided man, who cared for the mountains and for the people in the slums, who cared for good poetry, and cared also for social statistics.

There were rumors, when the First Church called him to Baltimore, that a power for good was coming among us, and almost immediately after his arrival one of the managers of our local Charity Organization Society invited me to meet him at lunch. He must have inspired entire confidence at once, for I remember that we plunged into business and planned, at the first meeting, a series of conferences in different parts of the city by which we hoped to educate some of the church goers in better charity methods. Mr. Lawrence was soon elected a manager of our society, became a friendly visitor in the district where he lived, and accepted the chairmanship of the committee having these special conferences in charge. For several winters these meetings carried us into many out-of-the-way places, where I was forced to recognize his wonderful power of adapting himself to people whose point of view must have been very different from his own; and his clear, logical, plain statements won for us many friends who had formerly regarded the new charity with distrust.

In the Ministerial Union many of our Baltimore clergymen were brought into closer touch with social conditions through his influence. As new claims were made upon his energies, as one good cause after another claimed some share of his time, I began to feel that we must necessarily lose some of the active help which he had given us in such large measure during the first year or two; but I soon found that my fears were groundless, that he never dropped anything that he had once undertaken. This thoroughness prevented some from appreciating him; if he had been less thorough he might have done more showy work. I sometimes suspected that some of his own congregation failed to measure him at his true value, and on a Sunday night when Dr. Lawrence had given the evening service to an account of relief work, and had asked me to say a few words about the particular branch of it in which I was most interested, I took occasion to remind his own people that their pastor was taking a position in Baltimore too seldom filled by members of the ministry, that he had become a force on the side of good citizenship. I tried to show them that work like this reacted in the most beneficent way upon a minister's congregation, and did the church far more lasting good than a round of pastoral calls and tea drinkings. As we left the pulpit, he laughed, in that genial way of his, and said that he did not attempt to stop me, because a woman would have the last word. The evening had pleased him very much, because, in his pulpit, side by side, a Catholic, a Hebrew, a Swedenborgian, and a Unit-

arian had told about the relief work of the various large charitable societies.

He had a pithy way of stating the truth so briefly and simply that it stuck, and I often find myself quoting him. It was not as a sayer, but as a doer that I appreciated him most, however; he was never afraid of drudgery, and his courage was unflinching; he could always be depended upon to do an unpopular thing, if it seemed a necessary thing. Like most large cities, we have several self-appointed "city missionaries," whose methods are far from businesslike. The task of investigating these and publicly reporting any irregularities was not an agreeable one for a minister to undertake, but he rightly said that a minister of the Gospel should not hesitate to call those to account whose unbusinesslike methods cast a reproach upon religion.

Last September, when we realized that there was going to be great suffering among the poor during the winter, and the question of dealing with it came up at the manager's meeting of The Charity Organization Society, he was the first to urge the need of prompt action, and to outline the plan which was afterwards carried out with great success. The Friday that he was taken sick he was in my office to make inquiries about the best hours for dispensary service among the sick poor, with a view to securing medicines and treatment for them before they were forced to give up work. It seemed incredible that any one who had hold of life in such a vital and helpful way, whose interests in it were so varied and so absorbing, should be forced to put it aside without a moment's warning. Everyone spoke of how well prepared he was to go, and of his entire resignation, but I cannot think that this was his feeling. I am sure that there was no fretfulness or childish rebellion in his mind, but much genuine regret. The man cared too intensely for his work to throw it over for any hope of rest or personal reward.

I never saw such genuine and heartfelt regret for any human loss as I have seen among my friends since his death. We are appreciably poorer. The good work in the church and the community at large goes on, but it has received a setback from his death which only time can slowly repair.

An editorial from the *Charities Record*, the quarterly organ of the C. O. S. is here reported:—

At the annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society, appropriate resolutions were adopted on the death of Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D.D., but those who had known Dr. Lawrence felt how inadequate these were, as any resolutions must have been, to fitly acknowledge the inspiration and help which he had given our work and our workers.

Five years ago, when Dr. Lawrence had been in Baltimore only a few weeks, he was invited to meet several officers of the Society at an informal lunch. It was a great pleasure to them to find in the newcomer a man so well-informed on the sociological side of our work, and so entirely in earnest on the practical side. He began at once as a friendly visitor, a member of our Northwestern district, and a manager of the Society, accepting the chairmanship of a special committee on introducing charity organization ideas in the

church and business community. In this connection he did very successful platform work, making clear and logical statements of our aims before the Ministerial Union, and at numberless meetings in the remoter parts of the city. But efficient and thorough as his service always was, Dr. Lawrence was even more helpful in the district work, which required his wonderful patience and faculty for taking pains.

As time went on, many new claims were made upon his energies. The Congregational Church undertook, under his direction, an important educational work in the Parkin street tenements, and he had become a leader of thought amongst his clerical brethren—an authority on missions and on the systematic study of the Scriptures. But, through it all, he never dropped anything that he had once undertaken, and continued to give our own work such devoted service that we were too often tempted to think that charity organization was the chief interest of his life. Dr. Lawrence's courage was unflinching. He never hesitated to do an unpopular thing, if it seemed the necessary and right thing. At our request, he made investigations of the work of self-appointed and self-styled "city missionaries," whose irresponsible methods of relief work were found to be neither good business nor good charity. After the most careful researches, he wrote the report which appeared as an appendix to our last Annual. The task was not an agreeable one for a minister, but he rightly said that a minister should not hesitate to call those to strict account whose unbusinesslike methods cast a reproach upon religion.

A few hours before he was stricken down he was in our central office to make inquiries about the best hours for dispensary service among the sick poor, and left, expressing the hope that something might be done to secure medicines and treatment for people before they were forced to leave work. A week later we knew that the poor and suffering had lost a most thoughtful friend, and we a most inspiring co-worker. At the funeral services it was said that some people's sympathy made you weak, but Dr. Lawrence's sympathy always made you feel strong. Perhaps this is one reason why the charity organization idea appealed to him. It too would strive to give the sympathy which makes one feel strong.

A letter follows from Mrs. Griffin, the wife of Dean Griffin, of Johns Hopkins University. This letter at the close gives an illustration of Edward's strong convictions with regard to some of the methods of charitable work.

Though deep feeling at one time is silent, at another time it is eager to speak, and I only wish any word of mine might kindle into flame the spirit of true life, which went out from us when Mr. Lawrence was taken away. I like to think what constituted his strength. In old Homeric times, one was the strong man, another was the wise man. One was Achilles, another Hector, but all seemed combined in Mr. Lawrence. As I try to divide or single out what attracted me in him, it was first, his noble sincerity. With all his courtesy he was absolutely sincere; and second his large, broad, wide

sympathy; and he spent his sympathy where it told the most. How truly could the angel

“Write him as one who loved his fellowmen!”

He seemed to me uncommonly wide in his intellectual grasp. I was often struck with the fact, whether it were philanthropy or politics in this country or any other, whether philosophy or poetry, which was uppermost of an evening, in either he entered with more knowledge of the subject than those who had it in hand, and yet one might have said of him what I overheard Dr. Peabody say of a man: “A very wise man and as modest as he is wise.”

In practical life Mr. Lawrence excelled in philanthropic work. There his wise judgment and great *economy of effort* struck me, though I was not, as I wish I could have been, one of his helpers. His deep conscientiousness was not, as is so often the case, in inverse ratio to his horizon; his outlook was broad and generous. The last evening I saw him, a few days before he left us, I talked to him of plans to help the poor this coming winter. I told him of extreme destitution which had been relieved last winter at our police stations, which were made depots for food and clothing during the extreme weather. I could not move him from his sound judgment, which saw that mode of rendering aid was unwise.

Mr. Lawrence was a singularly pure man, as free from “surmising of evil” as it was possible for him to be, and I am sure no amount of even persecution or enmity would ever, in word, thought or deed, make him disloyal to his friend. You remember Chaucer’s “Man of Religion?” It is so descriptive.

“This noble ensample unto his sheep he gaf—
That first he wroughte, and after that he taughte.”

Excuse my poor way of trying to put my thoughts of him together, All effort of that kind seems unavailing.

About this time, and when there was not a little criticism, even among good people, not excluding clergymen, of Dr. Parkhurst’s fearless course in detecting and exposing some of the evils of the city, the following appeared in the *New York Tribune*:—

At a meeting of Presbyterian ministers in Baltimore, last week, resolutions offered by Rev. Edward A. Lawrence were unanimously adopted, declaring that the increasing social evils and perils of modern cities, together with the municipal misgovernment, corruption, official connivance with crime, and the indifference and ignorance of citizens, call for especial faithfulness on the part of all ministers of the Gospel in setting forth the responsibility of citizenship and of official position, and that the thanks of parents, Christians, pastors, and all good citizens, are due to Dr. Parkhurst for the determination and courage with which, as president of the Society for the *Suppres-*

sion of Vice, he has exposed the nests of vice in the city of New York, and also the fearful delinquency of those who are set to guard the public peace and morals.

While Edward believed in opposing wrong with unsparing fearlessness, as his Parkhurst resolutions testify, yet on the other hand he was very charitable in his judgments. In this connection, I am tempted to give a few words from a letter by Mr. J. M. Casanowicz, a Russian, who is engaged in the Washington National Museum:—

“I met your son in one of the ministers’ meetings in Baltimore. A sermon read by one of the clergymen was followed by the comments and criticisms of all present. I was touchingly impressed with the charitable and irenic spirit, the wide-heartedness and broadness of mind, and the habit of attributing to his fellowmen sincere and noble motives, that were revealed in Dr. Lawrence’s remarks.”

May 29th.

I am writing a paper for the *Eclectic*, and have about completed an article for Funk and Wagnall’s new Mission Cyclopedia, on *The Relations of Missionaries to Government*. So you see I am working on outside lines. I speak for the Christian Endeavor of the Baptist Church, next Friday; preach at the House of Refuge, June 15th, and give the address at the City College Commencement, June 23d. Meantime, the church goes on at a little less high pressure than in the winter, and I shall have a few more free evenings.

We had a delightful Children’s Sociable, Monday night, for our Young Pilgrims,—singing, games, refreshments . . . The cars you inquired about contain fifteen bushels of oysters. The shells are used for roads and burnt for lime.

Mrs. Ferguson, who is as good and kind as possible, has got a screen which I put before my open door, giving a current of air at night. Saturday we had an ideal picnic. . . . As to Dr. S’s objections to the conversion of Maurice Vinton without an adequate answering of his doubts, I should say that life is deeper and stronger than thought, and you have used the life-method. The man whom he wants philosophically converted, you have had vitally converted, and that is the method of nature and history. The Metcalfs left this morning, to my great regret. Mr. M. is appointed professor of Chemistry and Physics at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Baltimore, June 17th, 1890.

Just back from Conference in Falls Church, Va. The second Sunday in July I am to supply at Old South, Boston. I want to go with you to the Reformatory at Concord, and can best go on Monday. Should I miss your letters? I think so. *Don’t try it!*

June 29th.

De Forest of Japan came down to spend Sunday with me, and preached this morning with great acceptance. He is a royal fellow. I have talked over my mission writing with him, and he urges me to go ahead and publish. I will talk with you about it.

To the warm invitation of Edward's mother for a visit, Dr. De Forest replied:—"Somehow your son and I have been tied into a very tight friendship, which is of immense strength to me. My plans of work have been enlarged and enriched by contact with him. You have my congratulations on your unusual fortune in such a son. . . . I will run down for a night, unless some overpowering reason prevents."

Dr. De Forest was so pressed with engagements that he could not spare a night, but managed to give me a few hours, which were well improved.

One of the letters which it fell to me to answer, after Edward's departure, was from Dr. De Forest, congratulating him on his betrothal. In reply to the sad tidings I sent him, he wrote from Kyoto:—

April 10th, 1894.

Your sorrowful letter finds me just about to start for the states. My letter of congratulation was meant only for his eyes, written as it was in the dash and familiarity of old friendship. I feared it would fall into your hands and only add to your grief, and I wished I could recall it. But you have put a good construction on it, and I thank you for your quick perception of the way two old friends write to each other.

While this providence must have almost crushed *you*, it was a heavy disappointment to a wide circle of friends who valued him more than words can express. I wondered whether a letter from me to you and to the one he loved would be welcome, or would be almost an intrusion, and I concluded there would be so many others, whose right and privilege it would be to send you fitting messages of sympathy, that it was rather my duty to keep silence. But now that I have the door opened by you, I will gladly give you an account of my acquaintance with your noble son.

We were classmates at Yale, but we simply knew each other as Yale men, and were thrown into quite different circles of companionship. One of the early, strong impressions I have of him is a chance meeting, some time after graduation, on the corner where Osburn Hall now stands. He had returned from Germany and was engaged as tutor at Yale. He and I were looking forward to a life work in the ministry, and the handshake we had there did more to form our

friendship than our whole previous course together. From that time we knew each other as fellow laborers in God's vineyard, he in one of his earlier pastorates, and I in Japan. Our next meeting was in the Adirondacks. Six years of work out here had broken me down and I was home for rest. Two friends and myself were in camp on Ausable Pond, when most unexpectedly Lawrence and Hall turned up. We were on the lake a few days and we drew together gloriously. Lawrence took photos, and I have one of Ausable he sent me at Sendai. We had a Sunday meeting and I did the missionary talk—one he referred to years after as helpful and inspiring.

So when he wrote me that he was coming to Japan, I needed nothing more to deepen our casual friendship into one that should mean all that is possible. He came to my tent on Hieizan (ten miles from Kyoto) and spent a week with me there in the summer of 1887. He studied missionary work with his philosophical mind and put me to my wits' end by the penetrating questions he asked. He preached to our mission there, in an easy off-hand way, on God's Word in the Bible and in Nature. It took him about fifteen minutes to write his heads, and then he said "he'd go and mull it over a bit." We all listened with great pleasure and profit.

He believed missions could be carried on in a scientific manner, that would give the largest results in an abiding form with the least expenditure of men and money. He could see the mistakes of missionaries and Boards, and he was sure these could be gradually eliminated. He had a heart that was not merely sympathetic with the missionaries, but what is rarer, with the Japanese also. He wanted to see things from their standpoint as well as ours, and we encouraged that spirit to the full. He gathered his facts from many and diverse sources, and then knew how to put them together in the right perspective.

I saw then that he had a grasp on things and could take a broad philosophical view of movements and tendencies. He loved progress, though he knew there was a vital connection with the past, and that conservatism has its germs of eternal truth which no man should despise. He held the great orthodox principles and truths firmly and looked out on the critical and progressive movement as one that, in the long run, would bring its treasure of good into the ever-enlarging storehouse of wisdom that is imperishable.

During that week he said he wanted to do something to link his work and mine together, somehow. So I suggested that he raise funds to give a postgraduate course at Yale to the young man, Mr. Ichihara, who was going to Sendai to be principal of the school in which I too was to teach. He entered into it enthusiastically and secured the help of Yale '68 men, and the result was that Mr. Ichihara won his Ph. D. at Yale and afterwards was Acting Principal of the Doshisha at Kyoto. I count your son's friendship one of the blessings of my life.

While Dr. De Forest was in America, he passed a night at Linden Home, sleeping in Edward's room, which he had playfully christened *The Apostles* and which still goes by that name. I had the great satisfaction of reading with him the chapter on China, Corea, and Japan in my son's *Modern Missions in the East*, which it had fallen to me to revise for publication.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHURCH WORK, LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

“Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal.
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.”

Complying with Edward's request, I met him in Boston in July, and heard him preach to large congregations in the Old South church, and without notes. Professor Charles M. Mead was present and gratified his mother by telling her that it was the best sermon he had heard for years.

According to our arrangements we went out to Concord the next day, Mr. Batt meeting us. In the evening, he took us to the State's Prison, more fittingly called *The Reformatory*, where Edward gave a talk to the gathered inmates, who listened with the greatest attention.

From *Our Paper*, edited by the chaplain, a few words are taken:—

“Mr. Lawrence was very warmly welcomed by the audience, and gave a few word-pictures on scenes in his journey round the globe. His description of the most beautiful building in the world, the structure of white marble erected by an Eastern king as a memorial to his wife, was greatly enjoyed, while other sketches gave equal pleasure.”

In the morning we went to Sherburne to the Woman's prison, managed entirely by women. This prison Edward

had been desiring to visit, and he was greatly pleased with all that he saw.

In connection with these visits I am unwilling to omit the mention of that made at Lexington, to our dear Dr. Hamlin, the veteran missionary, known and read of all men, and whose devoted wife is the writer of a number of poems, among them that beautiful one, "*The little girl's good-morning to God.*" Here also we met Rev. Mr. Porter, whom, in spite of all our efforts, Edward had missed abroad. It hardly need be said that every minute of that visit with its Turkish cup of coffee was enjoyed.

I cannot forbear giving a few lines from the poem and also a letter from Dr. Hamlin, written after Edward passed into the *Beyond*:—

The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod;
 "Mamma, may I say, then, Good morning to God?"
 "Yes, little darling one, surely you may;
 Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray!"
 Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
 Lifted up earnestly unto the skies;
 And two little hands, that were folded together,
 Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.
 "Good morning, Dear Father in Heaven," she said;
 "I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed—
 For taking good care of me all the dark night,
 And waking me up with the beautiful light!
 Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
 Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel look down in the sunlight and smiled;
 But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child!

The following is the letter from Dr. Hamlin:—

Edward Lawrence was one of the most admirable of Christian ministers,—a man of wide reading, of clear thought, of retiring modesty, yet of unflinching courage which could calmly face danger and rise to heroic effort.

He could never be, at first acquaintance, fully understood or rightly valued. His native modesty kept him in the background. He never put himself forward, or advanced his own views uncalled for.

But when circumstances called him out, he was quite another man and his thoughts would be expressed clearly, logically, and with a force to carry conviction and win assent, rather than gain applause.

His rank as a scholar was high; his preparation for every department of ministerial work was rich and deep; yet he selected for his life's work a department not too often or too readily chosen by men of scholarly tastes and equipment. While he ministered to cultivated people, he could not forget that "Unto the poor the Gospel is preached," words to him of amazing significance from the lips of our Lord himself. He had surveyed the heights and depths of humanity in all the great populous regions of the globe, and every where he had seen multitudes of the people in poverty and ignorance. Looking at the masses here at home where there is so much that is hopeful, he saw a portion living in a hopeless poverty, and some in degrading ignorance which the Christian church ought to reach and help to rise. He gave himself to this work with tireless zeal. The teaching power of this Memorial, both to the ministry and to the church, lies, in good measure, in this part of his consecrated life.

But whoever wishes to make a close acquaintance with Edward Lawrence must read the closing lecture in his book, *Modern Missions in the East*. Here we see him as a traveller, an investigator, and a co-worker with missionaries of various denominations. He is making a journey round the world for the sole purpose of surveying the whole missionary work of the Christian Church. You cannot read his report without seeing that he was a man of resources as well as of great personal influence among men. Whatever unexpected conditions may confront him, he is equal to them. He could travel safely among heathen people, winning confidence and friendship, and that with no adequate knowledge of the language. That such a man should be withdrawn from his work perplexes our human judgment, and we can only say for our consolation,

The Lord reigneth.

After a brief visit at home, Edward started for his Adirondack trip; making a pleasant call at Burlington, Vt., on his friends, Mrs. Francis and her son, and thence to Plattsburg, where his fellow travellers joined him.

Aug. 3d, 1890.

On Cold River. It was just dark when, after a day's tramp, we reached here. We made a fire, cooked our supper, and then stretched ourselves out on our blankets. In the morning it looked cloudy, but cleared off. After breakfast came a general washing, and then we prepared for service. Two guides, who were camping near us, were first invited. Then we heard two voices on the other side of the river. When they came near we invited them to church. They came, and turned out to be two young men from Brooklyn and New York. So right there in the heart of the woods we had a congregation of eight,—from Plattsburg, New Haven, New York, Brooklyn, and Baltimore, besides three guides. It was a unique service in the depths of the forest. Then I took charge of getting our Sunday dinner, oatmeal, lamb chops and coffee.

Saranac Lake, Aug. 6th, 1890.

The great climb has been achieved. We camped night before last on Mt. Seward. Monday, Aug. 4th, must have been the warmest day in the season, and I was very hot in the ascent. There seemed some fatality about that mountain, for in spite of our last year's climb and our having one of the best woodsmen in the country, we still climbed up the wrong peak. It took not long to discover our error, and on we plunged, our guide grumbling like a steam engine all the way. We camped on the ridge as last year, only this time we had provisions enough to keep up vitality. We gathered moss and boughs, cut a foot log, built a fine fire, put a pail of cold water close to our heads, laid the rubber blankets on the boughs, spread blankets over them, and there, under the clear stars, slept as if on eider down. Our garments were drenched with perspiration, so we hung them on clothes lines round the camp-fire, until I, as the last one to fall asleep, took them in from the dew. Then the late full moon rose, and all was peace and light. Heavy fog the next morning, but on we pushed. Then we stood on the signal, but it was a dreadful monotony of mist. At once it lifted as if unseen hands had drawn up world-wide curtains, and the whole of the Adirondacks was before us. And right beneath us was Ampersand, which we had never visited, but were now aiming for. The grand view paid for the whole.

It was a stiff plunge down the mountain. But at last we struck the Pond. At the end of a burnt point we found a shanty. Now if there is anything I dislike, it is a shanty. All enclosed as it is, it seems stifling. Then we espied another point, with a camp. But a storm was just breaking. Could we reach the camp? We can try. Round through the forest again. Just as the storm broke we reached what turned out to be a three or four bark house. Some one in the kitchen had rather surlily said we could stay during the rain. When Mr. Hall and I entered, a little girl came forward. "Is this Mr. Hall?" "Yes." "Well, my mother wants you to sit down till she can see you." Soon her husband came in. They are from Plattsburg and know Mr. Hall well. Nothing would answer him but for us to pass the night with them. When she first saw us, little Florence had thought we were pedlars, with our packs and tin cups on the belt. But when we were found to be three preachers, nothing could exceed the kindness we received. Oranges and lemonade were brought us. Our supper was soon on the table, and as provisions in our basket were ebbing, it was a welcome repast. Mr. Turner is a lumber man, and combines business with pleasure, camping out with his wife and child near his lumber ground. Ampersand is one of the loveliest of lakes, protected by Seward and Ampersand mountains, and full of fish. Our breakfast this morning was at nine o'clock. Mr. Turner says the only way for New York to settle the Adirondack question is to buy out the lumber men at a fair valuation, paying for their equipment in addition.

I am sadly cut up by the rocks as to my clothes. I must look them over to see whether I can patch them up to carry me through the trip. Mt. Seward is very hard on trousers.

Thursday morning. The brightness of our newly painted *Nannie O.* atones for *our* shabbiness. Shall be off in an hour or two. Never saw so many people in the woods.

Tupper Lake, Aug. 10th,

The bell will ring for church in a few minutes. Last year it required a little urging on our part to have service at all, when I spoke mainly on missions. This time they have come to us, speaking of it as a settled thing that they are to have service. We found at McCoy's, where we left yesterday, that they were quite depending on our spending Sunday there, so as to have service with them as we did last year.

Smith's Lake, Aug. 13th, 1890.

At the end of Bog River the outlet was not clear, and we wanted a spring for our late lunch. Inquiring of a man in a boat, we found him at the head of a lumbering party. He insisted that we should land, take our lunch in his log shanty and drink a cup of tea. All which we were glad to do, in the most primitive style possible. He had fourteen men under him, stripping the forest of all pine, spruce and cedar trees, the destruction going on swiftly. Then we carried our boats around some rapids, waded through others, dragging both boats, and then sped up dark Bog River four miles to a chain of ponds where we intended to camp. It was growing late as we entered the Pond and met men in their boats. They told us our best camping ground was on a point just above theirs. We found a dry spot with a bark shanty and the remains of an old camp. But our choice was to sleep in the open air. We all went to work, getting up a fire for supper, gathering boughs and grass for our bed, while I did the cooking, which was of the simplest. Our one utensil was a large pail for water and coffee. We have learned to eschew butter as hard to carry and to take maple sugar in its place. Pork we toasted with a stick. They were out of bread at Corey's, but gave us a large box of crackers instead. Putting the pork between two crackers gave us pork sandwiches. Condensed milk is always in place for hot water or coffee, and doughnuts and cookies never come amiss. We slept well with the clear sky over our heads and a heavy dew on our blankets, and were off soon after seven in the morning. A row through three ponds, passing several camps, four and a half miles around Bog River into Mud Lake, one of the gloomiest sheets of water I have ever seen, and the home of the mosquito. Then a carry of two miles through the woods to Bog Lake. . . Finally off across Bog Lake, a quarter of a mile carry to Clear Pond, a mile across that, and a mile carry to Harrington Pond, eighth of a mile across it, half a mile down the outlet, and half a mile carry to Smith Lake, with a mile row to Smith Lake House, where we have been received as old friends. It was about as hard a tug as we have had, yet a delightful journey, full of variety.

Twitchell Lake, Aug. 17th.

Our guide had wrenched his shoulder, so we let him go, and more than ever were cast on ourselves. The absorbing question was the cooking, which fell on me. I would boil a dish of oatmeal for supper. But the oatmeal did not turn up. Nothing remained but to try pancakes, for which I had procured a frying pan. I wish you could

have seen and enjoyed my experiments and failures. But *we* did not enjoy the failures, as with us it was a vital matter. We had flour and baking powder but I forgot to put in any salt. It made no difference, however, because the cakes were too tough and doughy to be eaten, though Mr. Hall worked away valiantly, declaring that the nourishment lay in the dough and not in the rising. Then we consulted and I tried again, putting in salt and more baking powder. Failure again! Once more, making the batter thinner. Failure still! By this time the edge of our appetite was dulled through testing so many experiments. So we concluded to postpone further attempts till morning and to fall back on bread, maple sugar, and doughnuts. Late in the evening we rowed over to another camp, where we found the Indian guide, who said the cakes must have shortening. Pork fat would do, but lard was better, so they gave us a cup of lard. But as our provisions were nearly out and we found a place where we could take our meals, we concluded to suspend our cooking.

Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., Sept. 1st, 1890.

Here I am up in the mountains again. I had a very pleasant night at Sing Sing, at Mr. Truesdell's, and called the next morning at Ossinning, where Mrs. Sherrard is alone with her son. In Poughkeepsie I saw many of our friends, and reached Baltimore Friday evening. Made a few calls and came up here on Saturday, preaching twice yesterday to city folks and country folks, and finding the work flourishing. This afternoon I take a run over to Gettysburg, then go back to-morrow to begin work.

Baltimore, Tuesday.

It was a thrilling visit to the battlefield. Returned to-day, and so vacation ends and work begins. Pray that it may be a fruitful year.

Sept. 5th.

Walk in the light, dear mother. He is the light of the world. Take good care of yourself. Eat enough nourishing food, or you will break down. I am glad you see the uses of adversity and its mitigations. I can at least send you the sinews of war. It is a good bad and a bad good world, but we will try to make it better. I would rather be cheated than to cheat. I have a beautiful book to read with you, *God in his World*.

When his mother was again in Baltimore, Edward read to her, as he found time, the beautiful book of which he had written, and she heartily shared his high appreciation. Later, it became known that the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, H. M. Alden, was the author of *God in his World*. At one time, therefore, when Edward had occasion to call at the office, it was a great pleasure to him to meet the editor. And after her son had left her it was a great pleasure to his mother to receive from Mr. Alden the following lines:—

I had met your son and, though it was only for half an hour, I shall never forget him. There was about him that resolute, manly vigor, which, veiled by the temperament such as poets have, and softened by such grace as we see in women and children, seemed to me to best express the new type of Christian. It is a personal loss to me that I may not see him again on earth.

Baltimore, Sept. 14th, 1890.

How I would like, dear mother, to sit down beside you and talk with you! It often comes to me with a strange, sad feeling, that some time one of us will not be here. How alone I shall feel, if, as I hope may be the case, I am the one left! Who has loved me and lived in me as you? It is lonely, at times, to be without those who belong to you and call you family names. I have never looked forward to such a life, and do not now. Yet it would seem like treason to take anything that does not seem the divinely-appointed thing.

I feel dissatisfied with myself, as if something new and high were needed to bring the full development and expansion of life and its powers. More life from above would do it. It may be God's purpose to thrust me more wholly on that, so that I may live more directly from him, and grow more worthy of a higher happiness or blessedness. I have received so much and given so little. And living is only through loving. Yet we can love him more as we have more human love.

Oh, if we have the secret of one life and of saving one soul, we have the whole secret and are ready for all. To be divinely happy in work for a few, yes for one, that is Christlike. Can we drink the cup he drank? To live and labor for a few with a power which would gain many—that is enough. Ready for use wherever he puts us.

And then, 'tis only the beginning here. After this short training to go forth equipped for eternal service; how seldom we think of that! Why, this is only the Manual Training School, just to teach us to know our tools. So we both of us shall serve over there in sweet companionship of all we love. I do not think I have ever clung to this earthly life, for while I have been happy and glad in all earth could afford, it would hardly have seemed a loss at any time to step on and out to a better world.

I have, with you, all this sense of the mystery of life, of the lapse of time, of the loneliness of existence. But it is all a mystery of light, not of darkness, as when a bright cloud overshadowed Christ and the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration. So I am content. And in the cloud I see Jesus more and more plainly. There seems more and more of Beauty and Love revealed if we are only in the mood to catch them. Sometimes,—*sometimes* it seems as if I should get the right word, and speak and live the true, strong thing which will reach the heart. If only in his own time I may learn to strike the straight path that leads from heart to heart, and life to life, and to carry divine freight upon it. My path has been too much that from brain to brain.

Baltimore, Sept. 18th, 1890.

Thanks for all your clippings, which are excellent. I like your reply in *The Woman's Journal*. I have no confidence in any of your

boarding schemes to help meet expenses. When it comes to payment, you will not take the money, so there's no use in trying that.

Sept. 27th.

My Saturday half holiday is so important that if I miss it one week I shall try to take the whole of the next. So last Saturday morning I started at eight, and walked until seven in the evening, forty miles in all, and a grand tramp, though taken alone. God bless you, dear mother!

In the bulletin for Sunday, Oct. 2nd, was the notice—"Evening Service—Memorial of John G. Whittier, the Prophet Bard, with readings." One of the poet's beautiful poems was in the bulletin:—

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways.

Early in October Edward received a letter from Mr. Pelton, one of his most earnest co-laborers in the Charitable Organization Society at Poughkeepsie, deploring the lack of interest in that society. He desired to have a conference, at which should be present representatives of all the charitable societies in town, with leading citizens from every church, in order to ascertain whether further work for the cause would be justified. He was anxious to secure Edward's attendance, proposing to fix the date to suit his convenience, and to meet his expenses.

It need not be said that Edward was greatly pained at the collapse of the society in which he was so deeply interested. But his engagements made it impossible for him to comply with Mr. Pelton's request, and he could only express himself by letter.

In October, 1890, on his way to attend the meeting of the American Board at Minneapolis, he sends his mother a postal card:—

On train. Just coming into Chicago. Rode three hours with Father Starr, a most interesting Catholic priest from Baltimore.

While in Chicago he called on business at the office of a Mr. Hammond, who after Edward's departure, sent me a letter from which a few lines are taken:—

I am glad to be able to tell you how great an admiration I had for your son. Somehow, I felt he was my friend from the first, although just why I cannot perhaps explain. He always seemed to me such an honorable gentleman that from the beginning of our acquaintance I felt drawn towards him as in few other cases.

I give a few words from a letter by John Adams, agent of the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the Marblehead station. The letter was written shortly after Edward's departure and some months before my return to Marblehead.

"I want to say a few words in relation to your son, who has left us. I knew him twenty years ago when his kind father introduced him to me as his son Edward. He has always been a friend to me, has always spoken words of encouragement and kindness. He always called to see me when he came home, and to say goodbye when he left. It is only a short time since he bade me goodbye. I sorrow most of all that I shall see him no more. But I am told there is a brighter view. And I think that if there is any one that has left the world who is singing with the angels he is most surely one. Please accept my most hearty sympathy in your bereavement."

Minneapolis, Oct. 9th, 1890.

Last night I went to Northfield, and had a charming visit with Professor and Mrs. Metcalf. He is in his element, having sixty in his class in the laboratory. She is just her old self, only brighter and stronger.

You will read all about the Board meetings, so I will not enter on them now.

Kasota Junction, Oct. 13th.

I don't know that I have written you of an amusing incident that happened on the *Continental* when Mr. Hall and I were going from New Haven to New York. We had sat awhile on deck, but I was very sleepy, and turned into our stateroom first, taking the upper berth and falling asleep at once. When Mr. Hall came in I woke up. He proposed prayers and read from a chapter of which I secured only the first and last verses. Then he asked me to pray. I roused myself and leaned over in my berth, he standing beside me. I had just asked God to bless our brother whom we had left in New Haven. Then followed a blank and I was conscious of nothing more, until, from away off, there seemed to ring out a strange *Amen!* It half aroused me. Then I heard another *Amen!* and at last came to myself to see Mr. Hall standing beside me in a strangely mingled mood of devotion and merriment. "Well," I exclaimed,

"that is the first time I ever did that in public before!" when his mirth completely swallowed up his devotion.

The clouds are dispersing, and we are going to have clear weather at last.

Pierre, South Dakota, Oct. 16th, 1890.

Well, I have come, have seen, and shall depart. I am agreeably disappointed in the looks of the town. It has a fine site in the great sweep of the Missouri, and runs up on the high, slightly bluffs. All it needs to make it a perfect country is rain. To-night I shall be at Sioux Falls, to-morrow at Sioux City. . . . As to our land matters, we shall know better what to do another time. The great moral of the whole is never to take too much for granted, not to trust to representations from interested parties, to do business in one's own name, and keep one's own papers, or have a disinterested agent. Mistakes may happen, but this would reduce them to the minimum. There are tremendous temptations here in the West to exaggerate. Commissions have been large, Eastern capital abundant. Competition is intense and demoralizing.

Lincoln, Nebraska, Oct. 11th.

I am here again where I preached seventeen years ago, and the little acorn of four or five thousand has grown to an oak of about sixty thousand. Professor and Mrs. Caldwell were awaiting me at the station. Dr. Creegan also is here, and preached in the morning, while I preached in the evening. Professor Caldwell sympathises strongly in your tobacco work.

From a sermon that Edward preached on his return to Baltimore, upon the *Wonders of the North West*, a passage is given.

The very buildings in their splendor seem erected by men who forget that they are mortal, and that a great house without a moral life in it is simply a gigantic granite bubble. With all their glorious possibilities and varied perils, the one need of the North-west is the saving power of God's kingdom. This, too, is there in splendid form. Prohibition, if it gains Nebraska, will have a solid phalanx of five states. Churches multiply with the people, and the schools and colleges are thicker than the trees. Yet as in material, so in spiritual things, they must depend largely on Eastern capital. You who loan your money on their farms and city lots should invest it also in their churches and Sunday schools. As their rich fields languish and harvests fail only because they are denied rain from heaven, so all their glories of city and country must decay into a rotten materialism, unless they have showers from the heavens of God's grace, with all spiritual gifts.

Baltimore, Oct. 23d, 1890.

Back at the old desk again. There is a rush of things to be done at once. I am very busy in church and out, and happy in being busy.

Oct. 29th.

All this week I have been trying to catch up with work accruing in my absence, and am now nearly abreast of it. It is a small church, but a very complex one. And it introduces me to great op-

portunities for city work. Last night came the first of our sociables. I have introduced the alphabetic feature, which is a great help, and I am the chairman of a gentlemen's committee to furnish entertainments. Last night a Mr. McFadden, teacher of elocution, read and Mrs. Doane sang exquisitely. She gave Gounod's *Ruth and Naomi*, and Schaefer's *Do not cry, my little girl*.

Baltimore, Nov. 17th, 1890.

This morning at the Ministers' Meeting I met Dr. Leftwich for the first time. He had called when I was away. He greeted me warmly, and spoke with greatest praise of my grandfather, whose works he said had done more for him than those of any other theologian. I attend the Presbyterian Ministers' Association, and am chairman of the Topic Committee, also am doing much in the C. O. S. I long earnestly for a more spiritual life among my people. A week ago I had written a sermon on Moses for the evening, but on reading it over in the afternoon I was dissatisfied, threw it aside, and preached without notes.

Baltimore, Nov. 27th, 1890.

I have thought much of you this Thanksgiving Day. I dined very pleasantly with the Pangbornes, though I had later invitations from the Stockbridges and the Hiddens. A good congregation at the church, where I preached on Christ and the Prisoner. I am glad to think of you as with Anna and not alone. Mr. Jones of Madura is to be with me next Sunday.

Dec. 9th.

On Sunday afternoon I preached at the Home for Incurables.—a pathetic service,—then visited some in their rooms. Last night I had a stag party in the study and parlor. About a dozen students, besides Professor Griffin and six or eight of our church gentlemen. We had all the photographs out, had college songs, and at last appointed a committee of three students to represent the Church and the University. To-night we have a panorama of the Pilgrim's Progress, and I also go to the annual meeting of the C. O. S. I have just begun a morning series of sermons on *The Kingdom of God*, which promises to be a most fruitful subject. But I want to see a much deeper spiritual life in the church, and am praying and working for that.

Last week a company of fifteen or sixteen ministers who occasionally preach in the Penitentiary, went through the prisons and the jail, and then had a grand spread at the house of Mr. Griffith, president of the Prisoners' Aid Society. It was a very pleasant occasion.

On the bulletin for November 20th, is the notice of a short sermon to the Juniors on *Politeness*. It was Edward's custom to add to the bulletins something in prose or verse that would be cheering or helpful. What follows was in the bulletin spoken of.

Wanted: Men.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,

Not wealth in mountain piles,
 Not power with gracious smiles,
 Not even the potent pen.
 Wanted: *Men*.

As another instance, on the first Sunday in a New Year, as his people took their seats and looked over the bulletin awaiting them, they read: "Behold, All Things Are Become New. The Pastor wishes for his People

A Happy New Year!
 A Loving New Life!
 Bright New Heavens!
 A Fruitful New Earth!"

