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A master builder

A MASTER BUILDER



THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY
YATES SATTERLEE

Bishop of Washington

A MASTER BUILDER

BEING THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
HENRY YATES SATTERLEE
FIRST BISHOP OF WASHINGTON

BY
CHARLES H. BRENT



The house that is to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnificent, of fame and glory throughout all countries: I will therefore make preparations for it. So David prepared abundantly before his death. I CHRON. xxii, 5.

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1916

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TO
THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE
DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON
WHO TWICE CONFERRED ON ME THE RARE
HONOR AND PRECIOUS TRUST OF ASKING
ME TO BE THEIR LEADER IN SUCCESSION TO
A MASTER BUILDER

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PREFACE

THIS biography has been written under great disadvantages, which, added to the natural limitations of its author, leave much to be desired in the completed product. It was undertaken as a labor of love, out of personal devotion to Bishop Satterlee and his family as well as to the Diocese of Washington. Much of the material was furnished in the fall of 1911. At that moment I was called to The Hague so that I was unable to do more than study and arrange some of the MSS. Another year passed before much work was done, owing to pressure of episcopal and other duties which broke in on every attempt at consecutive labor. During the summer of 1913 I was supplied with nearly all further material necessary, and from that time work continued with frequent interruptions until the completion of my privilege and my task. The book has been written under widely varying conditions — much of it, especially in its earlier stages, at sea, some in America, and most of it in various parts of the Philippine Islands, from Jolo in the extreme south to Bontok in the extreme north of the Archipelago. But I have seldom taken up my pen without forthwith forgetting, in the pleasure of writing, every anxiety and difficulty of the moment.

Without the loving sympathy and wise assistance of my dear friends Mrs. H. Y. Satterlee and her daughter Mrs. F. W. Rhinelander this book would have been impossible. Their patience with me in the many delays that have postponed its publication, their eagerness to illumine any obscure matter and to enlarge upon any subject concerning which I was not well posted, and their utter confidence in my ability to do the theme justice, have supported my hands and lightened my work through-

out. The Reverend C. T. Warner has also given me invaluable aid. Indeed he, and the Reverend Dr. W. L. DeVries, whose notes and memoranda have been constantly before me, are largely responsible for the clearness and orderliness of most of the material. To Mr. Irving Grinnell I desire also to express my gratitude for invaluable assistance rendered in connection with Dr. Satterlee's New Hamburg days. The historical notes and other matter prepared by the Rev. Dr. G. C. F. Bratenahl have likewise been of great assistance. To my beloved proof reader, Mrs. John Markoe, I am more hopelessly in debt than ever for this her latest service.

Phillips Brooks once said:—"I think that I would rather have written a great biography than a great book of any sort, as I would rather have painted a great portrait than any other kind of picture." My own literary ambition, so far as I have any independent of an instinctive desire toward self-expression, is a like one. The trust committed to me by the family of Bishop Satterlee has given me all the opportunity in this direction for which a man could wish, and these pages declare what I have done with it.

The biographer and the painter are close kinsmen. The biographer does with words what the painter does with colors. As one goes from one gallery of the masters to another he quickly learns that no single artist ever exhausts a worthy subject. Madonnas and St. Sebastians, all the same yet no two alike, pass before our eyes in an endless series, each telling us the same thing, each telling us something new. So is it with biography. The human life of a given person is so indescribably deep and wonderful that no one biographer can fully exploit his subject. He can but give what with his limited powers he sees as he moves through shade and sunshine in bosom fellowship with the man whom he is interpreting. It is just that—the biographer must live with his subject in the close intimacy of impartiality through an entire career. He must crowd the developments and

experiences of a complete lifetime through the medium of his own perceptive powers.

There are various conceptions of biography. Without depreciating any, I have involuntarily written according to the dominant conception in my own mind. As I have just said I hold a biography to be a word portrait. It is more akin to a painting than to a photograph. But a biography is in one sense even a higher kind of art than painting, in that it is a moving picture of the man. The steady flow of his life and character is represented. The duty of a biographer, as I have tried to discern my own in this capacity, is not to suppress his own convictions based on personal touch, but to keep them in due relation to all the material gathered. He must do more than chronicle bald facts. He must give them color and atmosphere. There are few facts or incidents that are their own interpreter. Moreover, and here it seems to me is the biographer's most dangerous and most delicate but imperious duty, he must dive into the deep sea of motives underlying principles. It is because I have set myself the highest possible ideal of biography that my shortcomings are the more glaring.

I have been guided by a few general principles which, if stated here, may make this book of greater value to readers than it would otherwise be. In the first place I have always let the man, whose personality is for the moment under my care, speak for himself where possible. Usually he speaks better, though on occasions worse, than a biographer could. Nor have I balked at long quotations where they served the purpose better than short ones. Among long quotations are utterances at great crises, personal and official. Some of these are disappointing and we see our hero at his worst rather than at his best. The clergy are expected by the public to wear their feelings on their sleeve at such times, and unfortunately they accept the rather exorbitant demand. The result is as might be expected. The emotional convulsion of the moment interferes with normal judgment

and good taste, and sentiment easily lapses into sentimentality. The fault is evenly distributed between the public and the clergy.

As to subject matter, I have been furnished with an abundance, almost a plethora. Nothing has been selected and nothing rejected without having been first put into the scales and weighed. Another biographer with the same material might have reversed some of my decisions — which is but to say that he would be another biographer. Whatever merit this volume has consists in the fact that, even if it be only a daub of a painting, it is *my* daub and not another's.

Dr. Satterlee held three representative positions in three representative centres of life — the pastor of a rural community, the rector of a metropolitan parish, and the bishop of a capital see. Some history of each place which received him is fitting and courteous, if not necessary. The mere biography could get on without it, but a future generation may be glad to have what is given in a biographical setting. Much detail might have been omitted if I had had in mind only American readers, who, to use a hackneyed word in a new connotation, are not meticulous. But I hope that my volume may also fall into the hands of English readers, whose knowledge of the *χαρακτήρ* of the American Church needs enlargement, and that sympathetic consideration which is impossible without it. In this connection I would add that I have held in grateful memory the unnamed and the unknown, who, in Wappinger's Falls, New York, Washington and elsewhere, have made their unobserved and fragrant contribution of prayer and service to the realization of the great ideals which they and Dr. Satterlee held in common. For their sake I have paid homage to the local. Those uninterested in these seeming digressions and my apparent disregard for proportion are begged to give such passages a little caress as they skip them. There is a glory for some eyes in the common-places and trifles here recorded.

When we read in the New Testament of St. Barnabas that he was "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," do not let us fall into the too common error of conjuring up a spiritual prig or a human creation quite distinct from all who lived in after-times, and consequently unintelligible to us of today. The mind that succinctly and graphically described St. Barnabas aimed to make him the comrade of and intelligible to the whole body of Christians. The best way to interpret the psychology of the Bible, and to translate its stately and antique language into familiar terms, is to bring to play upon it common Christian experience, including our own. The briefest and most enviable of "tributes" or "appreciations" can be duplicated from among our own contemporaries, not once or twice at that. Henry Yates Satterlee was "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." This does not mean that he, or St. Barnabas, was free from faults, or without a besetting sin — only that each was just what the summarized biography declares. The great St. Peter was a man of extremes, oftentimes wild extremes, and was swept hither and yon by gusts of contradictory emotions and sympathies, until the last rapidly reversed decision which nailed him to a cross.

No one more than Bishop Satterlee would have desired impartial treatment of himself. He would have asked for due emphasis on his faults and limitations. In my task of love I have borne this in mind, and if I have failed to introduce sufficient chiaroscuro into my painting, it is not because I have played fast and loose with the material at my disposal, and the brief but rich personal experience of friendship with Bishop Satterlee, which I was privileged to enjoy. The portrait I give is as I conceive of the man. His death was a signal for the production of many miniature paintings or appreciations. Concluding these all into a composite portrait, we find "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." That is the main thing to remember.

As I lay down my pen at the conclusion of this task of love, I have some understanding of Izaak Walton's words in his "Epistle to the Reader," which prefaces his "Lives." Referring to his "Life of George Herbert," he says: "For the life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a free-will offering, that it was writ chiefly to please myself, but yet not without some respect to posterity: For though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected, or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us: For I humbly conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition; especially as it is managed in this age. And I am also to tell the Reader, that though this life of Mr. Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet I intended it a review before it should be made public; but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when 'twas printing; So that the Reader may find in it some mistakes, some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me, but the printer; and yet I hope none so great as may not by this confession, purchase pardon from a good-natured Reader."

CHARLES H. BRENT.

MANILA, 16 July, 1915.

A MASTER BUILDER

CHAPTER I

CONCERNING HIS FORBEARS

1843-1856

Though his own learning and multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity; yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family.

IZAACK WALTON

THE value of considering the ancestry and family of a man consists chiefly in taking account of the quarry from which he was hewn. Two of the four biographical sketches of our Lord begin with genealogies.

That Bishop Satterlee was interested in his genealogy is evidenced by a carefully systematized "Index Rerum," containing information and sources relative to the family. Their name was originally Soterlega (Domesday Book) and runs through the usual gamut of change in family names until it reaches Satterlee. The meaning of the name appears to be the southern lea, or pasture land, of Saxon times, so called in relation to some more important locality, probably Beeches in Suffolk, from which it is distant about four miles. Eventually, as a reward for service to the king, it became the possession of one Roger, who was distinguished from other Rogers of the country side by having the title of his acres affixed to his name, being known as Roger de Soterle.

The family passed through a century and a half of uneventful life until the day of Thomas Sotterley, whose adherence to the Red Rose of Lancaster won for him the uncomfortable reward of dispossession and exile at the hands of the victorious Yorkists (*circa* 1470). The manor then fell into the hands of the Playters and the Sotterleys were lost sight of for one hundred and fifty years, when they reappear in Devon as Satterlee. Their identity with the Sotterleys of

Suffolk is certain from their armorial bearings — three buckles. William Satterlee was Vicar of St. Ide's in Ide near Exeter. He was a Royalist, and among other indignities suffered at the hands of the Roundheads, was chained in a stable by a dungheap in his glebe. William's son, Benedict, came to America in 1685, and there married Rebecca, daughter of Judge Bemis and widow of John Diamond, all of New London, Conn. From this couple were descended the American Satterlees, whose most conspicuous representative was the first Bishop of Washington.

The grandfather of the subject of this biography was Edward Rathbone Satterlee, who married Mary Lansing of Albany. He was a merchant of Albany held in esteem by his fellow-citizens. After his death his account books revealed that he had the generous habit of cancelling debts when he found his debtors hard pressed for funds. Edward Rathbone had two children, Frances, who married John C. Bergh, and Edward.

Edward Satterlee was the father of Henry Yates and seven other children. He did not engage in active professional life. Possessed of independent means, he was what would have been described in his days as a cultivated man of leisure. His taste and training were in the direction of art, and he developed considerable technique as an amateur painter. Sir C. Purdon Clarke on one occasion was attracted by the copy of a Rembrandt by Mr. Satterlee, which he said had caught the spirit and coloring of the master. He also at times employed his pen in the service of art, writing critiques and essays. It was a keen disappointment to him that his eldest son did not choose art and literature as a vocation.

In appearance he was tall and handsome. Of a genial and social nature, he found much pleasure in entertaining his friends. His dinner-table was a source of enjoyment to himself and those who assembled around it. He had a home at West Point, New York, where the family connection were accustomed to gather at Thanksgiving

and Christmas. This property was afterwards bought by Mr. J. P. Morgan, and the homestead and a portion of the grounds given to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee.

He was not a deeply religious man. With the pride and reserve characteristic of men of his type, he did not discuss religious matters. But he was a man of high moral standards and held the respect of the community. He was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. At the time of his death the influences of many years had reached their climax, and he was on the point of being confirmed in the Episcopal Church.

As husband and father he left little to be desired. He was the companion and friend of his children, leaving upon them, on this account, that impression which is as unique as it is enduring. His were times when high-minded men felt the responsibility and joy of domestic ties, and kept unencumbered sufficient space to pay them the reverence due.

On the maternal side Bishop Satterlee's lineage was distinguished. His great-grandfather, Christopher Yates, was a Colonel Quartermaster in the American Revolution, serving on General Schuyler's staff. He married Jane Bradt. Dying in middle life he left his widow with a large family of sons, to whom she succeeded in giving a College education. Four rose to prominence, the chief being Joseph Christopher, who became Governor of New York (1823-1825), and Henry, grandfather of the future Bishop, who achieved senatorial honors in his State, was mayor of Schenectady, N. Y., and one of the founders of Union College. Henry married Catherine Mynderse, a descendant of that fine Dutch stock that has left its flavor in more than one State of the Union to its benefit and honor. Their children were Mary, Stephen, Henry, Charles, Edward and Jane Anna, who married Edward Satterlee, of whom was born Henry Yates. Jane Anna died in November, 1873, at the age of fifty-seven and her husband five years later in April, 1878.

Jane Anna (Yates) Satterlee was a pretty, attractive woman, spirited and intellectual. Her son Henry inherited the personal appearance of the Satterlees, who were tall and dark, but he owed to his mother, as is so often the case in creative characters like his, his chief mental and spiritual qualities. She was a brave woman with a vivid faith that found expression in a life of prayer. In appearance she was a contrast to her husband, being fair, plump, short, of fresh complexion, and with a great deal of simple dignity.

She had an active, acquisitive mind. For quite a time she was a semi-invalid. But she turned her misfortune into an opportunity for reading voluminously, including in her study the history of ancient religions. She was a good French scholar and translated several books. She had musical knowledge and some ability as a musician. Like all people who have a living faith she found much romance in life. Her versatility added to her charm.

She was brought up in the Dutch Reformed Church. But she had also personal interest in the Episcopal Church, renting a pew in St. Paul's, Albany, where she attended afternoon service on Sundays during the incumbency of the Rev. Dr. William Ingraham Kip,¹ afterwards the first Bishop of California, and that of the Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Starkey, afterwards Bishop of Newark. Henry, as a small boy, used to come back after service, tie an apron over his shoulders and deliver a sermon, saying the Episcopal Church was the one he proposed to enter.

Dutch phlegm and the prevailing habit of reserve did not encourage Mrs. Satterlee to speak much about the deep things of religion. But her religion was none the less, probably all the more, intensely real. She lived her belief, she was uncompromising in her standards, and always retained a childlike nature which was reproduced in a heightened degree in her eldest son. Her

¹ Bishop Kip through his marriage was a connection of Mrs. H. Y. Satterlee.

cheerful temperament, unclouded by morbidness, was fed by the consolatory elements in her Christian belief, which were not lost sight of in the doctrinal intricacies of the Communion of her fathers. Though following with hidden prayers and open joy the course of her children, who, with the exception of two that died at an early age, became communicants of the Episcopal Church, she herself was never confirmed.

Eight children were born to Edward and Jane Anna Satterlee: Mary Lansing, born in 1840, Henry Yates, Edward Rathbone, Clarence, Howard, Katherine, Graham, Arthur Bergh. Howard and Katherine were carried off by scarlet fever in early childhood. The rest all lived to grow up, were confirmed, and the men became vestrymen in their various parishes. Mary Lansing married Captain Robert Catlin, U.S.A., a gallant army officer, whom she has survived. She and Arthur Bergh, the senior and junior members of this large family, are the only ones who are still living.

In a memorandum in Bishop Satterlee's hand-writing we learn some interesting facts. "I was born" on January 11, 1843, "at 112 Greenwich St., South west corner of Carlyle St., New York, in the corner front room, second story, three months after my grandmother Yates' death. Dr. Tonalier was the family physician. My mother was a very cultivated woman. She had met with an accident in her childhood that made her lame and caused her great suffering from necrosed bone all through her youth, and she devoted her time to reading. She spoke French and Dutch fluently and was an accomplished pianist — an excellent scholar. When I was less than a week old she repeated Burns' 'Highland Maid' through to a visitor. This is an instance of how her thoughts ran through all her life. It was her practice to have recourse to literary diversions in all times of trial, for she never became a professing Christian until about ten years before her death (at 56 years of age). From a sense of duty, however, she gathered her children

about her all through her life and explained the Bible on Sunday afternoons. These are among the most hallowed remembrances of my childhood."

This reference to his mother is indicative of the influence she had on his character. Her sincerity, which found expression first in shy aloofness from certain of the conventional and outward aspects of religion, and later in her open surrender to its claims, repeated itself in the singleness of purpose and reality which were prominent features also in her son's character. She died in 1873, leaving to her children that most potent of all inheritances, the enduring and indelible memory of true motherhood, the best substitute for which is a pale shadow, and the total absence of which is the direst misfortune to which a man can fall heir. Lofty ideals, pure manners, and domestic happiness were the companions of their youth. It was her privilege and happiness to live long enough to see her first-born son launched on that blameless career in the Ministry which, before its close, was destined to be fruitful beyond that of all but a select few. This is but one more instance where both the man himself, and his contemporaries, can point back to the mother as being the operative source of his goodness and success. She gave, and he accepted, the best of motherhood. There can never be any other result from such a relationship.

The family did not live long in New York. In 1846 they moved to Albany. Henry Yates had bought the house of his brother, the Governor, after he died. It was a roomy old Dutch mansion in large grounds. A church now occupies the site where it formerly stood.

Mr. Yates in the loneliness consequent upon his increasing age and his widowhood opened his doors to receive his daughter and her family, and his house thereafter became their home for ten years. Mrs. Satterlee took charge of the household affairs.

It was in these sheltered and cultured surroundings that Henry's happy boyhood began to develop, and his

earliest recollections were full of the peculiar fragrance that is attached to congenial home life under the best conditions. His sister writes of him:—

Henry was a healthy, happy boy, fond of reading, manly sports, especially of making all sorts of collections of insects, minerals, etc.

He would assemble the family to witness experiments in chemistry which were not always successful, occasionally resulting in an explosion and total darkness, accompanied by a strong and penetrating odor of some chemical which had not worked properly. The house was a very large one with extensive grounds, and I sometimes would invite a few girl friends to see the athletic games and races in which Henry with his brother Edward and some boy companions would participate, on which occasion we would sit in a gaily dressed balcony overlooking the horse-chestnut grove where the contest took place, the victor being crowned by the chosen "Queen of Beauty."

At other times my brother would be the head magician in an exhibition of legerdemain given in a structure called the "engine house," as we were obliged to keep a fire engine of our own for emergencies.

I mention these incidents merely to show that Henry was a very jolly and normal boy, fond of the usual games and sports of youth.

Hospitality was the law of the Yates Mansion and the memory still lives of a grand fancy-dress ball in 1847, at which Henry made his first public appearance. His father and mother represented Charles I and Henrietta. He and his sisters were pages. His dignity and independence led to a vigorous protest on his part against being carried into the ballroom. He claimed the right to enter on his own sturdy four-year-old legs.

Mr. Yates died on March 20, 1854. The following is the obituary notice that appeared in the *Schenectady Cabinet* of March 28:

DEATH OF AN AGED CITIZEN

Another old and respectable Citizen has been gathered to his Fathers. Henry Yates, long a sufferer from Paralysis, though

able until almost the last day of his life to take the air in his carriage, expired this morning, in the 84th year of his age.

Mr. Yates belonged to a Family distinguished for intelligence, enterprise and public spirit, and for its participation in the Executive, Judicial and Legislative responsibilities of the Government from our earliest history.

Christopher Yates, Father of the deceased, took an active part in the Revolution, and was a Commissioner of Forfeitures after our Independence was achieved. The late Gov. Yates, the late Professor Andrew Yates, and the late John B. Yates, were brothers of the now deceased, and we believe, last survivor of the Family.

Mr. Yates was born at Schenectady, in 1770. After his admission to the Bar he was for many years successfully engaged in the Practice of the Law. In 1817 or '18 he was elected to the Senate from the old Middle District, and was, for four years, an influential Member of that body, with such men as Abram Van Vechten, Cadwallader D. Colden, Gideon Granger, Henry Seymour, &c. &c. for colleagues.

Several years ago Mr. Yates, pressed by age and infirmities, retired from business and fixed his residence in the old Mansion of the late Peter W. Yates, occupied successively by Governors Tompkins, Clinton and Seward, where, surrounded by those who were dearest to him, with all the relief that affluence and science could bring, and all the consolations that affection and religion could impart, this aged and stricken man lingered and died — *Albany Journal*, 20th.

Mr. Yates resided in this city till the year 1826, when he removed to New-York, and subsequently to the city of Albany. Besides the stations above named which he filled, he was for many years Mayor of this city and First Judge of the country. He was a member of the Council of Appointment and represented this country in the Convention which adopted the second constitution of the state. Many eminent citizens were his law students — such as Judge Conklin, Gideon Hawley; Bishop Doane, of N. J. commenced reading law in his office, which profession he abandoned for that of divinity. It may not be out of place to say that Mr. Yates, as one of the then democratic party in this country, took a lively interest in the establishment of this paper in the year 1809, and always proved himself a fast friend of its founder.



THE YATES MANSION
Where Bishop Satterlee Lived as a Child

CHAPTER II

THE YOUTH

1856-1867

*Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!*

.
*And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.*

ALFRED NOYES

HENRY'S earliest tuition was at home from a Miss Ellen P. Frisbie, a graduate of the Albany Normal School. Later he went to the Boys' Academy.

When he was thirteen, filled with the physical and moral health with which life in the Yates Mansion had furnished him, his parents moved to New York (1856). This was the year when the missionary spirit of Calvary Parish, to which in later years he was destined to make a noble contribution, burst forth in new vigor, finding expression in the establishment, under Dr. Hawks of Calvary Free Chapel, one of the first free chapels in New York. New York, now the most multitudinous and bewildering, the most heterogeneous and cosmopolitan city of all times, was then a compact, homogeneous and rather provincial city of 600,000. Its future immensity was only a dream, and you could in those days ride out into the country, where now apartment houses rear their gaunt forms in place of trees, and the swarms of children exceed in number every form of life that ever reigned there, except possibly insect life. Yet it was a great event to move from the comparative quiet and seclusion of Albany, with its conservative traditions and select fellowship, to the chief commercial centre of the nation, where then, as now, "progress" — who knows

whither? — was the watchword. There came a new meaning and added romance to the wide-eyed boy, whose half-formed purpose was steadily shaping itself, to know the full meaning of life, by fearlessly occupying its most hidden corners, and living it to the full. His sensitive nature was trained both consciously and unconsciously to respond quickly and sympathetically, to every contact which was established with his fellows and their interests.

In New York he began his systematic school life. He was placed in the Columbia Grammar School under the famous Dr. Charles Anthon, whose editions of the Classics gave students of that guileless generation most of the benefits of an English translation with none of the odium! After two years of preparatory work he passed his entrance examinations for Columbia University. He was not yet sixteen years old, and it fell out to his advantage that his regular collegiate work was postponed for more than a year; instead, there came to him the broadening and educative influence of life in Europe under the best conditions. On September 29, 1858, his parents sailed for Liverpool on the Cunard S.S. "Persia," taking Henry and his sister Mary with them. For nine months they were on the Continent. He was at an age when nothing escaped his notice. The experience tended to mature him beyond his years. He was of necessity thrown with companions much his senior. His appearance, equipped as he was with a fine physique, led to the supposition that he was older than he was. His handsome, animated face and intelligent, receptive mind won him much attention, so that he never lacked fellowship among the choicer people with whom he came into touch. Had he been built in a lesser mould, he could easily have been marred by the blight of self-consciousness and conceit. But he came through the experience benefited and not injured.

In Rome his latent taste for art was quickened. But he was not too absorbed in the monuments of yesterday

to neglect the social pleasures which were open to him. He was welcomed into the delightful and gay American society resident in the ancient capital, and gave and received much pleasure.

The only letter of his youth that has been preserved is one to his aunts, written in his clear, bold hand from Vienna:

VIENNA, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1858.

Dear Aunts: It is my turn to write so I will now write to you. Mary, I suppose told you all about the Hague, Amsterdam and Broek, (for she claimed the privilege of writing to you all about Holland), so I will not repeat; all I have got to say about it is that it is the most old-fashioned, meanest and dirtiest country we have yet been in, and it is a perfect mystery to me how the inhabitants can keep healthy with all the canals full of the suerage of city, in their streets, but I was going to write about Prussia not Holland. In travelling from Amsterdam to Berlin we remained over night (for it takes two days) at a small village named Minden, where we saw some recruits drilling. It looked very strange to see the men marching all over, I assure you (for provided they throw their legs forward with a jerk and do not bend the knee, they can march in any direction they choose). It was late at night when we arrived at Berlin and very cold. We went immediately to the Hotel Du Nord, which is the best in the city. Early the next morning we went to the King's Palace where we were requested to put on list shoes that were half too large for us, I suspect the reason was for us to polish their bare floors, by sliding along, as that is the only possible way to keep the shoes on. In one of the rooms of the Palace are the drinking cups of the different Kings of Prussia, some of them are about two thirds as large as a pail. The guide said that the Kings used to empty such a cup in less than two hours. Pa asked him if he could do it but he said not. The Royal Chapel is in this Palace and it is magnificently fitted up. The floor is beautifully inlaid and the cross, back of the pulpit, composed entirely of precious stones, is said to have cost over five hundred thousand dollars. One of the most interesting sights in Berlin is the Museum. On one side of the steps at the entrance is Kiss's celebrated statue of the Amazon. It is the counterpart of the one that was in the Chrystal Palace

in New York. In the Museum are pictures from the earliest stages of the art down to the present time. Among the most celebrated are: "A boar hunt" by Rubens and Snyder and several pictures by Raphael representing the Madonna. In an adjoining room is a large unfinished picture by Raphael representing "The adoration of the Magi" which is only to be seen on application. It is beautifully drawn and if it had been finished would have undoubtedly have been one of his masterpieces. A perfectly finished copy has been painted which shows what the original would have been when finished. In the same room are several other pictures by Raphael and his father. Returning from the Museum we passed the statue of Frederic the Great which is considered together with that of Marcus Aurelius in Rome, the finest in the world. The base of the statue is surrounded by the Generals of Frederic the Great in base reliefs. I think that there is a view of the statue (with trees in the back-ground) in the stereoscopic views on glass, which Pa has at home. There is another Museum in Berlin called the New Museum which is close to the old Museum. In it are some coins and medals—in a room down stairs, on the upper floor a room full of sketches of celebrated artists and a suite of rooms full of historical relics. We had great difficulty to get in the latter (for it is not usually shown to the public) but our courier, George, applied to one of the directors who gave us a ticket. In this department there is a small room devoted to Frederic the Great. There on one side is a figure of "Old Fritz" in the old suit of thread bare cloth which he usually wore—and for the face there is a cast that was taken "post mortem." On one side there are all the pipes which he smoked and I really think that he *was* *extravagant* in them for there are over one hundred and fifty. In this room are two cannon ball that met in the air and flattened each other so that they stuck together. We visited several studios in Berlin one of them belonging to Cornelius, the celebrated painter and sculptor, it was very fine, although it was mostly composed of drawings. Some of these were beautifully executed, one especially which took up one side of the room was "beautifully conceived." In one house which was filled with studios we saw how they modeled in clay before sculptoring. The last day that we were in Berlin we went to the Berlin Iron Manufactory expecting to see how they cast all those pretty knick-knacks which we so

often see on etagers [*sic*], but it was a secret, and no one was allowed to go into the casting room, *especially Americans* for they have a great idea of their sharpness here. From Berlin we went to Dresden, but as Pa has written to you about that city I will not repeat him. We remained over night at Prague and the next day started for Vienna. It was very cold at Prague, the thermometer being fourteen degrees below zero. The moment we arrived there Pa was presented with a paper requesting his circumstances, age, number of party, where last from, &c. Our courier says that we will have to go through all these operations in every city in the Austrian Dominions. Although it is an inconvenience it is also a protection to travellers, for if they should be arrested for murder or any other crime by mistake, by this paper they could prove that they were at another place at the date of the crime, so that if a man intends to do right there is no place in the world where he is better protected than in France or Austria. It takes nearly two days to go from Dresden to Vienna so that by the time we arrived here we were pretty tired of railways especially in cold weather. They say that it is unusually cold here and I would like to know if it is the same in New York? The first day we were here we went to the bankers and received four letters from Aunt Fanny, two dated Nov. 5th and two Oct. 29th, one letter from Uncle John dated Nov. 9th, one letter from Aunt Jeanette dated Nov. 5th, one from Aunt Helen dated Nov. 7th, one from Grandpa dated Oct. 29th and one from Eddie dated Nov. 7th. You all expected that we would receive your letters in Paris but instead of that we received them in Vienna so please direct to our Banker in Rome next time. Hoping to hear soon from you, I remain,

Your affectionate nephew,

HENRY.

After leaving the Continent he spent some time in London, where the serious and studious side of his character found edification and enjoyment in the British Museum. He made it a daily resort for reading, and was chagrined and indignant because an attendant, whose caution, or it may be officiousness, exceeded his discernment, informed him that he was too young to be allowed to use the class of books which he was in the habit of reading.

He returned to America with the same eagerness that marked each new step of his life from first to last. Europe, for the moment, had pushed all other considerations into the background, but his nature was too stable and acquisitive to be unsettled by so dazzling an experience. The next thing was college, and he flung himself at it with the joyousness and vigor of unsoiled and unspoiled youth. He found that he would have to pay for his trip abroad by doing double work for the first year, otherwise he would lose his place in his class. But he succeeded in passing the Sophomore examinations and kept his standing in college.

He was, as might be expected from his native endowments and early training, both a good student and a good classmate. His most intimate college friends were Gerard Beekman and his cousin Walter Satterlee, between whom there continued the closest intimacy throughout life. Though he lived at home this did not hinder him from throwing himself with zest into the social life of the University. Among his associates were young men of the gayer sort. He was no prig, and though he abhorred evil he saw and enjoyed the good in those of his companions who were lax or careless. His innocence and virile integrity kept him from defilement, and made him that most powerful of influences among students, an unconscious influence.

He exercised leadership in various directions. He was President of the Debating Society and in 1861 delivered the Delta Phi Junior Oration. Athletics in those days were not the prominent feature in university life that they have since become, so that his magnificent physical powers had not the opportunity to be exploited for the honor of his University as otherwise they would have been. With the exception of chess and games of skill he was never fond of games, though always ready to enter into the play of children.

Until 1861 he seems to have exhibited no sense of vocation. It is not surprising that his earliest movement

was in the direction of the Army. Those were days when patriotism called for military expression. Nowhere more than in the college halls of the land were national questions hotly and, in many instances, intelligently debated. The integrity of the Union and the question of States' Rights were not questions of mere academic import. To noble-minded youth the cause of the enslaved negro was a clear issue, allowing of no hesitation and demanding self-sacrificing action. Students offered themselves to their country with the graceful abandon and glowing ardor with which the lover casts a rose at his sweetheart's feet. Young Satterlee was as deliberately reckless with his life as thousands of his contemporaries were. At the age of eighteen he so earnestly besought his father to allow him to enter the Army, that a reluctant consent was given, provided he could succeed in obtaining an appointment through his own efforts to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. Henry went to Washington armed with letters to influential men and politicians, but all to no purpose. He returned to New York bitterly disappointed "until he realized that the Church Militant gave him a stronger call, which he answered, giving (to the cause of Christ) the life he was willing to lay down for his country." His ardor for the nation and his devotion to its principles were not lessened by reason of his failure to become a soldier. They were to find expression in other channels. He had all the Northerner's enthusiasm for his cause, and stored up the memory of the burning events of his youth against the day when the effort of wise men would be bent toward obliterating sectional lines, and he himself, with balanced judgment, would be called upon to stand between North and South as a reconciling influence, with the last wrinkles of partisan feeling ironed away. He lived to learn that patriotism has a higher, as well as a more enduring glory, than belongs to the call to arms and the accoutrements of war. He came to know by experience the

meaning of dying daily for causes that include, but do not stop with, the nation. In the end he shortened his days and gave his life for his friends, just as truly as though an enemy's bullet had laid him low while guarding his country's defences.

It may be said of Henry Satterlee that he had a natural bent toward religion. He was endowed with the gift of faith, nor did he keep his talent wrapped in a napkin. He was baptized in the Dutch Reformed Church, but had associations from his earliest memory with the Episcopal Church. As a lad he showed the seriousness with which he viewed religion by fasting, which is not a habit that a growing youth voluntarily adopts without profound motive. When working out a grave problem he used this discipline as an aid to his purpose. He did not brood over his inability to enter the Military Academy, but after the edge of his disappointment wore off, he accepted a decision that seemed at first to thwart his best ambitions, as indicative of the fact that it was in some other direction that he was to find vent for his full enthusiasm. In the course of his study of ethics and his reading of Carlyle, especially *Chartism* and *Past and Present*, his mind was turned toward the ministry, and he felt that this was his vocation. It is interesting and somewhat unusual, that he should have first thought of the ministry as the great representative Christian vocation, before he knew in connection with what church he would ally himself. It was the ministry as such, and not some one aspect of it as interpreted by a given church, which claimed him at the outset. The commissioned servant of God and of man was what he aimed to be. He then set to work to study the various churches, and his mind was more and more attracted to the historic standing and sacramental teaching of that branch of the Church Catholic which afterwards claimed him. Professor Milo Mahan¹ advised him to consult the Rev. Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, who was at that time one of the promi-

¹ Uncle of the famous American Admiral, who died in 1914.

ment clergy of the Diocese and Rector of Calvary Church, New York. Dr. Coxe was himself the son of a Presbyterian divine. He had fought for the position he had won, and both as a historian and a theologian was well qualified to counsel the eager young student. The result was a close tie binding the two together. Dr. Coxe was in the habit of calling him "his boy."

The question of baptism was discussed and Henry was baptized hypothetically on Easter Even, March 26, 1864, in the church where he was destined to serve as rector so long and well, by Dr. Coxe, who also presented him for confirmation to Bishop Horatio Potter at Trinity Church. This was the year after he graduated from Columbia University. In 1863 he took his A.B. Owing to political reasons there was no Valedictorian Oration. But he was one of the three candidates for the Valedictory Poem, another being his cousin Walter. With characteristic delicacy of feeling and generosity he withdrew in favor of his friend and cousin. The year of his graduation was notable for another reason which left its mark on his whole after career. He met at West Point for the first time Miss Jane Lawrence Churchill of New York City, beginning that life-long companionship which taught all who knew them how noble and pure and beautiful a thing wedded life according to the mind of God could be. Henry's mother took the young girl to her heart and a devoted attachment was created. It was her happy lot to be present at, and share in, every great spiritual event of his life from his baptism and confirmation to his ordination and consecration, and finally that exultant service when his mortal remains were laid to rest in the Little Sanctuary. It was she who rounded out and completed his personality. Though she leaned on him as on a strong man, she gave strength to strength. His ideals were hers naturally by reason of a certain likeness of character in the midst of much that was unlike. Her sympathy, her insight, her quick and accurate judgment, were a part of all his achievements. Her hospitality was

as gracious as it was constant, and her friendship as loyal as it was fragrant.

In the fall of 1863 Henry entered the General Theological Seminary, New York. He continued to live at home but, as when he was an undergraduate at Columbia, he made himself felt among his fellow students in every department of Seminary life. He was not content with being conventional either in study or reading. From boyhood, and especially after his trip abroad, he reached out beyond the group of subjects which ordinarily satisfy the average youth. He read slowly and had a memory that was retentive of the substance rather than of the mode of expression. That is to say, his intellectual assimilation was good. He read with a pencil in hand annotating or taking notes.

A couple of poems, "Vision of Charles the Eleventh of Sweden" and a semi-humorous production with a moral, of the variety that students affect, entitled "Stella Peithologiana," show facility in versification. In after life he wrote a number of carols for parochial use. His college theses for the most part are thoughtfully argued. They bear marks of maturity of thought, power of expression, and careful reading. He is convinced that the moral causes of atheism, where it exists, are its root causes. He attributes the doctrine of fatalists to untidiness of thought, which confounds "the freedom of the will with the power of performing. And as men are very negligent in the performance of their duty, one says he is not free." Reason and revelation are not enemies. Just as "arithmetic hands us over to algebra for those problems which it cannot solve, from a lower to a higher branch of analysis, so revelation is superhuman reason, and we pass from reason to revelation." He discusses the atomic system and its bearing on creation, the argument from design, and similar themes, with considerable cogency.

During his Seminary training he had special advantages. His Hebrew he learned from a master of that tongue, himself a Jewish Rabbi. He was devoted to music and

gave time and attention to it and to elocution. He also began practical church work, as far as his studies permitted, at the Church of the Messiah for colored people, and he taught a Sunday School class at Calvary.

On July 9, 1865, he officiated for the first time as lay-reader at Wappinger's Falls, New York. After a second Sunday there the Rector, Dr. George B. Andrews, who was in need of help owing to feeble health, asked Mr. Satterlee to become assistant. The congregation added their invitation to that of the Rector. Though it was the custom then as now, and probably to a larger degree, for theological students to act as lay readers on Sundays in missions and vacant parishes, Mr. Satterlee was asked at the end of his second year at the Seminary to become officially identified with a parish as one of its clergy. The matter was carried to the Bishop, who agreed to the arrangement.

During the summer, which was spent at West Point, Mr. Satterlee, with the aid of his mother and future wife, established a little Sunday School at a place which, if its name indicates its spiritual fertility, was not promising. The place was known as "Stoney Lonesome."

On September 3, Mr. Satterlee began his work at Wappinger's Falls, though he was not admitted to the diaconate until something more than two months later. On November 21, Bishop Potter ordained him deacon in Brooklyn, at St. Paul's Church (Flatbush), the Bishop of Honolulu (Dr. Thomas N. Staley) preaching the sermon. The day was a very stormy one so that his father and his future wife were the sole representatives of the family who were able to be present. He continued his studies at the Seminary, giving Sunday, together with such marginal time before and after as was possible, to his charge at Wappinger's Falls. Those were not days of rapid transit, so that it was a much more serious matter to make the journey then than now. Immediately the influence of his fresh, strong life was felt throughout Zion Parish, limited though the time at his disposal for pastoral work

was. On Christmas Day of this his first year of work, forty communicants gathered to greet their Lord at the first early service held in Zion Church. By Easter the parish already began to show tokens of that steady development which, at the close of his ministry there, left Zion Church as an ensign on a hill. Mr. Satterlee was full of rich sentiment in his religious life and it seemed to him quite the normal thing to have the first service on Easter Day at the break of dawn, when, with St. Mary Magdalene and St. Peter, the people of the day might live the event. This practice, begun during the first years in the ministry, was continued until the close of his pastorate in Wappinger's Falls.

Wappinger's Falls is a town near the Hudson River about seventy miles from New York. At this time it was a place of 1,800 inhabitants and had quite an English colony composed largely of skilled workmen employed in the Garner calico works. The operatives were men of intelligence and brought with them the best traditions of English parochial life, which were fostered and developed by Mr. Satterlee. A number of girls were also employed in the factories.

Wappinger's Falls takes its name from a band of Indians called the "Wappingers." The Indians called the stream Mawenawasigh, but the Dutch afterwards changed it to Wappinger's Kill. In 1770 what is now Wappinger's Falls was the farm of Peter Mesier. The waterpower available attracted manufacturers, and in 1825 the print-works were established around which the town steadily grew. When Mr. Satterlee first went there in 1866 it was but a village. Twelve years later it numbered upwards of 6,000 people. It was the boast of the town that nearly all of its wealthiest inhabitants at the height of its prosperity had come there as poor men, and that there had not been a single business failure in thirty years. Perhaps its worthiest boast was that those who owned and controlled the local industries believed that "the world was not made for them alone," and that

their interest in their employees should be "other than forcing just as much work out of them for just as little pay as possible." The employees were public-spirited citizens and were led in promoting the welfare of the community by such men as Mr. Irving Grinnell, Mr. W. Henry Reese, and Mr. Henry Mesier, who had residences in the vicinity.

A mile and a half or so away in New Hamburg on the river lived a group of New York men of education and moderate wealth forming an especially congenial society. Though there were four other churches in the town, the Episcopal Church claimed a large percentage of the mill population. The bosses of the different rooms of the print workers were almost without exception members of the Church of England.

The beginnings of Zion Church date back to 1820, when a faithful, loving, and courageous woman, prizing the blessings of the Church, resolved to do what she could for those around her who did not have access to them. She collected a little band of children for instruction, and their first class room was the shade of an apple tree that once stood on the spot where the Parish House was erected in 1882. The work begun in the wide temple of God's fields was transferred to a corn barn near by, until at last a church was erected and a parish established. A tiny seed became a great tree.

The Reverend George Benjamin Andrews, S.T.D., had been Rector for thirty-two years when Mr. Satterlee became his assistant. The old gentleman was then four-score years of age, having been born in 1785. He had grown up with the country. His infirmity made it impossible for him to minister adequately to the needs of the parish, and affairs were at a low ebb when his young assistant joined him. In his earlier years Dr. Andrews had been an active man of scholarly attainments. Like many others in a similar position he failed, as time advanced,^m to realize his loss of power and clung to his post with loyalty to what he held to be his trust from God.

Had a man of lesser magnitude than Henry Yates Satterlee come to be his assistant it would have been impossible for him to stay and do effective work. Jealousy of precedence, tenacity of authority, pride of place, suspicions unfounded and irritating, are the temptations and often the habitual faults of old age in such circumstances. Nor was Dr. Andrews wholly free from idiosyncrasies and crotchets. But Mr. Satterlee's disposition and character were equal to the situation. He became as a son to this aged servant of God, who was justly honored and loved in the community where he lived, humoring his fancies, strengthening his hands, and meeting his infirmities with tenderness and tact. There were occasions when it would have been easy for youth to become impatient and quarrel. But Mr. Satterlee squared his shoulders to his responsibility and filled with dignity, loyalty and honor that most difficult of all positions, second place. He learned to command by obeying. He made it a practice to see his Rector frequently, and by telling him everything, and counselling with him on all matters that pertained to the parochial welfare, suspicion, where otherwise it might have arisen, was disarmed and a beautiful relationship established. For over three years before he died, Dr. Andrews was bedridden as the result of an accident. Mr. Satterlee never neglected him, carrying to the bedside of his Rector in his daily visit, which was seldom if ever omitted, everything of interest in his work, and consoling him with the thought that the people to whom he had ministered were still his children and looked to him as their leader. Mr. Satterlee in all his after-life never had a more delicate task to do, and he did nothing in his whole career more admirably. It was not merely that he was able to live peaceably in difficult and unwonted circumstances, but he filled the place of leadership without parade of authority or lack of loyalty, when the leader himself was incapacitated to lead and clung withal to the phantom of leadership. Through ten long years Mr. Satterlee remained an assistant when his ripening

powers were calling for the largest liberty of action, and when he could easily have found more spacious ecclesiastical surroundings. But position as such was neither then nor later a prize to him. Opportunity to serve was all he ever asked. Sometimes he found it best in connection with conspicuous office and made good use of it. But he was able to do this because, in his apprenticeship, he had learned that power and opportunity to do good work are dependent neither upon easy conditions nor being in the public eye. Those who serve best in high office are the men who have been trained, like him, to labor well in obscurity and hard conditions. Probably there is no school which turns out better graduates than such a one as Mr. Satterlee went through to his great credit.

On the twenty-eighth of June, 1866, he received the degree of B.D. from the General Theological Seminary. Two days later he took to himself his bride, Jane Lawrence Churchill, who quickly won a unique and intimate a place in the esteem and affection of the people of Wappinger's Falls as that which her husband already occupied.

Mr. Satterlee did not hasten to be advanced to the priesthood. He served full time as deacon. He was ordained priest in St. Ann's Church, New York, by Bishop Horatio Potter on January 11, 1867, his twenty-fourth birthday.

After the completion of his Seminary course he settled in New Hamburg with his wife. The Rectory was occupied and no house was available, even if his munificent salary, which had been advanced from \$500 to \$750 a year upon his marriage, would have permitted of house rent. Mr. Irving Grinnell, whose friendship he had already won, offered him for a year a cottage on his estate, formerly occupied by a member of the Howland family. There as Mr. Grinnell's guests, he and his bride began their long and happy married life.

CHAPTER III

THE APPRENTICE MINISTRY AT WAPPINGER'S FALLS

1867-1875

*When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet — both tug —
He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
Never leave growing till the life to come!*

ROBERT BROWNING

THE promise of boyhood was fulfilled in early manhood. The young priest of twenty-four years of age set out on his ministerial career with all the joyousness that a disciplined body, a blameless conscience, a well-informed mind, and a clear consciousness of vocation, could contribute.

He stood straight in his six feet two of superb, well-proportioned manhood, his soul looking out of his eager blue-gray eyes. His handsome, regular features, which bore the marks of refinement and culture, completed his distinguished appearance. His physique made him superior to weariness, and work was not a hard task at its worst.

It was said of him after his death:

He had a certain air of the soldier clinging to him, and some called him the "Cavalry Bishop," because both when young, or even later, in the prime of life, he possessed such a manly, winning personality, as to create the impression that his hand was suited both to the sabre and the Prayer Book. All this was naturally attractive to men, but, whether from that or other reasons, he drew them to him with hooks of steel. Large men

felt the presence of the large man. They looked up to him and acknowledged him. Men placed in supreme authority took him by the hand and trusted him. It was splendidly right that it should be so.

He began his moral life right, learning to act quickly upon moral intuition and so avoiding that painful, self-conscious journey back to moral sensitiveness which is the lot of those who early in life have thwarted conscience, or otherwise trifled with its dictates. Nor was his integrity lacking in virility. No man endowed with as great natural powers as he was, could fail to know the meaning of temptation in the full range and danger of its sweep. His was a warrior soul. He had to fight and wished to fight for the treasures he coveted. In later life he intimated to a dear friend how his very strength and health involved fierce onslaughts of temptation. Were he able to direct these written words, he would like to say to students of today that his virility was due to struggle, struggle which never permitted moral vacations or condoned occasional lapses from righteousness; that his self-respect was reached by toiling up the steep heights of self-conquest; that he understood men, not with the theoretic sympathy of an onlooker peering out from some sheltered nook, but as a sharer in the common toil of the common day; as one who knew life's depths and heights from an intimate, inside experience.

His education had been the best that the day afforded. But it was not curriculum study that equipped him to be a leader of thought. He was always a fearless disciple and apostle of the truth, and could not content himself with what was prescribed for him by the conventional methods of his generation. Of course during his school and college days the time-honored system of classical education, transplanted from England, prevailed, and the idea of vocational training had not as yet appeared above the horizon. The episode in the British Museum, when he read what the over-prudent curator deemed to be

unsuitable, was characteristic. He early learned to think along independent lines, though his historic sense kept him from intellectual isolation and eccentricity. Habits of study and thought were created in youth, which amid all the distractions of later years were never abandoned and seldom relaxed. Indeed he was more of a student than was generally supposed. There is a story that during his boyhood his determination to pursue his studies was so earnest that he would put soap in his eyes to keep himself awake. Though a lover of philosophy he never became the servant of any one philosopher, but walked as an eclectic. His mind was better than nimble. It was thorough. He moved slowly and penetratingly. Difficulties aroused his interest as well as challenged his powers, and he walked straight into their heart, observing as he went. His tastes were as broad as those of a cultured man should be, and the information he had on any given subject was likely to be reliable.

Because he was a man of mind, intellectual doubt was well known to him. As he fought for the mastery of his physical powers, so he fought for his intellectual freedom. There was a stage in his development when poets appealed to his imaginative nature as his principal preceptors. Tennyson helped him to weather one storm in his earlier life. Such poems as the "Two Voices," the "Higher Pantheism," and "In Memoriam" left an abiding mark upon his character. Later it was Browning, who always speaks to men who have tried to live breast forward, eyes upward, thought outward, who helped to arm him for his campaigns. He was also a student of Dante.

With all his seriousness he did not lack in playfulness. Of few men can it be said more truly that he had God in all his thoughts. But the result was not to alienate him from the world about him. Indeed it was quite the reverse. It quickened his sympathies and enabled him to find recreation in everything he undertook. He was never given to athletics, partly by accident, partly for



THE REV. HENRY YATES SATTERLEE, D.D.

Rector of Zion Church, Wappinger's Falls

the very reason just mentioned. He was neither a good walker nor a good climber, though he loved to ramble with his son looking for botanical specimens. Music was little short of a passion with him. The reason why chess attracted him was because he could wholly lose himself in it, and furthermore because he was keenly interested in strategy. Then, too, chess is much like work.

He had natural piety. God as the moral governor of the universe brought him in adoration and homage to his knees. He frequently found God's voice where others could hear only confused noises or echoes. The secret of his life was that habit of prayer, formed in boyhood, to which he solemnly committed himself at ordination until, in a true sense, he prayed without ceasing. Nothing was too small or unimportant, nothing too extensive or unwieldy, to talk to God about—the weather, a possible reunion with a friend, the affairs of the nation or the world, all found place in his conversation with God. He knew the meaning of worship in its more wonderful reaches—petition, thanksgiving, intercession, yes; but also adoration and praise. When he said the *Te Deum* it was sometimes as though he were transported from his surroundings, so deeply was his soul submerged in its depths.

The mystic was not the visionary. He combined in his character power to see and power to do, the latter gaining its impetus from the former. It might be said of him that he united in himself "a sufficient other-worldliness without fanaticism and a sufficient this-worldliness without philistinism."¹

His religious convictions were of a catholic order. He was born into the vigorous Protestantism of the Dutch Reformed Church, which counted among its adherents in Albany some of the choicest of people of Dutch origin, who did honor to the faith of their fathers. But the Episcopal Church had at that time one of its most able and pious of leaders in Albany, Dr. William Ingraham

¹ Von Hügel, *Eternal Life*, p. 255.

Kip, and Mr. Satterlee's earlier memory of Church matters was interwoven with the Episcopal Church which was, so to speak, the second family choice. If the Dutch Reformed Church was the Church of his mother's family, the Church of England or its sister communion, the Episcopal Church in America, was the Church of his father's family. His own allegiance at the beginning of his career was a twin, rather than a divided, one. To the mind of the boy there was no reason why the morning and the afternoon churches should not be different. It involved no inconsistency. His earliest preference, probably a mere matter of inexplicable taste, was for the Episcopal Church. When at last he found himself with a sense of vocation for the ministry he was uncertain which way to turn. This time it was not unreasoning preference but earnest, conscientious study that swayed him, and finally led him to his decision which when once made was never doubted.

One of the strongly influential forces at work in the Episcopal Church during his youth was the Oxford movement. It was a controversial period of Church history, and there were eminent champions of the high and low church parties. The Rev. Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe was a representative of the Oxford school in many of its doctrinal tenets, and in theory, as his poems testify, though not in home practice, a ritualist. Abroad he might be found on occasions in cope and mitre, and though his poems described worship as accompanied by lights and incense, his church, or when he became Bishop his churches, failed of these symbols, where he had his own way. His conception of the ministry was inclined toward the sacerdotal. He believed in the historic episcopate and apostolical succession. His conception of the sacraments was most reverent. His poetical, imaginative nature found in them the soul's richest food. A man of personal dignity, a scholar, and a winning and intellectual preacher, he was a conspicuous figure in the Church life and thought of his times, both at home and

abroad. It was to him that Mr. Satterlee looked for counsel at a perplexed and formative moment of his life. Though he was deeply impressed by the Oxford Movement, he was not swept away by it. It never represented to him, even in his youthful eagerness, an exclusive operation of God's working, though some of the most enduring enthusiasms of his life were lighted at its flame. Dr. Coxe's influence aided to reproduce, or at any rate to confirm, in "his boy," reverence for the visible Church, with its Ministry, Creeds, and Sacraments, in its historic continuity from the beginning. Added to this he attached profound importance to the open Bible, which was the hand-book of his own life. Neither in his youth nor in his after-days did he suffer any violent reaction of a religious character. His adoption into the Episcopal Church did not entail the bitternesses and rejections which so frequently accompany transference from one form of Christian belief to another. He was under God from the beginning and simply moved into what he deemed to be a completer sphere of Christ's operation among men. His nature was too big to expend its loyalty in negation or controversy, though he had a strong antipathy to the papacy, inherited probably from Dr. Coxe, which sometimes broke loose, and blinded him, for the moment, to the more admirable features of the Roman Catholic Church. His sense of commission was a propulsion and inspiration that filled his heart and hands with the tasks of willing service. It was no partial or sectarian vocation that enveloped him and sped him on his way. He conceived himself to be commissioned by Christ through the whole Catholic Church in its broadest conception. It was this that gave him courage to embrace the whole of mankind in his outlook, to accept responsibilities which, without the conviction that God had sent him, would have been intolerable, and to maintain that firm tread and cheerful spirit which characterized him to the end.

His method was the spiritual method. That is to say,

he placed worship at the core of all the activities that he controlled. He led in what he taught about prayer. He was quick to discern what a given situation needed, and did not hesitate to make use of any legitimate agency or machinery to reach his end. Though he was among the pioneers of institutional church undertakings he did not believe in their converting or edifying power, except as adjuncts and implements of God's Kingdom, and he spiritualized all his mechanisms.

Such was the type of man and priest which Mr. Satterlee came to be. When he began his work at Zion Church he was unformed, but was well set in the direction of his ultimate development. There are some men who, in feature and manner, are the exact reproduction of what they were as little children. Their growth is along a steady unswerving course. It was so in his case both in body and soul. Though the foregoing analysis is descriptive of his later life, it also applies in a degree to the beginning of his ministry. There was deepening and broadening as years multiplied and experience accumulated. But the boy was in the youth and the youth was in the Bishop. He never left "growing till the life to come," and his growth was that movement from strength to strength which is the glory of Christian increase.

He began with the ideal of the true pastor. His aim was to bring each person for whom he was responsible into conscious and intelligent relationship with Christ. Every one in the parish was speedily known by, and knew, him. He was the house-going parson that made the church-going people. It was his reward and joy to see those whom he taught come in increasing numbers, men, women, and children, to the altar for their spiritual food, and those who were brought under the influence of his teaching came because they were hungry and thirsty for God's good things.

But the Church services were by no means the whole of the religious life of the community. They were only its centre and motive power. The business and social

life of the place was not left untouched by spiritual forces. Wappinger's Falls was a singularly united and happy community with little extreme poverty. Prosperity and industry prevailed. Mr. Satterlee took an active interest in all that had to do with the life of the people. He saw the need of proper protection for factory girls who were away from the family roof-tree, and established a home for them. Among the men and boys who had not had the advantage of much schooling there was need of doing something to supplement their education. So a night school was opened, Mr. Satterlee and Mr. Irving Grinnell each teaching twice a week.

Mr. Satterlee had two ideas which he felt represented important factors in the life of the mill people — a thermometer in every house and a public library. Scientific hygiene had not yet been hatched, but overheated houses connoted conditions favorable to disease — hence the function of the thermometer. Mr. Satterlee's senses were very acute, especially his sense of smell. He declared he could at any time have told in what house he was, by the odors which distinguished families! Neither were public libraries then a commonplace. Their precursor, the circulating library, dependent on local subscriptions, fees and fines, here and there reared a modest head. In Wappinger's Falls there was no library when Mr. Satterlee came. He seized the first opportunity to establish one with the aid of his friend and fellow-worker Mr. Grinnell. The beginning was in a personality. In 1866 Mrs. Elizabeth A. Howarth, whose husband had just died of cancer, was found with her children on the verge of starvation. In the course of an effort to put her in the way of earning her livelihood, it was disclosed that her father had been librarian of a library in Manchester, England. Accordingly a room was secured and supplied with books and papers, and Mrs. Howarth was put in charge. For twenty-five years she filled the office as a devoted and capable servant of the community, living to see the establishment of the fine Library presented to the town

by Mr. Irving Grinnell, over which she presided until she passed away.

The pleasures of the people as well as their information were of concern to their minister. The town joys and pleasures, certainly their best social times, circled round the church. Though the usual number of churches broke the ecclesiastical unity of the place, there was a minimum of friction, and there was a kindly relationship between the ministerial forces. Mr. Satterlee was a stubborn man to move when his convictions were finally set; in spite of this, he was a hard man to quarrel with. He was too big to fight over small things — also to neglect to fight when a principle was at stake. But he was neither by nature nor training a controversialist, and he could more easily find common standing-ground with others than divisive lines. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics had each their own flock and place of worship. There seems to have been no federative or co-operative work done by the churches in unison. A union general benefit society was born only to die.