It is from these bulletins that many facts have been gathered for this Memorial. Edward's own collection of them with all his pencillings as to the weather, the audiences, the hymns sung, and other matters, has been bound and is to the mother a sacred volume.

People are all inquiring,—“When is your mother coming?” “After Christmas,” I reply.

As Edward was to preach the Dedication sermon of the New Goodwill Church at Syracuse, it was arranged for his mother to remain till this took place and then return with him. He writes, December 19th, “I am sorry for the delay in your coming, but if we pin our movements to a movable feast, we must move with it. Mr. Andrus writes that January 15th or 16th, is the probable time, bringing us together on the double birthday, which will be fine.”

Nowhere have my ministerial relations been more pleasant than here. Our Eclectic is always good. I attend the Presbyterian Association regularly, finding there the greatest courtesy and fraternity. And I am becoming acquainted with the general Ministers' Union, where I read a paper on the Jewish question on Monday. I still aim to keep one day in the week for outside work and that is to go mainly on my mission lectures.

Baltimore, Dec. 31st, 1890.

There is nothing here that exactly takes the place of the Literary and Reading Club in Poughkeepsie, or the Browning Club in Syracuse. But we have much social life in the church. At the Tysons' table we have interesting conversation on all sorts of topics. Dr. Morse is married and has brought his wife from Portland, a fine New England woman.

If I could find my *alter ego*, it would be finding the one thing lacking. But better to wait always than make a mistake. So there is my old year's confession.

This is a critical period for our church. It needs a strong uplift and outgrowth, and I am happy in laboring for this.

It has been seen how dependent Edward was on vigorous bodily exercise, and gladly did he hail the advent of the wheel-horse, concerning which he writes:—

Yesterday I had my first ride on the bicycle, a lesson in which the boy held me up and I careered round a circle. I seemed at last to be riding on very skilfully when I discovered that his hand was still behind me. How often do we seem speeding on well ourselves, when if we should look behind we should find that God's hand alone was keeping us on the track.

When living in Winans Tenements, Edward found his bicycle saved him much time in passing back and forth.

It was his endeavor to enlist every one in some kind of church work. That his efforts in this line were appreciated and also successful, the following letters from some of his young men will show.

From Mr. Edward Nunn:—

It is with pleasure that I recall Mr. Lawrence's cheery presence, his unflinching humor, his good advice, and his sacrifice of self in his desire to serve others. In the Saturday afternoon outings, he was the life of our company, with story and jest and reminiscences of many lands, without a harsh word for any country or for any religion, but always seeing the good in each, and although never directly pressing religious topics in our rambles, yet no one could be left in his company without feeling that to serve Christ was his chief aim. Although he was a man of the broadest culture, he had the happy faculty of claiming the attention of the most ignorant by the charm of his personality and his interest in their small affairs. He was at home with the rich and the poor, his sole thought being to carry Christ to some hungry soul, or brighten some dull life. On all the questions of the day he took the most advanced ground, being as conscientious in the smallest as well as in the greatest affairs, giving us higher ideas of our duty to the State and to ourselves as individuals.

From Mr. William H. G. Belt:—

Nothing I can write of your son will in any measure express my feelings. He came not into our parlor, but into our *home*. His interest made one open the inner heart. His great interest in all things pertaining to the betterment of mankind made me long to do more for others. During our trip in North Carolina, a number of my friends met him, and whenever I have seen them since, they have al-

ways shown a marked interest in everything relating to him. I am very thankful to my heavenly Father that he gave me for even these few years to know your son as I did, not as a pastor only, but as a true and dear friend.

From Charles B. Bates:—

I early came to look upon Mr. Lawrence as a friend and helper to whom I could go in all kinds of trouble. And he had great influence in making me a more consecrated Christian. He induced me, after all others had failed, to join the Christian Endeavor Society, and convinced me that it was my duty to try to make successful that portion of the church work. He believed in giving young people a chance to become familiar with the ways of those older than themselves, and he carried this belief out so successfully that two young men were sent to represent the church at the Conference in Jersey City.

He knew neither rich nor poor, high nor low. All were equal in his sight and received the same attention. He was brave and fearless in his utterances, and lived up to what he preached. He was ready to make any sacrifices for others. He had a bright and cheerful disposition, and never depressed one with the feeling that religion was a solemn thing, good for old people, but he made you feel that it was good for young and old alike.

I feel that something has gone out of my life and left a void that will not be filled till we meet in that world where there is no more parting.

From Mr. Frank S. Brown:—

April 10th, 1894.

My admiration for Mr. Lawrence began even before I ever saw him, from expressions in his correspondence with the trustees of our church, and also from the report which our committee gave upon their return from Sing Sing. After he became our pastor, I was intimately associated with him in the various plans for church and Sunday school work.

Recognizing at once that he was a worker, I knew that he would expect others to work too. Consequently I offered my services in any line that he might think me best fitted for, suggesting at the same time that I did not think I could as a rule take part in prayer-meetings to the edification of others or benefit to myself. His reply to this suggestion was in substance this, "Well, even churches must have mechanical work done sometimes, and perhaps you can do that." I am sure that he had in mind the illustrated sermons he afterwards gave.

We had frequent conferences upon the subject of the first lecture of local interest, "*How the other half of Baltimore lives,*" the illustrated part of which I had agreed to supply. To do this, it was necessary to visit the courts, lanes and alleys and narrow byways where the poorest of the poor lived, and where vice and crime necessarily existed. It was in these trips together that I became the best acquainted, and learned to love and admire Mr. Lawrence.

Early in the spring of 1893 I commenced taking photographs for the lecture to be given on the last Sunday of November, entitled

"What is doing for the other half." I had the material nearly ready upon the return of Mr. Lawrence from his summer vacation and we had several conferences on the subject, and I believe the last call Mr. Lawrence ever made was at our house the evening before he was taken sick. I had never known a man before who could adapt himself so well to any circumstance; he could be young with the young, and old with the old, and he was always the life of the company.

From Mr. John H. Welsh:—

I am slow as a general thing in making acquaintances and friends, but I found no trouble whatever, in this respect, with Mr. Lawrence. He was one of the most approachable men, either as a man or a minister, that I have ever known.

In his preaching he did not ask his people to do what he would not do himself, and any one who knew him, knew that if he set up an ideal, he was striving as much to reach it as he would have others do.

He did not preach missions, and then withhold his contributions, but he was one of the largest givers to missionary objects. He helped one to appreciate the blessedness of supporting these objects, and I think one of the best of the many good things he accomplished at the church was the change made in raising funds for the missionary societies.

One of my greatest pleasures, during the last few months of his life, was the frequent opportunity I had to be with him. The rides we used to take on the bicycle, either by ourselves or with one or two others, were the most enjoyable I have ever had.

Mr. Henderson, in the letter he wrote about my son, had reason for the feeling he expresses as to "dispensing with his title." And from the letters now given, as well as others, it will be inferred that his people generally shared this feeling. Yet Edward had long been accustomed to the title. Many at home and abroad seemed to take it for granted that he was a D. D. and thus addressed him to his great annoyance, for he could not be continually protesting. In that sense it was a relief when it came to him. And there was no red tape about it. It was very pleasant as bestowed by Beloit, where he had had such delightful intercourse with President Eaton, Professor Blaisdell and others. Moreover, as he wrote, "I am glad for the sake of my dear ones that a degree has been given me," but added,—"I prefer you would not generally use the title in addressing my letters, and I would not have my people

change from the simple Mr., to which they have been accustomed."

In January, 1891, Edward preached a sermon on *Snares for Young Men*, and in February, on *Snares for Young Women*, concerning the latter of which the following appeared in the *Baltimore Sun*:—

"A Plain Talk to Girls, by Rev. Dr. Lawrence.

"Frivolity, Vanity, Insincerity, Cowardice, Coquetry, and Unwomanlikeness are the six snares he described."

Some extracts from the report of the sermon are given:—

Vanity is a snare which finally drags some women down to perdition. It makes slaves to fashion. And fashion's decrees are often as cruel as they are ugly and false. Dress is supposed to be woman's great ally in this effort for conquest. The dress of the actress is praised and advertised more than her acting. Fashion wastes the revenue of a kingdom, and makes many a working girl put all her wages on her back. It devastates the air of its song and beauty to get birds for women's wear, though the Princess of Wales has led the Audubon Society in ordering that nothing be submitted for the inspection of herself or daughters in which birds are used for trimming. Fashion devastates a woman's heart; first, of the sense of taste, by making her admire much which is essentially ugly, and then, still further, of the sense of modesty and decency by persuading her to perpetuate exposures of herself which should cause the lily to blush for shame. Fashion cramps, tortures, maims, disables the body, wrecking the health of many a woman, causing young men to shrink from seeking such a frail and expensive luxury for a wife, and unfitting our daughters and sisters to be mothers. Fashion is one of the commonest snares in which women are caught through vanity. Be beautiful, young women; do not merely appear so. Let the inward light of goodness and graciousness shine through your faces, let self-seeking and self-conceit, the foes of beauty, depart, and simplicity come over; then you are queens in truth.

3. Insincerity.—These snares are many: affectation, artificiality, conventionalism—all lack of genuineness and reality. Who has not seen the bright, earnest, sensible girl of the home transformed in a few minutes into the unreal creature of society with her company manners, her affected graces, her assumed smiles and superficial banter? The world will tempt you to a thousand evasions, deceits, hypocrisies, if you wish to gain your point. Society will justify your little lies and call them pretty names. So you may get entangled in a mesh of falsehood in which you both live and love a lie. Oh, be true, be genuine, be yourselves! No mask is beautiful, no lie is strong; be true. So you will avoid a hundred snares.

4. Cowardice.—Women who greatly wish to please are often afraid to speak the truth. They are cowards and know it. They

see things about them which they feel to be wrong, but dare not say what they think, and even seem to smile approval of what they detest. They dislike smoking, drinking, and coarse jests, but too often seem to sanction them by silence and amiability. How many dare not rebel against fashion even in favor of health and of decency?

5. Coquetry.—There are some young women who never become silly until they are with young men, especially if those young men wear brass buttons. Then they are caught in the net of flirtatiousness.

6. Unwomanliness.—It is a tribute to womanhood to say that many snares simply tempt you to unwomanliness. The loud, harsh voice, the slangy phrase, the smart banter and chaff, the coarse remark, the indelicate dress or pose, the hoydenish manners, the "loud" styles—it is enough to say of these snares that they are unwomanly.

To-day is woman's opportunity. Her fetters have been broken. Do not let these snares entangle you. A sound, healthy, well-trained body, a quick, informed and thoughtful mind, a conscience aware of its relations to heaven and the world, a heart true and loving—these give promise of the coming woman in our own days. The whole world is open, as never before, to the woman who will simply be true to herself and her opportunity. Instead of the aimlessness of too many vain or dreary lives in the past, here are aims as many and as lofty as the stars in the heavens. Let one noble aim possess you, it will break the snares that may hold you; it will place you as a jewel in the diadem of the Lord Christ.

Besides the paper Edward read on the Jewish question, he preached a sermon on the subject, in which he says that "Christianity must be offered to the Jews, not as the negation of Judaism, but as its consummation."

After much looking about, Edward engaged rooms at Mrs. Mason's, 414 Hoffman St., not far from the old quarters. On January 15th, 1891, he went to Syracuse, preached the Dedication sermon for the new Good Will Church, and on the 16th enjoyed the double birthday reception given by his sister, where nearly all the Syracuse ministers and their wives were present. As requested, he told stories and sang songs, English, Scotch, German, and among them a comic Irish song, which caused much laughter. This was Friday evening, and at 12.00 he and his mother took the midnight train, reaching Baltimore Saturday afternoon, where he introduced her to what he called "our Masonic sky-parlor."

He early laid his plans for work, announcing sermons in his bulletin for several weeks in advance.

The Christian Conquest of Europe;
Snares for Young Men;
Snares for Young Women;
Working Hours and Holidays;
Christian Socialism;
The Modern Jews;
Modern Jerusalem.

The bulletin also announced that "on Wednesday evenings, after the prayer meeting, there will be in the pastor's study a personally-conducted tour of Palestine. All are invited to join the party."

Not long after we were settled in our winter quarters, a young man, George P. Morris, came to the city for some special studies in Johns Hopkins University. He engaged a room at Mrs. Mason's, and a seat at Miss Tyson's table, and proved in every way an addition to our circle. He excelled in whistling, and by his skill in imitation was a sort of menagerie in himself. All this, with his bright, cheery ways, were particularly appreciated, while I was a shut-in from sickness. When he left Baltimore in the spring, he became one of the editors of *The Congregationalist*.

The following letter from him speaks for itself:—

For a few months, early in 1891, I was a resident of the city of Baltimore. A stranger in the city, it was my good fortune to bear a letter of introduction from Dr. Bradford of Montclair, N. J., to Mr. Lawrence. I was most heartily welcomed, aided in finding pleasant quarters where I could live and study, and instantly made aware that I had met an unusual personality.

Frequently enjoying the privilege of hearing him preach, I yet more often enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him practise, and it is of this aspect of his character that I alone feel inclined to testify, leaving to others who knew him better the testimony respecting his gifts as preacher, organizer and student.

Never did a mother have a more loving, loyal son, and my heart first went out to him because he was just so loyal and loving. Later, I learned that he was as wise as he was loving, and it was not long before I came to see how complete, how symmetrical a manhood he had. Given a few years more, and he would have been shaping events in more than a local field. I frequently heard him mentioned as a man pre-eminently fitted to serve as secretary of the American

Board. Then, too, he foresaw the re-adjustment that the church needed, in order to serve the present age, and in his preaching and his living he was a pioneer of the new day and way.

Intensely alert and open to the spirit of the age, sympathetic with the wage-earner in his struggle for adequate recompense and the good things of life, he never became a fanatical sentimentalist, a wholesale, indiscriminating assailant of a class that, though it has its faults, owes its comfort and pleasures more to thrift and foresight than to dishonesty and selfishness.

While sensible of the faults of the church he never felt it necessary to malign it in order to reform it. To be concise, he impressed all the Johns Hopkins University students, who heard him from time to time, as one who had a level head and a warm heart, each aiding and restraining the other.

I am sad when I think of the loss that the world has suffered by his departure, for he had the spirit, the knowledge, the method of discovering truth and formulating it, that would have made him a great leader in the century just dawning.

I am glad that I knew Mr. Lawrence as a friend. He was more in my life than I can express. But what must this loss mean to you, his mother, and to the one who was to be his wife? Life brings no bitterer disappointment than hers. Our warmest sympathy goes out to you both.

Another editor of the *Congregationalist*, Rev. H. A. Bridgman, writes:—"In a peculiar sense, he belonged to the denomination, and he was just coming to the point of his greatest usefulness. It does not seem as if we could spare his ripe judgment, his courageous grapple with problems in church and state, and his unclouded personal faith."

At the Washington Conference of churches, February 17th, 1891, Edward gave an address on "Reading," from which by special request large extracts follow:—

READING AS A SOURCE OF PERSONAL RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

"The colleges," writes Emerson, "whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professors of books, and I think no chair is so much needed."

This chair you ask me for a few moments to occupy. So I will talk, not like a book, but like a reader and lover of books, to those who also love and read them.

How shall we read? What shall we read? When shall we read?

The *use* of reading for this object is mainly that of *food*. But here begins the difficulty. Practically we are born and bred in the midst of libraries in our homes and everywhere else.

Our library has all its contents for use as food; some is medicinal and remedial, some is preventive and hygienic. But the main purpose of this whole mental dietary is nourishment. Here each can

find his own if he only knows how. But all need much help. A professor of books were a boon to every household. This food must be selected according to individual needs. It must be appropriated according to nature's demand and laws. The instinct of each reader is a guide in part; experiment also teaches. But an experienced friend is the best guide to tell what to read, how to read it, and what to let alone. And the crime of giving a child free range in an apothecary shop would hardly be greater than the crime of letting children read unhindered and unguided, in a great public library.

This assistance of friends is most needed for the purpose which we are considering, and when we have received that, we may well pray for the Holy Spirit to teach us how to *read* as well as how to pray.

How then shall we read to this end?

"Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." It is this last few that mainly concerns us in treating this subject. A few of these few will be named later.

By another classification, books are divided into literature of knowledge and literature of power. The last class again are for us.

There are books, once more, of the spread-out harvest, whose grain must be threshed, winnowed, ground, bolted and baked ere it becomes bread. And there are seed-grain books which drop into the open heart and expand, grow, flower and fruit there. These seed-grain books are what we mainly want for our soul's development and redemption. When we have found the right class of books, we shall know better how to use them. But for our personal religious growth it is plain that we must read somewhat after this manner:—

Leisurely, however briefly; not hurriedly, with that hurry and worry that gets into the blood and the conscience, and distorts the view for the True, Good, or Beautiful.

Meditatively, with a hidden inner train of thought that binds our author's words not only to one another, but to ourselves and to the world about.

Fruitfully, with many a germinant thought roused to life, so that at its stirring we put the book aside to let our own soul have free play. Reading is often a shower where mere drops of rain awaken sleeping seeds of grain.

Sympathetically, with a heart not only open to the author, but open to God and the world, in love with our brother.

I might say, too, that we should read,

Repeatedly, coming back again and again to loved, familiar, marked passages, until they are wrought into our blood and brain and heart.

Broadly, mingling with divers authors, striving to get the secret of each rather than to find our secret everywhere.

Progressively, moving on from stage to stage, not ever swinging around in the same circle, but with cumulative power and growth. But this and much more may be summed up by saying that we should read:—

Christfully. Let us stand at the very center of our world, which is Christ. In thought, at least, we can do that as we read. Then from this point look out in every direction. The light from the center shines everywhere, and illumines all things.

Now, from this center describe a small circle. That first circle is the Bible. Through its reading, let us pass to all other reading, and to the world.

Now describe another circle just outside the Bible. Here are the choice classics of the soul, the sifted treasures of the ages; tried, tested, and approved, each ministering to different men and times, in different ways, often gaining new meanings with every change, and thereby proving their own richness.

As we go on, the path broadens. Biographies are choice ministers to the spiritual life. The communion for some weeks with a noble man or woman, through a biography, can make us better.

Devout, God-seeing works of science must do the same, revealing the divine structure of the world. Much is yet to be written in a modern line to carry on the work of Hugh Miller, Chalmers, Mitchell, and Drummond.

And so at last the current topics of the day, the history of which we are a part and which we help make,—these come into the circle of our Christocentric reading.

Out at the farthest rim the best magazines and daily papers, if read in the same spirit as the others, and sufficiently abbreviated, may be a means of grace and growth, whereby, in the turbulence of the time, we discern the signs of the coming of God's Kingdom, the power of his redemptive work, and so learn better how to work with him.

This brings us to the last question, one very important, *when* shall we read? Take by all means one hour of the twenty-four for good reading. Hedge it in against all encroachment. Make it sacred for yourself and for others. Divide it, if necessary, between morn and eve, but secure it every day. Read the Bible one-half of the hour, and the best half; then spend the other half in this careful, restful, meditative, Christful reading, not "as he that runs may read," nor as he that sleeps may dream, but as he that thinks may think and feel, may pray and see visions and even in reading begin the doing of great acts. Add hour to hour, day by day. That means at the end of the year over one solid fortnight for such food. Some of the time read aloud in communion with another; but read by all means.

Busy men and women will say, "the scheme is beautiful, but impracticable; we shall never find time for it." Try it! You have not time to neglect it. Start at first, if you must, with but thirty or forty minutes a day, divided into periods of fifteen or twenty minutes each, at different parts of the day. Give one period to the Bible, the other to the rest of the list; make sure of the best first, omitting the newspaper if anything. Have a book at hand for odd moments. Beecher read scores of volumes by keeping an open book on his toilet table. Carry a small book in your pocket. By degrees you will find, if you persevere, that you

are wringing one hour out of the twenty-four for the food of your soul. Then how richly will the rest of each day, shortened by this one hour, repay us with lengthened goodness and multiplied powers and graces! We may build up a heaven within by such an hour a day.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EDWARD'S CONNECTION WITH SIGNIFICANT MOVEMENTS.

When to be a Christian is to be a missionary, there will be more Christians.—Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackenzie.

At the 23rd annual meeting of the Congregational Association of New Jersey, April, 1891, held in Philadelphia, Edward gave an address on *Christianity and Culture*, from which a passage is taken:—

Science touches Christianity occasionally, and culture affects it constantly. The end of Christianity is faith, hope and love. Culture is but nature in blossom. The relations of Christianity and culture are such that one is simply subsidiary to the other. The great contest is between life and death, holiness and sin. The law of Christianity is service; the law of Paganism is self. Self-culture is self-exhausting and antagonizes Christianity. Divine culture is identical with Christianity.

During the winter Edward's mother had a violent attack of the grip. Nothing could exceed the skill and the tenderness with which he cared for her day and night. And when she began to gain, he would carry her down stairs and take her on a short walk, and then carry her up again to her room. Early in May she left for the North.

Soon after he writes:—"It is very pleasant to occupy your room, the Masonic sky-parlor. I often think of your hard coughing spells, and with gratitude that they are over. The winter's experience has brought us closer together, and I never loved you so much. You will be glad to know that I have had a letter from our German friend, who says he means never to go back to smoking."

May, 1891.

I finished James last Sunday with a good congregation, making the application to the mechanics of the present day, of the fourth verse in the last chapter,—“Behold, the hire of the laborers who have

reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." I claimed that men may be innocent members of a guilty system.

In the evening, following this up, my sermon was from the text Ecclesiastes, 3 : 13. "And also that every man should eat and drink and enjoy good in all his labor is the gift of God;" which led to the consideration of the Eight Hours day movement.

A sentence or two from the published report will give the substance of the sermon:—

It is an appeal for the re-distribution of leisure, and a redemption of the laborer from a human machine into manhood. This is the special reason why we should favor the movement. . . . Let the wage-earners be taught the democracy of Christianity and be drawn into a true brotherhood of the divine Carpenter. The eight-hours day will bring this noble opportunity, this heavy responsibility. It is for the church to redeem the new-won time and ennoble labor by turning the mechanic from a drudge and slave into one worthy the name of citizen, husband, father, brother, child of God. Let us favor the shortened work and enrich the lengthened leisure.

Edward enclosed in his letter some printed documents relating to the Federation, the Pope and the Hyper-Pope, thinking they would amuse us.

From these clippings it seems that at a Federation of Labor meeting, one member pronounced the Pope's communication "an absolute failure." Then reading the report of the sermon, he thought that Baltimore had the best of it over Rome, and proposed that a vote of thanks should be sent Mr. Lawrence. This aroused another delegate, who considered all clergymen as policemen in the hands of the capitalists. "How do we know it came from the preacher's heart?" Another affirmed that not one in twenty clergymen would have the nerve to deliver such a sermon, moving that a communication be sent him, expressing the gratification of the Federation at his sentiments. After some additional discussion, the motion to send Mr. Lawrence thanks was defeated.

Later, he was invited to be present at a meeting of the Nationalists, where "he stated that whatever he may have said in the pulpits which pleased the club, was rather the

result of an evolution of his mind than any preconceived ideas. He felt that all the organizations which are striving for a better life for the individual or for society, deserved encouragement. At the conclusion of his remarks, he was unanimously elected an associate member of the club."

I suppose our experiences agree. When some new truth rises full-orbed upon us in all its light and beauty, and we try to show it to others, we wonder that every one does not see and love it as we do. Yet they may not see it at all, or only by degrees. Then we grow impatient. But the truth must work its way gradually, especially the Social Gospel, which at first excites apprehension not easily allayed.

Baltimore, June 15th, 1891.

My subject, yesterday, was "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." You know how I should treat it.

Druid Hill Avenue, right next us, is like Babel with the cable cars rumbling and gouging away. But it is an immense gain for travel. And the other roads must follow suit.

Tuesday. I have laughed heartily over your adventures in going from Poughkeepsie to Northampton. I am glad you are visiting our friends there. The account of Miss Arethusa Hall's last days is very pathetic.

Baltimore, My Study, June 19th, 1891.

I have been anxious about you in the extreme heat, and want to know that you are safely home. I came over one hot night and slept comfortably in the church. . . . Mr. P. still holds out in his tobacco abstinence, and seems to think that settled. So you have much to be thankful for.

June 29th.

What glorious weather! Clear, cool, beautiful, perfect June days! And the harvests are something wonderful this year. Another fine walk of twelve miles, Saturday, brought me up in fine condition. The last of the illustrated sermons for the summer came last night. I am carefully reviewing old and new ground and writing my mission lectures.

July 5th.

We have had two superb days. The air has had in it a tinge of the Adirondacks, and the sky a touch of the woods. Yesterday I fell in love with Druid Hill Park. I had admired, but not appreciated it, had seen it empty, or shunned it full. But being invited to picnic out there with the Nunns and others, I went about noon. Thousands of people were scattered over the lawns and among the trees, but there was room for all and in privacy. We lunched, played football, and had a good, boyish, girlish time generally. . . . Sunday morning I preached with a joyful heart on Christian joy. In the afternoon, I spent some time with the gospel wagon just built. We visited two market places and one rolling mill, having services in all. I am hopeful of much good from the movement.

By request, Edward wrote an article for the *Congregationalist*, entitled "The Gospel on Wheels."

This is how the gospel wagon does it. At three o'clock every Sunday afternoon a little company gathers at the old chapel of the Associate Reformed Church. A few moments are spent in prayer, then the band of perhaps a dozen men climbs into the wagon. Four fine, dappled-gray horses are ready to draw it. "Gospel Wagon" is painted in large letters along both sides. Six hundred dollars was the cost of building it. No one who sees it can ever mistake it or forget it.

All aboard! We rumble slowly along over the rough Baltimore pavements, through the main streets, out into the residence sections, on to important, scantily church-districts. The first appearance of our wagon in any part of the city causes sensation. It is its own advertisement. The passers-by stop and gaze. Whole families rush to the front, flatten noses against the window panes, stand agape in the doors, swarm over the doorsteps. Whenever it slackens pace children dangle after it like the tail to a kite. Its very presence appeals more than a church bell or a newspaper notice. Novelty and curiosity become our allies.

At certain points we stop to take in additions to our own company. Now it is a couple of ministers into whose diocese we are entering. Then it is a quartette of male singers who give their Sunday afternoons to this work. Again it is three young men who praise God on instruments of brass. A cabinet organ and organist are already in the wagon.

Then there is a stop for a song. Children rush in like steel filings to a magnet, and their elders gather with them. The preaching place is announced, all are invited to follow, which the greater part do. One more singing stop is made. Our retinue ever accumulates. At last we roll up to the first station. Perhaps it is a market square. Our service has been previously made known throughout the neighborhood. Loiterers are already hanging about the place; others speedily arrive as the singing begins. They stand and sit under shelter of the market roof. A section of one side of the wagon is let down for a platform. Sheets of gospel songs are distributed among the crowd. All are invited to join in the singing. One or two of our number station themselves in the audience to keep the children quiet. Often a policeman is at hand with the same intent.

If we might only have kodak views of our hearers to show to our churches through lantern slides! Children of every age, nationality and feature; women quiet, well-dressed, ladylike; others wild, frowsy, unwashed, unkempt, scornful—shall I say God-forsaken? No, for the gospel wagon is here and they are here. Men—clerks spruce and dapper, laborers rough and attentive. One cannot begin to describe these unforgotten faces. It seems almost as if we were back in India itinerating through heathen towns. But, of course, the assembly varies in different districts. Each service lasts about one hour, at the close of which the wagon rolls on to its next station, which may be a mile or two away.

The work of the gospel wagon is union work entirely independent of any church, association or army, though it depends upon all for aid, financial and spiritual, and seeks to ally itself with all. A few determined men, Friends, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., have formed the nucleus. There is nothing in the work to disturb any refined susceptibility, except the looks of many of those to whom the gospel is preached. Decorum and earnestness rule in all the proceedings. It is a bit of fresh, real work which serves a Christian purpose. It lays the touch of the hand of Christ on the heart of the masses. It must fix the grasp of that hand on some otherwise lost lives. Why should not the gospel wagon roll on in every city as a chariot of the Lord and of victory?

Baltimore, July 6th, 1891.

My Dear Young Mother:—

I think in some things you may need bossing. I want to hear whether you are gaining your old strength. How good it will be to get you home again! I will have you out on the water.

I am reading Francis Abbott's *Scientific Theism* with much interest. . . . George Meredith is called the Browning of novelists. *Diana of the Crossways* is a great book and you must read it. The old clock has just left for Marblehead.

Edward had for a long time been looking out for an ancient clock for the stairway of Linden Home, and had at last succeeded in purchasing one, as a Christmas present for his mother.

In August he writes from Gloversville:—

Mr. Stetson met me and I am with the dear old friends, only Lawrence is away. Mrs. Cook is as bright, and Mrs. Stetson as lovely as ever. Soon after seven we met Jonathan, healthy, hearty, full of fun. My new haversack is in fine condition, and off we go at nine to-morrow.

As to your letters, I want the best of them, time or no time. I hope you are continuing the selection, for even if not pasted in, others can do the pasting.

Mosley's Hotel, Lake Pleasant, Aug. 5th, 1891.

My Dear Mother:—

Our woods are about us again. Such a quiet, restful, satisfied feeling as they give. The balmy touch of nature is on every faculty. It reaches deep down into the centre of being. My fortnight visit home was short, sweet and helpful. The bonds of love tighten as we go on. When we had reached Newton Corner, I inquired about our unexplored route to Fulton Chain. "Why, you are one the wrong side of the woods," said Mr. Sturgess, the veteran of the region. "How can we get there?" "Go to the big Indian Clearing. I have been there five hundred thousand times. It takes three days to get there."

In Camp on Cedar Lake, 7 P. M. Thursday, Aug. 6th, 1891.

At last we are fairly in the woods. Mine host, Sturgess, is a wonderful man. He reminds one of Siegfried in Wagner's opera, a

splendid Teuton child of the gods with an air of eternal youth. At six this morning, he waked us. What a breakfast! Trout, venison, pancakes and maple sugar. Then all our goods were packed and our guide appeared,—John Sturgess, another of the Walhalla heroes—but a huge Hercules. We reached here in good season, and are in fine shelter for the night in a covered bark camp. We have supped on venison and pork, have read a chapter in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and shall soon be asleep. The mosquitos are raising their nightly chant. . . . Stillwater, Aug. 9th. I never suffered so much as last night from the gnats. All the audacity and pertinacity of the flea with worse poison. They steal under everything. Now a sting at the ankle, then a crawl, and stings around the knee, then at one thigh, then at the other thigh, then down the other leg, but alas, not out at the shoe.

Old Forge, Aug. 12th.

Tuesday was the great day. Our guide left us early, and we started to go alone on the trail to Panther Lake, where panthers used to abound, and where now two wolves roam. After an hour we found two gum pickers, who gave us all the privileges of their camp. They come into the woods for spruce gum, which they scrape from the trees, selling it when cleaned for about seventy-five cents a pound. They gather six or eight pounds a day and make on an average about \$2.00 on this. A small tin can with sharpened lip put on the end of a long pole is their only tool. And all the chewing gum of school girls comes in this way.

Tuesday was our great day. Our guide having left us, we started alone on the trail to Panther Lake, and having shored around it, came to Little Moose. But here our troubles began. The lake is three or four miles long. To shore it would be all day work, getting around logs, swamps, etc. Shots and cries failed to bring responses. We must shore it, or raft across a deep bay which would land us near the trail. So to work we went to construct a raft. Five or six large logs would be enough, eighteen feet long, eight or nine inches thick. Spruce floats lightest and was here in abundance. Mr. Hall did most of the chopping, being experienced in the art. Our two pound axe was most useful. When the great logs had been cut, they had to be slowly worked by levers down to the water. Then we took all the straps from our packs and bound the logs to cross pieces at each end. Spruce brush piled across gave a safe foundation for our packs. From ten till three we worked at it like beavers.

By an experiment, we found that the raft, with all the packs, would just float one of us, but not both. Then a small birch tree was cut flat at the end into a double paddle and a board laid across for a seat. Next we donned the primitive costume of Adam, save that Mr. Hall wore a hat, which I suppose Adam did not. Seated thus on the log raft, all our packs and clothes behind him, slowly paddling across the lake, he was an amusing picture of Robinson Crusoe. After he had gone some distance, I sprang into the water and swam after, reaching him just as I needed rest. Then he plunged, and I became Palinurus. When we had changed back and forth until we reached a favorable point,

and had enough of a swim, we landed beside a great rock. The raft was taken apart, our packs reconstructed, ourselves civilized, and around the shore we went. But it was growing late. The trail did not appear. Between six and seven, we reached a sandy beach, beside a brook, under fine balsam trees. Here, we said, we must camp. It is too late to find the trail. We soon had a fire. There was no bread, but we had pork, half a can of corned beef and a piece of maple sugar. But no dishes. We toasted the pork with wooden forks and ate from the forks, then dived into the beef can with a pocket knife, and lastly munched our maple sugar. Now it began to sprinkle, then to rain, then to pour. It grew dark, and still it poured. No cover for any thing, like two owls we sat under the great trees. At five, the camp-fire blazed briskly; then came the conflict between fire and water, till the blaze went out. Our rubber clothing was wrapped around the blankets and could not be touched, or they would be drenched. For a time the great trees served as umbrellas, but at last, they began to drip. Heaven's artillery roared and flashed over the lake and through the forest. We were wet to the skin. The fire went out.

It was nine o'clock. No cover for our head, no fire, little food, no possibility of getting along in the forests, where we had no trail. Those moments were the most dismal of our Adirondack experience. We were in for a night, and what a night! Then very slowly the storm diminished. We got my rubber blanket over our heads, separating the waters above from the waters beneath, and keeping the wind from the Siamese twins. Then a little human assistance enabled fire to overcome water and it began to blaze again. We spread the rubber on the wet ground near the fire, my blanket next, and my rubber coat over all. We dared not lie down long, but how we dozed over the fire. How we watched for the morning light! At last it came. We breakfasted as we had supped, then started on the tramp through the woods, wet, oh, so wet, in search of the trail. Many misleading paths we found and rejected, but at last we struck it, and then a shout! That is so about the ways of truth. You may be deceived by many false paths, but when the open eye sees it, there can be no doubt. Three-quarters of a mile brought us to First Lake. There stood a boat waiting to be used. We used it. Rowed across to a house near by, asked for a boat to return it with, and then ate our breakfast like starved men, and dried ourselves by the kitchen oven. We were rowed down here, and, to our delight, we found the *Nannie O.* washed and fitted out. . . . Our hard work is over. The rest is along familiar tracks.

Camp Craig, Big Moose Lake, Aug. 19th, 1891.

This lake fascinates us. We intended to leave to-day, but cannot do it, and linger on. There is no pleasanter camp in the woods, no finer spot on the lake. For once our restless steps are held, and our course swings round and round this center. We know and like everybody here.

We are continually on the water, unless tramping through the woods. Every day has its excursion, every hour its delight. At sunset, to-night, we floated on the mirror. It was like one of Turn-

er's water scenes,—soft, shadowy outlines,—no land, sky or water, but everywhere shadows. These are wonderful days to us.

We have just counted our Adirondack songs, and find that we have thirty-two in all.

Dart's Camp, Second Lake, Aug. 20th, 1891.

My Dear Wallace:—

I send the picture of a boat made for you by Mr. Hall. A man is under the boat. That man is Uncle Ned. The boat is *Nannie O.*, named for your mamma. Uncle Ned is carrying her through the woods. Isn't that good of Uncle Ned? But *Nannie O.* will carry Uncle Ned through the lakes. So she is a good boat. Sometime I hope you will take a ride in her. How would you like to sleep out of doors, under a tree, with a fire at your feet and a rubber blanket above and beneath you? That is what we call camping out. Ask mamma to take you down into the garden and show you how to camp out. Now be a good boy and write Uncle Ned a letter.

Your loving Uncle.

My Dear Sister:—

. . . It is in motherhood that one learns how character counts for more than all else. Training a child is mainly a question of character in the one training and the one trained. . . All the clearness and strength and decision that have been gained, tell here. All the yieldings, weaknesses, defeats, leave their mark here. A mother cannot be to her child more than she is in herself. Wherever she is uncertain or vacillating or disloyal, the weakness will appear in her intercourse with her child. Wherever she has overcome herself, she will be able to overcome him by mere force of character. There is no place where simple character tells for more than in the contact of a mother with her child. She cannot *will* more than she is, and what she is, she can impress on her child.

Chattalane Springs Hotel, Sept. 18th, 1891.

Dear Mother:—

How you would enjoy this beautiful country! Such superb oaks, chestnuts, etc. It is most romantic and all within twelve miles of Baltimore. I had no idea there was such scenery so near.

Sept. 15th.

This afternoon I have seen a tilting tournament of young knights. About a dozen entered the lists, mounted on beautiful horses. Carriages full of people lined both sides of the course. The tilt was not at one another, but at ivory rings. Three of these were hung along the course, two or three rods apart, and fixed at a certain height. When the knight's name was called by the master of ceremonies, he spurred his horse upon the track, couched his lance and aimed straight in a full gallop for the rings. If he caught each of the three upon his spear in the same run, he was successful. When I say that the rings were only an inch and a half in diameter, and that they rode as swiftly as possible, you will see the difficulty. Yet six of them caught the three rings three times in succession. Then they put in rings an inch wide which cut the knights down to five. Then three-quarters of an inch rings, and only one knight

took the three. He was the victor. Think of catching three small rings on the spear at such a pace.

This evening at the hotel comes the Coronation ball, when the victor will crown some lady as queen.

What a contrast to another scene to which my mind turns!!—my sad visit with Harriet Doolittle, who is a wreck of her old dear self. In her mental distress she has little concern about her health. When she goes it will be a happy release. I talked and prayed with her, and it was a comfort to be told by her mother that I had done her “a world of good.”

I am greatly interested in what you write about Mr. Bliss, and shall hope to know him. The Wendell Phillips Union looks promising.

As Edward's mother had not quite recovered from the effects of the grip he arranged to have her pass a month at Lakewood, at Dr. Cate's Sanitarium, on her way to Baltimore.

Baltimore, Oct. 1st, 1891.

I wish you were here with me now. And how I wish I could be with you on the way! But we must trust to a kind providence and to your mother-wit. I think you can safely go on the Fall River boat.

Oct. 9th.

It was a great relief to have your letter from New York. Guardian angels as usual on every hand, and new friends made. Our troubles are only the dust by the way. God is good and we are his children.

Oct. 13th.

I am glad your treatments are begun and shall hope for great benefit. My love to the Cates. A pleasant dedication on Sunday of our new church at Canton. I give my first lecture at Yale, Oct. 22nd.

New Haven, Oct. 23rd.

At Prof. Day's. I arrived in a rain, and it pours now, which diminished my audience. But the students were all there and several of the professors. This evening a mission band from the Seminary and one from the College are to come in.

The *Congregationalist* says of Edward's Yale lectures on Missions:—

The work in China, Japan and India has been shown with such definiteness, the daily life and methods of the missionaries have been set forth in such a plain, concrete way, that students have learned better than ever before just what are the needs and nature of the foreign work. Dr. Munger does the lecturer the honor of saying that his was the most interesting course he has ever listened to in Marquand Chapel.

In his closing lecture, Mr. Lawrence urged, as among things most needed to-day, a missionary periodical to study the fields scientifically and comprehensively, presenting readers with a better insight into the problems and lines of work abroad than fragmentary bits of information can give; frequent tours by our managing secretaries, made for inspection; an active participation by the churches in the

management of mission work that will lead them into discussions and knowledge of the exact nature of this work. This will make contributions other than a blind handing over of money to be used in a good cause, and gifts will increase as they are more intelligently given.

On train, Thursday. I spent a pleasant night at the Utleys, who are very cordial and agreeable.

On his return from New Haven after his last lecture he passed a night at Dr. Cate's Sanitarium, taking his mother the next day to Philadelphia, and leaving her for a little visit with her new friends, the Plummers, of whom he was glad to have a glimpse, which led to a very pleasant acquaintance.

Edward and his mother passed the winter in McCulloh St., nearly opposite their good temperance and anti-tobacco Quaker friends, the Tudors and Primroses, of whom they saw much.

A habit which simplified Edward's pastoral labors was that of making a record of all his calls, and adding particulars as to any sickness, affliction, or absence, thus keeping himself informed of the condition of the various individual members, both of the church and parish. And he kept himself informed of the business condition of the church, above all things desiring to keep out of debt.

It was his custom to give series of sermons, announcing them in advance in his bulletins or on special circulars. At one time it was a series of prominent Bible characters. From the report of a sermon on "Isaiah, the statesman prophet," a passage is given: "The Old Testament is the Statesman's Manual. The study of Isaiah is practically the study of Hebrew politics. The secular press of to-day is, in some senses, the natural successor of the old prophets, and sometimes has more courage than many religious journals. Isaiah was the morning paper."

SPRING AND SUMMER EVENING SERMONS, APRIL—
JUNE, 1891.

- April 5.—The Loveliness of Christ.
 April 12.—What is it to be Lost?
 April 19.—Jonah and Nineveh.
 April 26.—Footsteps of Jesus in Judea.—Illustrated.
 May 3.—Lessons of the Spring.
 May 10.—The Gains of Sorrow.
 May 17.—Working Hours and Holidays.
 May 24.—Not far from the Kingdom.
 May 31.—Footsteps of Jesus in Galilee.—Illustrated.
 June 7.—God's Use of Lowly Things.
 June 14.—The Lord's Day.
 June 21.—Atmospheres.
 June 28.—Footsteps of the Apostles.—Illustrated.

Another series of evening sermons, some of which were illustrated with lantern slides:—

Japan—The Land of the Rising Sun.
 Land and People.
 Religions and Missions.
 Illustrated Japan.

China—The Celestial Empire.
 Land and People.
 Religions and Missions.
 Illustrated China.

Edward gave an annual reading from some poet,—Browning, Lowell, Whittier and others, for the benefit of some benevolent society. A daily reports the reading of a number of Sidney Lanier's poems at a meeting of the mission circle of Christian Endeavorers:—"Mr. Lawrence's reading showed both a fine elocutionary ability and an intelligent conception of the beauties of the Maryland poet's lines."

The Alphabetical sociables were continued, and always excited much interest.

Baltimore, Jan. 15th, 1892.

My Dear Birthday Roslein:—

I well remember in that house in Front St., how I was longing for you when you came. And how you used to trot off to the neighbors at Dingle Side. Dear me! What would

the doctor do if you were as much of a gadabout now? There come up so many birthdays—the one in Berlin, in Poughkeepsie, and the one last year in Syracuse. . . I hope every fresh year will bring you fresh courage and fresh strength for fresh burdens. Let us keep above the weather and not get under it. Keep a quiet corner in the heart where you can withdraw and have unmolested communion with the Good. Let no one steal peace from you, for no one can give it back again. Let us live the life of faith, as seeing Him who is invisible and resting on his support. . .

Your loving brother.

Dear Ned:—

What a little bit of a fellow it was to be sure, who came to us so many years ago!—you say forty, but I don't believe it.

Well, the infant preacher has held fast to his baby predilections. And the "little uddy" so sympathetic in his mother's loneliness is now her stay and her staff.

How much of your life, at various periods, have the mother and the son been together! Those days of companionship began when papa was over the seas and far away, and you used to send up to the good Father your daily petition, "Don't let papa tip over."

Your sermons in those days,, those descriptive of your journeys and the practical addresses to your admiring flocks, interested me every whit as much as those of both sorts do now. But I am glad you don't carry out your old plan of taking all your people to church in an omnibus, and preaching to them papa's sermons. For excellent as they are, I don't believe your people would be quite satisfied with any minister who did not give them original productions. You might, however, on a single occasion read one of papa's best sermons, telling them you did so that they might know him. That would be an excellent thing to do, and would I am sure interest them all.

But I may as well stop short for I can't even begin to say what is in my heart. If I should do that it would be a downright love letter.

Your birthday mother, to bring to mind that Jan. 16th, 1892, is a memorable anniversary.

A few words are given from a paper read by Edward, January, 1892, before the N. J. Association held in Washington, and which was published in the *Congregational Index*.

HOME VERSUS FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The one aim of all mission work is to preach the Gospel and plant the Church of Christ wherever entrance can be found. Christ is Lord of all lands, and everywhere at home. From the Christian standpoint no land is foreign and no people alien. There is no Jew or Greek, no Chinese or African in Jesus Christ.

He lived once in Nazareth, but his Spirit moves through all the world, and he claims all kingdoms. There is but one divine Kingdom on earth. In the true sense, the whole world is Christendom. Christ claims it as his own. . . Much of our mission work is territorial, directed from the centers of Christendom, itself lying on the outskirts. These missions are churches in the making, not yet inde-

pendent, but on the way to be, and none the less ours. Colonial or territorial, as we may choose to call them, no missions in the wide earth are foreign to the Church of Christ.

It is only in the lower, human, national sense that other people than our own are called foreigners. But in the church, the highest, broadest relations dominate. There is but one family, though many wanderers and rebels. All men are brothers. All missions of the church are *home missions*.

On April 20th, 1892, Edward read a paper before the New Jersey Association from which a single passage is given:—

PROPORTIONATE AND SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

In our Church Beneficence we need a method which shall train men to habits of giving and to a character that delights in giving. What is that method? Once for all we must say, there is no one best method any more than there is any one best stove or best typewriter. We can only find the best under all the circumstances. Any system is better than none. The test of a system as of any machine is that it works. But several things are important. It should be easy of comprehension and without dependence on the caprice of pastor or people. It should work in the rain as well as sunshine, in vacation as well as term time, in absence as well as in presence. It should enlist the children as well as the parents, should gather in the little as well as the large gifts. It should be educative and worshipful, economical of time and cost, and efficient in meeting the needs of the work.

May 13th, 1892.

Dear Mother:—

Dr. Spalding and Dr. Ecob are grand men whom one likes to see come to the front in these times. . . . Send me your *Open Tobacco Letters* when they are ready and I will gladly look them over. As to being over-sensitive, only the dear Lord can help in that. Take good care of my mother, even if she is not quite eighty.

The returns are coming in from our New Jersey circular, and I think there are signs of a great movement towards re-organization. It is only a question of time.

As friends have desired to know the particulars of Edward's connection with the changes in the American Board the following account is given:—

One of Edward's special objects in London was to study the management and methods of the different Missionary Boards. On his journey round the world he had met Mr. Wigram, secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who was on one of his visitations to its various missions. It gave him great pleasure to renew this intercourse in Lon-

don, where he had many conversations with him and with the secretaries of other boards on missionary matters. His convictions on certain points were strengthened by these investigations, and after his return, in March, 1890, there appeared in successive numbers of *The Christian Union*, two articles, under the heading,—“*Shall we re-organize?*”

From these articles, a few passages will be given:—

The question of the reorganization of the American Board is before the Congregational churches. Long in the air, it has now landed on the carpet. It has assumed a definite shape and large dimensions. It calls for thought, discussion, action. It will down only at some final decision by the churches. The resolutions of the National Council, the utterances at the meeting in New York, the circular sent out by the Committee of Fifteen to all contributing churches, and, still more, the intrinsic needs of the situation—these all conspire to press the issue.

It is a question neither of theories, nor of persons, nor of parties; not even of “wings.” The two points at stake are simply these: What form of organization will be, for the present and the future, the most *creative* and the most *expressive* of mission sentiment at home? What form will be the most *effective* for mission work abroad? The sound basis of progress lies in comparison. In this time of reconsideration the methods and processes of other similar societies will be found most instructive. In suggesting the comparative study of other mission organizations, the writer hopes to make some slight contribution toward that final wisest settlement for which all are longing.

In this comparison, Edward states that of all the living missionary societies, the oldest is the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, founded in 1701, its original charter being granted by William the Third. And this he found to be the only society among them all in which the managers were constituted into a close corporation with a perpetual succession, the society still remaining a strictly self-perpetuating body.

In contrast with this, he speaks of the *Church Missionary Society*, quoting from its enactments:—

“XI. The Committee shall consist of twenty-four lay members of the Established Church of England or of the Church of Ireland, and of all *clergymen who are members of the Society*, and have been so for not less than one year. Of the twenty-four lay members eighteen shall be reappointed each year from the existing Committee, and six shall be elected from the general body of the Society.”

The italics are ours. The writer has found a large number of devout, earnest, efficient men assembled at the weekly meeting of the Committee at the Church Missionary House in Salisbury Square. It brings the responsibility of mission work straight home to each member when every one knows that he can at any time drop into the meeting of the Committee and by his vote directly affect the decision of affairs. This spirit of liberty within favors the spirit of liberality without.

The writer has seldom seen efficiency, liberty, fraternity and piety so combined as in the work and workers of this Society, whether in England or in Asia.

In October of the same year, 1890, the annual meeting of the American Board was held at Minneapolis. From Edward's account of this meeting, published in the *Baltimore American*, the following extracts are given:—

It was a most significant moment when President Northrup of Minnesota University, the moderator of the last National Council, in a few well-chosen words, reminded the Board that they had not yet paid heed to the unanimous vote of that Council, asking all Congregational societies to bring themselves into nearer and representative relations to the churches, and urging them to improve the remaining two years before the next Council to comply with that demand.

There was no such glow of mission enthusiasm about the meeting as one used to expect. But the plain fact was that the Board stood in the midst of a morass. The only way to get a stable footing was to plunge through the swamp at whatever cost of discussion and disturbance. The swamp seems to be passed over and a higher level attained. Now the world will look to see this great body of Christian people lay aside speculations and suspicions, hair-splitting manœuvring and bickering and apply themselves with a royal goodwill to the work of sending Christian men and women to preach the Gospel in all lands.

It was only a month later, at the annual meeting of the New Jersey Association in Washington, November 18th, 1890, that Edward introduced the subject so near his heart. In the report of the meeting is the following minute:—

On motion of Rev. Dr. Lawrence it was voted that a committee of three be appointed by the conference to request the General Committee of the New Jersey Association of Congregational churches to arrange in the program of its next meeting for a twenty minutes discussion of the question of the relation of the churches to the American Board, and also that the same committee present the subject before the association. The moderator appointed as such committee:

At the next meeting of the N. J. Association, in Philadelphia, April, 1891, the following memorial prepared by Edward was presented:—

A crisis in missions is upon us. The opportunity, the demand, the promise for the evangelization of the world were never so great as now. But the church lags and sleeps. Both men and means fall short. Retrenchment is the talk of the hour, instead of enlargement and multiplication. The noble history and achievements of our beloved American Board, the rich and abundant fruit already won, the appeals of the Secretaries and Missionaries, the enthusiasm of the student volunteers, the rapid growth of many other Foreign Mission Societies, the marvellous providences of God—all these have failed to draw an adequate response from the Congregational churches, or to press home upon them a full sense of their responsibilities.

For this delinquency many general causes may be assigned. One reason, however, is by many believed to lie in the need of a more truly representative relation of the American Board to the Congregational churches. The organization found well-suited to the beginnings of the mission work, is believed to be inadequate to the needs of to-day. There is a growing desire that our Foreign Mission work, instead of being relegated to a close corporation, should be held in the hands of the churches, so that those whose work it is shall be directly represented in the counsels and control of that work, making the source of supplies and the source of authority the same. With the full responsibility for the management and enlargement of the work resting directly and consciously upon them and their chosen representatives, there would be fresh hope of an unhindered revival of the mission spirit in all our churches.

That some such re-organization of the American Board is to be desired was clearly declared by the last Congregational Council, when it gave "its opinion in favor of steps which, in due time, will make the said societies the representatives of the churches." A committee was appointed to consider the relations of these societies to the churches, and instructed to "communicate to the churches through the public press the results of its inquiries and deliberations at as early a date as possible."

But the emergency presses the question, and the labors of the Board Committee on this subject have had no result. The response, or lack of response, made to them indicates along with a great desire for change, also hesitation, ignorance or apathy concerning the subject. There is need of calm, intelligent discussion of the whole question by the pastors and laymen in their various associations.

In this belief, the Washington Conference of churches has appointed this Committee to memorialize the Associations of New Jersey upon this subject. We, therefore, respectfully suggest as follows:

That a Committee of five be appointed by the Moderator to correspond with both the State and local Associations throughout the country, asking them to secure the discussion at an early day, in their respective gatherings, of the following topic: "Representation of the

churches in the government of the American Board as one condition of a revival of the Mission spirit;" said discussion to be had with direct view to such practical steps as may in every case seem wisest.

The recommendations of this Memorial were unanimously adopted, a committee of five appointed, and a Memorial was sent out, from which extracts are given:—

To the scribes of Congregational Associations and to the pastors of Congregational churches:

Dear Brethren: At the meeting of the Congregational Association of New Jersey, held in Philadelphia April 1st and 22d, 1891, a memorial was presented from the Washington Conference, which related to the reorganization of the American Board, in such a way as to make it directly representative of the churches.

We deem the present moment, when harmony prevails, an opportune season for conducting our inquiry, and therefore ask your co-operation in securing a full and candid consideration of the subject.

What the association of New Jersey would ascertain is this:

Do the churches, as represented in their various associations, after full discussion and deliberation, believe the present method of organization of the Board as a "close corporation," a self-perpetuating body, to be in harmony with our Congregational principles, on the one side, and, on the other, to be best suited to enlist, express and develop the interest and co-operation of the churches in missionary work? Or do they deem it important that such a change should be made as to bring the Board into closer official relation to its constituency and make it thoroughly representative of the churches?

As a means of learning the will of the churches, we respectfully suggest the appointment in each association or conference, both state and local, of some one to read a paper on this topic at the next meeting of such body, and that such recommendations for action be presented as may seem most appropriate, full time having been allowed for discussion. We respectfully request the scribes and registrars of these various bodies to aid in securing this result, and the committee solicit a response from them and from any others interested in this undertaking, indicating the aid we may expect in accomplishing the object for which we have been appointed.

Baltimore, January, 26th, 1892.

In the Report of the annual session of the Congregational Association of Massachusetts, held in Springfield, in May, 1892, is found the passage which follows:—

"It is perhaps worth remembering that the Board was created by the General Association of Massachusetts, and was for some years made up of delegates appointed by this body and by the General Association of Connecticut, and that the delegates held their office only for a single year."

It thus appears that what Edward so earnestly advocated after a long and careful study of the subject abroad and at home, was virtually a return to the original administrative principle of the American Board.

The associations were not slow in responding to the appeal sent them from the New Jersey Association and at the meeting of the Board at Worcester, the next year, October 10th, 1893, there came petitions from all over the country for a representation of the churches in the government of the American Board. As the happy result, a resolution was introduced which led to the change so earnestly desired.

The 26th annual meeting of the N. J. Congregational Association, which Edward had expected to be in his own church, was held in East Orange, April 17th, 1894. Dr. Creegan, who was present, said that the churches of that association should particularly feel their responsibility to the cause of foreign missions, because it was largely through their efforts that the Board now more nearly represented the churches.

In reply to an inquiry as to his remarks, Dr. Creegan wrote, "I spoke a few earnest words in recognition of the splendid service rendered by your son for the American Board towards introducing the resolutions two years ago, which resulted in the revolution that took place at the Worcester meeting."

From the report of the corresponding secretary of the Association Rev. Dr. Patton, now of St. Louis, Mo., the following passage is taken:—

Dr. Lawrence was noted for his activity in our midst. He was in favor of making the association count for something positive in our states, and in the denomination at large. It was mainly at his suggestion and instigation that the Washington Conference placed before us at our annual meeting in 1891, the famous American Board Memorial, which, being sent to all the state bodies, resulted in that flood of similar memorials which came upon the Board at its last meeting; and there is no doubt but what the consensus of state

opinion expressed in that way was the main factor in effecting the happy result at Worcester. All honor to the man who had the clear-sighted courage to institute such a movement at a time when contrary ideas were strong in the ascendancy!

A few words are added from Dr. Amory Bradford of Montclair, N. J.:—

“Your son was known and loved by every one in our association. We all felt that he was one of the choicest and best of men, and were greatly shocked when he left us.”

In looking over my son's papers I came across a letter to him from Rev. Dr. C. W. Richards of Philadelphia, from which I am tempted to give a passage. It was written Sept. 30th, 1892, and expresses his regret that he could not go as he had anticipated as a delegate to the National Council. He adds: “You are my alternate, and I very much hope you can go. You are the fittest person of the New Jersey Association to urge and to guide proper action with regard to the Board. You know more about the missions than any of us, have written more, and were prime-mover in the plan to get pronouncements from the State Associations. Can you not go and put the matter through in good shape? I think the Council will be ready to take some decided action unless the Board forestalls it by taking the initiative, which is not unlikely.”

CHAPTER XXX.

BALTIMORE CONTINUED—THE NORTH CAROLINA TRAMP.

“When people get religion right, it is always contagious.”
Ram’s Horn.

The second annual Convention of the Maryland Christian Endeavor Union took place on January 21st and 22nd, 1892, in the Baltimore Associate Reformed Church. On this occasion Edward made an address,—*The World for Christ*. The treatment of this great theme can be inferred from the first paragraph.

We are just closing the first century of modern Protestant missions. The next century belongs to the Christian Endeavor Societies, and we belong to that. What claim does it make upon us in the missionary work?

The bulletin of Feb. 11th, 1892, which Edward prepared in great haste, raised a smile among those of his hearers who glanced over it, and was thus chronicled in one of the dailies:—

An amusing mistake in phraseology crept into the weekly bulletin of a Baltimore church, the other day. There was scheduled on the calendar for Tuesday, Feb. 14th:—

Washington Conference at Canton Congregational Church, 10.30 A. M.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of *The Society for the Suppression of Vice in this Church*, 8 P. M. Now if it had been *advice* the stranger within the gates might have concluded that a very useful and, for some localities, an extremely desirable organization was about to celebrate its anniversary.

The pastor made a good pun by way of an apology for the “bull-let-in to his bulletin.”

Edwin Fairley, whose letter giving an account of his acquaintance with my son in Sing Sing has been given, was now a student in Union Theological Seminary. At his

suggestion, Edward was invited to address the students on Missions in Adams Chapel.

He accepted the invitation and made an engagement for March 2nd. I therefore fixed on that time to leave for my northern home, thus securing his company to New York and also the pleasure of hearing his address.

Mr. Fairley writes: "When Mr. Lawrence came to New York I entertained him, and he won the hearts of all the students at the club where I boarded. He entered at once into our spirit, told stories and gave reminiscences of his own student days, and was the life of the table. We could not help contrasting his manners with that of some other clerical visitors we had had. One of the students who had not expected to attend the meeting in the evening changed his mind when he saw what manner of man Mr. Lawrence was.

Concerning this address Dr. Dennis writes:—

I had the pleasure of listening to your son's address on Missions, in the Adams Chapel of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. It was most instructive and discriminating, and while free from all extravagance of statement, was very impressive and inspiring. His grasp of the subject was remarkable, and his study of the practical problems of missions must have been very close and thorough. His vision of the real significance of missions, and his enthusiasm concerning their ultimate outcome, were based upon his personal observation during the long tour he took through the great mission fields of the world. His noble book, *Modern Missions in the East*, has since then made us all familiar with the results of his studies, and yet it was a special privilege to hear him personally speak of the things he had seen, and the faith he cherished. I could see that the young men of the Seminary were deeply interested in his remarks.

Baltimore.

Be sure and take good care of your cold. What a happy winter we have had together! I don't see where it has gone. I shall miss your criticisms. One busy week is through, and next week will be about as busy. Tuesday, C. O. S. meeting; Thursday, organize church at Monterey, and Friday, Sidney Lanier readings.

March 10th.

When this reaches you, you will be in my old Ossinning home among the dear young friends. I wish I could be there with you. Dr. and Mrs. Dennis, whom you met at Union Seminary that night, and who were my good hosts and nurses at Beirut when I was sick, spoke of having visited Sing Sing quite recently.

I am greatly indebted to our friends for their kind care of you, and I am sure they feel honored in aiding so distinguished and venerable a young woman.

Your friend, Mr. Bliss, gave a good address on Christian Socialism last night. He passed the night with me, leaving his love for you. Remember me to all the friends at Sing Sing. You must see Mr. McWilliams' lovely parsonage. And be sure and read Dr. Parkhurst's second sermon in the *Christian Union* of this week.

In a letter Mr. Bliss says, "I only met your son twice, but I have always thought of him as a pure soul, with a door open to the sunrise; ready to welcome any new light, yet with so much heavenly light in his own soul as to be astonished by nothing new. Everything new seemed but a fresh revelation of the external love of God in Christ."

Baltimore, March 18th.

You might add to what you have written about Ossinning that they have the advantage of three military schools for boys in the vicinity, which gives the girls plenty of company, and keeps the teachers wide-awake to prevent their enjoying it! I leave on April 4th for Beloit, and have engaged to spend a Sunday at Elgin, Ill.

That illustrated talk,—*Round the World in Eighty Minutes*, given at the Mt. Vernon Church, has got me into business, leading to many requests to give the same elsewhere. I have just declined three in about as many days.

Sunday afternoon I preached at the Penitentiary, and nowhere have I found a more attentive audience. Somewhat more than half of the six hundred are colored. Almost every one of the colored men sing and the choir is wholly composed of them. About one in ten of the white men sing.

What society has to do is to make the best possible of them. That is one great reason for having our penal institutions educational and reformatory, like that at Concord. You remember the school for idiots we saw at Schleswig. Many of these men need just such treatment. They listened well as I talked to them about fighting the good fight of faith. Next November the Prison Congress meets here and it will be a great occasion.

Last week I went one evening to see Herrman, the great Prestidigitator. His feats were marvellous, and I wished you were there.

Mr. Pangborn is back and full of his trip. He saw much of the Stuckenbergs and was delighted with both of them.

March 25th.

This is one of Baltimore's rare days. Winter is just trembling on the brink. It will give us one more pinch and then be gone. My typewriter gains in facility every day, and it is delightful to clip along at a mile a minute. Thanks for the poem which is fine and goes into the next bulletin.

You will see from the bulletin, April 3d, what kind of a meeting we had last Sunday evening,—a service in the interests of *Outdoor Relief*

in Baltimore. Not till it was through did I realize what a variety we had. On my platform was a Roman Catholic, a Congregationalist, a Unitarian, who represented the C. O. S., a Jew and a Swedenborgian. Our Hebrew brother joined in the hymns, and I heard him sing with fervor,

To tend the lonely and the poor
Is Christ-like here below.

It was rather a remarkable meeting.

Beloit, April 6th, 1892.

Here I am, dear mother, in the President's study. He met me at the station with his carriage and two of the children. There are five in all, four of them being girls. His wife is a lovely woman, and the whole home and family very attractive.

On the train from Washington a gentleman shared my seat. We fell into conversation. "Do you know the pastor of the Congregational Church? Jackson, I believe is his name." "Or Lawrence," suggested I. "Yes, Lawrence. Do you know him?" "Oh, yes." "My wife met him when he was in Syracuse, although I don't know him." "Yes, he was a pastor in Syracuse. My relations with him have been very close; in fact, I am the man myself." "What! What! Why is it possible?" And then we both had our laugh. I found him a very pleasant companion.

Thursday. Last night the first lecture in the beautiful new chapel. An excellent audience from the college and the town, among whom was my old friend, Cycie Hamlin and his wife.

Elgin, Ill., April 10th, 1892.

Yesterday morning I left Beloit at ten and in forty-five minutes reached Rockford. On the platform was Dr. Walter Barrows, who took me first to their grand church nearly completed. It is a superb building in all its equipments. Mrs. Barrows is a daughter of Dr. Jones, our district secretary, and I had known her before.

At Elgin a Mr. Davidson, who is the Deacon Wiltsie of the church, arranged for my entertainment. The Elgin watch factory has 3,000 employés, an unusually fine class of operatives, Americans, Swedes, Swiss, etc.

Beloit, April 12th, 1892.

This birthday, dear mother, completes a fourscore of years. Well, eighty is very young for a woman like you. How many mercies we have all had!

Baltimore, April 17th, 1892.

Here I am at my typewriter again. I enjoyed meeting President Eaton's father and mother at Beloit. She is enthusiastic over *Light on the Dark River*, and he over father's *Life of Dr. Hawes*.

I spent a few days very pleasantly with Cycie Hamlin, whose wife is a fine pianist and an interesting woman. And I passed a delightful day at Professor Blaisdell's. I hardly know a man whom I have come so quickly to admire as I have him. . . . One evening I met the volunteer band at the president's. When I am in a lovely family like his, I feel how much of life I lose by not having such a home and family about me. Indeed in going from the Eatons I felt like leaving home.

I cannot refrain from quoting one or two passages from Beloit letters.

Wrote Professor Blaisdell, who has since joined the goodly company across the river:—

Your son's memory here is very precious. He came amongst us a stranger, but both Mrs. Blaisdell and myself became very strongly attached to him. His lectures were admirable, and we rejoice that they are to be put into permanent form.

Says President Eaton:—"It is a joy to us that we came to know your son so well. His presence will abide with us, so genial, so thoughtful, so keenly observant, so regardful of the interests and pleasure of us all, so loyal to his Master's service, so full of faith in his Kingdom! How precious must be his memory to his mother to whom he was so beautifully devoted, and to his church which he blessed with his pastoral ministrations!"

Baltimore, April 17th, 1892.

It is pleasant to be at home again, and to find people glad to see you. In my birthday letter I anticipated your fourscore by a year. I can always make sure of your age by the sampler you have worked and which has hung up in the room. I very much want your crayon, and if we don't find that man, we must seek another.

Jersey City, April 21st, 1892.

I am here at our New Jersey Association, which has been a remarkable meeting. I have just been talking with Dr. Graham Taylor, who spoke of you. Mrs. Scudder has prepared a children's catechism from *The Tobacco Problem*. She is at the head of the Junior Endeavor Work, and now of the People's Palace Department of the W. C. T. U., and is a bright and beautiful woman. This is a very wonderful work, and is worthy of all study. I have just been playing 15-ball pool with two other ministers. You would have been amused to see all the members of the Association playing billiards or ten-pins or pool in a company together.

Baltimore, My Study, May 1st, 1892.

Seven joined our church, three of them being Johns Hopkins students, one a biologist and one a chemist. It was as interesting as hopeful to hear each of them at our Committee meeting say that in his search after God he had been aided by his scientific studies. This shows what is now the trend of thought.

On Thursday, I was at Blue Ridge, and organized the Hawley Memorial Congregational Church with nine members. Of course it was a delightful occasion for Mrs. Hawley. The month of April has been taken up with a variety of work, but all has prospered, thanks to the guiding Father. I feel a great relief in the accomplishment of many of these things, and great gratitude also. At the beginning of the year I was confronted with such a variety of work to be done,

outside as well as home work, that I hardly knew where to begin. But by putting away all anxiety, and just taking each up in its own time, all have come to a successful accomplishment.

Baltimore, May 21st, 1892.

Well, you did get on your high horse about your son. And you did set me on a pedestal. I hope that the right arrow may find the right spot some day. . . . I thought of the memories of yesterday—(May 20th, my wedding day)—one of the sweetest of all the anniversaries. . . . I am glad to see how much the people are coming to like Mr. Root, who is a fine scholar and thinker and writer.

Baltimore, May 30th, 1892.

The missionary meeting at Washington last week filled up every moment. I called on Miss French, whom I used to know at Leipzig, and whom we often saw in Paris, who is now in the Bureau of Education, and I lunched with my old classmate, Rawson. . . . I wish you could be here to-morrow to attend our Ladies' Day at the Eclectic. As it is, I shall go alone. Our long Saturday afternoon walks are coming on again. . . . If it were not for the heat which you feel so much, I would have a house here. I think very much of you in these days. There is nothing equal to mother-love. Are you taking outdoor exercise every day?

June 22d.

What interesting news from Chicago! The same history over again as at Minneapolis, only more so,—the people against the bosses. What a hold on the sentiment and imagination of the Democratic party Cleveland has attained! I am delighted that so far Hill seems to be stalled. . . . As to those trials, it is well to look at them *sub spetia eternitatis* as they used to say. Hereafter, how small will those troubles seem! Then why not gain in the far view now?

June 27th.

Last Friday night I spent with Mr. Belt in a lovely country village, Belair, in some Endeavor work, and on Saturday morning we walked twelve miles on our return to Baltimore.

My morning sermon yesterday was from the text, "His eye seeth every precious thing." And in the evening I gave the last illustrated sermon of the season.

Some of Edward's "Arrows," printed in the *Christian Union*, had been obtained from his mother by Christian Endeavorers. In the bulletin for June 26th an explanation appears:—

"The pastor would express his appreciation of the success of the Surprise Committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. in gathering up arrows, shot by him some years ago, and in discharging a whole quiver full of them, as from a kind of Gatling bow. May they succeed as well in sending them home as they did in surprising him!"

Two of these arrows are given:—

Do your church duties cease during your summer vacation? You spend time and money for pleasure in your summer resort; do you spend them then for Christ as well? Surely the church interests of a place should not be the last to be benefited by your sojourn.

The best things are nearest; health in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things in life.

July 3d, 1892.

I met Dr. Harcourt of the Grace Methodist Church in our Free Summer Excursion last Thursday,—the colored people's day. A great storm came up and the wind and rain and crash and flash broke in on us with mighty force just when the minister was preaching about the judgment day. "The heavens shall be opened"—then came the great crash. It seemed as if the trees would be snapped in two, and the roof be blown off. But the people were quiet, though thrilled with the majesty and terror of the storm. I have never seen anything like it.

Edward occasionally read a poem in connection with his preaching. And at one time he sent his mother the poem he had read to his people the preceding Sunday, "The Passing of Christ," by Richard Watson Gilder. From this a few lines are given:—

Ah, no! If the Christ you mean
Shall pass from this time, this scene,
These hearts, these lives of ours,
'Tis but as the summer flowers
Pass, but return again,
To gladden the world of men. . .

Behold him now when he comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the light of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs, . . .
Ah no! Thou life of the heart,
Never shalt thou depart!

Not till the leaven of God
Shall lighten each human clod;
Not till the world shall climb
To thy height, serene, sublime,
Shall the Christ who enters our door
Pass to return no more.

For special reasons, Edward had been induced to accept the appointment as president of the C. E. Society for

the year. He writes:—"On Wednesday, about twenty of our young people and four hundred from Maryland go to New York on a special train to the Convention."

Baltimore, July 10th, 1892.

Well! Here I am back again after the rush and glory of the week. If we could but make you see it! But you will have to wait till you get to heaven for that. It is something to carry with one into the loneliness of the mountains,—this colossal gathering in which all the lions of the arena were Christians, and all the Christians lions. A gladiatorial display, Olympic games and military review, all in one, deploying with march and song and waving of banners before their Lord and King. These young contestants fairly captured New York, as they had already captured the church. And with their cry,—"*The World for Christ,*" why should they not capture that as well?

From the sermon that Edward preached on the Convention, the next Sunday, the following passages are given:—

This is a movement into as well as for the church. Over 120,000 Endeavorers have joined the church during the year. The night before the Convention began I spent with Dr. Edward Beecher, the oldest of the Beechers, at his home, in Brooklyn. He is now eighty-nine years old, and was full of intense interest in the new thing. "Do you think," he asked, "this is going to take the place of the old-fashioned revivals in bringing the young into the church?" The figures give the answer. It is a method differing from that of our fathers.

No gathering I ever attended had such suggestions of the possibilities before our youth. There seemed nothing they would not be willing to undertake for the good cause, nothing they might not hope to do. With all the gladness, there was everywhere a sweet reasonableness running through the Convention. And under the aggressiveness and occasional self-assertion of buoyant life there was a quiet sense of power and trust combined. When, a day or two later, a few hundred Endeavorers in the gallery of the Stock Exchange broke up business by their mere presence and gave Wall Street the unheard-of sounds of a praise meeting in that place, led by Wall Street brokers, it was but a hint of what the consecrated youth of our day are destined to accomplish.

Edward's mother had invited Lowry Nunn, who was quite worn with over-work, to pass some weeks at Linden Home. So she came there from the Convention, her first visit in New England.

Edward writes home, "You are perfectly welcome to use all of that cabinet case, putting my things into a box, you boxopholist. I leave on my North Carolina trip a week

from to-morrow, stopping first at the Luray Caves and Natural Bridge."

July 27th, 1892.

The last sermon has been preached, the last adieux said. I feel lonely without the evening service. Every year it grows harder to part with my dear people for the vacation. And this Endeavor work has brought us nearer together. Tell the ladies the flowers from Linden Home stood on the pulpit, and afterwards were distributed as they wished. . . Be sure you get out every day and do not work too hard.

Edward had long desired to travel in the South, and concluded to take a tramp this summer in the mountains of North Carolina, though with much regret that Jonathan, his Adirondack companion, could not join him. Many protested strongly against his plan, urging hot weather, bad roads, bad food, impassable streams, moonshiners and rattlesnakes. But he had encouragement from Mr. Belt, one of his church, whose business led him to spend much time in North Carolina. So in spite of these warnings he set forth in his vacation to go, as he said, "through sky land on foot."

When his tramp was ended he thus sums up the protests:—

The report I bring back is that right in July and August the mountains of Western North Carolina offer a pedestrian's paradise. I saw but two rattlesnakes and they were dead booty. Moonshiners were either not visible, or not recognizable. The streams were indeed swift and full and many, but there was always provision in the shape of footlogs or swinging bridges or footpaths which run along the stream to avoid a double crossing and reach the sweetest, shadiest of nooks. Once I found myself beside the Toe river, swift, deep and muddy. But at my call, a dug-out, hewn from a poplar, shot across from the opposite side and took me over in safety. Then there was the romantic little ferry boat on the lovely, embowered Swannanoa. It drew back and forth by a wire from either side at the will of the passenger, and was claimed to be the only ferryboat on the river. Heavy rains might, indeed, swell the streams, so as to cause delay. As a matter of fact, however, the snake fences made a good bridge through the flood from the only storm experienced, and the tramp went on his way up the mountain.

Roads were, on the whole, far better than might have been expected, though there are many neglected sections. Virginia has worse roads and better schools, North Carolina worse schools and better roads. The roads made by the Linville Improvement Com-

pany, for twenty miles about that place, are among the very best mountain drives in the country. The Yonahlossee drive from Linville to Blowing Rock, running twenty miles around the slopes of Grandfather Mountain, is to be compared only with the best of Swiss roadways.

As to food, there was always an abundance of what was palatable and nourishing. "We will give you the best we have got." What more can one ask? Stringed beans, or "snaps," boiled with pork, were as common a dish at that season as any. Chicken, ham, bacon, eggs, apple sauce, potatoes, hominy, rice, cornbread, soda biscuit, without the yellow streaks one sometimes encounters in New England, blackberry and apple pies, preserves and jellies of various sorts, delicious milk, and buttermilk, usually called "sour milk," and never to be sold, but always given away; best of all, the purest, coolest, freestone water gurgling from thousands of springs, of which one may lavishly drink without fear,—who can ask more than this, especially when spiced with the sauce of a mountain appetite? One day, about noon, I applied at a farmhouse for dinner. "We have just finished. If you can take what we had, you may have it at once. If not, the woman will have to take time enough to get you up a dinner." "And what have you had?" "Why, we are all fond of apple-grunter, and have just made our dinner of it." "But what is apple-grunter?" "Why bunglets is another name for it. It is a kind of apple pie." I made my dinner of it, too, and it proved to be the old New England dish "pandowdy," or apple pie with crust and apple intermingled, and drowned in the richest of cream.