The common enemy, drink, made its vicious influence felt in the community. Mr. Satterlee was a man who had himself in such good control that he felt temperance in all things to be the real preventive, and even cure, for excess of any sort. But he had deep sympathy for, and infinite patience with, those who failed. He was always ready to trust a man into sobriety and virtue. He repeatedly took back a certain servant whose performance of his oft-repeated vows fell lamentably short of their vehement expression. He rebuked, exhorted, and prayed with him without discouragement, and when, at last, he could no longer take him back he made his decision with tears in his heart and a sigh on his lips. Long before the Church Temperance Society came into being, a society of which he was a founder, and to which he gave much time and thought, he felt drink to be so definite and horrible an evil as to demand on the part of the Church

a corporate attack upon its strongholds. In 1867 he began a temperance society in connection with Zion Church, but it did not prove successful even as an anti-treating society. After a brief career it died. The Church Temperance Society owes some of its strength at least to Mr. Satterlee's wisdom, won from his unsuccessful experience with the local movement in Wappinger's Falls. Miss H. K. Graham, General Secretary of the Church Temperance Society, writing in 1912, says:

No name is held in greater honor in the Church Temperance Society than that of the late Henry Yates Satterlee, D.D., first Bishop of Washington. From the formation of the Society in 1881, when Dr. Satterlee was Rector of Zion Church, Wappinger's Falls, N.Y., to the close of his earthly life, he was the loyal friend and supporter of the work of Temperance Reform in the United States. A member of the Board of Managers of the C. T. S. from the date of the Society's organization; he was its chairman from 1893 to 1896, when his consecration as Bishop, and his removal to the Diocese of Washington, severed his official connection with the Board. He lent his powerful advocacy to the cause of high license, and the maintenance of the law closing saloons on Sunday; to social investigations made by the Society into the causes which underlie intemperance and poverty; to the work of rescuing those who had become the victims of intemperance; and to the formation of habits of sobriety in young men, through the order of the Knights of Temperance. Many of these boys are now ministers of Christ, and it was owing to the influence of Dr. Satterlee, that they took up the work of the Master.

The great event of this year (1867) was the birth of his son Churchill on April 27. It brought rejoicings to two people who were both highly qualified to play the part of parents and whose children lived to rise up and bless them. Their friends Mr. and Mrs. Irving Grinnell shared in their gladness, and the already close-knit bond of union between the two families was tightened by their acceptance of the responsibility of sponsorship. Churchill was baptized in Zion Church on June 30 by Dr. Andrews.

That he was baptized by a clergyman who was born before the United States had achieved its independence from the mother country, was a thought which in after years he cherished.

The question of a permanent residence for the Assistant Minister was pressing. The house he and his wife occupied upon their marriage was on the beautiful estate of two hundred and fifty acres in New Hamburg where Mr. Grinnell lived, and formed part of his homestead property. For a year the young couple had been his guests. At its close the house was again offered to them. At first Mr. Satterlee felt that he ought not to accept it. Finally, in order to put the matter on something more than a purely personal basis, it was placed at the disposal of the vestry as a temporary residence of the Assistant Minister. Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell, "the sunshine of our life, the benefactors of our parish" — could any words be more fully descriptive of the relationship which called them forth? — not only made the offer but also begged the Satterlees to remain, themselves abandoning their customary return to New York for the winter in order that they might be in daily touch with them. For sixteen years this home was annually presented as a "temporary residence for the Assistant Minister," and the joy of its users was exceeded only by the joy of its donors. Mrs. Satterlee's father was permitted to give himself the pleasure of enlarging the house and adding a stable, and in 1882 the vestry again added to the building, as a recognition of its owner's generosity. Friendship such as grew up between these two families was of the sort that can be built only on the foundation of life in Christ. It was not merely common interests and congenial temperaments that linked "house to house" — a pet phrase of Mr. Satterlee's — but the common purpose of priest and layman to deepen and extend the boundaries of God's Kingdom among men. It was no wonder that with such men as Mr. Irving Grinnell, Mr. Henry Mesier, Mr. A. S. Mesier, Mr. S. W. Johnson, Mr. J. Faulkner

and Mr. W. H. Reese to uphold him, that Zion Church grew rapidly. The parish became a living body, with people of every station welded into one by that extraordinary creative gift of the Spirit which was let loose by their leader. The parish represented the Christian family. If there were differences, they were reconciled; if there was apathy in this group it was consumed by the zeal of that, its neighbor.

The Sunday School was developed on new and improved lines, and the infant school, under Mrs. Grinnell, organized. The English custom of waits had been brought across the sea, and every Christmas Eve the familiar old Carols rang to the stars, bringing happy memories of the homeland to those who had come far afield to seek their fortunes. In many a heart Christ was indeed born anew as the feast of the Holy Nativity, prepared for with sincere piety and celebrated with reverent gladness, came round. Christmas saw the Yule log rolled into place and set ablaze on the Satterlee hearth, whence good will and merriment radiated. Says a subsequent rector, the Rev. Prescott Evarts:

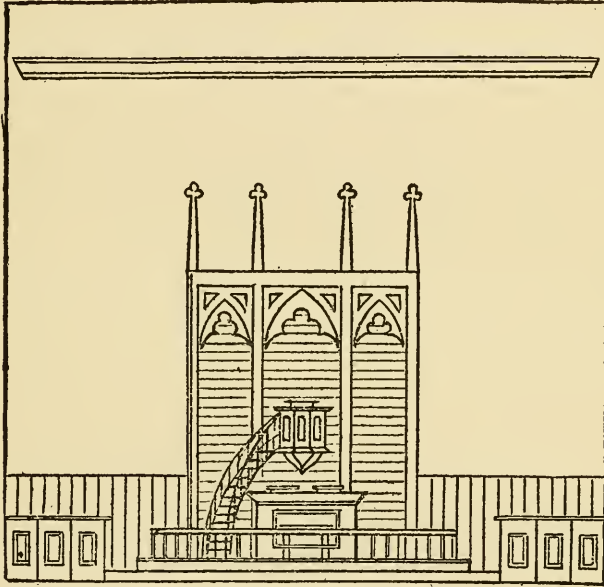
On the social side, one of the most remarkable features of the parish, was the gathering on Christmas Eve of the older scholars in the school, and the church workers and contributors, and pew-holders. This meeting grew out of the necessities of the S. S. The older children, who had grown too old to receive presents from the tree, were brought together Christmas Eve, for games and amusements. Out of this beginning after a few years there grew up the Christmas Eve festival, which to my mind has no counterpart in any parish in America. The details of the festival I need not repeat, a Christmas play, exceedingly well given, concluding with Santa Claus with a grab bag, for men and women, boys and girls, slight refreshments, and the closing of the evening by singing an original Christmas Eve carol to Auld Lang Syne. But the real beauty of all was, that practically everyone in the parish, men and women, wanted to come, and came, with the older boys and girls. The families from the country places on the river, the managers and officers of the factory, and the skilled mechanics and laborers, with their fami-

lies, all really mingled with one another in a happy Christmas spirit, knew one another — and when the evening closed with Auld Lang Syne, and the Doxology, they separated to their homes, to meet again the next morning in a crowded church at half past six to sing the Christmas carols. This feature of the social side of the parish was distinctive; and the spirit of the whole occasion was characteristic of Dr. Satterlee's fine enthusiasm and ideals. He made it go, — people really enjoyed it. They looked forward to it — he welded together in genuine bonds of Christian fellowship, and mutual respect, the very diverse elements in the parish, and beneath it all was the deep religious feeling, that this Christmas Eve festival was a symbol of the Christian way human beings ought to deal with each other.

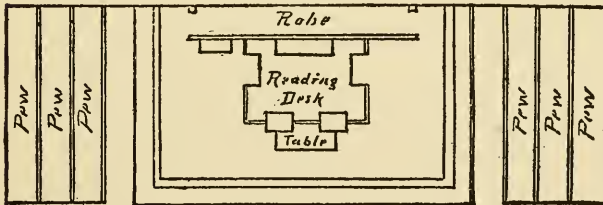
As the year 1868 drew to its close, it proved necessary to enlarge the church. Accordingly on December 27, the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, Evensong ascended to God for the last time in the old building before enlargement. Services for more than six months were held in the basement of the Sunday School. The arrangement of the original building was so curious that a sketch of it may prove of interest. A new era of Church life began with the enlarged and beautified building which was re-opened for worship on July 18, Bishop Horatio Potter preaching the sermon. Thirty additional pews, a new choir and stalls, stained-glass windows in memory of Judge Matthew Mesier, and a new bell inaugurated the new era. A volunteer choir of twenty-five members, men and women, was organized by Mrs. Satterlee, and rehearsed under the leadership of Mr. W. Henry Reese, uncle of the present Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Ohio. This was planned and carried out with all the joy of a secret service, to be known by the clergy only when it was an accomplished fact. On Christmas Day the choir took their places in the stalls. So well was the secret kept that it came as a complete surprise to Mr. Satterlee. Never was Jackson's *Te Deum* sung by more reverent lips. The incident of the choir, trifling in itself, rises

from those past days as a symbol and illustration of the beautiful parochial life that prevailed. A fine spirit was breathed into every movement of parish activity. Mr.

Elevation Erected 1836



Ground Plan



ELEVATION OF THE OLD CHANCEL PULPIT REREDOS OF ZION
CHURCH, WAPPINGER'S FALLS

Erected, 1836; taken down, 1854

Evarts, writing nearly two decades after his own ministry at Zion Church had closed, says that Mr. Satterlee "built up a remarkable parish, and parish life, on such impersonal and true foundations, that it has continued for more than 30 years after he left, what it was

before he left — one of the most ideal parishes in the American Church.”

Even those whose knowledge of the annals of this quiet parish is confined to what they have learned from the lips of the actual participants in its history, catch a fragrance and soft music which are born of no other conditions than such as prevailed in Zion Church. If in this memoir seemingly minor details are emphasized and multiplied in the record of Mr. Satterlee's life and service in Wappinger's Falls, it is because the Kingdom of God reigned with power in those days, in this as well as many another such country parish. Though Zion Church had received much from the immediate influence of English immigrants, and so reproduced in a new setting some of the best features of the rural Church life of the homeland, the American country parish of that day had a character and standing all its own. Zion Church is both singular and representative. Singular in that it rose to more than ordinary spiritual stature, and representative in that all through the country were similar spheres of God's working which, if not, each one, a city set on a hill, were, at any rate, as a little leaven buried in a measure of meal. They deserve a monument in history, so that men looking back at them will always be able to say — “Surely God was in these times and lowly places!” The penitents that were won, the saints that were made, the joy bells that were set pealing in human hearts, by the unassuming service of the country pastor who never courted, or even was accorded, public applause, and who in a long, unvaried life became so much a part of his community that he could leave, if he left at all, only under divine compulsion, tell of a phase of parochial life in the history of our Church which will gain and not lose glory with the ages.

Mr. Satterlee began, as he continued, his ministry with single-mindedness. Seldom do we find men less swayed by ambition for advancement, perhaps the subtlest temptation of the clergy. A masterful man, as he was,

must have felt the tug to move out into a larger sphere. But devotion to his day's task held him firm.

His eyes were not given to wandering afield. They were on his immediate duty, which for him was at the time the only thing in the world worth doing. He felt his growing powers, but he found in his environment full opportunity to employ them. He seldom preached out of his own parish. Why should he? He was not looking for preaching fame, and his own flock brought out the best that was in him of spiritual thought and utterance. An isolated message here and there from a semi-stranger could not avail much. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, was his method. He had gifts of mind and presence and voice that could have easily made him a popular preacher. To him, preaching was the whole utterance of a dedicated and commissioned life. The pulpit was but one of many opportunities for witnessing to Christ, and called for only proportionate attention and preparation. He was never, even at his best, a polished speaker — it is said that as a boy he had to conquer a slight impediment in speech — but he was always interesting and controlled the hearts and consciences of his hearers, even when he stumbled in utterance and his thought failed to find intelligible or adequate expression. Private life, social intercourse, pastoral ministrations, the class room and Sunday School, and most of all the rendering of the service in public worship were to him, each one, as it were, a pulpit opportunity. The consequence was that his actual sermonizing was so consistent a part of his whole life that it always rang true, and at its best had a penetrative power which searched out and found the best and noblest in his hearers.

No one could listen to him read the service without instinctively following the direction of his thoughts and voice. They were Godward. His worship was intense. His eyes were flung full in the face of God and his words followed heavenward. For this reason when he took, for instance, the Baptismal service, all its beauty and power

came out, not because he was aiming to impress the bystanders, but because he was intent upon making a fitting offering to God. The writer of this memoir recalls how the *Te Deum* reverberated from the lips of the Bishop, as he had then become, in his oratory at his daily morning worship. "He used to say that the daily recital of the *Te Deum* was real spiritual sustenance, which he craved as his appetite craved food."¹ Manner and voice shamed you into recollectedness and helped to draw you within the gates of heaven's choir. He taught men to worship by his unaffected habit of worshipping in spirit and in truth.

One can never think of Mr. Satterlee's life of worship being anything to him but a refreshment and a joy. In an age that would sacrifice anything for pleasure, his figure stands out as declaring that in worship is the fulness of joy. One of England's most powerful spiritual leaders during his life at Westminster Abbey as a Canon, was heard to remark of the daily services from which he never absented himself except for urgent cause: — "They are my salvation." It was equally so of Mr. Satterlee. Worship was the mainspring and secret of his activities.

Early in his career he began to make use of his organizing gifts. He was a better promoter of organization than an organizer, judged by the standards of a generation that has a painfully mechanical conception of efficiency. He was quick to see what ought to be done, and always, according to his philosophy, the necessary was the possible, and duty allowed of no dalliance or paltering. But he saw things in the large, and was by temperament apt to ignore for the moment the full weight of opposing forces — not that he would have been daunted had he counted beforehand every thorn that was destined to pierce him. Just before General Gordon died he sent this word to the people of Khartoum: "Tell them that when God made Gordon, He made him without fear."² When God made Satterlee

¹ *In Memoriam*, by the Rev. P. M. Rhinelander, p. 8.

² See Cromer's *Modern Egypt*, Vol. ii, p. 10.

He made him, too, without fear. His natural strength, reinforced by the sure knowledge that God was on his side, gave him that directness of attack and sense of security that commanded the attention and roused the wonder of even those who might not be drawn to him. If there was a work to be done he was up and at it, counting the cost oftentimes as he walked, rather than sitting down and figuring it out beforehand. And yet as various memoranda show, he learned, in later life especially, to reckon with every consideration and argument, pro and con, in an exhaustive way. In connection with such widely differing questions as the selection of an architect for the National Cathedral, and the appointment of negro bishops, there are papers in his own handwriting in which the pros and cons are exhaustively stated with as careful heed to accuracy and fairness as if they had been the credit and debit pages of a ledger. "He loved to undertake and master difficult things, and in easy things he found it hard to interest himself. Advising one of his younger clergy a short time before he was called away, he said that the business end of his office was always irksome and difficult to him when he entered the ministry, but he made it his duty, and it ultimately became his pride, to attend to the routine side of his work with the utmost attention to detail and system."¹

In 1873 the whole work of Zion Parish was re-organized and distributed into departments, each under one head who was responsible to the Rector for work done therein. There were four Departments — the Infant School under Mrs. A. S. Mesier, succeeded by Mrs. Irving Grinnell; the Volunteer Choir under Mr. W. H. Reese (these two departments had already been in operation); Aid and Employment Department, meeting weekly under Mrs. Irving Grinnell; and the Weekly Night School under Mr. T. R. Wetmore. The men's Bible Class under Mr. Irving Grinnell which met every Sunday morning was organized in 1874, and gave expres-

¹ *The Foundation Stone Book*, p. 6.

sion to its missionary spirit by providing a scholarship for the education of a Sioux Indian at Hampton Institute, Va. Two hundred men were enrolled, among them the present sexton of the Church, John Heald, who never absented himself a single time for twenty-two years, a remarkable instance of interest and stability.

Seven years had elapsed since Churchill's birth brought joy to the Satterlee household. Now the cup of parental happiness was filled to the brim by the gift from God of a girl baby, Constance, who grew into her father's life with that mysterious understanding of him, and he of her, that is more common between father and daughter, or between mother and son, than between the converse combination. In his later life especially he leaned much on her, and she imparted to him all the vitality that belonged to her youth and strength. The comradeship, begun in babyhood, ripened into a unity so sacred and deep that death seemed powerless in its presence.

All the while a similar bond was uniting Churchill and his mother. Churchill's biography says: "The bond of union existing between mother and son was unusually close and tender. If the affection she felt for him constituted the main interest of her life, and found expression always in the most earnest solicitude for his comfort and well-being, the response he made was no less sincere and sympathetic. If his companionship was her chief delight, he never failed to pay her the tribute of his perfect confidence. From his boyhood days all through the years of his ministry, he made her acquainted with all his plans and projects. He was never satisfied unless she shared his pleasures, and when they were separated correspondence between them was frequent and regular. She was his model for a clergyman's wife in her tact and sympathy and in the generous hospitality she extended to her husband's parishioners, making even the humblest feel that a cordial welcome awaited him at the rectory."¹

¹ *A Fisher of Men*, by the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, pp. 31, 32.

Zion Church became more and more a shrine of memories. This same year an eagle lectern was presented on Easter Day by the Satterlee family to commemorate Jane Anna and Graham Satterlee, the mother and brother of Henry. A pulpit in memory of their parents was the gift of Marie P. and Alice M. Wetmore. The building was further developed by the addition of a gallery at the west end contributed by Mr. Grinnell. The Church Decoration Department was organized, and, best of all, the dream of Mr. Satterlee was materialized of a church home for the factory girls. "It is on one of the leading avenues of the village, in a healthful and attractive position, and is thoroughly furnished with every article of convenience. It is open to any respectable girl, with no other restraints than those of every orderly and well conducted household." It was known as "The Home."

The following year, 1875, Mr. Satterlee's valuable apprenticeship of ten years came to an end. On August 20 the Rev. Dr. Andrews entered into rest in his ninetyeth year. Since the date of an injury, May 17, 1872, which incapacitated him he had never left his room.¹ His last sermon (on Temperance) in his Church had been on the twenty-eighth of April, 1872, and his last public act was to celebrate Holy Communion for his people a week later. His final illness lasted but a few hours. His long pastorate of forty-two years, his pronounced character, and his paternal attitude toward his people made him a feature of the community and a landmark in history. His early years touched Revolutionary days and the beginning of our nation in its independent career. During his long life he earned and kept the respect and affection of his fellows. Though Mr. Satterlee had been practically the Rector of the parish for

¹ The preacher of Dr. Andrews' *Memorial Sermon* (the Rev. Solomon G. Hitchcock) adds the following curious footnote to a passage referring to the "disablement and suffering" of the deceased: "His death was hastened by injuries received May 17, 1872, not from the kick of his horse, but of one who, Jeshurun like (Deut. xxxii, 15), had for toward a score of years, been a favorite domestic, and treated with kindness almost parental!"

three years, he would not hear of any change in his standing, and refused to allow his aged friend to be awarded the somewhat equivocal honor attached to the euphonious and peculiarly American title of "rector emeritus."

Dr. Andrews had that hardest of all disciplines for a man of active habits and matured experience to accept without murmur, the discipline of failing powers and eventually prolonged helplessness. It was largely because he had an assistant of the type of Henry Satterlee that he met his lot with fortitude and retained a living interest to the last in the activities and plans of the one thing to which he was wedded, his parish. "Faithful to the end of a long day of service," may be inscribed over his remains. If there are disadvantages in long pastorates, there are more than compensating advantages. Stability, ability to stay, will never be less than a basic virtue preaching with eloquence long after the familiar figure has faded into the background of history. If Dr. Andrews' tenacity of office was excessive, Mr. Satterlee's suppression of the pride of place mitigated it, so that no interests were thereby injured. The assistant even in his own thoughts did not pretend to be rector. His complete frankness enabled him always with happiness and tact to bring Dr. Andrews the whole story. It is an exquisitely significant fact that during the ten years of their relationship there is on record but one serious misunderstanding, and that was for a moment only. It was in connection with a baptism. As soon as Mr. Satterlee realized that there was a cloud upon the horizon he dissipated it before it had grown to be the size of a man's hand. It could not fail that this clear-sighted, ardent, vigorous young man should be tried frequently in his relationship with the conservative man of an older generation, or that he should sometimes slip. But nothing could have been better for him than that he should have had the very experience through which he had to pass. It quelled

the too rapid rush of youth's red blood, it laid a restraining hand on his perfectly natural aspiration toward independence, and most of all, it gave him fresh opportunity to keep his filial instincts alive and in sympathetic operation. When at last he moved into the position so long held by his predecessor he did so not as into an ambition achieved, but rather as into the next and normal stage of a progress ordered by God, while behind him stretched a duty well done. He learned to command by first learning to obey. And as for old age that has done its work, what is better for it than to learn in lowly patience and wistful looking towards that close of evening time, when the last shadows are the precursor of eternal day, the meaning of those brave and immortal words — "He must increase but I must decrease"? Many a heroic man, a man even of the stature of Phillips Brooks, has flinched at the thought of failing powers. It is therefore a triumph indeed when history can record, as here, a good battle fought and won over the insidious and persistent temptations incident to years of growing feebleness of body following on a life of activity.

This chapter of the annals of Zion Church closes with great credit to the aged Rector and his young assistant.

CHAPTER IV

SETTING LINE AND PLUMMET

Rector of Zion Church

1875-1882

*This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaf
The first he wroghte and afterward he taughte.*

CHAUCER

IN September Mr. Satterlee was unanimously elected Rector of Zion Church. He was now thirty-two years of age and filled with the sparkle and elasticity of a healthy mind and soul set in a healthy body. His family life was a fountain of happiness to himself and his friends. His childlike nature found increasing joy in companionship with his children. He kept always the heart of a boy and was young with the young, sharing in their sports and childish enthusiasms. He was always ready for a romp, and, when the world was white with snow, he would coast with the merriest.

Mrs. Satterlee's share in her husband's life and labor is best brought out by words written a few weeks after his death: "His wife's sympathy in all his work both in its smaller and larger spheres, her quick intelligence and unusually liberal and thorough education, her sure ethical estimates of men and women, her never-failing help in all her husband's work, attending to his private affairs, and, as his duties broadened out, her ceaseless and unwavering labors relieving him of much of the 'table serving' of a rector's and a bishop's life, her cordial and ever ready hospitality to all sorts and conditions of men, her tact and insight, and above all her devotion to Christ and His Church, were a help such as

bless but few public men in the same measure and scope.”¹

The Satterlee family had the clannish temper. Fond of one another's society, they followed the movements of the life of each member with interest. When Henry became a communicant of the Church he began a sort of St. Andrew's Brotherhood work among his own brothers. The following letter to his brother Arthur which belongs to this period is one of the few that have been preserved:

NEW HAMBURGH, SEPT. 23RD, 1875.

Dear Arthur: I am extremely busy this week and can do no more than drop you a line in answer to your letter. Sometime I will have a talk with you about the army life.

I want to ask you which church you prefer attending, St. George's (the Revd. Mr. Applegate) or St. Paul's (the Revd. Mr. Emery)? Please let me know which you attend and I will give you a letter to the clergyman. Don't you think that you had also better attend the Episcopal Sunday School instead of the Presbyterian? You have a chance to make a change now at the beginning of the year, if you wish to do so. Can you not run up and spend some Sunday with us, we would be delighted to have you do so.

Your affectionate brother

HENRY Y. SATTERLEE.

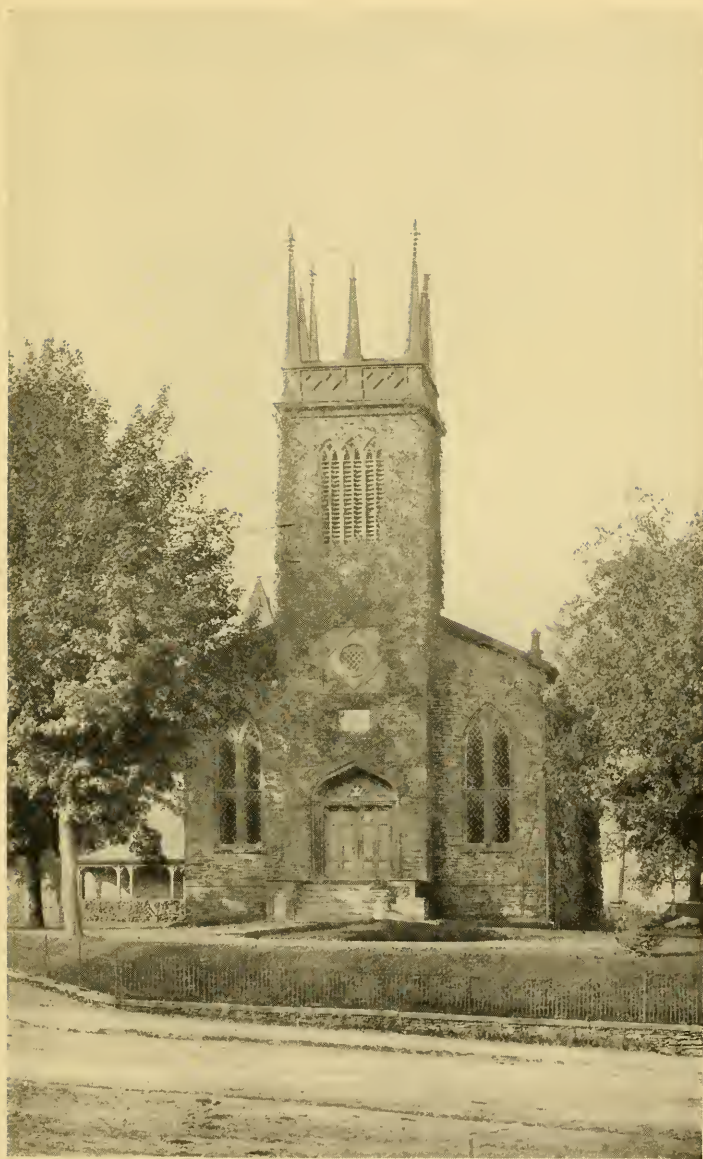
His new position as rector could hardly be said to have increased his responsibilities, for he had been doing the work of rector already for three years, but it did offer him a freedom which he could not have as an assistant minister. He was now at liberty to devise and work out his plans for the parish, without reference to the ideas of another mind to which his loyalty owed and paid deference. He had the whole community with him. Even those who were not of his flock watched his progress with interest and his achievements with satisfaction. He was recognized by all to be a force in the town, and men were glad to claim him as a neigh-

¹ *The Foundation Stone Book*, p. 5.

bor and fellow-citizen. It was not that he was active in municipal affairs, or that he united in federative movements of the other churches of the place. Rather was the explanation of his popularity to be found in the spiritual and constructive temper in which he did his work. He was moving up from apprenticeship to be a master builder, and he made his convictions manifest to all men by giving them positive form.

His character was full of kindness and sympathy, whatever momentary brusquerie or impatience, especially noticeable in later life, seemed to say to the contrary. Complete absorption in a matter of interest sometimes contributed to an apparent lapse from courtesy. Sensitive himself, as all truly big natures are, he shrank from inflicting pain upon others. This did not mean that when occasion demanded he could not be severe. There is nothing more awe-inspiring than the deliberate, healing austerity, or the flame of righteous indignation, of a kindly and loving nature. Early in his rectorship he forbade Holy Communion to a man who had been living in immoral relations with his housekeeper. He spoke of it from the pulpit without mincing terms. The necessity was a great pain to him, and no one can measure just what it did cost him. It had a salutary effect on the community. Even the family of the offender saw the justice of what was done and held no resentment, but continued as active parishioners. Mr. Evarts says in this connection: "He made the Church, in its disciplinary character, and as insisting upon a moral standard, a real force in the community — and yet he did not, in the long run, alienate even the most grievous offenders. They accepted his words and his decisions as inspired by an honest, loving and righteous motive."

He never hesitated to rebuke when he felt it to be a duty. Shortly before his death he considered that an affront to the hospitality of his house had been offered by a dear friend. He immediately and sharply expressed his mind, though in such a way as to leave not so much



ZION CHURCH, WAPPINGER'S FALLS

as a ripple upon the surface of friendship when the incident was closed, and it was closed as quickly as it was opened. He believed in and acted out the wisdom of Jesus the son of Sirach: "Admonish a friend, it may be he hath not done it: and if he hath done it, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend, it may be he hath not said it; and if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend: for many times it is a slander."¹

He would not hesitate to "have it out" with his friend, or to state bald and disagreeable truths to those who to their undoing were wilfully blind to fact. He had

Hatred of sin, but not the less
A heart of pitying tenderness
And charity, that, suffering long,
Shames the wrong doer from his wrong.

Over-organization is an enemy to spiritual progress, and when we learn that some twenty-eight organizations were brought into play in this village parish by Mr. Satterlee during his pastorate it looks, at first blush, as though he may have overstepped the mark. But he never started a society or organized a department without reason. In those days general societies within the Church were few, and the institutional Church did not exist for the neophyte to imitate in its manifold and complex organizations. Whether it was the women's Bible Class or the Rector's Aid Department for assisting in visiting the sick and in other kindred branches of parish work, he had in mind the spiritual upbuilding of his people. He was a "character builder," and had the gift, so to speak, of employing people into belief and higher life. He made work a means of revelation and salvation. His organizations were all a true expression of, and aid to, this end. Moreover he counted his parishioners to be his fellow-laborers, and tried to rouse among them a sense of responsibility for personal service. He loved

¹ *Ecclus.*, xxxvii, 13-15.

the word co-operation and the idea behind it. No one but a man of delicate sympathies would have thought of organizing the Funeral Choir, as it was rather lugubriously called. "The object of the choir was to sing at all funerals of poor and rich alike, and thereby to assist the Rector in making the service as sweet and comforting as possible."

At the beginning of his rectorate the first Year Book of the Parish was published and distributed. The communicants' roll was now mounting up. Ten years before, forty had gathered to receive their Christmas communion. On Christmas Day, 1875, when an altar, reredos, and communion rail were dedicated to the memory of Dr. Andrews, there were one hundred and forty-four. The Sunday School at this time numbered eight hundred children. A Sunday School and sewing school were also started in New Hamburg in 1879, and plans were made for holding regular services there. This has grown into a permanent work. There is now a beautiful chapel in New Hamburg under the lay supervision of Mr. W. Henry Reese, long a warden of Zion Church. Mr. Satterlee was his own Sunday School superintendent. He selected for teachers the best of the good material available. At a time when graded schools and carefully systematized lessons were not known, he provided a progressive course of instruction and built up a Sunday School unique in numbers and intelligence among country parishes. His first book, *Christ and His Church*, was a book of instruction for Sunday Schools which won quite an extended use. He did not publish it until it had had three years' test in his own parish.¹

Mr. Satterlee was not so absorbed in local affairs, the organizing of the parish, the beautifying and equipment of the church, the demands of immediate needs, as to be smothered by parochialism, or to ignore the claims of the Church's world-wide mission, although the Church herself had hardly begun to gird her loins

¹ Published in 1876.

for extensive conquests abroad. The western part of our own country was just fairly started on its amazing career of progress, and seemed to bound for the moment the extent of our missionary endeavor. We had missions in China and Japan, then far more distant and dim than now when the ends of the earth have flowed together. But there was no very wide or general enthusiasm for missions when Mr. Satterlee organized the Missionary Department of Zion Church "to promote interest in the Foreign and Domestic Missionary work of the Church, and particularly to assist the Woman's Auxiliary in sending boxes of clothing, etc., when needed." Missionary spirit found vent locally in the mission at New Hamburg.

Through all these years Mr. Satterlee had had no real holiday. In the summer of 1880 he and his family went abroad not to return for fourteen months. If there was one passion which possessed Mr. Satterlee, it was the passion for travel. He was fond of nature and scenery, and would sit by the hour looking at the mountains, which both challenged and inspired him. He was observant, noticing the play of colors and shadows through the grass. Architecture appealed to him above other forms of art, and his natural bent in this direction was cultivated until he became technically informed beyond the stage of a mere amateur. A trip abroad meant to him a postgraduate course. He went not as a sightseer but as a learner, and on this occasion he planned to see and know not only things and "the sights" but also and chiefly the people.

This was the year of the Passion Play at Oberammergau which was one of the principal goals of the journey. Its effect upon Mr. Satterlee was to give to his religious sense a new and vivid impression of the Passion and Death of our Lord. It was a quickening of faith, a carrying of the past into the present and the present into the past. His love of nature, his appreciation of art, and his reverence for history made him

a susceptible subject to the unique appeal of the pious, blameless peasants, acting out in religious drama the vow of their forefathers, in the seclusion and loveliness of the little village embraced by the Bavarian hills. Ten and then twenty years later, when the cycle was complete for a repetition of the Passion Play, Mr. Satterlee and his family were again among those who shared in its highest and most sacred features.

Mr. Satterlee, while in Milan, immediately after leaving Oberammergau, wrote his estimate of the Play, its actors and its setting. Perhaps it was his ingrained prejudice against Roman Catholicism which tinged his own conscience, and led him to read in the faces of Protestants in the theatre that "the prevalent feeling with Protestants is evidently a struggling with unspoken, conscientious scruples as to whether or not they are doing right in being where they are"! His description of the approach to Oberammergau and his explanation of the unique place held by the Play are interesting:—

The modern pilgrimage to Oberammergau differs in almost every respect from that of bygone centuries. Yet with all the aid of railways, steamboats and cushioned carriages and with all the comforts and luxuries of our modern civilisation, it may well be questioned whether the nineteenth century pilgrim, with a time-table in every pocket, a crowd of railway and hotel porters impeding every step, and a pile of trunks and valises and shawl straps, demanding more care than a family of children, possesses any advantages over the pilgrim of yore, who with staff in hand and no thought of time or tide, of crowded trains or departing steamboats, began his free pedestrian tour toward the Great Passionspiel.

The first point for which every traveller to the Passion Play now aims is the beautiful city of Munich; a place worthy, in itself, of a pilgrimage from any clime, by every lover of architecture, sculpture and painting. From Munich the little village of Oberammergau, nestled in the heart of the Bavarian Highlands, lies distant towards the South West about sixty miles. Three quarters of this distance is now traversed by railway, and towards the end of each week, trains of interminable length,

with puffing engines harnessed before and behind, and laden with a vast army of pilgrims from all nations wend their slow length along at a pace scarcely surpassing that of a Swiss diligence, until, after several dreary hours, Murnau, the terminus is reached. Here, a strange scene presents itself. Four or five hundred vehicles of every description:— einspanners, zweispanners, and vierspanners; stellwagen, postwagen and wagons of all sizes and shapes, diligences and carryalls, omnibuses and improvised canvas-covered hay racks fill every available nook and corner of the road; while a concourse of two thousand bewildered travellers hurrying to and fro, a babel of sounds in which every language of Europe is vehemently vociferated, a seething whirlpool of human forms in which no two pathways seem to lie in the same direction, makes a scene more like an etching of Dante's *Inferno* by Gustave Doré, than a spectacle of earth. Yet, in fifteen minutes, as in a dream, all have vanished, and one lonely party of travellers, lingering at the station and hopelessly surrounding a saratoga trunk are the sole strangers and disturbers of the peace of the quiet country village.

The drive from Murnau to Oberammergau occupies from three to four hours. The road, for the first part, threads along the banks and through the lovely valley of the Laisach, with forest-covered hills on either hand and the snow-crowned Zugspitze looming up before. Then, at Oberau, it turns sharply to the West and in a few moments arrives at a hostelry, where a waiting assemblage of drivers with extra horses, proclaim that the pilgrim in his progress has arrived at that point where the hill Difficulty is to be climbed. And truly a hill Difficulty it is. For more than half an hour, the road ascends under the leafy trees the thickly wooded slopes of the Ettalerberg at a grade steeper than that of any Alpine pass, while, at every pause, the smoking, toiling horses, seem as though they could not draw the carriage a foot further. At last, the summit is reached nearly a thousand feet above the valley below and here stands the picturesque Monastery of Ettal, most closely connected in the past with Oberammergau and its Passionspiel.

Before us now stretches out the romantic Ammer Thal, a mountain valley, so elevated, that the surrounding peaks are dwarfed to the size of the highlands of the Hudson, and after a short half hour's drive through this valley, over nearly level roads, the sharp cone-like form and precipitous sides of the

towering Kofel proclaim that the end of the pilgrimage is nigh. This Kofel is the most characteristic feature in the landscape of Oberammergau, and to it, at once, all eyes in approaching, are turned. It stands above the village like a guardian angel or a Rock of Refuge, and upon its highest point the Oberammergauers have planted a simple, huge, unpretending cross, whose arms catch the first beams of the rising, and the last of the setting, sun, and thus form a constant, daily reminder of Him, whose sacred Life is the first theme of their thoughts.

After passing the peak the village of Oberammergau stands before the traveller. The feeling with which, at first, he gazes about him is one of disappointment. The place seems more like an Alpine hamlet than any thing deserving the name of a village. Streets there are none, unless the crooked windings between house and house can be called such. The dwellings themselves, like most of those in Bavarian villages, are large two or three-story buildings, with immense picturesque eaves casting their deep shadows beneath, and, here and there, richly carved beams jutting out from the second story, or elaborate frescoes, representing the Madonna and Child or some familiar Scripture scene, painted upon the stuccoed walls.

At one end of this village stands the large Romanesque Parish Church that is the spiritual home of the people.

How can such a people, in such a station of life and inhabiting such a village, with so few advantages, and removed so far from all cultivating influences, be able to produce a Passion Play which is unique in the history of the world, which vast multitudes travel thousands of miles to witness, which has been visited and looked upon by nearly every royal personage in Europe, and which has given rise to a literature all its own? And how is it, that when similar representations have every where else been discontinued and put under the ban, this alone is allowed to survive? Many influences have tended to bring about this result. Much is due to the situation of the place itself upon the character of the people. The valley in which the village stands is nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea and it is literally a valley in the clouds.

Rain and dense fogs are frequent here, while the villages lower down are basking under sunlit skies. For days the clouds which have become entangled in the hill tops hide the sunlight from

view, and nature, at this high elevation, is not what it is below. The people therefore are used to long, dreary, sunless days. They have few pleasures or recreations, and shut out from the diversions of the outer world, the festivals of the Church become not only their holy days but their holidays.

The different seasons of the Christian Year bringing the Life of Christ, in all its vividness before them, from Bethlehem to Calvary and Olivet, are the epochs to which they look forward with most glowing anticipations, or gaze back upon, with fondest memories. That sacred Life becomes thus interwoven with all the joys and brightest associations of their own life. It stands before them as a living, present reality. They walk by His side with the disciples. They rejoice in His Birth at Christmas. They are casting branches before Him and shouting Hosanna on Palm Sunday. They are at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday and at the open sepulchre on Easter.

When, in addition to this, we remember that they have been peculiarly blessed in the pastors they have had, for the past fifty years: pastors who were spiritual-minded men, were real fathers to their flock, and who have done all in their power to enhance the influence of these holy associations we have pictured, we have before us an evident reason why they enter with such earnestness and appreciation into the different scenes of the Passion Play.

Again, owing to the high elevation of the valley, the scant pastures afforded for the flocks and the ceaseless struggle which the people, in consequence, have had to put forth with nature for the fruits of the ground, many of them have turned their attention from husbandry to wood-carving, and this has been the occupation of the principal families for many generations.

The trade of wood-carving is in itself an education. It cultivates the eye and the artistic faculties. It develops correctness of taste and a true sense of proportion and form. It leads inevitably to the close study and observation of great works of art, and brings about a familiarity with, and an appreciation of those paintings and sculptures which constitute the art treasures of the world.

When one beholds in George Lang's shop at Oberammergau, Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, or a Madonna of Raphael, transposed into an exquisitely carved wood *bas relief*, and then remembers that this is the original work of some humble village

peasant, it is an indication of what wood-carving has done for the people. The same correctness of taste which enables them to produce such works, enables them also to form those artistic posings and groupings and exquisite tableaux which delight the eye in the Passion Play. No artist visitor could feel more keenly than themselves what is unnatural or disproportionate. Their own instinctive feeling and appreciation of the beautiful has been cultivated to such a degree, that the varied, ever-changing scenes of the Passion Play almost seem as though they were the familiar pictures of the old masters endued with life.

One more effect we trace to the high elevation of the place. The steep Ettalburg which we have described, blocking up the end of the valley and cutting it off so completely from the outer world, has stood there as the guardian of the people's purity and simplicity. It has isolated them from evil influences and temptations to which they would otherwise have been subjected. It has enabled them to retain in a marked degree their primitive characteristics; and the result is that while, in all other parts of Europe, through force of public opinion, and the greater force of changed conditions of life, Passion Plays have been discontinued, in this one solitary instance, this relic of a past age and of mediæval time remains undisturbed, with the seal and sanction of the Christian world resting upon it.

Mr. Satterlee's poetic nature could not fail to search out and find all the wealth of sentiment that lies hidden beneath historic associations, such as his travels gave him access to. A man whose lips are not gifted with power of poetic speech may have so poetic a nature as habitually to act in poetry rather than in prose. This he did. Egypt and Palestine were to him not places for sight-seeing but for devout and prayerful contemplation. He moved through the country where his Lord once trod with reverence and child-like awe, storing up all the while treasures to be used when the hour called for them to be produced. Years afterwards he brought Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Jordan to Washington and embedded them deep in the thought and life of the Church in America. These two letters to his sister Mary tell something of his visit in Egypt and in England:—

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, MARCH 6.

My dear Mary: I received your welcome letter this morning and you can imagine with what pleasure I read it when I tell you we have here been a fortnight at a time without any home mail. It seems strange to hear of ice and snow, when for the past three weeks we have been living in May days surrounded by green grass and spring flowers, with orange groves and palm trees about us on every side. I cannot begin to tell you how we have enjoyed our eastern trip. From the first moment when I arrived at Alexandria down to the present it has been one succession of the strangest experiences, and I have felt as though twenty years were lopped off my life in the enthusiasm and interest and sensation of novelty with which I have gazed about me. *Everything* is new. Books give one no idea of oriental life. The novelty strikes you every moment almost in every scene. Imagine your cab driver, in a turban and night gown with bare legs, long trains of camels with their supercilious looks slowly stalking through the streets: women with their heads and bodies shrouded, staring at you over their *yasmaks* with only the eyes and a little corner of the forehead visible, beggars in turbans and little children half naked running after you and roaring "backshish."

One old beggar understood a little English and kept saying "Good-bye — *backshish* — *fine day* — *backshish* — *nice gel'man* — *backshish* — Good-bye, good-bye — *backshish!*"

The carriages (private) have runners before with long lances in their hands, dressed like ballet dancers and the most graceful figures you ever saw.

We arrived here on Feb. 19. We thought Alexandria fascinating then, and I shall never forget the fearful babel of sounds, the anger and fist-shaking and swearing in Arabic among the Egyptian, half-clad, swarthy, turbanned, bare-legged occupants of the swarm of boats which surrounded the steamer: — but Alexandria was nothing to Cairo. The street scenes of Cairo, especially in the narrow bazaars, baffle all description. I have literally stood an hour at a street corner looking at the passers by. It is the most amusing place in the world, every body wants to swindle you, every body begs of you with the most unblushing effrontery, and the astonishing placidity with which an Egyptian will take any snub, even the point of your boot and still persevere, beggars all attempts to describe. Of course we visited the

Mosques. We also saw a great national festival — the Birthday of the Prophet in which all the clans headed by their *badjis* were reviewed by the Khedive. We saw the dancing dervishes and the howling dervishes. We visited Heliopolis and saw the obelisk upon which Moses and Joseph must have gazed, and which was standing four hundred years before Abraham was born. But the most wonderful sights of all were the Tombs of Sakkara with their wonderful pictures of Egyptian life 4500 years ago at Memphis; the lonely Sphinx and the Great Pyramid which some suppose, you know, to have been built at God's command. I did not go to the top of the latter but I went into it, and saw all that was there. The King's chamber and Queen's chamber, the Jewish passage and the Messianic Hallway supposed to represent a period of 1881 and a half years.

From Cairo, after a stay of ten days, we went to Ismailia on the Suez Canal, where twenty-four of us passengers were put on board of a little steam launch, so small that we did not dare to move without upsetting the boat, and there we were compelled to remain nearly seven hours, cooped up like so many chickens, until Port Said was reached at 2 A.M. (You know that means night time.) As you may imagine our memories of the Suez Canal are not particularly agreeable. The keeper of the Hotel at Port Said is a Netherlander and a swindler. His house is called Hotel des Pays Bas and it is a low place and he is a low fellow. I shall publish him from Montreal to Cape Horn and from Orchard Lake to Jerusalem — and we all have complained to our monarch and protector, Thomas Cook — of his outrageous charges! Thence we took the steamer to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, arriving early the next morning and landing in smooth seas, a fortunate occurrence for it often happens that the waters are rough and then the passengers are carried on to Beyrout involving a delay of a week or more. At Joppa I visited what is reported to be the veritable house of Simon the Tanner. It is certainly most beautifully situated "near to the sea," and the probability of its being the veritable site is quite strong. It took us two days to go up to Jerusalem, the ladies in a carriage and the gentlemen on horseback. We passed many Biblical places, among others the plains of Sharon where the fields are covered with wild flowers prominent among which are the Rose of Sharon (the sweet smelling narcissus) and the lilies of the field mentioned by our Saviour, the red anemone, almost the counter-

part in appearance of the poppy or the red tulip. We also passed over the Valley of Ajalon where Joshua is said to have commanded the sun and moon to stand still. Going up to Jerusalem I read the Psalms of Ascent (CXX to CXXXIV), which were chanted by the Jewish pilgrims when they went up to the Holy City. And I always tried to read on the spot the Scripture narrative of every place I visited.

The first view of Jerusalem as you come over the grey barren hills is disappointing. One sees nothing but the colonies of modern houses. At last however you reach the walls and entering by the Jaffa Gate find the Hotel ("The Mediterranean"), the only one in Jerusalem, close to the gate within. Jerusalem is a very small city about three miles in circumference wholly enclosed with walls, with a few streets so wretched, narrow, dirty and badly paved that few horses and no carriages ever enter them. And after once going through the city over the Via Dolorosa you find that once enough ever after, you will prefer to go around outside of the walls; and as I have said this is not much, a good walker could make the circuit of the whole city in three quarters of an hour. Of course we visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre and all the traditional sites. These to me were historically interesting as the shrines of many pilgrimages, but they aroused no holy emotions. The church of the Holy Sepulchre is indeed a [conglomeration]. It contains besides the Sepulchre, Calvary, with the spots where the three crosses were, the centre of the earth. The tombs of Adam, Melchisedek, Godfrey de Bouillon, the Stone of Unction, where the body was anointed, the rocks that were riven by the earthquake at the resurrection, the pillar to which Christ was bound, the tomb of Helena, etc. etc. etc. Within the same building are chapels of the Greek Church, the Roman Church, the Armenian and Coptic Churches etc. We saw the hole in the wall through which the sacred fire which descends at Easter is given to the pilgrims — the most shocking imposture of Christendom. The next day we all mounted horses and started for the valley of the Jordan — Judge and Mrs. Mackay of Montreal, Jennie and I with one dragoman, cook, muleteers &c. Crossing the Mt. of Olives we stopped at Bethany for our Bedouin guard, a sheikh who went with us to keep off robbers (a sort of blackmail affair), still a very fierce looking picturesque Bedouin who has killed several men in his day they tell me.

And we met plenty of the Bedouins with their old flintlock strapped across their backs and clad in their black and white mantles. They appeared, feeding their sheep on the top of almost every hill, and especially near that old ruin on the way toward Jericho, which is the traditional site of the Inn of the Good Shepherd. It was down hill all the way. 1300 ft. down hill we came to the wild and gloomy gorge of the brook Cherith where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Then suddenly the exquisite valley of the Jordan burst upon us, with the Dead Sea flashing in the sunlight in the South. And the purple mountains of Moab facing us, and the white crest of snow-capped Hermon in the far North. We camped at Eriha, a mud village on the site of ancient Gilgal and modern Jericho, the Jericho of Christ's day. The luxuriance of the verdure in the hot valley was like June, as the temperature also; the bulbul was singing on every twig, and at night the jackals kept barking incessantly. The next day we started early for the Dead Sea. Before us were the mountains of Moab, the peak on which Moses died and the three summits to which Balaam was taken by Balak to curse Israel. In two hours we reached the Dead Sea. Contrary to my expectation it was an exquisitely beautiful sheet of limpid water, embosomed in mountains and I enjoyed my bath in it exceedingly. It was a novel sensation to float on water as on a mattress with full half of one's body above the surface. And when you come out you feel as though you had been oiled all over. Then we went to the Jordan — an hour's ride — and found it a turbid swift-flowing stream of about one hundred feet in width, fringed with a tangle of oleanders and bamboos and flowing between high muddy banks. Still all the associations of the locality rushed upon me as I thought how across that ford before me the children of Israel had crossed into the promised land, and Elijah and Elisha had walked dry shod, and Christ had been baptized.

The next day we went to Elisha's fountain and also the site of old Jericho, three great mounds of earth with the Mount of Christ's temptation, now riddled with an hundred caves of hermits, behind — riding home, we reached Jerusalem on Saturday night. Sunday morning we went to the English Church — where strange to say the Psalms were the same Psalms of Ascent, and the Gospel, Christ's healing of Bartimaeus on the way from Jericho up to Jerusalem. In the afternoon Jennie and I took a

lovely walk. We went out of S. Stephen's Gate, the site where the martyr was stoned, across the brook and valley of the Kedron to Gethsemane where there are eight very old and venerable olive trees, then up the bridle road over the Mount of Olives, being the very path Christ's feet had trod when He went to Bethany—where He cursed the barren fig tree, and especially where he spoke the words recorded in St. Matt. XXIV & XXV. Then we came to a summit high into Bethany which is now believed to be the spot where He ascended to Heaven (not the traditional place). Then we came to Bethany. On our way back we took the South road, the road of Christ's triumphal entry. We saw the ravine across which He sent His disciples into the village over against them for the ass and colt, while He and the multitude took the round-about course: we saw the ruins of the village itself—Bethphage: we saw the exact spot where the city in its beauty bursts upon the view, and where Jesus wept over it. Although we were only four days in Jerusalem I managed to visit three times each of these spots.

On Monday we went to Bethlehem and spent a lovely hour on the spot where the shepherds watched their flocks by night and the angels announced the birth of Christ: and on Tuesday we visited the harem enclosure, the site of the old Jewish Temple. Over the whole area—the most sacred spot of all the earth to the Jews—nothing is to be seen but the tokens of a Mohammedan religion.

We were unfortunately obliged to leave Jerusalem on the very morning of Ash Wednesday, contrary to all our expectations, but we managed to start from the hotel very early, Wednesday morning and had a little Ash Wednesday service on the top of a hill outside the Damascus Gate, which is now looked upon by the best authorities, as Calvary itself. If this be indeed true, it is a lovely spot, the place of all others I should like to think of as the scene of the Crucifixion. Strange is it that the places which are now believed to be the veritable spots where Christ was crucified and buried, where He raised Lazarus, where He wept over Jerusalem, and from which He ascended to Heaven, should have utterly escaped the life of tradition.

I take up this letter after several days. We are now on our way back to Europe and are just off Crete. (Wednesday, March 9.) We expect to arrive at Naples on Saturday and at

Paris on Tuesday morning. I cannot as yet tell when we shall sail for home, but we will probably be in New York the beginning of June. I will write to you, however, more particularly later, and tell you the exact date. How I wish you could see the Mediterranean to-day. It is not the stormy sea we have been heretofore sailing over, but the ideal Levant, as blue as the Bay of Naples. Thank Robert for his kind letter and tell him I will try to answer it very soon. It reached me at Jaffa, and I was very glad to hear from him. The papers you sent me have also arrived safely and I have read them with very great interest. It seems very strange in this May day climate to read your account of the ice and snow in America, and the letter we receive from New Hamburg speaks also of an unusually cold winter. It is with a heavy heart I have written there of late, there have been so many sad changes.

With oceans of love to you all I am ever,

Your attached brother

HENRY.

LONDON, JUNE 7, 1880.

My dear Mary: I have already written a long letter to you which has been mislaid much to my chagrin, for it took me a long time to write and was full of sketches which I have not time to repeat — sketches of the streets and original things in Chester. When you come to England be sure to give a day or two to Chester. The walls encompass the city as in the old time, and the houses are still in large measure of the birth of Shakespeare sort. While the streets are lined with double side walks: one, as with us, skirting the roadway, the other an arcade, through the second stories of the houses thus [here a sketch of "the Rows"] and under the upper arcade are some of the quaintest shops of old furniture ever seen. We went from Chester to Lichfield to see the grand old Cathedral there, and found not only in the Cathedral a church eclipsing our greatest expectations, but in the city a quaint, old, unvisited place with the atmosphere of a past time and in the inn, "The Swan Inn," they regaled us with rook pie. Then we went to Leamington, Warwick, Coventry and Kenilworth, all of which you remember. It was very delightful to renew my memories of Warwick Castle, I found I had not forgotten much. Though Leamington had completely faded from my mind. It is a delightful place, though

there is a little too much of a Saratoga atmosphere about it to suit me.

We are riding in second class cars all the way and find there is no difference between them and first class as far as comfort is concerned, while there is a great difference in the way you are treated. In the first class you are treated like lords, followed by troops of porters &c: in the second you are simply let alone — and avoid all the temptations so hard for Americans to stand, of great attention and adulation on the part of waiters.

Here we are now, not in Dutchess County, America, but in Duchesse St., London. We are not *at* the Langham, but are close to it, which is nearly as good, and for a very moderate price, which is better. We are in the centre of the "Fifth Avenue" portion of London; about a week ago Arthur made his appearance suddenly after breakfast, and told us that he and Josie had arrived. They are around the corner, about three minutes walk from us, and we see them almost daily. Annie is somewhat further off; very near Bloomsbury Square where you remember we all once stayed.

I find I remember London very well, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, Morley's Hotel, the pictures in the National Gallery—all bring back many, many memories of the past. Arthur and Annie accompanied us to the Tower of London, and to one or two other places. Arthur is learning to travel about by himself, and I think is improving and increasing his stock of knowledge in manifold ways. He wants to start off soon travelling by himself, and proposes to go to Paris, Geneva, the Italian lakes via the Rhine Valley and the Simplon, thence to Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Verona, crossing the Brenner Pass into the Tyrol and joining us at Munich or Innsbruck. Annie will remain here about a month then go to Paris, and thence to Lucerne, Switzerland. We will remain here a week or a fortnight longer and then after a little tour in the interior of England, proceed to Antwerp and Holland, up the Rhine to Cologne and Munich. We spent the first two or three days in London sight-seeing, and latterly have devoted ourselves to shopping in a most vigorous style. I have presented some of my letters of introduction and have met with most cordial receptions. I called on Dean Stanley last week, and he was very kind indeed, giving me a free pass into the Abbey, to visit it whenever I liked, taking me into the meeting of the Convocation of Canter-

bury, where I was the only spectator, and, on last Saturday night through his instrumentality, Jennie and I were permitted to accompany the Ecclesiological Society in their examinations of the Abbey, and spent two hours in a most interesting manner inspecting the Cathedral. Last Sunday Evening Jennie and I dined with the Dean at his own house, and afterward went with the family into the Abbey to the evening service in the Nave, at which thousands were present and the Archbishop of York preached. Then we went back to the Dean's, and were most kindly invited by some guests of his — Mr. and Mrs. Drummond — to visit them in Drummond Castle. Since I have been here I have also heard the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot, the most learned scholar in England), Dr. Farrar and Dean Goulburn preach — and it has all been preaching of a very high order. The Bishop of Durham's sermon was a most striking one on the text, "Then all his disciples forsook Him and fled." Its subject was Failure, 1st the necessity of failure, 2nd, the discipline of failure, 3rd, the triumph of failure. X. and I called to see our Minister the other day, James Russell Lowell, and spent a very pleasant hour with him. He was very communicative, and told us a great deal about himself.

This afternoon I went to Christie's and examined the pictures with him, which we brought over. Mr. Christie was very courteous but very decided. He says the pictures are none of them originals; that "the Cuyp" was the best, but that it was only a clever imitation of Cuyp's style, and was probably the work of an Englishman by the name of Wirts. "That fisherboy's face," said Mr. Christie, "was never painted by Cuyp, it is not a Dutch but an English face." Then he dashed all my hopes to the ground by adding, "You had better take all your pictures back to America for you will get much more for them there than here. I will sell them for you if you wish, but they will not bring eighty pounds (\$400)." So much for our castles in the air! I think I will let the matter rest a few days and then see Christie again. If he speaks in the same way then, I think we had better do as he says — re-ship the pictures for America. We all think of you daily and are never together without speaking of you. How I wish you were here with us! I am sure it would be a very great enjoyment to you.

Tuesday Morning — June 8. We are off this morning for the South Kensington Museum and I have only a moment,

while the others are at breakfast, in which to finish this letter.