Let me add a word as to the heat. I am led to the conclusion that we of the North do not understand the climate of the South. The hottest days are at the North. The sunstrokes are there and the hot waves. The power of the Southern heat lies in its continuance, and the directness of the sun's rays. But the whole western section of North Carolina, not to speak of parts of Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, is a mountainous plateau, truly called the "Land of the Sky," where, from an average level of two or three thousand feet, there rise forty-three peaks to an altitude of over six thousand feet, twenty-three of which are higher than Mount Washington, though none of them are over seven thousand feet. Besides this an endless number of peaks and ridges and ranges and table lands of lesser elevation. Everything around swells and rolls and billows away in multitudinous mountain grandeur. For four weeks I slept but once at an elevation less than two thousand feet, and most of the time I was above twenty-five thousand feet. During the terrible hot wave that prostrated the North, the shade-temperature about me never rose above 87 or 88 degrees, being at least ten degrees cooler than the rest of the world. In this mountain air there is not, indeed, the keen, tonic, exhilarating tang of the Adirondack forests, or of the White Mountains. The impression I retain of the whole atmosphere is of a soft, velvety coolness, balmy and healing, with the direct rays of the sun intense, but usually fanned by cool breezes, and softened by cloud and shade. In Skyland, as everywhere else, all said, "the hottest summer we ever had." But during the last fortnight of the tramp, I have not had an unpleasant sensation of heat. And now, as

I write on the vine-shaded porch of an old Virginia farmhouse, which has cordially opened to entertain me over the final Sunday of my journey, the varied experiences of the last month rise before me. What glorious mountains!

Nantahala Bald, or Wahyah, is 5,500 feet high, though but a few hundred feet of easy ascent above the pass. There one learns what is meant by "Bald." Accustomed to our rocky peaks, one is surprised to find oneself wading, at the summit, kneedeep in grass, with a whole flock of sheep gathered close about him.

Cæsar's Head, 3,118 feet high, just across the line, in South Carolina, a solitary peak thrust out from the Blue Ridge; with its old-fashioned, simple hotel, a longtime resort, its healing air, its sweeping view of the great oceanlike plain beneath, and of the sun rising red on a sea of foamy cloud.

Roan Mountain, which looks east, and looks west, over range after range, to find no object grander than itself! It is like a vast bull's head, the two horns at each extremity of the ridge that waves along for six miles between, and ever and anon rolls up into huge knobs, one of which is the summit. What a place to spend the summer, with its Cloudland Hotel, its visitors from everywhere, its daily mail, its tramps and rides along the ridge, its views, its sunsets, its strange combination at the top of rocky cliffs and balsam forests, with grassy lawn and meadow!

Grandfather, nearly 6,000 feet high, strange, weird, rocky, cragful mountain, where you climb one peak only to discover the top three miles away, towering vast above you; where you drink from the coolest unfrozen spring in the country, and look on the majestic profile of the Old Man of the Mountain, whence, too, you look down on the gentler summit of the Grandmother, whose finest view, when you climb it, you find to be, as it ought to be, the look-out upon the Grandfather.

And Mount Mitchell, 6,688 feet, highest peak this side of the Rockies, surpassing that once sacredly supreme height of New England, Mount Washington! It is simply the highest of a brotherhood of mountains,—the Blacks. And on its very summit is a strange, sad memorial. It is the monument of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., graduate of Yale College, and professor in the University of North Carolina, who here lost his life while engaged in demonstrating the supremacy of the mountain, whose honorable rank he had first asserted. Wandering over the range alone one day he was missing, and two days after the body was found in a clear pool at the foot of a precipitous cascade, on its rocky sides. Borne over the mountain by faithful mountaineers, who had known and loved him, the body was first buried at his home in the plains. But later on the claim of the mountain people prevailed. With solemn ceremony on the lofty peak the body was returned to the height he had discovered, and to-day the story adds pathos to the grandeur of the spot. Here we camp for the night, under an overhanging rock that forms a kind of cave, and where the piercing stars and the glittering campfire sparks seem strange lights shut in between the glories of the setting and the rising sun.

But the memories are not all of these highest peaks.

There is that wonderful ridge, over four thousand feet high, called Blowing Rock, central summer resort of this section, with its shifting mountain panorama and its insweeping currents of air, which are said to bring back to your hand the hat you cast forth upon them. "Yes, I jumped down myself, three times," remarks the boy at the table, in confirmation, "and was blown back every time." Here is the interesting and hopeful work of the "Skyland Institute," the Congregational institution under charge of the American Missionary Association for the education of the girls of the mountain section.

Two hotels stand conspicuous among all others visited. One is the Eseeole Inn, on the site of the future Linville City, the one place, apparently, already discovered by Northern guests, with whom it was overflowing. And that charming, unique hotel at Cranberry, where a limited number of guests are received as to an elegant private mansion, and entertained with the profuseness and the grace of a hospitable home.

The day that brought me there deserves a fuller description. A party of twenty-five set forth in the morning from Cloudland Hotel on Roan Mountain, four ladies being on horseback, the rest on foot. We followed the undulating ridge along from peak to peak, with ever new views of and from the mountain, lunched at a cool spring, and then, while the horsewomen rode on to Yellow Mountain, I dropped down the steep mountainside to Cranberry, terminus of the little narrow gauge railroad that pierces farthest into the mountains, seat of extensive iron works, lying about 3,000 feet high in a narrow valley at the base of the ridge. The ladies on the excursion had spoken specially of the hotel as charming and homelike. I must be sure to see it. Just about dusk, haversack across the back, staff in hand, the tramp strode into the village. Right before me rose "Hotel Mitchell," a cosey little inn. It seemed to be the one hotel, close to the iron-works. At my call appeared the proprietress, Mistress Maguire, we may style her. They were full and had no more rooms. As an accommodation she could give me a sofa in the parlor. But the sofa proved small, hard and stiff. Besides, this was evidently not the place. "Is there no other hotel?" "There is a nice boarding house close by," replied my Hibernian hostess. "Where is the other hotel?" "It is a mile from here, and they won't take you." "Well, I want to stop there, and think I will go on." "You can't get in. They take only the highest kind of folks, and it is of no use for *you* to try. You had better go to this nice, quiet boarding house." Evidently it was the resort of the men of the mill, of whom she probably thought I aspired to be one. "Well, I will just go on, and try at the hotel." And Mistress Maguire was left with a smile of pity on her face for the misguided tramp.

At last, under the moonlight the road turned off into a beautiful shaded avenue, leading to an elegant mansion, where a few people sat chatting under the trees. Ah, Manager Hahn, as you came forward to meet the stranger at your gate, you little knew what was at stake in your decision to take or reject the tramp, who, after you had sent away two hacks full of people that night, insisted that he did not wish to go to the next hotel, but would willingly

sleep on a cot in the hall or parlor, if only he could see with his own eyes the charming spot of which he had been hearing so much. And when, after some parley, and perhaps some blarney on my part, you finally opened your house to this queer fellow, who wouldn't be sent off, you cannot know the relief thereby given, even if you still somewhat doubted that he did actually, in spite of all appearances, belong to the Cranberry Four Hundred. It is the pride of this house to entertain distinguished guests, and when early the next morning, the brilliant, world-famed scientist, Dr. Eliot Coues of Washington, on the ground of peculiar personal associations and memories, gave his *imprimatur* to your odd guest, whose clerical character you had at length discovered, the access of confidence was marked.

There are two sequels of the Cranberry experience, which in their way are as amusing as the original. On my return to Baltimore, in September, I found that one of the newspaper reporters had called in search of me. "Can you give me some items from your experience in the mountains of North Carolina this summer?" "With pleasure." So I began a statement of some of the most important points and conclusions. But I soon saw that he was not satisfied. He had not got what he wanted. "Did you not have a strange experience in one of the hotels?" At the moment I recalled nothing. "No, I was everywhere treated with the greatest hospitality." "Well, we have been hearing some story of your being turned away from one of the fashionable hotels in the mountains. Why, it was said that you came one night to a hotel, at the end of your day's tramp, and applied for a room, but they turned you off. After you had gone an old Indian missionary and friend, whom you had met there, recognized you, and told them who you were, so they sent after you and brought you back, and gave you the best of entertainment."

Before this point had been reached, I had, of course, recognized the travesty of my Cranberry experience, with my Washington professor changed into an Indian missionary.

The other incident was of a kind at once surprising, explanatory, and flattering. A few days after my visit at Cranberry I found myself at Blowing Rock, where I was the guest of Mrs. Brady, proprietor of Fairview. When I came to take my departure, she remarked: "Mr. Lawrence, it seems to me as if I had seen you before. Where can it have been?" I replied that I was not aware of having had the pleasure before of making her acquaintance. After thinking a moment, "Ah, I have it. Were you at Cranberry, a few days ago?" "Yes, I was." "And did you stop at Mr. Hahn's Hotel?" "I did." "Then, I know how it was. I was sitting under the trees that night with Mr. Hahn and my daughter and her husband, a professor in Smith College, Mass., when you came up. We heard the conversation between you and Mr. Hahn, and as it went on, my daughter turned to me, and said, "Oh, how lovely that man does talk! I do like to hear a man talk that way!" What the particular way was that so charmed her, I am quite unable to say, but if my little speech on that particular occasion when I was trying to assert myself as one of the highest kind of folks, who might be allowed to enter the hotel, so won the heart of a chance listener, I was the better able to understand why the heart of Mr. Hahn himself had melted so quickly.

It is quite certain that any one who wishes to travel as a pedestrian, and also to preserve, in some degree, his incognito, must be prepared for many amusing experiences, which, however, will have no element of mortification in them, if he remembers that he has once for all discarded all special advantages of dress, position, or fame, and taken his stand simply upon the common basis of humanity, where the treatment which others give him will simply reveal the sort of esteem they have for their kind, apart from all special accident of fortune. At Roan Mountain, I was told of a lady of the number of the *nouveaureiches*, who one day came to the landlord in a great state of excitement because there had been a man at the fashionable table who was dressed in a workingman's rig. When inquiry was made, it was discovered that Charles Dudley Warner was the gentleman in his pedestrian attire, travelling in company with Professor Lounsbury of Yale College. This same woman, when the bill of fare was placed before her on her arrival at the hotel, is said to have stated to the waiter, with much dignity, that she would like some *menu* soup for the commencement of her repast. But I wish to bear testimony that seldom have I seen the true courtesy of some women brought out more pleasantly than when they were conversing with me as one who bore the appearance of an ordinary tramp, and showed themselves ready to stand on level ground of common humanity with one who simply knew how to honor them as women.

Sometimes the mask of an incognito was rudely torn aside. As, for instance, on one occasion, where, waiting for the train, the tramp encountered in the woods two charming women, one of whom was discovered to be from Baltimore, the other from Georgia. A little assistance in gathering ferns formed an introduction to a most interesting conversation in which two young men, who came up, also took part, until suddenly after I had made some remark about my plans for the journey, one of them broke out with the question, "Oh, are you not Mr. Belt's pastor, in Baltimore?" I could not deny the impeachment, and saw at once that my treatment began to be that ordinarily given to a clergyman, which was not nearly as interesting as what had before been accorded to a man who wanted to be helpful, and tried to be agreeable.

There was one position assigned to me, however, for which with all my experience I was not prepared. One easily grows used to being regarded as a drummer, a reporter, a laborer in search of employment, a tramp, and an enigma. But when I met one of my brother clergymen, shortly after my return, he said, "I heard of you during your tramp, and while I was in Kentucky." "Ah, nothing but good, I trust." "Anything but good, it was." "Indeed, how was that?" "Why, a friend of mine said, I met one of your Baltimore clergymen tramping over the mountains the other day, a Congregationalist, I believe." "Yes, I know him." "Well, it was some time before I took him for a Christian man, I can tell you." "Indeed, how was that." "I took him at first for an infidel." "An infidel, how could that be?" "Why, it came from the character of reading he had with him. What bad reading did you have with you?" I felt like a culprit, and tried to conjecture what it might have been. Suddenly

I remembered. "Oh, yes, I had Wallace's *Darwinism* for light reading. That stamped me as an infidel."

Asheville, Aug., 1892.

I have been having or hearing a long talk from Colonel Lourie, a mining prospector posted on all the pre-historic lore of the region, who has told me just how the mountains came to be where they are, and about the Chickawas, Toltecs and Aztecs of early days. He claims to have a tobacco pipe from five to ten thousand years old. I have seen the pipe. It is hideous enough to be twenty thousand years old, and smells of past ages.

Join me if you please in the first trip taken from Asheville out to Cæsar's Head. Two hours' ride on the cars to Hendersonville, the most interesting sight by the way being a novel churn. It is a long milk can, turned on its side, and mounted on the frame of a rocking horse, where it tempts all the children to give it a shove. It recalls the use made of a milk can in Dutchess Co., N. Y., where I saw one once serving as a chimney to a house, smoke and sparks rushing most vigorously from its peaceful top. Starting at once from Hendersonville on foot, half a mile out the road grows doubtful. At a deserted looking house I stop for information. As I reach the backside a black dog rushes out with a roar and makes a vicious bite into my left flank. The toothsome interest of the situation was soon enhanced by the appearance on the scene of a forlorn looking woman, who darted for the dog and put her foot on the chain. "Oh, I am so nervous! What do you want? I am all alone. I don't know what to do." "The best thing you can do is to tie up that dog," I remarked, in a tone slightly satirical, "Why, every body about here knows about him, and don't think of coming in without letting themselves be heard from. I must just keep standing on his chain to keep him off you. Now what do you want." Barely able to restrain my admiration for the philanthropic self-sacrifice of the woman, I replied, "I just wanted to inquire about the road. Does this lead to Cæsar's Head?" With a kind of shriek came back the answer, "I don't know; I think it does, I think it does." And with that doubtful information, I withdrew.

Fourteen miles out from Hendersonville, at a store inn, after a winding course along old mountain roads, and a short ride in the mule wagon of a cheery, colored teamster, where I rested from the heat, I came on a party of young men from South Carolina, who had left Hendersonville in their carriages at about the same time as myself, and were bound for the same spot. While they were waiting in impatience for the dinner, I took a drink of milk and pushed on. But soon the clouds, already gathering, began to threaten. Showers were falling in other valleys, thunder muttered, and the wind commenced to rise. Hastening on as long as possible, a sudden burst of rain drove me to the nearest shelter in a large old house just across a bridge, where the waters were already beginning to rise. I found myself under the hospitable shelter of a large, old-fashioned mansion. There were eight children at home, and two women besides four young men out in the fields. The storm increased until it seemed a regular cyclone. It shifted from side to side, and we went from room to room, to keep on the lee of the rain. For some reason or other,

every window I saw seemed to have one pane missing, and in through the openings streamed the wind and water, till one of the women rushed down stairs with the news that every bed in the house was wet. Seeing one of the children idly snipping away with the scissors, I asked if she did not know how to cut out a doll and its dresses. Receiving a shake of the head, I took the scissors, and for the next fifteen minutes, recalling the forgotten lore of my boyhood, devoted myself to the instruction of that child in the art of doll and dressmaking. They paid me in harvest apples. Finally the sun came out. As I was watching the swelling flood from the bridge, my South Carolina friends drove by. They said the house where they had been stopping was so shaken by the cyclone that they who had passed through the earthquake in Charleston thought it safer to be out in the storm than under any roof and had driven on. I soon passed them again, checked in their course by a large apple tree which had been blown square across the road and which I left their driver hewing out with an axe. Again they were stopped by a shut toll gate, whose keeper had gone off with the key in his pocket, and by a flood of water across which I climbed along the rail fence that lined the road. And when the mountain began to rise, any gain they made was easily recovered by the pedestrian. "What paper are you corresponding for?" at last broke out one of my companions. "So you think newspaper reporters are the only ones who have go-ahead to them. At present I am not corresponding for any paper." "Oh, I judged from your pen and pencil carried on your shirt that you must be a literary man of some sort." "Well, I cannot deny that I am a literary man of some sort." "A novelist, then I suppose, out getting material for a new story. How will you manage to bring us in." "Ah, that must be determined by time." And so the chat went on, but my incognito was preserved. Finally after dark we reached the old-fashioned, rather barren looking hotel at the top, and were glad to get dry and warm before dinner. It so happened that the five young men from Charleston and I were assigned to the same table. They were bright, young fellows, business men, clerks, and one of them a pilot. Their talk was easy and free, and while not always dodging a swear-word that came in their way, they were not obviously profane. In the course of the dinner I thought it best to emerge from my incognito, and handed to one of them my professional card. This called forth exclamations of surprise, the first being that a minister should be so much of a walker. Finally one and then another said, "If we had known your profession we should have asked you to say grace at the table." I thought no more about it. But the next morning at the table as one after another took his place, they said, "Now we must have grace said." In the course of it, I naturally made reference to the way in which we had been thrown together. Later in the day when we met once more before our final parting, one of them expressed special thanks for the allusion I had made. I mention it as a characteristic trait of Southern life. Among a similar company of young Northerners I should no more have been asked to say grace at a hotel table, than to dance at a prayer-meeting. But there is a refreshing conservatism of custom and observance of cere-

monies at the South, which gives a dignity and grace to their life, too often lacking in ours.

Loafing in the cool mountain air the next morning, in the afternoon I dropped down into the hot plain again, and finding myself at four o'clock only eight miles from Hendersonville decided to push on and complete the march of fifty-four miles in two days, thus reaching Asheville that night. But supper had to be found on the way. At one house they had plenty of milk but no meal to make cornbread from. It would soon be in however, on the wagon. I had no time to wait and pushed on to the next place where I had my first meal of cornbread and milk. Cornbread, remember, is not corn cake, but simply meal, water and salt mixed together in thick cakes and baked. Eaten cold, it tastes like plain chicken feed, but is nourishing, if not specially palatable. Eaten hot, it is not bad. By half past ten that night I was back in Asheville, at the Battery Park Hotel, whose praises, both for view and comfort, I refrain from singing only from lack of time.

Was there ever a valley filled with the wrecks of so many collapsed booms as the Shenandoah Valley? Beautiful town sites for future Pittsburghs, all laid out, and nothing to show for it but the ashes of fine summer hotels, whose conflagration has at least brought in the insurance money. Roanoke is the one success, though one or two more are still hoping and struggling. The hotel being burnt at Luray, after visiting the renowned caves, I find myself at the entrance of a little inn, over which hangs the sign "Hotel Laurance." The name decides me for it as against its one rival. "You don't spell my name as I do," I said to the genial, veteran host, as I went in. "Ah, your name is Lawrence, is it? Well, mine is Parkinson. Parkin's son, you see. But I'll tell you about that name. I had to put some name up there. My wife's name is Laura, so I just made it into Laurance, and there it stands. They tell me it is spelled wrong, but it suits me. There is Friar Laurence in Romeo and Juliet, that is most like it." When the supper comes on the table, and I learn that the delicious fried chicken is the handiwork of the aforesaid Laura, I approve the taste of mine host in naming his hotel.

At Natural Bridge, the next day, I stand beneath that span of rock and feeling myself dwarfed, look up into its lofty spaces, while the stream at my feet rushes through the opening it has made. The thought occurs that this is just the height of Niagara, 160 feet, and then comes the fancy to conceive of Niagara's cataract pouring down from the top of the bridge along the arch and into the stream. It is something as overwhelming as fascinating. As I pass out at the entrance, where the gatekeeper stands in his little shop, I mention the fancy to him as a possible feat. "Suppose we should just bring Niagara Falls here and tumble it down over the bridge, what a fine sight it would make!" A look of apprehension at once comes over his face, as if, in his mind's eye, he sees me already returning with the cataract upon my back, ready to let it loose upon the region. "No," he replied, in an injured tone. "I don't think it would improve it at all; it would spoil the effect of the span." "Ah, but," is my rejoinder, "if we did it at all, you know, we would arrange it just as we wanted. In the Catskills they have waterfalls which they can

turn on and off as they choose. The visitors pay their quarter, the water is let on for a few minutes, then turned off again. So we could combine the present effect with the other one." "Well"—with a sigh of relief, "that might answer." And I go out in search of Niagara.

The things that interested me most were the people I met by the way and in their homes. They all belonged to the class of mountain whites, by no means to be confounded with the poor white trash of the cotton plains, where colored labor had degraded all other labor, and a white man would rather starve than work. In these mountains there are and have been few negroes, and this section of the state voted against the secession ordinance, though accepting the final decision of the rest of the state. The people of this region have long been residents of the state, and are largely of Scotch, German, or Huguenot descent. Far removed from railroads and markets, they have had little spur to their ambition and have found it possible to live in comparative comfort with the labor of a few months in the year on their productive farms. As a consequence, though of a sturdy, hardy stock, and endowed with many virtues, such as hospitality and honesty, they have become lazy, shiftless and ignorant, contented often with a life of squalor, and it seems to us, of utter poverty. Yet there are many among them, who are noble, many Christian people, only needing fresh incentive and contact with a larger world to become as intelligent and worthy citizens as any we have.

The most depressing thing I have seen is the condition of the women, who suffer from a lack of training and who are greatly overworked. The Presbyterians have established in Asheville a school for girls, in which Rev. Stuart Dodge is deeply interested. And the Congregationalists have undertaken the same work at Blowing Rock, though in a smaller way, the results of which are highly satisfactory.

It may be of interest to add that the school at Asheville, called the Normal and Collegiate Institute for Young Women, is very prosperous. It is under the auspices of the Presbyterian Woman's Board of Home Missions, and is greatly indebted to Mr. Dodge for his generous and unwearied assistance.

At Mr. McArty's. This is one of the most delicious afternoons I have ever passed. This old Virginia farmhouse is the very place to pass Sunday. I have brought the table out on the porch, shaded and fanned. Only the dogs and chickens are about. I look down the narrow, shut-in valley, and up to the hills where the trees make a fringe for the straight line of their tops, and out on the nearer corn-covered hills. A large, two-storied, stone-founded farmhouse, innocent of paint. A Sabbath stillness all about, though interspersed by occasional calls of the men at work.

In the evening it was so cool that a fire was very pleasant. We sat near it and chatted, my host telling of the war and the way in which Stonewall Jackson whipped the Yankees. But I have not met a man who is not glad the war ended as it did, and rejoices in having one country.

Sunday. I have just come back from church, three miles away. I walked with one of the boys, and the daughter, with another boy, rode horseback. It was a Methodist Church. A neat, little box of a house with white paint and green blinds. The men looked like a miserable

gang. The most disagreeable, though the smartest among them, was the minister. He preached an hour or more on the mustard seed, giving a history of the church from the three persons of the Trinity who first composed it through the uncreated angels to Jesus Christ. There was an *excursus* on church unity, and one on Infant Baptism, in the course of which he lammed the Baptists. He referred to me as one who had come from way up North, in Baltimore, "to us of the sunny South."

Mr. McArty's charge was seventy-five cents for keeping me two days, and he seemed very thankful when I handed him a dollar. His wife and daughter evidently stand in awe of him. They do the milking morning and evening. The daughter sings and plays a little on the cabinet organ. I sang with them and gave them an account of my travels, in which they seemed intensely interested. Am just finishing Wallace's *Darwinism*, which I have been reading *unterwegs*. Intensely interesting.

Let me give you a picture of Jefferson. About 800 people, a broad street, with rows of maples in the centre as well as the sides, two churches, two hotels, three stores open, two closed, one academy, four or five lawyers. About seven people on the porch of the opposite hotels, and the bell rings for breakfast, first in one, then in the other. At half past seven Mr. McEwen opens up his store and seats himself on the porch, where one or two loungers join him. At eight, old man Carson comes out of his house, opens the door, but not the windows, of the store opposite McEwen, and seats himself in the doorway for the day, except when he leaves for a short time. He watches McEwen and McEwen watches him. Meantime not a vehicle stirs in the village.

At half past eight there is a sudden irruption of life. School children go trooping up to the academy. All the loungers sitting on the various porches waiting for something to happen grow lively.

At nine, the lawyer opens his office just opposite, then goes away, leaving it open, while a group of negroes gather about the door and chat and snicker. The other lawyer opens his office and sits there. Then old Mr. Logan, the wit of the village and the postmaster, takes his seat, pipe in mouth, in front of our hotel, sitting there all day. He has been well off, but has lost, and has learned the secret, he says, of living on thirty cents a month. A bushel of potatoes costing that will do it.

Meantime, I am waiting for my team. I was a little lame yesterday. The forty-five miles to Abingdon looks longer than 350 already travelled. Mr. Sanford starts about half past seven to get my team ready. I pay frequent visits to his stable to see how he gets along. Now the horse has to go to the blacksmith to have a few nails put in. Then the wagon must be fixed up. Next I see him rushing back with the harness from the harness maker's. Mrs. Logan "allows" that he will get round about half past eleven. But I go for him once more and get him started for the hotel. At half past nine he appears. I pay fifty cents for supper, lodging, breakfast, and am under way. Walk five miles on a short cut, ride three or four to the house, and by thus favoring myself one day, am all right to go on.

The tramp of four hundred miles is really over, though I can hardly believe it. I have been taken for a drummer, a mineral prospector, a laboring man, a tramp, for almost everything but a clergyman.

But it has been a great tramp—from the South Carolina line, through North Carolina, to Virginia. I have travelled in fifteen counties and climbed five or six of the highest peaks.

How wonderfully have I been led all the way! Delightful weather! Well all the time. Not a plan interfered with. Met only pleasant people. Not a rough word given. Unvarying kindness and hospitality. A host of new experiences. Greatly increased knowledge of one section of our country. Seen only beauties of nature and tokens of the divine love.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Amen.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ACTIVITIES OF A BUSY PASTOR.

Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered and thy crown is won.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

On his return from his southern tramp, Edward went to Worcester to supply the pulpit for a Sunday, where he writes his mother, Aug. 21st, 1892:—"I caught the 10.30 train and made a quick run here, coming to the Bay State hotel, where I am quartered sumptuously. What a contrast between last Sunday and this! Then my dinner was stringed beans, corn bread and preserves. Here the table is loaded with the best the market can produce, and I bring an appetite the match for it. My breakfast Sunday morning was melon, oatmeal, tenderloin steak, omelet, cakes and coffee; then I walk over to the superb church, and preach from the text, "Man shall not live by bread alone." It is all very well for a day, but on the whole, I prefer the herbs and fruit. After service, several of our relatives, with others, came and spoke to me. Among them was Dr. Peabody, in charge of the city hospital,—a Phillips classmate nearly thirty years ago, and whom I have not met since till now. Cousin Henry called on me, but we missed each other till he found me before the Greens' door on Green Hill, when he came in and took tea with me. What a home! All feminines, as we sat down to dinner, save us two. That castle-like house, that noble dining-room, that great "Round table" with flowers piled high in the center, the hymn and Scripture and prayer while seated at the table, the bright conversation afterwards, all was delight-

ful. Andrew Green of New York owns all,—over a thousand acres. What a brother!

As Edward's maternal grandmother was a native of Worcester, where she resided in the old colonial Wheeler house till her marriage, Edward was always interested in his visits there. At this time, he not only saw relatives of his mother, but a cousin on his father's side,—Rev. Samuel Hosmer, a highly esteemed clergyman, residing in the city, but who has since gone to the Celestial city.

Mr. Hosmer writes:—"Cousin Edward's text when he preached here was, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' It was a very superior sermon, exceedingly suggestive and practical, and held the fixed attention of the house. At the American Board Meeting, I heard his brief but admirable remarks upon the great question discussed Thursday morning. Surely his early removal is to our short-sighted vision a baffling enigma."

While in the city he met with a young second cousin, who was so reserved that his parents knew little of his religious condition. But in accordance with his usual custom, in a walk with the young man, Edward drew from him a frank expression of his religious views and purposes. And not long after, on hearing of his sudden removal from earth, by the report of their conversation Edward was able to send much comfort to the afflicted friends.

When in Boston, Edward often saw, professionally, Dr. Dwight W. Clapp, an accomplished dentist of the city. He became well acquainted with him and his wife, and a hearty friendship was formed between them. The following letter shows how Dr. Clapp regarded him:—

To his family, his church, his personal friends, and the whole community, your son's loss is truly irreparable.

I search in vain through my list of acquaintances for another young man who so embodied the ideal of a noble Christian manhood, so thoroughly consecrated were all his powers to his Master's service, and so enthusiastic and untiring his efforts for the uplifting of his fellowmen. It is, indeed, an inscrutable Providence which has

snatched him from the work where he was so much needed, and for which he was so eminently fitted. I find myself associating him in my thoughts with Phillips Brooks, in his self-forgetfulness and his entire consecration to duty, which seemed to be so clearly defined that there was no hesitancy, but a steady pushing forward in his own peculiar, vigorous and manly fashion. His untiring energy was an inspiration to others.

It seems to me that the thought of his noble life, as full of usefulness as a tree is of fruit, following its beautiful buds and blooms, is the greatest consolation and joy that you could possibly have. This legacy left by a dutiful son is worthy eighty years of toil and much tribulation.

From Worcester Edward went to Marblehead, where he spent a few days. He found that Miss Nunn had become quite familiar with his favorite haunts, Crocker Park, the old fort and Cow's Fort, the well of Agnes Surriage and other historic places, of some of which she had taken sketches. And it was a great pleasure to him to take her on a walk to Magnolia and the Singing Beach in Gloucester.

But he could not linger long. And in September he wrote his mother from Baltimore that he had engaged rooms at 1104 McCulloh St.

I wanted a front view for you, which we could have in the third story, but it would be a climb up there. If it is too much for you to go out to meals, I will have some arrangement for having them brought in.

I have just got hold of Professor Shield's article, and after I have read it will send it to you. . . I have some facts for you. I learned from Mr. P., whom I saw last night, that some insurance companies decline to insure a man that smokes. . . Dr. Chisholm, a distinguished oculist of this city, on examining the eyes of a woman, was puzzled. "If you were a man," he said to her, "there is just one thing I should say." "What would that be?" "That you had tobacco eyes." "That is just it." Then she told him how she had learned to smoke to keep company with her husband.

As to the cholera, I think it is well to have a Hamlin mixture on hand. . . I am sorry about the trouble in your neck, which comes from overwork; but I am thankful you did not suffer from the bell-knob this time. You must keep a special lookout. . .

In the September bulletin was the following notice: "Next Sunday morning a special sermon on the work of the year. All who are not willing to be bogs and drones, but wish to bear fruit, are particularly invited."

During this month Edward made an address on *Systematic Giving* before the Washington Conference, having already given one on the same subject at the New Jersey Association in April.

He writes:—"Work is coming fast and it is a pleasure to have so much strength for it. Next Sunday afternoon I preach at the Penitentiary, which is a yearly engagement."

Edward also gave an address on *Systematic Bible Study* in St. Peter's Church. His busy life called for much physical exercise, which he fully realized. His failure, through the coming on of storms, to walk the fifty miles to New York, which he had planned when a student at Princeton, had always, as he said, rankled in his mind. After his walk of forty miles, he was encouraged to renew the old attempt. Not daring, however, to imperil his Sunday services, he started at half-past three one Thursday morning, reaching home at half-past eight in the evening, having accomplished sixty miles. In preaching his sermon Sunday morning, he told his hearers that it had been prepared on the road. It was quite a satisfaction when several came to him expressing their readiness to have him take another such walk, if it would give them another such sermon. In the evening he preached from the text,—"*Thy righteousness is like the great mountains,*" being lessons from the mountains he had seen.

Early in October Edward writes that he is pleasantly settled at the Palmers' and likes them very much. He proposes that his mother should meet him in New Haven, at the delivery of his last lecture, and then go on with him to Baltimore.

It was during this month that the Episcopal Convention was held in Baltimore.

Oct. 18th, 1892.

I met Bishop Brooks this afternoon at an Alpha Delta Chi reception, and had a call, yesterday from dear Bishop Huntington, who sent his love to you.

From Edward's account of the Convention in the *Congregationalist* a few passages follow:—

The deliberative and legislative character of the assembly is at once apparent. Dr. Dix is a model presiding officer and there are many skilled parliamentarians among the deputies. They are not as stiff as the Senate and not as wild as the House of Representatives. The ruling was kindly and liberal, but firm and clear. Wit punctuated the learning of the speakers, and a laugh was not dreaded. The movement on the part of a few to hold hereafter the business sessions of the convention in an unconsecrated hall was killed. There was a uniformity of excellence about the speeches made which was pleasant. Men spoke for the most part in clear, full tones and to the point, though the inevitable bores were of course represented.

The matter, however, that created the most general interest and that filled the church with attentive audiences of non-Episcopal hearers was that of Christian unity. One of the debaters frankly confessed that Christian unity, so often referred to during the discussions as an "iridescent dream," had become to him a horrid nightmare, because, while attempting to heal external divisions, it was only accentuating their internal differences. "Before we can have a reunited Christendom," said another, "we must be reunited ourselves." "We have yearned a long time for unity, now let some one else do the yearning," was the sentiment of others. "The church has had committed to it the deposit of faith; as a part of that deposit stands the ministry with the three orders; that we can never surrender or compromise." "The church is large enough for all; if they want unity let them come into the church," said a colored deputy from Texas. "Let them press the button; we will do the rest."

Seldom, if ever, have so many people, even in church-going Baltimore, attended Sunday services as during the last three weeks. The pulpits and the churches have both been filled. Such men as Bishop Potter, Bishop Grafton,—a former resident, Bishop Whittle of Minnesota,—the missionary bishop, Bishop Walker of North Dakota, who evangelizes in his cathedral Pullman car, and many others have delighted their large congregations. But way above them all has towered the Bishop of Massachusetts. The desire, the struggle, to hear him, has been universal and from all churches. When in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. he stood a week ago before a vast audience composed of men only, and lifted them up to the level of spiritual things, it seemed that one such man was worth whole cartloads of platforms on Christian unity.

Oct. 16th, 1892. From the printed report:—

"*Philanthropic Baltimore*," was the subject of a sermon by Rev. Edward A. Lawrence in the First Congregational Church. His text was:—"We have a strong city, and salvation will He appoint for walls and bulwarks."

Of these philanthropies a little volume, just published by the Charity Organization Society, gives the record. If we were to commit the fair fame of the city we love to any book of a hundred pages, this would be the book. It is the condensed story of the best life of our place. . . . It shows the most distinctive features of outward Chris-

tian life as distinguished from the most refined and exalted paganism,—its institutional and associated benevolence. My answer to any sneer of an unbeliever would be to hold up to him the "Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Baltimore and Maryland." To one who can read between its lines and comprehend what it stands for, the pages live and throb with keenest interest. Our grandest epic poem is that of the philanthropies of Baltimore. . . .

It may well be hoped that the combined sentiments of pity, justice and humanity, which have created so vast and variously ramified a system of beneficence, and which have already righted so many political wrongs, will more and more concentrate themselves on the endeavor to provide social and individual remedies for the economic causes from which so many unnecessary evils flow. The sentiment of brotherhood is all the time expanding, and should be able to make our strong city one which has salvation for its walls and bulwarks.

Oct. 18th, 1892.

So it seems that I have attained the honor of being pictured in *The World*. We never know how great we are until the papers find it out. . . . I am glad Anna heard Patti, and that she did not let the criticisms of others spoil her pleasure. Keep up the physical exercises; they will do you both good. I hope you will continue to be the inspirer of youth. Even at eighty, one is but an infant.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, 1892, Edward preached to a crowded house, from Genesis 4:9: "Am I my brother's keeper?"—an illustrated sermon—"How the other half of Baltimore lives." What is given here is from the printed report:—

Nearly fifteen lantern slides were shown with the aid of the magic lantern. The sermon was in part as follows:—

"If we truly are our brother's keeper there should be no such thing as another half separate and distinct from our lives. Humanity is one whole. We stand and we fall together. These pictures show right here in a church of Christ what you may see any day of the week. There is nothing sensational about them. Only they are people with whose lives we have grown unfamiliar. The history of the other half might almost be written as the history of the tenement-house system.

"The alleys themselves have many advantages and should be healthful if the city kept them clean. There is plenty of air and light. But the water and milk are poisoned by the garbage and filth that accumulates. They become breeding places for cholera. The courts are, many of them, worse. The houses that are in transition from the ordinary dwelling-house to the tenement-house are worst of all. The janitors of our large business buildings, who are a most isolated class, live under the roof, in greatest discomfort and loneliness; children are brought up with the alley as their cradle and their playground; sweaters, in their hot, filthy, crowded houses, toil from twelve to fifteen hours a day.

"It is a great thing to found Christian churches and asylums like those of which this city has so many. It is another and a greater to take our Christianity down to the courts and alleys and tenement-houses and fill the houses that are there and the lives with the joy and light and purity of a divine life that heals, cleanses and invigorates the body as well as the soul; that blesses little children and makes the slums to be purged and the water to be sweet and all the conditions of life to favor righteousness, instead of creating an atmosphere in which virtue is no more to be expected than wheat from a flat rock."

The next day Edward received from the office of *The Critic* the following letter:—

Baltimore, Oct. 31, 1892.

Rev. E. A. Lawrence,
Rev and Dear Sir:

I was very much gratified to hear your sermon, yesterday, on "*How the other half lives*," and especially so for the credit you gave the Knights of Labor for their efforts to ameliorate the hard conditions of the "other half." It is my firm conviction that a healthy public opinion can be aroused on this subject, and I know of no better way to accomplish that object than by continually directing attention to the evils desired to be corrected. It was with this end in view that I have persisted week after week in *The Critic* that a remedy could be applied. In this connection I wish to also thank you for your public recognition of the work done by that paper.

If you desire to continue your investigations in this direction, I shall be most happy in placing myself at your disposal.

Respectfully,

J. G. Schonfarber.

A few weeks after the delivery of this sermon Edward received another letter from a Nationalist, thanking him for his consent to give the club an address on social Reform. He adds, "I am told that not long ago you gave an illustrated lecture on *The Condition of the Poor*. Could you not give us a repetition of it? What the people need is to be aroused from their indifference towards their suffering fellowmen, and to show them their actual condition would, I think, secure this object. I trust, therefore, that you will favorably consider my request.

"The club would be happy to see you at any of its meetings, held on Thursday nights."

Edward not infrequently received inquiries in regard to the Charity Organization work—as to the death-registry from poorly-built houses, for instance. And the following

letter came to him from a well-known philanthropist in Chicago, dated December 23rd, 1892:—"Please accept my thanks for your note to Professor Adams in regard to the construction of houses for the working classes. . . . I am getting together some facts to aid a friend in England who has made a purchase of land twelve miles from London, where he is going to erect buildings, in the plans of which I think he will get some valuable suggestions from the construction of working-men's houses in the neighborhood of Baltimore. Thanking you for the aid you have given me in this matter, believe me,

Truly and respectfully yours,

E. W. Blatchford.

President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago, founder of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, was greatly interested to secure in Baltimore a course of Bible study, with lectures. In such a busy city this was no easy task, but after correspondence with clergymen and others, arrangements were made for such a course early in 1892.

On May 1st, Edward writes his mother:—

Our Bible Institute is through, and has proved a great success. The papers were very good and the attendance at all the exercises was remarkable. The speakers from abroad said that they had never known such large attendance except when Professor Harper was lecturing.

On hearing of Edward's departure, President Harper wrote his mother:—"I was greatly shocked at the tidings, as I had learned to think everything of your son. His kindness to me when I was in Baltimore I could not forget. The suddenness of his removal must have made it a very hard blow. But you have the satisfaction of knowing how greatly he was appreciated, and what an influence he had already exerted on the lives of young people."

Extracts follow from letters to Edward's mother from his brother clergymen, some of them not only giving their

warm personal tribute, but speaking of his connection with the Bible Institute.

From Rev. C. Clever:—

When I write of your dear, dear son, where shall I find expressions to convey to you my feelings? His clean-cut, honest nature made all respect him. Whether you agreed with him or entirely dissented from him, you were sure of his manly honesty.

In his class in the Bible Institute he read for us the book of Job with here and there a comment. That reading was a revelation. The mellow voice, the perfect accentuation, and the vivacious reproduction of the figures in that ancient drama were a feast of good things. His reading of the book was worth a whole bushel of commentaries upon it. I shall always be thankful that I enjoyed this treat.

In my relation to him in general work I found him one of the broadest of men. He sought men for men's sake because God loved them. He recognized in all these men the marred image of God, and with heroic energy he sought to restore it. For this end, though always full of the milk of human kindness, he never failed to recognize the Gospel of the blessed law of God as the only power whereby human nature may be sanctified.

Yours in sympathy,

C. Clever.

From Rev. T. M. Beadenkoff, pastor of the Third Congregational church in Baltimore.

My first meeting with Mr. Lawrence was in the spring of 1889, when he came as pastor to the First Congregational Church of Baltimore. In 1890 I was called to be pastor of the Congregational Church at Canton; the property then was in litigation, and we owe much to the kindly advice and assistance of Brother Lawrence at this period. Our church had no better friend than he, and on the night of our prayer-meeting when his serious illness was announced, how fervently did prayer rise for his recovery! His unselfishness was mentioned by our people; one of them, a young Welshman recently arrived in the United States, went to Mr. Lawrence to be married; the fee handed him by the groom was returned to the bride.

On his last birthday, January 16th, 1893, at the ministers' meeting, Mr. Lawrence handed me a note inclosing a five dollar gold coin; the note was as follow:—

My Dear Brother Beadenkoff:—

This being my natal day, I do not know how I can better please myself than by enclosing this coin, asking you to use it to buy books or anything you may specially desire for yourself.

Yours fraternally,

Edward A. Lawrence.

I thanked him for his gift and suggestion how to make a birthday anniversary blessed with giving.

His latest generosity, the bequest to our church, will be a sacred trust and used for good. To him we owe much of Christian co-operation among the various Baltimore denominations; he was the very

life of our Baltimore branch of the American Institute of Sacred Literature; he invited Dr. Harper here to start it, and by his untiring effort he brought to it success; we met in a Bible class together,—Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others. Without Mr. Lawrence's work the Baltimore Society would not have been.

At this class he read aloud to us the Book of Job, and though without commentary or notes, yet by his fine voice and elocution he made clear that mysterious book. His varied attainments were never made a matter of display, and only by accident and by long intercourse with him could we learn his full powers. I never knew he was a musician until at a meeting the organist was absent, when Mr. Lawrence took the position and filled it. At another time while we were riding together in the railway train, a young German approached us, and in a moment I had made another discovery about Mr. Lawrence's modesty and linguistic ability. He was engaged in German conversation as if a native. I had known him three years but had never learned this. His wide travel had given him many original and fresh illustrations. In his last sermon at our church he told us about the conversion of an engineer on the Indian railway to Darjeeling and of his own ride on the engine up to that mountain town. Another incident was his experience on his North Carolina tramp. He saw a man hoeing cabbages while seated in an easy chair. "Ah! There is a picture of monumental laziness," said Mr. Lawrence, as he passed along; but he turned back to look again and there by the chair was a crutch leaning; the poor man had but one leg. He learned then something of the man's misfortune and his pluck and courage. Mr. Lawrence's words and works will live after him and make his memory blessed.

A few kind words are here given from Rev. Dr. Grammer, of St. Peter's Episcopal Church:—

I grieve with you over the death, at so early an age, of your very gifted son. He died, loved, honored and lamented, and you have every consolation in all the sweet memories of his consecrated life and all the rich and noble tributes by the distinguished men of God who prayed and wept over his bier. I recollect him for his manly and brave witness for Christ, for his mental gifts of analysis and research, for his love of nature and the beautiful in sentiment, the pure in life and the generous liberty of the Gospel.

Edward's mother was from the first well satisfied with the winter arrangements he had made for her. Mrs. Palmer's kindness was specially appreciated when he consented for a few weeks to allow his mother to arrange her own meals. In a letter, Mrs. Palmer writes:—"Your son's wonderful care of you was our constant admiration, securing for him our unqualified respect. It was an example of filial devotion worthy the imitation of the whole sex."

Edward's sister and her little boy passed the holidays in Baltimore, spending several days, and among them Christmas, at the Nunns', on which occasion we joined them.

Sunday evening, according to the bulletin, was an illustrated sermon—"Christmas in Poem, Picture and Music." After the charming poem read by Edward, came a series of classic, stereoptic copies of scenes attending the birth of Jesus Christ, his sister, unseen, softly singing the appropriate verses he had selected as the views appeared, being a singularly impressive service. How little did any one realize that this was his last Christmas on earth!

During the week, at the church social, there was a New England supper of brown-bread and baked beans, followed by various entertainments. Among these was the singing by Edward's sister, of the "Boston Tea Party" and "Lord Lovell," which were both warmly encored.

From a sketch in a Baltimore paper are taken the following passages:—

Few persons are aware that a society of ministers has existed here for the past twenty-two years, which somewhat resembles the "*Immortal Forty*" of France. This is the *Eclectic Club*, which is composed of twelve ministers of various denominations, and whose monthly meetings are held at the homes of the different members. . . . It was organized in 1871 at the house of Rev. Dr. L. W. Bacon, then preaching in the First Congregational Church.

Rev. Dr. Scholl, Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Lutheran Church, writes:—

It was my great pleasure and privilege to be intimately associated with your lamented son for a few years in the *Eclectic Club*, where I learned to esteem him highly, especially because of his deep and intelligent interest in Foreign Missions, a work with which I have been connected for eighteen years. Mr. Lawrence was a rare soul, and, as I often remarked to the brethren, had one of the clearest and most discriminating minds that I ever came in contact with. The last paper that he presented to the *Eclectic Club*,—the subject being *An Apology for Nature*, was one of the most unique productions that I ever listened to. If you have found it anywhere among his papers, I hope you will carefully preserve it.

The bulletins were a very convenient way of communication between Edward and his people. Through one of them, early in December, he said:—

"The pastor returns his mother's and his own thanks to the Christian Endeavor Society for the Surprise Party so graciously planned, and so graciously accomplished last Tuesday evening."

In a late November bulletin appears the following:—

"Remember the Prison Congress to be held in this city December 3-7, and reserve time to attend its sessions.

In the first December bulletin the notice is repeated:

"Remember the sessions of the National Prison Association, morning, afternoon and evening, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week."

A Sunday evening service was held in his church, one of the addresses being given by Rev. Mr. Batt, Chaplain of the Concord Reformatory, Mass.

It was particularly pleasant to meet Mr. Batt, thus recalling our visit to his Reformatory and the mention he made of it in *Our Paper*.

Not many months after the Prison Congress, there appeared in the same journal a passage which is here given:—

Dr. Lawrence was a man of very broad sympathies, and took into the circle of his regard the prison work, as well as many other departments of moral reform. One of the best reports of the Prison Congress in Baltimore which we have seen, was furnished by him for the religious press. His personal assistance was of great value during the sessions of the Congress also.

Dr. Lawrence visited this Reformatory in 1890 and addressed one of our early meetings. His widowed mother was with him, and she also has spoken to the Reformatory people upon the use of narcotics. He was not yet married, and the devotion of the son to the mother was most beautiful. The world none too often sees so fine an example of filial respect, and his bearing was Christian chivalry itself. They attracted no little notice when they were together in public places.

We have now on our table the weekly bulletin of his services which Dr. Lawrence gave us nearly a year ago. It commends to his people the meetings of the Prison Congress which were about to occur, and it contains a picture of his beautiful church building. It recalls his courtesy, his delightful hospitality, and his pleasant congregation. But, alas, we shall not listen to him again!

In the *Congregational Index*, published in Washington, in December, 1892, was the following report:—

First Congregational Church, Baltimore. Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, Pastor.

The church is prospering in all its operations. The pastor has used the stereopticon at special evening services throughout the year with greatly enlarged audiences and good results. Next year he plans to take up the Life of Christ by this means. The Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Society were never more flourishing than now. The Mission Circle of the Christian Endeavor Society has issued an attractive program for its monthly meetings throughout the winter.

Rev. Dr. Pullman of the Universalist Church had invited the clergymen of the various denominations to occupy his pulpit on successive Sunday evenings, giving the reason for their differing positions.

From Edward's discourse, "Why I am a Congregationalist," extracts are taken from the printed report:—

The three pillars on which Congregationalism was built were the town meeting, the meeting-house, the school-house. It has ever led in the founding of schools and colleges, in starting social and philanthropic movements and reforms, in establishing great national societies, denominational, interdenominational and union. As a faith, Congregationalism is simply evangelical. It is anchored to no creed, but holds to Christ and the Bible. Practically it fellowships all within the limits of the Nicene Creed. Historically associated with Calvinism, it is ever responsive to new influences and receptive of new light.

The Puritans did not believe in the divorce of religion and politics, nor do their sons. As a potency to unite, Congregationalism is an interdenominational denomination. It aims at fraternity, co-operation and ultimate union of churches and Christians. It is a self-governed church, with Christ as its head, the Bible as its charter, and other churches in fellowship. This is the Christian democracy of Congregationalism as a polity, a history, a faith and a potency.

In February, 1893, Dwight L. Moody accepted the invitation from the churches in Baltimore, consenting to spend three weeks there. After their departure, Edward wrote an article for a Baltimore paper, headed: "Moody and Sankey in Baltimore." From this some passages are given:—

There can be no question that the whole city is profoundly stirred. The Cyclorama building, the use of which was secured for three weeks, will hold five thousand people. From the start it has been full at almost every service. Often hundreds have been turned away long before the hour of opening the meeting. Overflow meetings are held in adjoining churches and theatres. The clergy of all denominations are on hand. And the audiences are composed of every class and sect, including Catholics.

Mr. Moody is himself. To his methods I have not heard one word

of objection made. Their freedom from all that is sensational or merely emotional, their good sense and informality commend them to all, and many who object to the strategic methods of Mr. Mills, and his extensive use of converts' cards, work heartily with Mr. Moody.

Most refreshing in all these meetings has been the entire absence of financial claims. An energetic committee undertook the raising of the necessary funds for incidental expenses at the start by subscription, and not one word relating to such matters has been heard in any of the meetings. All sectarianism, too, seems swallowed up in the great enthusiasm for the kingdom of God and the salvation of souls.

When they entered the city they were greeted by a company of some three hundred Endeavorers, who sang a song of welcome. Should those who have been in some way aided by them during their stay go out to speed the parting guests, the streets around the station would not hold them.

In the bulletin of May 7th, 1893, appears this item:—

“One of the greatest losses this church has ever experienced has occurred in the death of its long-time member, its constant friend and benefactor, James Henry Stickney, who went home Wednesday morning, May 3rd, at half past eight in the morning.”

From an article by Edward, entitled: ‘A Loyal Congregationalist,’ a few extracts are taken:—

Perhaps Mr. Stickney's deepest passion, next to his attachment to his Saviour, was his loyalty to his Puritan ancestry and devotion to his and their denominational cause, memory and traditions. The custodian of the Pilgrim Memorial Hall at Plymouth, Mass., tells of his surprise and perplexity when, some years ago, a quiet gentleman, entirely unknown to everybody, presented himself to him with the inquiry whether the hall was considered a safe depository of such precious treasures as it contained. Obligated to admit that the hall was not fireproof, he was told that this stranger would assume the entire cost of making it so and that he wished the work begun and completed as soon as possible. Quite aghast at the proposal he handed the stranger's card to the representatives of the Pilgrim Society, who soon found that this was no lunatic, but a responsible business man, who meant all that he said, and more. Later Mr. Stickney expressed himself to his pastor as only regretting that he had not spent more money and made it a finer hall. Now Plymouth, with Duxbury, receives \$74,000 for various memorial and improving purposes.

In spite of his devotion to Congregationalism, or rather because of it, there was one standing grievance which he cherished against it. It had lost the early predominance which it held; it had been doing its mission work under vague, general titles, which meant nothing to the world at large, and left it to be inferred that Congregationalism alone among the great denominations had no mission field or work.

In his Will, he said:—"While making this bequest I desire to express my regret that so many of the societies to be benefited under the provisions of this my Will, which are substantially connected with, dependent upon and supported by the Congregational churches, bear names which are not distinctive of their position and purposes, and my profound conviction that their own interests and the interests of Congregationalism require that there should be such amendment or modification of their name as to show clearly their connection and purposes, and to express the hope that at an early day these societies will make such amendment to their names as will clearly express their connection and aims, and I especially desire to express my great gratification that the residuary legatee in this Will, formerly known as the "American Congregational Union," has taken the name of "Congregational Church Building Society," which is a true designation of the work in which it is engaged and of the denomination of Christians which sustains it."

Lest, however, it should be supposed that Mr. Stickney was at all narrow in these bequests, another word should be added. His gifts reach half round the world, from Robert College, in Constantinople, to the Pacific Theological Seminary. And they go to almost every possible form of charity. No less than twenty-one charitable and philanthropic societies and institutions in Baltimore, representing almost every possible form of beneficence, are remembered, with gifts running from \$500 to \$4,000 apiece, and aggregating \$34,000. Mr. Stickney loved his own home and ecclesiastical family name. But he loved all the more truly his neighbors and respected their family names. He was an ardent Congregationalist. But he was yet more a broad-minded, hopeful, helpful Christian, whom to know was to honor and to love.



A CLASS IN THE LAWRENCE HOUSE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EVENTFUL PERIOD.

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light,
It is daybreak everywhere.

—Longfellow.

In the bulletin of Dec. 18th, 1892, the subject announced for the C. E. Society, was:—"How can I help my pastor?" or in other words, what can we do to extend the work of the church?

At the meeting, several papers were read on Boys' Clubs and Girls' Work, while Miss Nunn read one on a Christian Endeavor Settlement, her thought being to have it in the neighborhood of Marsh Market, or East Lombard St., a part of the city with which she was familiar. This greatly interested Edward, falling in as it did with an idea which had been gaining ground in his mind. The next day he called to talk over the matter with her, and finding what a deep interest she felt in it, he was led to disclose to her his project of making his home for a time in Winans' Tenements. For, after a thorough survey of the rough portions of the city in his Charity Organization work, he had fixed on this place as on the whole the best adapted for his experiment.

A brief sketch of Winans' Tenements may be desirable:—

Mr. Robert Winans was a wealthy man who owned extensive machine shops on Parkin Street, in what is called Southwest Baltimore. The idea of these tenements originated with him, and they are said to have been the first of the kind in the United States. The high rents prevailing previous to the panic of 1873, led him to realize the working man's need of a comfortable home. So his machine shops were removed, and at a cost of half a million of dollars, 113 brick

houses, four stories high, were erected, the intersecting streets being graded. Hallways were on each floor, and water was conveyed to the fourth story, with waste pipes to carry it off, while bath-houses and letter boxes were provided for every yard. There were also arrangements in each house for drying clothes, for receiving garbage, and for ashes, with a vault in the cellar for milk, butter and eggs, while Holland shades on spring rollers—which were very rare in those days—appeared at the front windows.

This "Winans' Row," as it is called, attracted much notice, and the early tenants were skilled mechanics. Gradually, however, these were displaced by the unemployed, the lazy, and the vicious, so that at length it became a demoralized community.

Edward found no one who entered more enthusiastically into his tenement plans than Lowry Nunn. It was the kind of work in which she had always been most interested and of which she had had much experience. It is not strange that he was drawn to her, and that he should finally seek her as his helpmate. And when, one evening, he brought Lowry to his mother's room, she warmly welcomed her as his betrothed. To deny that there was a tinge of sadness mingled with her joy would be to deny her human nature. She had had the first place in his heart, and although she had longed to have him find his "*alter ego*," yet it *did* cost her a struggle to surrender that place. But her love for her son enabled her to conquer, and heartily ever after to sympathize in his new-found happiness.

In his appreciation of his mother's affection, and his constant over-estimate of her, with which she could not help being comforted as well as humbled, he had written:—

How sweet in you to have such dreams for me in connection with the dear, old home! You have eternal youth. I can see how brave you have grown in bearing what you could hardly have endured a few years ago. And you see the sunshine that breaks in over it all. What should I be without you? You, who make it so hard for any one to come as your daughter because I, who know so much of the depth, strength, poetry and love of one woman's heart, become very exacting among womankind, and seek one of whom I must say, "Of her I am in no way worthy."

Now he writes:—"I am so glad at last that the realization of your dream about having a dear one with me at Linden Home, is coming true, and that it is one who

learned to love it before she imagined the future. My friends ought to know that strength and loveliness of character would have the greatest charm for me, and that no merely intellectual woman would get very far into my heart."

In March an announcement was made in the bulletins and a fuller one by hand-bills.

YE DEESTRICK SKULE.

On Friday, ye 10th day of March in ye year 1893..
Proceeds for ye benefit of ye work in ye Winans' tenements.

This was well carried out, the proceeds being \$50.

The bulletins express the thanks of the Tenements' Committee for the donation from the Christian Endeavor Society of four framed pictures, "which adorn the walls of Parkin St."

I left Baltimore for New England shortly after "Ye Deestrick Skule" exhibition, and as the tenement which Edward had engaged needed some repairs, he could not take me to visit it before my departure. But he moved in shortly, and with him one of the Johns Hopkins students, Mr. Frank Thomson.

Winans' Tenements, 214 Parkin St., March 28th, 1893.

My Dear Mother:—

Here we are at last in our rooms, which I wish you could see. The little back room is almost filled by the two single beds and a washstand. It has a good cupboard, and in the front room, which has two windows, there is a clothes press. Here stand our two bureaus, our two tables, and our nine chairs, one a rocker. Some of my pictures are already here. Mr. Thomson, my chum, sits by my side reading the Bible. Miss Kerns and her sister, who care for us, are quite proud of the rooms.

"Residence of the pastor, Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, 214 Parkin St."

This notice, which Edward felt it necessary to have placed on the door of his church, excited much comment, leading to exaggerated accounts of the sacrifice he was making. These accounts, which appeared not only in Bal-

timore papers, but elsewhere, greatly annoyed him, as he always shunned publicity. Since, however, there was no help for it, he concluded to take it philosophically and work on.

Among the reports which gave desirable information, the following was in the *Baltimore American*, April 7th, 1893:—

Last night the new class consisted of twenty boys. Each Monday night a boys' club meets at the same place, and the boys are amused with innocent games and in various ways. Last Tuesday night a class in reading, writing and arithmetic was formed. Last night four gentlemen and eight ladies were present from the Congregational Church, and about fifty boys and girls of all ages.

Mr. Lawrence read to them a humorous paper on the subject of "Manners." In it were described "pig manners," "darkey manners," "bear manners," "post manners" (dumb like a post), "rooster manners," "cow-in-the-parlor manners," and "interrupter's manners." The children laughed heartily, at the same time learning a wholesome lesson in deportment.

Writes one of the prominent helpers in Parkin St:—

"The one thing that did most in furthering the work was Mr. Lawrence's going to live among them, and without any air of condescension. Indeed, to use that word in connection with him seems utterly out of place."

The following is from Mr. Thomson, written in the Tene-ments after Edward had left these scenes forever:—

It seems strange to be here alone, yet there are memories about the place that cling to me. On the wall hangs that picture you gave me of your son. It is in front of the table, or rather above it, where he penned that letter to you in which he described the rooms and his "chum." He always called me "chum," you know.

The two sisters wish me to thank you for the picture you sent them, which they prize highly.

One thing that strongly impressed me in Mr. Lawrence was his vigor. Full of vitality and strength, life seemed a joy to him. His very step was full of purpose; even now I can hear it in the hallway and on the stair, quick and sprightly. There was no loitering, no indecision in it. It indicated that he knew just where and for what he was going. Vigor and decision were stamped upon his nature.

His conversation was always a help to me. We usually conversed near midnight and I never talked with him without feeling benefited. That breadth and depth which comes only from close observation and much thinking formed the foundation of his utterance. He always had something worth hearing to say.

As to the plans for work down here, I will quote to you from some remarks that I made before the Historical Seminary of the University: "Prompted by a deep religious motive, Mr. Lawrence favored the idea of letting religious instruction come rather through the many deeds of the workers, than from the many words of the preacher. It was the exemplification of his own character.

"He laid the plans for the work broad and deep; broad enough to allow all to co-operate who have an interest in the work, and deep enough to give that spirit to it without which charity work becomes 'as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' Those who have known the work from its beginning realize the grasp he had upon the situation and the problems to be met, as they labor on without his counsel."

His name is a frequent word here among the people, showing how much he loved them, for love begets love.

From a letter written to my mother on Nov. 12, 1893, I quote a passage that I wrote under the shadow of bereavement and with no thought that you would ever see it:

"Last Monday I attended the funeral of Mr. Lawrence, one of my minister friends, and with whom I roomed last spring in Winans' Tenements. His funeral was one of the most simple and impressive that I have ever seen. There was no sermon—properly so-called. Several ministers from the city of different denominations and two from a distance made a few remarks of a personal character; scripture was read, a prayer offered and one or two of his favorite hymns sung, and then the funeral train wended its way to Greenmount Cemetery to leave there all that was mortal of Dr. Lawrence. His memory still lingers with me as a blessed benediction."

Edward thus writes his mother:—

May 29th.

I enclose tickets which will show our last move in the tenements. The Art Loan Exhibition begins to-day. There will be no paintings, but a good collection of photographs, etc. Last week I called at every house, and on every family in the tenements, distributing the tickets, which were well received, and we should have a large turn-out. Our evening classes will stop next week, as the warm weather is on, and many of our helpers leave at the end of the school year. We have had a remarkable combination of talent for the work.

Please thank Mrs. Bowen for her note of congratulation. Lowry is suffering from overwork. . . . A week from to-day, I shall be off for the World's Fair.

The year preceding the Columbian Exposition, Edward was appointed a member of the Advisory Committee of the Congress of Missions. In informing him of this appointment, Dr. Walter M. Barrows, chairman of the Committee, wrote him: "We ask your co-operation that we may make this the most memorable conference of Christian workers

ever assembled. . . The committee having it in charge desire suggestions as to how the time may be used in the best way, so as not only to exhibit what Christianity has done for the world, but also to give a new impetus to the work we all have at heart."

As Edward's visit to the World's Fair was made early in the summer, he was unable to take any active part in the conference. Although he had expected to accompany Dr. Babcock, he did not leave Baltimore till a day or two after. In writing of this to his mother, he said:—"It was a great disappointment to lose his delightful company, but I took a common car, thereby saving ten dollars and other expenses which I could not afford."

He sent her postal cards on his journey, according to his custom. Then brief letters followed:—

Hotel, South Shore, Bond Avenue and 73rd St., June 8th, 1893.

Arrived safely last night about ten o'clock. Found Mr. Babcock here. Everything primitive but comfortable. Fine day. Just off now for the first look on the Fair, under Mr. Babcock's guidance.

June 9th.

Another beautiful day. Mr. Babcock has left and I am here alone. Spent the time in the Art Gallery, Machinery Hall, Woman's Building, etc. The last is a most inspiring exhibition of what woman has done and can do. But the simple view of the grounds and the buildings would pay for the trip even if no buildings were entered. If you could be here for a day or two and be wheeled around in a rolling chair, it would be fine.

I can't understand, dear mother, why I don't hear, unless you have been delayed in reaching home, and hence not received my letters. To-day I was in the city. Found Frank Cramer here.

June 10th.

A dark day first, and now a pouring rain which I think will pass. Have gone through Machinery Hall. Wonderful is the Mergenthaler Linotype, which composes and distributes type from the touch of a key-board. Then the agricultural instruments in Agricultural Hall, where I am writing, are also wonderful. And the exhibits of the products of each state, especially of Iowa, which disposes its corns and its grains in a most artistic way, as in the Corn Palace in Sioux City.

Now let me tell you of a picture and piece of statuary I saw to-day. The picture is French, *The Return of the Missionary*. The scene is in a monastery in France. Into the large hall stalks a tall, worn, gaunt monk, planting before him his pike, which has a cross at its top. Behind him comes a young African convert, carrying a little baboon in one hand, and pineapples and bananas in the other. The

occupants of the hall are three fat monks, who have been engrossed in a game of chess, but now look up and chuckle with amusement at the grotesque look of their brother. Other monks come in behind the newcomer, but seem to have no eyes for the missionary, being engrossed by the baboon. And the young convert's face bears a bewildered expression, as if he knew not what to make of this introduction to a Christian land. The contrast between the austere self-denial and spiritual enthusiasm of the monk, on the one hand, and the frivolous worldliness and incapacity for appreciation of his brethren at home, on the other hand, is wonderfully given, yet without that derisive sneer that looks through most of Vibert's paintings.

There is a piece of statuary by a woman, representing *The Struggle for Work*. It is in a place where the custom is when more laborers are needed, to fling out among a crowd of them as many tickets as they want men. The ones who are victorious in the scramble after the tickets get the work. The piece represents a young, strong man holding up a ticket in triumph. But around him is a defeated group, and he hesitates whether to enjoy the fruits of his victory. A bright, young fellow is climbing up and trying to snatch the ticket from him. An old man on the other side grasps him imploringly; a little boy of twelve tags at his knees. And a mother has thrown herself headlong over her young babe in despair. It is in the very spirit of the times, and tells the bitter tale of the desperate struggle for the mere chance to work.

There is a strange French picture, called *The Morphine Maniacs*, a veritable *fin de siècle*. In a half stupor reclines in her chair a lady whose whole expression tells of the effect of the fatal drug. French novels lie at her side, one of which bears the title "The Artificial Paradise." Beside her stands her buxom maid, evidently a novice. But she is inserting the syringe for the hypodermic injection into her own arm, with a look of curiosity and interest that contrasts painfully with the torpor of her mistress's expression, to which she too must soon come. All around are strewn the tools of the miserable drug.

While so much is being written about the Nude in Art at the Fair, let me say just how it impresses me. There are two or three such pictures, all, I think, in the French section, which are simply *infernally* sensual. They reek of the pit, and can only degrade him who turns a lingering look upon them. Then there are a number more that are excessively realistic and immodest. They seem foolish and insipid, and disgust rather than degrade. But there are a number of nude paintings that are as chaste as they are beautiful. They are as innocent as marble statuary in showing the human form divine, the most beautiful thing God has made. *The Birth of the Pearl* down in deep ocean is exquisite. I trust your womanly and artistic sense to agree with me in this.

The most beautiful face, however, that I have seen in the whole collection is that of a young boy in a group of pages. It fairly haunts me with its pensive loveliness.

Chicago, June 11th.

My Dear Mother:—

I am wearying to hear from you, and hope that to-morrow will bring me a letter. This morning I went into the city to hear Dr. Gunsaulus, who gave a grand sermon to a great crowd.

Chicago, June 12th, Monday, 11.15 at night.

Just in from Buffalo Bill. How fortunate that while my head may give out, my legs do not. This afternoon, "dead tired," I stopped *seeing*, and began strolling around the canals and over bridges, taking in the architecture. Suddenly I ran against Florence Thallon with two ladies and a gentleman. So I was marched off to lunch with them.

Chicago, June 15th.

My Dear, Lost Mother:—

I think you must have joined Mr. Davis's colony. That, however, is no reason why I should not hear from you. But I will keep on writing. I start for Baltimore to-morrow afternoon reaching there Saturday night. Grandest of times here. Perfect weather. Fine health. I shall be telegraphing for you soon.

Ned.

Chicago, June 15th.

Dear Anna:—

Where is mother? I haven't heard from her for two weeks. I leave to-morrow for Baltimore, so please send me word there at once.

Your loving brother Ned.

Chicago, June 15th.

Dear Agnes:—

Where is mother? I haven't heard from her for two weeks. I leave for Baltimore to-morrow, so please write me there at once.

Yours truly,

Edward A. Lawrence.

Baltimore, June 19th, 1893.

I reached home Saturday evening at seven o'clock. Preached yesterday morning on the Fair, and advised people to go there.

One of his hearers writes:—"That Mr. Lawrence was a man of great observation, was very apparent in his account of his trip to the World's Fair. He urged everyone who could go there to do so, as it was an education in itself."

Following Edward's report of the Fair is the following letter from Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, now Dr. Van Dyke's successor in the *Brick Church*, New York.

Our friendship had that aggravating quality which characterizes so much of the preacher's life, hopeful but fateful *incompleteness*. It was always in the bud, always offering bright prospects of walks and talks, exchanges of texts and sermon ideas and experiences, analyses of books, plans of church work, . . . and all "when we get the

time." The all too infrequent meetings were always delightful to me, enriching my mind and delighting my heart. Your son was one of the few men to whom I could open the door into the room where I kept my little private theories, my personal, as distinguished from doctrinal, opinions, my doubts, "fallings from us, vanishings," the odds and ends, as well as the treasures of my heart's holdings, which were not for daws to peck at or peek at. He never misunderstood, knew what I meant before the thought was expressed, showed the ideal but rare sympathy of "feeling with."

I never appreciated this as keenly as when we were at the World's Fair together this summer. I got there a day ahead of him, and knowing that my stay was to be a short one, covered as much ground as possible. I was thinking, through the day, of his coming, and how I, profiting by my experience, could map out for him a path of finest, first impressions.

When we started out the next morning, I knew just where we were going; he entered enthusiastically into the idea, and absolutely satisfied me with his fine appreciation and unbounded delight. His pleasure doubled mine. Before the beauty of the Peristyle, with the blue sea and sky behind it, and bearing on its front the words: "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free," as also before that unequalled sight as we faced the other way, . . . the sight of the matchless Court of Honor, of that vision of architectural dreams come true, to be compared only with what John saw at Patmos, . . . he stood in silence, rapt, unbroken, except by the little groans of ecstasy, "groanings which cannot be uttered," as truly prompted by the Spirit, who loves the Holiness of Beauty, and helps our infirmities in *enjoyment*, as those awakened by the Spirit who loves the Beauty of Holiness, and helps our infirmities in *aspiration*.

In the Art Gallery the pleasure continued. I saved him from the things which were not worth seeing, to be rewarded by his delight in the things that were worth seeing. He told me, after his return to Baltimore, that he went back again and again to the paintings and statuary that we had enjoyed together and with only deepening satisfaction.

One afternoon as we were resting in the parlor of the New York State Building, I was playing the piano and he was sitting close by in an easy chair, writing. I thought he was figuring up accounts or something of the kind. Turning to him, I said, "What are you doing there?" "Writing to my mother."

We had many a good laugh together over the queer people we saw, and the amusing comments we overheard; many a good laugh over the equitable division of the towels and bureau drawers and hooks on the walls in the room we shared at the South Shore Hotel; many a serious word as we rode to and fro on the cars, or sat at the table, or dressed or undressed in our room; many an uplifting thought as we prayed together.

I cannot think of him as dead. I am glad I cannot. He is "alive unto God." "For all live unto Him." I will think of him as more my friend than ever. The bud of regard and affection which had no chance here to unfold will one day open, in the land that seems less far away than it used to, in "the ampler ether, the diviner air" of the

Heavenly Country. "To be continued in our next," and never to reach a "finis," is the sweet and blessed outlook, guaranteed by the God of Love, "Who satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

Ever, more than ever, your son's friend and yours,
Maltbie D. Babcock.

A few words are added from Mrs. Babcock, whose home, until her marriage, was in Poughkeepsie:—

"I remember your husband perfectly, and my father and I often recall a most striking and beautiful sermon he once preached in our church in Poughkeepsie.

"And I have known your son since I was a young girl. Often in our school examinations he was the one to question me, and his kind face and interested, encouraging look reassured me. I have never known any one whom all people believed in at once as they did in him."

In July, 1893, David and Jonathan, Frank Luckey and Mr. Davis, a new member of the company, started on their Adirondack trip, which proved the last that Edward was to take.

Elm Lake, Jones House, July 21st.

On the narrow guage road we puffed away up the hills to Hammondville. It was hard to find teams, but at Root's we took two fresh horses, and at about half past three were at Fenton's. Then began the climb. With knapsacks on backs we worked up the hills.

Saturday, 8 P. M.

Luckey and Davis slept little last night, owing to mosquitoes. They were up and thrashing round most of the night, but we two veterans slept, of course. Breakfasted at six, across the lake in a large boat, and then the tramp began. On over the ridge of the Boreas mountains, then off from the trail through the wild woods. But no boat, so a wild rush. Now the clouds gather. They threaten. They pour. No choice but to push on. Water from the skies, from the trees, from the earth. At last the lake, then a camp, then clear weather. Cries and shots call for boats. At last one appears with a man who proves the owner of a camp. He is the forester, and has a new log house. Yes, we can stay with him over Sunday—provisions and all furnished. So we sleep in doors, in four cots, the first time on Ausable Pond when we have not slept on balsam boughs in an open camp.

Sunday, half past three.

It is a rainy day, but we are well housed. About ten, four came, when we listened to a sermon from Luckey. Since then we have been discussing theology.

The Hemlocks, July 31st, 1893.

As we entered our rooms, Saturday evening, there was a wrestling match which threw Jonathan and Mr. Davis on the bed, breaking one of the slats, calling up the landlord and rousing the sleeping ladies next door and above, who left their rooms, not knowing what was to happen. When they found that not only one but all of our party were clergymen, you can imagine their relief and their amazement. Some seventy-five were out last night at the church, nearly filling it. After I had preached, I called on each of the others to speak, which they did very impressively. The good brother there, who lives on \$300 a year, seemed much helped by our presence. This morning the ladies of the hotel were up to see us off.

Camp Craig. This is an old home of ours and is made especially pleasant by the number of friends camping near us. Chief among these are Mr. and Mrs. Sellig, whom mother will remember my calling on in Philadelphia. They camp on a fine island with a Mr. Dutton, seventy-three years old, who has been coming to the woods since 1858. He hurried on alone this year, as he told them afterwards, that he might lift up his hands to heaven and thank his Maker for sparing him to come here once more.

I must tell you about our Sunday service, the most characteristic of all yet. Word was sent round to all the camps the night before that service would be held here at eleven. There is a rustic house on a rocky point, jutting out into the lake. About half past ten the boats began to come, straggling along from all directions until we had an audience of about fifty in the room and on the porch, with about a dozen boats at the dock. Every one of the clergymen was worked in, and Jonathan preached an excellent sermon.

I thank you, dear mother, for taking all that trouble about the letters, which Lowry and I shall greatly enjoy reading over. It is very sweet to me to think of your all being together. We all went to the little Wesleyan church in the village. At the close, the minister lighted on us four tramps and asked me to preach in the evening. I was the solitary man that had on a white collar, you see.

I am sorry you are not yet out of the woods, but there must be some way which your inventiveness and perseverance will discover. I regret that you have been so hindered in your work on father's Memorial. There is no need of your copying legible letters, and I will help you sort them, and Lowry and I can read some of the letters together. We must care for you and lift your burdens. We need your strength and time for other things.

As you lose your way so in getting about, I might bring you home an Adirondack guide. But his charge is three dollars a day.

I should dislike to break up Mr. Hall's trip, dear mother, but if you feel that it is best for me to come home, don't fail to let me know it.

Old Forge, Herkimer Co., Aug. 3rd, 1893.

On reaching here, I found your letters awaiting me, and one from Mr. Broughton, desiring me to speak on Crocker Park.

Aug. 3rd.

My Dear Sister:—

What a household you have! And what problems to solve, not only the boy-problem in Wallace, but the girl-problem in

the kitchen, and the life-problem all round! If we lack wisdom, we may seek it from above. After the ends of life are chosen by love, wisdom is the principal thing.

To-day we ran our two boats down to the old Forge and back, about twenty-five miles, the length of the chain of lakes. There is no exercise like it. You see both may always be employed, one in rowing, the other in paddling. Exercise is thus provided for the chest, the back and the arm, the fore-arm and the whole body. Then we tramp and carry packs on the back. What talks we have on all possible topics from theology and marriage to boat building and Wall Street!

Edward had engaged to preach at Nanepashemet on Aug. 20th and 27th. There had come from Beverly an urgent call for him to supply the pulpit of Washington St. on the preceding Sabbath.

Old Forge, Aug. 4th 1893.

Your three letters of yesterday, my dear mother, came in to-night, and have caused me some perplexity on Mr. Hall's account. If it would trouble him or shorten his stay, I should prefer not to come. But he says, "Go, if that is the better thing, as your mother wishes." So you may write Beverly to that effect. It seems strange to have such mail facilities, and I am making unwonted use of them. But I was always the letter writer of the party. It is pleasant to get news of your comings and goings and doings. We will talk over a great many things when I get home.

Camp Craig, Aug. 7th, 1893.

There is not in camp a happier man than I, for I am the owner of a budget of letters just arrived. I have never been better physically in the woods, and could never carry the boat better. I find it difficult to get a sensation of thorough fatigue, no matter how much I may do. Both Mr. Hall and I carried the *Nannie O.* a mile and three-quarters the other day. Remember that it weighs seventy-seven pounds. Our carrying is over now, as we go out from this lake, every day tramping off to some new lake or pond. And I am expected to make the plans for the party.