Give my love to Robert and kiss the "Polliwogs" for me. Jennie unites with me in oceans of love to you all.

Ever your affectionate brother,

HENRY.

During his absence abroad his people were not idle. His life was a torch that had set them on fire, until they saw what he saw and his ideals became theirs. This was his way. By identifying himself with the interests of others he lifted others into the uplands of his own best life. No wonder it succeeded for it is the way of the Incarnate God. For years he had dreamed of a parish house as a means of consolidating and co-ordinating the life and activities of his people. The idea was novel. There were few parish houses in the whole country, and his was among the first to be built. In 1877, anticipating the day when his dream would be realized, he got together the money to buy the lot adjacent to the Church. While he was abroad the leading spirits of Zion Church conspired together to secure funds for the building against his return. There was much labor and self-sacrifice during the intervening months, and before he reached America the parish house was assured.

The family were greeted on their arrival home with the warmth and joy of a united community. A reception was given them by the parish, and the crowning moment of the occasion came, when the funds for the parish house were presented to the surprised and delighted Rector.

Mr. Satterlee set to work at once upon the design. He was impatient of detail, and yet he learned to school himself into such self-control as enabled him to bestow on such a task infinite pains. The corner-stone was laid on August 28, 1881, and the building was completed and opened before Mr. Satterlee closed his pastorate in Wappinger's Falls the year following.

Parish houses are in these progressive days a commonplace, having risen through a variety of stages in the past quarter of a century. Advanced social workers are today sometimes inclined to look at the old-fashioned idea of a parish house as a plaster that hid, rather than healed, one of the world's sores. When the Parish House of Zion Church was established it was more rare than aeroplanes now are. Moreover it responded to and met a social and religious need, in the very form that it assumed. It was a necessary and important stage in progress, without which we could not have reached the more searching methods and effective agencies which we believe we have been discovering of late. According to the mind of Mr. Satterlee it was the nexus between Sunday and Monday. It was the visible outspoken announcement that Christianity was for every day, and that the Church was the centre, the protector, the sympathizer of all thought and activity, serious and gay. It was fitting therefore that the erection of Zion Parish House should have been the capstone of Mr. Satterlee's work in his first cure.

The building, which still continues to fill its function, though in vastly different conditions than of yore, is of stone, connected with the Church by beautiful cloisters. On one occasion shortly before Bishop Brooks' death he was at the formal opening of a new parish house in connection with one of the churches of his Diocese. It was complete up to the top notch. After inspecting it, he remarked to the rector: "Well, I suppose now the creaking of machinery will begin." But there are parish houses and parish houses, and that of Zion Church was not the sort that creaked when in operation.

It occupies the very spot where the wife of Judge Matthew Mesier in 1820 laid the spiritual foundations of the parish, in her group of little ones gathered for instruction in God's Word and Worship under an apple tree. The tree has borne fruit and borne it abundantly.

This year Henry Mesier, son of the Judge, senior warden and first person to be confirmed in the parish, went to his rest.

Another institution already referred to, which owed its existence to the combined efforts of Mr. Satterlee and Mr. Grinnell, was the Library. It grew from a reading-room to a well-equipped library of 4,000 volumes in a building of its own. Mr. Grinnell presented it to the town in 1887. The building is opposite the Church, and its affairs are administered by an elective board of citizens. It is full of memorial rooms which accommodate various activities. Flower sales were instituted to encourage gardening and an intelligent appreciation of flowers. There is a good collection of photographs and other pictures, and a small museum. Public lectures were early inaugurated under the auspices of the Library, and such men as Charles Dudley Warner, Wendell Phillips, Dr. I. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, Bayard Taylor and Paul du Chaillu, were enlisted as lecturers.

The parish in which a handful of communicants received the sacred food the first Christmas (1868) of Mr. Satterlee's life there, now had a roll of five hundred and fifty, whose religious life centred at, and drew its inspiration from, the altar. Zion Church had reached the zenith of its history. It represented sixteen years of careful constructive work in a growing and prosperous town. If Mr. Satterlee was to leave, it was a fitting moment to do so. He had been busy with the line and plummet. A successor would find a well-planned structure to use in behalf of God's Kingdom. Had he stayed, there is no doubt that he would have found immense satisfaction in spending his powers upon the task of the rural pastor as Chaucer pictures him.

He was a shepherde, and nocht a mercenarie:
And though he hooly were and vertuouus,
He was to synful man nat despitouus,
Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,
But in his techyng déscreet and benygne,

To drawn folk to hevене by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone abstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lough estat,
Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys.
A bettré preest I trowe that nowher noon ys;
He waited after no pompe and reverence,
He makéd him a spicéd conscience,
But Christés loore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselfe.

What a happy thing it is that in all the years that have intervened since Chaucer, inspired by "a Poure Persoun of a Toun," wrote these lines, there has seldom been any considerable stretch of time when the typical parson of the Anglican Communion was not a man of this sort! Mr. Satterlee was a Person or Parson of his town. There would have been no pause in his activity or leadership, wherever he was. His character was too well set to allow of any nestling on the hither side of eternity. If conditions forbade further extensive work, intensive service would have filled his life. Perhaps it is idle to conjecture what would have happened had he stayed where he was, as his emotions urged him to do. But it is not difficult to think of him as continuing, like Herbert or Keble, a fruitful ministry in a rural parish as pastor, preacher, and probably writer. In after life, in the distraction and turmoil of a big city parish, he wrote enough to show that in different conditions he could have written more and better. His life was ordered otherwise. Hardly had he started in again after his travels to gather up loose ends and to pursue his customary duties as priest and pastor, before he received the notification of his election as Rector of Calvary Church in New York City on March 2, 1882. Both his personality and work could not fail to attract attention. His parish had become one of the most conspicuous in the Diocese. Among his monied parishioners were New York men whose country homes were in New Hamburg. When

still young in his ministry he was elected to membership in a clerical club of which the Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn was the leader. Indeed he was the first country member of the club. When it came to his turn to present, as was customary, a paper for discussion, he spoke with independence and emphasis. The paper was severely criticised, more than it would have been had not its author been young, and with ecclesiastical and theological views of a different color from the majority of his fellow-members. Dr. Washburn, after listening to the criticisms which were freely made, championed him by saying that the paper "showed study of the best thought of the day and embodied the truth which he himself had lived by and, please God, would die by."

When the call came Mr. Satterlee proceeded to New York to consider the question on the spot. The Rev. Edward A. Washburn, D.D., was Rector of Calvary Church from 1865, when he succeeded Dr. Coxe, until his death in 1881, his ministry at Calvary covering the same period as Mr. Satterlee's at Zion. It was characteristic of Mr. Satterlee that upon going to New York his first act was to call on Mrs. Washburn, "a true hearted magnanimous woman," as he termed her at the time of her decease in 1892. Dr. Washburn had been a great preacher and, especially during the last years of his life, had not given close attention to the pastoral side of his office. It had been his secret wish, expressed to no one but his wife, that the vestry would give him an assistant, who would become responsible for all the work of the parish except the Sunday morning sermon. Calvary Parish was then, as now, one of the more important Church centres in New York City and it was no small compliment to be asked to become rector.

Mr. Satterlee met the vestry saying that it was important before any conclusion was reached that they should know one another through personal contact, and leave no room for misunderstanding on either side. "I thought," he said, "that I ought to meet you face

to face. You may wish a great preacher. I am not one. You may want a low churchman. I am not a low churchman. I give you back your call." Such engaging frankness could have but one effect. It made the vestry more than ever anxious to secure him as their rector. Accordingly they renewed the call. "When I was called," Mr. Satterlee says, "I asked the vestry to reduce the unknown ground between us, saying I would tell everything regarding myself if they would do the same about the church. I then handed them back their informal call and said if they gave me a formal one, after our talk, I should take the matter into very serious consideration, but could not promise to accept. The call came a week after this and I accepted, taking charge of the parish on the second Sunday after Easter, 1882."

When Mr. Satterlee accepted it he did not do so because he was restless, or because, of his own volition, he would have considered any lot other than the one which hitherto had been given him, but because he saw before him in the city of his birth and education, in conditions with which he was not unfamiliar, an opportunity to serve the Church which he could not neglect. Behind him in Zion Parish was as finished a product of labor as most men can dare to hope for in a life-time. Beckoning him was a field that needed the touch of a new hand, the labor of a strong man, and the experienced powers of organization which he could bring to play upon the situation. This alone, however, would not have constituted in his mind a sufficient reason for severing existing relations. It is easy to conceive of his rejecting a large and flourishing work simply because it was prosperous. To win him you had to challenge him. In other days knights-errant were made of the stuff that was in him. To his life's end he was always in the lists. The final test in any critical step for one who walked with God, as he had learned to do, was neither his preference, nor his judgment of the relative values of here or there, nor the clamor of a seeming opportunity,

nor the twice repeated call. It was an intensely personal thing. It was whether the voice of God sounded clear and strong in and through all other voices. He could do only what God bade him do. That once made clear he did not hesitate in his decision, after which there could be no looking back. He felt that as God had called him *to* Zion Church; now he was calling him *from* this his first love. Accordingly he accepted his election as rector of Calvary, and on April 30 he delivered his farewell pastoral charge and officiated for the last time as rector of Zion.

Thus ended the first rounded period of his ministry, and now as his life rises before us in its completeness, it is easy to see he was being made ready for the position and work which would ultimately claim him.

Some men are born to build. He was one of them. Put such people where you will, and they will find material where others, less given to construction, will find none. They are the men who make work when conditions do not drive them to it. A builder is not dependent upon constructing a whole building before he can set his powers free. If it is a foundation to be built, his best efforts go into the part of the structure which is least visible, and a foundation it is. Or if it is setting the plumb-line to the rising walls, it is that which consumes his energies. But a builder always sees the whole building with his inner eye before he lays the foundation stone. To him the building is complete as an ideal before it is begun as a fact. Once seen, the vision is compelling. It is the builder's pain and joy, his vexation and inspiration. He is no longer his own. In the grip of the purpose, which is born of obedience to the vision, he is carried along like the ship by the current. All castles begin as castles in the air. The function of those who see them is to put foundations under them, as some one has bravely put it.

Mr. Satterlee in Wappinger's Falls was discovered to himself as a builder. The conditions were favorable to

call forth his powers and give them free play. There is not any doubt that they would have ripened satisfactorily elsewhere, but in Zion Parish opportunity was at its height.

He began within and worked outward from within. First the spiritual fabric, and afterwards the body which it is to energize and use. Every pastor is not a character builder. Only the best pastors are. Mr. Satterlee's idea of salvation was of a prompt and utilitarian sort. He would save men *for* as well as *from* a certain fate. He saw possibilities of fruitfulness where one who loved men less could discern but small hope of development. Every soul when once consciously related to God in Christ must be consciously related to man in Christ. The visible society of the Church's congregation was a living organism, and so he welded together people of every grade and sort into a socially, as well as religiously, happy whole.

But every man has individual capacity and gifts, and Mr. Satterlee considered it to be the builder's duty to fit each stone of the living temple into its place. His conception of a parish was of a company of workers as well as of worshippers. Long before the word "service" was as highly exalted as it is now, the people of Zion Parish were taught to live its meaning. It was no forced and artificial "something to do" which he sought for each of his parishioners. He selected and distributed according to fitness as he was able to measure it. The people of Zion Parish felt that each had his part to play in a harmonious whole. Accordingly there were numerous departments, each consisting as far as possible of congenial people.

The result of this work of a master builder was what you would expect. An enlarged and beautified church building, a home for working girls, and a parish house. Mr. Satterlee's method was as true as the spirit which set it in operation. He had also that high trust in human nature which is necessary to construction and organiza-

tion. Having determined upon the right person to control a given department of work, he did not worry his own mind by that which forthwith became the responsibility of his co-worker. If it is possible to trust men too well, this was Mr. Satterlee's fault. But no one could do the work he did without an almost unlimited trust. And it is interesting that men who trust strongly, as well as generously, are not often disappointed. At any rate Mr. Satterlee's life of trust at Wappinger's Falls was wholly justified in its fruit.

CHAPTER V

THE BUILDER AT WORK

Ministry at Calvary Church, New York

1882-1885

*He builds the State who to that task
Brings strong, clean hands, and purpose pure;
Who wears not virtue as a mask;
He builds the State that shall endure.*

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

CALVARY Parish has had an interesting and distinguished history. It was founded in 1836 during the episcopate of Dr. Onderdonk, at a time when the future metropolis was a city of about 250,000 people, most of whom lived to the south of 14th Street. The uptown houses, residences "worthy to be compared with the palaces of Europe," were those in Waverley Place (recently so named after the famous author of the Waverley Novels), Lafayette Place, Bond Street, and Bleeker Street. "Residences as well as business houses, clustered around the City Hall, and the Battery was still a fashionable promenade."¹ North of 14th Street the population was small and scattered until you reached Harlem. A cattle pasture, streams and a pond occupied the territory in the vicinity of 25th Street. Just north of what is now Madison, then known as Murray, Square was "Sunfish Pond" where the boys bathed. Among the trees still standing (1886) are some swamp willows which once fringed one of the creeks which fed the pond. "Between New York and Harlem were a few small settlements, at Yorkdale, Bloomingdale, and Manhattanville." But there were not more than 11,000 people

¹ *Calvary Parish*, 1836-1886, by G. L. Prentiss, Jr.

between 14th Street and the Harlem River. Between 14th Street and 21st Street there was a scattered population of perhaps 4,000, chiefly on the west side.

In 1835 a group of people of missionary spirit, though living elsewhere in the city felt that a church should be built in the region of 30th Street, anticipating the growth of the city in the one direction in which in the nature of the case it could grow. They secured five years' lease of the necessary land and erected a small building. Bishop Onderdonk's sermon at the consecration of the church (January 1, 1837) contains an interesting passage, even though his mode of expressing himself was ponderous and quaint:

Calvary Church is situated on Fourth Avenue, near 30th Street, at a great distance from any house of worship. The population around it is rapidly increasing, and was giving most serious manifestations of the want of the wholesome moral influence of the Gospel. In view of this, a few pious and enterprising individuals, principally young men, determined on an effort to rear a temple and an altar, where the blessing of those services, ordinances and instructions might be diffused around.

The corporation of Calvary Church was formed, and the edifice erected. It is, indeed, a little and humble one; but like a "little one" of old, it may prove a rest and a refuge to many who are in danger of perishing—"She hath done what she could."

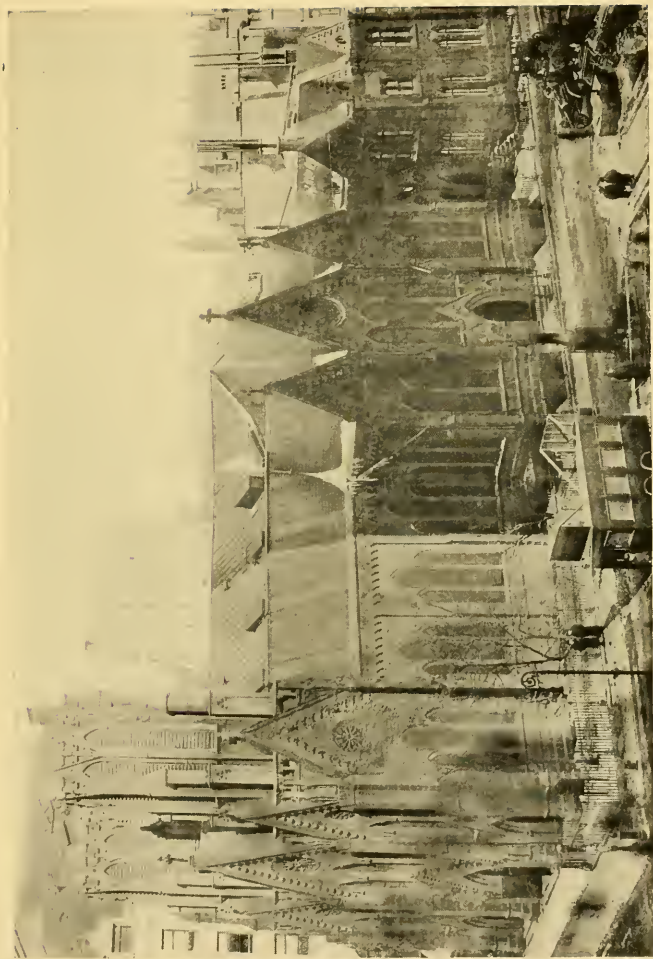
While time was passing in discussing the expediency of erecting a large and handsome church, and casting about for the ways and means, and ascertaining how it would best answer worldly views, the opportunity of doing the great good now imperiously called for in this section of the city, might have been lost.

Our brethren of Calvary Church, therefore, acted wisely. They did what they could. They seized the present moment, and erected a neat and commodious temple, of dimensions proportioned to the probable means before them. The zeal, devotion and disinterestedness which they manifested gave to that temple, I doubt not, a merciful acceptance at its dedication to God, naught diminished by its want of outward magnificence. I have heard of this enterprise having been slightly spoken

of. This was undeserved. A place of worship was greatly needed. Present and prospective means would not admit of one more costly, and I am happy thus to express my entire conviction of the Vestry's doing as they did.¹

The new parish had wide bounds. Calvary was the only church of any sort in the whole neighborhood. It was designed to be a free church but fell dismally short of the ideal. The Rev. Francis H. Cuming was the first rector. So far as attendance was concerned a favorable beginning was made, but financial affairs were dark. In 1840 upon the expiry of the lease of the property on which the church stood, it was decided to move to the corner of Fourth Avenue and 22nd Street. The growth of the parish was steady until in 1845 the present site on the corner of Fourth Avenue and 21st Street was purchased, and Calvary Church and rectory, as they now stand, were built, Mr. James Renwick being the architect. The building was completed in 1847. It was large and the attendance continued to increase steadily but financial embarrassment held the parish back. In addition to the mortgage, debt was increased by the inability of the congregation to meet current expenses. Various expedients were resorted to in an endeavor to lift the load of debt but without much success. This was the darkest hour in the history of the church and, if Trinity Parish could have responded to the request to take over Calvary as one of its chapels, it would have lost its identity, and to a large extent forfeited the power of character which is the direct product of persevering effort in the face of difficulty, and of the acceptance of independent responsibilities

¹ The Bishop's Convention address for this year (1837) contains the following passage: — "Festival of Circumcision of our Lord, January 1st. Consecrated Calvary Church, New York, a small but neat and commodious edifice, erected by the Parish recently organised, in a part of the city peculiarly destitute of the means of moral and spiritual culture, and over which, I am happy to say, it is exerting an influence that must be gratifying to the Christian, the churchman, the good citizen, and the friend of man."



CALVARY CHURCH, NEW YORK

incurred by being true to a spiritual vision. Legislative restrictions hindered Trinity from entertaining the request.

“In December, 1849, a committee was appointed to apply to the Legislature to amend the act providing for the incorporation of religious societies, in order that the restrictions, already referred to, which prevented Trinity from taking Calvary as a chapel might be removed.” Special legislation was accordingly enacted but happily Trinity declined the proposal made by Calvary, though for six months the clergy of Trinity Church assumed responsibility for the ministrations at Calvary.

In 1850 the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D., became rector, uniting with Calvary the Church of the Mediator on Fourth Avenue and 8th Street, of which he was incumbent.

A new plan to rid the church of its burden of debt, was entirely successful.

All the pew owners surrendered their deeds, and on October 31st., 1850, an auction sale of all the pews was held. The former pew owners were credited with the value of their old pews in buying new ones, but a large enough sum was obtained to settle all the obligations of the church then outstanding.

Calvary Parish, therefore, at the commencement of the Rectorship of Dr. Hawks, was at last free from debt, and able to devote its entire energies to the purpose for which it had been founded.

For almost the first time in its history, it had no liabilities which there were not assets to meet, and it escaped from a condition fatal to the greatest power for good of any church, and which had nearly been fatal to the existence of Calvary.

It was only through the exertions of a few persons, whose memory must always be held in memory and affection, that Calvary Church maintained its existence.

This method of setting Calvary free from financial trouble did not commend itself to the consciences of all men. An after generation scored it roundly. In reviewing the past Dr. Satterlee at the close of his rectorate at Calvary refers to this fact of her history in plain language.

He rejoiced over the fact that she had resisted the temptation to follow the stream of wealth and move uptown, and he offset her constancy against her amalgamation with the Church of the Mediator and the traffic in pews of 1850. "Calvary has suffered from that episode, but by refusing to move up-town she has, we hope, atoned for her past sin, and by refusing to unite with any other dying parish, and accepting the proceeds of the sale of the latter for her endowment fund, she has not taken advantage of others' failures." "She has not raised her endowment fund by uniting with other parishes. Once in times past she fell a prey to mercenary motives (1844-1850), and the memory of those days still lingers in the remembrance of many who called the forty great contributors, who took the forty best pews, 'the forty thieves.'"

Under Dr. Hawks's leadership the parish developed in numbers and spiritual power, and before the close of his rectorate Calvary's property for the first time in its quarter of a century of life was freed from all incumbrances. The City Mission of Calvary Church, begun in 1855, was the first missionary enterprise under the direction of the parish. In 1859 Calvary Chapel was erected on 23rd Street near Third Avenue, "to be dedicated as and for a free Chapel for worship."

Upon Dr. Hawks's resignation on account of failing health in 1862, the Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D., became rector until he was consecrated Assistant Bishop of Western New York in 1865. It was during this period that Mr. Satterlee began his associations with the parish over which he was later to preside. He was one of many who came under the powerful influence of Dr. Coxe, an influence which lives in Calvary to the present moment.

The next rector was also a man of unusual powers, a scholar, a preacher, and, in contradistinction to his famous predecessor, one of the most pronounced of the men who ushered in the broad school of churchmanship. He was a recognized leader in ecclesiastical circles, and

his progressive spirit always found him in the advance guard of thought. He, in company with a few other kindred souls, conceived and worked out a plan for an annual meeting of churchmen to discuss the subjects of the day. The first of such meetings was held in Calvary Church and has since crystallized into the Church Congress. Dr. Washburn knew Mr. Satterlee and held him in high esteem and affection. Before he was finally selected other clergymen were chosen but declined. They were all men who, like himself, afterwards achieved great distinction, and were celebrated as among the foremost preachers in North America. The Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., then rector of All Saints, Worcester, Mass., and afterwards rector of Grace Church, New York; the Rev. Dr. Sullivan, afterwards Bishop of Algoma; the Rev. Dr. Carmichael, afterwards Bishop of Montreal; and the Rev. Dr. Greer, then rector of Grace Church, Providence, R. I. (the present Bishop of New York), in turn declined the proffered honor. A congregation who had had a distinguished preacher aimed to find a successor of the same sort. Not that these clergymen had not other gifts, but they were known first of all, as thinkers and preachers. They were without exception low or broad. The past rectors had been of varied affiliations though none was an extremist, excepting Dr. Washburn, whose sympathies ran with Dean Stanley, who was a guest in his house during his visit to America, and for whose thought he had profound respect.

Dr. Satterlee (Union College conferred on him a D.D. this year) took charge of his new parish the second Sunday after Easter, 1882. What he found confronting him is best recorded in his own words:

There were seventy vacant pews. At first the vestry wanted to sell the property, then estimated at \$250,000 and move up-town, but after long discussions, in which the Rector took an adverse position, it was decided to remain. Little or nothing was done in the way of church work for one year, for I did not

know what to do or how to move. . . . The decision to remain was made upon the following grounds: first, Calvary has been historically connected with the locality where the church now stands, since the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and as it was the first church organisation of any Christian denomination east of Broadway and north of 14th. St., it has become identified with the neighborhood. The parish has been steadfastly laboring for over fifty years in this field, and the numberless associations connected with these missionary efforts are lingering in the hearts of the people with power. Second, if Calvary, with such prestige and influence, had left the position she occupied, it was highly improbable that any new church organisation would come to take her deserted place.

The determination to remain necessitated a re-study of the situation. If Calvary was to be merely an opportunity for people of leisure, ecclesiastically and theologically like-minded, to share in public worship once or twice a week and enjoy the privilege of listening to eloquent preaching, the old location would not serve the purpose. But there was always a missionary leaven in Calvary from the very beginning, and it was this that leavened the whole lump. If the community did not fit the Church, then the Church must be made to fit itself to the community. This was the new rector's task, and he set to work with no preconceived ideas, but with the determination to know what was required and then to apply his powers to doing it.

The organ was then in the west end gallery with a chorus choir, the men of whom went out and smoked during the sermon. A high fence surrounded the Church. The only services were Sunday morning and afternoon. All other services except perhaps Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent and, I believe, even Ascension Day once, were held in the Sunday School Chapel, certainly the only celebration of the Communion was on the fourth Sunday of the month, except Christmas, Easter and Whitsunday, when there were extra celebrations of the Feast.

The altar stood in the midst of the apse, and the chancel rail enclosed the whole choir space, making it look like a big parlour,

with two chairs in the lower part and five in the upper. The congregation called themselves very broad church in these days.

If there was much stagnation and a lack of parochial coherence in the present there were two things in her past, both already adverted to, which sounded the key-note of Dr. Satterlee's administration — "Calvary was started a *free Church* in 1836," and her character at the beginning was missionary.

There were three groups of people to whom Calvary owed a duty — the traditional parishioners, many of whom lived at a distance, the wage earners of the vicinity who had the chapel as their spiritual home, and the submerged and neglected whose purlieus lay on the eastern confines of the parish. The earliest duty was to instil the spirit of service into the existing parish, to startle the supine into vitality, and to make the worship of Sunday the stimulus of the practical religion of Monday.

The matter of worship was taken in hand at once. Looking back over his ministry in Calvary he was able to say in 1896: —

Calvary has been a praying church. Every Sunday we have had celebrations of the Eucharist. Surely a blessing must come to every parish which begins its work with the Holy Eucharist. Every weekday we have had Morning and Evening Prayer, that which the father of our country himself, George Washington, called (in his private devotions) "the daily sacrifice," and for twelve years it has been the practise and rule for all the clergy, including the Rector, to attend the Morning Prayer. Let this weekly Eucharist, this daily sacrifice, never cease hereafter in Calvary until Christ comes again. Let the door of the church be open for all comers throughout each day, affording to all the rest and peace of the sanctuary.

Feeling the desirability of building the communicants together in a community of effort with "the object of seeking greater holiness of life," the Communicants'

Union for Church and Chapel was formed.¹ Dr. Satterlee's sentiment led him both in his former parish and in Calvary Chapel to the establishment of a Maundy Thursday evening Communion, followed on Good Friday night by the annual devotional meeting of the communicants.

Thus were his first energies bent upon building a spiritual temple of his people. And having given first heed to relating his flock to the Good Shepherd, or to be true to the original simile, to fitting in the living stones upon the one Foundation, he threw upon them the full weight of their responsibility to one another. His parish must be a parish of workers. His experience in Wappinger's Falls enabled him with comparative ease to choose his leaders. His assistant clergy, among whom were numbered such men as the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, now Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, the Rev. W. S. Emery, now Rector of St. Paul's Church, Concord, N.H., the Rev. F. B. Howden, now Bishop of New Mexico, and the Rev. B. Brewster, now Bishop of Western Colorado, found in him that personal sympathy and trustfulness that always bring out in response the best that is in a man. Mr. Satterlee's big manhood won to him men of his own type. Seeing the capacity of some one, he would quickly enlist his energies in a suitable task. But the momentary difficulty was that Calvary had not a growing generation of churchmen. The original supply was ageing and had not been replenished. As one of Mr. Satterlee's older clerical friends put it:— "The congregation is made up of tall, full-grown pines such as Clarence Seward, David W. Field, Senator Evarts, like the forests of Georgia. There

¹ "This is composed of all the Communicants of the Parish who send their names to the Clergy, pledging themselves by God's help: (1) To receive the Holy Communion frequently — as often as circumstances permit and the sense of duty calls. (2) To use the Parish Collect daily, remembering especially the work of the Church, Chapel and Galilee Mission in private intercessions. (3) To endeavor to read the word of God daily. (4) To strive to remember every morning, in an act of devotion, the responsibility resting upon them as communicants."

are no saplings, no undergrowth. It is for you to see that saplings are planted." And he did. There quickly rallied round him a group of strong men, young in aspiration, and for the most part young in years, such as Mr. George Zabriskie, Mr. Alexander M. Hadden, Mr. Spencer Aldrich, Mr. George Gordon King, Mr. F. W. Rhineland. Mr. Hadden says of his relationship with him:

With some relations, I began visiting Calvary Church when I was about 30 years old, a man not overoccupied in business, going about in society and somewhat of a club man. The then rector, Dr. Satterlee, interested me. I felt he was very much overstrained in his work, and one day I went to him and asked if I might not come in the mornings when he opened his mail and, if there were any letters I might reply to, that I might do so for him. My feeling at the time was a desire to help someone somehow, but I knew myself to be quite unequal to be of much service. The result of this offer to Dr. Satterlee, was that I was his volunteer private secretary without salary, for over three years. It was not long before I found myself, rather unwillingly, the President of the Tee To Tum Workingmen's Parish Social Club of over 300 members. We had 4 billiard tables, 2 bowling alleys, weekly dances, cooperative store, etc. We supported the club and paid to the parish a half rental for the premises. Two and a half years the members stood aloof, but after that fully supported the clubs in every way and worked hard for the organization as being theirs. Quite unwillingly I was persuaded by Dr. Satterlee to join the parish chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and in that I learned other than a humanitarian way to work for and with men. Dr. Satterlee trusted one so, when he asked a person to do any work in the parish, that no man could fail, in trying to be worthy of the confidence placed in him and in working his hardest to make his especial responsibility a success. When Dr. Satterlee gave you something to do, he made you feel that work was yours, and he always trusted you and left it entirely with you and in your hands. I never felt any one understood me quite the way Dr. Satterlee did. He always had such a reverence for another man's inner self that he never asked roughly what one believed, nor did he ever pry into any man, or force his confidence. He made

one feel that he was always ready to advise, when you asked for, needed, or desired advice. It didn't appear necessary to explain yourself to him, for he seemed to understand. He never needed somehow to tell you he was sorry for you, or that he sympathized; he just made you feel that he did. He once wrote a letter to me, to tell me to have confidence in and patience with myself, and then a letter once at time of bereavement, in which he just said how he had felt at a similar time in his own life. He was continuously refusing to let any man lean on him and always pointing a man upward and onward. That one's life had to be his own individually, and not a copy of another's, was his teaching always. He was essentially shy and reserved in his temperament and no prominence that came to him was enjoyed. It always seemed to me that he resigned himself to be conspicuous when he found he had to be. One instance I recall, when he at first made up his mind he would never have his photograph taken in his bishop's robes. When persuaded that it was expedient, he consented. I was with him at the photographer's, when he went through the ordeal: it made him anything but happy, or proud. He had a way of listening always to your opinion and was in the habit of asking what one thought, even when a man was quite sure that he (the Bishop) had wiser and better judgment than any that could be suggested.

Mr. (now the Rev.) J. F. Turner was a layman of the parish from 1889-1896. He was struck by the extraordinary power Dr. Satterlee possessed of winning loyalty. His instinctive trust always made men heighten their own self-respect, and they met loyalty with responsive loyalty. He was constantly thinking of how to employ the people of his flock. A servant himself, he was a creator of servants.

As Dr. Satterlee was leaving Calvary he wrote to his wardens and vestry:

I do not know of any other church in the City of New York which has a larger, more substantial body of young men workers, between the ages of twenty and forty, and these are ready to stand in the breach and shoulder very real burdens. Some of them (notably the Mission Board), understand the work as well as I do; others are willing to do all they are fitted to do. My

going away will make them realize their responsibility:— just as the undergrowth starts up in the open when the overshadowing older trees are cut down. The men we have are all of the right stamp, and perhaps a change of rectors will bring out this source of strength.

His preaching at this period, as indeed always, was uneven. But it was invariably a simple, unaffected effort to unveil some aspect of truth which was clear to his own mind. There was no padding. Consequently there was always something to heed. Frequently it was little more than the thinking out aloud of a man who walked with God. Mr. William B. Dana, founder and editor of the New York *Commerical Chronicle*, a Congregationalist, heard Dr. Satterlee preach a sermon on faith. He was surprised at its power and characterized it as a “superb address.” Dr. Satterlee never counted preaching as an end in itself, an accomplishment to be displayed, but always as an instrument to be used for the promotion of God’s purpose. From the knees to the pulpit was his method. His largest preparation for preaching, especially in his later life, in the full, anxious days of his episcopate, was devotional. On one occasion when a brother bishop was called upon in an emergency, without opportunity for direct preparation, to undertake the opening service of the Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Dr. Satterlee said after it was over:— “During the first part of your address I was praying for you, and then, when I saw you were all right, I gave full attention to what you were saying.”

Reference has been made to Dr. Satterlee’s power as a spiritual recruiting officer among men. It was not less among women. Like all high-minded characters he looked much to the sympathy and comradeship of women. His man’s nature, by the constant and lofty exercise of faith, had been disciplined from bald intellectualism into that intuitive acuteness, which women possess as a matter of birthright rather than of training. This gave him a tie with womanhood that established

and maintained friendship on a high plane. As his life is unfolded in these pages the beauty and intimacy of such relationships will declare themselves without an index finger to direct attention to them. His larger energies were spent upon the service of men, but he also won the choicest women to the cause for which he stood.

Early in Calvary days a woman, whose life had been heavily burdened, met with a final blow in the death of her only son. Her faith staggered and she drifted out into the gloom of unbelief. She was persuaded to see Dr. Satterlee. With his wise and understanding sympathy he threw a ray of hope into her life. She began to attend church to hear him preach. He invited her to come to his Monday meeting of workers among the poor. By degrees her faith reasserted itself as an active force impelling her to service. She was a bright woman and brave as a lion. Her own deep troubles roused her sympathy for the desolate. In the *New York Tribune* of March 2, 1902, part of the story of how her work began is recorded:

“The work found Mrs. Foster, not Mrs. Foster the work,” said a friend of hers yesterday. It began about fourteen years ago, during the lifetime of her husband, a lawyer, whom she had aided occasionally in his work. Her laundress came to her one morning with a pitiful story of her young brother’s arrest for a theft of which he was innocent. Mrs. Foster looked carefully into the circumstances, was convinced of the truth of the woman’s story and went at once to the court and asked to see the justice, who knew her. He heard her version of the case, and as a result of her intercession the boy was acquitted. While sitting by the justice, she asked about a girl in the courtroom who was weeping. The justice explained the case, admitted that he was baffled, and asked Mrs. Foster to talk with the girl. She did so, and requested the privilege of investigating the case further. The justice consented and remanded the girl until Mrs. Foster could be heard from. When her report was presented it was so clear, that the poor girl was more wisely dealt with than could have been possible under ordinary circumstances. From that time when the justice was especially puzzled with

the cases of people whom he thought it might be possible to help upward, he sent for Mrs. Foster. After her husband's death, when she devoted herself to the work, many other justices came to do the same thing. For many years it has not been an infrequent occurrence for the presiding justice in one of the city's criminal courts to call from the bench, "Is Mrs. Foster in the room?" Before long she was identified with work among the abandoned and criminal. Drawing a deep breath of spiritual inspiration each day at the services of the church, she went from worship to the Tombs to wash Christ's feet in the person of neglected, wronged, sinning womanhood, and to bring light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. She became one of the most influential and trusted women in prison work that New York has ever known. She had a calming influence over wild natures, and was able to coax back to life atrophied emotions. Once she asked a woman going to the Tombs if she could help her. The woman refused but directed her to a poor girl who had just begun a life of shame in a house of ill-fame. As time went on Mrs. Foster's work became systematized. She began before there were juvenile courts, probation officers and that discrimination in the treatment of offenders against the law which is only now reaching a high degree of intelligence. The courts were impatient of outside suggestion or intervention. But her personality soon won her the favor of the judiciary. "Mrs. Foster did not interfere indiscriminately in behalf of all manner of criminals, but devoted herself to young men, boys and women, and for the past ten years few women have been sentenced in the Court of General Sessions, whose cases have not been investigated by the 'Tombs Angel.'"¹

Here is a sample day's work in Mrs. Foster's own words:

I began at 9 A.M. in the vestibule of Calvary Church, where seven persons were awaiting me. To two I gave money for food, to one rent money, and to two orders for shoes. The others I took to superintendents of two department stores for positions.

Then to the Court of Special Sessions, for the case of B. H. (previously investigated), accused of petty larceny, whose sentence was shortened to only thirty days. Met in the corridor a

¹ From an obituary notice in the *New York Times*.

young woman, homeless and penniless, with a month-old baby in her arms, whose husband had just been sentenced for three months, and paid \$2 rent until I can get her work.

In the Court of General Sessions, four cases: M. C., aged nineteen, had stolen \$5, her first crime. Inquiry proved previous good character, and she was let off with ten days. A. B., seventeen, suspected of stealing ring, was discharged in my custody. I took her to her mother, who will report to me regularly. M. N., when drunk, had broken a window. As it was her first offence she was allowed to go on suspended sentence, and her mother took her home. M. B., twenty, servant, accused of theft. I had found all her employers for her three years in this country willing to take her back, but as the court considers household thieves a most dangerous class I was able only to get her sentence shortened to three months, on the ground of previous good record.

Next, in District Attorney's office, was promised speedy trials for three cases in prison. Then to Seventeenth St. and Tenth Ave., and to Eighty-seventh St. and Columbus Ave., inquiring characters of two girls whose cases are to come up to-morrow.

I then returned to the District Attorney's office by his request, to consult about a young girl, a victim of the "cadet system." Saw the girl there, only sixteen, pretty and ignorant, an easy prey to vicious designs. Took her to St. Barnabas House, where she will be safe, and whence I will take her back and forth daily to court till her trial is over, and afterward I will care for her as long as she needs help, and until she can get work. Then, summoned by prison ward officer to Bellevue Hospital, to see a young girl just brought in for having attempted suicide. She was unwilling to talk until the nurse explained who I was, when she readily confided all her griefs to me. I comforted her as best I could, and promised to stand by her in court when tried, and to ask the judge to put her in my care.

Then home, at 6 P.M., to find a subpoena server waiting with two subpoenas for me to serve on two women I had taken into my care on parole eight months before, agreeing to produce them in court when needed. As they were wanted the next day, I dined hurriedly and went to No. 106 Essex St. and No. 82 Eldridge St., served the subpoenas, arranged to meet the women in court next morning, and returned home, my day's work done.

Her courage was prompt and unflinching. If she saw a child entering a saloon, in a moment she would be by its side at the bar asking for the number of the saloon keeper's license. Her devotion to the man who trusted her back to belief was such that, when Dr. Satterlee went to Washington, she said that if she could serve him by so doing she would walk to him in bare feet. Her devotion to him found chief articulation in her devotion to the bruised and enfeebled of Christ's flock. When Dr. Satterlee removed to Washington, he organized a group of parishioners and friends into an auxiliary society known as the Friends at Court, who aided her in her labors by lightening her financial responsibilities and otherwise supporting her. Her end came tragically and gloriously in the fire of 1902 which burned the Park Avenue Hotel where she was living. Mrs. Rebecca Salome Foster may be forgotten under that name; but she will long be remembered as the "Tombs' Angel."

There were others like Mrs. Foster, who owed their creative power and a life of conspicuous service to Dr. Satterlee's influence, but there were a multitude of hidden servants enlisted by him in the activities of life in Christ. His organizing genius began to operate as soon as he succeeded in getting a clear vision of opportunity and duty. His impatience of details had this beneficent effect. It threw the responsibility for minutiae where it belonged — on others, which was one of the secrets of his power.

He had in view three things: — 1. To bring the Gospel to those who would not come to receive it, to compel men to come in. 2. To practise in Church life the fundamental equality of all as children of God — he deprecated the separation of classes of people, without desiring or believing that all distinctions between class and class should be obliterated. 3. To provide for a proper shrine and support for the operations of the life of the Spirit in parochial setting.

In 1883 the Galilee Mission was founded, being among

the pioneer efforts to reach the neglected, squalid population of the East Side. His work among the poor was begun in connection with the Associated Charities, but his evangelical ardor chafed under the religious neutrality of the society. Nevertheless it proved an education and was the starting point of all the East Side work of the parish. When the Galilee Mission was started on First Avenue, as Dr. Satterlee afterwards wrote in a Year Book:

The neighborhood was so bad, that 22 panes of glass were broken in the windows while service was going on, and I had a jagged end of a bottle thrown at me while I was speaking one night. The mission service was a sort of Methodist experience meeting adapted to the Church. When we found that it was necessary to create a new environment for men, influenced by the Mission, there grew up gradually and one by one, (1) the Lodging House or Olive Tree Inn; (2) Free Reading Room; (3) the Coffee House; (4) the Galilee Mission; (5) the Tee To Tum or Working Men's Club; (6) the Parish Gymnasium and Bowling Alley; (7) the Tea Store; (8) the 22nd. St. Tenement House. We soon found that while we could give the Gospel free to all, we could not give anything else (except, perhaps, a free dinner on such days as Thanksgiving and Christmas) to men, without pauperizing them. We discovered that even the Free Reading Room was abused by loafers. One year, the attendance was 51,000, but that year it was largely used as a lounging place for "rounders," so we had to charge for everything but the Gospel. Thus we drifted into the system of *co-operation*, which I now believe to be the only solution of the "tramp" question, and even that of helping the poor at large. Indeed, this is the way in which God deals with us all.

The Rev. S. M. Cooke who built up this work was an instance of Dr. Satterlee's ability to select wisely his co-workers. He himself was actively interested in the services of the Galilee Mission, and after Evensong on Sundays would be found there exercising the ministry of the Word.

He was free in his methods. He saw at once that liturgical worship needed to be supplemented, and that

rules and traditions established for and in one set of conditions could not be applied to that which was abnormal, without being not only ineffective, but even ludicrous, to a man possessed of any sense of humor. The "simple Gospel service" in his hands was a source of power. The letter that killeth, in literal obedience to every rubrical detail, irrespective of the fitness of it, was more dominant then than now, and Dr. Satterlee's use of unconventional methods did not escape criticism. There were men then as now who, though having gained a measure of true liberty along a given line of progress, became examples of arrested development and called those disloyal who took a further step along the same path which they themselves had trodden. To his life's end he grew with the growing, and seldom chafed under the progress of thought that was novel to him. Negation roused his ire: affirmation stimulated his mind where it failed to win him.

The master builder's instincts set him sketching out plans for material, as well as for spiritual, construction. Property was needed for the East Side work. He had no money but that did not deter him. A business man naturally inquires, how far a spiritual leader should make a venture of faith in the acquisition of property. Dr. Satterlee considered that financial or material obstacles should not deter him from action, in the face of what he deemed to be obvious duty, any more than moral or spiritual difficulties. Consequently he took enormous risks. He might make himself liable for \$50,000 with only \$1,000 in hand. But he did not take such action lightly. Probably (Bishop Satterlee's private diary in connection with the National Cathedral amply bears witness to the fact) no weight presses so heavily upon a leader in moral and spiritual affairs as a debt. It has irrecoverably crushed many a man. Whenever Dr. Satterlee became responsible for the expenditure of a large sum of money, he, so to speak, underwrote the liability, giving himself and his powers as security. To

use his own phrase, "he mortgaged his life." And he always was conscientious in his effort to redeem his pledge to God and to men. Like the saint of old, he believed his pittance, married to God and faith in His working, would be fruitful enough to satisfy the demands of the need. His commitment of himself was seldom precipitate. He carried the cross before he was nailed to it. But opportunity, such as this clear-eyed man saw, long before it was visible to other eyes, is impatient and must be seized by the forelock. "Many a valuable opportunity has been lost in this world," he wrote in 1886, the 50th anniversary of the parish, "simply from want of foresight and the lack of a sense of responsibility, regarding future times. And this is a fact to be recognized pre-eminently in the history of American churches and American parish life."

Dr. Satterlee was well aware that in committing himself to a given project he was committing others. But he did so deliberately. A leader must involve his followers in salutary troubles, even when they are not wholly convinced of their salutariness. He was anxious to have counsel, but if his own judgment in the end went adversely to that of his advisers he took the advice of Jesus the son of Sirach and trusted himself.¹ Irritation and opposition were much allayed among those who did not wish to move as rapidly as he advised, by the fact that his business judgment was usually considered good. If he ran risks, they were apt to be legitimate risks and not those of a speculator. If his impatience over details tripped him up, so that for instance it was impossible for him to keep the accounts of the rector's fund to an accountant's satisfaction, his broad view of affairs kept him from serious financial mistakes.

On the other hand let it be said in this connection that what Dr. Satterlee could do successfully, because of

¹ "Make the counsel of thy heart to stand; for there is none more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's soul is sometime wont to bring him tidings, more than seven watchmen that sit on high on a watch-tower." — *Ecclus. xxxvii, 13, 14.*

his personality and genius for friendship, others of a different type and with no such breadth of relationships as were his, could not do except disastrously. That which may be one man's wisdom can become another man's folly.

Early in his life in New York he made manifest his power of leadership. One who became a close friend tells of a meeting of clergy representing the larger city parishes at which the newly installed rector of Calvary was present. The question under discussion pertained to Church extension. After it had been carefully considered it was determined to abandon the scheme as presenting too many obstacles. As the vote, the result of which would clearly have been in the negative, was about to be taken, a young man, but recently introduced into the ranks of city rectors, rose and startled his seniors by saying: "Brethren, you have overlooked a very important point in this discussion — you seem to have made no allowance for the power of the Holy Spirit." His tone and manner were such as to win confidence. The sentiment of the meeting was completely reversed, and it was unanimously decided to proceed with the difficult undertaking. Thus it was that Dr. Satterlee revealed himself to be first of all a *spiritual* leader. With all his practical qualities he had in him much of the mystic. This letter to Mrs. Percy R. Pyne, one of his dearest friends, reveals how the mystical appealed to him:

Sept. 11, 1884. — I return to you by this mail, with many thanks, the life of Molinos which you so kindly lent me. I read it, with more pleasure even than I anticipated and parts of it I read twice. The Quietist movement interests me greatly. It sets forth very plainly and very helpfully one phase of the spiritual life, but it is one-sided. Its weakness, I think, is that it dwells too exclusively on the interior life, and its consequent tendency is to isolation and transcendentalism. Christianity is half subjective half objective in its character, but alas, how hard it is for us all to draw the line — or know where to draw

the line — between the two. The Ritualists and the Romanists go to the one extreme; the Quietists and Quakers to the other.

Have you read the *Life of Maurice*? The second volume is to me one of the most interesting books I have read for years.

New York at this time had outstanding men in the Church's life and work. The aged Bishop, Dr. Horatio Potter, was the stern Nestor of his clergy; the Rector of Grace Church was the Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, soon (in 1883) to be succeeded by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington upon the former's assuming the position of Assistant Bishop of New York; at Trinity Church was the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the leader of the high church party; the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford began his ministry at St. George's in 1883; the Rev. Dr. J. M. Rylance of St. Mark's, the Rev. Dr. Houghton of the Transfiguration, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks of the Incarnation, the Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. H. Mottet of the Holy Communion, were also among Dr. Satterlee's contemporaries in the various New York parishes. Party lines were more positively drawn thirty years ago than now, and theological controversy sometimes waxed hot. But Dr. Satterlee, who possessed all the fervor and definiteness of a convinced man, was seldom caught in the toils of controversy. He had warm friends all his life among those from whom he differed, as well in the ranks of extreme Protestants, and of Roman Catholics toward whom he entertained an ingrained suspicion, as among the adherents of the various schools of thought in his own communion.

Two years after Dr. Satterlee assumed charge of Calvary, Zion celebrated its fiftieth anniversary (November 18, 1884) in which he took part. "The anniversary rightly commenced (at an early hour, 5.45 A.M.) with that most sacred service, the celebration of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. It was a quiet, simple service, the rendering of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great goodness in bringing to pass the

results that the half century of the parish reveal. This was the key note of the day's services — deep, earnest thanksgiving to Almighty God who 'hath so done His marvellous works that they ought to be had in remembrance.' And not the least real and true expression of gratitude was that early communion to which many came before the early hours of their daily toil."¹

In the evening Dr. Satterlee was among those who addressed the people. He "gave a brief history of the past of the parish, and its leading thought was based upon our Lord's bidding 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"² It was because they had sought first to do God's will and God's work, thinking of the honor and glory of our Lord, that so many tokens of Divine love had been theirs. Bishop H. C. Potter in bidding the parish God-speed, told his hearers that they had reason to be proud of its record. Zion Parish, born under an apple tree and cradled in a corn crib, had grown to be a centre of influence. Ideas and works initiated there had gone far afield to the strengthening of the Church's life.

The evening closed with a reunion of parishioners. "Hospitality abounded. It was the expression socially of the motto which the parish has adopted and illustrated so completely in its practical and benevolent work, as well as in its higher spiritual significance — 'Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'"³

¹ *Historical Notes, Zion Church, 1834-1884.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

CHAPTER VI

MORTAR AND TROWEL

1885-1889

*Great is the name
Of the strong and skilled,
Lasting the fame
Of them that build.*

HENRY NEWBOLT

THE most important event of the year 1885 in New York church affairs was the Advent Mission. Parochial Missions were first introduced into the United States some twelve years earlier by the Mission Priests of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, but this was the earliest application of the principle in an organized way to the whole of a great city. It attracted much more than local attention.

Movements in the Church at the time they are making their deposit assume momentous proportions. They seem to the promoters and their opponents so all-important as to overshadow, for the time being, all other considerations. To the immediate actors they are great events. We who come after, on looking back, are able perhaps to gather up the whole matter in a sentence. The Advent Mission was the mortar that joined important stones after much wielding of the trowel. The contribution which our predecessors then made to the Church, and which we accept so much as a matter of course, was secured at great cost. If it seems as though undue attention is given in these pages to the Mission and, later in the same chapter, to the reintroduction of the office of Deaconess, let it be remembered these were great questions in their day, and worthy of all the effort and interest that they commanded. The history of a

whole life of patient investigation is often summed up in a scientific word or a theological phrase.

Among the most ardent advocates of the mission was the Rector of Calvary. In an article in *Harper's Weekly* (November 28, 1885) he outlines its methods and purpose:

Few things in the religious life of this country during the last twenty-five years have attracted more interest than the mission services to be conducted by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York. Over twenty of the prominent churches of this city will hold from three to six services daily, beginning on Sunday the 29th of this month, and continuing from ten to sixteen days. And this interest is not confined to New York, nor is it restricted to the Episcopal Church, but other dioceses and denominations of nearly every religious creed are watching with interest this somewhat radical movement undertaken in the largest and busiest city of the land, and by this old and conservative Church.

It is natural to ask why it is that the Episcopal Church enters into a work so opposite to its old formulated customs and worship. Many people look upon the mission with distrust and suspicion. Some say that it partakes too much of the Roman Catholic practice; others, that it is too much on the Methodist revival order; while still others object that it is an adoption of English methods and of customs which are foreign to American life. But a glance at the history of the Church will furnish undoubted proof that such mission work is not confined to any one age or body of Christians, but is as old as Christianity itself, and the spread and growth of the Church of England have been largely due to the great missionary efforts in every age of her history. The Episcopal Church can claim notable precedents for the work on which she has so zealously entered. Although it may be a new departure on the part of the American branch of the Church, it is by no means an experiment to the mother Church. The first parochial mission in the city of London took place in 1869. At that time there existed in the minds of the English churchmen as much doubt and suspicion in regard to such a movement as now exists among American churchmen. Seventy churches took part in that first mission. The success of such an experiment, and the blessings which followed those services, were of such a character that it received the cordial

approval of the three bishops in whose dioceses the city of London was at that time situated — the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester. The second mission in that city was held five years later, and five years after that the third mission was held. Last winter, surrounded with unmistakable proofs of divine favor, another mission was held, in over three hundred churches of that great city.

For the past ten years a few clergymen of the diocese of New York have been anxious to hold such religious services, but for several reasons were unable to put their plans into practical shape. But in May, 1883, the subject was openly discussed at a meeting of the Churchmen's Club in this city. About seventy members were present, and nearly all were in favor of entering into the work. A committee was appointed to wait upon the bishop of the diocese to acquaint him of the action of his clergy. Such an interview was held in November of that year, and the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter gave his full approval and sympathy to the mission. He appointed a committee of clergymen to make preparations for such services, and in making these appointments he was particularly careful to have every shade of churchmanship represented. Rectors of churches who thoroughly believe in and who practise an extreme ritual in their church services were made equally prominent on this committee with the lowest and most evangelical churchmen in this Diocese. The broad churchman and the old conservative churchman entered into the spirit of their labors with all the zeal of old crusaders.

This committee has met every month during the past two years to discuss and prepare the many and varied details of the responsible work before them, and it is to the great credit of the Episcopal Church that, although its members were representatives of all the various schools of thought in the Church, yet, when the great question as to how the spiritual life of their parishes could be quickened, they were a unit among themselves, and not one word of disagreement has ever taken place to mar the harmony of all their deliberations.

The chief object of this parochial mission is to bring home to human hearts a realization of the presence of God, and to promote a warmer and more united religious feeling and faith, and it is hoped that large numbers of non-church-goers will be drawn to their services, and thus become interested in the Christian

life and work. It is not merely the work and services before and during the mission that occupy the attention of the parish clergy, but the greater and more important feature of the mission will be what may be called the "after work." It is intended that an individual and personal interest be taken in those who come as strangers to these services, and who evince a desire to become identified with the parish church.

Four prominent English missionaries gave their assistance — the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, who afterwards became Rector of Holy Trinity, New York, the Rev. R. B. Ransford, and the Rev. Francis Pigou. The services of the ablest and most experienced preachers in the United States, and several from Canada, were also enlisted to carry on the mission in the twenty centres where it was held. The Right Rev. Dr. D. S. Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri, and the Right Rev. Dr. R. W. B. Elliott, Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, were the missionaries at Calvary. Bishop Tuttle had not had experience in conducting parochial missions. After the close of his work at Calvary he wrote to the *New York Churchman*:

It was with the utmost fear and trembling that I came on to New York to take part in this mission. Some relief and courage came to me from the knowledge that my dear friend and brother, the Bishop of Western Texas, was to be associated with me in the work. I feared lest the unwholesome impatience characterizing our age might be seizing upon churchmen; and lest, for vital forces in the spiritual life, emotion and excitement were in a fair way to be substituted among us for the soberness of the ways of the Church, and the nurture of the teachings of the Prayer Book. I could not but think that such substitution would be a calamity. I had known fields burned over by excitements promoted by some phase of popular religion outside the Church. The blackened ashes and arid wastes are not such good things, one must conclude, as to induce thoughtful Christians to employ excitement for a healthful spiritual force. And if "Missions" meant that, at times and seasons, spasms of growth and shouts of change are to take the place of faithful pastoral care, and

steady Christian culture, and the slow and sure processes of religious edification, then would "Missions" be mistakes, and their results disasters. Personally, also, a deep and shrinking dread laid fast hold upon me at thought of being a missionary. Known inexperience, want of time to prepare, and reflection of the awful harm to souls that may be wrought by weakness, or unfitness, in the leader of the mission, contributed to that dread.

Bishop Tuttle, after observing the methods and attending the services of one of the English missionaries, took up his work with Bishop Elliott at Calvary and carried it through to the profit of the parish.

The tangible results of the Mission were even greater than its promoters looked for. At the time that preparations for holding it were being made Bishop Potter said: "Do not expect too much" — and immediately qualified it by adding: "Do not expect too little." In addition to a renewal of spiritual life in the various parishes there were other valuable results. Special noon-tide services for business men became an established institution at old Trinity. Year after Year Wall Street and its vicinity fills the fine old edifice with men, to snatch from the busy day a half-hour in which to worship, and to listen to a spiritual message from the lips of the Church's leaders of life and thought.

Bishop Potter called the Advent Mission "a noteworthy event." It commended itself to him as "an enlargement or expansion of ideas that are inherent in the Christian year," as keeping the Word and Sacraments in true proportion, and as an appeal to the conscience and the will, instead of a galvanic attack upon the emotions. "Though few people know it," he continues in an article in the *Churchman* (December 26, 1885), "the Mission began a year ago. At that time a small band of clergymen resolved to meet together once a month, or oftener, for the celebration of the Holy Communion at an early hour, an informal devotional meeting, and a subsequent business meeting. That resolution has, with a brief interval in the summer, been faithfully

adhered to. At the start it was recognized that no great spiritual blessing could be expected without earnest effort to open the way for its coming. There have been constant prayer and work, the two going together and extending to the minutest details." The teaching value of the Mission, the personal ministrations used, the success in reaching "the baptized and confirmed who had drifted away from all habits of religious living," the informal methods of a larger liberty than the routine system of the parish, are commented on. "Once more, the Mission has demonstrated two things: the power of the Church to reach men, and the value of trained missionaries as preachers. . . . Finally the Mission has deepened the faith of all who have had to do with it in the Mission and power of God the Holy Spirit." He closes by saying: "I have no prophecies for the future; but the past at least, is secure. This much, however, I may repeat, the Mission has come to stay. The committee of thirty has organized itself, within the past few days, into a 'Parochial Missions Society.'" Dr. Satterlee was made chairman of the executive committee of the Society, and throughout its useful history he gave it that loyal support that characterized his connection with every Society that once succeeded in capturing his interest.

There can be no better index to the misgivings with which parochial missions were viewed at this date than Dr. Phillips Brooks' half-humorous, half-serious letter to his brother in which he treats of it. Dr. Brooks was indirectly responsible for securing an English missionary, "awful word!", for the Church of the Incarnation, of which his brother was rector: "Dear Arthur," he writes, "I feel as if I were taking a solemn farewell of you when I see you plunging into this mysterious mission. I wonder to myself whether I shall know you as you come out. All looks very interesting about it, and I am sure I hope and pray that it may do great good."¹

¹ *Life of Phillips Brooks*, Vol. ii, p. 581.

It was after Dr. Satterlee had, at God's bidding, surrendered his tools to other hands that General Convention (1913) adopted the following resolution:

Resolved. That this Church in General Convention assembled registers its desire and will to undertake a preaching mission of nation-wide proportions, that in its scope shall be inclusive of the Church at large, and whose sole purpose and aim shall be the salvation of men through Him whose Name is above every name.

Thus it is that the river became a great sea.

In 1886 Calvary celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Dr. Satterlee begins a survey of his parish by comparing conditions as they were when the corner-stone of Calvary was laid in 1836 and what they were a half-century later. Calvary had already become a down-town church. He expressed the hope that whatever changes might take place Calvary would be loyal to the neighborhood and not seek some more favored location. An increase of workers ready to give "the wealth of their hearts to Christ and His work" was the dominant need. "Our opportunities are enormous, but our organization is greater than our working forces." But material needs were pressing. "Bricks and mortar cannot, indeed, take the place of Christian effort. The Church of God is a spiritual house, not a material building; but, still, in the religion of Jesus Christ no healthy growth is possible unless the objective goes hand in hand with the subjective, and the proper correlation between the two is carefully preserved." A new organ, a reconstructed church building, a Calvary parish house, a Calvary mission house for the East Side work, a permanent summer house, and endowment funds were advocated.

Such is the picture floating to-day, like a bright vision before our minds, as we look forward to the next half-century of our parish life. And as we gaze upon it we see that Calvary's work has but begun. No longer has the parish, as in days of yore, to battle for existence; no longer has she, as in later years, to

struggle that she may keep that which has been committed to her trust. She has made for herself a name and a place among her sister churches in America. In the memories of the great men, whose histories are interlinked with hers, in her hallowed associations of the past, in her own eventful story, and in the spiritual force and influences she has acquired in the first fifty years of her existence, there is stored up an amount of energy and a power that stands as capital, for the future to draw upon; and the struggles of coming days will be how to seize upon and *utilize the vast opportunities* for doing God's work, which now begin to be within her reach.¹

It was upon the needs of Calvary Chapel and the East Side Mission work that he laid special emphasis. The parish church was never altered, the parish house was never built except that "the corner-stone was laid in the hearts of the people," but the unselfish projects which aimed to touch the poor and the outcast moved from strength to strength. The two letters following, to his friends Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Rives, both deal with the Galilee Mission.

TO DR. RIVES

July 5, 1886. — I have just written to Mrs. Rives in answer to her letter about the texts, thanking her for them and explaining to her somewhat in detail the present condition of the Galilee Mission. Last year was a marked one in the progress of our work at Calvary and especially as regards the Galilee Mission. As I now look back upon it, and contrast it with the preceding year, the change is not only very perceptible but greater than I had imagined, and I feel that I owe a great debt of gratitude to you and Mrs. Rives for your valuable aid and self-denying efforts for that work. You have been larger factors than you dream in its success. Above all other things I feel that our united prayers, first in the Advent Mission and then in the continuation of those meetings for intercessory prayer, which we held Sunday after Sunday, have been the seed of faith, which, under God has produced such a blessed result. It is true that we have had innumerable discouragements, but each failure has been on the line of the development of a larger plan. Certainly in this effort of

¹ *Calvary Year Book*, 1886.

ours to reach the lowest classes we are striving to do Christ's own work. If the problem were an easy one to solve it would have been solved long before this, and it has only been because of these innumerable discouragements, I suppose, that it has not been undertaken before. And therefore we must wait until we ourselves are sufficiently educated to know what we should do or not do. I was much struck by what Mr. Gallatin said when I told him how I mourned over the apparently useless expense that the work entailed. He said, "Yes, if you thought that the best way of helping the poor would be to hire a bread cart and spend all your funds in giving loaves to the people on the streets, that kind of charity would evoke much superficial sympathy, but if your united judgment and wisdom adopts another method which seems to be more far reaching in its effects, the expense cannot be useless." I am quite sure, at all events, that we are on the right track, and if we can find a way in which the Episcopal Church can reach down and really reclaim the lower and even the lowest classes, it will be worth all the discouragements, failures and expenses we have had to bear in attaining the end. . . .

Poor A—— is not the man we thought him, he has been deceiving us, we brought him face to face with his wife—who seems to be a very worthy woman—last week, and he was indignantly surprised. However we have not lost faith in him and perhaps we can eventually by kindness and sympathy, raise him up. B——, another man of whom we have great hopes, a year before, has come back, all broken up by drink, but he has *come back*,—that means a great deal.

We have taken our new mission room, for one year, and it seems to be just the place we want. Cool, attractive, with an entrance on the street, and the attendance is correspondingly larger.

We are here at the old home in New Hamburg, and I trust that sometime we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you and Mrs. Rives to our little cottage. If you are in New York this summer, you must certainly come to New Hamburg.

TO MRS. RIVES

July 5, 1886.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter which has just anticipated one that I was about to

write to you, thanking you for the texts. I might have surmised that the mysterious package which came from — I know not where — contained those texts, but I could not believe that you had so far exceeded my thoughts and anticipations: first, in sending the texts so speedily, and second, in giving us such large and handsome ones. They shall all soon appear on the walls of our new room and no one can tell the amount of good they will do. I believe that the Holy Spirit often takes one little sentence or promise of the Gospel, stores it away in the memory and then, when the occasion arrives illuminates it with a spiritual meaning that seems like a message from Heaven to many a sinning soul.

We are now in our new room as you know. I have not yet seen it, but it is described as being very attractive, the attendance is better and Mr. James is beginning to be not a little encouraged. He is a good man with considerable latent power that, I am sure, will show itself, as he becomes familiarized with the work. He has been visiting the other missions of the city, and also the hospitals, alms houses, etc., and by the time that the autumn arrives, I think he will be in possession of information, which will be of incalculable assistance not only to him, but to us all in the work that we have before us.

We have made some progress but have much to learn.

I suppose you have heard of our Lodging House Scheme. We have decided to embark on the undertaking. . . . The *profits* of a Lodging House, I am assured by those who have had experience in their management, would be \$6000 a year, and then we have the rent of both Galilee Mission and the Reading Room to fall back upon as these would occupy the lower floor. But even if all these *fail* the building itself is one that can be easily rented. It is bringing in a rent at the present time of \$4200 to Mr. Horton. I mention these facts to you and Dr. Rives, because I know your deep interest in our work, and because I feel that you both will join your earnest *definite* prayers with mine, every day, that God will put it into some one's heart, to come forward and assist us with the necessary pecuniary aid. If the plan is His and not ours, and if the men's Lodging House is as valuable an adjunct to our Free Reading Room and our Galilee Mission work as I now believe it to be, then — according to our faith it will be unto us. Some way will and must be provided for the carrying on of this work.

This year Churchill entered Columbia College in the Freshman Class. "The recurring attacks of rheumatism from which he suffered during this period, and which prevented his regular attendance upon his College course, made it impossible to take a high standing in scholarship, but he acquitted himself creditably and was graduated in due course with his class."¹

In March, 1887, Dr. Satterlee was elected Assistant Bishop of Ohio. Bishop Bedell was then seventy years of age and resigned two years later. Dr. Satterlee came to the same conclusion that his advisers counselled, and decided to continue at Calvary. The sole reference to the event found is a letter to Mrs. Rives.

TO MRS. RIVES

March 22, (1887).—I am distressed to hear of your indisposition and trust that a few hours quiet will bring back your full strength.

It is due to you and Dr. Rives as well as to your father's family to say that I have practically made up my mind not to leave Calvary. The light is shining more and more clearly upon the plain pathway of duty and outsiders who are looking upon our parish work with an unprejudiced eye — Bp. Potter, Bp. Williams, Dr. Dyer, Drs. Tiffany, Harris, Van de Water, Huntington, and many others, even Mr. Tomkins, tell me it would be wrong to leave. This is the voice of my own heart and more and more of my conscience and while it would not be fair or courteous or honest or true in the sight of God to make a final decision, until I have seen the last representative, and heard the last word from Ohio — I am as sure as I can be what the ultimate issue may be, and by Saturday night my answer will be posted declining the position — unless a perfect revolution takes place in my present convictions after Dr. Bodine has said all he has to say. But all this is for you and yours. It must not get abroad. The first definite word must be the word to the authorities in Ohio.

May God bless you for what you have done. I feel to-day that a net is spread over my heart binding me to Calvary so that I could not leave if I wanted to do so. And I have never, never wanted to do so. I have not even had a thrill of enthu-

¹ *A Fisher of Men*, p. 15.

siasm at the thought of sacrificing my all for a work in Ohio. Nothing but deadness, not the first sign of a call to the work there, though I felt all along that I must know all the details of the other side before deciding.

In 1888 the present Bishop of New York, then Rector of Grace Church, Providence, R.I., was called to St. Bartholomew's, New York. Referring to this event Dr. Greer writes:

When I was invited to the rectorship of St. Bartholomew's Church I came on to New York for the express purpose of consulting Dr. Satterlee about it. He said he thought there was a great opportunity in that parish and urged me strongly to accept the call, and it was largely due to his advice that I did so.

It was about this time that Dr. Satterlee began to take an active interest in the movement to give deaconesses an official recognition and standing in the Church. In England as early as 1849 there was a revival of sisterhoods, and in 1861 the first deaconess institution was established. Ten years later certain "Principles and Rules" received the sanction of both Archbishops and seventeen Bishops. In the General Convention of 1871 a Joint Committee was appointed to sit during recess and to report to the next General Convention "on the expediency of reviving in this Church the primitive Order of Deaconesses."

The Joint Committee reported favorably on a "Canon of Deaconesses or Sisters" to the General Convention of 1874. No legislation was enacted, and a new Joint Committee was appointed to report to the Convention of 1877. The new Committee in introducing a revised Canon say:

They do not deem it necessary to present any extended argument in favor of recognizing by canon the work of the Deaconess. That office is in actual exercise in many of our dioceses, and is gradually being extended throughout the Church.

The only question now, in the opinion of your committee, is as to whether the whole subject shall be left to the judgment

of individual bishops and of individuals generally, or whether it shall, by legislation on the part of the General Convention, be brought under the guidance and control of the general Church.

Your committee are of the opinion that, for more reasons than one, it is best and most expedient that the General Convention should legislate in the premises — first, because, in their judgment, it is due to the earnest women who are willing to devote themselves to the sacred office of the deaconess, that they should receive a formal recognition of their office, and also be taken under the guidance and protection of the laws of the Church. It is within the knowledge of a part of your committee that there are some, even now, who await the action of the General Convention before consenting to enter formally upon the exercise of the office of a deaconess. And, moreover, secondly, your committee think it due to the Church that it should be made known, as it can only adequately be made known, by formal legislation, what is the nature of that office, and what the character of the communities or sisterhoods, growing up under its exercise for which she is willing to hold herself responsible.¹

Once more no agreement was reached and a third Joint Committee was given the subject to consider. Up to now one of the main difficulties in the way of legislation was that Deaconesses and Sisterhoods were included in a single Canon. The undesirability, not to say impossibility, of attempting this was recognized by the Joint Committee of 1877 who prefaced a "Canon of Deaconess," presented for adoption in 1880, with the statement that they considered it inexpedient to legislate on the subject of sisterhoods at that time.

The House of Bishops, however, in the Convention of 1880 again endeavored to combine the two orders in a single Canon of two sections under the title "Of Organized Religious Bodies in the Church." The result was a deadlock between the two Houses and the whole subject was laid on the table, and subsequently referred to the

¹ This and subsequent quotations on the subject are from a paper by Dr. Satterlee, afterwards published in pamphlet form, entitled *The Proposed Canon on Sisterhoods and Deaconesses*.

next Convention. In the Convention of 1883 the Committee on Canons to whom the proposed Canons were referred brought in a resolution which was adopted by the Convention, "that it is inexpedient, at this time, to adopt any legislation on the subject of organized religious bodies."

During these twelve years the one man who ably and perseveringly championed the cause of the Deaconess and urged the revival of this primitive order with the Church's sanction and blessing, was the Rev. W. R. Huntington D.D., at that time Rector of All Saints, Worcester, Mass. His convincing dialectic was employed in the House of Deputies to this end unwearyingly and every canon formulated bore the mark of his master-hand. After the General Convention of 1883 the matter looked as though it were shelved so far as legislative action was concerned. At the Church Congress of 1885 Bishop Doane said: "For the present, certainly, and I think for all time, the General Convention had better not legislate on the subject. A Diocesan use is better." The Rev. Thomas M. Peters, S.T.D., "would have sisterhoods entirely untrammelled to pursue their own course, in the belief that precisely in such freedom they will be of the greatest good in the world." For the deaconess he advocated institutional training and the "highest official recognition" by the Church. The Rev. A. St. John Chambré, D.D., who spoke at the same Church Congress, did not wish any hard and fast distinction made between sisters and deaconesses. "All members of such orders should be under episcopal supervision, and bound by canon law." The Rev. A. C. A. Hall, S.S.J.E., deprecated any suggestion of rivalry between sisters and deaconesses. As for legislation this represented his position: "Let the Church at large legislate for religious communities, and then the individual bishop will be acting, not in his own individual power, but as the mouthpiece of the Church. We will obey the bishop acting, not personally, but officially, as the mouthpiece of the Church. Whether the time has

come for that legislation or not, is not for me to say. I believe every year it is postponed the Church will grow in experience and wisdom, will be enabled to legislate more wisely and with greater experience. What I say is: Don't legislate for religious communities by a committee that knows very little or nothing about the subject."

No action was taken at the General Convention of 1886. But it was about this time that Dr. Huntington's untiring efforts were reinforced. Dr. Satterlee added his strong, intelligent support; and in New York Diocesan Convention of 1888 the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford put through a memorial to General Convention "asking them to take steps for the revival of the Primitive Order of Deaconesses." Dr. Satterlee's pamphlet, above referred to, clearly states the causes of failure in the past and the steps to take to insure success:

The writer was not a member of either of these Conventions, but these records plainly indicate to every one who reads them the causes for the failure of the canon. They were as follows:

1. The advocates, on the one hand, of an Order of Deaconesses, and on the other, of Sisterhoods, were not of one mind, and had so little sympathy with one another that there was no possibility of such concerted action between them, that a canon could be formulated in which there would be a mutual gain. The dominant thought was not deaconesses and sisterhoods, but deaconesses *versus* sisterhoods.

2. There was a strong wish on the part of the bishops and others that the canon enacted should not only be creative in recognizing and organizing woman's work in the Church, but that it should be restrictive and disciplinary in confining woman's work to certain definite and clearly-marked bounds.

Also the desire is evident on the part of some, at least, to make the canon itself an *ex post facto* law in legislating about sisterhoods that were already in existence, and, very naturally, this attempt was resisted by those who sympathized with their workings and wished to preserve their freedom.

3. Though the advocates of deaconesses were willing to leave sisterhoods as voluntary organizations and omit all mention

regarding them from the canon itself so long as an order of deaconesses was recognized, their efforts were futile because it was felt that the Church would thus commit herself, not to the recognition of deaconesses and sisterhoods, but of deaconesses alone.

Thus we see that the views of different members of the convention upon this subject of woman's work were so antagonistic that after it was introduced in the five successive conventions of 1871, 1874, 1877, 1880, 1883, the attempt to deal with it was given up in despair, and in 1886 the question, as far as the writer knows, was not broached at all. There is certainly no record of any attempt to legislate upon it, in the journal of 1886.

These lessons of the past are valuable. They show the mind of the Church. They indicate that no canon on the organization of woman's work in the Church can ever be enacted unless it is formulated in broader terms and advocated in a more generous spirit than was done in our past General Conventions.

The only canon that can be adopted will be one that is comprehensive enough to harmonize the discordant views of all who are interested in this subject of vital importance; wide enough, in its range, to embrace all phases of organized woman's work in the Church, and Catholic as the needs of human nature itself.

Perhaps it is well that heretofore all attempts at legislation have been unsuccessful, for the thought of our Church legislators was not, to all appearances, sufficiently ripened to produce a canon that would reflect the mind of the whole Church, and if one had been enacted it might have been constructed on too narrow a basis to meet the needs of the times.

He proceeds to consider the call to be a Sister and that to be a Deaconess as two quite distinct vocations. He favors legislation for Sisterhoods.

There may be a few in the Church who rebel under any restraint, but if Sisterhoods were treated generously and justly, the majority of those in the Church who sympathize with them would undoubtedly acquiesce in submission to the Church's constituted authorities.

Turning to the question of Deaconesses he says:

Looking back upon the past history of the American Church it seems a strange anomaly, that while the cause of Deaconesses has been much more popular than that of Sisterhoods, as a matter of fact, the latter has prospered while the former, as a rule, has failed.

But the explanation is very simple. While neither Sisterhoods nor Deaconesses have received the official sanction of the Church, sisterhoods have been able to flourish without such recognition, because they cast over their several members the protection and prestige of their order. Not so has it been with the deaconess. Though she has oftentimes been set apart by her bishop in a service of consecration and has found a congenial place for a time in laboring under some sympathizing rector, the only recognition she has received throughout has been the personal sanction of the individual bishop or rector. This gave her an official position so long as she remained under that protection, but the moment the rector moved to another parish or the bishop died, her status was changed and she henceforth became a Deaconess but in name, to be popularly known as a professional Church worker whose occupation was kindred with that of a Bible reader, a parish visitor or a hospital nurse. We all are aware in what light such professional Church workers are regarded by the world.

He closes his valuable paper with recommendations which were embodied in the legislation finally enacted in the Canon of Deaconesses (1889) and the Canon of Religious Communities (1913). It was his advocacy that was a chief factor at a critical moment in reviving this important matter when it was in a condition of debility, and it was his wisdom that played an important part in framing the Canon of Deaconesses as it now stands.

In 1901 a practical question arose touching the relation of the members of a sisterhood to the bishop of the diocese in which they were working that drew out from Dr. Satterlee, then Bishop of Washington, his mature judgment. The Superior of the short-lived Society of the Atonement maintained that it was a "basic rule of the Society to obey the Bishop as the Ambassador of Christ

and recognize his authority as being, as St. Paul says, 'In Christ's stead.' I should expect Sister Mary Emily," he continues, "not only to render canonical obedience to you as a worker in your Diocese, but to implicitly and explicitly obey the rector in whose parish she would at any time be employed, but I must claim as my right not only to withdraw any individual worker from a parish, but the whole Community (should such be established,) from the Diocese, for grave and sufficient cause."

He took the ground that so far as beliefs and practices peculiar to the churchmanship of the Society were concerned, the Society had inalienable rights:

As members of the Society we require an entire acceptance of the Society's teachings on the part of all, but when any sister undertakes work in a diocese or parish she is expected to hold as private and personal the Society's faith and practice, in so far as it does not meet with the approval of the bishop or rector under whom she works. The only place where we ask that our Tertiary workers be allowed to practice their religious convictions without let or hindrance is in their own Community House, where they shall have the same liberty as any private family in any parish or diocese. This is Bishop Potter's principle in dealing with the several religious communities of men and women having houses in his diocese, and I believe it to be a sound and righteous one. I will not step my foot officially within the limits of your diocese without your consent, which I have already asked, but not as yet received, but if I visit Sister Kathleen's house it must be with the express understanding that I shall be permitted to perform whatsoever priestly functions within that house I would be canonically at liberty to perform in my own private rectory were I priest in charge of any parish in Washington. The Catholic clergy are sometimes charged with being untrustworthy and acting deceitfully, but I trust no such charge will ever be laid justly at the doors of any priest working for the Society of the Atonement. I have stated our case plainly, and if you do not wish us to engage in work among the colored people in your Diocese the effort will at once come to an end, and our workers will have to

make choice between being immediately withdrawn from the Diocese, or else severing their connection with the Society of the Atonement.

The following is Bishop Satterlee's reply:—

TO FATHER PAUL JAMES FRANCIS, S.A.

Jan. 12th, 1901.—I ask your pardon for my unavoidable delay in responding to your letter, and thank you for the very frank way in which you have spoken in the second. I shall be equally frank with you.

I had no idea until the past month, that members of your order were connected with our parish work. It was the plain duty of such church workers in parishes of the Diocese, to have notified the rector of their intention before joining your order.

I think also that the head of the order should at the same time have made known the same fact to the Bishop.

Especially is this the case with such Society as that of the Atonement, which I understand from you is "an offshoot in our own Communion, from the original Franciscan root, established seven hundred years ago in Italy by St. Francis of Assisi." You say that the Society occupies "very advanced ground at the extreme right wing of the Catholic movement of the Anglican Church," and that you "require an entire acceptance of the Society's teachings."

This constitutes a very grave difficulty. If the members of your Society are under the Bishop, and, acting under canonical obedience to the Bishop and rectors of various parishes, confine themselves honestly in spirit, as well as in letter, only to that kind of religious teaching, which the rectors expect them to give; and yet, on the other hand, hold deep convictions regarding the necessity of another kind of teaching, I do not see how they can honestly refrain from expressing this deep religious conviction of theirs, without running the danger of becoming disingenuous.

If you reverse the situation you will appreciate exactly what I mean.

I myself, hold as a strong conviction that the real Vicar of Christ on this earth is the Spirit of Truth, and that if we are led by the Spirit of Truth, we must avoid all temptations to disingenuousness.

Under these circumstances, I cannot feel justified, as the Bishop of this Diocese, in covering with the protection of my episcopal authority, any parish workers who are placed in the position where their canonical obedience to the Bishop and rectors of parishes, will prevent them from expressing openly in their outward ministry these convictions which lie nearest their heart.

CHAPTER VII

STONE UPON STONE

1889-1892

*Have you heard it, the dominant call
Of the city's great cry, and the thrall
And the throb and the pulse of its Life,
And the touch and the stir of its Strife,
As, amid the dread dust of the din,
It wages its battle of Sin?*

*If a frail sister slip, we must hold her,
If a brother be lost in the strain
Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
We must love him and lift him again.*

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

IT was in 1889 that Dr. Satterlee's interest in the problems of the great city first brought him into contact with the newly appointed Police Commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt, whose term of service in this responsible post coincided with the balance of Dr. Satterlee's life at Calvary.

Referring to these days Jacob Riis said:¹ "I am thinking of the time, only a little while ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner in New York, and of his astonished look when churchmen, citizens from whom he should have expected support, and did expect it, for his appeal was to them direct, came to him daily to plead for 'discretion' in the enforcement of the laws he was sworn to carry out. Not all of them did this — he had many strong backers among the clergy and lay brethren — but too many." It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Satterlee stood among his strong backers. Indeed his efforts were such that Riis said of him: "The poor of New York have no better

¹ *The Peril and the Preservation of the Home*, pp. 86, 87.

friend than Dr. Satterlee." In 1911, just before leaving for his South American tour, Colonel Roosevelt wrote Dr. Satterlee's daughter, Mrs. F. W. Rhinelanders:

I had long known your father; I was brought into intimate contact with him first when I was Police Commissioner in New York City. I soon discovered that he was one of the clergymen who was a genuine force for civic righteousness, and that his deeds made good his words. He was a practical idealist; he preached realizable ideals, and then practised them. He not only helped in the reform movement for the city as a whole, but he was a power for good in his immediate neighborhood, doing the practical work for decency which few people are willing to take the pains to do. The decent policemen recognized him as an efficient and disinterested friend, and every corrupt man on the force with whom he came in contact instinctively dreaded him.

When I became President all our household saw much of your father, who had then become a bishop. His influence was great, and it was always cast for what was best and highest. To an unusual degree he combined spiritual-mindedness with the purpose to do efficient, practical work, and I do not think that any one came in contact with him without becoming conscious of a certain elevation of thought and temper, and the power of inspiring others, which are among the gifts most to be desired for any man in such a position as his.

It was Dr. Satterlee's sense of responsibility as a Christian citizen of no mean city, not less than his devotion to the parish with which he had become identified, that made it clear to him that he ought not to accept his election to succeed as Bishop of Michigan the towering personage of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Smith Harris, who died toward the close of 1888 literally of over-work. It was not merely that he felt that it was not in God's purpose that he should accept, but that this very fact carried with it a confirmation and reiteration of the call to Calvary, and he bent his energies anew to his growing responsibilities as pastor and citizen.

Early in the year his life-long friend Dr. W. C. Rives

lost his father. Two letters on this occasion, one to Dr. Rives and one to Mrs. Rives, are stray leaves from a whole volume of consolatory words, spoken and written, with which he was wont to comfort the bereaved.

TO DR. RIVES

April 11, 1889.—I could do nothing but think of you and Mrs. Rives all the way down from Boston.

I know what it is to pass through the same trial you have undergone. I was also my father's eldest son and the bond between us was very close.

Strange to say yesterday was his birthday, and he too died in April at the age of 63.

Out of the feeling of desolation that came to me in the weeks when I was first deprived of my life-long counsellor and friend, there grew, however, a feeling of strength and self-reliance that I had never experienced before, and I think I have always been a different man since that great sorrow came to me. God does somehow keep leading us onward and upward in these changes that come and I believe that they are both full of meaning and also of lasting fruit. We have only one life to live, and I don't think it could be a noble one unless we had to pass through such sorrows as these. Now that I have returned it does seem to me as though I missed you both more than ever before. I suppose it is because I have so lately been with you.

I appreciate more than I can ever express to you your desire that I should officiate at your father's funeral. And it was a very great privilege for me to come to you. I am looking forward to seeing you very soon and cherish the hope that you will be able to be with us on Easter Day.

Will you kindly remember me to your mother and your brother. I hope to write to the former in a few days. I enclose a letter to Mrs. Rives.

TO MRS. RIVES

April 11, 1889.—I sincerely hope that you are better to-day, and that you are having a good long rest after the severe strain of the past few days. Indeed I wonder how you passed through it as well as you did, when I think how the awful shock first came to you at midnight after all the fatigue of Sunday. But God does give us strength—not only spiritual but physical

strength—in times of trial. May such strength be yours—and it will come, as daily bread if you take no thought for the morrow. The longer I live the more clearly I see how unwise it is to look ahead. We can safely leave our whole future in His hands Who knows all our desires, Who has promised to answer all our prayers. And I am sure that God never puts into our hearts a very earnest desire to work for Him without providing a way for its realization.

Parish affairs progressed steadily. Many crying needs of the past were “in a fair way of being met, if they had not been wholly met already.” Debt upon a church building was especially abhorrent to him. This year “the debt which had been hanging over the church for so many years was wiped away. It is true,” he says in his annual Rector’s Letter, “that the sum was not large, but the same code of morals that applies to the individual should be observed surely by the Church herself, and it may be a source of gratitude to the parishioners, as it is to the rector himself, that through the generosity and devout efforts of a number of our people every obligation has been liquidated, and we can begin a new year with consciousness that our dear parish Church is free from all pecuniary burdens.”

The mechanical bent of modern times has exalted the machine-like man into a *Deus ex machina*, and the highest reward the age can bestow is to label him efficient. The absence of markedly human characteristics is not infrequently commended if the lack makes for greater mechanical perfection in some specialized form of activity. Dr. Satterlee was an effective rather than an efficient man. He was too intensely human to be system-ridden. In a letter to Mrs. Percy R. Pyne (April 18, 1893) he says: “Some persons have marked executive ability, but this is insufficient where personal religious work has to be done, and if the former alone is emphasized, the work, by and by, becomes perfunctory, and visitors who have no executive ability, but the sympathy and ‘touch’ to deal with individuals,

drop out." His humanness, however, does not imply that he was unsystematic or disorderly. He was far from being so. Method was his agent or instrument, and in so far as it served its purpose he employed it. For instance, in the duty of freewill offerings for church support, his aim was to make almsgiving the expression of fundamental religious principle in the life of every Christian, and not solely to raise much money for the prosecution of his ecclesiastical and philanthropic undertakings. His plan for systematic offerings was the outcome of this conception of giving. "After a year of careful consideration a plan has been set on foot for substituting, in the place of the uncertain revenues drawn from occasional Sunday offerings, a method of direct appeal, to the individual members of the parish, so as to help them to realize their own personal responsibility. By this plan a work of *education* is instituted, first in the direction of advancing the idea that our alms are *offerings* to God, and not mere forced collections; and next, in making each Christian stand apart from his or her family relations and face an individual duty, this method by its pledge and its regularity enforcing especially the thought of Christian stewardship whether of one talent or of ten." The result was, as he foresaw, successful in both directions — both benefactors and beneficiaries profited.

The broader interests of the Church were cared for by the General Missionary Department with its various committees. Calvary, when Dr. Satterlee assumed charge, was insular in its outlook. Almost his first thought was, while preserving and developing its coherence as a parish and fostering the family spirit which was so pronounced a feature of his former charge, to broaden its vision and enlarge its sense of responsibility. It was through the General Missionary Department that he accomplished his purpose. Foreign and domestic missions, work among Indians and Negroes, received intelligent and sympathetic attention. The Committee



THE REV. HENRY YATES SATTERLEE, D.D.

Rector of Calvary Church

on Missions of the Archdeaconry of New York was notably active and successful. It developed that intimate personal touch between the free and the imprisoned, the privileged and the needy, the well and the sick, the citizen and the institutionalized, that has been one of the most potent forces throughout the country in the reconstruction of, and change of temper in, our charities, philanthropies and penal institutions. It was a member of the Committee on Missions within the Archdeaconry of New York who gave the Chapel of Christ the Consoler to Bellevue Hospital.

The people took their Rector at his word. Though the East Side work received the equipment needed as being of prime importance, the beautifying of the parish church and the building of a parish house were held in abeyance. Nevertheless year by year Dr. Satterlee kept the need of a parish house before the parishioners as among the things to be eventually achieved.

During the summer of 1890 Dr. Satterlee and his family were abroad. Churchill had just graduated from Columbia but his vocation had not yet claimed him. His father and mother had never tried to force him in the direction of their heart's desire — the ministry, though their prayers that this might be his choice were unceasing. Among other interesting experiences of the summer was that of participating in the twelve hundred and sixteenth anniversary, on St. Peter's Day, of the little church in Sunderland, "consecrated in the days and in the presence of the Venerable Bede." While in London Dr. Satterlee gave much attention to the way such enterprises as Oxford House and Toynbee Hall were endeavoring to meet the complex problems of a great city. Churchill accompanied him and could not but be influenced by what he learned and the men he met. He was with his father at a retreat at Keble College conducted by Canon Gore. Such experiences, coming at a moment when he had to reach a definite decision, no doubt made it clearer and easier for him to determine his course.

After seeing the Passion Play at Oberammergau the family went to Switzerland, and in Axenstein the die was cast that eventuated in a splendid though brief career in the Ministry.

The story of these critical days is told by his friend the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler.¹ Churchill is quoted as having said:—

“I told my father soon after graduation that I had about decided to go into the real estate business. Instead of jumping up to congratulate me he just looked at me and said, ‘I can picture you sitting in an office on the Avenue waiting for a customer to come in — and then?’”

I believe those two words — “and then” — had a direct influence on his whole course of life thereafter. He felt that he was fitted for a higher calling and one more useful. Many times have I heard him tell the story of the worldly man who was being questioned as to his ambitions in life, and after each goal of riches or pleasure had been reached the insatiable questioner would ask, “and then?” until finally the man was forced to admit that after he had attained all his ambitions in this world, he would in reality be just where he started, having done no good to mankind, as his aims were entirely selfish, or at least not directed towards things worth while.

Satterlee’s father gives an account of an interview which he had with his son relative to the choice of his vocation in life. It was when the summer vacation following his graduation from college was drawing to a close, during a sojourn in Lucerne. The two had gone for a walk in the fields, and were resting under a haystack. The subject was introduced by Dr. Satterlee, who said to his son:

“‘So far you have made a creditable mark for yourself; now that you have graduated from college, you must choose a profession — what are you going to be?’

“Churchill replied: ‘I don’t know; I don’t think I am good for anything specially.’

“‘What is your idea in life,’ I said, ‘to get or to give?’

“Churchill replied: ‘Oh! I’ve thought and decided about that long ago, I want to give all that I have to give; I want to be

¹ *A Fisher of Men*, pp. 19-22.

useful, of course, I want to help my Day to take its stand; I want to be a builder of some kind, but I am not fitted to build anything.'

"I said, 'Build up the human body.' He responded, 'I never cared for surgery or medicine.'

"I said, 'Build up the sense of justice in the community.' He replied, 'I am no orator: no dialectician, I am not fitted to be a lawyer.'

"I said, 'Be an architect or a civil engineer.' The answer was, 'You know I am neither a draughtsman on the one hand nor a mathematician on the other; I am qualified for neither profession.'

"I then said, 'Be a character builder.' Churchill replied, 'How can I? I am not qualified! Anyway, how is this to be done?' I answered, 'The character builder in a village is the religious leader, who goes in and out among the people, and shows the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, how, in pursuing their trades, to be better tradesmen, better citizens of the commonwealth, better Christians and more faithful witnesses for Jesus Christ, in their several callings; who shows fathers and mothers that the Christian family is the unit upon which Christian civilization is built up, and thus prepares the way for the coming of God's Kingdom.' Churchill replied, 'Oh! if I only had the power to be *such* a character builder, I should gladly give my life to this work, but here again I have no qualifications for filling this sphere.' I begged him to stop and think, and reminded him of the influence he had exercised over others in his college life and his fraternity, and over the friends who had been coming for the last eight years to our house. He made no reply and we walked quietly home. The next morning he announced to us that he should sail for home a month earlier than we had intended, for he wished to have a conference with Dean Hoffman and Dr. Dyer, with a view possibly to entering the General Seminary in the autumn. When we all demurred, saying that this would break up the family party and spoil the pleasure of our European trip, he replied, somewhat gruffly, 'Duty first — pleasure afterwards.' His one great dread seemed to be lest he should be influenced into entering the ministry without being really fitted for it. Now, when he was on the point of deciding through his own free will, it was a satisfaction for him to feel, that by thus sailing for America contrary to his

own inclinations and our wishes, he was giving proof of his sincerity and independent choice. Two months from that time, on St. Matthew's Day, 1890, while Churchill was being matriculated as a student in the Seminary, we were in John Keble's Church at Hursley, praying that God would bless him in the act and consecrate his whole future life in the ministry, as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ."

The instinct of the builder was as marked in the son as in the father. The decision to become a character builder having been made he was filled with the enthusiasm of it and sped to his preparation. He did not become a resident at the General Theological Seminary but lived at home. "The only definite and regular work which he undertook in Calvary Church during this period was the training of the auxiliary choir. His natural shyness made him exceedingly reluctant to fill this position, but his sense of duty and his extreme fondness for music finally led him to accept. Under his leadership as organist and choirmaster, a distinct improvement in the behavior of the choir members was noticeable. Though the young men and women composing the choir were many of them his most intimate friends, his enthusiasm enabled him to conquer his diffidence, and he learned to play the part of a strict disciplinarian.

"As at school and college, so also in the seminary, Satterlee made many friends and was a prime favorite with his classmates. He introduced them to his parents and made them free of the hospitality so lavishly dispensed at Calvary Rectory."

Among those who came under his influence the claims of the ministry were felt not only by Churchill. There were at this time some seven or eight candidates for Holy Orders from Calvary Church and Chapel, three of the number coming from the Knights of Temperance. The following letter written after the Bishop's death to Mrs. Satterlee refers to these days:—

FROM THE REV. W. J. DENZILOE THOMAS

It was in the month of June in the year 1886 that I first entered Calvary Church and heard Dr. Satterlee preach. I was so deeply impressed with the sermon and drawn toward the one who preached that I sought an interview, and then presented the letters which I had brought from England only a few weeks before. Dr. Satterlee read the letters, which seemed to please him, then turning toward me with a very kind expression he said "Your letters are excellent, but every young man is expected to make his own character in America." I replied that I was willing to be put to the test. I worked under his direction in the Galilee Mission which was so near to his great heart; there I saw him work and pray with those who had erred and gone astray until his very being was aflame with the love of souls; all the workers learned to love him. There his zeal and love, his self-sacrifice and splendid robust Christian manhood appealed to the men and won many of them to the higher life. He asked me to prepare for the ministry, and after six years preparation I was graduated in the same class as his son Churchill from the General Theological Seminary, and presented by Dr. Satterlee for Deacons orders in Calvary Church on Trinity Sunday, 1893; during all those years he helped me by his *splendid robust manhood*, his *spiritual leadership* and *fatherly care*. God blessed me richly in giving me such a *true-hearted, whole-souled friend* as he was to me in those early days, and continued to be all through the years until he entered Paradise.

My first impression of him was, that he had the power of deep spiritual insight, and that he was a firm believer in undeveloped possibilities in men and nature; true as *steel*, loyal to the last, patient with the weak penitent sinner but unable to tolerate hypocrisy and sham in friend or foe. He never wounded except with a loving desire to correct the error and to heal the wound. I loved him, and learned to revere him as a Saint of God. God grant that all who knew him and enjoyed his friendship may strive for and attain his high standard in all things.

His conferences with his "boys" who were students at the General Theological Seminary during his Calvary rectorate steadied and inspired to a more worthy regard

for the ministry, those who thus came under his influence. The pastoral ideal of our Church was very dear to his heart and gave to our ministry a distinctive character. His talks to the Seminary students who gathered at his house were gleaned from his own experience and "were the simplest and most practical advice on pastoral work," illustrated by incidents from his rectorate in Wappinger's Falls.

One of his successors at Zion Church¹ says that "he was thoroughly familiar with his list of communicants. Every year he kept a book for his own eye alone, containing a list of communicants, with a record of attendance of each at the service of the Holy Communion. He made use of this record in his parish visiting and in his dealing with individuals. Adults who had not been confirmed — he kept a list of them — he prayed for by name, he spoke to every year, sometimes purposely omitting one year with certain individuals that they might feel the difference and not take his approach too much as a matter of course. Many men and women, to whom the Church had in previous years not meant much, were in the course of his pastorate nursed into life and became devoted Churchmen.

He was thinking of these days of faithful shepherding when he said to his "boys":

"We should guard the time given to pastoral visits with great care. When you go to a home, *ring the bell or knock at the door with a prayer* that God's grace may go before you and that an opportunity may be given you to say the right word. When you are once in the house, if you have any time to wait, look about you and see what kind of things is in the room, learning what the tastes are of the persons upon whom you are calling, so that you may the more readily enter into their life."

Relative to ministerial "calls" he would say:

"Do not accept a call until you receive one. You cannot tell what the voice of the Holy Spirit will answer

¹ The Reverend Prescott Evarts.

until the call definitely comes to you. So many men are asked if they would accept a call if it came to them. My advice is not to accept or decline a call until it does come."

As his papers testify, he was in the habit of carefully tabulating, after the manner of the credit and debit pages of an account book, the arguments for and against an important step. Hence this practical counsel in connection with vocation:

"I would put down all the reasons why I should go to the new field on the one side, and all the reasons why I should remain where I was on the other side. The financial reason should come last, but this is an important reason to consider. Then take these pros and cons and spread them before the Lord, and balance them one against the other until the right decision has been maintained. God's will is always plain. He will never leave you in doubt as to your duty. It is the devil that makes us doubtful and hesitating, not God."¹

There are some epigrammatic and telling bits of advice in some "Hints on Pastoral Work" given to a deacon on the occasion of his advancement to the priesthood by Dr. Satterlee in 1882 (he was then Rector of Zion Church) who presented him for ordination:

"You must be a leader, not a commander. Say 'venite' instead of 'ite.' Banish all temptation to be a commander."

"Do not dare to do anything for effect, in voice, manner, gesture or words. Sink self as far as possible in all that you do."

"Do not avoid criticism. Listen to all hints from all quarters. This disarms antagonism, makes all feel that they have your ear, and wonderfully enriches your stock of wisdom."

"Do not be afraid that you will cheapen yourself by being humble-minded. 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted' is the law of success."

¹ From a letter to Mrs. H. G. Satterlee from the Rev. T. A. Conover, Sept. 23, 1911.

“An old Bishop once said: ‘Never preach beyond your own personal experience.’ If you do, if you describe spiritual states of feeling to which you are a stranger, your words will be unrealities and sentimentalities to those who hear you.”

“Rather strive to suggest thought than to dictate thought.”

“Do not end your sermon with a string of practical directions.”

“A young man ought almost always to say in his sermons not ‘you,’ but ‘we.’”

“Never preach a denunciatory sermon. It never does any good, and is only waste of time.”

“Do not worry yourself as to your style. Above all, do not let David strive to walk in Goliath’s armor. Your own style will form itself gradually if you strive to express yourself clearly in plain Anglo-Saxon, and with fewest possible words.”

“The highest style of preaching is our blessed Lord’s style, as in the Sermon on the Mount. That should be our model. He never reasoned. He taught with authority, i.e. — the authority of the truth.”

“If a woman talks much or fluently, be careful of her, whosoever she is.”

“I have adopted two rules for my own self-preservation:

“First, when I hear one member of a parish speaking in an unkind way about another (unless there is the plainest and most unmistakable reason for it) I always set it down as a mark of a disloyal nature, and know that the speaker will say the same kind of things about me, when the occasion arises, behind my back, and that therefore I must be very guarded in my words to him. Second, to be loyal and true, not to any particular person or set of persons, but to the whole parish.

“If you bear in your heart the necessity of never saying a word, or lending yourself to a scheme that can be construed into partisanship; if you make it a principle that in all things you will be loyal to the parish

as a whole, you will be saved from many a chagrin, many a mortification, many a mistake, and at the same time, will increase the general confidence in your straightforwardness and integrity."

Dr. Satterlee came back from abroad with new ideas and fresh vigor for work among the tramps, the luckless and the poor. He always had deep affection for England, and English ways and thought appealed to him, but he was too much of an American to accept anything English without first testing its applicability to his native country. He gained a good deal of valuable information from the work done in the East End by the University Settlement at Oxford House. The idea of the University Settlement was at this time new in America. People were only beginning to learn how the other half lived. Miss Jane Addams and Miss Ellen G. Starr were only just opening the doors of Hull House in Chicago (1889). Similar settlements were beginning to appear in the congested sections of New York, Boston and other great cities. The churches of every denomination were awakening to their responsibility for social betterment, and by means of missions like the 42nd St. Mission of St. Bartholomew's, Avenue A Mission of St. George's and the Galilee Mission of Calvary, were trying to regenerate the submerged and outcast. The institutional church was in its early stage of development. Jacob A. Riis was rounding out his noble career in bringing light and hope to dark corners of New York. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst was bringing his guns to bear upon the redlight district and arraigning before the tribunal of public opinion the corruption of the city police. It was a moment of social hope and effort, of civic expectation and regeneration, and Calvary Church played its part in the general movement.

At the time when Dr. Satterlee was elected a member of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church (1882) and for twelve

years after, the Society had no building of its own. For two score years or more it had quarters in the Bible House on Astor Place. There returning missionaries gathered, there the offerings of the faithful were gathered and disbursed, there the growing missionary interests of the Church were considered. "The Board and its officers might have continued happy and contented, so far as they were personally concerned, in the quarters that they had occupied so long had they not realized that the time had come when it was their duty to make a strong effort to supply the want which others had felt before them. As representatives of the Board of Missions of the Church in the United States, the dignity and importance of the work required that it should no longer remain without a suitable habitation, a distinctive place of its own, where might be found proper facilities for growing needs and better opportunity to extend a hospitable welcome to all who regard it as the centre of the Missionary operations of the Church."¹

In 1889 a Committee of the Board, of which Dr. Satterlee was a member, was appointed to erect the Church Missions House on property which had already been acquired on Fourth Avenue adjacent to Calvary Church. The corner-stone was laid on October 3, 1892, and the completed building was dedicated by Bishop Doane, President of the Society, on St. Paul's Day, 1894. Dr. Satterlee had a double interest in the building—as a member of the Board and as Rector of the parish in which it stood. "While it was in progress of building, Dr. Satterlee, as Rector, purchased two dwelling houses in 22nd Street in the rear, which are now used in conjunction with Calvary Parish."²

The proximity of his own home to the Church Missions House made him sooner or later a neighbor to most of the Church's missionaries as they found their way thither from their various fields.

¹ *Spirit of Missions*, January, 1894.

² From a statement by the Rev. Joshua Kimber.

“To be a missionary of the Society was always a warrant of friendship personally with Dr. Satterlee. His Church and rectory were always open to those who came home on furlough, weary with the burden and heat of the day at the front, and such were always assured of a sympathetic and helpful listener as they told of their work and its difficulties.”¹

In 1891 Dr. Satterlee was one of the nominees for Bishop of Massachusetts at the time Dr. Phillips Brooks was elected. “On the morning when the Massachusetts Convention were to elect their Bishop,” wrote Dr. T. M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, in his *Reminiscences*, “I said there was little prospect of his [Brooks] having a majority of the votes, and he replied that he had no doubt of it, ‘but,’ he added, ‘if I am not elected this morning I am ready to go into the Convention this afternoon and vote for the other candidate. Dr. Satterlee will be entirely satisfactory to me.’” The following letter from Dr. Brooks to his brother refers to the matter in similar terms:

APRIL 26, 1891.

Dear Arthur: Thank you for your last letter. I entirely agree with your judgment, and shall not go to the Convention this week, which will not be a difficult piece of self-restraint. But I think it seems very much now as if Satterlee was to be our Bishop. Those who are familiar with the state of things consider my election quite unlikely. . . . We surely might have done much worse. I think the fine, at one time hopeful, boom for another candidate will not have been entirely in vain, if it has secured a well-meaning and modern man like Satterlee rather than a mediaevalist with base designs. For myself, I had come to feel that I should like the place. Its attractions had grown upon me the more I had thought of it. I had dwelt with pleasure on the idea of knowing the State and seeing our Church do a good work for her. But I shall not grieve at going back to Trinity and the familiar, happy work there.

With all love,
Always your brother, P.²

¹ From a statement by the Rev. Joshua Kimber.

² *Life of Phillips Brooks*, Vol. ii, p. 489.

Dr. Satterlee was an opponent of pewed Churches and it was a trial to him that Calvary could not immediately enter the ranks of free Churches. If free and frank speaking could have accomplished this end there would have been no delay. But it was no easy task to break with established practice, in spite of the fact that the original plan for Calvary was that it should be free. In the Rector's Letter of 1891 he wrote:

Calvary Church will never gain the confidence of all classes in the neighborhood in which God has placed her, or do her work as New Testament Christians did theirs, until her welcome to all is as free as that of the Gospel itself. Of course, if Calvary is to be made a free church with an endowment fund of \$500,000, this means self-sacrifice on the part of all for the common object. Nor can such object become a common aim unless we are all convinced that it is worthy of the self-sacrifice. After years of prayerful consideration regarding the advantages and disadvantages of the free church system, the Rector has become profoundly convinced that Calvary can never make use of her large opportunities until she becomes free, and he earnestly requests all parishioners to read the sermon delivered in Calvary last spring which has been printed under the title of "A Fettered Gospel." There are many objections against free churches, but after they are carefully and prayerfully weighed, it will be found that they disappear under the strong light of the responsibilities we have to discharge to Christ and to our brother men. But one thing is sure. If Calvary in future days is ever to be made free, she must learn the lesson of the past and have this large endowment fund of \$500,000 to carry on her work in those coming days when wealthier parishioners have left her.

CHAPTER VIII

FITTING THE CAPSTONE AT CALVARY

1892-1895

*He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.*

*The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.*

EMERSON

IN the summer of 1892 Dr. Satterlee again went abroad. The two letters following give some account of his experience in Europe:

TO MRS. PERCY R. PYNE

The Hague, July 17, 1892. — I have just left England after a very busy and to me, intensely interesting month. One object of my coming abroad was to look a little deeper into some social questions and some phases of the work in East London that I had been interested in a couple of years ago, and it was my good fortune to meet on the steamer the Earl of Meath, (who is called the successor of Lord Shaftesbury) and with him I have visited one or two dozen places in London where the Association of which he is president has provided open spaces for the poor and especially for the children. He very kindly invited Mr. W. T. Stead, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to meet me, and I found him full of information regarding the condition of the people in London, very suggestive and at times very brilliant. The next day I met another remarkable man, the very antipode of Stead, quiet, sensitive, shy and unusually careful about his statements, Mr. Charles Booth, the Author of "Life and Work in East London" and from him I gained some very helpful hints regarding the collection of parish statistics, which I hope will be of service to us in the future.

I spent a week at Oxford in Keble College and saw many of the Lux Mundi men and the leaders of Oxford Christian Social Union. Mr. Gore I met many times and was more than ever impressed with his power. He has written an article lately on "The Social Teaching of the Sermon on the Mount" which has attracted wide attention. The *Economic Review* in which it was published, after passing through two or three editions, is now out of print, but I believe the article is to be published separately, and if I can secure a copy I shall send it to you.

All these men are deeply interested in Oxford House, and I do not wonder at this, for among all the establishments in East London, there is none which so thoroughly stands upon and carries out the sociological law of the New Testament. The People's Palace has no religious aim whatever, its primary object is to amuse: Toynbee Hall attempts to educate the people aesthetically and intellectually, and with its staff of workers religion is of secondary importance: Oxford House puts first things first, it takes men as they are, and tries to develop their characters in that state of life in which God has placed them. In this it has succeeded beyond all expectations. The head of Oxford House is the Rev. Mr. Ingram, a man who has received call after call, but continues here laboring among these working men with a salary of only \$750 a year. With him is associated Mr. P. R. Buchanan, a wealthy tea merchant (formerly living in the West End) who has bought a house and gone to live with his family in Bethnal Green, and here he goes after his office hours are over, to work among the working men. Mrs. Satterlee and I passed a couple of nights with Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan and their family and I felt indeed as though the New Testament days were not over. I met and talked with the working men myself, gaining a close glimpse of that of which I had seen the outside two years ago, and I understand now why Oxford House reaches the working classes as no other institution has yet been able to do. Imagine a Burlington Arcade, lined with cooperative shops, a grocery, shoe, book, and dry goods stores, a pharmacy, a temperance bar, and, at the back, Oxford Hall, where all the meetings and Church services are held. Then above, are billiard rooms (with fifteen or twenty billiard tables) card tables, Committee Rooms, etc. The membership of this Club is about 1200. Closely associated with this, and founded upon a similar plan, are the "Tee To Tum Club" at Commer-

cial Road, White Chapel, Shoreditch, Hackney Downs, and Stamford Hill of all of which Mr. Buchanan is president. The membership of these combined clubs is between five and six thousand; the men understand plainly that the motive which animates Mr. Ingram, Mr. Buchanan and their co-labourers from Oxford University, is distinctly a religious motive. The club rooms are furnished and provided for them but they have to pay the rent and meet all the current expenses. They find that they need to be directed and wisely advised in the doing of this, and here the influence of Mr. Buchanan and the gentlemen tells.

I have become so interested in all this that they have asked me (just because I am an *outsider*) to write the article on Oxford House in the *Economic Review* for next October. I am profoundly convinced that through this kind of movement the working classes can really be reached, after centuries of waiting, and really inspired with Christian influences, if not brought back to the Church itself. While others are writing volumes upon volumes of sociology, here are a few men with Christ's own spirit of self-sacrifice in their hearts, who do what no others are *able* to do simply because they go and do it in the New Testament way. And this brings me to the point and the purpose for which I have written this long letter.

The formation of such a Working Men's Club in connection with our Galilee Mission has been a continuous effort with us for the past five years. We have failed, year by year, but each failure has been a stepping stone of experience. So much did we learn last year, that in May I took the responsibility of buying the two buildings East of the Galilee Mission; one for the Boys' Club, which is already an unusual success, and the other for our Working Men's Club.

Mr. Buchanan says he will spend a month with me in New York, and help me to get our Working Men's Club started on a solid basis if the Club rooms are ready for the men, and as he is a unique man with a unique experience, I feel that this is a providential opportunity. Mr. Buchanan has already been on the ground. He met a few gentlemen in Calvary Rectory last May, President Low, Dr. Greer, Dr. Huntington, Mr. Grinnell, the Editor of the *Christian Union* and the *Christian at Work*, etc., etc., last May, and any of these can tell you what a profound impression he made upon all who were present then, especially upon our young men workers.

Now I see this open door before me and a great opportunity; I know how the work is to be done; I have the young men at my side who have the experience to do it and who will have Mr. Buchanan as a temporary coadjutor; I have also the house for the club, with five big floors and all the room that is needed; I have (thanks to Miss Bruce) a self-supporting Coffee House, to be used in connection with the Club, by the members with their wives and children. Lastly I see my way very plainly before me how to make the Working Men's Club self-supporting also.

Mrs. Pyne caught the infection of Dr. Satterlee's enthusiasm and gave him her support in the establishment of the Working Men's Club. This second letter again refers to the project:

TO MRS. PYNE

London, Sept. 1, 1892. — I want to tell you all about the work of Oxford House when I see you. It impresses me greatly and I will send you an article which is to be published in the *Economic Review* in October. Toynbee Hall is interesting but its work seems to me more superficial. Oxford House takes men *as they are* and *where they are*, and educates them to make the best use of their opportunities in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call them. I spent this afternoon at the "Church Army" which as you probably know is an organization somewhat like the Salvation Army, but with strong Church principles. It is very successful and among other things it has fifty trained nurses on its working staff. It has moreover twenty or thirty "Labour Homes" or places where a wayfaring man is able to sleep and eat, paying his way by labour, until he is set on his feet. They tell me that about fifty per cent of the men who come to these homes are rescued socially (for the time being) but that only five per cent of them are religiously converted.

The Salvation Army figures do not differ materially from these; and our Galilee Mission's rates are about the same. The discouragements that we feel therefore are shared by all Christian workers. How true our Lord's words were, "Many are called but few are chosen."

I received a letter from Mr. Gore last week and am in hopes that he will come to America this winter for a short time. I

believe I wrote you that Churchill and I attended a Retreat conducted by him in Keble College, Oxford, and it was an occasion that we shall long remember.

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After the wedding of Mr. Cameron and Miss Rhineland in the little Church at Lucerne (a Church strange to say, that I, as Bishop Doane's representative two years ago, helped to build), we went to the Dolomites. Every fresh time I see these wonderful mountains they appear more beautiful, such color effects one never sees elsewhere. Turner's pictures are reminders of what one beholds all the time in the Dolomites. They appeal so vividly to the imagination that one can think of nothing but cities in the skies, enchanted palaces and [dream] castles. Gazing up at these strange forms rising up over a foreground of pine trees they look like some weird unearthly vision.

From the Dolomites we went (the Rives were with us as before) to Venice, and here for the first time, in August we struck hot weather, the very weather you have been having. Yet though the thermometer stood at 104° it was not unbearable. We were out all day long in a gondola and Mr. Hopkinson Smith kept on at his sketches all day long.

We are now in London and expect to sail for home on Sept. 14. I shall hope to call upon you in the beginning of October and tell you all about the Working Men's Club which you have so generously offered to help us in establishing.

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We are in the midst of the cholera scare just now and the people of every city warn us against every other city. (The Carlsbad doctors just now are *contra mundum*) but each city considers itself perfectly safe, so it was in Paris, so it is here in London now.

Upon his return to New York he set to work to develop his East Side plans.

TO MRS. PYNE

Oct. 22, '92. — I want to have a conference with you, first about the work of the Archdeaconry Committee and second about the Working Men's Club.

I am greatly encouraged about the former. I wish you could have heard the report of the work of the various Archdeaconries,

to the Diocesan Missionary Board, you would have been encouraged to see and hear how others are working upon the very lines that we have adopted.