Camp Craig, Aug. 10th.

This is my last letter, as the living epistle will set forth to-morrow. I ought to reach you about half past eight in the electric car from Salem. Your company seems to be streaming in. Now I must start out and see what plans are to be made for our last day.

The following is a letter from Rev. Mr. Davis:—

Mr. Lawrence was the strongest one of our party. After a hard day's row over the lakes, or a steep climb over some mountain, he seemed almost as fresh as at the start. He made an ideal companion for such a trip. He was always ready to be the boy and to enter into all the sports and pleasures that characterize such an outing. He was a born athlete, and a man that could not but be popular with his fellows. No one it has been my pleasure to know seemed to enter more deeply and heartily into the enjoyment of scenery. Well do

I remember the way his face lighted up as with interior sunshine, when we reached the summit of Mt. Marcy! He looked all around the horizon at the panorama of lakes and mountains, and exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful!" Some such spiritual vision must have been granted to him when he uttered the same words at the last. He always impressed me as being a man of wonderfully keen intellect. In our theological discussions (and, of course, four clergymen make an itinerant theological school) he seemed always master of the subject, and to say the satisfactory and discriminating word. He seemed to have a fund of sanctified common sense. He was at home in all the subtleties and intricacies of theological debate. His lectures at Yale, which it was my pleasure to hear, are a missionary classic. Mr. Lawrence was above all things else a man of *fine Christian character*, manly, intelligent, noble and grand. He had consecrated all his powers for the good of the world. He carried a Christian atmosphere with him wherever he went. I can never forget his morning and evening prayers in the woods. We would stop while on the march and read the Bible, and discuss the chapter we read, after which we would have a prayer. Mr. Lawrence's prayers make you feel that out there in the wilderness it was none other than "the house of God, the gate of heaven!" Noble soul! Heaven was richer and earth poorer when you answered the Master's summons. The Lawrence House in Baltimore is as fine a monument as any man could desire. Its Christlike work will be a constant benediction to multitudes, as well as a beautiful memory of him. It was an honor to be the mother of such a son.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAST SUMMER VISIT AT LINDEN HOME.

Faith knows omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries "it shall be done," sometime, somewhere.
—Browning.

On a Saturday morning, August 12th, there were many friends to give the wanderer a welcome to the home *Unter den Linden*. According to his appointment, he supplied the Washington St. Church at Beverly the next day. Of this Sabbath Miss Tracy, whose house had long been one of his Beverly homes, writes:—

It is interesting to recall that on the last occasion of Mr. Lawrence's holding service in our church, Ex-President Hayes and Ex-Governor Claflin were present. In the evening, the discourse was from the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." I shall always be grateful for the privilege of listening to that discourse, and Mrs. Flanders, who was there, was also deeply moved by it.

At that time he left us with words that were a benediction. How little he thought the farewell was a final one! Yet we are richer for having entertained an angel unawares. Whenever I think of him, it is as if an influence from heaven comes to me. He seemed so perfectly to have put on the Lord Jesus, so reflecting the image of his Saviour, so devoted to Christ's work of raising the fallen, so mindful of others and so forgetful of self.

The days that followed were most pleasantly filled up with reading, music, lively discussions on matters aesthetical, political, theological and reformatory, rowing in a boat on the fine harbor, and various little excursions, including a picnic on the rocks of the old fort of revolutionary associations.

The remaining two Sundays of his vacation Edward preached in the little chapel on Marblehead Neck, now called by its Indian name, Nanepashemet, and also spoke at Crocker Park.

From Mr. Frank Broughton, Secretary of the Marblehead Y. M. C. A., who was in charge of the Sunday meetings on Crocker Park:—

It always did me good whenever I met your son. He was an ideal Christian minister, and no one could come in contact with him without being blest. When we heard of his sickness, a man who is on the water a great deal, but who attended our out-door meetings, met me and asked anxiously about him, earnestly hoping he would get well, for he said, "I heard him speak at Crocker Park, and he's just the kind of a man I like to hear, and we can't afford to lose no such a good man as that." This man seldom if ever goes to church.

I enclose a copy of the paper published in connection with our work during the summer. The verses were written by a young man who came from England to Marblehead and is learning the blacksmith trade. He became a Christian just before leaving home. You, of course, remember your son's sermon at Crocker Park, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." This so impressed the young man that he wrote the following verses which I send you:—

Though a dull afternoon on Sunday last,
A crowd assembled there
To hear the words of the Gospel preached
By a man in the open air.

He stood on a rock and all could see
When he lifted his hands in prayer,
Then opened his book and read these words
To the people standing there :

"He came, but his own received him not,"
Rose from his voice so clear.
He then explained how once these words
Were said of our Saviour dear.

He told them how he was once called home
To his dying father's side,
And how that his own received his own;
Yet Jesus was cast aside.

Hard was the heart that was not touched
Ere that sermon closed in prayer.
How many there were claimed Christ as their own
Out in the open air!

—T. A. R.

From Mrs. Mary H. L. Whitcomb, whose summer home for many years was on Marblehead Neck, but whose home is now in the heavenly mansions:—

Your son, our friend, seemed so identified with our summer life that we cannot fully realize that he is to be of it no more. I cannot

recall when we first met our new-found relative, your husband, but I know that you all came into our lives very pleasantly.

I think your son has preached at the "hall" every summer since we have been at Marblehead Neck, except when he was out of the country. And his coming has always been anticipated by all the congregation. I remember often hearing our young people, who were planning to go to the old Episcopal Church or to Lynn or Salem for some service, say, "We cannot go on such a Sunday, because Mr. Lawrence is coming here, and we cannot miss hearing him. When he preached last summer, the wish was expressed that he might give us a month the coming season. He was always welcome, whether he came socially or officially. The memory of his visits to us is very pleasant, and our sons and daughters anticipated his coming, and enjoyed his conversation as much as my husband and I did. He always seemed to have just the right word for old and young.

Mrs. Caroline E. Tyler, of Northampton, was a former resident of East Windsor Hill, her husband being Rev. Ellery Tyler, a brother of Josiah Tyler, for many years a devoted missionary in Africa. She had known Edward as a boy, but had not seen him since that time. Passing a few weeks on Marblehead Neck, she attended service in the little chapel, and found that Edward Lawrence was the preacher. She writes:—

Of course, he did not recognize me, but when I was introduced as an old friend and neighbor, the cordial, genial manner of the father, whom so many loved and admired, seemed to me mirrored in the son. It was my privilege to hear him preach twice, and never shall I forget his impressive way of presenting truth, or his eloquent appeal to his hearers. I think the enthusiasm with which the announcement that he was to preach in the little chapel was greeted, was eulogy enough. I have often recalled his sermon from the text, "How much better is a man than a sheep!" Such an appeal from man for his fellowmen I never heard. I felt that he must be deeply interested in the social problems of life, though I did not then know how he had given himself to the work.

It was beautiful to witness your son's devotion to you, his anticipation of your wants, and his readiness to render those little services so dear to a mother's heart. And now the strong arm on which you leaned is gone, and the words of tenderness are hushed. May the same love which has strengthened you in times past, support and comfort you now!

From Rev. J. M. Marston, who spends his summers in Nanepashemet:—

Your son's loss is that of the whole country and of the American Church. I had come to regard him as one of our foremost spiritual men, as in deed and in truth one of the resplendent candlesticks of

the Christian Tabernacle. He was eloquent, body and soul, from his fine brain clear down to the nerves of his feet. He was thought, emotion, bodily power, all bound together. I shall never forget his beautiful advents to our little hall, where he always made the place ring with almost celestial voices.

I have heard six specimens of your race,—Dr. Leonard Woods, Dr. Thomas M. Smith, John Cotton Smith, his son, Roland Smith, President Woods and your son. It was a privilege to hear them all. Your brother preached one of the most eloquent sermons I ever listened to. And it must be a comfort to you to know that his nephew followed close upon his footsteps. Alas! the loss is not to be repaired.

From Mrs. Shannon, of Roxbury:—

My first meeting with your son was at the station in Marblehead, whither he had come to escort me, as a guest, to your home. There was in his personality and cordial greetings a charm which won my heart at once. In that visit, which included a Sabbath, I read his life as an open book, and was impressed with its beauty and fullness. How much he enjoyed social intercourse with friends, and how often he enlivened it with unexpected touches of quiet humor of which he was master! How beautiful and reverent was his manner to you expressed in so many delicate and gracious ways—the tribute of a noble manhood to the love and care that had blessed his life.

The courtesy and grace of a Christian gentleman marked his demeanor to each and all. In the pulpit we recognized a man of power. The long continued and loving study of the divine character resulted in a marked spiritual elevation and the service was no formal one. He seemed in direct and living sympathy with human life and its needs, and had an end to gain with the men and women before him..

As I think of him he stands before me as an ideal man. We can but feel that he has found a sphere where a career awaits him adequate to his powers and aspirations.

From Mrs. Helen M. Gulliver, a teacher for many years in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and now connected with the Woman's Board:—

In memory I go back to the time when I first saw your son in 1860, Miss Chapin having invited you all to spend Thanksgiving with us at the Seminary. He impressed me then and afterwards when I had the pleasure of spending a few days in your family at East Windsor Hill, as a lad of great promise. One could but admire his exquisite manners, his gentleness and sweetness, with his thoughtfulness for others. His conversation even then, although he was but thirteen, revealed his mental ability and the habit of laying up stores of useful information. From that time until that delightful Sabbath with you in September, I had not met him.

I shall long remember that pleasant Sabbath morning in the chapel on Marblehead Neck. His prayer was the coming of a son to a beloved Father, and he took us all into the secret of his presence.

You will recall that the heavy rain of the next day detained us in your hospitable home, when we learned the social qualities of your

son. He had much to give us from his full stores. How finely he rendered Brownings' *Hervé Riel*, when we gathered round the evening lamp! With what heartiness he joined his sister in the songs which gave us so much pleasure! I was struck with his readiness to grapple with the social problems of the time, and with the hopefulness that characterized him.

From James Buckham:—

I feel as if a shadow had lain across my life since the fatal news reached me. I had hoped for such sweet and profitable companionship with your son, such inspiration out of his clear-seeing soul, such helps to nobler living out of his great, earnest, lovable, manly life. And now—I can hardly realize that that firm, sweet voice is still, and those frank, tender eyes closed, and those man-loving, man-helping hands folded in the long slumber. And yet I know that the spirit-voice and the spirit-eyes and the spirit-hands somewhere in God's great universe are doing in larger ways the good they began to do in this little, changeful, passing world.

From Miss Julia E. Ward, for some years a highly esteemed Principal in Mt. Holyoke Seminary:—

My most vivid and definite impression of Edward Lawrence is of his symmetry of mind and character. So marked was this that a superficial knowledge might fail to reveal his latent power. He was an ideal son, an ideal brother, an ideal friend.

What seasons of privilege to us all were those summer Sundays when he preached in the little chapel on the Neck! The morning prayer at the home altar, the public service in the chapel, or later, in Crocker Park, where green of turf, gray of rock, and blue of sky combined to make a never-to-be-forgotten picture,—all was tender, sympathetic, uplifting. The tonic quality of his preaching was tempered with something of that "wise passiveness" which this turbulent age so lacks, and yet unconsciously craves. His large, rich individuality acted as a solvent on the best of Browning and Wordsworth, and thus made others sharers in the springs at which his own spiritual being had been nourished. And all was crowned by that higher wisdom which he had learned at the feet of the Master.

"He walked with God and he was not for God took him."

From Nathan Haskell Dole:—

"Hedgecote," Jamaica Plain.

My one brief visit under your hospitable roof stands out distinct as the beginning of what I hoped would be a new and valued friendship. Twice that Sunday I heard your son speak in public: in the morning in the little chapel on the Neck, and, just at sunset, in the open air in the beautiful park overlooking the harbor. On each occasion the secret of his success as a minister was perfectly transparent; he had a fine presence, a musical voice, a kindling eye, and his thought was broad, liberal, genuine, earnest, full of humanity and love. He was a man who would sacrifice any interest of personal moment, all convenience, his strength, his time, his peculiarly elevated culture, musi-

cal, literary, artistic, for the sake of his fellows. His earnestness was evident in every tone of his voice as he stood under the glowing sunset sky, and spoke so simply and eloquently of things divine to the hushed and attracted throng. It was just the kind of preaching that "the people" need.

Of personal talk with Mr. Lawrence I naturally had but little, as he was occupied in preparing for the two services. But I remember his sitting down at the piano and singing most delightfully, and when I had to take an evening train, he walked with me to the station, and his friendliness, cordial interest in my work, and warm-hearted sympathy with all things true and beautiful strongly impressed me.

Some men need long sieges before they open the citadel of their inner natures. Mr. Lawrence seemed won to you at once. His was a transparent heart, and any one could see that he was true, generous, simple, noble, that he had reached that virtue which old Bonaventura calls the *virtus purgati defecatique animi*—free from earthly taint of selfishness.

That visit of Edward's at Linden Home is a precious memory. The evenings in the sunrise room, where he read to us, or recited poetry, and the Sunday visits from Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Tucker, from Miss Ward and Mrs. Gulliver, and from James Buckham and Mr. Dole; are they not all written in the book of remembrance? His niece, Florence Pray, was also here for a time, and other friends. His services in Nanepashemet chapel, with his open-air talks at Crocker Park, were all warmly appreciated. How little did anyone dream that this was his last summer on earth!

It had been decided that Anita and Lowry Nunn should go to the World's Fair, but the mother, at her great age,—that was another thing! After much discussion, however, Edward casting the affirmative vote, it was concluded that she might accompany them. After his return to Baltimore, he writes her:—"What I send will, I think, carry you through, although you had better take along whatever you may have. Look out for your pocket book in the sleepers and hotels. I will write you at the Woman's Dormitory. I shall pray for you every day and follow you in my thoughts."

Early in September, the three started for Chicago, a friend, Mrs. Neilson, joining them in Boston. They were armed with Edward's marked catalogues and comments and with his general directions. And at the Woman's Dormitory, September 6th, a missive came from him:—

“Dear Mother, The combination card was received this morning with gladness. I shall hope for one every day. Be sure to study the Reform garments in the Woman's Building, up-stairs. I take tea to-night with the Nunns at Broadway.”

Baltimore, Sept. 13th.

Do not think of leaving before Wednesday evening of next week. That will give you a day at Niagara and a day with the Wilkinsons at Newburgh, and bring you home Saturday night. I am delighted that you hold out so well.

Sept. 20th.

The rest of your journal has just arrived, and the whole of it gives an admirable account of your trip. I was especially glad to hear about Niagara. I felt sure that Lowry would say it was grander even than the Fair. And now you are back again with all the added store of memories. I hope you enjoyed my special pictures, of which I wrote. You two will now settle down for a quiet three weeks before Lowry's Boston work commences.

It had been arranged that Lowry should enter Emerson's College, going in every day from Linden Home. Meantime there were many preparations to be made.

Sept. 27th, 1893.

You are a dear, good mother, and are doing all you can for your son. I thank God for sparing you for this time. Your journal tells me much about Lowry, of which she is too modest to speak herself. As you understand, such new relations take a little time before they fit into all the old ones, but they will surely do so in the end, making them all the stronger.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLOSING DAYS IN BALTIMORE.

It is the deliberate verdict of the Lord Jesus that it is better not to live than not to love.

—Henry Drummond.

On his return to Baltimore, Edward entered into his work with fresh zeal, taking up his residence in his old room at Winans' Tenements. And when, later, there came the probability of his leaving the city, his interest in the church so dear to him seemed increased, rather than diminished. And there was certainly no lessening of his efforts to seek and impart light in the line of Christian Sociology.

This is made evident by the following list of his Sunday evening discourses:

An illustrated sermon on Jesus, the carpenter, or Christianity and Labor, the pictures being by Hunt, Durer, Hoffman, Millet, Breton, Raphael, and others.

“The Laborer is worthy of his Hire.”—Luke 10:7.

“The Duties of Employers and the Employed.”—Col. 3:22.-41:1.

“The Part of the Church in Social reform.”—Isaiah 62:1.

“The Starting Points of the Republic.” An illustrated Discourse.

From these sermons a few extracts are taken:—

The duties of both master and servant may be summed up in two words,—*Brotherhood, Partnership*, though the latter is really included in the former. We are all the children of one common Father. We are all in the brotherhood of humanity. The whole solution of the problem of labor and capital is involved in the application of the principle of brotherhood. This will prevent our treating one another as machines. The master will not think of his servant as a mere commodity which he may buy and sell and treat as he pleases, provided only that he holds to his bargain and keeps within the law. The workman will not regard his master as a machine, to which as little work as possible is to be given, out of which as much wages as possible is to be squeezed. The shop girl will cease thinking of the store as a grind where she is to do the least she can and yet draw her week-

ly wages. The servant girl will not care more about her afternoons out than about her mornings in, but will have a sisterly concern for all she engages to do. Your employer is your brother. Treat him as such. Have an interest in all his interests. Do not have your eye on the clock all the time, or your ear on the whistle, so that when the moment comes you drop a job in the middle, careless of what harm it may do so that you are out of your grind as soon as possible, jealous lest you should give him a little more than he has paid you for. Work heartily, as unto the Lord.

There is a yet broader sense in which masters and workmen are alike bound to enter into a common partnership. No man standeth or falleth for himself alone. The interests of all mankind are one. Every man who works should enter into a partnership with his fellowmen, whereby he gives them the very best possible thing he can do, and receives from them the joint result of all their labor. There is a partnership between the ages. What benefits have we received from those who have gone before us! What obligation to pass them, increased by our own toil, down to those who come after us! We are bound to co-operate with all our fellowmen for the best good of the race. The brotherhood of mankind should bring a business partnership of mankind, in which the interest of all is seen to lie in the faithful, intelligent labor of every one!

The great work of the church is to present Christ to the soul and to the world, and to impress him upon the community around. The trouble has been that we have been satisfied with *presenting* him to the world. The decisive work of impressing him on the life of society—which is applied Christianity,—we have too often left undone, as if we had no responsibility save to utter the message in general terms, leaving it to take care of itself. But Christianity is nothing if not applied. Its great aim is the kingdom of God. That means the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven. That means in all departments of life and on every day in the week. The definite object which church and pulpit have before them is the Christianization of society and the nation. Not until this is accomplished is the church true to the world of to-day. It must first be true and then timely. It must be heard on those subjects which are in the minds of men, concerning which there is doubt and difficulty. It dare not shirk social problems. The social questions must be treated from the Gospel standpoint, and the mind of Christ ascertained, the life of Christ felt. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; and the phrase includes, says Dr. Gladden, "not merely the kingdom of Siam and the kingdom of Madagascar and the kingdom of Dahomey, but the kingdom of commerce and the kingdom of industry and the kingdom of fashion and the kingdom of learning and the kingdom of amusement; every great department of society is to be pervaded by the Christian spirit and governed by Christian law."

As to his various sociological addresses all along, Mr. Henderson writes:—"I recall, among others, a review of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and two illustrated lec-

tures, one on "How the other half lives," and the other, "What is being done for the other half?" which he gave first in his own church, and afterwards was called to repeat at different churches. And he frequently presented the claims of the Charity Organization Society.

"Those who were most learned and most active in good work were always his most enthusiastic hearers. He was sure of his facts; his statements did not have to be discounted; his deductions from the facts were sound and his arguments convincing; he took a broad view of all these questions, and was not a crank in any of them."

A letter from Dr. Steiner, librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library:—

I first met Mr. Lawrence through Mr. Stockbridge, who introduced him to me as a fellow Yale graduate and member of Alpha Delta Chi. After a time our family connected ourselves with the First Congregational Church, and I learned to know him as pastor. I recall his kindliness of heart, purity and unselfishness of motive, and singleness of purpose.

I must not fail to mention a very valuable course of doctrinal sermons delivered by him during the Sunday evenings of the spring of 1893. To me they were of great value and furnished many helpful and constructive thoughts.

On Sept. 10th, Mr. Lawrence preached a sermon which I have considered one of the ablest to which I have ever listened. It was delivered to a rather small summer congregation on a hot morning. Prof. A. F. Cravens of Columbia University was with me and agreed in my high estimate of it. The text was: "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another; even as I have loved you that we also love one another." He showed that the so-called Golden Rule was a standard arrived at by non-Christian men, which Confucius and Socrates have come very close to in their utterances. Further, the Golden Rule is far from being a perfect rule of life. Our self-love is very faulty, and love shown to our fellows would also be faulty if modelled on what is our love for ourselves. Had Jesus Christ no newer message than this, he would have failed in giving us the worthiest ideal. He, however, gives his disciples a *new* commandment,—that they should love as he had loved. The quantity and quality of his love for them was perfect. The measure of his love was unstinted, the standard of it was an ideal one. Our duty is not merely to love others as we love ourselves, but to love them as completely as Christ loved us, even to death if need be. Of course, I only give you a skeleton of his line of thought, but it thrilled one through and through.

Dr. Steiner hoped I could find the sermon, but it must have been extempore, as I could only find the text and one or two heads.

Among his writings, however, are passages in full accord with the sermon:—

The Golden Rule was not enough. Jesus gave us the inmost, the Diamond Rule of Love. "That ye love one another as I have loved you." That is the self-forgetful, sacrificial, divine love.

Love is the great Educator and Interpreter and Orator. It is the Creator and Inspirer of language and communion. Every word and look, every touch and embrace is but a noble sign and symbol.

In all communion, in all separation, and in all intercourse, human love is but the flowing stream that has issued from the fountain. O Divine Love, pure and clear and sweet, the water of the river of life! If it be true love, it will go on through time and eternity, and every fresh deed of life will be a fresh story of love.

Early in October Edward gave an address before the Y. M. C. A. of Johns Hopkins' University, of which he wrote me that he spoke with great freedom and enjoyment. From others came the most enthusiastic accounts.

One of the Johns Hopkins' students writes:—

The address was given in Levering Hall, at the beginning of the University year, and many new students were present. I never heard Mr. Lawrence speak more forcibly, nor with greater effect. He did not take a text, but when he had finished every one felt that he *had* a text. He likened the work in Christian lines in the city to a well-spread table of good things:—the regular church work, Sunday School, Missions, the Charity Organization Society, and finally, the Parkin Street work. This he described, with its needs and its possibilities, with an invitation to join in the work, and make it a veritable University Settlement.

I would like to convey to you something of my appreciation of your son's acquaintance and friendship, but words seem meaningless in expressing what I feel.

Dean Edward H. Griffin of the University writes me:—

It was a twenty minutes' unwritten talk, direct, manly and eminently fair in its recognition of the respective claims of the university work and church duties.

The general thought of the address was that the church needs the university man, and that the university man needs the church. The various hindrances to co-operation between young men pursuing advanced studies and the churches, as at present organized, were pointed out with much discrimination, and the point was urged that, in spite of the difficulties of mutual understanding and sympathetic personal relation, it was for the best interest of both that these two institutions—the church and the university—should act together.

Specific application was made to the matter of attendance upon church services, and the reasons why each member of a university should have his regular church home, and should assume some stated burden of church duty, were set forth very cogently. The general impression of the address was of an unusual fairness in doing justice to persons of different degrees of culture and different methods of life. Dr. Lawrence was well adapted to influence students, because of his hearty sympathy with student life, and his thorough understanding of its conditions. In his attitude toward students, at one end of the scale, and the people of the tenements at the other, we see the many-sidedness of his nature, and his wide range of adaptation.

In connection with Edward's betrothal to a member of his own church, the question naturally came up, whether, under the circumstances, for his friend's sake, a change of place might not be desirable. But he left it all to Providence, assured that if it was best the way would be opened. He had been absent so much that he had given up the idea of attending the American Board meeting at Worcester. But he received the proposal to exchange with Mr. Campbell of Roxbury the Sunday after the meeting, and as that would supply his pulpit, he gladly made up his mind to go. He wrote this to his mother, adding:—"I have told Lowry about my coming home, and hope you will be glad to see me. It is a most unexpected pleasure. I wish you both could be with friends at Roxbury."

As soon as his plan was known, arrangements were made for us to accompany him to Roxbury, but he did not know this till he reached Linden Home on his return from the Board meeting.

Worcester, Oct. 10th, 1893.

Well, dear Mother, the address of welcome was no sooner heard than Dr. Quint was up with his resolution for a committee of fifteen, to whom should be referred special memorials. . . . Dr. Fisher, in whose keenness and firmness all have the greatest confidence, is the great leader of the liberals. Quint and others second him well, Brother Creegan putting in a quiet word. All depends on the center moderate party which way they will swing. The committee of fifteen has been appointed and is in session listening to memorials and statements.

I take tea to-night at Professor Cutler's. And I have seen Cousin Samuel and many notables. I had the pleasure of sitting with Robert Hume during the sermon, and am appointed on the committee for India.

As chairman of that committee it fell to Edward to prepare the report, which he read at one of the meetings. The greater part of it is here given:—

The accumulated labors of missionaries are producing their effect. Providential movements of diplomacy, education and reform are changing the very structure of Hindu society. Summer heats are dissolving the glaciers of paganism. Movements of whole castes toward Christianity are beginning in many parts of India. The upper castes recognize the power and benefit of Christianity, and attempt to emulate them in a revived and reformed Hinduism. The great emergency is upon us.

But the men who should guide the streams from the melting glaciers in irrigating channels all through the parched wastes of the national life are few, are being worn out, crippled, terrified by the torrent of success which will defeat them because forsooth they must "Retrench! Reduce!" The direct note from India we repeat is one of sublime hopefulness.

But the echo that India returns to sounds from America is one of indignant grief. And the *Indian* echo is but one note in a minor chord that wails in upon us to-day from all our fields. When and how shall the Hand that plays on hearts and churches alike, modulate from the minor into the joyful major key of harmony and hope?

Being requested to speak on one of the questions at a general meeting, he wrote his mother that he felt as timid about it as a young girl, but supposed he must come to it. The following passage was the close of his remarks:—

One word more. Some of those who have been dissatisfied have for years clung to the Board. They have said, "No dollar that we can give shall be diverted from the Board—nay, it shall not be diverted, although at the beginning of the year we are urged to give on the ground of the mission, and at the end of the year are told that our gifts show our approval of the administration." Is there a church here represented which has withdrawn its contributions from the Board? I do not believe there is. And, accordingly, I do not believe that there is a church here represented that will divert its contributions from the Board, whatever be your vote here to-day.

How little did anyone think this would be his last attendance at any meeting of the American Board! Yet the very next month, Mrs. Professor Cutler sent me the following letter:—

I do not know how to put in words all that we feel that this brave, consecrated soul is removed from the earthly life. On looking into *The Illuminated Valley*, which you kindly sent me, I am struck by the

fact that this new date of grief follows so closely the tenth anniversary of that other precious one, Sept. 4th, 1883. We doubt not that like his father he could say,—“If I am spared to do a little more preaching and writing here, I shall be happy. If God takes me to better work and higher preaching there, I shall be happier.”

We are grateful for the pleasure of his company at tea during the Board meeting, but regret that we could see so little of him. There was about him a kindness and helpfulness for others and a forgetfulness of self which was very attractive.

There was also about him a certain definiteness of consecration and a naturalness about it, which, in a sort of intangible way, made one feel that a high standard of consecration was right and natural for every Christian.

Professor Cutler added a few words, warmly endorsing what his wife had said.

Prof. E. P. Sanford, also of Clark University, wrote me:—

Long after coming to Worcester I looked back to Baltimore as home, and to the church there and to Mr. Lawrence as my church and my minister. For from him, through a time of religious uncertainty, I got not only good advice, but sympathetic comprehension as well. The central thoughts of two of his sermons that I heard on visits to Baltimore took strong hold at the time, and will never be forgotten. One was a sermon which he spoke of as a dream that was not all a dream, and, in the fashion of Bunyan's House of the Interpreter, went on to show how one and another of us treat our ideals. The pathos and the tragedy of having ideals and only living up to them in a half-hearted way, I shall not forget.

Mr. Lawrence had a rare combination of strongly-contrasting qualities,—liberality of thought and earnestness, fineness of feeling and practical energy, a temperament bordering on the poetic, and yet a strong executive power, all so blended with kindness and genial humor,—in a word, so lovable that one can better feel it than tell about it.

His brief visit at Worcester, glad as I am to remember it, has a light upon it that makes it almost painful. And my mother and sister, who saw so little of him, do not stand outside the shadow of your sorrow. How can it be possible that the man who was so full of life is not still going on with his work? I can recall the very tone of his voice as he expressed his satisfaction at the action taken by the American Board, his interest in seeing my work-room, the suggestion he made as to books for studying Church History with my Sunday School class, and a hundred and one little things that made up the man we knew and loved.

In this connection, I will quote a few lines from Rev. George W. Wood, for a long time missionary in Turkey, and who had known something of Edward as a boy:—

The taking away of your son, so honored for his brilliant powers, genuine consecration, self-sacrifice and great usefulness, and when he was your dependence in your advancing years, is a mystery indeed. We cannot comprehend it. We cannot easily accept it. It is enough that the All-wise, the tenderly pitying, the loving heavenly Father has done it. The time of our remaining pilgrimage is short. Only the evening shadows, when the sunset glory will merge into the blessed morning of the eternal day.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MAN PROPOSES.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their hearts and head
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Edward reached Linden Home on Saturday morning, and had no reason to complain of a cold reception. Matters were arranged as he desired, and after a few precious hours Lowry and I accompanied him to Roxbury, dividing our time among different friends, while he passed the night at Mr. Campbell's. It seems that a church in Manchester, N. H., having heard much about him, and learning that he would preach nowhere as a candidate, had arranged through some one this exchange, and on October 15th a large delegation went to Roxbury to hear him. In a Manchester paper appeared the following account of the arrangement and its results:—

Some members of the committee had heard Dr. Lawrence very highly recommended and they were very anxious to hear him, but Baltimore seemed a long way off. But the committee were equal to the emergency. When Dr. Lawrence came to Massachusetts recently, to a missionary convention, the committee arranged it so that Mr. Lawrence occupied the pulpit of one of the Roxbury churches one Sunday, exchanging with the pastor. This had all been arranged unknown to Dr. Lawrence, and the audience were all strangers to him, so that he was not aware that fourteen members of the Congregational church of this city sat in the audience listening to his discourse, with the idea of extending him a call if he was satisfactory.

They were so highly pleased with Dr. Lawrence that they were unanimously in favor of the church giving him a call, and in consideration of their favorable report Dr. Lawrence has been asked to fill this old and conservative church.

The delegation made themselves known at the close of the evening service and were so urgent that he should go

to Manchester with them in the morning and look about, meeting a few of the people, that he assented, although it broke up some of our Boston plans. He had previously expressed the desire that Lowry should pass the winter at Emerson's College, making her home with his mother, and going into Boston every day. He returned from Manchester in season to be in Boston at her entrance to the college. After dining at Rev. Mr. McElwin's, we went out to pass the afternoon with dear friends in Cambridge, but through some misunderstanding they were absent, and we returned, disappointed, to the city, parting at the Eastern station, to go our separate ways. As, however, there was to be a celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Plymouth Church in Syracuse, in November, and he had engaged to deliver an address on *The Ideal Church* on that occasion, he was full of anticipations of seeing us again on his way there. Had we dreamed of what was so near, how could we have let him go?

Baltimore, Oct. 19th.

I am just out from the prayer-meeting. It seems very pleasant to be at home again, and the possibility of going away makes me realize my attachment to the people, especially to the young people in all their faithfulness and enthusiasm, and there is an increasing number of them. But the Lord will make everything plain. I am now installed at Mrs. Ferguson's, in that little room in the third story, which must be about the size of the *Epistles*. But it is very cosy for a time, and it seems like home to be there. What pleasant visits we had, in spite of their being broken up by my sudden disappearance and of our missing Mrs. Gibbens!

Baltimore, Oct. 23rd.

Yesterday morning I told the people about the American Board meeting, in which they seemed greatly interested. Last night was rainy, but we had fifty-five persons out, and the chorus of young people adds much to the interest. After my sermon I was introduced to Professor Clark of Amherst, whose books on social questions I had read with great interest.

On October 24th he received the following letter from Manchester:—

Dear Dr. Lawrence:—

Though an officer of the church, this is not an official document; that will put in its appearance in due season, but I could not wait; I wanted you to know all that has transpired up to

date. Last evening we had the largest, most harmonious and enthusiastic church meeting ever held in our chapel. After a free and kindly interchange of opinions, the unanimous recommendation of our committee was accepted and adopted by a rising vote; we did not have to ask even a small minority to join with us and make the vote or call unanimous, for there was not one opposing vote. We believe that this result is in answer to our earnest prayers that God by His Holy Spirit would lead or guide us in the man of our choice.

Sincerely yours,

E. T. Baldwin.

Writes one of the lady delegates to a friend:—

I have been praying for nine months that we might be able to unite on some one whom we could call to be our pastor. . . . When the question was put and a rising vote taken, it seemed to me there must have been two hundred who voted yes and not one who opposed. Then, at a suggestion of some one, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung right heartily, while the meeting was closed by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." If Dr. Lawrence could have looked into the happy faces of that audience and heard their conversation, as they gathered together in little groups, I think he would feel that the indications of providence pointed pretty strongly to Manchester as his next field of labor.

But I must tell you that another committee was present to hear Dr. Lawrence, and were ready to call him, but were told that we had the precedence, as the exchange was arranged on our account.

Another writes:—"I have been connected with the church more than twenty-five years, and never attended such a gathering where everyone seemed so happy at the prospect which seemed to open before us."

Tidings of the call from Manchester brought Edward those evidences of affection and loyalty from his people which are always grateful to a pastor. And the following appreciative words from Professor Griffin, of Johns Hopkins University, gave him much satisfaction:—

I have sympathized strongly with you in your general views regarding theological and sociological questions. Your attitude before your people and in the community has been that of a public-spirited, large-hearted man, whose conception of the Christian minister is broad enough to take in the whole of life, and to lead you to serve those to whom you minister in ways which some of your brethren overlook. I am sure that the church will suffer a very serious loss should you thing it best to go, and we hope that the way of duty may not lead you elsewhere.

The tearful entreaties of some, that he would not leave, made the thought of parting which had all along been hard

still more painful. "My main reason for going," he writes, "is that it would be easier for Lowry to begin work with me in a new field. But for that, I should hardly have allowed them to extend a call."

At the same time, he could not escape the conviction that there was opened to him an important field deserving the most prayerful consideration. The committee expressed their readiness to give him farther information as to the church either at Baltimore or Manchester, as he preferred. A clipping from a Manchester paper expresses Edward's views as to his call:—

WORDS OF CHEER.

The following extract from a letter to the committee recently received from Dr. Lawrence will, at this time, be of special interest to the readers of *Church Progress*. Having referred with much feeling to the spirit of confidence and enthusiasm with which the call had been made, and to his thankfulness for the trust that had been shown, causing him at times to feel distrustful of his ability to realize such large hopes as seem to have been fixed on his coming, he adds, "I feel that my final decision can only be made after I have looked your people in the face, ministered to them, tested the acoustic properties of the church and learned whether the people make the same response to my presence as they have made to your report."

The committee feel that they can promise our people the pleasure of listening to Dr. Lawrence some Sunday in November.

The sketch by the parish visitor, sent to Edward's mother several months after he had passed from earth, is given here as a summary of the whole affair:—

The First Congregational Church in Manchester, N. H., had been for eight or nine months without a pastor, when the attention of its committee, consisting of thirty members, chosen from church and society, was directed to the work and worth of Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., of Baltimore. The testimony of mutual friends and the published accounts of his success as a pastor and his beneficent social enterprises, led many to believe that he was the one for whom they were waiting, and a large delegation took advantage of an exchange which had been effected to hear him preach in Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 15, 1893. The favorable impression already received was heightened by the two sermons heard that day. Dr. Lawrence was approached by members of the committee that night, and the probability of his receiving a call from the Manchester church was there announced. An invitation to return with the party and see the church and city was accepted by him, and, on the following evening a little company of

interested people met him at an informal reception at the home of one of the committee.

Memories of Dr. Lawrence, of his genial courtesy, and the happy friendliness of his manner, of his enthusiastic and wise discussion of problems of the church and kingdom, will be treasured by all who were favored by intercourse with him on those two days.

At largely attended meetings of both church and society, the committee of thirty presented the name of Dr. Lawrence as their choice of a pastor, and their recommendation was enthusiastically and unanimously adopted.

The following is the formal call as sent to Dr. Lawrence, Oct. 26, 1893:—

Manchester, N. H., Oct. 26, 1893.

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D. D.,

Dear Sir:—

In presenting to you the action of the First Congregational Church and Society of this city in the matter of extending to you a call to become their pastor, we, the committee appointed, desire to make some statements which we trust will influence you to accept it.

First, the great unanimity with which the call is given. After hearing all the evidence that the committee had gathered in relation to your adaptability to our church, together with the testimony of the large number who heard you preach at Roxbury on the 15th of this month, our people have accepted this accumulation of evidence in your favor as entirely satisfactory, and so voted to extend to you this call with enthusiastic unanimity, the meeting of the church being the largest held for years for the transaction of business.

Second, the situation of our church in the largest city of the state presents a field of usefulness for a Christian minister rarely found, giving such an ample scope for his best efforts, and affording him a commanding position, if he puts himself in sympathy with the churches of the state. These churches are constantly sending their young men here, and they naturally look to the pastor of the church to exercise Christian care over them.

Third, the large number of young people in our congregation is of itself stimulating and gives grounds for large expectations to a minister.

These pastorless months of patient waiting and prayer have seemed to unify our hearts and desires for one to lead us to more efficient Christian service. We confidently trust that the same guiding hand which has led us to this conclusion will lead you to a decision in harmony with our action and desire. Therefore, we present to you the action of the church and society, and cordially invite you to accept this united call, on the terms indicated therein, to become our pastor.

Should you do so, we are sure our people will respond heartily to your leadership in all efforts to build up the kingdom of Christ.

Sincerely yours,

The Committee.