Archdeacon Mackay-Smith¹ has said to me again and again of late, "I wish other parishes would take hold of the work as yours is doing; Calvary takes the lead in this, and she is setting an example which will be very helpful to the sister parishes." This or words to this effect, he has uttered many times and I think that you, as the head of our Archdeaconry Committee, ought to know the place we are really filling and the influence we are silently exerting. I think the work is in a condition now to be expanded. What we need most of all is new visitors, and Mrs. Rives hopes to see you soon to talk about this.

Regarding the other work, if I looked hopefully upon the establishment of a Working Men's Club when I wrote to you from England, I feel ten-fold more encouraged now after I have conferred with the managers of the Boys' Club, of the Free Reading Room Association, of the Chapel Board and the Galilee Mission and the Coffee House. There is absolute unanimity of judgment, not only regarding the expediency, but the feasibility of my plan of establishing a Working Men's Club.

All our work up to the present time has been a success and a stepping stone to this end. And Mr. Buchanan, the Vice-Principal of Oxford House, sails to-day from England and will help us in founding a Working Men's Club on a real Tee To Tum basis. I felt that I ought to write all this to you after your kindness in offering to assist me. If our Working Men's Club is a success, it will be a real substitute for the liquor saloons, it will be but the first of many others that will be established like a net-work all over the city, and I shall always feel, if it *is* a success, gratitude to you for having enabled me to go onward. . . .

I know you will be glad to hear that Mr. Gordon's work in Mexico is now under the Board of Missions, and that it has received from this last General Convention full requisition as a Mission of our Church until it becomes self-supporting. There was much opposition, but it was overcome and we shall yet see bright days for that work in Mexico which has had so many prayers.

¹ Afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania.

This reference to the Mexican Church makes it fitting at this juncture to give some account of its history and its relation to the American Church. No one individual rendered a larger service in this difficult question, or contributed more to bring order out of chaos, than Dr. Satterlee.

With the new Constitution framed after that of the United States and sanctioned in 1857 by the latest provisional president, Comonfort, Mexico was accorded religious liberty. The Roman Catholicism of the day was in most parts semi-pagan as well as morally deficient. The Church owned one-third of the real and personal property of the republic until the new order separated Church and State and nationalized the property (1859). This was the signal for a small group of Christians, who had been alienated from the Church of their fathers by its corruption, to look abroad for aid. In 1864 the Foreign Committee of our Board of Missions became interested in the reform movement which by then had taken shape in an organization. Though an agent who was sent by the Board to investigate conditions reported favorably, no action was taken. A memorial presented by the reformers in 1866 asking for the consecration of a bishop received no official recognition. About the same time a new group of reformers organized "La Iglesia de Jesus" ("The Church of Jesus"). Beginning in 1872 "the American Church Missionary Society took charge of the financial interests of the Church of Jesus, and was for five years its generous supporter."¹

A second memorial in 1874 resulted in the appointment of a Commission by the House of Bishops to consider the petition of the reformers. The Bishop of Delaware (Dr. Lee) was delegated by the Commission to visit Mexico, render such episcopal services as the moment required, and report back to them. His report was

¹ From a statement issued by the Provisional Committee on Church work in Mexico, of which Dr. Satterlee was Executive Chairman.

favorable and a Covenant drawn up by the Synod was presented. The House of Bishops ratified the Covenant in 1875 and empowered the Commission to carry out its provisions. The Commission endorsed the formularies of the Church of Jesus and requested the Presiding Bishop to take order for the consecration of three bishops who had been duly elected by the Synod. The Rev. Henry C. Riley, formerly a New York presbyter, was the only one who could fulfil canonical requirements. He was consecrated in 1879 as Bishop of the Valley of Mexico.

In 1884, this bishop having proved a failure, so far as his particular work was concerned, was induced to resign his jurisdiction, and in order to carry forward the work of the Church, the said Church petitioned, in 1885, to be considered and treated as a mission of the American Church, until the evils of the past should be remedied and the ecclesiastical, canonical, and financial conditions of the Mexican Church should permit the carrying out of the original plan. An organization, composed of Clergy and Readers, was formed, under the name of the *Cuerpo Ecclesiastico*, to be the local authority in Mexico, and this was recognized by nearly all the congregations and by the American bishops.¹

The course pursued in consecrating Bishop Riley had never received general approval, and his resignation reopened the question of jurisdiction. There were those who were hostile to intervention on the score that it was contrary to Catholic principles to intrude in the domain of the venerable and fully organized Church which had held jurisdiction for centuries.

The discussions were frequent and serious because the matter related to the attitude of the Church in regard to historic order. It was due to Dr. Satterlee that the problem was solved on precisely that ground. The Church Club of New York asked for a discussion of "intrusion" at a

¹ From a statement issued by the Provisional Committee on Church work in Mexico, of which Dr. Satterlee was Executive Chairman.

meeting to be held for that purpose. Two of the professors of the General Theological Seminary were chosen to conduct the debate in opposition to the work in Mexico, and Dr. Satterlee and a friend who was a member of the Board of missions, and who served with him on the Committee on the work in Mexico advocated its continuance. The discussion was brief. Dr. Satterlee made a lucid statement of the conditions under which the reform movement was started and the application for help was made to the Protestant Episcopal Church.¹

Dr. Satterlee was a pupil of Bishop Coxe in the history of the Church and her order, and he knew his ground. His argument which won the day was that so-called "intrusion" was covered by the ancient canons as well as being implied in the character of the episcopal office. A bishop was not primarily a local official but a bishop of the Church. His assignment to a specified territorial jurisdiction was merely a matter of convenience and order. Under certain conditions, such as prevailed in Mexico, it was not only the right, but also the duty, of a branch of the Church Catholic to minister to the distress of Christians upon whom were imposed unwarranted terms of communion, and who were suffering from ecclesiastical tyranny and corruption, by sending to their succor a bishop who would furnish them with those spiritual privileges and opportunities, which were their inherent right as Christians.

The appeal from Mexico is from a people who, being unable longer to accept the distinctive teachings of the Roman Church, desire to reform the religion of their country, following the principles that governed the English reformers. As the authorities of the Church in which these people were bred will not allow any reformation to be carried forward within that Church, it was necessary to organize a reformed Church, in which the Faith, the Order, and the Ethics of the Gospel might be held as they are in the Churches of the Anglican Communion. The appeal is from our brothers in Christ to us their brethren—

¹ From a letter from the Rev. George Williamson Smith, D.D.

brothers who are struggling out of ignorance, superstition, and darkness, into light, faith, and knowledge; and it seems to be a strange idea that, while we are in duty bound to carry the Gospel to the heathen, we should not go to the help of our brethren in Mexico, *because they are our brethren!* That which one would think would give them a *double* claim upon us is made the plea why we should recognize no claim at all! If these brethren were content to remain, and to have their countrymen remain, in the condition of their fathers, perhaps something might reasonably be said against interfering with them; but when they stretch out their hands and lift up their voices in appeals to us for help, how can we refuse to hear them? "Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "While we have time let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them that are of the household of faith." The work we are called on to do for these brethren is to help them along until they are able to stand and go alone, and particularly in the education of their children, young men for the Ministry, and young women for teachers of the parochial schools.¹

At the General Convention of 1886 the Board of Missions declined to place the Mexican Church on the footing of a Mission, but instructed its Board of Managers to appoint a presbyter, to be nominated by the Presiding Bishop, to guide and counsel the petitioners in the future conduct of their work. The Board consented to receive contributions for the work, but would make no appropriation for it from the General Mission fund. This action left the Mexican Church in a position more isolated than that occupied by the Church in Haiti.

Early in 1887, the Rev. W. B. Gordon, of Smyrna, Del., was provided for by the action of the Board of Missions, and went to Mexico. The Board of Managers required that some friend of the Mexican work should guarantee the payment of Mr. Gordon's salary and this was done by the Rector of Calvary Church, New York City.²

Mr. Gordon labored assiduously and effectively until ill-health necessitated his resignation and he was succeeded by that devoted servant of Christ, Rev. Henry Forrester of Socorro, New Mexico, in 1893.

¹ *In re Mexican Church.*

² Statement of Provisional Committee.

For a considerable stretch of time, then, (1886-1904) the ecclesiastical situation in this country of provisional presidents and constitutions, was that there was a provisional bishop (the Presiding Bishop of our Church) acting through an episcopal commissary for episcopal functions, and through his presbyterial appointee for general administration. The Commission ceased to exist, having concluded its duties. The *Cuerpo Ecclesiastico*, or between sessions the Standing Committee, was the local governing body,¹ subject to the resident representative in Mexico of the Provisional Bishop. The Board of Missions, which seems to have given a timid and temporary recognition to the Mexican Church as a foreign mission, would accept no financial responsibility but commended the work to the generosity of American contributors. A Provisional Committee on Church work in Mexico, of which Dr. Satterlee was executive chairman and chief burden-bearer, was financial agent and American exchequer of this anomalous ecclesiastical infant, *La Iglesia Catolica Mexicana*, as it was latterly known.

The year 1892 closed a decade of service at Calvary of Dr. Satterlee. In his retrospect he exalts the motto of his first parish as the ruling idea of his second — "Keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Unity in diversity was a favorite theme of his. It would have to be so in the mind of a man with as broad a vision as he. Calvary Parish had not been unsuccessful in exemplifying this principle. He wishes for a closer co-operative life in the parish than it has yet attained.

The opportunity is now presenting itself for the co-operation of Calvary Parish with the people of the neighborhood in which it stands in social work. The people themselves are ripe and ready for such an advance on our part. They do not, indeed, want to be patronized or proselytized, and they CANNOT be

¹ Of everything but the Mrs. Hooker Memorial School which was under the exclusive direction of Mr. Forrester.

bought with money; but they are willing to co-operate with us in all legitimate and self-respecting ways; and surely if the Church of Christ is the light of the world; surely if she is the salt of the earth; surely if she is like the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, it is pre-eminently her duty to help those neighbors who want to help themselves, so long as she can do so "in the name of the Lord Jesus." For what is co-operation but Christ's own method of drawing us gradually upward and onward from earth to Heaven? What is the Church herself but a society of redeemed men whom Christ associates as co-laborers with Him in the conversion of the world?

We believe that the time has come for the Church of Christ to emphasize that Gospel principle of co-operation by every means in her power; we believe that the time is ripe for her to set an example in co-operation to all about her; we believe that in so doing she will be like a city set on a hill, for when this same spirit of co-operation, in contradistinction to competition, eventually becomes a ruling spirit in civilization, many if not most of the clouds of social trouble which are now looming up upon the world's horizon will evaporate and disappear.

Co-operation means education, and this has already been shown in our own history. For the workers in Calvary Parish, through the experience derived from co-operating with one another in spiritual ways, have been unconsciously training themselves to do a more difficult work and to come in touch with the life of the people in other ways.¹

The parish lost two prominent figures during 1892:

It was in the early summer that Dr. Charles D. Scudder passed away from us; yet his influence, especially among our young men, is as fresh and active to-day as though he were still present with us. There was an eternal quality and worth in his life which radiated its power upon all, and there are many, among whom his own rector is enrolled, who regard it as one of the privileges of their lives to have known him, to have been influenced by him and to have labored with him side by side in the spread of God's Kingdom in this earth.

Another form, once prominently identified with Calvary, has

¹ *Calvary Year Book, 1892-1893.*

passed away here to be seen no more. If ever there were a true-hearted, magnanimous woman it was Mrs. Washburn, the sainted widow of the last rector, who has now been called to join those blessed ranks above.¹

The material welfare of the parish did not suffer during the financial crisis which broke on the country in 1893. Among other acquisitions the two buildings (344 & 346 East 23rd St.) adjacent to and needed for the Galilee Mission, which had been purchased on faith were permanently secured by the generosity of Mrs. Aldrich.

Churchill "graduated from the Seminary with the class of 1893 and was ordained to the diaconate with twenty or more of his classmates on Trinity Sunday (May 28) by Bishop Potter, in Calvary Church."² Dr. Satterlee was the preacher. He took for his text Matt. xx, 22: "Jesus answered: Ye know not what ye ask: Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able."

Of all contrasts in the world, he begins, there is none greater than that between the fishermen of Galilee and the writers of the New Testament.

Go down to some sea-side village; see what a fisherman's life there is like. And then call up the daily existence of Peter and Andrew, James and John before they met Christ — toiling at night in their boats, selling their fish in the market-place in the morning, returning to the beach to wash and mend their nets, talking in the usual fisherman's talk, without one thought of the great wide world beyond. And then compare with this the after-life of these same fishermen — travelling, as apostles of Christ, to all parts of the Roman Empire; attracting the attention of the Emperor himself; having the care of a thousand churches; writing books that have been the theological guide of eighteen Christian centuries.

What was it that transformed these men? How is it that they came to aspire to share Christ's cup and baptism?

¹ *Calvary Year Book*, 1892-1893.

² *A Fisher of Men*, p. 26.

This ambition to be great, whence came it? It certainly did not stir in the disciples' breast when they were fishermen. No thought had they then beyond their boats and their nets.

But when they began to be companions of Christ, and beheld the power of His teachings over the thousands that hung spell-bound on His words, and saw what He meant when He called them to be fishers of men, then this flame of ambition was kindled.

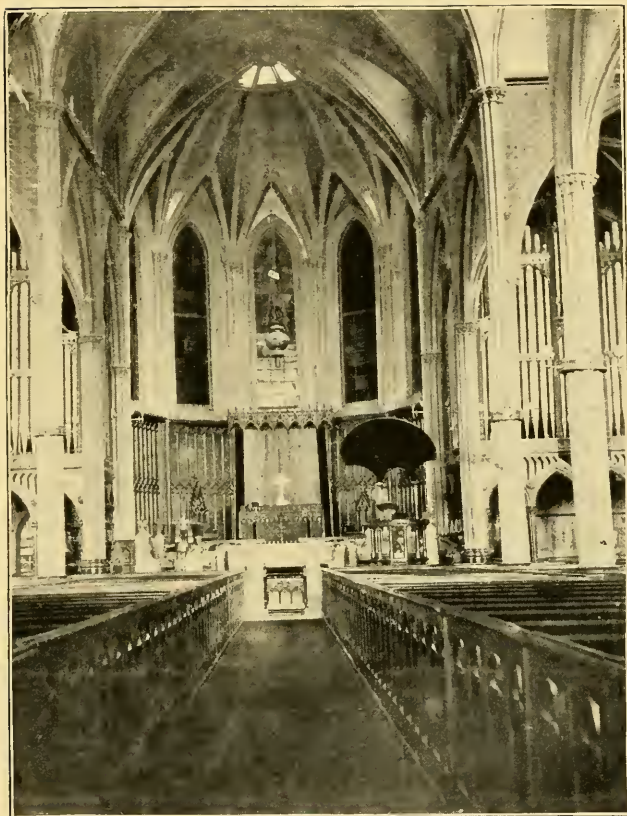
It seems paradoxical that in training them to be fishers of men, not the love of men but the love of power should have been developed in them. Yet, it was not strange. It was a necessary step in the training itself. Christ could do nothing with the sluggish torpid hearts of these fishermen, until they were stimulated to see how much greater was the life of one who caught men than their former life in the boats. The one thing needful was to develop the social motive in their breasts, afterwards He could deal with the temptations that came with it.

Hence, Christ did not rebuke that desire to be great. When He found the disciples moved with indignation against James and John He did not join with them, and utter the expected protest, on the contrary He fanned the flame of ambition and said "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant," and only rebuked the form that it took. Calling all the disciples to Him, He then and there drew the sharp distinction between a false and true ambition.

The contrast between true and false greatness is drawn — the purpose to rule and the purpose to serve. To partake of Christ's priesthood is to partake of His motive, His activities, His humility, His sufferings.

The word "priest" has become a name of ill-omen in the Church. The power of the priesthood and the power of priestcraft are regarded as synonyms. But, brethren, this is only because men have abused the office. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, a blessing misused is ever changed into a curse; a bad priest's power for evil is only the momentum and perversion of some former good priest's power for righteousness.

The distinction between the priesthood of the heathen world, yes, even of the Jews themselves, and the priesthood of the Christian Church is as high as Heaven. Between the two stands the cross of Christ. The law of all human priesthoods is to sacrifice others, and their tendency is toward selfish power.



CALVARY CHURCH, NEW YORK

Interior

The vital principle of the Christian priesthood is to *suffer* for others, and the law of its development is the power of self-sacrifice.

And if Christian priests have dragged their office in the dust, and made its very name an offence to Christian ears, it is because they have ministered at Christian altars in the sordid spirit of the pagan priest.

What a lesson in church history lies before us in the popular substitution of the word "pastor" for the dreaded name of "priest." It is a lesson that the Church of the future will never forget. Yet, there is but one Pastor in the Church of Christ; the only real Pastor, the only ideal Pastor is the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep; and men are but the ministers of His Pastorhood.

So there is but One Priest in the Church — one great High Priest who is passed into the Heavens. Fix your eyes on Christ. He is still the Incarnate Son of God, present in an outward and visible form in the heaven of heavens, and men on earth are but ministers of His priesthood — doing the human part of His work on earth — ministering to His people the sacraments He Himself has ordained, as outward and visible signs of His inward spiritual union with them.

Again, there is another distinction between the Christian and heathen priesthood which is to be ceaselessly borne in mind. The pagan priesthood represents the principle of *caste*. There is no sacerdotal caste in the Church of Christ, for all Christ's people belong to the priestly clan. They are "a chosen generation," "a race of kings and of priests," "a royal priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ." The priest of the Church is not, therefore, separate from his brethren, he is the representative of his brethren. On the one hand, he stands as the minister of Christ's priesthood to the people; on the other hand he stands as the minister of the priesthood of the laity to God. He has thus a double responsibility resting upon him: he is united by the closest bond of union and loyalty to Christ on the one side, and Christ's people on the other; and woe be to him if he is unfaithful to this double trust. Brethren, that strong cry, that we so often hear, against sacerdotalism is needful in warning us against the errors of a pagan priesthood, and holding us back from importing those errors into Christ's religion. But let us beware lest

that same outcry holds us back, on the other side, from recognizing the fulness of our Christian privilege.

If Christ, our priest, is in heaven, and His people on earth, as a race of kings and priests, are partakers with Him of His priestly life of self sacrifice, then Christianity is sacerdotal throughout.

This age needs a great *Sursum Corda*; the people need to lift up their hearts to their ascended Lord, to realise that real union with Him is only possible in a life of self-sacrifice, to remember that the human ministry is especially ordained to continue on earth the human work of our ascended Lord, who is Himself the one Deacon, the one Priest, the one Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

Brethren, ye who are to-day to be admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons, lift up your eyes to Him, who, this day, stands before you as *the* Deacon of the Church. Look upon that work of His in Galilee, and let it be your constant inspiration. However humble the sphere to which you are called, it cannot be so humble as that in which the Man of Nazareth worked; however ignorant and common the people, they are not so lowly as the Galilean peasants to whom Christ ministered. If ever you are tempted by the thought of the great outside world from which you seem left out and forgotten, think of Christ's ministry, not at Athens or Rome, not even among the high priests and doctors about the Temple courts, but among the hamlets around the lake of Galilee.

His closing words are:

Brethren, ye who, this day, are to be admitted to the priesthood, think of the high privilege which awaits you. It is the privilege, not only of laboring for Christ, but of knowing, as Christian leaders, the fellowship of Christ's sufferings for His Church — the privilege, as teachers and witnesses for His truth; of bearing His shame, His reproach, His cross; the privilege as Christian priests, of being burden bearers to His people; of standing among them, as one who suffers with them; of taking their load of shame and sorrow upon your own spirits, and of telling the repentant ones how freely Christ forgives them. "Are ye able?" is Christ's word to you to-day; "Are ye able?" will be His word to you in many a coming day of trial and anxiety as He beckons you onward.

“We are able!” be it yours to reply. Able with Him to do and dare; able to continue with Him in His temptations; able for Him to bear the awful temptations of this nineteenth century; able to stand unflinchingly as witnesses to the supernatural truths of His Religion — the miraculous Birth and Resurrection and Ascension of Him your Lord and Master; able to support the weak in faith as well as the weak in body; able to share the heroism of the Crucified, by being crucified with Him to the world.

You are to show men that the Christian priest shrinks not from a life of suffering and, if it need be, martyrdom. You, as a faithful priest are to love men better than they love themselves — “Though the more you love, the less you be loved.”

Your motto is not to be “Like people like priest,” but to bring your people up to the level of the cross of Christ, and to know nothing among them but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Look unto Jesus, your great High Priest in Heaven, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of God.

In following Him, the richest of all lives is before you, the sufferings of the ministry and the joys of the ministry — even the triumphant joy that comes out of suffering for Christ’s sake; and a joy that no man taketh from you forever and forever.

Lift up your hearts!

Shortly after the ordination (June 15), Churchill was married at Calvary, his father officiating, to Margaret Humbert, who died two years later (Nov. 3, 1895). He was advanced to the priesthood the same year, as his wife’s health compelled him to resign his curacy at St. Peter’s, Albany, and go to California.

In 1894 Churchill was called to Grace Church, Morganton, N.C. As he himself was unable to go —

his father, without saying anything to his son, took a train and went to Morganton. On his arrival there, as the hotel accommodations were of a somewhat primitive kind, he went to a private boarding house, which turned out to be kept by a lady who was a parishioner of the church. Without giving her any clue to his identity he proceeded to make some inquiries with regard to the parish. She informed him that the vestry had just

called a Mr. "Larabee" from the North, and expressed her opinion that he would never do. They had never had a Northern man, she said, and she was afraid there would be trouble, as he would not understand them or they him.

The Civil War with the sectional animosities it had aroused and the bitter memories it had left, evidently made the thought of a pastor from the North repugnant to her mind. Doubtless the isolated character of the place and the little intercourse which the inhabitants of this section had had with northern people, were accountable for this feeling, and had stereotyped a prejudice which elsewhere in the South, where communication was freer and the commercial and social relations closer, was tending to disappear. However, when Dr. Satterlee informed her that it was his son whom the vestry had called, she exhibited the traditional kindness and courtesy of the genial southern nature, and was profuse in her apologies.

The parish at this time was in a most unsettled condition. The former rector, who was still occupying the rectory, had been practically forced to resign his charge owing to his eccentricities and his inability to "get on" with the people. The parishioners had built and nearly paid for a new stone church, but the rector on account of some whim refused to hold services in it. Dr. Satterlee called upon him and listened to a fierce diatribe directed against the vestry and members of the congregation generally. He also met and interviewed several members of the vestry, and, as he afterward told his son, the fact that they had studiously refrained from saying anything derogatory to the rector, convinced him that the fault did not lie at their doors. The rector, it might be stated, had been a Baptist preacher before taking orders in the Church; subsequently, in turn, he relinquished its ministry and became a Methodist circuit rider.

On his return Dr. Satterlee found his son in a state of great chagrin over the fact that his father had undertaken the journey without consulting him. It was characteristic of Satterlee's nature to resent what he considered any undue interference with his affairs on the part of his family. He always desired to settle matters for himself, to feel that his decisions were the result of his own initiative, and not in any sense due to others. It was not that he resented friendly counsel, but that he had a distaste of anything that looked like "coddling" or making things easy for him. Devoted as he knew his father to be to his

interest, and much as he appreciated his good sense and the strength of his counsel, he seldom asked his advice and never looked to him for assistance in troubles or problems connected with the work of his ministry. He would freely go to others whom he deemed willing and capable of giving advice, but he seems to have shrunk from carrying his burdens to those nearest to him by the tie of blood. He felt, possibly, that their love for him would be apt to bias their judgment, that their desire to relieve him would in some way imperil his virility, or tend to swerve him from following the path which he had mapped out for himself.

Dr. Satterlee, after detailing the conditions which he had found in Morganton, advised his son to accept the rectorship. Satterlee accordingly wrote to the vestry accepting the call, and soon afterwards took his departure for his new field, entering upon his work there early in September, 1894.¹

After Mrs. Churchill Satterlee's death the vestry of Calvary proposed that Churchill should come as assistant to his father.

The members of his family were anxious that he should settle himself in some place in closer proximity to themselves. His father, then rector of Calvary Church, New York, refrained from offering any advice upon the matter. But members of his vestry came to him and strongly urged that he should retain his son in the capacity of an assistant. The position happened to be vacant just at that time, and the vestry stated their belief that "Churchill" would fill it acceptably. Dr. Satterlee broached the matter to his son, stating that the suggestion had emanated absolutely from the vestry, and that, while the idea was gratifying to him, he should never himself have dreamed of such a thing as mentioning it.²

It was on Christmas Eve, 1894, that Dr. Satterlee penned the preface of his book *A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed* which was dedicated to his wife. He was stirred to write it by the World's First Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago in 1893, which was hailed by thousands "as an epoch in the Christian world"

¹ *A Fisher of Men*, pp. 33-37.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 48, 49.

and received almost universal approval. "For months we waited for some qualification of this extremely one-sided expression of opinion, and some fair and temperate statement of the other side, but it never came. With the exception of the refusal of the Archbishop of Canterbury of the invitation to participate, scarcely another voice was raised to show that there was another side."¹ The book was written to discharge his responsibility as a witness to the true knowledge of God as revealed in Christ. "The author set out with the intention of writing a short article on the Apostles' Creed, but the work grew insensibly on his hands as days and months passed by, until it attained the proportions of this volume"² of upwards of 500 pages. The first part is devoted to "A Creedless Gospel — Man seeking God"; the second to "The Gospel Creed — God seeking Man"; and the third part to "Witnesses for Christ in Nineteenth Century Times." Though there were those, even among Churchmen, who felt that it created too strong an antithesis between evolution and revelation, the book was favorably and widely received. It was not written for unbelievers. "Its sole object is to help in confirming the faith of the faithful; to point out and bring back to the memory of Nineteenth Century Christians the standard of belief and of life which was set before New Testament Christians by Christ Himself and the Apostles whom he trained."³ It is interesting to find him chafing against the dictation of so-called civilization. The words with which the first part of the book closes are prophetic:

THE FUTURE CONFLICT OF THE CHURCH

The lesson to be learned from all these facts is one to be pondered earnestly, deeply, prayerfully, by every devout Christian mind. The outlook, of course, is bright. Christ is conquering the world, but not in the way that men think. The glow on

¹ *A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed*, p. 4 (Scribners, 1895).

² Preface, p. viii.

³ *Ibid.*

the horizon of the future is not that kind of brightness which the Gospel of the Age so enthusiastically depicts; on the contrary, it needs no prophet's eye to foresee that the Church of Christ has a conflict before her as great as, if not greater than, any in her past history. For this same Gospel of the Age is destined to be the hardest and most relentless of all taskmasters in its dictates as to how much we must believe, and how much we must ignore, of the teachings of Christ, not only on their sociological but also on their theological side. And the "Progress of Civilization" is becoming a cry as imperious and as tyrannical as any which the world has yet heard.

The progress of civilization has shown how much real intrinsic good there is in the religions of Baal and Osiris, of Buddha and Mahomet; the progress of civilization demands that Christianity shall give place to these various religions, so far as they deserve recognition. The progress of civilization demands the abolition of all creeds that fetter the freedom of human thought, and proclaims that the ultimate tests of Christianity, as of all other religions, will be the analysis of human experience through the methods of modern thought. The progress of civilization demands the unification of the human race. The progress of civilization demands that no man shall be called a pagan or heathen, whatever his religious beliefs, who will help to civilize the world.

The progress of civilization demands that nothing shall interfere with the growing bonds of union formed between nations for the purpose of enlarging their mutual commercial and business interests.

The progress of civilization demands that everything which conduces to the building up of the commonwealth and increasing its resources is to be welcomed, while everything which cannot be thus utilized is to be discarded.

Christ's disciples have not, as yet, felt called upon to draw together and present a united front in the way of this so-called progress of civilization, or to oppose as wrong what civilization encourages as right; but if that day ever does come, it will witness as autocratic and relentless, though of course not as cruel and bloody, a proscription of Christ's followers as that decreed by the imperious Roman Empire itself in the days of yore.¹

¹ "A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed," pp. 191, 192.

The last two years of Dr. Satterlee's rectorship at Calvary found the parish at the height of its career. "Not only does our Church stand in the very front rank of the parishes of America in its contributions to the general missionary activities of the Church, but the work that the parish is doing, with its staff of seven clergy and as many lay readers, and scores of men and women lay helpers, has been fully and adequately supported even in these hard times by the devotion of the parishioners."¹

In 1890 the regular contributions of the parish were \$73,709.17. "In the reports of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions Calvary Parish stands sometimes third and sometimes fourth in the list of the parishes in the United States in contributions. In the meantime, the number of communicants has grown to about 2,000; the number of the services last year was about 1,400."²

The Endowment Fund as a means of emancipating Calvary from the pewed system was the uppermost thought in Dr. Satterlee's mind. He was strongly backed up by his wardens and vestrymen whose names are inwrought with his own in the history of Calvary Church—James G. Goodwin, Samuel D. Babcock, Daniel Huntington, Jacob Wendell, Abram S. Hewitt, Oliver G. Barton, F. W. Rhineland, Spencer Aldrich, John Le Boutillier and George Zabriskie.

Writing his final letter as pastor of a beloved flock (Feb. 28, 1896), after a survey of the past, he says:

Turning now from the past to the future, there are certain features in the life of the parish which ought never to be forgotten; they are as follows:

1. Calvary was started by young men as a *free Church* in 1836.

2. It was then the first church of *New York City* above 14th St. not of course counting the village churches of Yorktown, Chelsea, Manhattanville, and Harlem. It was the first Church of *any Christian body* since the beginning of the world to occupy

¹ Rector's Letter, 1894.

² *Ibid.*, 1895.

that part of New York lying east of 4th Ave. between 14th and 34th St. Her parish limits are now reduced to East of 5th Ave. between 19th and 27th St. but she had faithfully occupied the ground with the Church, the Chapel, the Galilee. She is one of the very few churches of New York which stands on the original site.

3. She has refused to move *uptown* as other churches have done, and thus follow the wealthier classes.

4. She has not raised her endowment fund by uniting with other parishes. Once in times past she fell a prey to mercenary motives (1844-1850), and the memory of those days still lingers in the remembrance of many who called the forty great contributors who took the forty best pews as the forty thieves. Calvary has suffered from that episode, but by refusing to move uptown she has, we hope, atoned for her past sin, and by refusing to unite with any other dying parish, and accepting the proceeds of the sale of the latter for her endowment fund, she has not taken advantage of others' failures.

5. We are now trying to raise an Endowment Fund of \$500,000 the interest of which (\$25,000 at 5 per cent) will be an equivalent for present pew rents. This Endowment Fund will enable the Church to be free and at the same time to maintain a high order of services. But let all future rectors remember the conditions under which this fund was subscribed. It was for the sake of the neighborhood, that Calvary Parish might become a spiritual blessing and protector to all the people of the neighborhood, rich and poor. Woe be to the future rector or rectors who are supported by the Endowment Fund, and yet are too lazy or selfish or unspiritual to give their lives to the people and visit the sick and the poor. Woe be to them! Woe be to them! for they are betraying not only Christ and Christ's poor, but us, who raised their very Endowment Fund, for the sake, not of the rectors and clergy, but that the Church might become the spiritual *home* of the poor of the neighborhood. Woe be to the parishioners who attend Calvary Church in the future, if they dare to pervert this Endowment Fund into a plea for not giving themselves. Remember this Fund is sacred money. It was given by those, many of whom are wont to give one tenth of their income to God. Some of whom (as I know personally) give very much more than a tenth. We who contribute are aware that all the mean and stingy Episcopalians of a city like

this flock to a free Church. Dr. Langford, the Secretary of the Missionary Society next door, tells me that free churches contribute little or nothing to missions *on this account*, and if any future congregation of Calvary dares to act thus, let them remember that they are betraying us, who are dead and gone, and misusing, yea, in the sight of God perverting, the trust funds that have been contributed for other purposes.

In the same letter he refers to the place of importance the library of the Rectory has held in the larger movements of the Church, to which Calvary had made contribution.

The library of the Rectory has had a very eventful history since it was built by Dr. Hawks. It was here that Dean Stanley was received by Dr. Washburn. It was here that "The Club" of New York clergymen was started, and the Church Congress was begun under the same auspices (I don't know whether the first meeting of the latter was here). In this same library, in after days, the Parochial Mission Society of the U. S. originated out of a committee that had met here monthly, in preparing for the New York Advent Mission in 1885. It was here, in this room that the Advisory (afterwards Provisional), Committee for Church Work in Mexico first met and formed. It was here also that the Catholic Unity League was organized in April, 1895, after the 12 founders had been meeting and conferring together for two years. It was here too, that the whole House of Bishops came for luncheon on the day that they appointed a Committee to issue the famous pastoral of 1885. In this same library the ladies of the Relief Department have met on Mondays for ten years. It is here that the clergy of the parish have held almost daily, and always one stated weekly, meeting with their rector for fourteen years.

On December 6 Dr. Satterlee was elected Bishop of Washington. He was notified of his election by a Committee composed of the Rev. J. H. Elliott, S.T.D., the Rev. Alex. Mackay-Smith, D.D., and General J. G. Parke.

Writing to the Bishop of Delaware (Dr. Coleman) a few days later, he opens his heart to him:

Dec. 10.—Your affectionate words help me in this, the greatest crisis of my life. I fully appreciate all this call means — all its history means, and I am trying prayerfully, honestly, humbly to learn God's Will. My relations to work here in this parish and in New York are not to be severed easily. I must know both sides, then if God says "Go," I must go.

I appreciate the high honor. I feel crushed by the great responsibility. I need your prayers.

He told the Committee of Notification of this election that he must have time to consider. By the beginning of the New Year at latest he would be ready with an answer. Not only his own parishioners, but also New York citizens at large, used arguments to influence him to decline. Two days after Christmas he notified Washington of his acceptance in the following letter:

CALVARY CHURCH RECTORY,
133 EAST 21ST ST., N.Y.

DECEMBER 27, 1895.

Gentlemen: It is hard for me to express in words my deep appreciation of the honor that has been conferred upon me by the clergy and laity of the diocese of Washington in electing me as its first Bishop.

The consciousness of the grave responsibilities to God and man which belong to this high position in the Church of Christ, and the realization of the opportunities of the new Diocese have become deeper and stronger in my mind after three weeks of careful and prayerful consideration.

I have had heretofore an unshaken conviction that no human influence or earthly inducement, nothing less than the plainest indication of God's will, should sever the religious ties that bind me to the work, the people, the ideals of Calvary Parish; I now feel that that call of God has come and that it is imperative.

Though I realize now more vividly and painfully than ever before my own utter insufficiency for the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God, yet day by day the conviction has grown steadily stronger that this summons has come to me from the great Head of the Church, our ascended Lord and King, and therefore, in obedience to His voice, and in human

submission to what I believe to be His will, I accept the position of Bishop-elect of Washington.

With the unceasing prayer that the blessing of Christ may rest upon the new Diocese, and that in all our works, begun, continued and ended in Him, Bishop, clergy and people may perceive and know what things we ought to do, and then have grace and power faithfully to fulfill the same, I am, gentlemen, with deep respect,

Your servant in Christ,

HENRY Y. SATTERLEE.

At the same time he wrote this brief note to his brother:

N. Y. DEC. 27, 1895.

Dear Arthur: I have this day notified the Committee that I accept the Bishoprick of Washington. Don't congratulate me. Pray for me.

Affectionately yours,

H. Y. SATTERLEE.

Twice before he had faced the call to the episcopate, so that he was prepared to meet this new call with a fulness of knowledge as to the momentous decision involved, and with a calmness of judgment that he could not otherwise have had. Most men need the educational value of declining promotion before they can understand the value as well as the unimportance of advancement or conspicuous position. Except among the spiritually tried, the glamour and prestige of high office is apt to blur sound judgment.

He came to his decision with that simplicity and directness which were characteristic of him in dealing with big things. As he wrote to his friend, Mr. Spencer Aldrich, three weeks after the election (December 27), he found no room to doubt God's purpose for him in the matter:

I have reached the end of my period of probation. The summons has come and I must obey. I doubt if any bishop of the whole American Church has ever received so direct and so im-

perative a call from God as has come to me, and if I were now to hesitate or refuse to obey, God's will would no longer be a reality — such a reality as it is to-day — for the rest of my life. I dare not refuse, and therefore I have notified the Committee of my acceptance of the bishopric. I have very many things to say to the vestry — but there will be time enough for all this.

The very first person I told was your dear mother — and I shall never forget the interview I had with her — she is a saint of God. . . . My heart fails me when I think of coming days.

Three months elapsed before his consecration on the Feast of the Annunciation (March 25, 1896), months filled to the brim with activities of heart and mind and body that formed the last rush of the steady flow of love wherewith he had served his flock. Indeed it was not until Easter Day (April 5) that he considered that he cut the last strand of the cord that bound him to Calvary, for in his official diary he records under that date: "Preached my farewell sermon in Calvary Church, New York, in behalf of the Endowment Fund for the free Church, and took up offertory for the same." The offering amounted to \$63,000 of which \$20,000 was contributed by one person.

His remarkable letter to the Vestry of Calvary written at Christmastide, announcing the coming separation, is an interesting document, with no uncertain note in its counsels. Had he written it in his later life or under less of an emotional strain, doubtless some of its harsh and unjust sentences would have been tamed and trimmed into truer proportions (e.g. paragraph 13), and the phrasing of paragraph 17 would have been more happily shaped. But the letter is a good index of the strength and the limitations of a man of conviction. For that reason it is recorded in full:

TO THE VESTRYMEN OF CALVARY CHURCH

My Dear Friends: After three weeks of prayer and pondering, I have accepted the Bishoprick of Washington. You can imagine what it costs me and my dear wife to break away from

the home and friends; to leave Calvary, which is the Church of our youth and our most hallowed memories, and, most painful of all, to part from vestry and people, in aiming for the ideal of Calvary Free Church, in which I hoped we might work shoulder to shoulder through life. It has been a wrench like that of death itself to sever these ties, but I am helpless. God's will has become to me as plain as daylight. I have intimated plainly to you the way that my thoughts and convictions were drifting, first, because I wanted you to know the exact condition of my mind; and second, because I vainly hoped that by putting the side of Washington strongly, I might bring out stronger points on the side of Calvary; but through all the conviction that I must accept the bishoprick has become stronger and stronger.

I doubt if any bishop in the whole American episcopate has ever received a plainer, more direct, more imperative call to the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God than has come to me; and if I refuse it, the will of God will never be so plain and so real to me for the rest of my life. For these reasons I dare not refuse.

Let me now lay some facts and suggestions before you that should be pondered, I think, by each one of us before the next Vestry meeting is called:

1. God is going to take care of this work in Calvary Parish. If I have had any distinct message sent to me in the past three weeks from God, it has been this: "Do God's will; leave the results to Him. He cares more for His work than you do, and He will not allow it to fail." This certainly accords with my whole experience of life. The failures of life come from lack of faith in God. Faith in God and loyalty to His will always bring success. The success may not come in our way; His will may not always be our will, but, in that case, I have always found that His way is the best, the highest, the most satisfactory way.

2. The roots of Calvary Parish are deeper down, and have a firmer hold, than those of almost, if not all of the other parishes in this city. Few realize to-day the real spiritual strength of Calvary. Perhaps a change of rectors will bring out this strength.

3. The next point follows closely. For the first time in thirteen years the people of Calvary — men and women — understand and share the ideal and aim that has been before us for so many years — of making Calvary a Free Church, and ulti-

mately rebuilding the present edifice. This has largely been brought about by the publication of the last Year Book, and the impression has been greatly deepened in the past three weeks.

4. Especially is this the case among our young men. I shall form a list of thirty or forty young men under forty years of age, who are ready now to take up and share the burden of work. No other parish in this city that I know of has such a nucleus of men, and they are all men of the right stamp.

Besides this, many of them have been trained in the Missionary Board. They know the aims, purposes and details of the Chapel work and the East Side work as well as I do myself.

5. We have a very efficient staff of clergy. I have met with them for one or two hours regularly every Monday morning "for a council of war," and have unfolded all my plans to them. Mr. Emery has very unusual executive ability, and I have leaned on his judgment, his wisdom, his accurate thought, more than anyone knows. Mr. Hughson has had large business experience and great capacity for work, besides a magnetism that all men feel. He is essentially "a man's man." Mr. Cooke and Mr. Grover know the ins and outs of the East Side work better than I do myself. Mr. Henkell has made himself almost a necessity at the Chapel. Mr. Howden is a responsible, conscientious man who has adapted himself to our conditions with great aptitude, and is the best reader we have had for years in our parish church. These men are from deep conviction of the same kind of churchmanship that I am. You can depend upon them to act as a unit.

6. The organization of the parish is in a very satisfactory state. For reasons, the women's work is not so well organized as that of the men. It was my hope to introduce deaconesses as soon as I saw my way clear, and it is because I felt we were in a state of *preparation* for better things that I did not complete this organization this winter. Again, Mr. Chandler understands thoroughly the whole East Side work, and, as you know, he is, in every way, to be depended upon.

7. The parish is at present in excellent financial condition, free from debt. With the present income from the East Side work, the whole debt upon the 23rd Street buildings will be paid in eight years. Two years more will pay for the tenement house, No. 335 East 22nd Street, and after that there will be an income of from \$6000 to \$8000 a year for parish purposes.

8. The Endowment Fund. I regard it of great importance, that the first hundred thousand dollars of the Endowment Fund should be raised on next Easter Day. This would mean that the people of Calvary have confidence in the future of Calvary, and I propose to strain every effort to secure the whole of that amount, if possible, before I leave the parish, and in this effort I ask the co-operation of the Vestry.

9. I propose, also, to gather the young men together, and have several conferences with them regarding the ways and means of keeping up the work to its present level.

10. The next question that arises is the choice of a new rector, and I think that, for the welfare of the parish, my successor ought to be elected as soon as possible. A period of uncertainty and anxiety sometimes is educational in parochial life, but in the present condition of Calvary, what the parishioners need is rest, security, confidence. In the choice of a rector, I regard the question of churchmanship of the highest importance, and I hope that the Vestry understand that I mean this in no technical, subordinate sense. Let me explain exactly what I mean. The Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension of Christ, and the Coming of the Holy Ghost are all inseparably linked together. The Crucifixion alone means the failure of the noblest life. The Resurrection means that the noblest life of this world ends not in failure, but in triumph; not in weakness, but in power. But to the Risen Christ all power was given in Heaven and on earth. *He could not remain on this earth.* He had to ascend to Heaven, and sit on the throne of Heaven, to do the work before Him. Ever since that day, He has been our Reigning King, our Speaking Prophet, our Officiating Priest, and the Church on earth is Christ's body, the organization through which He works. He, as Prophet, Priest and King in Heaven, through the power of the Holy Ghost, directs and moves the Church on earth, which is His body.

11. Now, I believe that the Anglican Church comes nearest to this ideal of any Church in Christendom. I believe not only that one hundred years from this time the Anglican Church will be larger and more important than the Church of Rome, but that the more one understands the "genius" of the Anglican Church, the better he will understand the New Testament itself. This ideal is so high that it satisfies all high churchmen and all low churchmen, and as the congregation of Calvary are made up

chiefly of these two classes — i.e., of men and women of deep spiritual convictions — this ought to be the first consideration in the choice of a rector.

12. Again, the clergy could not possibly work under a man of any other style of churchmanship, for they would feel that they knew more, have a higher ideal than and were in advance of their rector. Under such circumstances he could not be their leader.

13. I would most earnestly invoke, nay, charge, the Vestry to bear this point in mind. It would never do to choose a broad churchman for this parish, because broad churchmen are destitute of real spiritual convictions. They play fast and loose with the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, and this fact would drive out all the spiritually-minded men and women in our congregation.

14. At first I thought that the greatest need of Calvary at this time was a rector with great preaching ability; but I have gradually come to see things differently. A popular preacher, in my experience, is seldom a deep man. There is a style of preaching that attracts by its spiritual fervor, its deep earnestness, its knowledge of the Christian life (e.g., Canon Gore, Canon Liddon, etc.) But this is a very different style from that which is known as *popular* preaching. What Calvary wants is spiritual and intellectual preaching combined, and this is seldom or never popular.

15. In the choice of a rector, I have often observed that vestries go beyond the circle of those clergymen that they know with all their virtues and faults, to select from a distant neighborhood a clergyman they do not know, and whose virtues and faults become evident after he assumes the charge of the parish. I have felt that, everything being equal, the wisest course for a vestry is always to select a man from the immediate neighborhood, if possible; a man whose good points and bad points, whose experience or want of experience, whose characteristics and limitations, are thoroughly known. This reduces the unknown ground between the vestry and the future rector as far as possible, and although under such circumstances there is less enthusiasm than there would be if a new rector is called from some distant field, there is far more probability that he will be a success, for the period of enthusiasm is always sure to be followed by a reaction.

16. The man who is chosen ought to be one of cautious and mature judgment; one who would not easily upset the work that we have been doing, or striving against it upon fresh lines; but who would comprehend that this organization is not merely the work of a predecessor, but had been the result of growth, nurtured by the accumulated wisdom of rector and people.

17. I feel that it is important that the rector and his wife should be persons of social position, who can hold their own in any social sphere with that ease and self-respect which always accompany good breeding.

18. I should hope — although this is not a matter of such supreme importance — that the rector would be one who, by natural temperament and inclination is always seeking points of contact, rather than points of difference between him and others. Such a man would scarcely be magnetic. I have little faith in what is called “magnetism.” It is seldom more than skin-deep; a veneer that covers up a real selfish heart; that impresses at the beginning, but loses its power. What we want is a man of reserve force; one who perhaps at the commencement might seem to be shy or timid; one who is slow in making up his mind, but like a rock after his convictions are formed.

I am unable, from pressure of work, to add more at present, but I trust you will ponder these points which I have enumerated.

Such a “person” or parson as Dr. Satterlee depicts is a *rara avis*. Under the great emotional strain that was agitating him, he steered a perilous course in giving too definite “suggestions” to his people. In the Church there is one thing a man can never do with impunity — nominate his successor, or so dictate to his flock as to hamper their legitimate freedom in making a choice. Extreme solicitude is bound to run into objectionable paternalism. But when the sternest criticism possible has been made, the fact abides that in the case of Dr. Satterlee the mistake was the mistake of a great heart, of the weakness of strength, of the devotion of a consecrated life.

Though Dr. Satterlee had many and large plans for the future of Calvary which he had expected to put

through himself, the call to the Episcopate came, as after events demonstrated, at a psychological moment. He had fitted the capstone to the East Side work and had inspired the whole parish with the same unity of spirit and diversity of operations which had characterized his labors in his country parish. A transition moment in Church history had come, a new generation of parishioners were gathering, and it was only right that a head and hand should meet the new situation. Having first served a successful apprenticeship in a rural, manufacturing centre, he had now made himself a part of the throbbing life of one of the most complex and surging cities the world has ever seen. He had not been swallowed up by the pressure of the immediate. Through the problems of New York he had established a connection with national and world problems. He had become a master builder in the City of God. The personal and spiritual ties that the years of close association with his loyal friends at Calvary had formed were going to be neither loosened nor broken by his removal. As he never ceased until his death to carry in his heart Zion, so he never ceased to carry Calvary. A true man's affections grow with use until they embrace the world, and even then there is room for more. The love that was given him was worthy of the love that he gave. The *Churchman* speaking of his departure said:

We have seldom seen such expressions of passionate regret over the removal of a pastor — excepting in the case of death; as that, for instance, of Bishop Brooks — when newspapers and editorial desks were flooded with such.

One of his congregation wrote the following verses which, to his imaginative nature, were a precious gift:

The call has sounded and the call constraineth
 The called to follow where it points the way;
 The Voice Divine hath spoken — there remaineth
 No course save one — to rise and to obey.

Yet God has called; we would not make our parting
Dark with regret and sorrowful with tears;
But keep this consecrated time of starting
A hallowed memory for after years.

O friend, the love of every heart possessing;
O priest, who nobly all the way has trod;
O Bishop, bend upon us with thy blessing,
Depart rejoicing, thou beloved of God.

No one who has ever had experience of Dr. Satterlee's home can think of him apart from his family. His wife completely shared his life. The parish was not mute over her removal:

Her genial presence, her kindly manner, her rare tact and sunny Christian spirit, will be missed beyond measure by one and all, to whom she has so greatly endeared herself.

But now, that the time has come to say "good-bye," and to be severed, she can be assured that the hearts of her co-workers and associates will go with her to her new home, with the prayer that God will bless her with the abundance of His grace in the new and important duties she will be called upon to fulfill as the wife of the first Bishop of Washington.

It is repetition, but not vain repetition, to make a further quotation. The one just made was from a minute of the Domestic Missionary Society of Calvary; the following is from a minute of the Woman's Benevolent Society, of which for more than ten years she had been head:

Her conscientious discharge of the onerous duties which devolved upon her in Calvary Parish has set a bright example to all Church workers, and the grateful memory of her good deeds will burn brightly in the hearts of those who remain at their accustomed posts. The prayers of her associates will follow her into her new field of usefulness.



MRS. HENRY YATES SATTERLEE

CHAPTER IX

THE MASTER BUILDER

Washington, 1896

*O Man of Vision! though the rest be blind,
You, who do love Mankind,
You, who believe
That our fair Country shall indeed retrieve
The promise of the ages. You shall find
Your heart's reprieve.*

*With your own motto "Spend and so be spent,"
Your high intent
Makes of yourself a willing instrument.
With heart and soul afire
You do aspire
But to be broken, should the cause require
An arrow shattered ere the bow be bent.*

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

A PERSON unacquainted with the history and traditions of the Church in America, both generally and with special reference to Maryland, could not fail to wonder why the Diocese of Washington was so long in coming. Upon the selection by the nation of Washington as the Capital City, and the setting apart of the District of Columbia, the erection of a Diocese in the chief seat of government at the earliest moment would appear to be a paramount duty. According to our theory of a national church it ought to conform to the lines of the state, and, like Elisha laying his body on the child of the Shunamite, mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, hands to hands, bestow the gift of spiritual life by applying body to body, member to member. Had our forefathers possessed our present-day knowledge, doubtless the See of Washington would have been born in an earlier generation than history records. As things

were, the Church moved slowly towards this end. She had a long, hard struggle to secure the episcopate for America, and when, at last, her efforts were rewarded she was slow to multiply bishops. In early days a small population was scattered through a vast territory, and men got accustomed to exercising jurisdiction over great spaces. Poverty, traditional hatred of episcopacy in certain sections, and the proverbial conservatism of Anglicanism and its offshoots, combined to make the creation of new dioceses slow.

Maryland had additional reasons for hesitating to break her ecclesiastical unity. From the first she had been in the forefront of American Church life, despite the fact that Roman Catholicism was always prominent, if not always dominant. The Diocese held its Primary Convention at the end of 1780, during the course of which the term "Protestant Episcopal" was first applied to the Church. In the Convention of 1783 the Rev. W. Smith was elected Bishop but was never consecrated for adequate reason. Six years later the Diocese was fully organized, and in 1792 the Rev. T. J. Claggett was elected Bishop. His was the first consecration on American soil. It was at the Convention which elected Bishop Claggett that the wisdom of dividing Maryland into two dioceses was first discussed. Nothing came of it, and in 1814 when Bishop Claggett's age and infirmities necessitated some action, he was given a suffragan, an experiment not repeated again in the history of the American Church until the Convention of 1910 gave canonical authority for it.

It was Bishop Whittingham who reopened the question of division after the lapse of three quarters of a century. In the Convention of 1867 he said that "since the first year of his experience in office, he had been thoroughly satisfied that the Diocese of Maryland would never thrive as it might and ought to do, until divided into three or more Dioceses." Size and natural affinity should determine the lines of division. The Eastern

shore, Washington and the Potomac Counties; and Baltimore with the balance of the mother diocese, would be the logical units. "Give her," to quote Bishop Whittingham's words, "three bishops at the least — it were better four — and see if ten years do not double her in strength, in energy, in vital force and intrinsic vigor."¹

Under Bishop Whittingham's leadership consent was given by the Convention of 1867 to erect the Diocese of Easton, and a committee was appointed "to consider (not the expediency or advisability, for this was conceded) 'the best way of dividing the Western shore of Maryland into two Dioceses, and to report at the next Convention.'"² The deliberations and findings of the Committee were brought before the next two Conventions, but Bishop Whittingham's failing health, which necessitated the election of an Assistant Bishop postponed further division for a quarter of a century.

In 1893 the question was reopened by Bishop Paret in his Convention Address: —

There is yet one more subject of very grave importance. I am by no means an advocate of small Dioceses. When the division of this Diocese was suggested to me soon after my consecration, I was not willing to entertain the thought. And even now, although the pressure and amount of work have almost doubled since it was laid upon me, until it is probably next to the Diocese of New York in that respect, I do not shrink from it, as it now is, but there is much besides my own strength to consider. The wonderful and rapid growth of our two great cities will make division absolutely necessary before long. Shall we wait until the absolute necessity comes upon us, until the work really suffers because too great for one man to bear? Or shall we by wise forethought go before the absolute necessity, and provide for it before it comes? Besides, I do not think of Maryland alone. I must and do remember that in the city of Washington God has given us national opportunities and na-

¹ Quoted in *Journal of the Primary Convention of the Diocese of Washington*, p. 5.

² *Ibid.*, p. 6.

tional responsibilities. Powers of all kinds are centering there. The Church should be strongly represented there. It was the rule of the Church in the best and earliest days that every strong city should have its Bishop, and if there is a city in our land where, more than in others, that rule should be followed, it is the City of Washington. Other religious bodies have already taken bold steps to take possession. We should not allow any love for the dignity of our own strength, nor any loving sentiment for the Diocese as it is, to stand in the way of the Church's real progress. I do believe that the time has come when it is our sacred duty to take thought and action for this grand forward step. By the laws of the Church, the consent of the Bishop is necessary for a division. Dearly as I love every part of the Diocese, and every parish in it, and painful as it would be for me to give any of them up, if the Convention should approve the act, I would, upon proper conditions, give consent. But I would require two things: such fair division of the territory and work as should equalize the two burdens, and such honorable provision for the support of the two Bishops as should forbid their becoming by serious annual taxation a burden on the parishes and on the people. I read of noble deeds and noble gifts, of grand endowments for universities and hospitals. We have them here in this city. Surely there are men who can love Christ's Church as well as men love merely human institutions. And to accomplish a result so important to the Church as this, I believe that there are hearts and hands that would be ready to act.

The matter was referred to a committee which reported favorably as to division, on the ground of the unwieldiness of the Diocese which laid an undue burden on the Bishop, of "the wonderful and rapid growth" of Baltimore and Washington, and of the importance of giving to the City of Washington a Bishop of its own. In the judgment of the committee "the division of the Diocese of Maryland was not only advisable but necessary; and to delay it longer was to imperil the best interests and progress of the Church." The lines of division proposed were such as to emphasize important principles. By including with the district of Columbia

contiguous counties of Maryland, there would be a fair division of territory and work, and two urban centres, each having missionary responsibilities in the adjacent rural communities, would be the see cities of the new dioceses thus formed. The Convention of 1894 voted for division on the basis of the committee's report, and steps were taken to make "such honorable provision for the support of two bishops, as should forbid their becoming by serious annual taxation, a burden on the parishes and on the people." The Convention of 1895 ratified its action of the preceding year and voted to form out of the existing Diocese of Maryland the new diocese, which would comprise the District of Columbia and the Counties of St. Mary, Charles, Prince George, and Montgomery.

The Committee on the Endowment of the proposed Diocese of Washington "anticipated serious obstacles in the path of success, and their anticipations were fully realized." But the Church people of the new diocese gave hearty support to the movement. The Committee in their report said that "the sum of subscriptions and contributions which they were able to report therewith represented the spirit of love and loyalty of the churchmen and churchwomen of the Washington parishes. Many stinted themselves in order to give. Sempstresses and laboring men subscribed their \$5 per annum. And in one or two instances, parishes unselfishly put aside their cherished parochial plans in order to respond to the call of the Bishop and the all but unanimous voice of the Convention to raise the endowment necessary to create the new Diocese." To the faithful labors of the Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, the success in raising the endowment was chiefly due.