Dr. Lawrence had acknowledged the receipt of the above call and had promised to visit the city Nov. 17th to 20th inclusive, as it was his wish that the people should have an opportunity of hearing him before the business arrangements were consummated. Before that

time arrived, however, he was stricken with the disease which terminated his earthly career, dying on the very day on which he was expected in Manchester.

He had so lived in the minds and hearts of that people during the month of negotiation, that there was felt, not only a keen disappointment as a church, but also a deep sense of personal bereavement by many who had never even seen him.

His portrait still hangs among those of the pastors of the church, and he himself dwells in the affections of the people.

It may not be amiss to introduce here a letter from Rev. Dr. T. Eaton Clapp, which tells its own story:—

Manchester, N. H., February 2nd, 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

Will a note supplemented to Miss Dana's narrative of your dear son's call to the First Congregational Church at Manchester, N. H., with its pathetic and tragic termination, be out of place in his biography? Associated as fellow pastors in Syracuse, he quickly won my admiration for his manliness, scholarship, pulpit ability, and evangelical zeal. One of the pleasing incidents of my departure for Portland, Oregon, was the discovery that I owed my call in part to his kindness.

About the time of his call to Manchester, circumstances personal led us to seek an Eastern residence. Whereupon I made inquiry of him concerning vacant churches to which I might secure an introduction. This inquiry was followed in a few weeks by an absolutely unexpected call to Manchester as the successor of my lamented friend, whose departure was such an extended and profound shock. As already said, my call to Manchester was an utter surprise, and it was months later before the cause came to my knowledge. Then it was known to be a sweet after-fruit of our friendship. My letter of inquiry, reaching Baltimore after his death, was forwarded to you, my dear Mrs. Lawrence; your tender thoughtfulness guided the church toward me and led to invitation and settlement. Your large heart adopted all the friends of your sainted son; and at a time when you had a special right to forget them, your generous purpose was at work to put one of these friends at the task which death compelled your dear son to lay down. Thus God has yoked our lives together and wrapped his consecrated mantle around me.

So my settlement at Manchester has always seemed specially sacred—like the water of Bethlehem's fountain to the thirsty shepherd king. It was the outcome of a hallowed friendship, seconded by a rare mother-love. It is impossible to pay this little tribute without intruding myself into the story, where it has no right to be. My simply plea is that only in such way could the offering be made.

Ever gratefully yours,

T. Eaton Clapp.

A few additional words from Dr. Clapp are given, which were written just after his settlement over the Manchester church:—

“It will please you to know of the continued and most tender reference made daily to your son. The thought of the faithfulness and efficiency with which his work here would have been prosecuted is an inspiration to me. He may be following the life of the church, which is very unusual in its welcome to us. There is also a fine docility which promises easy leadership.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LAST DAYS.

Strange, how we think of Death,
The angel beloved of God,
With his face like an asphodel flower,
And his feet with nepenthe shod!

Strange how we turn and flee,
When he comes by the sunset way
Out of the Valley of Rest,
Down by the baths of day!

Why should we fear him so?
What doth the white one bear?
Heartsease of Paradise,
Lilies of upper air.

Comes he so soft, so kind,
Down from the waiting sky,—
Soft as a mother, stirred
By a child's fancied cry.

Why should we call him Death,—
Death as we deem it—pray?
Doth he not free the soul,
Cramped by its gyves of clay?

Which is the truer *life*—
Flesh, to corruption born,
Or the untrammelled soul
Winged with eternal morn?

—James Buckham.

Baltimore, Oct. 27th, 1893.

Dear Mother:—

My present plan is to leave here Monday, Nov. 13th, just after midnight, reaching Syracuse in time to attend the closing exercises of the anniversary and to deliver my address. I spend Tuesday there, and on Wednesday leave for Marblehead. Then, on Friday morning I expect to go to Manchester, attending the evening meeting, preaching Sunday, and spending Monday there, giving my answer before I leave and returning here at once. In case I accept the call, I should wish to begin there early in December, when I shall hope to

have you and Lowry come up and spend the Christmas vacation with me.

To my inquiry of Edward, whether, having Lowry with me, I had better accept an invitation from the Abbott Academy Club to dine with them in Boston, at the opening meeting of the year, he had replied, "Of course you will go to that dinner, and will take Lowry as your guest, and of course she will go with you."

According to the arrangement, on Saturday, November 4th, Lowry and I went to Boston to the Parker House, where we met the Abbott Academy Club, and had dinner and speeches. Lowry was persuaded to give recitations from Browning, and as an *encore*, *Did You Ever?* As had been planned, we spent Sunday and Monday with different friends, and were to return home the next day.

On Tuesday, a telegram summoned us to Edward's dying bed. As we were utterly unprepared, the bolt fell as out of a clear sky. But there was not a minute to lose, and borrowing money from a friend and with only our handbags, we took the earliest train, reaching Lowry's home between two and three o'clock Wednesday morning, where we found Anita and her husband, who had arrived Tuesday evening. To describe that journey all attempts would be vain.

To go back a few days,—from the account given me by Mrs. Ferguson, in whose house, having just left Parkin Street, Edward now had a room, it seems that on Thursday evening, November 2nd, he came to her, asking for a cup of hot water, as he did not feel well. He had been in to see a doctor who lived near by, and who gave him some powders, but as he was no better the next day, she considerably arranged for him to take a larger room on the second story.

Miss Tyson, at whose house he had boarded almost the whole time of his residence in Baltimore, speaks of missing him at her table, but as he was often absent, did not think of

this as strange. "But when he did not appear on Sunday we felt anxious, and my sister went to the house to make inquiries, and found how ill he was. I cannot tell you how much he was missed at our table. He was a favorite with the whole household, smoothing over all difficulties. Words cannot express the sympathy we feel for you."

On Saturday he wrote a postal card to Mrs. Nunn:—"I am not very well to-day—indigestion or something. Shall not try to come over to-night, but hope to be all right to-morrow."

Deacon Cressy writes:—"On Wednesday evening, November 1st, the preparatory lecture was on the 17th chapter of John. Mr. Lawrence's earnestness and the brightness of his countenance in presenting the truths of that chapter were so manifest, that it was spoken of by many in the congregation. Late on the following Saturday afternoon he sent for me. On my entering the room he said, with a smile, 'You did not expect to find me in bed, but I shall be all right in two or three days. I fear, however, that I shall not be able to preach to-morrow, although I may be present in the morning.' As there were twelve to unite with the church, he was anxious to be there."

At his request, Deacon Cressy made inquiries among the ministers, and finally returned with the report that he had secured the services of Dr. Joseph Smith as a supply for his pulpit Sunday morning, and that of another minister for the evening.

Mrs. Ferguson speaks of his passing a restless night, and of his sufferings on Sunday morning as being so great that the doctor was summoned. He prescribed a hot bath and hot applications, which, however, brought no relief. But she took comfort from his assurance that the case was not serious.

Mrs. Nunn writes that she first knew of his sickness by the postal card which has been given. Learning from Dea-

con Cressy that he would like to see her, she called on Sunday. "Although in bed, he thought he should be up the next day, and said that Mrs. Ferguson was doing everything for him that was needed. He requested me to read the 11th chapter of John, which Lowry and he were to read on that Sunday. I asked him if I should write to his mother or Lowry and he said no, he should be better soon, and would write himself; that he was glad they were having a good time in Boston."

It was concluded that Edward Nunn should stay with him during the night, about which he writes:—

Mr. Lawrence said this was the first Sunday in all his ministry that he had been unable to preach. As he took medicine every hour, we were awake nearly all night and had a good deal of talk. It caused him acute pain to move, but he expressed his belief that his troubles all came from a severe attack of indigestion. He spoke of the love he bore to every member of the congregation, and of the struggle it would cost him to leave, with his reasons for so doing, and of the tenement-work and the good he hoped would be accomplished by it. The idea, however, of any thing but an early recovery never occurred to either of us. In his sickness, as in his life, he was the Christian gentleman in his unselfish disregard of his own suffering and his thought for others.

From a letter of Mrs. Smith, one of my son's faithful friends, to Miss Noyes, a former teacher in the Woman's College and an attendant at Edward's church, a few extracts are made:—

The night of the Preparatory lecture, Nov. 1st, was the last time Mr. Lawrence was with us, and it seemed almost as if he must have had premonitions that it would be his last talk to us. He spoke so beautifully that many were greatly impressed. He took the whole chapter of John 17th, and I don't think you ever heard him or any other talk as he did. At this time he was considering the call to Manchester, though he would not decide till he had been there to preach, which he was shortly expecting to do. . . . When, on Sunday morning, I saw Dr Smith of the Central Presbyterian Church in the pulpit, a chill crept over me. When my husband came to his seat, he said that Mr. Lawrence had acute stomach trouble. He had come up from Parkin Street a short time before.

A warm friend of Edward's, a Johns Hopkins' student, writes that many were so anxious that on Sunday he ventured to suggest to Edward's doctor that a surgeon from

Johns Hopkins' Hospital should be called in for a consultation, to which he assented. Meeting the doctor on Monday on the street, he reported that he had called on Dr. Halsted, but as he was not up, he had arranged that Mr. Lawrence should send him a note requesting him to appoint a time for the consultation.

On the same day Edward sent Mrs. Nunn, in pencilling and in a very unsteady hand, the last words he ever wrote:—

Monday. The doctor this morning suggests the possibility of the Hopkins hospital for me, and Dr. Halsted is to meet him here at three this afternoon and decide. I thought it right to let you know.

Yours sincerely,

Edward A. Lawrence.

After the examination Dr. Halsted pronounced his disease appendicitis, and said he must be taken to the hospital at once. When Mrs. Nunn asked him if she should write his mother, "Not till after the operation." She went with him in the ambulance, holding his head. While on the way he said to her, "If God wants me for a higher service, I am ready, and if for work here on earth, I am ready."

It was not till after the operation, and the surgeon's reply to his inquiries, that he realized his condition and consented that telegrams should be sent us. Shortly after our arrival, word came that he was sinking rapidly. We hastened to the hospital, and being taken into his room, he said with a glow of welcome in his face, though in a feeble voice, "What happiness to see you all here!"

We were allowed to remain only five minutes, but he spoke a separate word to each. Thursday morning Mr. and Mrs. Hall from Plattsburg arrived and received a warm greeting.

He was kept most of the time under the influence of morphine, but was conscious at intervals until the end came. He had an excellent nurse, the head-nurse of the ward, who became greatly attached to him.

After he went to the hospital, the papers made daily reports of his case and letters of inquiry and sympathy were constantly received.

Among these was one addressed to Edward from his friend, Father Nilan, of St. Peter's Church, Poughkeepsie, dated November 9th. "It grieves me to read in the morning's papers that you are ill. My sympathy goes to your esteemed mother, whose maternal affection consoles you in your illness. My prayers will be for your speedy recovery, and all blessings from the source of every grace."

A letter came to his mother from a member of his Champlain Church:—

"We read in yesterday's *Tribune* that our dear Mr. Lawrence was critically ill. We are exceedingly anxious to know more of his condition. God grant that he may be restored! With deepest sympathy, E. C. Stetson, Gloversville, November 10th." Alas! before the arrival of this letter, he had passed over the river.

Rev. Mr. Rogers, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, wrote me, November 8th:—"You will have no lack of expressions of sympathy, for in addition to his own people, your son had a large circle of friends. But I feel prompted to express the thought of my heart. He is so ingenuous, so genial, so warm-hearted, that all who know him have learned to esteem him very highly. If consistent with the Lord's will, may he speedily be restored to health!"

Telegrams of inquiry were sent constantly from Manchester, where he had expected to go about this time, and one of the church members sent the following postal card to a deeply interested friend in another city:—"Manchester, Friday, A. M. A telegram received here last evening from the physician at Johns Hopkins' Hospital, said that the case was a hopeless one. Another sent at midnight said that Dr. Lawrence was still living. I cannot give up all

hope while he lives. God may yet hear our prayers. His work for us has been a grand one, even if he never looks into the faces of this people, and many of us will feel his loss almost as though he were already our pastor."

A most comforting letter came from Rev. Dr. Spalding, of the First Presbyterian Church in Syracuse:—

With what prayers and anxious, tender heart I, though away, have been watching at the bed of your dear, dear boy. The note from your daughter, brought by little Wallace this morning, seems to tell with certainty that the struggle between hope and fear is over, and perhaps already the noble servant of Christ has gone to the Master whom he so ardently loved. My heart bleeds for you. Such an ending to such fond, brightest hopes, such a rending of such tenderest, most sacred affections! But this is the earthly side. Beyond it is such sunshine, such glory, such eternal security and triumph. I loved him with a great love, and who that really knew him must not so have loved him? I never knew one nobler in character, purer in life, sweeter in love, more simple and transparent in being. The perpetual smile in his eyes—that no unkindness of others could hide, no sadness of earth could dispel, no shame nor sin of all the world could put into absolute eclipse; that beautiful, hopeful, forgiving, patient, brave smile was to me the index of his own great, loving, Christlike character. Oh, dear mother, dear sister, you too, whom I have not seen, but who are known to me by a fellowship of suffering, in all your tears, may that smile of his reflect itself, and may his deathless hope and love and perfect faith enter your own souls. If the dear son is this side the gates, give him my love, my whole heart's "good-by" for the "little while" ere we shall all meet in the rapture of an endless welcome. God greatly bless you all, and give you comforts larger than your bitterest sorrow, and sweeter even than your fondest love.

Yours with utmost sympathy,

George B. Spalding.

After learning that all was over, and that Edward's mother was suffering keenly from the feeling that, had his case been understood, this agony of parting might have been spared, Dr. Spalding wrote again:—

Dear Edward's ministry here on earth has not been interrupted. It has, by the liberation of death, been made infinitely more effective and joyful. I believe that his freed spirit in ways of love and ministering care even for you, is immensely more direct and fruitful than when he was here on earth. "Death is gain," gain in powers of service and expressions and influences of love. It was the soul of your son that once filled his body, and made that body so dear to you. That soul has not ceased its powers of reaching you now that it has left a limiting body of mere flesh. He loves you still, sees you, helps you, dear mother, more than at his very best while here. May God comfort your heart!

Edward had one of the best of nurses, a Miss Irving, and at our request, she kindly sent me the following letter:—

Nov. 6th, 1893.

Monday. Beyond asking for those things necessary for his comfort, Dr. Lawrence said very little except to inquire if there was any hope of his recovery, "for I have much to live for," he added. Being kept under the influence of morphine he was very drowsy and quiet.

Tuesday. About five A. M. "Please bathe me all over with cold water. I have always taken a cold bath in the morning, and I miss it very much." During the bath he told me that he first felt unwell on Thursday, but that the symptoms were not very marked till Saturday. "I hope I have not put off coming here too long."

About ten, he said he felt quite comfortable and begged me to go to bed and sleep well. When I returned at four in the afternoon, I found he had vomited constantly since twelve at noon. When I was going to dinner at half past six, he said, "Do not stay long. When I am well I love solitude, but now I like to have you near me all the time."

About nine he asked, "Have you your Bible? I did not bring mine, but would like to have you read to me if you will." The Bible being brought, he named the 14th chapter of John. At the end of the 26th verse, he motioned me to stop. "Can you pray with me?" I repeated the Lord's prayer, and then he slept at intervals till three o'clock. Wednesday morning, waking suddenly, he looked directly into my face,—*"I shall never get well; I am going to die."* I told him that was not for a nurse to decide. But receiving no contradiction, he added, "If it is God's will, I am ready to go. In spite of my shortcomings and my many sins, there is a place for me." When I ventured to express a doubt as to his ever having been very sinful,—*"Hush! Don't; I have tried, but my sins will all be forgiven."* He said this with a sweet smile, and then dozed for half an hour. Waking gently he said, "I should like to see my mother and sister and Lowry, if it were possible." When he heard that they had been sent for, he seemed to be thinking over what he should say to them. About four they all came and had a brief interview with him. When, later, he was bathed and arranged for the day, he gave me in charge some things to be repeated to his mother concerning business matters and the studies he would like to have Miss Nunn pursue, adding, "Do not forget to tell her."

That evening he wanted me to read the 103rd Psalm. An' then I repeated the Lord's prayer, the prayer of Chrysostom and the Benediction. Lowry came to bid him good night, bringing him some flowers. When she had gone, he said, "Explain to her and to them all that I am dying, and don't let them think that I can recover. There is much work I wanted to do, but it is the will of God that I should go, and to die is the perfection of life."

He slept at intervals during that night and talked very little. Once he awoke with a radiant smile and arms outstretched, exclaiming, "Beautiful, beautiful, to be with Christ, with Christ forever!" He spoke only when questioned. After midnight he failed rapidly till about six in the morning, when he suddenly rallied, saying, "I am

not going to die yet; I have so much to live for." During the day he recognized his friends when they were allowed to come in for five minutes. But he was unable to rouse himself or to fix his attention without great effort. He inquired for his mother and sister and Lowry, sending his love and "God bless them all!"

In the evening, on being arranged for the night, he repeated the Lord's prayer, petition after petition, down to "Forgive us our trespasses," when I finished it alone. All that night he was conscious when roused; but his mind seemed occupied with the great struggle between body and soul. His sister and Lowry were with him, and he often called their names, turning towards them as he spoke. He seemed to recognize his mother's absence, and the last word he uttered was "*Mother*." At half past nine his soul returned home.

A very dear friend wrote me:—"It was precious to see him meet your eyes as you stood beside his bed that day when we first saw him, and to hear him say, 'Mother, we do not need to talk now, for we were all to each other during life.' I am glad that the last word he said was *Mother*. No son could have loved a mother more devotedly and loyally and more tenderly than he."

Writes his Johns Hopkins' friend, of whom mention has been made:—

After the operation I did not see him till Tuesday afternoon. On seeing me, he smiled and gave me his hand. He did not speak often, but would open his eyes and smile in the old way. I think he wanted to talk, but felt it was best to keep perfectly quiet. I was with him much of the time till midnight. At one time, expressing my sympathy with the pain he endured, he replied,—“I am no coward; I don't fear pain, not physical pain.” Some time during the night he said,—“I don't want to die yet.” His whole appearance indicated that he was trying to repress his feelings in view of what was so wholly unexpected. Life was dear to him. He was in the midst of a vigorous manhood with the best years of life before him. He was eager to do the work he had planned. Questions of the day, social problems, and religious movements had claimed much of his attention. In the midst of this he was stricken, and who can tell the thoughts that passed in his mind? On entering the room, a short time before his death, he aroused enough to recognize me, called me by name, and took my hand. Later on, he again aroused and took my hand. I asked him if he could trust in the Saviour. He responded quickly,—“Oh, yes, Christ, Christ,—for me to live is Christ, and”—after a pause as if to weigh the full meaning of the words,—“to die is gain.”

To me, the most impressive period of his life was these last hours. His sufferings were not known by any word from him. I have never seen one so brave and in such perfect trust in the hour of death.

The mother's grief that she should have been separated from her son when he would seem most to have needed her,

can be better imagined than described, a grief aggravated by the feeling that had she been there at the beginning of his sickness, she might have taken measures that others did not feel at liberty to suggest, and which might have led to a different result.

To the rumors that her son was not only resigned but joyful in the anticipation of leaving this world, she could not give credence. She knew him so well, with his abounding life, his far-reaching plans and his glowing anticipations, that, strange as it may seem, it was rather a relief to her to find that he passed through struggles before absolute resignation came, although that it would come she had, of course, no doubt. But who can tell what conflicts passed through his mind before he could say without hesitation—*"To die is gain!"*

The following poem, with the comforting result, may express something of the struggle through which he passed:—

"I had been ready when the evening came—
Some sheaves had proved I had not toiled for naught,—
With kindly welcome had pronounced thy name,
And gladly felt the rest thy presence brought.

"But now, in sooth, thou comest all too soon,
And tak'st my work unfinished from my hands;
Thou bid'st me hence when day is at the noon;
My golden harvest all ungathered stands."

"Think'st thou there is no work to do but this?
No other harvest whitening in the sun?
That any change can rob thee of the bliss
Of sure completion of the task begun?"

I turned in haste, rebuked, no more at strife
With him my foolish heart had shrank to meet,—
And lo! God's angel, not of Death but Life,
Before me stood, and drew me to his feet.

Wishing to gather every particular regarding Edward's sickness, his mother wrote to Dr. Halsted, who replied:—
"I was sent for when it was so late that it was absolutely

without hope that I undertook the operation. There was, however, a chance for him, perhaps, and I felt that it was my duty to give it to him. He was my tutor at Yale College for one term, but I did not recall this till after his death. He was very brave, so brave that I commented upon it to several before I knew who he was. I was called out of town soon after the operation, and did not return till he had passed away. I will ask Dr. Bloodgood, who was in charge of Dr. Lawrence, to write you.

Dr. Bloodgood adds:—"It is with pleasure and much sadness that I write you,—pleasure that I can warm a mother's heart with the knowledge that her son met his death with so much calmness and courage; sadness, that such a useful life should have to end while there was yet so much to be done. After the operation, he asked me to telegraph you, if we considered his condition dangerous. On the third day, he asked me if he could live. I told him he was a very sick man. Whatever his sufferings were, in mind or body, we could not tell. He was always calm, patient, resigned, and his end surely exemplified that comforting saying, that death is swallowed up in victory."

Edward's last service in the church was the preparatory lecture on Wednesday evening, November 1st, ten days before he left these earthly scenes. Could he have had an unconscious prescience that it was the last time he should speak to his beloved people? Many have spoken of that discourse as a remarkable one, affecting them deeply.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RESTS HE NOW.

NOT THIS!

“What, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him? he knows not what he can,
What cannot bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross:
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, ‘Oh! spare me here;
Oh, not, not this!’

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon’s knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay then but he, who best doth understand
Both what we need
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.”

It was Edward’s custom to put in his weekly bulletin some choice selection of poetry. In one of his latest he was led to insert the above poem. Was it some unconscious premonition that moved him thus in advance to voice the feelings of his friends, and possibly his own? Who can tell?

Every one who has known sorrow, has known also the consolation that comes from the sympathy of friends. Of such consolation those bereaved by this sudden blow had no lack. The first written words of sympathy came from a Catholic priest of the city, Father Starr, at one time Edward's fellow-traveller on the way to Chicago.

My Dear Madam:—

Will you pardon me for intruding upon your notice at this time, to offer you my sincerest condolence upon the death of your esteemed son, Dr. Lawrence, between whom and myself very pleasant relations have existed. I pray God to help you in bearing the irreparable loss which you have sustained. It is very like an impertinence to tell you that he has endeared himself to hosts of people in this city, outside the field of his own ministrations. I am

Very truly yours,

Wm. E. Starr.

Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, Nov. 11th, 1893.

From the letters from Manchester, where Edward had been expected to make his promised visit at about this time, a few extracts are given:—

We had been looking forward to his visit with increasing delight. How soon was our joy turned into sorrow! As we gathered for prayer that Friday evening, we were a stricken and bereaved company, with hearts too full for utterance. A grasp of the hand and a few words, mingled with tears, told our sorrow! It was a sad service, and those dear to him were not forgotten.

One of the deacons said, last evening, that as he had met our people on the street in the afternoon, they looked as though they had lost their dearest friend. "Our pastor has passed away," was the feeling which seemed to fill every heart. At the prayer meeting everything in song and prayer and word was permeated with the one thought of our great loss, and the desire to know what lessons God would teach us thereby. One of our choicest young men led the meeting, reading the passage referring to Peter's deliverance from prison, and spoke of the earnestness with which the church had been praying for Dr. Lawrence's recovery. "But," said he, "the angel has indeed delivered him from prison, the gates have opened for him into the Celestial City, and he will no more return to his friends." Many wept during the service, and it seemed as though we could not have felt much worse if he had been actually our pastor. It is marvellous what a hold he had gained upon the hearts even of those who had never seen him. All who met him were wonderfully attracted. I count it a blessed privilege that I was permitted to hear him preach and to come for a brief space within the influence of the spiritual atmosphere that surrounded him.

I write to you in the name of our bitterly disappointed and grief-stricken church. We are indeed under a heavy cloud, yet our tears

fall not alone for ourselves. We realize that another church is mourning for a dear and faithful pastor with an appreciation which is the growth of years. And brief as our acquaintance with Dr. Lawrence had been, his reverential love for his mother was well known to us, making it possible to understand something of her feeling at the loss of such a son. And we remember the sister, and another whom we hoped to welcome among us to be our friend and helper. The sense of personal bereavement manifested by our people is almost surprising, and expressions of deep regret come to us from other churches, and from some but little interested in any church, who realize what our city would have gained in such a man. He is as truly a part of the history of our church-life as though he had labored among us. We have felt and shall feel his influence, and it has been good for us to have had even this brief connection with him. Our church is better for it I am sure, and while the tender and harmonious spirit which now prevails will lead us to welcome kindly the one whom the Lord may send us, we shall never forget Dr. Lawrence.

“The more I learn of the feeling of the people towards Dr. Lawrence, the more mysterious it seems that he should have been taken from us. One gentleman who has not attended our church and rarely went into any church, met Dr. Lawrence for a moment when he was here and was so strongly attracted towards him that when the news of his death came, he said, ‘I do not know when I have felt anything as I do this.’

“Another, who had not seen him and who has not been a church-goer for several years, remarked that when Dr. Lawrence came, he meant to come to church every Sunday. These are only samples of the interest he aroused even among those not Christians or even church-goers. He was a man of wonderful personal magnetism. A reporter was heard to say that he did not know when the death of one so little known here had elicited such general expressions of sorrow.”

Meantime from all quarters came letters and telegrams, while many outside of his church, as well as his own people, called to offer sympathy. Among these was his friend, Professor Peabody of Cambridge, who, as intimated in his letter, was delivering lectures on Sociology at Johns Hopkins University.

The question, so unexpected, came to his mother, where should be the burial? He had written some years before, in answer to her inquiries:—"As to what you say about securing a lot in the cemetery, I feel, with father, that it matters little where this body is laid when I have done with it. As for the grave, we do not care where it is. Do not be concerned to visit the spot where my body crumbles, for I shall not be there."

But it was a matter of importance to his friends, and a lot had been procured in the Andover Hill cemetery, where were the graves of many relatives, including his grandfather, his uncle, Leonard Woods, his father and his sister Carrie. And his friends there naturally inferred that his burial place would be in his father's lot, with his name inscribed on his father's family monument. There was no time for consultation, but his mother felt, instinctively, that his grave should be in Greenmount, where not only his own people, but the poor all over the city whom he had come to know so well, could visit it. And it was therefore arranged that it should be in Mr. Nunn's family lot.

The body was embalmed and taken to the church parlor, adjoining his study, the room being beautifully decorated with flowers. No one who saw the weeping visitors that thronged around the casket from morning till night, could doubt the place that Edward held in the hearts of the community. An illustration is given in the following letter from Miss Amelia Knipp:—

Many times have I thought of writing to you of those last few days at the church, but it has seemed impossible to express one-half of the loving, touching actions of those hours. It was more what was done than any words that were spoken, that showed the love the people bore for Mr. Lawrence.

One lady, whose granddaughter had recently died, came and looking down at your son, with tears in her eyes, said, "He did not think when he was comforting us how soon he would be with our child." Then she told me of his coming to them when they were nearly heartbroken and saying, "She is one of the flowers that God has plucked." To feel that God wanted their child for his garden was the comfort that family needed. The next day the father of the little girl

who had died brought all of the children, even the smallest who had to be held in his father's arm to see your son's face, and as each one was leaving he or she left some flowers as a loving tribute to the memory of their Mr. Lawrence. Indeed flowers were brought by almost everybody just as a gift of love.

The mother of some of our Sunday School children came into the room bringing a bunch of chrysanthemums and said, with tears streaming down her cheeks, "I could not bring much, but I did want to do something for him."

One of our little girls in the primary department, who, so far as I know, has no religious training at home, wanted to be lifted up to see "*her* minister."

Almost every one who came in wanted to do something to make the surroundings as bright and beautiful as possible, for that they knew was what Mr. Lawrence liked and believed was right. In that same connection many spoke of a sermon he had preached one evening on "Death," and how he said then when death entered, the time had come for brightness and sunshine, for it was the entrance into a more beautiful life.

A number of people, bringing their children to see him who had been so kind to them, would tell of one and another thoughtful act that their friend Mr. Lawrence had done for them, giving us a glimpse of how much of his life was spent in going around and doing good.

Mr. Thomson, his associate in Winans' Tenements, writes:—"Among the large crowd was one of the two women who took care of our rooms. When I saw her there, weeping, I went up and shook hands with her. She was too full to speak, and tears filled her eyes."

The Sunday School sent palms and flowers, tied with white ribbon, and the King's Daughters, white roses. Professor Peabody's tribute was a large bouquet of lovely roses. Floral stars, crescents and crosses were also brought.

The funeral was on Monday morning, November 13th, at which were present a large number of ministers of all denominations. The following account is from a Baltimore paper:—

The funeral of the dead pastor began at ten o'clock. The chancel was a mass of floral offerings, some of costly design, while many simple bouquets of flowers were sent by the members of the congregation. A large pall of chrysanthemums and roses covered the casket. This was the offering of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Addresses were made by several clergymen, from which full extracts are given:—

Said Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, of the Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore:—

“It is not death to die,
To leave the weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.”

—Bethune. 1

“The brotherhood on high.” It never seemed so real to me as it has done since this man entered it. He is still serving his Master, but there instead of here; still working for Jesus, but with clearer vision, wider outlook, better tools, unwearying powers. His energy seemed tireless here, his vigor unabated, his enthusiasm never so great. I think it is this that makes his activity in the New Life seem so real.

His friendship was always a blessing and delight to me. There was no point where he did not touch me. There was nothing I could not tell him. He was always sympathetic, always strong.

He was rounded on all sides, thoroughly balanced. His love of books was met and matched by his love of men; his love of Grace by his love of Nature; his lofty aspirations by lowliest service: his logical mind by his playful spirit.

His face was always full of light. Loving sympathy, keenest interest, playful humor gleamed in his eyes. His strong face was one of the most tenderly affectionate ones that I have ever seen. Radiant with kindness, it will be to me a beautiful and cherished memory, and a bright and blessed anticipation.

Why he had to go just when he did, and just as he did, who can tell? I do not think we shall know this side till the day of explanations. We can only say what his father said, and what satisfied him as well all his life through, . . . “*Hoc vult Deus.*”

There are after all but two solutions of our dark problems: Fate or Father. I will not say “Fate.” “I believe in God the Father Almighty,” All-loving, All-wise. “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.”

The shadow falls on us, not on him whom God has called. It is we who are dying, he is alive forevermore. He has fought the good fight, and kept the faith.

Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won.

He said at his father's funeral, “This is not a house of mourning, though there is mourning in the house. It is not the house of death, though death has been among us. We do not sit in gloom, clad in emblems of despair. We welcome to these rooms the air, the light, the song of birds.”

The sermon that Mr. Lawrence had planned to preach next Sunday was on the text: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." How strangely beautiful!

And so shall we be satisfied with his likeness, and with his love,—the love that marked out for us the very path we are treading to-day.

Remarks of Rev. Alexander Proudfit, D. D., who has followed him into the other world:—

Sixty years ago two ministers labored not far from each other in New England, one as a teacher, the other as a pastor. The teacher was the grandfather of our departed brother, the pastor the father of the present speaker. Having this ancient bond of union we soon became acquainted after he came to this city and from that time our acquaintance grew rapidly and ripened into friendship. We were associated in various ways. There is an organization here known as "The Eclectic Club," composed of ministers representing some seven denominations.

I am here to-day as the president, for the time, of the organization, to bear my personal tribute, and to lay a wreath of brotherly affection upon the bier of our departed member. We meet monthly at the homes of the members, have a paper upon some subject chosen at the preceding meeting, and a free discussion in which all participate. In all these discussions we found Brother Lawrence a most helpful and instructive member. His wide reading, his intelligent interest in all the great questions of the day, his extensive travel and observation, his firm grasp upon and earnest advocacy of truth, caused his fellow members to listen to him always with respect; while at the same time he was uniformly courteous and entirely destitute of the air of "knowing it all."

Two things especially interested him, viz.: sociology and missions.

Upon the subject of sociology he was probably one of the best informed men in this city, going so far as to reside among the poor in order that he might study their needs more accurately.

Our loss and that of this church and of the community is great; but the loss which you, his dear ones, have met with, is unspeakable. We tender you our sincere and most affectionate sympathy.

From Rev. S. M. Newman of the First Congregational Church at Washington, D. C.:—

When I first looked on the face, and studied the eyes and manner of the brother we mourn today, I felt that I saw a true man, a spirit without guile, a brother and friend of the most worthy type. The passing months have confirmed these first impressions. I have proved him to be a friend unchangeable, with perennial geniality and cheer, with ready and careful wisdom, a true heart, and faithful helper. I have felt the power of his life, in those silent and effective ways in which the sunshine and gravitation work.

I have found in him a type of life which is altogether too rare, but which, whenever I see it, reads me a deep lesson concerning the progress of our unfolding faculties. Nobody could be with Mr. Law-

rence long without seeing the best qualities of childhood, simplicity, genuineness and all the rest, enriching everything he did. He was keeping in each period of life all the chief qualities and graces of preceding periods in full and active exercise. I should have expected to see him, if he had been spared to old age, retain all the joys and characteristics of each great part of life.

Rev. Francis B. Hall, Edward's friend from Plattsburg, N. Y., talked lovingly of the dead, taking his theme from the text, "Your thoughts are not my thoughts, nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord: for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts and ways higher than yours." He said he could sum up the character of the deceased in the single sentence. "He could be held up to the sunlight without anyone being able to detect a flaw in him."

Rev. Edward T. Root, pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Baltimore, spoke as the representative of the Congregational churches. He told how warmly he had been received by Dr. Lawrence when he came to Baltimore two years ago to take charge of the Second Church, and what a strength the deceased had been to him. He said: "I feel it would be out of place for me to deliver a formal eulogy, because it seems his own simple, modest nature would, if it could, resent it. It would seem to be an incongruity to do so. I therefore simply testify these plain facts. Such lives as his demonstrate, it seems to me, that Christ Jesus is indeed in the world. His last request was: 'Give me a drink of faith, not a drink of water, but faith to strengthen me in the last conflict.'"

After the services, the casket was raised on the shoulders of the bearers, and, preceded by Dr. Newman, and the honorary pall-bearers, was carried slowly from the church. The Endeavorers gathered up flowers and fern leaves, a number of them going at once to Greenmount and waiting at the grave, which had been lined with arbor vitae and ferns. Dr. Newman and Rev. Frank Luckey from New Haven spoke briefly, and the casket was lowered in silence.

Then we went singly and threw flowers over it, after which, ferns were scattered till the grave was filled.

Rose bushes have since been planted there and the grave has never ceased, summer or winter, to be covered with flowers. Recently, by his sister and a friend, a simple boulder has been erected at its head, bearing the following inscription:—

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE
BORN JAN. 16, 1847
WENT HOME NOV. 10, 1893.

I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

Extracts follow from a sermon preached by the Rev. Hiram Vrooman before the Baltimore Society of the New Jerusalem Church, November 19th:—

I attended the funeral services, last Monday morning, of a man I very well knew and greatly loved. The Rev. Mr. Lawrence impressed me as a man with an indomitable will, who brought all the force of his strong character against the evils of life. He reached out as far as his powers enabled him to make men better. He shrank from no duty. Discomfort or personal sacrifice were never allowed to stay him in accomplishing any good work that he could perform. He was called very suddenly from us. His going was unexpected to him. Doubtless, the knowledge that he must depart caused him suffering. I believe that his longing to fill the great opportunities for usefulness that he saw before him bound him to this world with strong desire. In his death, I was separated from a friend. I feel that a power has been taken to heaven that was needed in this world. But the Lord in a loving and merciful providence knew otherwise. Let us trust in him.

I cannot better close this chapter than with the following beautiful tribute from James Buckham, whose poems have comforted so many hearts:—

His was a soul with pure devotion warm,
A noble mind, to noble issues keyed,
A hand outstretched to every brother's need—
God's stamp of manhood on his face and form.

So moved he in unconscious Christlikeness
Along the path of duty, cheerful e'er,
But ready still some other's pain to share,
Or by his toiling make some burden less.

His smile was sunshine, and his firm, sweet voice
 Brought peace and strength to many a troubled soul.
 There spoke a heart, man-loving, true, and whole,
 In touch with those who sorrow or rejoice.

What epitaph could honor such as he?
 Things done his praise, and things which he began.
 He stood four-square, full statured; was a man
 God loved; such let the simple record be.

From the first moment, when I felt the warm, sincere grasp of Mr. Lawrence's hand, and looked into that face, so strong, so sympathetic, so manfully winning, I knew him for a friend, a friend to honor and to love, to lean upon with confidence and to serve with gladness.

I never met a man who more ideally fulfilled my conception of the word manhood than did Mr. Lawrence. Strength was written all over him—strength physical, mental and spiritual. He had the healthful aspect of a lover of God's great out-door world. His conversation, his writing, his public address, his very cast of countenance, displayed the strong, well-balanced, well-informed mind of a thinker whose intellectual power has character for foundation. A man of spotless life, of pure and high ideals, of noble unselfishness, of tender sympathies; self-controlled, yet not self-conscious nor self-righteous; earnest, patient, devoted, chivalric; quick to the truly lovely and innocently joyous things of life, yet grand in his hatred and contempt of everything base and low and unmanly; with sympathies as broad as the sky, controlled by convictions as deep as the sea—such was this manliest of men, whom God has seen fit to call to himself.

Almost my first impression of Mr. Lawrence was that he was born to be a leader of men, and especially of young men. He had the qualities which attract and win and unconsciously influence the mind and heart of youth. He was young himself—never lost, and never would have lost, the atmosphere and spirit of youth; and this gave him ready and willing admission to the hearts and lives of young persons. I had hoped to see him some time intimately associated, as mental and spiritual guide, with some great organized body of youth. I think he would have been a perfect tower of strength to any college or college church.