Thus it was that the foundations of the Diocese of Washington were laid in these latter days in the spirit of self-donation and generosity. Bishop Paret, whose ability, effective exercise of authority, and systematic

diligence marked him out as one of the leaders of the episcopate of his time, found it no slight task to play his part. But he played it as those who knew him would have prophesied. It was never a matter of lessening his labors and responsibilities. With reference to the increase of work caused by the growth of the Diocese, he said: "This does not tell of greater labors, but only of more hurried labors," which such a temperament as his, accustomed to do his work "very thoughtfully and very thoroughly,"¹ chafed under. Till the last years of his life, even when the pressure of responsibility was heaviest, he tried not to let a day go by without reading the Classics. Exactng with himself he was exactng with others, though underneath his precision twinkled a bright stream of humor and bubbled a perennial spring of tenderness. It cost the Bishop much, as anyone reading his utterances can see, to interrupt the even flow of Maryland traditions and surrender any least part of the clergy and people whom he loved and was loved by so well to new ecclesiastical organization. But he exhibited his statesmanship and wisdom by leading in a movement which reached its consummation with as little friction and ill-will, and with as carefully framed and executed preparations as any similar action in the history of the Church.

In his farewell address after the organization of the new Diocese he opened his heart. It was his privilege to select the Diocese of his preference. He says:

It was very hard for me to make the decision. No one can understand the anxieties of those months of uncertainty. There were many things drawing me to Washington; the grandness of its present position and the promises of its future; the association of nearly twenty years; the remembrances of my own pastoral work, and the Bishop's love for its clergy and people. But I could not resist the leadings of conscience. Without thought or act or choice of my own, God's Providence and Call made me Bishop of Maryland. And though by the Church's law I

¹ The way he described the work of his two more immediate predecessors.

was at full liberty to choose the Bishopric of Washington, my conscience would always have been troubled at the thought that choice and will of my own had taken me out of the place where His Providence had placed me.

So I must remain the Bishop of Maryland. It is hard to say it to-day; to give up the clergy whom, not as in authority, but in love I could call mine; and the parishes and people, that with the same love had been mine so long. But though I may no longer claim them, I shall always love them.¹

Bishop Paret in this last great choice of his life may have contradicted his preference, but by so doing he set the seal to a life of singular conscientiousness.

The General Convention of 1895, meeting in Minneapolis, gave consent on October 8 to the erection of the new Diocese, and the primary Convention met in St. Andrew's Church, Washington, on December 4. The name adopted was the Diocese of Washington. It contained "forty-four parishes and five congregations, and about fifty presbyters who had been for at least one year canonically resident" and so were qualified to vote for a Bishop. After the necessary formalities and business connected with organization, the Convention proceeded to the election of its first Bishop. When balloting began, the most prominent names were those of Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church, New York, and Dr. Randolph H. McKim of Epiphany Church, Washington. Dr. Satterlee's name first appeared on the sixth ballot with two votes, and was put before the Convention by Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith in formal nomination after the seventh ballot. At this juncture considerable discouragement was felt because of the failure to make a choice. It was voted on the morning of the third day (December 6) that if, after five more ballots were taken there was still no election, the choice of a Bishop should be postponed till the next Convention. It was not until the third ballot under this ruling that Dr. Satterlee took the lead. On the fourth ballot under the limit of five,

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1895, p. 36.

the eleventh taken, Dr. Satterlee was nominated and appointed by the clergy. According to the provisions of the existing canons (subsequently changed) the clergy first voted and, having made a choice, sent the name of the nominee to the lay delegates, who approved or disapproved. Dr. Satterlee's election was confirmed by the laity with but two dissenting votes.

It was eminently proper that Dr. Satterlee's ministrations in Calvary Church should be crowned by his consecration on the very spot where he had so often inspired his people and fed them with sacramental food. It tied the future to the past. No festival could have better suited his temperament than that of the Annunciation. The venerable Presiding Bishop, Dr. Williams of the Diocese of Connecticut, was to have presided, but his feeble condition prevented him from being present. Dr. Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, took his place with Dr. Satterlee's son, Churchill, as his Chaplain, and was assisted by Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York and Dr. Paret, Bishop of Maryland. The Presenters were Dr. Leonard, Bishop of Ohio and Dr. Dudley, Bishop of Kentucky; the attending Presbyters were the Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D.D., and the Rev. Walter A. Mitchell; the Rev. J. Livingston Reese, D.D., was Registrar and the preacher was Dr. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York. The preacher took for his text St. Luke i, 30 ff. In the powerful epigrammatic English of which he was master, he dealt with "the relation of the Christian Faith to public character, of a spiritual ministry to the common conduct and interests of a people."

"It is impressive," he continued, "to see how by His historic providence God honors a nation. The Church is greater than a nation, because Catholicity comprehends nationality, as His Gospel is given to make glad every continent and island alike." God's operations among men possess an objective order and government. If it be urged that God's Kingdom is within, the very statement implies a body. The most objective kingdoms are

apt to be first in men's hearts as ideals before they assume outward expression. "Apostles sit on thrones — not thrones of pomp but of benefaction, the better to serve the people. . . . Bishops wield a flimsy crozier and bear empty credentials save as they are shepherds who give their lives for the sheep. The Bishop of them all washed His disciples' feet."

Nothing in an Apostolate like this, remember, confuses in the least the two domains, the polity of the Church and the policy of civil rights. In this country the safe-guard against Erastianism is its inherent impossibility. A state religion in the United States, native or imported, could only be created after a subversion of the whole system of both government and manners, and that only after an extinction, radical and complete, of the spirit and the principles which gave the Republic its origin and its shape. What is wanted is not an American Christianity, but a Christian America. Christian character has a type and mould of its own, not of race or climate, not Anglo-Saxon, not Latin, but primitive and Apostolic. The Incarnation fixed forever its quality and its substance. Church life in this country must be organised, but unlike that of ages of ignorance and craft it must be an organization of minds and wills, minds that think and wills that are free. Washington is not to be a Jerusalem or a Rome. Let it be a city set spiritually on high, to which all the land may look, praising God above the Seven Hills of Zion.

Bishop Huntington's concluding paragraphs were prophetic of what the spirit of the first Bishop of Washington would be:

Among transitions and pretensions a Bishop-elect comes to accept his charge. The ambassadorship, with its credentials, was defined at the Lord's Ascension. We only touch its aspects as they are presented to the mind of a man before us who has studied both the Faith and the times, and who is already familiar by practice with the application of the Christian law to the conscience and the will, the mind and the affairs, the manhood and the womanhood of a confiding and loving people. How to stand before judges and among rulers, how to be an ambassador

of tranquil dignity from the Court of Heaven, how to keep that which is committed to his trust along with those who bore witness in palaces and in prisons, around the Mediterranean in the capitals of three continents, — how to be and to do this, and yet to be *Servus Servorum*, is the problem set before him. No wonder it has been the puzzle of so many who being called “lords” have been too great to “lord it,” and of so many who have tried to hide the rebuke of their arrogance under the Latin phrase. No real master of men, certainly no prophet of God, could let the badges of his office, or the cleverness of his policy, or the decoration of his person, divert his concern from the august solemnity of his calling. The leader of the armies of the Revolution, whose name the Bishop of Washington will write and speak so often, majestic in his obedience and obedient in his majesty, scrupulous in every essential mark of his command, was never known to so thrust himself before his charge as to obscure for a moment the grandeur of his cause. All splendour is pale, all display vulgar, all beauty deformed, all ornament a blemish, which forgets Him who seeth not as man seeth, approving not the outward appearance, whatever its pretension, but the servant-heart. It is enough to take a post of hardship in that society whose glory is holiness, splendid in its simplicity, fair in its spiritual equality, and so, wherever it is preserved in its purity, irresistible. Its dignitaries carry crosses. Chiefs of all are helpers to all. Ability, of every sort, holds itself a trusteeship to be answered for. These ministers have a name strange to the ears of the world, but familiar and dear in this kingdom of the Redeemer’s charity — *διάκονος*. The Bishop is a deacon still.¹

The Bishop of Washington will be a patriot. What mixed and motley multitudes will come and tarry and go, — guests from many lands, professors of all religions and of none, outlandish theorists, captains of enterprise, dreamers, destructionists, reformers, some seeking spiritual rest and finding none. Whether they seek or not, our part is to provide that if they seek they shall find what He who knew all that is in man has provided, not a propaganda of occult stratagems, but an open ministry of righteousness and truth, a ministry, patterned after the Evangelists and Apostles, having a legislative plan outlined in the Republic itself, joined in the Faith confessed with the great

¹ Cf. Dr. Satterlee’s sermon at his son’s ordination, p. 197.

Communions abroad and in sacraments ordained of Christ, abiding by His appointment in word and act, abating nothing in its worship from the earliest and Scriptural devotion, borrowing nothing from the pageants or embellishments of barbaric spectacles, too jealous of the primitive purity not to protect its sympathies or cast its statutes in iron, venerating all that it finds true in the past, awake and alive to all that is religiously sound and strenuous in the present, determined to know and do only the will of God, in the enlarging national life that is to come.

It is right, my dear Brother, — it is not only right but it is honoring your commander, — that you should take up your heavy load with a light heart, and go to your sacrificial toil with joyful steps. Your setting apart is not by the “dead hand” of a mortal operation, but by appointment given by your Saviour on the Ascension Mount, in the succession of an inexhaustible grace. Your welcome will be by friends and fellow-laborers who already understand the duties and prize the privilege of their Churchly inheritance. Sometimes in the midst of them you will feel yourself to be in a wilderness, and as much a missionary as the Missionary Bishop of Olympia or Montana, or Utah. That puts on you the task of not only foreseeing that future but of opening and entering it. Remember that whatever of fair promise is in these sanguine “times” God’s Providence has put there, not man’s wits without Him. Resist all beguiling and sentimental reactions. Leave behind everything that exhausted its usefulness in conditions that are gone never to return. What limitations lie in your path you will soon see and never be suffered to forget. Be sure that God sees them too, and that, in spite of them, you will nevertheless live and labor in the wide liberty of your Father’s House. Some of your dearest plans will fail; your farthest foresight will come short; your most disinterested aspirations will be baffled. Notwithstanding, they are safe in the purpose of a safer Providence than yours. With all the gifts Heaven has lent you, you will look on some small congregations, and then you may think of the ancient pastor who said to an impatient young priest, “My son, the day will come when the least of your anxieties will be that you have too few souls to answer for before the Judge.” Your hand, perhaps your heart, will tremble. He, whose angel of promise said “Fear not” to the mother of the Lord, Son of the Highest, has spoken in His strength, by His angel of comfort, to every true

workman, — Of your work there shall be no failure, for of this King's kingdom there shall be no end!

On the evening of the same day Dr. Satterlee performed his first official act as Bishop by administering confirmation in Calvary. The following account of it is taken from the *Calvary Evangel*:

The confirmation for the whole parish was held in the Parish Church on the evening of the Feast of the Annunciation, in order that the children of his own flock might be the first whom Bishop Satterlee should confirm. A great congregation filled the church before eight o'clock, and at that hour the Bishop and clergy entered, preceded by the choirs of the church and chapel, singing the 616th hymn.

After Evening Prayer, and the sermon by Bishop Satterlee, from the first and last verses of the 23rd Psalm, the large class gathered before the chancel, each of the clergy of the parish in turn presenting to the Bishop those candidates whom he himself had prepared for Confirmation. The service was deeply impressive, as company after company knelt at the chancel rail, and the Bishop, so long their rector and guide, laid his hands upon their heads, and notwithstanding the size of the class, confirmed each individually. At the close of the service the Bishop addressed the members of the class briefly, urging them to absolute simplicity and truth of life.

The class numbered one hundred and twenty-six, and was specially interesting from the fact that at least one-half the candidates were men and boys, including nine of the Armenian congregation that worships at the chapel and several men from the mission. During the singing of the 623rd hymn, the choir and clergy left the church. And so ended a day long to be remembered in Calvary Parish.

The Bishop's address to the newly confirmed was drawn from the fountain of courage within him which had just been fortified by his consecration. "Fear not," he said. "It was the last word of the bishop to me this morning as I went forward to receive the laying on of hands, and it shall be my last word to you — Fear not."

The *Calvary Evangel* published the following letter written after the consecration:

TO THE PARISHIONERS OF CALVARY CHURCH AND CALVARY
CHAPEL

My dear Friends: The deepest feelings of this life can never be expressed in words, and I, your rector, can never tell you how gratefully I appreciate all the kindness and affection that you have shown to me, in the fourteen years that I have had the spiritual charge of Calvary Parish. I could have done little or nothing without your sympathy and co-operation, and if God has blessed our work and its development, it has been because we have labored together, side by side, in following the ideal of parish life which the Spirit of God has held up before us.

The greatest blessing which can come from Heaven upon any parish is that it may be kept by Christ in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace, as it moves onward. God grant that this blessing may belong to Calvary Parish through all coming days. Christ, Who is the Pastor and Bishop of our souls, will prosper our work and care for its necessities, if you only try earnestly and honestly to seek and do His blessed will. Though earthly rectors come and go, He abideth. The work is His, not ours; and if we have been laborers together with Him, the bond of union between His earthly servants is formed not for time but for eternity.

As I, your departing rector, look back upon the past winter, I am deeply touched by the personal generosity and kindness that has been shown to me and mine by the people of Calvary Church and Chapel. I shall feel more at home in the new duties of my office, as I administer the Holy rite of confirmation in the episcopal robes which they have provided for me: as I write from the desk which they have placed in my library; and as I distribute the missionary fund which they placed in my hands.¹ Their forethought and delicate consideration have thus already linked my new work with associations of the past, and day by day I shall have reminders of those I love so well; and if hereafter our spheres will be different, let us remember that there are no farewells in the spiritual life: no separations to sever those who are united in Christ and His work. What a

¹ The offertory at the consecration was for the Bishop of Washington's Fund.

comfort it is to us all, in days like these, to realize the depth of meaning in that article of the Creed — “I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.”

The interests and the people of Calvary Parish will always be dear unto me as my own life and will be always remembered in my prayers.

Affectionately, your rector and friend,

HENRY Y. SATTERLEE.

Dr. Satterlee and his family left for Washington without delay. His first words to the Diocese of Washington as Bishop took the form of a pastoral dated on the day of his consecration. He begins:

The first words which, as your Bishop, I write unto you are words of deep gratitude for the unity of spirit which so manifestly pervades the diocese. We may all thank God and take courage as we contemplate this great pentecostal gift from the ascended Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King in heaven, in whose sight the needs of our diocese and of our parishes are all known. May this unity of the spirit in the bond of peace become the ruling influence of the Diocese of Washington. Through all coming days and years let us guard and treasure it, and then hand it down to our successors as a pearl of great price; for upon us is resting the God-given responsibility of forming now, in the beginning of our history, the tradition of the future.

If our diocese is to preserve this unity through future days it must, first of all, be a loyal witness for Jesus Christ to the world; remembering that the only permanent conditions for church unity are those set forth in that ancient apostolic description, “There is one body and one spirit even as ye are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all who is above all, and through all, and in you all.”

Unity begins in God and not in man; and this is the burden of Christ’s own high priestly prayer before he offered up that one full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world upon the cross, by which he was to draw all men unto Him. The confession that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, is the rock upon which He builds His Church and the condition not only of all future unity of the spirit among us, but also of

all religious power and spiritual progress, is that we hold the mystery of that faith, which was once for all delivered to the saints in a pure conscience, living in the abiding consciousness that Christ in Heaven is not an absent but an ever present King, who, through the Holy Ghost, is governing His Kingdom on earth; that, as Priest in heaven, He is ceaselessly working through the Church which is His body on earth; that, as Prophet in heaven, He is ever speaking through those who preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified; that the greatest honor accorded to mortal man in this lower world is the privilege of being co-laborers with Him; that He can only work effectually through us in proportion as we give ourselves up with a complete self-surrender to His will, and that God's Kingdom will only come when men learn to do God's will as it is done in heaven.

He then turns to a consideration of how the modern Christian is to play his part in dealing with the complex and manifold problems of the day. "No man can forecast the exact way in which all these disturbing questions are to be settled, but we Christians know the end from the beginning; Christ is revealing Himself in the very issues that perplex us, and as they all develop themselves through the progress of His Kingdom of heaven on earth, so will we find their explanation only in the growing light of His Incarnation." It is He who is the inspiring force in men. "We cannot inspire ourselves." Among the chief aids to inspiration is the Lord's Day in which we should earnestly strive to be "in the Spirit," intent upon the things of God.

The balance of the pastoral is devoted to the value of Sunday observance. The Bishop's exaggerated sabbatarian ideas do not assume their best expression in this letter, written as it was at a time when he was overtaxed and harried by the great change that was speeding him into a new world of activities.

The pastoral closes with an exhortation:

We are now, dear brethren, approaching the most sacred season of all the year. Let us follow Christ in His passion to Calvary. Let us be at the foot of His cross on Good Friday.

Let us pray that on Easter Day we may know Him and the power of His resurrection. Let us beseech Him that His blessing may rest upon us, upon our parishes and upon our diocese as we begin together our work in His name.

His first Sunday in his Diocese, Palm Sunday, was occupied by three confirmations — at the Epiphany, at St. John's, and at St. Paul's. At the close of his sermon at St. John's he said to the congregation:

I want to tell you that this is a marked day in my own life, and the anticipation has been more than eclipsed by the realization. By the kind way in which I have been received I feel that I am welcome. I came in fear and trembling, and with some heartache at the separation from my people in New York with whom I have been associated fourteen years. But my trepidation has already almost gone. I am so glad we have entered on our work under the shadow of the Cross. Let us day by day think of our Diocese and its needs. Let us be at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday.

In the two months which intervened between his consecration and his first Diocesan Convention, he made a visitation of the Diocese, gaining a working knowledge of his responsibilities and coming into personal touch with his clergy. He was received with eagerness and confidence wherever he went. The Rev. Dr. McKim, an eminent leader of Church thought and activity and, since 1888, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, himself prominent among those voted for at the election, the Sunday after the Primary Convention, said to his people from the pulpit concerning the Bishop-elect:

I have known him for many years, and very soon after I knew him I began to love him. He is a large-minded, big-hearted man, whom everybody loves because he is so broad in his sympathies and so whole-souled in his work. He has a genius for organization, and is the friend of the poor, for whom he labors with unceasing diligence. He is also a cultivated and refined Christian gentleman, whose influence in this community cannot fail to be most salutary.

Should he decide, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to accept the episcopate of our new Diocese, I need not bespeak for him your hearty sympathy and co-operation, for I am sure you will give it unasked.

Dr. McKim voiced the feeling of the entire Diocese. A bishop could not well have received a more trustful or loyal reception from both clergy and laity than was accorded him.

The *Diocesan Journals* during Bishop Satterlee's episcopate are of value to the biographer. He was incapable of being provincial, and both his diary and successive addresses reveal his mind and doings better than any other agency excepting his letters, which were never full or numerous enough to cover the whole ground. This will explain the frequent quotations from the *Journals*.

His address at the First Diocesan Convention is noteworthy as indicating the principles and outlining the policy which actuated him throughout his episcopate. Christ as King, Prophet and Priest, was his text. It was natural that his earliest word should have to do with the relation between the things of Caesar and the things of God:

The power that Christ promised His disciples before Pentecost was power from on high, energy to do the will of God; while the power upon which all human government rests is an authority below to do the will of man, and to obey that voice of the people which sometimes coincides, sometimes conflicts, with the will of God. Under such circumstances there could be no partnership between the Kingdom of Christ and the Roman Empire. The only point of contact between the two was through each individual man, who was, at once, a citizen of the State and a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . Consequently as we look back upon the past we see that all attempts to unite Church and State, since the days of the Emperor Constantine, have given rise to two persistent evils: First, the people have been antagonised by having to adopt a creed, and to conform to a higher law of morality than they were prepared to accept of

their own free will; and, second, the Church herself was paralyzed and fettered by restrictions which coerced her conscience, and prevented her from taking her stand as a fearless witness for Jesus Christ.

Brethren, we have heard from our childhood of the former side, and as loyal American citizens, we rejoice with the whole community, that the framers of our country's Constitution have drawn so wise and lasting a line of demarcation between Church and State; but, have we, as citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven, considered the other side, and realized our splendid liberties? If the fetters have fallen from the wrists of the one, they have no less been stricken from those of the other. If the State cannot consent to any alliance with the Church, the Church cannot afford to receive any favors from the State, that will muzzle her mouth and trammel the liberty of the Sons of God. The incubus of the ages has been removed never to return. Thank God, in this fair land of ours, the Church is, at last, as free as the State; free to preserve her own past traditions that reach back through eighteen hundred years; free to cling to the faith once for all delivered to the saints, without let or hindrance; free to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom without fear or favor; free to hold up Christ's own standard of right, against all forms of corruption, in high places as well as low, and in political as well as social life; free, above all, to look up to Christ, the King, as the Apostles did at Pentecost.

It is hard for us, at this early day, to forecast the far-reaching results of this Christian freedom. Suffice to say that the Church of Christ in these United States has opportunities before her for doing Christ's own work in Christ's own way, the counterpart of which have not existed for centuries in any other civilized land; and now, in the very beginning of our own history as a Diocese, we should lift up our eyes to the glowing future, and realize the advantages and spiritual powers that will come to the American Church, through the irrevocable separation, in this land, of Church and State. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," are words that ring louder and louder, as the centuries roll on, and as the blood-bought experience of the ages brings out their meaning. The power of the secular arm, which Christ refused as Jesus of Nazareth, he refuses still, as He sits as king on the throne in Heaven. Not by might, nor by any form of earthly power, but by the power of the

Spirit which He sent down at Pentecost, does He guide and shape the destinies of the Church on earth. Christ, before He was crowned as King, has given us an example of what He would have us to do. As members of His Church on earth, and as a new-born Diocese in the Church of God, it is for us to follow on in His footsteps, and to surrender ourselves up completely, and unreservedly to that Pentecostal Spirit which He sent down both to bring to our remembrance whatsoever He has said unto us, and to guide us unto all truth.¹

In practice Bishop Satterlee was scrupulously loyal to all that Cavour's famous epigram *libera chiesa in libero stato* connotes. As interpreted by the pseudo-liberalism of Montalambert, who antedated Cavour in its use, it looked to the "subjection of the State to the Church, whereas Cavour's engagement was to do away with all the old devices for defending the civil jurisdiction against ecclesiastical encroachments. Thus State and Church were to move, each in its own orbit, to react on each other for mutual improvement, and, where occasion offered, to co-operate in forwarding the well-being of humanity."² His straightforward nature was incapable of disingenuousness and abhorred intrigue. He never used his official position as a means of securing political advantage for the church, or for those individuals who from time to time sought his influence to this end.

The following is a sample of many letters of the sort that he was obliged to write in answer to requests from acquaintances and friends for his influence in securing appointments:

DEC. 29, 1901.

My Dear Dr. A.: I have just received your kind letter, and in reply I would say that I have had to make it an inflexible rule, on account of my position as a religious teacher and bishop

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1896, pp. 46-48.

² *The Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. xi, p. 391.

The paragraph from which the quotation is taken concludes: "Cavour never claimed the paternity of this somewhat idealistic and Utopian conception, although he had preached it with sincere conviction from his earliest youth, as appears from every record of his public and private life."

of the Church, not to ask any favors of the United States Government. . . .

Ever faithfully yours,

HENRY Y. SATTERLEE.

More than once he reiterated his position in public. Thus in his annual address in 1901 he says:

After I was elected Bishop and took counsel with those Bishops and others who stood high, by wisdom, experience and positions of authority, in the Church, and conferred with them about the duties of the episcopal office, I was reminded by them that in addition to these heavy responsibilities it would become the duty of the future Bishop of Washington, in the first place, to create, as far as in him lies, the traditions of a Diocese which shall always stand as an unfaltering witness for the principle of the separation of Church and State, by asking no favors from the Government.

His relations with the personnel of the government from the President down were cordial and often intimate, but if, for instance, he asked the presence of a high official at the inauguration of a new enterprise of faith, it was not to secure sectarian advantage, but rather to promote that recognition of the Christian faith that government owes to religion in a country where there is a free Church in a free State. His requests were of the sort that he would have commended in the case of any other church. His conception of the relation of the Church to the State was not that of neutrality, but rather of interpenetration and impartiality. There must be mutual respect so that neither would usurp the powers or transgress the territory of the other. The government official, all the more because of the dignity of his position, was pledged to active Christian faith. He would have opposed an attempt on the part of his own church to secure state aid for religious institutions with the same vehemence that he actually did oppose other churches that maintained that it was legitimate to secure it, if it could be so manœuvred.

He watched with vigilant eye the action of the government in relation to the Indians, looking for a larger measure of justice toward these defenceless people than had hitherto been accorded them, and demanding equal rights for the various churches in the facilities allowed in ministering to them. In 1906 he and Dr. McKim were appointed a committee of the Board of Missions to wait on President Roosevelt in connection with alleged irregularities in the disbursement of the Indian "treaty" and "trust" funds. It was a delicate piece of business, complicated by the fact that the committee was associated with a third party, whose mode of approach threatened to precipitate trouble to no good end. As Bishop Satterlee's correspondence shows, he steered the matter through with such skill, that both the President and Commissioner F. E. Leupp were given an opportunity to square themselves with the public. Commissioner Leupp closes his letter of explanation as follows:

Thus much I feel bound to say, not simply to clarify a rather lamely expressed message, but by way of justifying the frank and courteous treatment your committee has accorded me. I have been highly gratified by a letter just received from Bishop Hare, whom I am proud to number among my friends, and who properly resents the efforts made to give a false and hostile color to a private note of his which recently found its way into print. It is needless to say that I never allowed any forced interpretation of that note to mislead me into thinking that he doubted my own sincerity of purpose, whatever he might think of my official imperfections and inaptitudes in administration.

Bishop Satterlee's interests were certainly not circumscribed. He had an understanding sympathy with soldiers and sailors, and served on various committees concerned with the appointment of Army and Navy chaplains. He was selected by the General Convention of 1898 as the authority through whom nominees from the ranks of the clergy should be presented for appointment to the Government. It entailed an immense

amount of work and added greatly to his correspondence.¹ He, more than any other one person, was instrumental in promoting a higher standard for the difficult and thankless task of the Chaplains. Today the status accorded Chaplains leaves them in so anomalous a position, and so destitute of proper equipment and facilities for their work, that it is not to be wondered that the fire of their enthusiasm speedily dies and that their achievements are severely limited. Bishop Satterlee felt that if the Government provided Chaplains at all their appointment should be made whole-heartedly. Both officers and men are quick to discern whether religion is accorded a grudging or a hearty recognition. One reason at least why an Army Chaplain's responsibility, perplexing and discouraging under the most favorable conditions but doubly so as things have been in the past, is a baffling one, is because his existence is due to a concession rather than a conviction. Bishop Satterlee's successor in office has inherited both his opportunity and his zeal in the cause with good hope of deepening the impression made by his predecessor.

Especially toward the end of his life, he viewed with intelligent sympathy the vexations and difficulties of the Church of England as an established Church. Though clear in his own mind that a State Church was fettered, and could never know the full meaning of religious liberty until released from all political entanglement, he was more than doubtful as to the expediency of any violent break where the roots of the Church's life had been intertwined with all the traditions and institutions of the nation through long centuries. Constant agitation and labor toward disentanglement, he would advocate. The abrogation of the Concordat in France he lamented as both in motive and manner being an injury to the body politic not less than to religion.

To revert once more to Bishop Satterlee's first Convention Address, after touching upon the prophetic office

¹ See *Journal of General Convention*, 1901, pp. 66, 67.

of Christ which presents Him as "ever-speaking" through a progressive revelation, limited and homogeneous, he deals with the place of the Bible, especially the New Testament, in the Church's life. To him the Gospels were not the story of One who has gone, but the introduction of One who has come. They proclaim a Presence and the character of that Presence. "If we would preserve the Catholic traditions of the past, it is thus that as a Diocese we must hold to the Bible; if we would be led by the Spirit of Truth safely through all those theological novelties and speculative, religious tendencies that are now so prevalent, it is thus that we must try the spirits, whether they be of God."¹

The reverence with which he viewed the Prayer Book and its inviolability is dealt with elsewhere. His first Address concluded with his estimate of its place and worth: "Though there are and always will be different schools of thought in the Church, and a wide, allowable difference of ritual and use in divine worship, everyone knows what is meant by a Prayer Book Churchman. A Prayer Book Churchman means an honest, straightforward Churchman, who, whatever his Catholic or Protestant tendencies may be, has nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to apologize for; and who never, even in his inmost thought, puts his own Church second, and some other Church or sect first. If truthfulness has been the characteristic of our own Church for ages, so has disingenuousness been the sin most abhorrent to her clergy and her people."² He felt that it was impossible to be extreme in the one direction or the other without being tainted with disloyalty, an opinion that was modified with time.

¹ See *Journal of General Convention*, 1901, p. 49.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 9, 52.

CHAPTER X

OR WALK WITH KINGS — NOR LOSE THE COMMON TOUCH

1896

*The White Czar's people pray:
"Thou God of the South and the North,
We are crushed, we are bleeding;
'Tis Christ, 'tis Thy Son interceding;
Forth, Lord, come forth!
Bid the slayer no longer slay."*

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

IMMEDIATELY Convention adjourned the Bishop and his family sailed for Naples on the S.S. "Werra" for a holiday, before plunging again into the study of the religious, social and financial conditions of the Diocese which occupied his first year in the episcopate. A month was spent in Italy during which Ravenna with its churches was visited.

He "was much struck with the traces of primitive Christianity visible in the buildings and their decorations. These churches are a proof of how much nearer the Anglican Communion resembles the early Apostolic Church than does the modern Roman Church of to-day." ¹ He was on his way to Venice when he "received a communication from England, asking me to present the Petition of English-speaking Christians in the United States, Great Britain and Canada, in behalf of the Armenians, to the Emperor of Russia. I replied," he proceeds, "that I was very reluctant to act, as I came abroad for a rest after the most anxious and burdensome year of my whole life — to rest for the sake of the Diocese of Washington — that if there were no other Bishop who would go, I would undertake the duty for the sake of the suffering Christians in the Turkish Empire." ²

¹ *Journal*, p. 36.

² *Ibid.*, p. 36.

A few days later at the urgent solicitation of the Bishop of New York he undertook the novel responsibility. It was in St. Mark's, Venice, whence "the Crusaders went forth to rescue the Holy Land" that he consecrated himself to the cause of the Armenian Christians, "who are being daily martyred by the same Mohammedan power that the Crusaders went forth to fight exactly 900 years ago."

The Armenian atrocities, ushered in by the brutal massacre at Sasun in 1894, reached a zenith of horror paralleled only by the Bulgarian atrocities which had aroused the invective of Gladstone in 1876. The "unspeakable Turk," bent on earning the reprobation meted out to him by Christian nations, was "breathing threatening and slaughter" against the Armenians because they were Armenians, because they were weak and unprotected, because they were Christians. Political jealousies and fear lest that inflammable corner of Europe bordering on Asia should start a general conflagration among the nations held the Powers from any forceful action. Bishop Satterlee, in his brief reference to his mission in his annual address (1897) speaks words which in the light of today's war are prophetic:

Swift-gathering forces, apparently beyond human control, are driving the nations of Europe helplessly, and sometimes unwillingly onward towards some coming crisis in the affairs of men, which is equally dreaded by all, on account of its unknown results. None can tell what a day will bring forth; but all the while, Christian believers in the East are the greatest sufferers and are dying by thousands.¹

The story of Armenia is the saddest part, and the most discreditable to the great Christian nations, of all the sad history of the Christian peoples of the Near East. To understand the full significance of Bishop Satterlee's mission to the Czar a résumé of the story of Armenia will be of service.²

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1897, pp. 57, 58.

² For an accurate and fearless consideration of the whole question see the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vols. x and xii.

Of all the Christian races under Turkish misrule, the position of the Armenians has been from the beginning the most hopeless and helpless. Like the Jews they are a nation without a state. They are defenceless and lacking those aggressive qualities which enable the Albanians in similar circumstance to resist persecuting force by defensive force. Their immediate neighbors, the Kurds, are warlike by nature and hate them as Sunnis¹ alone are capable of hating Christians. For more than five centuries the Armenians have met the sort of treatment that a meek people without a remnant of national independence left to them would be likely to receive. They have been a football between Russia and Turkey, and have sometimes received an additional kick from the sidelines.

By the Peace of San Stefano (March 3, 1878) the Sublime Porte engaged "to carry into effect without further delay, the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by Armenians, and to guarantee their security from Kurds and Circassians." (Article 16.) The Treaty of Berlin, signed four months later, has been the paper charter of the Near East until, recently, with other scraps of paper, it went up in smoke, the stench of which is still in our nostrils.

The Porte mocked the world by another promised "reform." By Article 61 of the Treaty, he undertook "to carry out, without further delay, the ameliorations and reforms demanded in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds." These "reforms" were to be put through under the supervision of the Powers, who would "superintend their application." Great Britain had already assumed² especial responsibilities in connection with Armenian protection.

¹ Orthodox followers of "the Prophet."

² In the Cyprus Convention of June 4 which was published during the progress of the Berlin Congress.

The Sultan had traded a promise on the part of Turkey "to introduce necessary reform," for a promise on the part of Great Britain to aid Turkey consolidate her Asiatic dominions against further Russian encroachment, with the cession to England of Cyprus to boot. It was thus that the great Beaconsfield purchased "peace with honor"!

During the progress of the Berlin Congress the Armenians, inspired by a fresh hope of immunity from outrages, presented a secret petition in which they disclaimed political ambition and begged "for an arrangement modelled on that of the Lebanon, under a Christian governor. Instead of this, the collective wisdom of Europe was content with a vague promise of security and reforms. Great Britain did indeed send consuls to report on the condition of Asia Minor; but even Gladstone, when he came into power in 1880, dropped the Armenian question, at a hint from Bismarck."¹

Who will dare to condemn the Armenians if, after having had the promise of reform punctuated by fresh massacres, they let loose a flicker of aspiration for an autonomous State of their own, and tried to influence England in this direction? Though the conscience of the Powers was steadily stinging them, their fear of unpleasant consequences to themselves kept them from effective action. A new outrage would kindle only a momentary, inoperative flame of indignation, so that the wily Turk, laughing in his sleeve, promised new "reforms," and postponed to a more convenient date the next in order of his series of atrocities. The helpless Armenians were bidden now to look to the Sultan's promises for protection, now to Russia, now to that muffled discord known as the "Concert of the Powers." They were bewildered. They were in despair. They knew not whither to look or whom to trust.

As early as 1883 the "man of blood and iron" frankly declared that Germany could not discommode herself by

¹ *The Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. xii, p. 416.

lending a hand to aid persecuted Armenia. France and Russia co-operated with England in a timid way. Turkish officials, not among the least astute of men, took note of the timidity and shaped their course accordingly. After the Sasun outrages with their bloodshed and torture and indescribable crimes, the Turkish Government, with a show of feeling, deemed it expedient under the insistence of England to appoint a Commission of inquiry. The reality of their feeling is sufficiently shown in the fact that Zekki Pasha, the human bloodhound, who had superintended the massacre which destroyed twenty-four villages, was decorated for "his services." Doubtless the report of the Commission (appointed "to inquire into the criminal conduct of Armenian brigands!") would have been, that the massacre had been provoked by Armenian revolt or intrigue, had not the presence of consular representatives from Great Britain, Russia and France necessitated a truthful judgment. The Commission concluded that the massacre was not justifiable, and more reforms were urged. The public opinion of the world was aroused, and the petition to the Czar (Nicholas II) entrusted to Bishop Satterlee was one expression of it. He had hardly concluded his mission when some 6,000 Christian Armenians were brutally slaughtered in the streets of Constantinople itself (August 27 and 28, 1896), rousing Gladstone to brand Abd-ul-Hamid II as the "Great Assassin." Such was the cause to which Bishop Satterlee lent himself, a cause which still needs the championship of all the strong. The conflagration foreseen by the seers of the last half-century has come, and while these words are being penned the poor, hunted Armenians are beset to the death by the ruthless Kurds and other Moslems, under the declaration of "holy war" by the Sheik ul Islam and, it might truthfully be added, of unholy war by the Christian nations of Europe.

The text of the petition which the Bishop carried was as follows:

May it please your Most Gracious Majesty: — We, the undersigned bishops, clergy, and ministers of Christian Churches, in England and America, desire to approach your Majesty on behalf of the suffering Armenian Christians in Asia Minor.

We live entirely outside the field of international diplomacy, so that this, our appeal, has no diplomatic significance.

We venture to make it in the name of our common Lord and Saviour, and solely as an act of Christian duty, moved by pity for our perishing fellow Christians; and we are emboldened thus to approach your Majesty in the belief that at this solemn season of your coronation, when you have besought the grace of God to rule, in Christ's name, over a great and powerful people, you will desire to extend your sympathy and protection to those unoffending and destitute sufferers, many of whom are perishing miserably every day, whilst others are living in constant fear of being compelled at any moment, either to abjure their Christian faith, or to suffer unspeakable outrage.

The continuance of these horrors lays on all who could arrest them an awful responsibility in the sight of God, and we most earnestly entreat your Majesty so to use your august and beneficent influence as to secure, in combination with other Christian Powers, safety of property, life, and honor to those who still survive. If your Majesty can do this, countless prayers will ascend for the blessing of the Almighty to rest upon your reign, thus auspiciously crowned at its commencement with a great and noble act of saving mercy, and your petitioners in gratitude will ever join in this prayer.

This petition, which originated with the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival) and others, was signed by more than half the English bishops, seventy-three bishops of the Episcopal Church in America, by the Scottish bishops, six in Ireland, the twenty-one Methodist bishops in America, and the leading ministers of other religious communities in England and America. The petition represented a constituency of 40,000,000 English-speaking people. This mode of approach to the Czar was resorted to because Russia had intimated to the other Powers that any coercive force exercised would be counted a hostile act. Everything was done with the greatest secrecy. The

difficulty was how to get the petition presented without rousing suspicion of diplomatic intrigue. Owing to the connection between Church and State in England it would not be possible for an English bishop to undertake the delicate errand. It seemed providential that the Bishop of Washington was at hand. When he first consented to accept the responsibility he did it on the condition that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) would append his signature to the petition. He had withheld his signature fearing lest the State position which he occupied would be prejudicial to its success, but he wrote a letter to Bishop Satterlee stating the situation in terms that were tantamount to giving his signature.

Two weeks after the subject of the mission to the Czar was broached to him, he was on his way to St. Petersburg with the precious document carefully concealed in the bottom of his trunk. He was afraid lest it might be brought to light in the examination of luggage at the border. But he had nothing to fear. At the customs house he and his party (Mr. George Zabriskie, Mr. Arthur R. Gray and Dr. Ferguson) met with the marked courtesy which was invariably shown them throughout their sojourn in the Czar's dominions.

The party arrived on July 19. The Bishop on the following day called upon the American minister, the Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge.

Gave full details of our Mission; and said that as it was of a purely religious character, we came to him only informally to request his counsel. He thoroughly understood the nature of that Mission, and gave us much valuable advice; saying that he would explain to those in authority that we represented no political school or influence; but came to ask an audience of the Emperor purely on a Christian errand of mercy. In the afternoon I shortly after met Prince Andronikoff Comneno, and was introduced by him to the Most Rev. Germanos Chourmouzes, Metropolitan of Silesia, a most Apostolic and spiritually-minded man, who lives in Tarsus in the home of St. Paul himself, and

was the representative Patriarch of Antioch at the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and who was now in St. Petersburg to plead the cause of his suffering people. For the next two weeks I was daily in the company, not only of these godly men but also of Prince Maltos of Odessa; Prince Beboutoff, the Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg of the Catholicos of Etchmiadin, and the Supreme Patriarch of all the Armenians; the Greek Minister at the Court of Russia; the Editor of the "Tiflis Gazette of the Caucasus"; and with several others who were deeply interested in my Mission.¹

The doors of the Imperial audience chamber were not quick to open. Suspicion and timidity are always lurking in the purlieu of absolutism, so that it was no easy task to carry a straightforward plea for mercy, that had superior claim over all other requests, into the royal presence. The Metropolitan of Silesia got in the thin end of the wedge when he secured audience with the Empress Dowager, and told her that "he had come from the Far East, and the Bishop of Washington from the Far West, on the same errand of mercy in behalf of the suffering Christians in the Turkish Empire."

During the days of waiting the Bishop was not idle. The first thing he did was to unite in prayer with those interested in the mission.

The Rev. Arthur R. Gray, recalling their experience, writes:

The first thing that I remember is that he took the embassy to the Czar so deeply to heart that he prayed about it all the time. I never saw a man take a thing, which the ordinary man would have taken in an ordinary way, so dead in earnest. In the hotel in St. Petersburg we had a salon between our bedrooms and, while most of us sat in the salon, the Bishop was seldom there, for the simple reason that he was back in a corner of his bed-room on his knees praying. Whenever we would go into the room he would stumble up from his knees, his mind still dwelling upon heavenly things, and absently ask us what we wanted. Generally we would tell him that it was time for

¹ Bishop's *Journal*, pp. 37, 38.

him to get up and keep an appointment. His response to this notification was very characteristic on occasions, for, forgetting that he was down on earth, and had therefore certain social amenities to observe, he would put on his smoking jacket over his long apron waistcoat, and his Episcopal hat on backwards, and start for the carriage. His life was so profoundly one of prayer for the Armenians, that he paid but little attention to the things of this world.

Another very characteristic thing was that he felt that, considering the formality of the occasion, he should wear an Episcopal ring, the Washington ring not having yet been presented to him. I have a large black seal ring which I still wear, and for which he made application one day, that he might put it on the Episcopal finger in lieu of the real thing. He wore it about twenty-four hours and then came back to me in his great big loving way, and said that he could not do it, as it would be a deception, and that, despite the embarrassment of not having one, he would go without it rather than wear an imitation.

The Bishop's diary, though sketchy, is the best guide we have to the happenings of these eventful days:

July 22, Wednesday. — Called on the American Minister in the morning, who told me that he had explained to Prince Labanoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the nature of my Mission, and had received a comforting but non-committal reply. In the afternoon I went with him and Prince Labanoff to call upon Prince Galitzin, the Head of the Court of the Empress Dowager, to request an interview with her. In the railroad car I was presented to Prince Pobedonostzeff, Minister of Religion, and, of course, the most powerful lay-man in the Russian Church. At Peterhoff the whole station was decorated on account of the Church car at the station, which was to be consecrated on the morrow, and to be sent forth for the use of the Priests in the Russian Church in Siberia. The Priest in charge courteously requested me to be present on the next day at the consecration services, but I was unable to do so. On my arrival at the palace, Prince Galitzin received us very courteously, and said that the Empress Maria Teodorovna would accord me an audience after I had seen the Emperor. On my return to Prince Andronikoff's house at St. Petersburg, I at once wrote to Baron

Frederick, the Head of the Emperor's Court, requesting an interview with His Majesty.¹

In the interval of waiting the Bishop had ample opportunity to confer with the Metropolitan of Silesia, relative to the cause which in common they were representing. He was also in daily contact with high Government officials. He shared with interest and reverence in the celebration of the Divine Liturgy at St. Isaac's Cathedral. An excursion to Finland helped to fill in the time. "The excursion was altogether most interesting, besides it afforded me large opportunities of conversing with the Metropolitan and the Armenian representative on the subject of the reunion of Christendom."² Bishop Satterlee and the Metropolitan while in Finland went afishing together. "I remarked to him, "said the Bishop, "that it was a sort of apostolic expedition, and furthermore, it was very like to another apostolic trip in that we caught nothing!"

On the second of August word was received through the American Legation, from Prince Labanoff, that the Emperor would receive the Bishop the following day. The entry in the diary referring to the audience is brief:

August 5, Wednesday. — Started for the palace at Peterhoff at midnight, and went to see the Emperor. I was received by the Emperor and Empress at a perfectly private audience, at which no other person was present; and they kindly accorded me the fullest opportunity, not only to present the petition itself, but to explain its object. Returning home I found the Metropolitan and others awaiting me at my hotel.³

The day following he was given a dinner by the prominent Armenians residing in St. Petersburg, "and this was followed by the Moleben service at Prince Andronikoff's house, or a thanksgiving for my mission to Russia, in which the Metropolitan of Silesia officiated, and Father John of Kronstadt assisted. The choir of St.

¹ Bishop's *Journal*, p. 38.

² *Ibid.*, p. 39.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

Isaac's Cathedral, or at least a large part of it, rendered the musical portion of the service." Father John Sergieff, one of the greatest of modern mystics, was one of the most revered clerics and famous characters in Russia. His book *My Life in Christ* has been translated into English and takes a permanent place in mystical literature.

The Bishop's diary gives us a fuller account of his interview with the Empress Dowager, which was arranged for August the seventh:

August 7, Friday. — At noon I started for the palace at Peterhoff and, strange to say, side by side with the Metropolitan Ambassador of Persia. I was driven in the Empress' carriage to her villa at the palace, and had a private audience with her of half an hour, in which I told her that as I had come in the Name of Christ, as the bearer of a petition of more than forty million English-speaking Christians to His Majesty the Emperor, so I felt, and would tell those from whom I came, that I had been received by their Majesties in the Name of Christ. And I also said to her, as I had said previously to the Emperor and Empress, when the first news of the massacres of the Armenians came to us, our first thought was that the days of Nero had returned, and our next thought was that we must, in the sight of God, do all in our power to help our brother Christians in the far East. That we came to their Majesties for aid in Christ's name, and that the feeling was growing among all Christian people that this Turkish persecution was fast growing to be a question that not only affected our common civilisation but our common Christianity. After the audience was over I drove to the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul for my own private thanksgiving service, that God had so signally blessed my mission. I then made a farewell call upon the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, and after that upon the Bishop Vicar who had received me so kindly. At the railway station I found a large number of Greeks, Russians and Armenians awaiting me, with the Metropolitan of Silesia. They presented me with a farewell Cross in memory of my mission, and then, after an earnest service of prayer, in which the Metropolitan officiated and the before-mentioned choir took part, I entered the train which moved off as the choir was singing a parting hymn.¹

¹ Bishop's *Journal*, p. 40.



Sitting (left to right): GEORGE ZABRISKIE; FATHER JOHN of Constadt; METROPOLITAN of Silesia; BISHOP SATTERLEE; ARCHIMANDRITE of the Greek Church at St. Petersburg.
Standing (left to right): CHRISTOPHER CHRISTOBASILES, Interpreter to the Metropolitan; N. A. GRIPARI, Greek Consul at Sebastopoli; PRINCE MICHAEL COMNENE ANDRONIKOFF; PRINCE CONSTANTINE ALEXANDROVICH BEBOUTOFF.

The following letter relative to the Mission to St. Petersburg from the Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, American Minister to Russia from 1894 to 1897 is of value and interest:

Sept. 6th, 1911. — It is with much pleasure that I attempt to recall the incidents of the visit of the Bishop of Washington to St. Petersburg in the summer of 1896. The Christian world was greatly moved at that time by the repeated menaces of the Armenians by the Turks. The political situation was such as to make it extremely difficult for any power or combination of powers to intervene. Jealousy and distrust were the basis of the difficulty of intervention. Under these conditions it was apparent that nothing would be done, unless there arose a sentiment among the people of the different nations demanding that action be taken free from selfish political purposes. Russia more than any other power held the key to the position. She was in position to bring influence to bear most effectively if the other nations would trust her; but she had most to fear from the other powers if they acted other than in perfect good faith. In short confidence was lacking. Russia feared for others to move, because she distrusted them; and she feared to move because she knew that they distrusted her; and thus the poor Armenians were being left to their fate.

It was at this juncture that the Bishop of Washington appeared at St. Petersburg, quietly, unheralded, unannounced, and accompanied by a few friends who came simply in their personal capacity. The Bishop came as a representative; but not as a political or official representative. He came from the United States and from Great Britain; but he represented the government of neither country, nor had he consulted with the officials of either country before coming. He came as a man, as an ecclesiastic, as a Christian, representing the organised Christian sentiment of the two nations, pleading and contending for one brotherhood, humanity and honor; and, without touching political questions, seeking to emancipate the cause of humanity from any complications which might arise from distrust of the purposes and motives of the peoples.

Promptly on his arrival he called on me; this call evidently was not to invoke my aid as the diplomatic representative of the United States, except to ask me to assure the Foreign Office

that he was not there in a political capacity. Although he bore a communication to the Emperor from the Archbishop of Canterbury, he, I am quite sure, never called at the British Embassy.

The information referred to I promptly conveyed to Prince Labanoff, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a very able and enlightened man. I paid the Prince a personal visit for the purpose stated. It was fortunate for the Bishop that a man like Labanoff was Minister at that time, for had he been narrow or highly suspicious he might have made considerable difficulty and complications. As it was, the Prince's interest was great and he asked me a number of questions about the mission. I told him I knew nothing about the Bishop's communication for the Emperor, or his mission, except the general facts stated, and that those I had solely upon the Bishop's personal statement, in which of course, I had perfect confidence. I further assured the Prince that I had no official relations with the matter and that the Bishop perfectly knew that there could be no confidences which I could not freely communicate to the Foreign Office. I am sure that a basis of confidence was established all round. Yet there was curiosity to say the least, and quite a period of delay ensued before an audience with the Emperor was secured.

This delay was not without its pleasures, benefits, and amusing features. In a personal way I established relations between the Bishop and one or two officials, looking to a meeting with the Emperor. They were men who were quite sure to drop the matter as soon as they found it might involve some responsibility; and yet they had to be recognised. It was amusing to see the promptness and grace with which they got out of the business as soon as they found that it might be ticklish. This did not mean hostility, however. They would look around, and find out. They had been appreciated, and if they did not help you they at least would not hurt you as soon as the mission got noised abroad a little and was found not to be odious or distrusted in high quarters.

The interval was further filled in by trips to nearby places like the Imatra Falls in Finland, &c. On these we were accompanied by sympathetic Russian gentlemen and conversation would take a free range. The Patriarch of Antioch, I believe he was called, was present and upon a mission similar to the Bishop's. He was a venerable, impressive ecclesiastic, wearing the striking robe of his order, but the Greek Church at St.

Petersburg was giving him rather the cold shoulder. He naturally fell into our company. There was also a Greek, an opponent of the Turks, who drifted in somehow, and he seemed inclined to mysterious methods. Several friendly "conferences" were arranged by outsiders for the Bishop, all of which he attended, and I went with him. At these conferences paper and pencils would be provided for sentiments, motions or resolutions; but so far as I can recall no record was ever made except a comic picture or something of that sort; and nothing of serious import about the business in hand was ever spoken, for the simple reason if no other, that nothing of an objectionable nature was known or entertained. The Bishop was kind, agreeable and sympathetic with all. He entered heartily into all the little diversions, meeting everything with frankness and tact, making no complaints, manifesting no curiosity, and bidding his time and the convenience of the Russians. Thus time passed and confidence matured until say in a couple of weeks or such a matter the Bishop received notice of an appointment to meet the Emperor.

The Emperor was at one of the suburban palaces. The Bishop never spoke to me of the meeting, except to say that the Emperor was very gracious and that his manners were simple and sincere. A young Russian who accompanied the Bishop to the entrance of the audience chamber said, that as a chamberlain was conducting him to the chamber they met Prince Labanoff coming out. There is no reason to doubt that this was all pre-arranged. "You should have seen the Prince and the Bishop," said our young friend. "The Prince came forward with a smile as sweet as only he can smile. 'Good morning, Bishop,' said he. 'What have you there?' extending his hand to the paper the Bishop carried. The Bishop smiled sweetly, so sweetly! in return, passed his paper to his left hand and said, 'Oh! it is only a little paper for the Emperor,' and gave the Prince a hearty shake of the hand. Labanoff did so want a little peep. But he saw he couldn't get it. He had met his match and he seemed to enjoy it."

The contents of the communication to the Emperor I know no more now than I did then. Of course Labanoff learned it all very soon; but he didn't learn it just the way he seemed to most prefer. He learned it perhaps in the way best for the cause the Bishop represented. The matter was one that, in my position, I could not enquire into or actively interest myself in;

but I have always believed that it was a turning point in Russian belief and policy in Armenian and Turkish affairs. It gave Russia a larger and more warm view; and it came from a source sufficiently broad to permit pretty good ground for generalization, and from a source that was free from any taint of deception or selfishness. Thus, in my opinion, the Bishop, with great tact, ability and high purpose rendered an eminent service to humanity.

Canon Scott Holland adds his memories of Bishop Satterlee's "wonderful adventure in Russia": It was very exciting at the time and also had a good deal of fun in it.

It came out of a move that our English Bishops, with the American, should approach the Czar personally on behalf of Armenia. The Archbishop was to write the Address, etc. But all this was bowled over by Bishop Creighton, who had just returned from Russia and told us that it was quite fatal to move from the English side. Everything that came from England would be regarded as having a political purpose; it would go to the Czar through the F. O. and would be at once treated with the utmost suspicion. This crushed us for the moment, and then we all cried at once, "Why not the American Bishops only? they will be free from all suspicion." And we found that Bishop Potter of New York was in town, and I was sent off in a hansom to implore him to undertake it. He was very cordial and said at once, "Satterlee can go, he is close at hand." And I said, "Where?" and he said, "Vienna," which he seemed to think was close to St. Petersburg. However, he most kindly forwarded our appeal, and added his own name and authorized the Bishop to go on behalf of the American Bench. He set off most gallantly, and spent, I think, three weeks in St. Petersburg in a dogged attempt to get in. He found a friendly Russian Count, whose name I have forgotten and who was a great friend of the Emperor's. In the interval, he interviewed Father John and had his prayers and blessings. He stuck to it till he had a promise of a personal interview with the Czar and the Czarina. It was discovered that he must go in full Episcopal Robes, and, having none, he had them made on the spot. We trembled to think what that Petersburg tailor had made of it. He had a full

talk, — I think something like an hour, — the Empress joining in. He appealed simply to the Emperor's own Christian heart, and said that we all trusted him, and were ready to see him take any action to save these poor Armenian folk. It was taken very well, and the whole thing ended greatly to Satterlee's joy; I think he went to a Russian Church and had some thanksgivings. He came back to London in the depths of the summer holidays. We were horrified at a wire from him, hoping to report his mission, but there was nobody on earth in London to receive him. But as the Bishop of Winchester and myself were at Hawarden, we got the G. O. M. to let us wire him down there, and he came with a full heart brimming over with what he had done. But to our great distress nothing would induce Mr. Gladstone to take any interest: he was obstinately set against Russia, and entirely refused to show any sympathy or hope. We employed ourselves in disguising this as well as we could from the dear Bishop, who was thrilled with all he had said and seen. He had done everything which a man could do, and I hope it was worth while to have had, at least once, brought an appeal from America, in the name of Christianity straight to the Emperor's soul. But I can't say that I think anything that I know of practically followed. We never heard of it again. Can we hope that the admirable way in which of late years Russia has governed its own Armenians was at all the fruit?

An authoritative statement of the Bishop's mission to the Czar was forced from him contrary to his wishes. Great secrecy had been preserved both before and after the presentation of the petition, lest publicity should cause the purely religious character of the petition to be questioned and so weaken its effect. But the correspondent of a Chicago newspaper got hold of the facts and violated a pledge of secrecy by cabling them to her paper. Bishop Satterlee and his English advisers then decided that the safest course left open was to publish the story.

Just what the value of the mission was cannot be measured. But it goes down in history as one of those instinctive protests against a great wrong that are an

honor to those who utter them, in that they powerfully confront men in power with the responsibility that belongs to them by virtue of their office and opportunity.

The last echo of the Bishop's mission we find in connection with the admission of Armenian refugees into America, in the fall succeeding his return. Fleeing from further persecution a number of these refugees, including women and children, took passage for the country which almost from the date of its discovery had become an asylum for the religiously oppressed. Upon arrival in New York harbor the Commissioner of Immigration refused their admission without further certification as to their character. The tyranny that drove them from the home of their fathers was sufficient to explain their destitution and squalor. Prince Bebontoff, representative of the Catholicos, or the Supreme Patriarch of all the Armenians, getting word of the dilemma in which his people had been placed, turned to Bishop Satterlee as their logical champion. A cable was dispatched testifying to their moral character, which took the Bishop to President McKinley, and in the afternoon of the same day (October 31) he proceeded to New York to see the anxious refugees released from detention on the "Obdam." "It was a relief to all sympathizers with our suffering fellow Christians in the East, that these refugees with their families were allowed to land on our shores." ¹

¹ Bishop's *Journal*, 1896-1897.