But I am sure that God has not quenched that hopeful spirit by calling it away from earth. Somewhere an equal labor, an equal fitness, an equal reward, await him. Earth is not the only training school of character, the only home of generous enthusiasm and earnest endeavor and noble achievement. Somewhere under the stars of God that manful spirit loves and toils and hopes and waits. To the Land whither we are going, he has gone, a little sooner, like one who presses on with swifter, surer step to see the sunrise from the summit of the hill.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RESOLUTIONS AND MEMORIALS.

Where grows the golden grain,
Where faith,—where sympathy?
In a furrow, cut by pain.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Resolutions of sympathy were received from:—

The First Congregational Church of Baltimore.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Baltimore Church.

The Maryland Sunday School Union.

The Baltimore Charity Organization Society.

The Eclectic Club.

The Baltimore Ministers' Association.

The Northern New Jersey Conference.

The Washington Conference.

The Washington Association of Congregational Ministers.

The Sing Sing Christian Endeavor Society.

The Goodwill Congregational Church, Syracuse.

The Abbott Academy Club.

These Resolutions, full of warm appreciation of dear Edward, and of tenderest sympathy for the survivors, there is room only to name.

A few brief Memorials follow:—

Manchester, N. H., Nov. 13th, 1893.

To the First Congregational Church, Baltimore, Md.,

The First Church, Manchester, N. H., sendeth greeting:

Dear brethren in Christ Jesus:—

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to you in this time of sorrow, and to be permitted to mourn with you over the sudden death of your noble and beloved pastor.

It is probably known to you that we had urgently called Dr. Lawrence to a new field. We had not yet received his answer, and we

knew, from his lips, how hard it would be to sever his connection with you. His removal from earth was the death knell of our hopes.

Having for a brief time felt the magnetism of his presence, and the warm clasp of his hand, we understand better what your grief must be, who have enjoyed with him years of close friendship and mutual service.

With the prayer that God may abide with and comfort you, and provide you a future leader,

We remain,
Yours in Christian fellowship,
E. T. Baldwin, Deacon.
Mary F. Dana, Parish Visitor.
Committee for the Church.

From Rev. Edward Tallmadge Root, now a pastor in Providence, R. I.:—

On Saturday, Oct. 31, 1891, I received a letter, bearing the unfamiliar post-mark of Baltimore, and signed with the unfamiliar name of Edward A. Lawrence. I had recently graduated from Yale Seminary, and was looking for a permanent charge. The unknown writer told of a promising young church, the Second Congregational of Baltimore, asking if I would preach for them two Sundays, he being interested as pastor of the First Church. Going to New Haven for further consultation, I was so much impressed by what he said, and more by what he was, that I went to Baltimore, and was thus led to the pastorate of the Second Church. I should never have accepted the call but for the kind letter which Mr. Lawrence wrote, after the call was extended, in which he said: "I believe you to be the man for them. . . . Personally, I look forward to a great deal of satisfaction and brotherly intercourse, if you come."

The brotherly intercourse began my first Saturday in Baltimore, when Mr. Lawrence took me for a most delightful walk through Druid Hill Park and the markets. His enthusiastic love of nature and men, and his wide culture greatly impressed me, as also his tact in making a younger man feel perfectly at ease. This impression was only deepened by all my further acquaintance with him.

As an adviser he was most sympathetic and helpful. When I went to him, anxious and burdened with church troubles, I came away cheered and hopeful. It was not so much what he said as his ability perfectly to comprehend and sympathize. Some men's sympathy makes one weak; his made one strong. I only regret that I did not seek it oftener. His hearty words after I had read before the Presbyterian Ministers' meeting the summary chapter of *The Bible on Wealth*,—"I am glad to see that you have been doing such thorough work,"—coming from such an expert in sociology, encouraged me not a little. His simple sincerity made such praise more valuable.

My impressions of Mr. Lawrence may be thus summed up: His life made it easier to believe that there has been on earth such a life as that of Jesus of Nazareth.

Remarks of John Haynes, a graduate student in Johns Hopkins University, made at the Y. P. S. C. E. Memorial meeting:—

Mr. Lawrence possessed a rare equipment for his work. To the training of a college and theological school he added an advanced course of study in Europe, so that when he entered upon his life-work as a minister of the Gospel he possessed an education seldom equalled for thoroughness and breadth.

One of the most remarkable things about the man was his modesty and his sympathy with human life; giving his time and efforts to the commonest of common humanity. His life proves the entire compatibility of practical activity and scholarly attainments. Herein he was a most helpful example to university men.

But even in his charities and practical work he was scientific. He applied to all his work the methods of science. In the sermons which he preached, this fall, on sociological problems he exhibited his firm grasp of the best thought on the subjects in question. There has been at the university as a lecturer one of the most distinguished of American economists, who was an auditor at some of Mr. Lawrence's evening services. This gentleman, in a brief conversation with me at the close of a service, expressed his great satisfaction with the intellectual and scientific character of the sermon.

No minister in Baltimore was more closely associated with our University than was Dr. Lawrence. Since my connection with the institution he has spoken to the members of the University Y. M. C. A. oftener than any other minister in the city. We may learn from the life of this man that scholarship can go hand in hand with the utmost modesty and the most sincere practical sympathy with human need; that scholarship and deep spiritual life are in no way inconsistent; that knowledge of Christian missions should be part of the educational equipment of every Christian.

Said one of the Christian Endeavorers, who was a prominent helper in the tenement work:—

“Let us, then, as we cared for him who was the soul and center of the whole, give ourselves to the work and for his sake and the Master's in whose name all was done, let us try to make it worthy of him to whom it was so dear.”

There was a touching address on Edward's tender sympathy with those in affliction, making their sorrows as it were his own, yet at the same time bringing peculiar consolation. This address I have been unable to procure.

At the same Memorial service, Mr. Belt spoke of Mr. Lawrence as “a friend.” Some years ago there was over the doorway of the social room at the Young Men's Christian Association this motto: “He who would have friends must show himself friendly.” If this is true, Mr. Lawrence's friends must have been without number. No

500 REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE AND WORK

one could meet the smiling eye or feel the warm grasp of the hand, without an invitation contained therein to be friends. You had no ice to break through; at once you knew the man. There was no surface; he was through and through. Your need was his need.

I had an opportunity last summer, while we were in the mountains of North Carolina, to know more of him, to see how his strong, hopeful spirit was not of times or seasons, but continuous, for we tramped, slept and ate together. When I would be completely worn out during some mountain climb, he was ready with his song or some cheering story to make me forget my tired feelings and press on at his side. No one was more considerate of others and ready to do a generous act. What he was in our home I cannot express. It was with joy that we heard his footstep and quick ring at the door. Time slipped away unconsciously while he remained, and it was always with regret we saw him go. With him one always felt an inspiration to be one's best self, and was stronger for service to God and our fellow men for knowing him as a friend. Now when we shall see him here no more let us look up and take courage to do more manfully our best in life's battle because we have known such a man.

Baltimore, Nov. 22nd, 1893.

Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

We missed Mr. Lawrence at our meeting to-day, because when he came in he always made us feel so bright and happy. We wish he was here with us still, but yet we are joyful because he has gone to the great and good city above. We hope when we go to Heaven we will see him there. We loved him so, and we will never forget how happy he made us when he was with us. We will try to carry on our meetings just the same as if he was with us, and we will try to lead faithful lives so that we may meet him in Heaven.

Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the First Congregational Church.

Dear Mrs. Lawrence:—

The children and teachers of the Primary Department send you these flowers with much love and sympathy.

Gertrude B. Knipp,
Superintendent.

In connection with the Memorial of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Baltimore Church, is given that from Plymouth Church, Syracuse:—

Among all the organizations connected with Plymouth Church none has a keener sense of bereavement by the death of Dr. Lawrence than the Y. P. S. C. E., and none is more truly bereft. He was its founder, its adviser, its helper, its friend.

Long before the National and State organizations of Christian Endeavor societies were known, the prophetic faith of Dr. Lawrence had measured the possibilities of youth when united and inspired with zeal for Christian work. Through his efforts a little band of youthful Christians were brought together and pledged to work for Christ and the Church.

The beginnings were feeble; but the pastor's faith faltered not. He was called to other fields before he was permitted to see the fruits of his labors. But the seed which he had planted possessed the germ of a strong and vigorous life. When he visited us on his return from his missionary journey he found his hopes in a great measure realized.

The society has grown to be an important factor in the life of the church. To many of its members his call from earth is a deep personal loss.

The Plymouth Young People's Society as a body desire to express in these few words their tender regard for the memory of Dr. Lawrence, and their sympathy with those who are dear to him.

At the Poughkeepsie Memorial service there was a large attendance, many being present from other churches. Of the abundant testimonies from various quarters only two or three brief extracts can be given:—

“Rev. Dr. Wheeler of the Presbyterian Church, among other things, said:—“Mr. Lawrence was not only a scholar, but a gentleman, and that means a great deal. He was a man of piety and learning, coupled with that other endowment of common sense and tact which makes a successful preacher. What was true of our Lord and Master was true of him,—always for the under man, the down-trodden. There never was a man so mean, or a woman so fallen, but that he would try to lift them up!”

From Rev. Dr. Van Giesen of the First Reformed Church:—“He was so much of a man that, like the Master, virtue went out to those who touched him. The whole city is indebted to him for what he did here. He was one of the kings and priests of God, and he has received his crown.”

MEMORIAL OF THE REV. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.

We, the members of the Syracuse Browning Club, desire to put on record our high estimate of the life and character of the Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., and our feeling of loss in his death.

He was, for several years, one of our most active members, and one of the most careful students of the writings of Browning.

In all personal and social relations with us he always manifested the utmost courtesy and cordiality.

His self-abnegation, courage and patience strengthened, sweetened and ennobled his entire life.

Recognizing his many excellences, and the broad outlook for usefulness which these gave him, we heartily sympathize with his many friends in their sorrow.

And into the sacred circle of his home, where love intensifies all relations, we desire to send the comfort of knowing that we grieve with them.

Syracuse, January twenty, 1894.

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight 'ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best, and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements rage, the fiendish voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then a love.

And with God be the rest.

At the Sing Sing memorial service:—

Remarks by Mr. D. E. Provost of Sing Sing:—

Five years ago last June, when our pastor was obliged to take a vacation, we invited the Rev. Mr. Lawrence to preach for us one Sabbath. He was then invited to take charge of the church for a period of some five or six months, and before the expiration of that time he received the further invitation to continue his work among us for the balance of the year.

In his pastoral work, Mr. Lawrence was highly acceptable to the people, manifesting a perfect genius for getting into the hearts of the young people, and inducing them to engage in some personal work for the Master. He was the father of the Young People's Society for Christian Service, which later became the Y. P. S. C. E.

By Mr. John F. Miller, a German member of the Sing Sing church:—

I am very thankful that the dear Lord sent Mr. Lawrence to us as a pastor. I dearly loved to hear him as a preacher, because he always preached the pure gospel. And I loved him as a pastor. Having met with a very serious accident, which proved almost fatal, and which laid me up five long weeks, his visits were quite frequent, and he always engaged with us in prayer, and giving us such comfort in our affliction that his name became a household word. I remember being with him in Sparta, where he officiated at a wedding, and I still recall the fatherly advice which he gave to the bride and groom, and the earnest prayer he offered for their welfare; and on our way home, passing up Spring Street, he made remarks about the beautiful scenery which lay before us, the beautiful Hudson dotted with steamboats and sailing vessels, and the beautiful mountains, and the beautiful sunset, telling us of a great Creator, who is also our Father, and his whole conversation was about spiritual things; and I am to-day very thankful that I have been permitted to be in company with such a godly man. The last time he was in Sing Sing he came to my office, saying that he had about ten minutes to spare in waiting for the train, and he thought that he would come over to my office and see dear Brother Miller, telling me that very soon he would move down among the poor, degraded people, that by that he could reach them better, and lead them to a spiritual life, bidding me a very affectionate good-bye, not thinking that this was the last time we should meet on this earth. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth! I pray earnestly that God will send the Comforter to that dear, widowed mother, to sustain her in this very great bereavement; and may at evening time light be granted unto her.

By Mrs. F. H. Wales:—

I should feel that I was not doing justice to the memory of Mr. Lawrence, if I did not raise my voice in appreciation of his character and work while among us here in Sing Sing.

The one quality which always comes most forcibly to my mind was his joyous disposition. It mattered not whether in private conversation, Committee Conference, or in the socials of our Endeavor Society, he always filled those with whom he came in contact with hope and enthusiasm for the work. I believe a good measure of the courage with which I have undertaken Christian work since knowing him has been inspired by his happy Christian zeal.

By Mr. F. A. Wales:—

I have known Mr. Lawrence, probably, longer than any one in Sing Sing. I became acquainted with him when he went to the Poughkeepsie pastorate. My sister was a member of his church in that city, and I attended whenever I visited my mother and sister, who resided there for a number of years. After Mr. Lawrence had been there some time, I was forced to take a vacation from business in New York City, by reason of sickness, and it was at that time that I became more intimately acquainted with him. I always found him a

beloved companion and friend—and know that he was held in high esteem and loving regard in Poughkeepsie, both in and outside of his own church.

Poughkeepsie not being my home, I lost track of Mr. Lawrence for some years, and it was with feelings of mutual delight, I believe, that we again met in the church work in Sing Sing. Our old intimate relations were renewed to a large extent, and when he conceived the plan of organizing the Young People's Society of Christian Service, he insisted upon my becoming its first president.

The growth and zeal which characterized that branch of his labor among us, is the best and most lasting monument of his work while he remained in Sing Sing.

By Mr. Stanton Cady:—

It fell to me to go through the congregation with Mr. Lawrence and make him acquainted with our people, and in this way we came to know each other in a manner we never could have done in our ordinary church relations. We used to take long walks together. He was a splendid conversationalist, full of the scenes and incidents of his travels, which he described in a most interesting way. His heart was in his work. I recall very vividly his urgent appeals to those we called on who were out of Christ, the ease with which he approached the subject and the strong, practical way in which he placed the duty. I recall three persons to whom he made such appeals who soon after became members of our church.

But his crowning work with us is the Christian Endeavor Society. The young people all loved him, and he knew just how to handle them. No one before him ever succeeded in creating the interest and enthusiasm in a young people's organization that he did. And our society to-day is a monument to his memory.

By Miss Clara C. Fuller, Principal of Ossinuing School:—

I cannot listen to all these beautiful tributes to our dear friend without adding a word.

The one year which Mr. Lawrence spent with us at Ossinuing will never be forgotten by any member of the family. His presence was a benediction. He had the most wonderful insight into the minds of those about him; he seemed to know what each one needed. I used almost to wonder if he did not prepare his table conversation, for it seemed to be adapted to every need. He would add some item of musical interest to our musicians; some point on art for our artist; something for the youngest as well as for the eldest. He was our encyclopedia. We would save up questions on all subjects, and he could always answer them.

He was an all-round, symmetrical man. He enjoyed all healthful, vigorous exercise. He enjoyed games, recreation, and fun. This was an "open sesame" to the hearts and sympathies of the girls. I feel that the impress of high-thinking, purity, and Christian living that he stamped upon Ossinuing will never be effaced.

Another beautiful trait in Mr. Lawrence's character was his loving

devotion to his mother. There was nothing which impressed me more when he was with us, and nothing which I so love to remember as their devotion to each other. He was the centre about which her life revolved.

There comes to me at just this time a letter from a friend in Ossinning School, Sing Sing, giving an account of the tenth anniversary of the C. E. Society founded by Edward in the Presbyterian church the year that he took charge of it. She writes that with the various speakers "the warm references to him touched the deepest note in the meeting."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RELIEF IN WORK.

When bursts the rose of the spirit
From its withering calyx sheath,
And the bud has become a blossom
Of heavenly color and breath,
Life utters its true revelation
Through the silence that we call death.

—Lucy Larcom.

When one who is a part of our life is suddenly taken from us, the heart utterly refuses to credit its overwhelming loss. And as day by day the evidences multiply, the sense of desolation grows more and more keen. At such a time, work which occupies hand and heart is the best human remedy. And for Edward's mother there was no lack of such work. Of immediate urgency, there was the study in the church, with all its precious associations, and where I had passed so many happy hours with him, to be despoiled of its treasures. And for three weeks I spent day after day in this heart-rending task. Letters partly written were in his desk, and on the outside was a sermon commenced for the following Sunday, from the text: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

Among the treasures gathered from his desk, and which are sacredly preserved, are some thoughts on *Graciousness*, so characteristic that I cannot forbear giving them, and also *A Birthday Song*:—

Graciousness is the perfume of the beautiful flower, the shining forth of the inward light, the tinting of rainbow and sunset. It is something very different from mere politeness, or polish, or even culture. It is simply *the kindness of the heart made manifest*, always, everywhere, in everything. It shows itself at meal time in the tone and manner with which the viands are accepted or declined; in the

common, every-day greetings; in the treatment of equals, inferiors and superiors alike. There may be graciousness, too, in the assertion and performance of what is right, or the rejection of what is wrong. Graciousness is loveliness. It speaks the truth in love. It sprinkles its sentences with gentle words. It is more than beauty of complexion or feature. It is the most attractive charm of womanhood. It is something more even than helpfulness. Graciousness is really an attitude of the spirit—a spiritual attainment.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

The time was sad. Cold winter pled
 For fervid pulse, for vivid ray
 To pierce and melt—e'en though it shed
 Its frozen life on that bleak day.
 And thou didst come, a summer child,
 The heat of southern climes aglow
 Within thy blood. So we beguiled
 A rose to bloom amid the snow.
 The snow, will it not chill the rose?
 The thorn, will it not pierce the hand
 That plucks it? Nay! Within thee grows
 The power to melt the frozen band
 Of ice, and bless the favored hand.
 Thy glance is warmth and musical thy voice.
 Thy touch is balm, and flowers enhance
 The joy of all thy buoyant steps.
 I've seen the smile flit o'er thy face
 Like wind o'er sunlit fields of grain,
 And thou didst beam with rich, rare grace
 Of charms long lost, but found again.

So from this day
 Be thou the ray
 To light the way
 Of those who seek for Love's pure light.
 And let us bind
 All heart can find
 That's true and kind
 In one strong band of joint delight.

The sad task devolved on me of answering letters directed to my son. One of these was a business letter from Mr. Müller of Mayer & Müller, Berlin, from whom Edward procured his German books, and whom I had known well in Germany. His reply to my communication is here given:—

“Honored Lady:—“Your information of the death of your son struck me to the heart. It came so unexpectedly that I could not for a long time go on with my work.

“You know best what your son was in character and knowledge, and there is on the earth no one who loses more than the mother. But his friends also lose in his kindness, in friendship, in advice, all this which can never be replaced. I dare count myself in the large multitude of men to whom he was kind, and my thanks go over the grave.

“Accept, please, my full condolence for your loss, which appears to me is scarcely for you to bear.”

My home during all these sorrowful days was at Mrs. Nunn’s, where I was in an atmosphere of kindness, and where I was constantly receiving letters of sympathy, Records of Memorial services and Resolutions from various societies and associations,—all saddening proofs of my loss, yet more comforting than words can express.

I was greatly touched one day by finding written on the corner of one of my letters, “With the postman’s warm sympathy.” All the years of our Baltimore residence, he had delivered my letters at the house, and my son’s at his study. It was a pleasure for me to write him, expressing my appreciation of his thoughtfulness.

From Herbert W. Adams, Professor of Sociology in Johns Hopkins University:—

My Dear Madam:—

I enclose a copy of some remarks which I made the night before your son died.

I had met him Saturday afternoon, Nov. 4, at the rooms of the Charity Organization Society, in the Wilson Building, North Charles Street. I was there talking with the secretary, Miss Richmond, about the Parkin Street experiment and the possibility of duplicating it in East Baltimore, when your son came in. We continued the conversation for some time. Mr. Lawrence mentioned some of the difficulties which he had encountered and recognized with me the limitations of such social work. He then asked for some information from Miss Richmond concerning the work of the dispensaries in this city. She told me that Mr. Lawrence never shrank from drudgery or details; others found it easy to make suggestions and plans, but Mr. Lawrence took hold of the work.

After our interview with Miss Richmond, your son and I walked up Charles Street and across to the University, where he bade me good-by. We talked chiefly of social settlements, as I stated in my remarks to the Seminary. We also spoke of his call to Manchester, New Hampshire. He said it was manifestly a broader field for social labor among the working classes, and that he was going to look over the ground.

Your son was active and successful, not only in his labors in connection with the Charity Organization Society, but also in his street preaching and in his social missionary work at the Parkin Street settlement.

His *Modern Missions in the East* is his best living monument until you publish his Life. I wish I had known him better. He was a singularly devoted and catholic man. His range of interest extended from Baltimore *shums* to the redemption of the world, and he worked practically with pen and voice; with *deeds* as well as words. I own some of his best books in Jewish and Church History, but I want to have his illuminated life, and to see his soul in a good biography.

The continuance of the Parkin Street work and its extension from Southwest Baltimore to Southeast Baltimore was the last subject discussed by Mr. Lawrence with me as we parted last Saturday afternoon at the door of this University. He was taken ill that night and early this week was removed to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he submitted to a surgical operation which came too late. There is no possibility of his recovery. It seems very mysterious that such a useful life should be thus brought to its end.

(Extracts from Remarks by Professor H. B. Adams to the Seminary of History and Politics, in the Johns Hopkins University, Thursday evening, November 9, 1893):

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS IN BALTIMORE.

In the winter of 1892-93 the Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, pastor of the First Congregational Church, established in Parkin Street, by the aid of the Christian Endeavor Society of his congregation, the first social settlement in Baltimore. There had previously been a great many guilds and various workingmen's clubs, organized by the aid of churches and private subscriptions for the encouragement of social and educational work in various parts of the city. But Mr. Lawrence was the first practical worker to take up residence among the people whom he proposed to benefit by his personal efforts. He took with him as a co-laborer, Mr. Frank D. Thomson, a graduate of Knox College and a student of economics and history at the Johns Hopkins University. Together they occupied rooms in a small tenement leased for the proposed work. There in class rooms were gathered night after night the boys and girls of the neighborhood for instruction, healthful entertainment, and pleasant society. Young people from Mr. Lawrence's church took turns in visiting the club rooms in Parkin Street and contributed to the success of the experiment.

The following is the substance of what was said by Rev. C. C. Creegan, D. D., at the Memorial service in the First Congregational Church, Manchester, N. H., Nov. 19th, 1893, the date fixed for the first sermon of the Dr. Lawrence, pastor elect:—

After preaching a sermon on the Immortality of the Soul, from the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Dr. Creegan said:—We are a congregation of mourners to-day in view of the departure from this life of our dear friend and brother, Rev. Edward A. Lawrence.

Dr. Lawrence was one of the best examples of a pure, high-minded, thoroughly consecrated Christian whom it has been my pleasure to know. He was in fact just that kind of a Christian that many of us have as an ideal, but do not in our personal experience reach. I recall a time in his experience when a great trial came upon him, a trial of such a nature that many of us would have been paralyzed by it, but to my surprise he so bore up under it in the strength of the Divine Master upon whom he leaned so completely, that you would hardly have noticed from his appearance that he was passing through an affliction at all. His presence in my home for a year will be remembered by every member of my household as one of the delightful experiences of our lives, and I could not feel the loss more keenly of one of my own brothers. I do not believe he ever entered a home for any considerable length of time without proving himself a blessing to every member of the family.

Dr. Lawrence was of distinguished lineage, coming from two of the families well known and highly honored. In view of his ancestry and his own literary accomplishments, he could have taken his place among the exclusive class, but he chose rather to live among the lowly and needy. It was this spirit that led him to cast his lot among the poor, and, to some extent, share their hardships and burdens in the city of Baltimore.

Dr. Lawrence was one of the most scholarly ministers of our denomination. With excellent early advantages, he took high rank during his college course at Yale; stood among the foremost in his class at Princeton, and was one of the few students to receive special recognition in Berlin, where he studied for several years. Prof. Francis Peabody told me, while we were crossing the sea together, that Dr. Lawrence ranked as one of the first students from America, according to the testimony of the distinguished professors in Berlin. He gave evidence of literary talent of high order. The articles which he wrote for the reviews and church papers during his tour around the world, and his lectures on missions delivered at Andover, Yale Divinity School, and Beloit College were greatly appreciated by the students and professors in these institutions.

Dr. Lawrence, while invited several times to chairs in literary institutions, followed the decision of his early years and the inclination of his sympathetic heart and gave himself to the work of the pastorate. His preaching was of the scholarly, but at the same time thoroughly spiritual character, feeding the thoughts of the intellectual, and at the same time being easily understood by the unlettered. It

was, however, as a pastor, that this pure-minded, consecrated minister of the gospel, in my judgment, did his best work. Many to-day who are scarcely known to the community where they live, will mourn the loss of one whom they looked upon as pastor, friend and spiritual guide, one who came to them in their hours of loneliness and sorrow and brought to them a rich blessing. Earth seems poorer to-day on account of our great loss, but heaven is the richer.

Rev. Mr. Bacon, for some years pastor of the Baptist church at Marblehead, had become acquainted with Edward when he was at home on his summer vacations. He was now pastor of the Baptist Church in Manchester. What follows is taken from one of the papers of that city.

“On Sunday, the subject of Mr. Bacon’s sermon was, ‘The Coronation of a Consecrated Life.’ He referred very tenderly to the rare Christian qualities of head and heart as maintained by Mr. Lawrence, and said that this sudden blow came with a peculiar sense of disappointment to himself, as he had anticipated much pleasure from his contemplated settlement in Manchester.”

CHAPTER XL.

HE NEVER COMES.

God will not take
The spirits which He gave and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.

—George Klinge.

Nothing need be said of the feelings of the bereaved mother on leaving Baltimore, with all its sacred associations, and reaching her daughter's in Syracuse, where also memories of the past surged upon her. A sickness followed, so severe that it seemed as if it would be very easy to slip out of this mortal life. But I had a very strong desire to live to do what I could towards carrying out Edward's plans. He had promised to revise his missionary lectures as many had urged, and it fell on me to secure their revision and publication. The cordial reception of this book—*Modern Missions in the East*, and the letters sent me about it, not only from our own country, but from friends and missionaries in various parts of the world, have brought consolation not to be described.

It need not be said that the tribute to my son by his Baltimore friends touched me tenderly. On the walls of the church, at the side of the pulpit where he had stood Sunday after Sunday, was placed a beautiful tablet bearing the inscription:

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE. D. D.

SERVED HIS MASTER WITH ALL ZEAL AND FAITHFULNESS IN THIS
PLACE AND IN THE STREETS AND LANES OF THE CITY
FROM JUNE 9TH, 1889, TILL NOVEMBER 10TH,
1893, WHEN GOD TOOK HIM.

Comforting letters continued to come to me, of which three or four follow:—

From Rev. Joseph B. Stitt, of Baltimore:—

I very greatly esteemed your dear son. My acquaintance with him began at the meetings of the Eclectic Club. His rare facility of speech without special preparation, the evidence he always gave of unusual scholarship, the absence of everything that indicated temper, his genial manners, and an expression in his eyes that told of sincerity and soul, made him a favorite amongst us. We always looked forward with special pleasure to the meetings at which he read the essays. His last paper gave us an insight into his character which was a revelation. But, after all, it was only in keeping with his great love for his fellowmen, and particularly for the poor and unfortunate.

Already he has heard—"Well done" from that Saviour whose life on earth he sought so earnestly to imitate. The "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," will surely be said to him.

A manlier man, a truer type of the Christian gentleman, a more self-sacrificing disciple of Jesus, an abler and a more enthusiastic minister of the New Testament, I have never known.

"Transferred to higher service" may be truthfully said of him. "Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple."

From Rev. Dr. S. M. Newman, of the First Congregational Church in Washington, D. C.:—

In my impression of your dear son I find that the chief elements are not his abilities, mental and otherwise, though they were great, not his actual utterances, though they were always helpful and sagacious, but they are the profound unity of his mind and character, the oneness of his life without blemish and bias or vagary of any sort.

We have spent some times together which were of the greatest value to me. I remember one night when we roomed together at some meeting of our Conference. I shall never forget the way in which our minds began to kindle, until we were overflowing with fun and good fellowship. Laughter became contagious, and repartees quick and effective. How pure he was! No doubtful jest mingled with our thoughts. It was all a part of the delight of God's human servants, unburdened for a few moments from their toil.

Then the talks about books and about study. How I shall miss him, miss his inspiring help! How I treasure his memory and rejoice that I have known him! I hope to meet him by and by.

From Rev. D. M. Beach, formerly a pastor in Cambridge, Mass., now in Minneapolis, Minn., March 8th, 1894.

I never met Mr. Lawrence, and especially never spent any prolonged time with him, without reaping great benefit to myself, partly by reason of his ample and intelligent information, which he knew

how tactfully, and in an interesting manner, to impart, and partly by reason of the fine and inspiring temper which he possessed. We would talk over wide ranges of current events, and would enter into the highest realms of thought and feeling. All this was to me a channel of the greatest delight, as I think it was also to him. He was one whom to know was to be enriched and ennobled by the very knowing. I have had friends who have stood in somewhat intimate relations to him, all of whose testimony is in the same direction.

He had the greatest interest in his field of work at Baltimore, and would discuss its possibilities with the enthusiasm of an ardent and yet chastened and earnest nature. He was especially well poised in his conception of current discussions. On the one hand, he was thoroughly intelligent, well informed, animated by the spirit of the time, enthusiastic for the new light and life dawning upon us; and, on the other hand, he was marked by a noble conservatism of temper, and a desire thoroughly to balance conflicting claims. He exhibited, in fact, the spirit of the true seer. Not henceforth to have the opportunity of meeting and conversing with him from time to time, as in the past, I count one of the deprivations of my life. A near friend of mine, who was a specialist at Johns Hopkins while Mr. Lawrence was at Baltimore, and who is himself one of the strongest of the younger literary men of our time, has conveyed to me a similarly noble mention of him as he came in contact with him in that city.

The last time I saw Mr. Lawrence was at the meeting of the American Board at Worcester, last October. In the stirring and vastly important debate of Thursday morning, at that meeting, he stepped modestly forward among the successive speakers, and entered a plea for a noble and true missionary policy. His attitude was that of a true, earnest-hearted, scholarly and devoted pastor and preacher dwelling on such a theme. I took his hand later in the day with warm words of appreciation for what he had said, and so we parted, —I little thinking that the world was to be poorer and Heaven richer so soon, by reason of his, to us, untimely departure from among us. His memory, I am sure, will live among all who knew him as a sweet and inspiring suggestion of what it is given by Christ unto nobly endowed humanity to be and to become.

In various matters connected with these reminiscences, I have found Edward's secretary, or what he called his *sermon case*, of great service. It is in the library at Linden Home near his own standing desk, and not far from his father's. He planned it for a special purpose, and it is arranged precisely as he left it, showing what a life-work he had anticipated. There are outlines and clippings on all sorts of subjects—humorous, social, aesthetical, sociological, political, practical, historical, theological, ethical, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

One of those events that sometimes come unexpectedly to mourners, bringing peculiar consolation, occurred early in 1898. It was the erection of a tablet in memory of my son, in the dear Poughkeepsie Church. This was done at the suggestion of the beloved pastor of the church, Rev. W. Herman Hopkins. The fact that this event took place fifteen years after Edward resigned his pastorate there, adds to its interest and significance. The following account is abridged from a Poughkeepsie paper:—

Appropriate services were held in connection with its erection on Sunday, Jan. 16th, 1898, the anniversary of Mr. Lawrence's birth, which also occurred on a Sunday in 1847. There was a large congregation, and Miss Andrus, who had been the organist during Mr. Lawrence's entire pastorate, played his favorite selections, opening with Wagner's beautiful *Pilgrim Chorus*, and closing with the *Cujus Animam* from the *Stabat Mater*. Letters were read from Rev. Dr. Gladden and Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. From Mr. Hopkins' impressive discourse on the text, "Not to be ministered to but to minister," only the last passage can be given:—

"We welcome this tablet to our walls to-day because it bears the figures that tell of a long and faithful ministry, and because it bears in larger letters still the name of a true minister whose influence will always be with this church, and following in whose steps we shall all come near to Jesus Christ."

Behind the tablet is a portrait of Edward. The tablet is of brass, on a background of oak, and bears this inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.
BORN IN 1847. DIED 1883.
1875—MINISTER OF THIS CHURCH—1883.
NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER.

Most cheering was the tidings of the formation of the *Lawrence Memorial Association*, and of the securing in Winans' Tenements of *The Lawrence House*. And on learning about this, friends from all over the country, and from other countries as well, sent contributions to help in the good work.

The knowledge that this tenement work which Edward undertook with so great earnestness was meeting with such wonderful success brought unspeakable comfort. He regretted leaving so much work undone. But does he not know how his cherished plans are being carried out? And does he not rejoice?

During the month of September in 1899, Rev. Thomas Young of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, came to America as a delegate to the Pan Presbyterian Council at Washington. One can hardly imagine the pleasure it gave me to receive this dear friend as a guest at Linden Home, and an occupant of Edward's room. Just before sailing on his return he writes:—

You know, of course, that it was owing to my tender memory of your son that I visited Baltimore. I wanted to see the Lawrence House. Unfortunately I was too early in the season to find the work in operation. But under the guidance of Miss Nunn, a director and devoted worker, I was shown over the house and the surrounding district. It quickened many thoughts in me to reflect that Mr. Lawrence had made his home for a time in such a locality, and had occupied the cramped, humble rooms, which were pointed out to me, in order that he might learn how the poor live and how he could best reach and help them.

I saw some of the workers—fine, intelligent, cultured men and women, and I saw some of the young artisans and laborers, as well as the boys and girls. It told volumes to witness the eagerness with which they asked how soon they could come to their evening classes, and the respectful affection which they manifested for Miss Nunn.

THOMAS YOUNG.

From the last reports of the Lawrence Memorial Association it appears that work is conducted in several new departments, both for boys and girls. Calisthenics and gymnastics are taught. There is a free reading-room and a circulating library loaned by the Enoch Pratt Public Library. Physical training has been added for the Boys' Club. A savings bank has been the means of securing needed clothing. Manual training work has been extended, and scholarships and business positions secured for boys. Lectures have been given



THE LAWRFNCE HOUSE.
The name being on the door.

under the auspices of Johns Hopkins and the Woman's College, also by church pastors. The boys have given several successful entertainments. For girls, the work of the sewing department has been put in charge of trained teachers; the embroidery class and cooking class are making progress. An entertainment was given by the Johns Hopkins, the Woman's College, and Glee Clubs for the Lawrence House, and the proceeds were used in paying house expenses. Picnics for the little ones and electric car rides into the country have been features of recent work. Basket weaving by the girls has been a pleasant addition to the industrial work. Stories for the little ones and instructive talks to the older ones have been given. Potted plants are supplied for the children to tend and raise.

But with all this prosperity, there has been a decided drawback. So many girls and boys have been turned away for lack of room, that the conviction has been growing that a larger building must be secured. In the Report of *The Lawrence House* for the last year, 1899, the officers and directors say:

"An earnest effort is now being made to raise money for the purchase and equipment of a house suitable for the use of a resident worker and the regular classes, including gymnastics and kindergarten classes. We hope to raise \$10,000 for this purpose and to place The Lawrence House on an established footing as one of the recognized social agents in Baltimore."

Later, one of the directors writes:—

"The new house will afford abundant room for the classes in sewing, cooking, drawing, etc., and for the social gatherings and the boys' and girls' clubs. It is the purpose of the association to put upon the same lot a building suitable for the kindergarten, the carpentry classes, a boys' brigade and for gymnasium exercise, and adapted also for use as an assembly room for general entertainments."

It is a peculiar pleasure, at the close of this Memorial, to state that with a few generous donations from those having means to make them, and with small contributions from Edward's friends in this country and abroad in response to a statement of the case, a sum has been raised sufficient for the purchase of a greatly enlarged Lawrence House, not

very far removed from the present location. But for the proper furnishing and equipment of this enlarged building, provision was to be made.

At this juncture, the problem has been providentially solved to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

This leads me to speak of a coalition recently brought about. During Edward's pastorate, a union had been suggested between the First Congregational Church and the Associate Reformed Church, also Congregational, of which his friend, Mr. Ball, was pastor during his earthly life. Considering all the circumstances, this union was favored by Edward as well as by some of the church members. But the time was not ripe, and he did not press it.

In the changed condition of the church, however, such a union was urged by his successor, Dr. Ballantine, and was advised by a Council called for the purpose of consultation. It was only natural that many should cling to their church-home, so full of sacred associations, and should strongly object to leave it. But putting sentiment aside, the advantage of one strong Congregational church in the place of two struggling ones was so obvious that the consolidation has been accomplished, and as the result is the Associate Congregational Church, of which Rev. Mr. Huckel is the efficient pastor, and from which much is hoped.

To return to Winans' Tenements.

The Congregational Church building is to be sold, Edward's Memorial tablet being transferred to the united church. The Woman's Association presents all their decorated cups and saucers to the new Lawrence House, while to the same house the church has proffered everything they do not need in the transition. This includes carpets, a piano, clock, book cases and books, chairs, tables, dishes, with cooking utensils, a gas stove, and all the paraphernalia for comfortably furnishing a home.

Of course, my mother-heart could not fail to be tenderly touched. Everything in that church is sacredly associated with my son, and with their removal to the Lawrence House there will be transplanted the precious memories bound up in them. It is wonderful providence which calls forth the warmest appreciation and tears of gratitude.

I will not dwell on my regret, mingled with satisfaction, at ending my sacred though sorrowful task with all the precious memories involved. I cannot find a better close than the touching yet comforting verses which follow:—

Because he never comes, and stands
And stretches out to me both hands,
Because he never leans before
The gate, when I set wide the door
At morning, nor is ever found
Just at my side when I turn round,
Half thinking I shall meet his eyes,
From watching the broad moon-globe rise.

For all this, shall I homage pay
To Death, grow cold of heart and say:
"He perished, and has ceased to be;
Another comes, but never he?"
Nay, by our wondrous being, nay!
Although his face I never see,
Through all the infinite To Be,
I know he lives and cares for me.

—E. R. Sill.



Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01043 5982