CHAPTER XI

RES SEVERÆ

1896-1898

*The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!*

RUDYARD KIPLING

BISHOP SATTERLEE'S sojourn abroad, as we have seen, was far from being a respite from active responsibility. It would have been difficult to have found a more anxious errand than that which occupied much of his vacation time. But his superb physique was built for burden bearing, and it was not until 1904, after the only grave illness of his life prior to that which caused his death, that he was obliged to heed the behests of the body. Then, too, as in the case of most big natures, he found recreation in the variety of work which claimed his attention. He had early acquired that blessed faculty of excluding, for the time being, all other interests except the duty of the moment. His intensity was at once exhausting and reviving. He gave to his work all that there was in him to give, and in return received from each separate task all the freshness, interest and momentum it held in its gift. It would be unfair to say that there was no distinction between great and small in his estimate of duties. That would be to impugn his sense of proportion and to accuse him of quixotry. On the other hand his largeness of soul exalted little things and added dignity to them. He could move from the court of kings and the transaction of world affairs to the humble sphere of rural or negro work without a sense of

being let down or a depreciation of true values. He came back from intercourse with royalty and celebrities, such as Gladstone whom he visited at Hawarden, to the routine work of his diocese, with the same readiness and eagerness with which he had gone from the quiet of a holiday to the excitement of a mission.

At the Sesqui-Centennial Anniversary of Princeton University, which was celebrated on October 22 of this year, he was honored with the degree of D.D. A month later we find him (November 19) delivering the opening address of the Church Congress in Norfolk, Va., when he took for his subject his favorite topic — “Characteristics of New Testament Churchmanship.”

The anniversary of his election (December 6) was marked by his formally entering upon a concordat (signed November 29) with St. Mark's Church, Washington, by the terms of which it became the pro-Cathedral. The Bishop felt that, until such time as the Cathedral was built, it was of importance that he should have a church for the performance of episcopal acts, and where he could have a pulpit at his disposal. To him the idea of a Cathedral was not based upon tradition but necessity, for the more expeditious and successful performance of the duties of his office. His association with St. Mark's and the Rev. W. L. De Vries, Ph.D., who was instituted as rector on this same occasion, was one of the happiest relationships of his episcopate. The concordat was terminated after five years, because of an exigency that made it desirable to move the Bishop's Chair to another church. The pro-Cathedral began with a staff of three clergy — the Rev. Dr. De Vries, the Rev. C. H. Hayes, afterwards and until his death Professor of Apologetics in the General Theological Seminary, and the Rev. P. M. Rhineland, one of his Calvary boys, now Bishop of Pennsylvania. “Dr. Walpole¹ told me that these are the three most brilliant minds, or rather most intellectual

¹ Formerly Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the General Theological Seminary, now Bishop of Edinburgh.

men who have been at the Seminary in the last decade, and I am thankful to say that we all have the same ideal about New Testament Churchmanship, and the work that is before us.”¹ The intimacy of the relationship between the Bishop and these young clergy is brought out in this letter to Dr. De Vries:

TO DR. DE VRIES

Aug. 27, 1898.—I have just received your answer to my letter, and I want to reply at once for I am pained that I have pained you. You have taken my words too seriously or rather, not exactly in the same way in which they were written. You must trust me just as implicitly, unreservedly as I trust you. I try to be just as loyal to you and Hayes and Rhinelander as I am sure you all are to me. I make no difference between you, and I speak to you each one just as unreservedly as I do to Churchill. Of course, I feel deeply, gratefully your loyalty to me as a father-in-God. And it is because I want to be a *real* father-in-God to you that I sometimes speak very plainly my innermost thoughts about your faults. It is for your own good and because I love you so truly. I am not going to say a word more on this subject just now, because written words somehow seem so different from spoken words. Only, my dear William, be sure that you and I understand one another perfectly, and that if we ever do have a talk upon this subject it will be the reverse of painful. It will be affectionately confidential on both sides like all our previous talks.

With such a staff St. Mark's was bound to move from strength to strength.

On December 26 he writes to Mrs. Pyne:

When I forget the past and look forward to the future, I feel that all thought of personal loneliness should give place to those of God's work. A year ago to-day I was hesitating whether I ought to accept the bishopric of Washington, and now, I am looking back upon the most valuable year of my whole earthly experience. The work and opportunities of this diocese surpass all I had anticipated or even dreamed of.

¹ From a letter to Mrs. Pyne.

His journal shows that he was already actively interested in civic affairs. The Central Relief Committee and the Sanitary Improvement Association secure his interest and aid. We find him inspecting Washington alleys in company with the Surgeon-General of the Army (General Sternberg).

Soon after his return from abroad he began those personal instructions to the colored candidates for the Ministry at King Hall, which ceased only when King Hall was closed toward the end of his life. His contribution toward the negro problem is dealt with in another chapter. But let it be said here that, though other men may reach a more conspicuous achievement in relation to the fulfilment of this national responsibility, none will ever carry to it a purer motive or more unbroken faithfulness.

It was in 1896 that the famous Bull on the validity of Anglican Orders, known as *Apostolicæ Curæ*, was published by Pope Leo XIII. The *Responsio* of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, addressed to the universal episcopate, met with Bishop Satterlee's unqualified endorsement. He felt that the Bull was "an act of intrusion upon the home life of our national churches of England and America." He suggests to "our people, and especially and most earnestly to our clergy, a careful and systematic study of the historic points in the Pope's letter, *Apostolicæ Curæ*, and, also in the pamphlet entitled, 'A Last Word on Anglican Ordinations,' by the Rev. Salvadore Brandi, 'Set Forth With a Special Brief from the Supreme Pontiff Approving the Work;' comparing statements of each with the records of the Early Church, and of Roman Ordinations themselves, before the Eleventh Century. After these have been mastered, I commend to your perusal the answer to the Papal Bull recently set forth by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. Note the fact, that although the latter is a document of this Nineteenth Century it has the same genuine ring of truthfulness and a true Apostolic spirit, that sounds so clearly in the Epistles of the New Testament. It is,

perhaps, not too much to say, that the Bishop of Rome, by this last act, has isolated the Papacy and cut it off from all participation in the coming reunion of Christendom. Furthermore, instead of accomplishing his own purpose, his letter will serve, on the contrary, to create a more general recognition and better understanding of the historic character of the Anglican Communion.”¹

Just before sailing for England to attend the Lambeth Conference (June 9, 1897) his *alma mater*, Columbia University, conferred upon Bishop Satterlee the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The Conference convened on June 30 and closed on August 2. This was the only Lambeth Conference which Bishop Satterlee attended. His death happened on the eve of the next Conference, when his mind and prayers were full of it.

The Lambeth Conference of 1897 was especially notable as commemorating the landing of St. Augustine of Canterbury at Ebbsfleet in 597. Pilgrimages were made to St. Augustine's landing place and to Glastonbury, the shrine of the ancient British Church. In addition to the ecclesiastical celebration, England was in gala attire to do honor to Queen Victoria on the sixtieth anniversary of her reign. Great aspirations were soaring for Church and Empire. The conclusion of the Jubilee ushered in the beginning of the Conference. Those who gathered in Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, July 4, will never forget the earnest sermon of the Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton) with its prophetic warnings culminating in the dramatic words of Kipling's "Recessional" which had just been written.

The dominating figure at the Conference was its presiding officer the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple). His rugged manhood was without superfluous embellishments, and if the character for justice, given him by the schoolboys of Rugby many years before when he was Headmaster, had not been sustained in life, his mode of presiding might have earned him un-

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1897, p. 57.

complimentary criticism. But his conscious and unconscious humor, undimmed by his seventy-six years, added to his rough fairness, left him *facile princeps* among his brethren. The air was full of delicious stories of his hospitality, his brusquerie and his dry sayings. All the while he was exercising that steady spiritual influence which a strong character radiates. No one left without having received inspiration from contact with this "granite" Cornishman.

The whole temper of the Conference was Augustinian in the sense of missionary. Bishop Satterlee was deeply stirred by it, while himself contributing to it.

The spiritual climax of the Conference was not reached until the day before final adjournment. When we came to that part of the Encyclical which related to foreign missions, and when, in answer to some objections regarding over-statement, the Archbishop of Canterbury spake out his deep convictions regarding this subject, his words rang out like an echo of New Testament times. When, in clarion tones, he proclaimed that, in his judgment, the primary commission of Christ to His Church was, "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation*" (R. V.); that our Church, notwithstanding all she had done in the past, through her foreign and domestic missionary societies, had not, as yet, begun to discharge the responsibility that the Lord had laid upon her, and that she was still far below the level of New Testament energy, it became evident at once that he had expressed the dominant thought in every breast.

The experiences of that hour were bewildering in their fulness. It was as though a sudden flash of light had come revealing the thoughts of all hearts. It was nothing less than a revelation of the supreme aim of the whole Anglican Communion: and in the glow of the moment, bishops from different parts of the world arose and said that if they had come from their far distant dioceses for nothing else, the inspiration of this one afternoon would repay them for their journey to Lambeth.¹

Bishop Satterlee was one of the "invited speakers" on the "Office of the Church with Respect to Industrial

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1898, pp. 27, 28.

Problems." The Bishop of Minnesota (Dr. Whipple) gave his utterance a high place: "One of the most remarkable speeches of the Conference was made by the Bishop of Washington, Dr. Satterlee, on the social problems connected with the employer and the employed, the key note of which was that men do not need charity: they need what the Gospel of Christ gives them, brotherhood as the children of one Father." The place he occupied at the Conference and the impression he made are best described in the following letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson, then Bishop of Winchester and one of the Episcopal Secretaries of the Conference) to Mrs. Rhinelanders:

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

You ask me for any reminiscences of your father's place and part in the Lambeth Conference of 1897. No one certainly who took part in that memorable gathering can fail to carry "pointed in his remembrance" the eager and uplifting words, the commanding presence and mien, the deep and obvious earnestness of the leader who threw himself with purpose so whole-hearted into the advocacy of what came afterwards to be known as the "Lambeth Quadrilateral," a new basis of possible union and co-operation for those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. We learn now that opinions differ as to the adequacy or the permanence of those proposals, but there will I think be no difference of opinion or of recollection as to the power, we ought perhaps to say the glamour, of his words, both on committees and in Conference. You will know better than others how the thought abode with him in after years, and how it even found utterance in the solid stones of the great Cathedral which he planned.

Some of us had known him fairly well before that year of Conference. We had not forgotten—we have not forgotten now—the memorable visit to St. Petersburg, a visit, or rather a self-imposed mission, carried into effect with characteristic thoroughness and perseverance in face of difficulties and discouragements which would have daunted, and had daunted, other men.

His letters too, aglow sometimes with Apostolic fervour, had been frequent—some of them will I hope find a place in your

volume, and it is a delight to us who saw too little of him in after days, to recall the occasions, down to the very end of his life, when he allowed us to share, in that way, his splendid visions for the upbuilding and the work of the great Cathedral with which, as the centuries run on, his name will always be associated. To few men besides himself would it have occurred to give expression, in actual tangible stones, to the imperishable facts of our present-day associations with the foundation shrines of the Church's story. "Sentiment" if you will, but the kind of sentiment which in hands or brains like his, become a teaching force of quite immeasurable strength. Among the unforgettable days in my own life, a notable place belongs to that Sunday afternoon in 1904, when in the presence of a great multitude, I was allowed to stand beside him, and to join my prayers with his upon that holy ground. I have not known many men of whom so truly as of your father it can be said, that personal fellowship with him has the power to make one in all sincerity, "thank God and take courage."

Shortly after his arrival in England he met Prince Andronikoff, a Russian nobleman, who had aided him in his mission to the Czar. Among the Bishop's mementoes of the Conference is a pencilled note reading:

Your Grace: Will you come if you please with Mrs. Satterlee to me at $7\frac{1}{4}$ o'clock. We shall go to the Cathedral of St. Isaak. I am not well these days.

Quite yours,
M. M. ANDRONIKOFF.

Also a devout pamphlet from his pen, in Russian, entitled "Thoughts of a Christian before Confession," bearing the inscription "To my dear Bishop of Washington with the hope that he won't forget the author in his prayers, London, 16th July, 1897. Prince Michael Andronikoff."

The following letters have to do with the Conference:

TO DR. DE VRIES

Lambeth Palace, S. E. July 11, 1897. — I am writing on one of the Sunday intervals of the Conference. The work is harder

than I anticipated and I do not know that we shall have a day's rest. Indeed I have had to cancel all engagements out of town to attend committee meetings. 198 Bishops are present and we are now engaged in committee work. I am on three. 1. Industrial Problems, 2. International Arbitration, 3. Sisterhoods. The opening services were very impressive, especially the one at Canterbury Cathedral. We have been staying with the Bishop of Rochester, and if he comes to Washington in Oct. he will preach for us in St. Mark's, and he and Gore will stay with me. Phil has acted as my chaplain twice and has been getting information for me regarding Oxford House, Mansfield House, Toynbee Hall etc. etc. I think he has been doing very good work and am glad he came to do it.

I, too, have found my visit very fruitful and educational. The Colonial Bishops I find are quite as closely in sympathy with us Americans as with the English, and are quite as independent. I shall tell you some of the details when I see you. We don't lose much time and I find it very hard to make space for letter writing.

We have been at several garden parties and are going to more. Bishop of London's, Winchester's, Archbishop of Canterbury's etc. On Tuesday next the Conference will have an audience with the Queen at Windsor, and last week the Lord Mayor gave us all a dinner — 500 guests. It was a unique occasion. The Bishops are preaching at all the Churches and Cathedrals [he himself preached at St. Saviour's, Southwark and at Canterbury] and it seems very strange to see so many American faces. Tonight Bishop Walker preached at Westminster Abbey and we have just returned from the service.

TO MRS. PYNE

London, Aug. 10, '97. — The Lambeth Conference is over and I have sent you by mail a copy of the Encyclical and Reports as I know you will enjoy them. I am so glad that I came, for the Conference has been an education to me and to us all. It gives one an overwhelming consciousness of the Unity and growth of the Anglican Communion to meet bishops from all parts of the world; to know not only their faces and voices, but their very thoughts and to feel that they will go back to labour in all parts of the world with the same aims and aspirations that we in America cherish so earnestly. The colonial bishops I find

are as much in sympathy with *us* as with the English Bishops: and we need not fear that our Americans will be Anglicised: they may be to a degree, but not more than the English Bishops are becoming Americanized, and colonialized, the influences work both ways.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is a great man, and a most spiritual man; under his presidency the Conference became more and more earnest as day followed day until the afternoon before we adjourned. The subject then was Foreign Missions and Archbishop Temple rose to a New Testament level when he declared that the Church had not, for centuries, realized her God-given responsibility regarding missions. One colonial bishop after another rose, — when he delivered his ringing, Apostolic message, — and said that if they had come to the Conference for nothing else, *that* afternoon would repay them; and that they would go back to their missionary work remembering the Archbishop's words to the end of their days.

The English have been most kind to all our bishops. I have never met with more profuse and cordial hospitality. Last Sunday Mrs. Satterlee, Constance and myself spent at Farnham Castle with the Bishop of Winchester and his wife, (you know he married the daughter of Archbishop Tait) and Mrs. Benson, the widow of the last Archbishop of Canterbury, was staying there. After Archbishop Tait's death, Archbishop Benson took Davidson for his own chaplain, and Mrs. Benson asked Miss Tait to make her future home in Lambeth, which she did for over ten years.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that the Rector of Tuxedo was with me at the last great service of the Conference.

Phil Rhinelanders has acted as my chaplain up to the adjournment. He went with me to Canterbury and elsewhere, but had to leave for France the end of July. So Grenville Merrill took his place there. He and his mother were staying on the opposite side of Half Moon St., and we saw a great deal of them in the short time they were here. Then Merrill and I went down to Glastonbury together, where they had a concluding service to commemorate the old *British* church. The opening service was at Canterbury or rather Ebbsfleet where St. Augustine the Bishop to the Saxon or *English* church first landed. The Glastonbury service was unique, there were over one hundred bishops and seven hundred clergy all in surplices, marching

through the quiet village street to the Abbey, and then we all entered the Abbey park, went up the ruined aisle of the Abbey, and, seated on chairs upon the grassy sward, with the dismantled Early English wall around us, we held the greatest service that even Glastonbury in its palmyest days ever witnessed. I shall never forget the picturesque scene; it was truly prophetic of the growth of the Anglican church.

Now, once more, a change has come, and Mrs. Benson and Miss Tait are going to live together at Winchester, they are at present staying with the Davidsons for several months. Indeed, it is one of the rarest instances of hallowed Christian friendship I have ever seen. And our visit to Farnham Castle has shown us what lives of naturalness and simplicity and Christian devotion the leaders of the Church of England are really living. Every one says that if the Queen outlives Dr. Temple, the Bishop of Winchester will be the next Archbishop of Canterbury. I thought he was an opportunist, but I find him one of the most humble minded of all the English bishops.

A fortnight has not passed since the Conference adjourned, yet already two of the bishops who were with us day by day, have been called from the church below to the church triumphant. Both were holy men,—Bickersteth of Japan, and Walsham How of Wakefield; truly "in the midst of life we are in death."

An ecclesiastical trial is the least desirable of undesirable experiences for a diocesan. Bishop Satterlee had to face this responsibility in a complicated form. Not only was the case itself difficult and intricate, but the canon law of the Church was at that time so inadequate, that an accused man had no guarantee of receiving substantial justice. The trial, in this instance, attracted more than local interest on account of the fundamental principles involved. It was carried from the ecclesiastical to the civil courts and more than four years elapsed before it was finally disposed of. During that time feeling ran high on both sides. Among those whose judgment ran strongly counter to the proceedings and findings of the Bishop and ecclesiastical court, were such men as the Rev. Dr. McKim, the Rev. Dr. Harding

(the present Bishop of Washington) and the Rev. (now Archdeacon) R. P. Williams.

The salient points in the case were these. A priest of the Diocese, rector of a church in Washington, was tried in an ecclesiastical court for certain offences, for which he was citable under the canons, and was convicted. The Bishop approved the findings of the court and pronounced the sentence of deposition. A request for a rehearing was denied. Whereupon the deposed priest turned for relief to the civil court. The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to which he appealed issued a writ of certiorari against the demurrer of the Bishop of Washington, that "the proceedings of an ecclesiastical court may not be reviewed by the civil courts of the land, and that the jurisdiction of the former was absolute within the domain of spiritualities, in which alone it purported to judge."¹

From this decision the Bishop appealed to the Court of Appeals. The Court of Appeals reversed the decision of the lower court, and the petition of the deposed priest was dismissed.

The official summary of the decision, delivered by Mr. Chief Justice Alvey in the Court of Appeals, follows herewith, except that the first section is somewhat condensed.

1. Charges of immorality preferred against a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church "are within ecclesiastical cognizance and jurisdiction; and that being so, there can be no serious question as to the right and power of the General Convention of the Church to make and enforce, through the courts of the Diocese, Canon 2, of Title 2, of the General Convention, providing that ministers of the Church shall be liable to presentment and trial 'for . . . crime or immorality.'

"2. Where the subject-matter of the judgment or determination of an ecclesiastical court, attempted to be brought under review by a civil court, is of ecclesiastical cognizance, as is the subject-matter of the judgment in the present case, the judgment of the ecclesiastical court is conclusive, and no civil court has jurisdiction or power to revise it, or to question its correctness.

¹ *The Living Church* (Dec. 20, 1902).

"3. There is no vested property right in a clergyman to exercise the function of his ministerial office to the end that he may earn and receive a salary for his services. The right to receive the salary is dependent upon the continued performance of his duties as minister; and if he becomes disqualified by suspension or deposition from office, for any ecclesiastical offense, the right to receive salary will cease as the consequence of the judgment against him.

"4. The deposition of a minister as the result of his being convicted by an ecclesiastical court of an offense cognizable by that court, thereby depriving him of the right of earning a salary as such minister, does not involve a property right so as to give the civil courts jurisdiction to review the judgment of the ecclesiastical court.

"5. Mere irregularity in the formation of the court does not justify the interference of the civil court for the purpose of correcting irregularities or errors in the proceedings.

"6. The refusal of the ecclesiastical court to entertain a challenge taken by the accused to one of the members of the court, or the supposed insufficiency of the evidence upon which the accused could be convicted under the provisions of the canon, are questions of procedure, depending upon the judgment of the ecclesiastical court, over which the civil courts can exercise no power of revision or control."¹

Irrespective of the question of guilt or innocence, the accused did not receive just treatment at the hands of the Church. The Bishop, who had appeared in the trial as a witness, was the only reviewing authority of the findings of the court, which he approved. Through culpable dilatoriness, which was not remedied until the General Convention of 1904, the Church made no provision for courts of review or appeal.² This defect drove the accused to seek redress in the civil courts. The Supreme Court gave the Bishop that right of appeal, of which he availed himself, but which had been denied the accused by the trial court of the Church. Of course the

¹ *The Living Church* (Dec. 20, 1902).

² The constitutional provision for a Final Court of Appeal has not yet taken canonical shape.

Court of Appeals did not, and in the nature of the case could not, consider the evidence brought before the ecclesiastical trial court. It confined itself to the question of jurisdiction and gave judgment in the premises. Thus it was that superior equity in the secular courts put to shame canon law that neglected to give due protection to an accused man. A properly constituted Court of Review or of Appeals in the Church would have cleared up the real or alleged irregularities and defects in the character and proceedings of the trial court, as well as prevented, so far as legal provisions can prevent, a miscarriage of justice.

Whatever errors of judgment in this case may be urged against Bishop Satterlee, he had no other thought than that of administering justice and equity. Defective canon law first deflected his judicial sense, and then made him a scapegoat. Only his most intimate friends knew that he was acting under the constant advice of two eminent jurists and churchmen. When it was urged upon him in view of the attacks and criticisms that were aimed at him, that he should make this fact known, he refused on the score that the responsibility was his, and he would not shift it in any wise to other shoulders. He refused to be drawn into public controversy, and his lips were sealed in the matter till the day of his death.

In 1914 new evidence in this case was submitted to Dr. Satterlee's successor which enabled the Bishop of Washington to reinstate the accused as a priest of the Church.

The one good thing that has come out of this painful affair is the decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia that an ecclesiastical court is supreme within its jurisdiction.

CHAPTER XII

WAR AND PEACE

1898

*Light against darkness, Liberty
Against all dark old despotism, unsheathed
The sword in that great hour.
For now the last wild tale
Swept like another dawn across the deep;
And, in that dawn, men saw the slaves of Spain*

*.
Burst from their chains, erect, uplifting hands
Of rapture to the glad new light that then,
Then first, began to struggle thro' the clouds
And crown all manhood with a sacred crown
August — a light which, though from age to age
Clouds may obscure it, grows and still shall grow,
Until that Kingdom come, that grand Communion,
That Commonweal, that Empire, which still draws
Nigher with every hour, that Federation,
That turning of the wasteful strength of War
To accomplish large and fruitful tasks of peace,
That gathering up of one another's loads
Whereby the weak are strengthened and the strong
Made stronger in the increasing good of all.*

ALFRED NOYES

THE Spanish-American War came as a shock to the Bishop's peace-loving temperament. But he was convinced that the real motive of the nation in resorting to extreme measures rang true. He was not blind to the fact that there were wheels within wheels — that jingoism, commercial intrigue, territorial covetousness, the spirit of revenge stirred by the destruction of the U.S. battleship "Maine," were agitating for war. On the other hand he trusted the moral rectitude of the whole of the people in such a decision, and accepted the action of the President, who more than any occupant of the White House in recent years had his ear to the

ground and accurately interpreted the mind of the country at large, as justifiable. "We are fighting this battle because we recognize that Brotherhood of Man which knows no national boundaries or distinctions; because we recognize the truth that if one nation suffer all the nations suffer with it; because we believe in and are determined to guard and protect those ruling ideas of civilization which are the common heritage of all Christian nations."¹ Naturally his mind found a contrast between the apathy of Europe in the presence of the persecuted Armenians, and the fire of America when, after much long suffering, the misrule of the Spaniards in Cuba reached a climax.

What all Europe refused to do for down-trodden Armenia, we in America are doing for the down-trodden Cubans. In this the verdict of future history will undoubtedly be against civilised Europe, and in favor of civilised America; and if so, we are now making a record and precedent in the history of the world that will be far-reaching in its beneficent results.

Indeed, it may be that, in God's Providence, our nation, in all this, is an instrument, in His hands, for hastening the day when that prayer of the ages shall be answered:

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."²

Up to the last moment Bishop Satterlee prayed and hoped for an honorable way out of the trouble without resorting to arms. On March 24, 1898, just one month before Spain declared war, he addresses this letter to President McKinley:

My dear Mr. President: As one of the many who have been cheered by your firm course, and who deprecate war, may I offer one suggestion?

In the War of the Rebellion President Lincoln simply began by sending ships with provision for the relief of the starving garrison on Fort Sumter: the first gun was fired from the other side, and the whole North arose as one man.

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1898, p. 26.

² *Ibid.*, p. 26.

To-day the Cubans are starving; if relief were sent to them by us, not in a small way, but in a great way, as a national measure, and the first gun were, once more, fired from the other side, what would be the inevitable result?

Respectfully yours,

HENRY Y. SATTERLEE.

Of course this letter requires no answer.

Under April 11 the following entry occurs in his *Journal*.

“Officiated at the first corporate communion of the Bishop’s Guild in St. Alban’s Church. Observed the mid-day hour prayer for Missions, and also this service was rendered peculiarly impressive from the fact that all those present were praying for the peace of the world, and especially peace in our own land, at the very moment when the President’s long-expected Cuban Message was being delivered to Congress.”

On April 12 the Bishop wrote a sympathetic letter to the President, enclosing a copy of the prayer authorized for use in the Diocese during the continuance of the War.

There is also an interesting note in the Bishop’s *Private Record* which is worth preserving among pre-war incidents:

In September, 1897, the War with Spain seemed imminent. When at this time Commodore Dewey was ordered, at his own request, to take charge of the fleet at Japan, the day he left Washington one of the Justices met him on F Street and said: “Commodore, it looks as though the Spanish War were coming.” “It certainly does,” was Dewey’s answer. “I suppose,” said the Justice, “that the first battle will be fought at Havana.” “No,” said the Commodore, “it will be fought at Manila.” “What do you mean?” said the Justice; to which Dewey replied: “If I have anything to do with it, I shall sail over in the night and capture Manila before breakfast.”

The Bishop’s summers were always spent in part at least, sometimes altogether, in Twilight Park among the Catskill Mountains. He began to go to this beautiful retreat in 1892 and for several years subsequently he and

his family came as visitors. Then he bought a house which afterwards was his summer home. It was a simple, rustic building, perched high on the mountain-side, fittingly called "The Eyrie." Here he drew in great, deep breaths of inspiration and health. He soon made his presence felt as a pastor. Services were begun in a rented room. Then the Park donated land for a church, which was built by contributions from summer residents. It is characteristic of the Bishop that he rented "The Eyrie" for a year, in order to give the money thus raised to the church. All Angels' was consecrated and given to the Diocese of Albany in 1913. The building is architecturally suited to its beautiful rustic surroundings and stands as a memorial, not only to the pastor who never forgot to feed the flock, but also to the master-builder, who was under perpetual constraint to build while he lived.

Two days after the destruction of the Spanish fleet Bishop Satterlee wrote this merry letter to his friend Mr. Grinnell:

THE EYRIE. TWILIGHT PARK
THE CATSKILLS

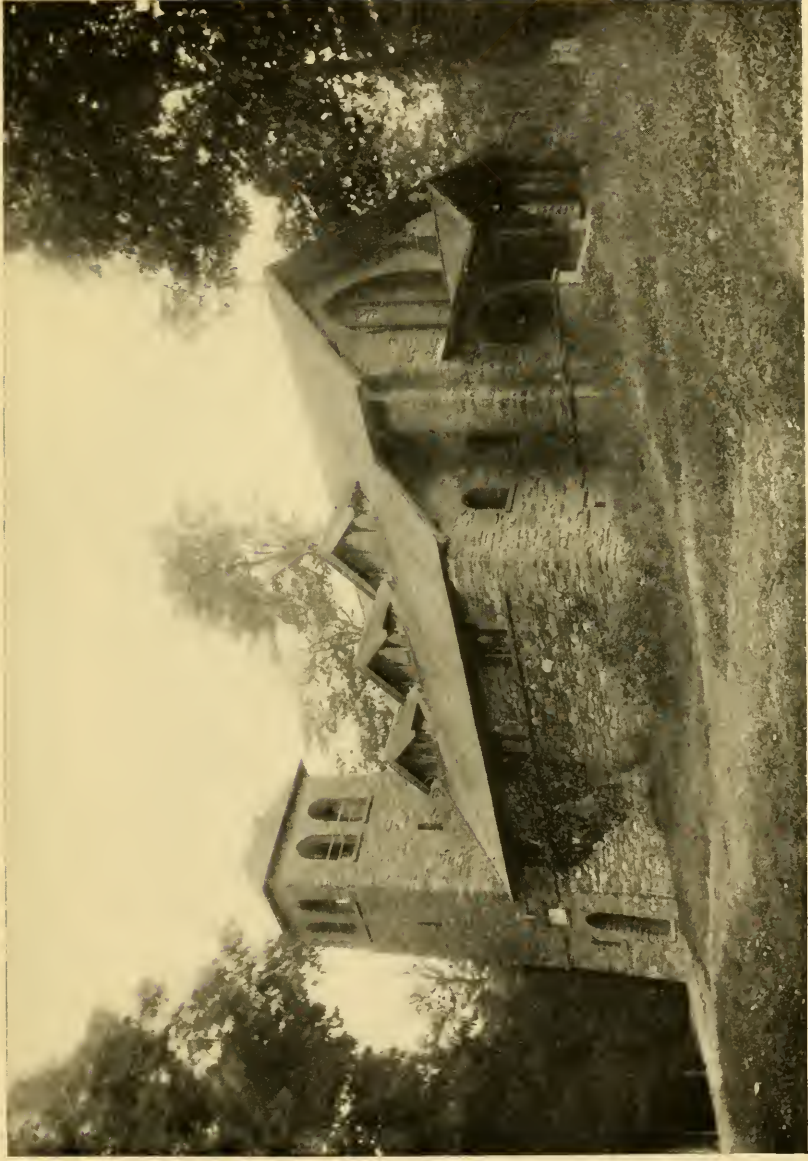
JULY 5 (1898).

Dear Mr. Grinnell: Yes, there you are again! You old Spaniard you — with your Cadizian sophistry: Carramba! Terra del Fuego! But I'll be even with you yet: I'll Santiago you, Manila you — Porto Rico you, yet: see if I don't!

How do you like the change in the weather? O how I pitied all in the valley on Sunday. Here it was 89° at 8 A.M. — ditto yesterday morning. I thought the Catskills were going to become suddenly a volcano, but the clerk of the weather thought differently.

To-day at 8 A.M. it was 62° and we are shivering with cold. I am writing to you before a West window of the nearest room to old Sol, with my back filling the window in the broad sunlight to keep warm. If my hand shakes it is because I am so chilly.

Yesterday we had a "rally" at Colonel Lathers, sang 4th of July songs, and I made a splendid spread eagle oration 45 sec-



MEMORIAL CHURCH OF ALL ANGELS, TWILIGHT PARK

onds long. I got ahead this time of the Revd. Cream Cheese Union Chapelman, who spoke 45 minutes more or less, while we sweltered and fanned ourselves with paper American flags.

But isn't it a splendid victory? The news came to us just at Oration time, and what fireworks we sent up! 1776-1863-1898. Gettysburg — Vicksburg — Santiago — Cervara [*sic*] — hurrah! There you have the whole report of the thrilling doings at Col. Lathers.

But seriously, — Isn't it remarkable the way that the American Navy is making its mark. The future history of America will be altered by the remembrance of Manila and Santiago.

I cannot tell you how long the remembrance of your delightful visit will linger. We have a whole cluster of new Netherwood Memories now inscribed in our earthly book of life, and I thank you and Mrs. Grinnell a thousand times for your delicate consideration and affectionate renewing of the past. I was glad to be alone in dear old Zion Church on Sunday, with you as lay reader: and equally glad to meet the rector on Monday. It was just right. The only wrong thing that happened was that I left behind the paper cutter Mrs. Grinnell gave me on the . . . Anniversary of June 30. Will you please send it. I thought it was in the pocket of my coat, but alas —. With love from us both to you both, I am

Your attached friend,

H. Y. SATTERLEE.

P. S. I found such scores of letters when I arrived that I had to engage a type writer, or rather a writer without the type, I have been writing and dictating ever since I came here, hence my delay in writing you, *hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

It was in due recognition of the dignity of the new Diocese that the first General Convention after its organization should meet in the country's Capital. Just before it convened, the site on Mount St. Alban¹ for the

¹ The following historical note taken from the *Washington Times* (October 24, 1898) is full of interest:

"An interesting history is connected with the site of the proposed Cathedral. In the earlier part of the century Mt. St. Alban was owned by Joseph Nourse, who was appointed by President Washington first registrar of the Treasury. Toward the middle of the century the mount was purchased as the site of a school for boys, under the name of 'St. John's Institute.' It met with little

National Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul was secured (September 7, 1898). Immediately the Bishop's busy mind searched for some way of marking the event. He found it in the singularly felicitous monument of the Peace Cross which nationalized the locality, and spiritualized the triumph of arms. At the same moment it threw into bold relief the idea of a National Cathedral which captured the imagination of General Convention. The day following, congratulatory resolutions were passed in both Houses. On motion of the Bishop of Delaware (Dr. Coleman) the House of Bishops

Resolved, That the members of this House express to the Bishop of Washington their earnest congratulations upon the happy inauguration of his Cathedral project, and their hearty prayers for God's continued and abundant blessings upon this part of his important work.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. H. W. Nelson the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies.

Resolved, That this House, mindful of yesterday's noble and most impressive service of the unveiling of the Cross of Peace

success, however, until Bishop Whittingham induced the Rev. Anthony Ten Broeck to remove his school from Orange, N.J., to the mount.

"A chapel was fitted up by Mr. Ten Broeck, in the second story of the school building, and used by the people of the neighborhood as a house of worship. Among the faithful attendants at the little upper room chapel was Miss Phoebe Nourse, a grand-daughter of Joseph Nourse, who was an active worker until a lingering illness kept her in bed for many months until death relieved her.

"At her death, among her personal effects was found a box inscribed: 'To be given to the Rev. Ten Broeck as the beginning of a fund for a free church at St. Alban.' In the box were forty gold dollars, the earnings of the devoted woman from needlework during her illness.

"In March, 1851, the first anniversary of Miss Nourse's death, ground for the church was broken, and the building progressed as rapidly as funds would permit. In 1853, however, owing to the inability of the trustees to redeem a mortgage, all the property passed out of the possession of the Church, except the little plat on which the edifice stood.

"It has gone into the hands of the Church again, however, with considerable more property, the whole thing being valued at \$245,000. A Cathedral School for Girls will be built, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst having donated \$200,000 for that purpose. The Cathedral Foundation was incorporated under a charter approved by Congress on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1893."

on the Cathedral grounds of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, gives joy to the Bishop of Washington for this formal and felicitous beginning of his great Cathedral work, in the success of which the whole Church will share, and in the doing of which the whole Church might well assist, and renders thanks to God that through the influence of the Christian faith, the old war cross, always a sign of war and desolation, is being more and more supplanted by Christ's blessed Cross of Peace.

Resolved, That this House recognizes with pleasure the presence of the President of the United States at the ceremonies of the unveiling of the Cross, and thanks him for the kindly and generous words he uttered.

As the story of the Peace Cross belongs to the "Coming of the Cathedral" a more detailed account of the ceremonies connected with its dedication is reserved for that chapter. *The Peace Cross Book* was afterwards published as a memorial of the occasion.

In a letter to Mrs. Pyne written on September 11, he says in referring to the war:

This war has been really a war *for peace*, and peace has come in answer to thousands of Christian prayers. It has brought

(1) Peace between the U. S. and Spain.

(2) " " North and South.

(3) " " England and America.

(4) Undoubtedly it has been one of the factors that caused the Emperor of Russia's proposition for peace.

Now I am in hope that we can have a simple cross of the Iona type seven or eight feet high, to commemorate this historic peace of 1898; erected on the site of the future Cathedral, and afterwards removed to some other part of the Cathedral grounds after the Cathedral itself is built, where it will stand for centuries as an object of ever increasing interest and historic value.

So far as the proceedings of this Convention were notable for anything, they were a step forward in breadth of vision and purpose. Of course the perennial questions of "the Change of Name," and marriage and divorce occupied much time. But what really counted was progress in the missionary spirit and outlook of the Church

and in the difficult matter of the revision of the Constitution. If this, or indeed any, Convention, were judged by its purely legislative achievements few would be worthy of a high place, nor would that of 1898 be among them. It is the conferential side that is, in such an assemblage, the most valuable. In this respect the Convention of 1898 was not a failure. Also by the nomination to the Presiding Bishop of the Rev. L. L. Kinsolving to be consecrated Bishop for the Church of the United States of Brazil, the Church settled the question as to her mind regarding so-called "intrusion" in Latin countries. This was a matter in which Bishop Satterlee never entertained a moment of uncertainty. The vocation of the Church of his allegiance demanded that in given circumstances she should organize in Roman Catholic countries. Nor was he looking for sectarian glory in advocating this course. He felt that true Catholicity demanded it.

That which made the General Convention of 1898 really remarkable was external to it. The Peace Cross, the pilgrimage to Jamestown¹ and the translation of the remains of Bishop Claggett, though incidental, attracted public attention and settled into history in a way that nothing else that occurred did. All three are closely connected with, and in part the result of, Bishop Satterlee's organizing genius and imaginative power. The first has already been alluded to. The second, the pilgrimage to Jamestown, was carried through by the Laymen's League of Washington. Almost the whole Convention adjourned thither *en masse*.

Jamestown, Va., was not only the cradle of colonial

¹ This celebration anticipated by nine years the centenary anniversary of the first Prayer Book service:

"The Three Hundredth Anniversary of the first Communion Service of our Prayer Book in the civilization of America at Jamestown in 1607, will fall on the Third Sunday after Trinity, June 16th. It is hoped that that day will be marked as a day of special thanksgiving in our Church throughout the United States; that it will be observed by a corporate Communion of Men, by the representation of the Men's Missionary Thank Offering for the foundation of our Church in this land, and in other appropriate ways." — The Bishop's annual address, *Diocesan Journal*, 1907, p. 31.

Christianity but also of government. It was the earliest permanent English settlement in America (founded in 1607) and here representative government was inaugurated in 1619, hand in hand, alas, with the introduction of negro slavery.¹ To quote from the admirable historical address delivered by the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim in Jamestown on the occasion of the pilgrimage (October 15):

There are events and facts which lie at the beginning of our national life that we have allowed to be all covered over with the dust of time and neglect. We should bring them out and use them and let the noble crest of our heritage be seen. One of them is the fact that within the walls of our old Jamestown Church, as Bancroft says, was first asserted on this continent the doctrine of "popular sovereignty." True Americanism was born here.²

The chief point of interest in Jamestown to-day is the ruined, ivy-clad tower, which is all that remains of the first parish church ever erected in America (1610).³

In Jamestown was celebrated for the first time on American soil the Holy Communion according to the English Liturgy, in an extemporized Church — "a pen of poles with a sail for a roof, and for a pulpit a bar lashed between two convenient trees" (June 21, 1607).⁴ Here Pocahontas, the Indian maid honored in history and verse, was made a member of Christ. Here, as Bishop Satterlee notes, "was laid the corner-stone of that parish life which has characterized our American Church so strongly in subsequent centuries."⁵

The service was held, and the addresses delivered,

¹ The first slaves came on the Dutch ship "Jesus"!

² From the report in the *Richmond Times*, October 16, 1898.

³ The first building, a crude edifice, was burned in the fire of 1608 which destroyed the Settlement.

⁴ Virginia Dare — what pathos and romance the name kindles! — was the first white child born in America (1587). She was baptized by the chaplain of the British man-of-war that carried away from Roanoke all but a remnant, of whom little Virginia was one, of Raleigh's colony. The remnant were never heard of again.

⁵ *Diocesan Journal*, 1899, p. 41.

in front of the old tower. The Bishop of Southern Virginia (Dr. Randolph), in whose diocese Jamestown is, gave the address of welcome, and was followed by the Rev. Dr. McKim, the Bishop of California (Dr. Nichols), and the Bishop of Massachusetts (Dr. Lawrence).

The third event was the translation of the remains of Bishop Claggett and his wife from Croom to Mount St. Alban. Bishop Satterlee's own words give an account of it:

On the last day of the Convention, Bishop Johnson, of Los Angeles, suggested that Bishop Claggett's remains should be transferred to the Cathedral close, and to my great surprise Bishop Dudley, instigated by him, moved that a committee of five bishops be appointed to prepare a proper monument. Then the Convention adjourned.

Knowing that the remains of Bishop Claggett ought to be translated at once, before differences of opinion could arise, I consulted Dr. Chew and his family, who own the farm where the remains were interned, and gained their consent. Then Mr. Bratenahl suggested that the day of all others for the translation was All Saints, less than a week off. I engaged the undertaker, and appointed two deacons, Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Thompson, to superintend the removal as witnesses for the Church. Then, when I went to the health officer for a permit, the greatest obstacle of all developed itself. He said it was positively against the law to have any interments save in an incorporated cemetery. I told him that the remains were that very Monday morning being exhumed and brought to Washington; that the vault in St. Alban's churchyard, behind the chancel, was nearly built, and that the whole service had been arranged. He remained firm. It was against the law. Then Mr. Glover and I pointed out to him that he had liberty to give a permit for a *temporary* interment. He acquiesced in this and gave a permit to December 31st. At 11 o'clock that night the Rev. Edward Johnson telephoned me that the remains had arrived in Washington. I at once telegraphed Bishop Paret and the whole Chew family that the service would take place the next afternoon, All Saints' Day, at three o'clock. Twelve clergy were present. The remains were deposited in sealed metallic boxes and these were enclosed in antique coffins, with large

crosses on the lids, for both Bishop and Mrs. Claggett. Both were before the chancel. The service was the Pro-Anaphora of the burial service of King Edward the Sixth's first Prayer Book, with the beatitudes instead of the Commandments, and the service at the grave was an adaptation of our burial service. Over fifty of Bishop Claggett's descendants were present, and all of them signed the parish register. Afterwards the burial permit was extended to December 31, 1899. Then a bill was drawn up by ex-Senator Edmunds and presented to Congress, permitting four interments a year in the Cathedral grounds.

Then I went with Mr. Glover to see the health officer and District Commissioner, to whom Congress had referred the bill. We explained its nature, and I wrote a letter stating that we only would ask permission to use the Cathedral as the English use Westminster Abbey. The Commissioners readily gave consent, and the bill was passed in the early part of the year 1900.

The resolution of the House of Bishops referred to is as follows:

Whereas, It has been represented to some of the Bishops attending this session of the General Convention, that the grave of the first Bishop of Maryland, the Rt. Rev. Thomas John Claggett, is not guarded by a monument appropriate to perpetuate the memory of a man who bore such relation to the very beginnings of our Ecclesiastical life; and

Whereas, There is eminent propriety that his remains should rest near the precincts of the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in this city; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five Bishops¹ shall be appointed by this House to whom shall be entrusted the work of raising a sufficient fund to provide for the removal and re-interment of the remains at such place as may be agreed upon in consultation with the Bishop of Washington, and the erection of a monument fitting to mark the grave of this Father of our Church, the first Bishop consecrated on the American continent.

The Right Rev. Thomas John Claggett, first Bishop of Maryland (1792-1816), was the fifth bishop in the

¹ The committee appointed were the Bishop of West Virginia, the Bishop of Kentucky, the Bishop of Maryland, the Bishop of Massachusetts, and the Bishop of Washington.

American succession and the first of any branch of the Catholic Church to be consecrated on American soil. He was the first chaplain of the U. S. Senate after the removal of the government to Washington. The inscription on his tomb was from the pen of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner."¹ The remains of the Bishop and his wife were deposited on All Saints' Day in a vault beneath the choir of St. Alban's Church "where they will repose until the canopied tomb decreed by the resolution of the House of Bishops is erected in the future Cathedral itself."²

Watching in the church by the side of the remains before their re-interment was the colored sexton, ninety-three years old, probably the only person living who had seen and known Bishop Claggett. As a child he had attended the Bishop's church.

¹ This is the inscription:

THOMAS JOHANNES CLAGGETT, D. D.
 MARYLANDIAE EPISCOPUS PRIMUS
 NATUS SEXTO NONIS OCTOBRIS
 ANNO SALUTIS
 1743
 ORDINATUS DIACONUS ET PRESBYTER
 LONDINI
 1767
 ET EPISCOPUS CONSECRATUS
 1792
 DECESSIT IN PACE CHRISTI
 QUARTO NONIS AUGUSTI
 1816
 FIDELITATE AT MANSUETUDINE
 ECCLESIAM REXIT
 MORIBUSQUE
 ORNAVIT
 UXORI LIBERISQUE SOCIISQUE
 MEMORIAM CLARISSIMAM:
 ET PATRIAE ET ECCLESIAE
 NOMEN HONORATUM
 DEDIT

² *The Building of a Cathedral*, p. 16. See also *The Peace Cross Book* which contains a sketch by Dr. Thomas Nelson Page.

The spring following, a brass tablet, in memory of Bishop Claggett, the inscription on which included the original Latin epitaph, was presented to St. Thomas' Church, Croom, by Bishop Satterlee.

CHAPTER XIII

VISIONS AND TASKS

1898-1901

*Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son.*

GEORGE MEREDITH

JUST before Christmas (1898) Bishop Satterlee fell and dislocated his elbow. Though it was painful and inconvenient, he kept busily at work. The National Cathedral School for Girls was to be erected at once and called for much attention. During the opening months of the new year, in addition to his diocesan duties, we find him active as a committee man of the Board of Missions, as an officer of the Church Temperance Society, and as a member of the Colored Commission. On January 22 he preached at the University of Virginia. Under March 11 is the following entry in his *Journal*:

At 11 A.M., the Committee on Army Chaplains, appointed by the last General Convention, and represented by the Bishop of Maryland, the Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, S.T.D., and the Rev. R. H. McKim, D.D., and myself, waited on the President of the United States. We petitioned him to refer all applications coming to him from clergy of our Church for positions as army chaplains, to the Bishop of Washington, for investigation. The President agreed, and also consented to allow two missionaries to be taken to Manila on government transports and at government cost.

Much of his reserve strength from now until 1905 was devoted to raising the debt on the Cathedral property. Though it weighed heavily on his mind and taxed his time, he did not allow it to interfere with his other interests and responsibilities. The plan of "Founders'

Certificates" was devised. The Bishop sent far and wide a circular letter on the subject, dated St. Paul's Day, 1899. In it he points out how—

All the great Christian bodies of this country are making strenuous efforts to centralize their power here in the Capital of the United States. No one can question the wisdom of such efforts, and it is therefore of the utmost importance, for the sake of the Church in America, that our Cathedral here should be built at the earliest possible moment.

To this end it is imperative that interest be aroused in the project throughout the length and breadth of the land.

He proceeds to narrate the various means already employed advantageously to this end, and states the amount still necessary to free the property of encumbrance (\$145,000).

While this amount would be met by 145 subscriptions of \$1,000 each, it is far more desirable that it be raised by \$10, or \$5, or even one dollar subscriptions. To this end a plan has been adopted by which every subscriber who gives one dollar or more for the purchase of this land is in fact purchasing and donating to the Cathedral for every dollar subscribed 5 square feet of the present site. A "Founder's Certificate" to this effect will be issued to every such subscriber.

He enclosed in his circular letter one from Senator Edmunds, written on the preceding St. Paul's Day:

1724 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

JAN. 25, 1898.

My dear Bishop: I was very glad to be present at the meeting of the Cathedral Board at your house the other day, and to hear your clear statement of the situation.

If our brother churchmen in every part of the country—especially those blessed with abundant means—could only realize the state of things, as you and I see it and know it, there would be, I am sure, no want of the material resources necessary to carry on the work with all the rapidity of which it is capable.

The Capital of this great nation is necessarily the pivotal point of national religious, as well as political, progress on the continent.

The astute and far-seeing authorities of Rome have seen it, and have established their headquarters at Washington, with a delegated authority that locates an almost dual Vatican in the District of Columbia, and thence conducts its propaganda in every part of the country, and exerts its powerful influence in every direction.

Our Church, the real lineal and historical descendant and successor of the primitive Apostolic Church, seems to fail to see our duty, and our opportunity, to establish our Protestant National Cathedral Foundation in the same central sphere of influence with the worship, the schools, the theological seminaries and the missionary work that are included in the idea and charter of our Cathedral Foundation.

I do most earnestly hope that our brethren everywhere may be led to understand the very great importance of the work at Washington, and help to the utmost of their abilities to carry it on.

Yesterday has gone; to-morrow is always to-morrow; to-day is the time for action.

Very faithfully yours,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

When the Bishop provided for an oratory in his own house there was some little misunderstanding on the part of the neighboring parish of St. Andrew's, as to the place it would hold ecclesiastically. When the Bishop made explanation, the Rector (the Rev. J. B. Perry) writes:

There rests upon us a great responsibility in trying to build up the Church in this part of the national capital assigned to us. A few weeks since we began refunding our debt and to anyone investing the question of territory under the jurisdiction of the authorities of the parish is of vital importance. There was a report that a free chapel or church was to be erected in connection with and near to the episcopal residence, situated, as you know, close to the centre of our Parish.

From your letter — as we understand it — you do not claim the right to conduct the public services in the episcopal residence,

and this was the assurance sought and we thank you for it; as it will quiet the fears of our people.

Permit me — dear Bishop — in conclusion to assure you — if you have any suspicion of antagonism from us, you are mistaken and that you will — if ever needed — receive from no congregation more loyal support than from the Rector and Vestry of St. Andrew's Parish.

To which the Bishop replies:

TO DR. PERRY

May 23rd, '99. — I have just received your letter, and it is a great relief to my mind, for I could not imagine what the real motive of writing it was. I never dreamed of building any chapel for public services; or making my own chapel the initiatory step of such a movement.

Of course if such had been my intention, the very first persons I should have consulted, would have been the Rector and the Vestry of St. Andrew's, because the welfare of your parish, is as dear to me, as it is to you. I share with you in spirit the burden of your debt, and you have my constant prayers that it may be lifted: — I might even go so far as to say, my daily prayers. I only wish I could co-operate in other ways.

Of course I understand the law about places where public church services are held. As for my chapel it is distinctly, a private chapel, the entrance to which is through my own front door. It is only used in the same way that bishops from time immemorial have used their family chapels; and I need not tell you what a privilege it is for me to have a place where I can conduct daily family prayers, celebrate the Holy Communion, and administer such occasional episcopal offices and services, as need may require.

I cannot help but feel that the blessing from God will go out from this place in the Bishop's House, where prayer is wont to be made, for your own parish, and all the parishes of this Diocese.

This year (1899) Bishop Satterlee published *New Testament Churchmanship*.¹ As one of the reviewers said, the author "must be a man of unusual energy and activity, as in addition to administering the affairs of his large

¹ Longmans, Green, & Co.

and important diocese, he finds time to write so elaborate and thorough a work as" this. The Bishop's sense of humor was evidently tickled by some of the reviews. In the volume in which he pasted the notices of his book there are two side by side, one of which begins: "The Episcopal bishop of Washington is so *low*¹ a churchman that we should think some of his colleagues would be disturbed." Its neighbor says on the contrary: "This volume belongs in a class of devout *high*¹ church publications which in spite of all their limitations, command our respect and sympathy." Both were in Protestant church journals! Another supercilious (English) review says: "A writer who elects to stand aloof from all schools of theological thought, and take up an independent position of his own, must be very sure of his ground."

Homer did a little nodding *in re* fasting communion, in the treating of which the "natural" fast before communion was confused with the disciplinary, or "ecclesiastical," fast. The following letter from Canon Gore is upon this subject:

August 17, '99. — Many thanks for your volume which I have not yet thoroughly read, but with which I am sure I shall greatly sympathize. If I may venture to say it, on the matter of fasting communion quite apart from opinion as to what is desirable, I fear you have not quite got at all the facts. The rule of fasting communion is already in the Canon of Hippolytus (*circa* 200 A.D.) quite strongly recognized and enforced, and in the 4th century there is a case of conscience as to whether swallowing a drop of water while washing broke the fast, which shows that they then (*circa* 380) understood the fast before communion quite strictly. Tertullian too (*circa* 230) says that they received the communion "ante omnem cibum" which must mean "before any food."

I am quite sure that the rule of fasting communion is much older than a good many moderate men like to acknowledge. I agree with the wishes of the moderate, but the fact of past history and primitive practice must be faced. The Canons of

¹ The italics are the Bishop's.

Hippolytus c. 200 have been recently re-edited in Germany by Harnack, in France by Duchesne.

Almost all scholars agree (about) as to their date (200) and I do not think it can be reasonably doubted. They assert the fast before communion in two places — in the latter with great energy.

The Bishop of Lichfield (Dr. Legge) in the course of his letter of acknowledgment of the receipt of the book touches on the same subject though not critically:

12 September, 1899. — You have most kindly sent me a copy of your volume on "New Testament Churchmanship," and I thank you not only for remembering me, but also for the book itself, which I have read with great interest; and in which I have found much wholesome reading for these days. We want such a restatement of our position as members of a reformed branch of the Catholic Church — reformed on definite principles, and not ashamed to acknowledge those principles. Our advanced (so-called) men in this country, are far too apologetic in their attitude towards Rome; and too apt to aim at introducing practices borrowed from the Roman Church, and of quite modern development, within her pale. You show what really were the principles of the Church from the beginning, and how much that is called "catholic" has no true claim to the title. You bring out well the truth that the Christian life is the risen life, and that halting at the Cross is the error of both Rome and Geneva. Your sketch of the true order of service on Sunday is very interesting. Its realisation depends mainly on whether we can persuade our modern high churchmen that fasting communion is not in the strictest sense of obligation, and that we ought not to separate the sacrifice from participation in the sacrifice, nor worship from communion in our Eucharist. I hope that the book may be widely read.

We are in troublous times in the Church here, and can only go on from day to day trusting Christ's own promise, and believing that God can lead us on through all our sad controversies and threats of anarchy to a purer and a stronger faith, and a truer and more perfect worship.

The letter of the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Davidson) is characteristic and reveals part of the secret of his power:

16 August, '99. — Very cordially do I thank you for sending me a copy of your volume on New Testament Churchmanship. I am at this moment trying to write a Charge on some of the very points you deal with, and I am sure of the help I shall draw from your pages.

The book was commended very generally by his fellow clergy in America and found a wide reading. It was just because it was the product of a mind and hands busied with practical affairs, that it was able to help men who could not be touched by the work of accurate scholars of the more academic mould. As to Bishop Satterlee's views on fasting communion, he was not an opponent of the custom, but of the disproportionate emphasis frequently laid upon it. In mind not less than body, Bishop Satterlee was well proportioned and large. He was able usually to be balanced and yet not to lack the fire that is ordinarily associated with the extremist — an all too rare combination.

On Ascension Day (May 11) the corner-stone of the National Cathedral School for Girls was laid, during the session of the Diocesan Convention. A few days later Bishop Satterlee preached the baccalaureate sermon at the General Theological Seminary.

At the end of June he went to Twilight Park, returning to Washington for a short time for business connected with the Cathedral School building. The following entries occur in his *Journal*:

July 3. — Col. A. T. Britton and I, with Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, drove to the Cathedral grounds, inspected the buildings of the School. Mrs. Hearst expressed herself as highly pleased with the situation and progress.

July 10. — Officiated at the funeral of Col. A. T. Britton. Col. Britton was the chairman of the building committee of the Cathedral Board of Trustees, and one of the most efficient members of the whole Board. His loss was irreparable to us, especially at this time, and I am rejoiced to know that the efforts of so noble and true-hearted a man will be forever associated with the beginnings of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

July 12. — Spent the rest of the month of July at Twilight Park. This is the first respite I have had, as the whole of the preceding summer was occupied in gathering funds for the purchase of the Cathedral grounds. The Bishop as well as his clergy, need time for reading, as well as studying, and these days were invaluable, not only for this purpose, but also for laying out plans for the work of the coming winter.¹

When the problem of the Philippines was thrust upon the Church's attention by the outcome of the Spanish American War, it was natural that the Bishop of Washington, by virtue of his life in the seat of government and his inevitable association with the country's statesmen, should give the matter close study. In 1899 the two clergy who were sent to Manila representing the American Church were placed by the Presiding Bishop under the charge of Bishop Satterlee. He was in close touch with the Rev. C. C. Pierce, Chaplain U. S. Army, who laid the foundations of the Church's work in the Philippines, and reported to the Church at home conditions in Manila as he had experienced them.

The Bishop of Shanghai (Dr. Graves) was later sent by the Presiding Bishop to Manila for episcopal ministrations in 1899. His report coupled with those of the Bishop of New York who, in company with the Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant, stopped at Manila on a trip around the world the same year, and of General Francis V. Greene, who had been in active service in the Philippines, prepared the way for organizing a missionary district in this oriental insular dependency. The foreign residents, English and American, were numerous enough to necessitate church organization, and there appeared to be a demand among the Filipinos for some other form of Catholicism than the Latin. The Roman Catholic Church had been a close corporation in the Philippines, since their discovery by Spain in 1521. Until the American occupation state and church were united, the state being pretty firmly locked in the arms of "mother

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1900, pp. 37, 38.

church." The general moral conditions were such as are always found where Latin Christianity has a monopoly. Corruption reigned and the friars were hated by the Filipinos. The Jesuits alone of religious orders in the Islands retained the good-will of the people. The following is a letter to Bishop Potter on the situation:

April 1, 1900. — I have read and reread your paper in the last *Churchman* regarding the work in the Philippines, and want to express to you the deep gratitude with which I perused every word. Of course it comes all the more forcibly home from the fact that it is the result of the personal observation of one who was not in sympathy, in days gone by, with the occupation of these islands by the forces of the United States.

I myself was slow to believe that Chaplain Pierce was the kind of man you have described him, until he actually visited Washington, and I heard his story from his own lips.

Our Church has indeed a marvellous opportunity in the Philippines, if ever there was an open door set before any Church, it is this. As I read your letter, I think that I was more forcibly impressed than ever before with the rottenness of the papal system. Here is a pope who professes to be the Vicar of Christ on earth, and who wields at least more ecclesiastical power than any living man. Whatever else he lacks, he certainly exercises spiritual control over his clergy: and yet he has allowed the Archbishop of Manila with "the friars" to practice the extortions you speak of in Luzon. He cannot plead ignorance; as Vicar of Christ it was his sacred obligation to enforce spiritual discipline.

From this time on Bishop Satterlee threw his influence in the direction of securing the episcopate for the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico.

Washington's Birthday (February 22) was a date ordained to be permanently woven into Bishop Satterlee's history. This year, the one hundred and sixty-eighth anniversary of Washington's birth, was marked by a public celebration at which the President and Secretary of State (John Hay) were present. Bishop Satterlee acted as chaplain. He was frequently called upon in this way for patriotic and public occasions.

The close of the winter found the Bishop somewhat jaded. He was not in the habit of complaining, but the following excerpt from his annual address suggests weariness:

The bishop is, as we all know, the chief pastor of the diocese. Upon him, in a very real sense, falls "the care of all the churches"; and no one knows what a heavy burden this is — or to use Bishop Whipple's simile, how "the cords cut into the shoulders" — until he has actually borne it.¹

One of his friends not only noted his need of a change but generously presented him with a trip abroad. He wrote the following letter to Mrs. A. D. Russell in acknowledgment of her gift:

March 21, 1900. — How little did I dream what you were doing when I saw you in New York. After I returned home Mrs Satterlee showed me your letter. I had to take it out of her hand and read it again and again before I took in all that your generous thought and self-sacrificing care meant.

If ever I have felt the trials and cares of a Bishop's life, such delicate consideration is more than a compensating power, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for such thoughtful affection. You have opened out a new perspective before me. I never dreamed of going again to Europe this summer, and do not know that it is absolutely necessary: but if, through you, this is a providential opening or indication of what I ought to do for the sake of health and future work, I shall most gratefully accept your gift. I must just find out what my American physicians say, for those German doctors think that the only specific on earth is their German baths. I tried to see my doctor but he is away. I have written to him and waited three days for his answer, and now I cannot wait a moment longer in sending off this letter to you. I shall write again as soon as I know what I am to do. I wish I could express what is inexpressible. I can only say — can only pray — God bless you for all you have done to make the life and work of the first Bishop of Washington, stronger, more courageous, and, I trust, more effective for the Church.

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1900, p. 30.

He spent the summer in Europe with his family, attending the two hundredth anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In his Diocesan Convention just concluded, he had referred to the foundation of the Society and its early work:

It is of interest to know that this now venerable society grew out of the spiritual needs of the American plantations, and that its institution was brought about, in the main, by a clergyman who will be lastingly identified with the history of Maryland—who was, in fact, himself the commissary of the Church to Maryland, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bray.

Beginning at Maryland and in Missionary stations, which are now venerable historic parishes, represented in this very Diocesan Convention, the work of this Society for the Propagation of the Gospel kept quietly growing and expanding, from colony to colony, from land to land, from continent to continent, until now at the end of two hundred years, it covers the whole earth.¹

Once more and for the last time he saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau. About this time men all over the world were breathless with suspense as to the outcome of the "Boxer" uprising in China, and he shared in the "intense anxiety" of the moment.

As soon as he returned to America he gave his attention to the Cathedral School which was about to open. He had secured a staff, and a guarantee fund to cover any deficit in the running expenses for the first two years. The School opened auspiciously on the first of October.

In 1898 Princeton University had asked him to make the address on Commemoration Day. He was obliged to decline as it conflicted with his obligation to General Convention. This year, the one hundred and fifty-fourth commemoration of the foundation of the University, he was again invited to give the address and was able to accept. He chose for his topic the "Ethics of American Civilization." He dealt with the sanctity of citizenship, defending universal suffrage against Mr. Lecky's

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1900, p. 33.

strictures; with public office as a public trust; and with the subordination of party loyalty to patriotism. The most striking part of the address is in the closing paragraphs, in which he treats of the United States as a world power, freighted with the responsibility of administering dependencies:

Within the past three years, most unexpected events have followed fast upon one another, each one of which is pregnant with historic significance. If in 1896 some prophet had arisen among us to foretell what has actually occurred since the battles of Manila and Santiago, we should have treated his words as beyond the bounds of historic possibility. It is as though God had lifted our whole nation up, long before its own education was completed, and set it in the vanguard of the march of Civilization — as though the veil had suddenly been torn aside, for a divine purpose, that we might rise to the responsibilities of the international position we really occupy.

In the light of those stupendous events, one thing is positive. We can no longer cling to the same isolated position among the nations that we formerly rejoiced in. The United States of to-day cannot go back to what the country was fifty or an hundred years ago. Whether we will or no, whether for better or worse, the die is cast and we must go forward.

We hear in these days a great deal about "imperialism." I see no spirit of imperialism in all American history, and least of all in the past two years. The nation has less greed for territory to-day, than when Jefferson bought Louisiana, or Monroe, Florida, or Seward, Alaska — and far less than there was when the annexation of Texas brought on the Mexican War. We had no thought whatever of territorial aggrandizement when we went to war with Spain, and now — before we had time to realize the full meaning of passing events — certain islands as the result of that war, have become, *de facto*, an actual part of the United States. We cannot go back, if we would, for we have become legally, as well as morally, responsible to the whole world for the maintenance of law and order in those islands. It is well, indeed, that the cries of "imperialism" should rend the air to-day, for they serve as warnings against very real dangers which encompass every onward step, as our country endeavors to keep pace with the growing civilization of the world; but

while it behooves our wisest statesmen to give earnest heed to the wisdom of the past — and especially its oft repeated cautions regarding entangling foreign alliances — we cannot measure the new conditions of the present, by the maxims and standards of the past. The greatest danger of all is the peril of an arrested development. Whatever has life must grow, or it must decay. If, on the one hand, there is danger of departing from the original ideal of American civilization, on the other, there is the equally imminent danger of becoming shortsighted in our views of our country's future, of failing to read the signs of the times; — of failing to realize the actual historic situation, as it stands to-day.

Thirty or forty years ago, a wise and farseeing man, who had risen to a position of great prominence, not only in Europe but in America, said to his now still more distinguished son: "Whatever happens in the future or however important an issue may be, never take sides against the United States." And then, in response to the earnest look of inquiry on the young man's face, he added, with deep feeling, "Because — God is behind America." ¹

He believed that America could be shaken out of her self-conceit and provincialism only by such responsibilities as had been thrust upon her.

In December within two weeks he lost two staunch friends by death, General John G. Parke and Mrs. Percy R. Pyne.

The Diocese sustained a great loss last winter in the death of General John G. Parke, who was not only an officer of distinguished ability in the United States Army, but who was also one of the most prominent churchmen of this new Diocese in Washington at the time of its formation. As one of the original trustees of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation of the District of Columbia, and for many years its valued secretary, Gen. Parke's name will be identified for all coming time with the beginnings of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. Would that we had more laymen like him in our American Church.²

Under date of December 31 he says of Mrs. Pyne in his *Journal*:

¹ "*Ethics of American Civilization.*"

² *Diocesan Journal*, p. 191, 360.

December 31. — I shall never forget the debt of gratitude this new Diocese owes to Mrs. Pyne, not only for her deep interest in its welfare and growth, but also for many substantial tokens of her sympathy, not the least of which was a gift of \$15,000 towards purchasing the Cathedral grounds.¹

Mrs. Pyne's confidence in the Bishop was implicit and he never appealed to her in vain for assistance in his undertakings, either at Calvary or in Washington.

During the year Bishop Satterlee was called upon to preach memorial sermons over the rulers of two great nations — England and America. The official memorial service for Queen Victoria was held at St. John's Church, Washington, on February 2, 1901, and was attended by the President and the Cabinet together with other representatives of the American government. Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, and his staff were present with the entire Diplomatic Corps. Bishop Satterlee gave the address in the course of which he said:

To the English nation her Majesty, with the sceptre of the British Empire in her hand, was first the sovereign then the woman. To the people of other lands, she was first the woman and then the queen — an example of true womanhood and royalty, so harmoniously blended together into one, that, by God's good help, she was able to transform those insidious temptations to evil which encompass every royal palace into opportunities for doing good: and so to live for three score years, under the fierce light which beats upon a throne, that all people are rising up with her own children to call her blessed. . . . In her life as a queen she has shown the world that even on a royal throne character is the noblest of all human possessions.²

There was nothing singular in what the Bishop said. It was proclaimed in varying terms in every pulpit where the late Queen's name was mentioned. No greater tribute could be paid her memory than to point to the universality of the recognition of the obvious. It is character that reigns.

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, p. 45.

² From the Washington *Evening Star*, February 2, 1901.

A little more than a year later Bishop Satterlee was called upon to read the Burial Service over Lord Pauncefote, who had long been Dean of the Diplomatic Corps.

It is anticipating events a little to refer at this juncture to the assassination in Buffalo of President McKinley, who died from his wound on September 14 of this year, but it is opportune to think of his demise side by side with that of the British sovereign. Bishop Satterlee had deep confidence in and admiration for President McKinley. One thing he always was at pains to arrange for the representatives of church societies and other organizations that frequently gathered in Washington, and that was, presentation to the President. No President could have been more lavish with his time in this respect than President McKinley. It was the very friendliness of the man that earned him both the love of the common folk and his tragic end. At the memorial service for the "martyred" President at the pro-Cathedral the Bishop said with passion:

The scene of that black Friday, Sept. 6, marks one of the foulest acts of treachery the world has ever known. We welcome the stranger to our American shores. We bid him God speed, as he becomes one of us; and in return he slays our chief. Henceforth the symbol of the anarchist will be an outstretched hand of friendship grasping, under the pure white cloak of loyalty and patriotism, an assassin's weapon.

In view of the Bishop's own last words on his deathbed there is more than ordinary significance in his reference to McKinley's farewell to earth:

What are all the poor laurels of mere worldly success beside the triumph of that deathbed scene? He, our revered leader and chief, died not only as a martyr for his country but as a Christian confessor, whose ruling passion, strong in death, outpoured itself in that stalwart cry of an undying faith: "Thy will be done. Nearer, my God, to Thee."

In death, as in life, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

The Feast of the Annunciation (March 25) marked the fifth anniversary of his consecration. On that day he received the following letter from the Rev. Dr. A. Mackay-Smith, Rector of St. John's Church, Washington:

March 25, 1901. — Please accept these few flowers from Virginia and me with hearty congratulations on this happy anniversary. . . .

I think you must be glad now that you became our Bishop, for the record has been a noble one, and promises still more beautifully for the future. Our Woman's Auxiliary adopted resolutions this morning, which will be forwarded you in due season, pledging their loyal support and offering hearty thanks and good wishes. You have a united clergy, a strong laity, and a host of friends — and best of all, a lot of problems to grapple with, to which by God's grace you will be equal. What more could a good Bishop ask?

It has been truly said that he who ventures to organize schools lays up for himself a peck of troubles. Bishop Satterlee did not escape the penalty of his temerity. Financial worry in connection with the Cathedral School for Girls having been alleviated, other worries followed, though in the end the School triumphed. Writing to Miss M. W. Bruce on June 15 he said:

The hardest trial that we have had this year, was not in a pecuniary way, but it was an educational ordeal. Both I myself and the principals have been assured that no Church school on a religious basis could take its stand side by side with the best educational institutions in America.

Now I understand what was meant. Just because I am a clergyman, and supposed to be actuated by benevolent feelings, and the principals are religious ladies, we have had appeals from the beginning to the end, from parents and guardians, to be less strict in our rules and also the standard of excellence, and the higher in social position these parents and guardians were, the more importunate became their demands, but Miss Bangs and Miss Whiton are ladies of great decision of character.

I have tried to stand faithfully behind them. We have had no end of criticism, gossip and obloquy thrown upon the school

during the past year, for its strict rules, even *Town Topics* had its fling at us, but we have come triumphantly through everything and the school has now, I am glad to say in the first years of its existence, taken its stand and its place among the foremost educational institutions for girls in America, and it is far, far in advance of any other in the City of Washington.

Ascension Day was one of the Bishop's select festivals which he marked in various ways as opportunity was given. This year the Glastonbury Cathedra, to which further notice will be given in the chapters on the Cathedral, was formally dedicated by him.

For a long time he had been greatly exercised over the apathy of the Church at large concerning her missionary responsibility. As the fiscal year drew to a close it was evident that there was to be no abatement of the annual deficit, so he set to work to study statistically the whole situation in preparation for an open letter. He was advocating a change of the missionary canon at the coming General Convention, but he felt that mere legislation could not mend the case. As a member of a special committee appointed by the Board of Managers he had done what was possible through this agency to awake slumberers. Now, on the eve of General Convention, he was constrained to express his mind in fervent terms. As his letters and public utterances as diocesan show, he counted himself in the ultimate analysis responsible for the missionary health of his people, and was able as a doer of the word to exhort his brethren of the episcopate. He had some interesting correspondence with the editor of the *Churchman* (Mr. Silas McBee) bearing on the subject:

TO MR. MCBEE

August 8, 1901.—I have just received your letter stating that my "open letter" will be published next week. Perhaps this is just as well, only I wanted all the Church papers to which I sent it to receive it simultaneously by the same mail. The delay in publishing it will give an opportunity for consider-

ing and criticising it. While I feel very strongly, after long thought, that the plan I propose of nailing the responsibility for aggressive missionary work to the bishops, whether they want it or no, I shall welcome any adverse criticisms to the plan that may "hold water," something, in some way, must be done. It is useless to criticise the Board of Managers or the General Secretary, for evil which they are powerless to cure. There must be a radical change in our whole administration of missionary work, and that change must begin at the fountain head. It is absolutely appalling this present apathy of our church to Missions. . . .

. . . There never was such a clarion call from God to our Church to be up and doing. There has never been a greater period of wicked apathy and stagnation of missionary interest throughout the Church than there is to-day. The Board of Managers have cried "Wolf" so often regarding the annual deficit that the Church has ceased to listen. I beseech you, do what you can, do what you can to stir up this question. I surely believe that a judgment from God will fall on our Church, if she sleeps while He is calling so loudly.

In a later letter he added:

TO MR. MCBEE

August 10, 1901. — Thanks for your cheering response to my letter. I care not whether comments upon the open letter of mine be for or against. After a great deal of thought I have come to a certain conclusion, if that conclusion is wrong, I shall be grateful to be set right.

The one thing needful is increase of interest in, and support of, our missionary work. I am compelled to differ from you in thinking that the Church is doing all she can. I feel she has not begun to realize the tremendous responsibility our Lord has laid upon her. Let us not cry peace, peace, when there is no peace.

Mr. McBee said in reply, touching the Bishop's open letter:

September 17, 1901. — Your letter of September 16 finds me overwhelmed with work getting the paper to press, but I cannot delay a moment an expression of my appreciation of it, or to speak more accurately, my appreciation of the fact that the

Church has a Bishop whose singleness of purpose rises above the atmosphere of opinion, and seeks only and wholly the extension of the Kingdom of Our Lord.

No change was made in the missionary organization of the Church in the General Convention of 1901, the whole question being relegated to a committee to report three years hence. The free discussion resulted in an added interest, and the appointment by the Board of Managers of district secretaries for propagandist purposes in connection with the system of apportionment.

Bishop Satterlee sat in the House of Bishops in four General Conventions. He was always among the most industrious and interested of the bishops, fertile in suggestion, progressive in temper and a valuable committee man. It was largely due to the pressure of his unwavering conviction of the world-wide vocation of his Church, that action was taken at the General Convention of 1901 toward missionary expansion. His position in Washington, as we have seen, kept before him the fact and the responsibility of our insular dependencies. As a member of the Board of Managers he advocated the position published in their Triennial Report:

The Managers are not disposed to raise the vexed question of what some people are inclined to count intrusion, into countries claimed by the Roman Communion as owing allegiance to the Bishop of Rome. The policy of this Church is plainly and positively settled now. It takes in the oversight of the struggling native Church in Mexico, the mission planted in the Island of Cuba, and, more recently, the sending of priests to Porto Rico and Manila to preach the pure Gospel, to administer the Sacraments on the primitive terms of communion, and to set the example of a higher morality in the priesthood and among the people.¹

In General Convention Bishop Satterlee and Bishop Potter took the lead in providing for the spiritual needs of our insular dependencies, and bishops of Porto Rico

¹ *Journal of General Convention, 1901, pp. 408, 409.*

and the Philippines were elected, Cuba for the time being placed under the supervision of the Presiding Bishop.

It was during the progress of this Convention that Bishop Satterlee made the following entry in his *Journal* (October 2, 1901):

The General Convention is a safeguard to the whole American Church on account of its conservatism. It is to be hoped that this will always be its predominant characteristic, and yet such conservatism necessitates a tone directly opposite to that which is required for the aggressive work of the Church's Mission at home and abroad.

The Bishop's faith and consequent spirit of adventure that is not daunted by risk if some great goal is visible, saved him from dead conservatism.

His industry is delightfully illustrated by another entry in his *Journal*:

This afternoon I went from 2 to 5 o'clock to the Cliff House to see the Pacific Ocean, but had to hurry back to the city for a committee meeting. This half of an afternoon is the only time I had to myself during our whole stay in San Francisco.¹

It is safe to infer that the Bishop's one glimpse of the great Pacific stirred him. He was looking at something more than the vast expanse of restless blue. He saw islands and continents and men — the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands in their tropic beauty, where the Church of the nation had new and vexing problems; Japan and China with their millions of unevangelized people calling in the dumb appeal of their need to the Christian world for light and life.

To him the Pacific was not an ocean of separation that divided continent from continent and allotted responsibilities, separating here from there. Rather was it an ocean of union, tying together the ends of the earth and calling nation to nation into co-operative, understanding fellowship and mutual service. The moment visualized

¹ *Journal*, p. 50.

for him the Church's missionary duty, on behalf of which he returned to General Convention to plead. It is interesting to find the closing entry (October 17): of his *Journal* referring again to its conservatism:

The Convention adjourned this afternoon, and although its work has been a disappointment to many on account of its conservatism, nevertheless, as it is remembered in history, the Convention of San Francisco in 1901 will be found, I am sure, to have done a valuable and helpful work for the advancement of the Church.

In a letter to Mrs. Rives, written in San Francisco, he gives some account of the proceedings:

October 6, 1901. — The Convention is settling down to work well. Yesterday (Saturday) the Lower House had already passed several articles of the Constitution and divided the Diocese of Massachusetts. The House of Bishops has done even better. It has adopted the Marginal Readings. Of course there were the old objections advanced by the old Bourbons, but after three hours debate, the report was adopted by a large majority. It seems very strange to see Bishop Dudley as chairman, and Bishop Doane in his old seat. Dudley was the only candidate and he was unanimously elected. I think it was hard for Doane to give up, but there was the law. He could not be re-elected. The House of Bishops has also passed the articles of the Constitution adopted by the House of Deputies, and I am devoutly thankful to say that it has created the Philippines, Porto Rico and Hawaii each into a Missionary District. . . .

What a cause of deep thankfulness it should be that the Philippines will now most probably have a bishop of their own! Mexico, as an independent Church, has petitioned the Convention to give it three bishops, and has nominated Forrester, Carrion and Orellana. I think the petition will be granted. The last thing the House of Bishops did yesterday was to concur with the other House in dividing the Diocese of Massachusetts.

After a great deal of consideration I made a motion in the *Board of Missions*, not the General Convention, for the appointment of a committee of fifteen to consider and report upon such changes in the Missionary Canon as will make the work more effectual. . . . The committee I suggested was appointed.

. . . We have had several enthusiastic meetings. I hope the Committee of Fifteen will present a unanimous report and if they do, the outlook will be very favorable. They have not only taken my draft of a canon as a model, but have made even more radical changes in it than I dared hope for.

It has a far better chance for a full and free discussion in the Board of Missions than it would have in the icy General Convention. Then if the Board recommends it, the Convention will undoubtedly ratify, or rather follow, the recommendation. This is God's work, I believe our prayers are going to be answered though, of course, none can say yet. But whether we succeed or fail a great discussion on missions is launched, deep interest will be evoked, and whatever betide, the missionary cause will be the gainer. In our present plan, a bishop will be elected by the House of Bishops to be head of the missionary work (probably Bishop Dudley or Bishop Doane). The quorum will consist not of a majority of the bishops but a majority of *dioceses*, whether represented by Bishops, priests or laymen, and this Board of Missions will meet annually with full power to act and direct the Board of Managers. There will be a scheme of apportionment (5% on current expenses of all parishes) and the bishops will be obliged to *report* annually all contributing and non-contributing parishes in their dioceses. It will be a splendid advance and give a great impetus to all the missionary work of the church if it be adopted. I am to speak on the Cathedral in Trinity Church next Sunday morning and afterward to have I hope a meeting of a California Committee on the National Cathedral.

The Bishop and his family were called back from the West hurriedly by the death of Mrs. Satterlee's sister-in-law, referred to in the following letter to Mrs. Russell in acknowledgment of a gift for the Cathedral:

TO MRS. RUSSELL

November 5, 1901. — When you sent your kind letter to me, I had already left home for the General Convention at San Francisco, and this is the cause of my delay in responding.

I wish I could have been at Washington on your dear mother's birthday to receive the gift, which you and your brothers united in sending to the Cathedral of Washington for its altar, but as

this was impossible may we not unite, in making the intention stand for the deed; and date the sending and the receiving and the record of the beginning of the work, on your mother's birthday? Certainly, that is the time that I myself shall ever think of and associate with "place of the altar" — to use the Bible phrase.

We were sent for very unexpectedly after the General Convention was over. Mrs. Satterlee, with Constance and myself, were in the cars at Los Angeles when a telegram was handed us announcing the death of Mrs. Satterlee's invalid sister, Mrs. Churchill. Of course we took the next train for New York, and it was a great relief to us to reach home in time for the funeral at Calvary Church.

Just before Christmas he published his book on *The Building of a Cathedral*, which he had been writing during hours snatched from his crowded life during the fall.

The last letter of the year was to Mrs. Russell:

TO MRS. RUSSELL

New Year's Eve, 1901. — Thank you ever so much for your beautiful Cathedral Kalendar. It is here before me while I am writing. Somehow these Cathedrals of old England, so full of mingled sacred and historic memories, have always to me brought the kind of inspiration which one so often feels in gazing upon a landscape. In the one case God's thought comes to us through man, in the other through nature. And looking down from the walls of my library upon me, as I write, are your beautiful etchings of Canterbury and Lincoln, bringing back memories of the baptismal service of your child. So you see, I am surrounded by reminders of you and yours. And out on the Cathedral grounds there will soon be another reminder still. I have not forgotten what you wrote last September about the Little Sanctuary and All Hallows' Gate, in which the Jerusalem Altar and Glastonbury Cathedra will be placed.

This building, standing on the site of the future Cathedral, will be the only representative of that great House of Prayer until the latter is erected; in it, services will at once be held at the Cathedral altar, and the memory of this building will live as long as the world lasts. I shall always associate it with your dear mother and her children. I love to think how

those who have gone before us are with us in spirit in times like these.

This is the last letter that I shall write in A.D. 1901, for, in one hour's time, the bells will begin to "ring out the old, ring in the new," and as we go right onward in God's pathway, walking by faith and not by sight, we are not alone. In Christ, we and our dear ones who have gone before are all one. The same hopes and memories that we have, they once shared with us. And it must be that those memories abide with them, and that all the while they are mingling their prayers with ours to Him, whose arm is around us all.

This letter bears from house to house, our warmest greetings for the New Year. May God bless and keep you all through the coming days.

CHAPTER XIV

INVISIBLE FOUNDATIONS

1902-1904

*O could I tell ye surely would believe it!
O could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till he bringeth you where I have been?*

*Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter,
Nay but I ask it, nay but I desire,
Lay on my lips Thine embers of the altar,
Seal with the sting and furnish with the fire.*

F. W. H. MYERS

BISHOP SATTERLEE was a pronounced sabbatarian. His conception of the consecration of Sunday to purposes of worship and rest compelled him to set a high standard for himself and others. He spoke in frequent protest against any deflection from devout Sunday observance. On the rock of sabbatarianism the Church Temperance Society nearly split. Had it not been for Bishop Satterlee's good judgment, which subordinated the lesser issue to the greater, it would have gone into limbo at least. The Society in an indiscreet resolution both took a position of uncompromising hostility to Sunday opening of saloons and cast a slur on citizens who failed to be aggressive in the matter. There was a difference of opinion among the members, a shower of resignations was threatened and the Executive Committee tottered. Everyone turned to Bishop Satterlee who took his stand in the breach. In a letter to Bishop Doane, written after he had attended a meeting at which he hoped his presence "had some influence," he says:

TO BISHOP DOANE

Jan. 15, 1902. — Graham¹ is very much depressed, and thinks that we have come to the end of the C. T. S., but I take an entirely different view. The society is formed on such a broad basis as to reconcile conflicting views and unite them on the general principle of temperance, and I think the present time is a splendid opportunity to illustrate this broad basis.

At the meeting yesterday the enclosed resolution was adopted. If you will compare this paper with the printed slip, you will see exactly what the resolution means.

First. It reaffirms the principle of the C. T. S. as opposed to the Sunday opening of saloons.

Second. It does not reaffirm the very objectionable phrase, which I have underscored, and which casts a slur upon those members of the Society who do not stoutly resist the movement toward the opening of saloons.

Third. It leaves members perfectly free to follow the dictates of their own conscience, regarding the Sunday opening of saloons or closing, without their being considered disloyal to the Society.

Personally I feel that I can under these circumstances retain my position in the Society and still be considered a loyal member. Undoubtedly there is a division among the members.

Personally, I am sure we all believe in the Sunday closing of saloons; if this would accomplish any good results.

In England at the present time, there seems to be a movement toward growing success in this direction but, on the other hand, you and others of us believe that it would be most unwise to press such a question at the present time, and especially under present municipal conditions.

The resolution adopted yesterday gives a *modus vivendi*. The four resignations announced yesterday were laid upon the table in the hope that you and the others who resigned would reconsider your action.

I most earnestly trust that you will see your way clear to do this. Some of us who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and who have been at no little pains for the last 20 years in the founding of this society, believe that it has a valuable future before it. In our own Diocese of Washington it is going to be an incalculable help to us in our work, and I think the

¹ The General Secretary.

same may be said of other dioceses in other widely separated parts of the country.

The upshot of it was that resignations were withdrawn and the Society proceeded on the even tenor of its way. Through Bishop Satterlee, clear shining came after the rain. In a letter containing the last rumblings of the storm he writes:

TO BISHOP DOANE

January 23, 1902. — I am most thankful at your decision. I believe that the C. T. S. is capable of doing a good work, and I need not say what an irreparable loss it would have been, had you resigned from the Executive Committee.

Oftentimes reformers concentrate their attention so exclusively upon their particular reform, that they are utterly unable to yield any point for the sake of accomplishing a much greater reform.

As President Roosevelt has stated, in a recent very striking article, "this is a sheer selfishness"; but I think some of the members of the C. T. S. have learned a valuable lesson.

P. S. I am glad to say that Bishop Potter, Dr. Parks and Mr. Zabriskie have withdrawn their resignations.

This year there arose circumstances, explained in the letter quoted below, which made it expedient for the Bishop to remove his chair from St. Mark's Church to the Church of the Ascension. It was with mutual regret that the tie with St. Mark's was broken:

TO DR. DE VRIES

March 14, 1902. — Some time ago, as you are aware, the proposition was made to me, that after the terms of my compact and contract with the Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Mark's Parish had been fully discharged and fulfilled, I should take the Church of the Ascension as the Bishop's Church or pro-Cathedral.

I have given the reasons for this proposition, prolonged and careful consideration; and having found that the present financial conditions of the Ascension Parish are a cause for grave concern, and that its revered rector, (who is one of the most distinguished men of the Diocese, and in the whole American Church,) could

not remain in his position as full rector, unless I acceded to the request of the vestry; and, furthermore, being convinced in my own mind, that St. Mark's Parish, in the past five years, has risen to the position of one of the strongest, best equipped and most successful parishes in the Diocese of Washington, I have, after much prayer and thought, felt it my duty, as Bishop, to give a favorable response to the petition of the Wardens and Vestrymen of Ascension Parish, provided that they accepted the terms and conditions that I set forth.

At a Vestry meeting held last Monday they accepted these terms.

And therefore according to the provisions of the compact and agreement that I made with the Vestrymen and Wardens of St. Mark's Parish, five years ago, I herewith give notice that after the last day of next September, St. Mark's Church will cease to be the Bishop's Church or pro-Cathedral.

Let me take this opportunity of saying to you that I have not arrived at this decision without pain. It has cost me a very hard struggle to leave St. Mark's. In the five years that it has been the pro-Cathedral, there has not been a single break in the bond of affection and sympathy which has bound me to the Rector, Vestry and congregation of St. Mark's.

God has signally blessed our united work. I cannot think of St. Mark's or its dear people, without a glow of happiness that I have been privileged to work with them, and the hallowed associations and memories of all that we have been through together, will retain their freshness and power with me to my dying day.

Whatever pain my decision may cause us both, I cannot but feel that if this step has been taken through God's leading, that pain itself will be sanctified. The work that we are doing is His work and not ours, and if it is done by us according to His will, it will be surely blessed, and blessed even more in the future than in the past at St. Mark's.

Though after next October the Parish will no longer be the Bishop's Church, let me assure you that this will make no difference in the Bishop's interest in the welfare of the Parish, and in his affection for its people.

The problem of divided Christendom from this time until his death occupied the most prominent place in his

thought of all great questions. The "wrongs, the paralyzing condition, and even the unbeliefs, which are caused by the present divided state of Christendom" oppressed him, but the very fact of the increasing recognition accorded them was a ground of encouragement, and an implicit promise that in the course of time the evils of division would be effectually dealt with. As in everything else, great or small, that touched human life the Bishop grounded his faith on God's promises. Unity was the normal condition of the Church's life not, primarily, because it meant practical effectiveness, but because Christ had said so. It was not necessary to test Christ's promises to believe them. Pragmatism had in it, as an exclusive philosophy, a taint of skepticism. The promises of Christ were based not on a Divine theory, but on a Divine experience tried and not found wanting. Hence the first requisite in man's relation to God was always and everywhere implicit confidence that viewed the seemingly impossible with the same eager expectancy as the obvious. The very darkness of the night, the extreme of disunion that had been reached, notably in America, — he called America "the land of a divided Christendom" — was not wholly a cause of discouragement. It could be interpreted as that exaggeration and experimentation of despair that is the signal of failure and the beginning of reaction in the direction of God's order. Denominational exclusiveness was in some instances giving place to a spirit of noble humility, that in the midst of loyalty to positive precepts frankly recognized the limitations and fragmentary character of sectarianism. The Church of England was largely responsible for the existence of dissent. Her shortcomings had often bred separation. In the other hand "as far back as we can trace, we find her wrestling against superior forces; and consequently, if there is a Church in Christendom which has suffered and known the heaviest pains of the struggle for existence, it has been the ancient Church of England." If the ordeals

of the past bore full fruition, the Anglican Communion would occupy a commanding position in bringing about organic unity. Her distinguishing feature to-day is "the way in which she combines in herself, and satisfies, both Catholic and Protestant tendencies." The first step "toward Christian reunion with Protestants of different names" must be the recognition of their Christian character, and the thankful confession that God the Holy Ghost had been working with them and through them, and had blessed their efforts in Christ's name.¹

When we look for the reason of the survival of Christian bodies that flourish after three or four centuries of life, we generally find that it is due to "some element of holiness in the sect itself, or of unholiness of the national Church from which it separated, or to both."²

The Bishop's estimate of the Roman Catholic Church was somewhat warped by his intense abhorrence of her spirit of exclusiveness. Her theory of development was fundamentally wrong, as standing for the invention of new doctrines rather than the unfolding of the Faith, so that instead of glorifying Christ she had glorified herself. Though he had a theoretic sympathy with the Catholicity of the Roman Catholic Church, her capacity for intrigue, as he conceived it, her mediævalism, her temporal pretensions and her oftentimes worldly temper left him cold and estranged, where the Protestant Churches gave him a sense of approach and approachableness. His conviction was that the Catholicity of the Roman Church was a false Catholicity, and that the difference between the Apostolic and the Roman use of the term "the Catholic Church" was "intense."

He was especially antagonistic to the practice of the Roman Catholic Church, in contradistinction to her theoretic belief, in the indissolubility of the marriage tie. His reading of history revealed that divorce *a vinculo* was hidden under decrees of annulment whenever it was

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1902, Annual Address, pp. 32, ff.

² *Diocesan Journal*, 1903, Annual Address, pp. 34, 35.

expedient. In the matter of mixed marriages, according to the *Manual of Prayers for the Catholic Laity* set forth by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, "the ceremony is not to be performed in a Church. . . . No sacred vestment may be used, nor prayer said, nor blessing given." Bishop Satterlee's not illogical conclusion was, that the ceremony was not a religious ceremony, and that it should be "supplemented by the religious service for the solemnisation of holy matrimony set forth in the Book of Common Prayer."¹

His hope for the first stages of progress toward the Church's organic unity lay in the direction of Protestant Communion. The correspondence between the so-called "Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral,"² with its fourfold insistence upon the Apostolic Ministry, the two Sacraments ordained by Christ, the Bible, and the Apostles' Creed, and the four notes of the Church sounded in the Nicene Creed, he felt to be a sufficient test of the trustworthiness of the Quadrilateral as a basis for unity.

The seal of the Diocese of Washington was devised, not without some disregard for the canons of heraldry, by a committee to which he gave many suggestions.³ It bears as its inscription his high valuation of the fourfold platform of the Quadrilateral — "Scriptura, Symbolum, Mysterium, Ordo." At the time of his death he had under consideration the substitution of "Sacramentum" for "Mysterium."

But it was to herself that our Church must first give heed. Assured of her Catholicity by her history and lineage, she must proclaim it by her life and character. She must exhibit in marked degree the life of Christ. Her blessings were rich and unique; her life must be made correspondingly so. Without this the arguments of the theologian and historian would fall upon unconvinced

¹ From a Pastoral on *Mixed Marriages* by Bishop Satterlee, October 1, 1902.

² For the history of this see *Journal of General Convention 1886*, and *The Lambeth Conferences of 1867, 1878, and 1888*, edited by Randall T. Davidson (S. P. C. K.), pp. 331-338.

³ *Diocesan Journal*, 1896, pp. 108 ff.

ears. With it our Church would become a powerful factor in promoting unity.

The following letter to the Bishop of St. Andrew's (Dr. G. H. Wilkinson), a man of singular piety, for whom Bishop Satterlee entertained deep affection and respect, is a curious and impracticable mixture of loyalty and conviction, and of concessions which, if made, could never hope to meet with acceptance from any communion founded on conviction. The answer is wanting. But the letter is quoted as illustrating how busy his mind was to put the Cathedral into some sort of vital relationship with the religious life of the whole community.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S

Sept. 2, 1902. — I am venturing to write to you upon a subject to which I have been giving no little thought of late, and regarding which I should be glad to have your counsel. Perhaps, I can best state it as follows:

1. In America, the Protestant denominations are looking more and more to the Church. They recognize that the Church has a power of organization, of which they are destitute, but do not, yet, see that this comes from the principle of Orders. (Historic Episcopate).

2. In Washington, the Capital of the United States, as our own church is the only Protestant body which has real organization, it is the only organism which stands against the forceful organization of the Roman Catholic Church; and, consequently, it is destined to become more and more the representative Protestant Body.

3. In Washington, we are building very slowly a Cathedral which will undoubtedly be looked upon as the representative Protestant Cathedral: no other Protestant body being able to utilize a great Cathedral.

Thus this Cathedral, while connected exclusively with the Diocese of Washington and our own branch of the Anglican Communion, can, in many indirect ways, help the cause of Christian Unity; especially among those oldest American Christian denominations, which broke off from the old mother church; — the Puritans, the Quakers, the English Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Anabaptists, &c.

4. The Altar, or first stone of this Cathedral, was hewn from the living rock at Jerusalem, and the Holy Eucharist is now celebrated on the Cathedral Site, long before the Cathedral is built. This Altar was the gift of all the *Dioceses of the American Church*.

5. I am now desirous of building a (temporary) Baptistry over a (permanent) Cathedral Baptismal Font, which shall be large enough for immersion if this is ever desired by candidates for baptism. It is my hope that as the Altar was the gift of all our own Dioceses, so the Font may be the gift of those old American *Christian denominations or sects*, which separated from the Church of England in past centuries. This is easily possible through individual members of those sects, and will help the cause of Christian union.

But I can think of a much greater help. The Lambeth quadrilateral *implies* the validity of lay baptism, does it not? Our Prayer Book leaves this an open question: but the majority of our church people, bishops, clergy and laity tacitly acknowledge it. Why then, should we not act boldly in Washington and suffer the ministers of these various Christian bodies to use the Cathedral Baptistry, provided that they pledge themselves to baptise with *water*, "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost"?

The advantages of this plan are:

1. The Baptistry, being outside of the Cathedral or the Church Building itself, there could be no plea on their part that the Cathedral should also be used by them.

2. The recognition of their baptism, as it were, officially, would promote the cause of church unity, and *perhaps*, lead them, on their part, to recognize our principles.

3. The celebration of Holy Communion is a priestly act, which could not be performed by one who is not a priest: and this would protect us against any argument, on their part, that if we admit the validity of one sacrament as administered by them, we ought to admit the validity of the other also.

The disadvantages are,

1. While our church, through her Prayer Book, leaves lay-Baptism an open question, such an action would go further and recognize it wholly.

2. It might also, separate us from the other branches of the Historic Church. The Roman Catholics, for example, do not recognize sectarians as church laymen.

3. It would form a precedent, undoubtedly to be used by the sects against the doctrine that only ministers ordained in apostolic succession can administer valid sacraments.

I confess that I shrink from allowing the use of the Cathedral Baptistry to the sects, even though it is my own idea that it should be thus used. No one has ever mentioned the subject to me and I am communicating it to you *privately* for you are the successor of a Bishop who was willing to go very far in the cause of the reunion of christendom; and know perhaps, as well as any Bishop in the Anglican Communion, what the different sides of the question are.

I should not be willing to take this step without the advice of my brothers in the Episcopate, and of theologians in whose mature judgment I could rest. First of all I come to you. I shall be grateful for any counsel, any suggestions that you may care to give me, and also, for the names of any churchmen and theologians who are competent to give an opinion of value upon this question. Am I trespassing too much on your kindness in asking this?

Washington's Birthday this year was marked by news of the death of the "Tombs' Angel." He wrote in his *Journal*:

Heard this day of the sudden death of my old friend and parishioner, Mrs. John A. Foster. While I was rector of Calvary, she began her work, first as one of the corps of ladies who visited among the poor in the parish, and then at public institutions, and lastly at the "Tombs," and she soon began to evince such remarkable qualifications, that she not only gained the confidence of the Church and the clergy, but also of the judges and lawyers at the Courts. Her loss is absolutely irreparable, and I doubt if anyone can ever be found to fill her place.¹

On New Year's Eve, 1903, and again on his birthday a short time after, there are happy echoes of old times in his letters to the Grinnells:

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1903.

Dear Mr. Grinnell: Here on my library table is the lovely Xmas present that you and Mrs. Grinnell sent me. I have already begun it and find it a far different and greater book than its title promised, for I thought it would be only an interesting

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1902, p. 56.

record of the events of the Coronation. I am so immersed in work that I had seen no review of it. Such a book must have had many reviews.

I enjoyed my little glimpse of Dr. Pott even more than I had anticipated, though of course as last Sunday was Robert's last day on earth, and I had four services, I could not see as much of him as I desired. But it was refreshing to have such good talks about dear old Zion Church and its people. How much he thinks of you and Mrs. Grinnell!

I have your Xmas card on my library table and Mrs. Grinnell's leaflet, torn as it were from an old illuminated book of Devotion. How the old words of the Ancient Creed stand out like a gospel reminder when they are thus isolated.

With dear love to you both, and the prayer that God will send you His own best New Year blessings.

I am, in the bonds of

Auld Lang Syne

Affectionately yours,

H. Y. SATTERLEE.

JAN. 11, 1903.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. I. G.: This is my LXth Birthday, and I am writing just one word to those dear friends who have helped to make my sixty years happy. And, you know as well as I, that a chief part of the benison which has come to me, has been from the love and sympathy and co-operation of the two, whom Mr. John Thompson used to call the "Lord and Lady of Netherwood."

Yes, you two dear ones have enriched my life, — *our* lives. How every memory of those golden days is associated with the thought of you. It was God who brought us together then, and I pray God, that the friendship formed then may have been one for time and for eternity.

It must be so, we are but upon the threshold of life here and year by year, days grow brighter, as the radiance of the eternal home — Jerusalem the Golden — flushes the horizon.

We read your letter with deepest interest. Churchill is here to-day, and I need not say his mother is happy.

With love from all four of us to you both, and our kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Howland, I am

Affectionately yours,

H. Y. SATTERLEE.

In the fall of 1903 the All-American Conference and the Missionary Council met in Washington. The Conference consisted of the Bishops of the Church of England in the Western Hemisphere, and the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. From first to last nearly one hundred bishops gathered and "deliberated concerning the gravest interests and largest mission of the kingdom of God among men. Such an assemblage had, as some at any rate who participated in it believed, a prophetic significance. It recognized the Oneness of Christ's Body, of whatever race or lineage; and it recognized no less, what Lamennais long ago pointed out — the pre-eminent competency of the Episcopal Church, as not standing for a part, but for the whole of the primitive deposit of the Apostolic Faith and Order, to be the messenger of Jesus Christ to men in this twentieth century and on the American Continents."¹

The preface for the printed copy of the minutes was written by Bishop Satterlee and gives some account of the origin of and preparation for the Conference. The idea was conceived at the Lambeth Conference. The Bishop of Kentucky (Dr. Dudley), Chairman of the House of Bishops, was elected to preside over the gathering — most fittingly in that it was more largely due to his efforts than to those of anyone else that the Conference became a fact.

At a meeting of the House of Bishops in 1902 a committee of bishops was appointed to co-operate with the Canadian bishops in arranging for the Conference a year hence. Through correspondence topics for discussion were gathered and a programme formulated. It is indicative of the part that Bishop Satterlee played that the tentative programme from his hand was substantially that which was finally adopted.²

¹ *All-American Conference of Bishops, Preface.*

² The topical programme was:

1. The Relation of the Several Branches of the Anglican Communion in America to one another.

Three months after the close of the Conference Bishop Dudley died suddenly. Bishop Satterlee, upon whom it fell to prepare the preface to the volume of proceedings in his stead, says:—

To his wisdom, his large experience and his enthusiasm, his wide sympathies, flowing beyond national boundaries toward all things which pertained to the growth of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the success of the Conference is to be largely ascribed. It is an irreparable loss that the short sketch which he was to have prepared will now never be written, and that in its place are substituted these few explanatory words from another's pen. The Bishop of Kentucky has been called by the great Head of the Church from this lower world, into a higher field of service, in the doing of God's will, and the first All-American Conference, over which he presided, has passed into history.

While no one can forecast what its results may be in the advancement of the Missionary cause, it undoubtedly brought its own peculiar blessing upon all the Bishops who were present, in enlarging their sympathies, in cementing more closely their feeling of brotherhood in the unravelling of spiritual difficulties, in solving problems that peculiarly belonged to Missionary work in the Western Hemisphere, and in stimulating and encouraging to fresh endeavors those who feel increasingly how great a responsibility is resting upon every Bishop as a spiritual leader in the Missionary field.¹

Of course the Conference had neither legislative authority nor intent. But it summed up its corporate

2. The Attitude of our Church toward Churches subject to the Roman Obedience.
3. The Development of Autonomous Churches in Heathen Lands.
4. The Development of Uniat Churches in our own Country.
5. The Attitude of our Church toward the Protestant Communions around her.
6. Methods of the Church's Work in Evangelizing the Specially Dependent Races in America.
7. The Obligation of the Church to Maintain the Christian Family in its Integrity.
8. The Adaptation of the Church's Methods to the Needs of the Twentieth Century.

¹ *All-American Conference of Bishops*. Preface.

mind in a series of resolutions. The question of "intrusion" was met by the resolution that "the right of this Church to enter countries where there are Churches subject to the Roman obedience, such as the Philippines, Porto Rico and Honolulu, Cuba, Mexico, and Brazil, rests partly on the necessity of ministering to its own people in these countries, and partly on the duty to give the privileges of the Church to Christian people deprived of them unless they submit to unlawful terms of communion."¹

The relation to Protestant communions had been powerfully presented by the Bishop Coadjutor of Montreal (Dr. Carmichael). The Conference affectionately commended —

This whole most grave subject anew to the consideration of those Protestant communions, and ask them to consider it seriously, with a view to aiming at inter-communion and possible union between them and us, through the composition of some of the differences, and the recognition that others do not constitute sufficient reasons for creating, or continuing, a rupture of that visible unity of the Church for which our Lord Jesus Christ prayed.

We are very thankful to believe that, notwithstanding differences between Christians, yet because of the wide acceptance of the underlying basic principle of baptismal unity there is good hope of the fulfilment of our blessed Lord's high-priestly prayer, which calls for constant thought and prayer and conscientious effort on the part of His Disciples for the accomplishment of reunion throughout Christendom.¹

According to wont, Bishop Satterlee cast around for some suitable way of revealing his Cathedral vision to the visiting brethren. He was ever a dreamer, and it was God's brush that colored his dreams which were always steeped in the glory of a triumphant tomorrow. From many different people this story comes — He was once seen approaching a group of brother bishops. One of them said: "Behold this dreamer cometh!"

¹ *The Guardian*, London, November 11, 1903.

“Yes,” replied another, “a dreamer who fulfils his dreams.” On this particular occasion he hoped that the Cathedral altar would be ready for dedication. It proved to be otherwise. So he planned for a service in his great open-air Cathedral on Mount St. Alban on Sunday, October 25. The Archbishop of the West Indies (Dr. Nuttall) writing afterwards to the *Churchman* says:

The situation was in every way favorable to an out-of-door gathering:—a sheltered natural amphitheatre on the brow of a hill overlooking the City of Washington, where a vast multitude could see and hear. The day was brilliantly fine; and this, with the robes of (about) four hundred choristers, one hundred clergy, and forty bishops, imparted a picturesqueness to the scene which the multitude appreciated. But besides the long, orderly procession led by an effective band, and the vast congregation of intelligent citizens (including many men and women of note), and all the perfectly suitable arrangements made by the Bishop of Washington and his lieutenants for securing order and comfort, and the effect of the simple liturgical service joined in by the vast multitude,—the principal and most striking feature was the presence of the chief Ruler of this great nation, who had come not only to witness the scene, but to give a religious address pertinent to the occasion, which he did in a natural, sympathetic and very effective manner. I think the Christian people of the United States should reckon it among the many things they have to be thankful for, that again and again their chief magistrates have been men who could fittingly take part in such a service as President Roosevelt did on that Sunday afternoon. I have been at many great out-of-door functions, but never at one, which, having regard to all the circumstances, so profoundly impressed me as the one I have just referred to at Washington.¹

President Roosevelt gave a characteristic address, full of vim and pertinence. In the course of his address he said:

I wish to dwell upon certain thoughts suggested by three different quotations:—In the first place, “Thou shalt serve the Lord with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy

¹ New York *Churchman*, November 21, 1903.

mind;" the next, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves;" and, finally, in the Collect which you, Bishop Doane, just read, that "we being ready both in body and soul may therefore accomplish those things which thou commandest."

In the second quotation remember that we are told not merely to be harmless as doves, but also to be wise as serpents. One of those characteristic humorists whom this country has developed, and who veiled under jocular phrases much deep wisdom — one of those men remarked that it was much easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent. Now, we are not to be excused if we do not show both qualities.

It is not very much praise to give a man to say that he is harmless. We have a right to ask that in addition to the fact that he does no harm to any one, he shall possess the wisdom and the strength to do good to his neighbor; that together with innocence, together with purity of motive, shall be joined the wisdom and strength to make that purity effective, that motive translated into substantial result.

I want to call your attention to something that is especially my business for the time being, and that is your business all the time, or else you are unfit to be citizens of this republic.

In the seventh hymn, which we sung, in the last line, you all joined in singing "God save the State." Do you intend merely to sing that, or to try to do it? If you intend merely to sing it, your part in doing it will be but small. The State will be saved if the Lord puts it into the heart of the average man so to shape his life that the State shall be worth saving, and only on those terms.

In our civil life, although we need that the average public servant shall have far more than honesty, yet all other qualities go for nothing, or for worse than nothing, unless honesty underlies them — not only the honesty that keeps its skirts technically clear, but the honesty that is such according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law; the honesty that is aggressive, the honesty that not merely deplores corruption — it is easy enough to deplore corruption — but that wars against it and tramples it under foot.¹

The climax of the Conference was in a Missionary meeting in Convention Hall on the evening preceding

¹ The New York *Herald*, October 26, 1903.

the open-air service. Some seven thousand people gathered in the big auditorium, and the meeting served the purpose of inaugurating the Missionary Council which met three days later.

The many letters the Bishop afterwards received bear testimony to the inspiration and help that came through the Conference and the Council which so fittingly followed it.

The Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Ohio (Dr. Boyd Vincent) wrote:

FROM THE BISHOP COADJUTOR OF SOUTHERN OHIO

October 26, 1903. — I am sorry that I shall not have a chance to see you again. I go home this afternoon. But I *do* want to tell you in this way how heartily I congratulate you and thank you, in the name of the Church, for the thoroughly successful and effective plans which you have undertaken and carried out in connection with the Conference. The Missionary Meeting on Saturday was fine in every way; and the service yesterday at the Cathedral grounds was most beautiful and impressive. No one who was there — even the President — will ever forget it. It was a great triumph for you and a long step forward for this Church, too, — in making her real position and claims in this land realized and felt. The rest of us owe you a debt of gratitude, — and I feel better to have told you so.

The following letter came from the Archbishop of the West Indies:

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF THE WEST INDIES

October 30, 1903. — I must send a brief note to-day to say to you how, apart from all the manifold interests connected with my recent visit to the All-American Congress of Bishops at Washington, I value the occasion greatly because it has given me the opportunity of renewing and increasing my acquaintance with you and your work. I esteem this as a great privilege, and I hope to be the better as a Christian man and as a Bishop in the Church of God for my intercourse with you. May our Divine Lord have you constantly in His gracious keeping, and guide and help you in your work, which is great in its present responsibilities and its immediate usefulness, but greater

still in its bearing on the future influence of our Church in this great and wonderful country.

Finally this letter from the Bishop of Minnesota is given as a sample of all the rest which he received:

FROM THE BISHOP OF MINNESOTA

November 8, 1903. — In telling my people at the pro-Cathedral here of the All-American Conference and Missionary Council, my heart has been turned again to-day to the memory of your bounteous hospitality, and the marvellous perfection of the arrangements which your people, under your leadership, made for our entertainment, so that I want to write and tell you again how profoundly we all appreciated it, and particularly how warm a place you hold in all our hearts.

More than one bishop and delegate will come home to pray with great earnestness that the noble conception of a national Cathedral, to stand in our country's Capital as a witness for Evangelic truth and Apostolic order, may grow into all that, with prophetic vision, you have dreamed that it should be.

Mrs. Edsall joins me in grateful regards to yourself and Mrs. Satterlee. I do hope you are getting a little rest after your herculean labors.

While men were commending the good Bishop, he, in turn, was attributing the success of the occasion to others. The letter Archdeacon Williams wrote him indicates the character of the communication which called it forth:

FROM ARCHDEACON WILLIAMS

Nov. 5, 1903. — I wish I could accept all you have so beautifully written as due me. But I cannot, for it would not be honest. The men who made this effort a success are the heads of the Committees. Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hill, Col. Clay, and Mr. Shealey are the ones who should receive the praise, as well as the men who worked under them. They certainly did labor incessantly for the good of the cause. I appreciate your feeling in the matter, and my only regret is that I cannot take all the kind things you say to myself.

I tried to get you yesterday by phone, but the line was busy. I could have gone up to-morrow (Friday) afternoon, but fear I shall not be able to go on Monday. I shall be there in spirit,

and would enjoy seeing the others when you say what you have said to me. I am always repaid for a hard piece of work when it comes out right, and I have enjoyed with you the abundant success of this Missionary Council and Pan-American Conference. After all, dear Bishop, it was you, the inspiring leader, who made both gatherings a success.

General Wilson's letter is of the same tenor:

FROM GENERAL JOHN M. WILSON

Nov. 11, 1903. — Your beautiful letter is before me, has been read with a moistening eye and trembling lip and will be placed among my household treasures.

You give me more credit than I deserve, for your excellent suggestions helped me greatly in my work, and the noble men who so ably carried out our plans and looked after every detail, deserve the greatest credit for the complete success of the grandest affair of this character that ever took place on this continent.

Overwhelmed with enthusiasm at the magnificent sight before him, the Bishop of the West Indies, who sat on my left, suddenly grasped my hand and exclaimed:

"General Wilson, nowhere in the civilized world, save in this country, could such a spectacle be presented to us, as that now before us."

To you, dear Bishop, is due all the credit and honor for the success of the beautiful service and as I once said to you before, "Under such a banner, with such a leader as yourself, we would be recreants if we did not strive for success."

To another helper the Bishop wrote:

TO MISS MACKRILLE

Nov. 16, 1903. — I want to thank you most warmly for all that you did on the day before the meeting of the Bishops. Your help was invaluable and the preparations were so complete that all the Bishops were enthusiastic. I wish you could read their letters. Most of them in bidding me good-bye said that they realised now for the first time the representative character of the church in the Capital of the country.

The service on the Cathedral Close on the 25th of October will be historic.

Shortly after the conclusion of the Missionary Council we find Bishop Satterlee occupied in promoting a meeting

in support of the Prisoners' Aid Association. He secured Jacob Riis as a speaker, and in thanking him for accepting the invitation he said:

TO MR. JACOB RIIS

Nov. 27th, 1903. — If you dare stand in awe of me, as a Bishop, hereafter I will still more be in awe of you.

Whenever you come to Washington, you always will have a warm welcome at my house.

I am very grateful that you can speak at a parlor meeting on Monday, December 14th, in the afternoon.

The wealthier classes as a rule, here, have very little feeling of civic or social responsibility. The work of our Prisoners Aid Association is simply marvellous, as I told you; and yet, they know nothing about it. Your coming then, will be a mercy that is twice blessed. It will please the lower classes that are so desirous of helping and also equally please the upper classes, and I trust, create first a feeling of sympathy and then a feeling of responsibility.

The year (1903) closed with bereavement of which his letters to his brother tell:

TO MR. ARTHUR SATTERLEE

Dec. 26th, 1903. — Thank you and Leontine ever so much for your beautiful presents. We will write to you later. Christmas Day, dawned so brightly and beautifully upon us yesterday, and perhaps it was the happiest one we have spent in Washington.

Walter and Jennie Catlin came into Jennie's room, and they all opened their stockings together.

Mary and Robert Catlin¹ were with us at dinner yesterday, and after dinner came God's message, very gently. Slowly Robert had an attack of paralysis.

Walter and I supported him.

The doctor came as soon as possible, but it got deeper and deeper, and now he is on a couch, in the library, with all his family around him, and from all appearances he is sleeping his life peacefully away.

Of course while there is life, there is hope; but the changes that slowly take place, are none for the better.

¹ Capt. Robert Catlin, his brother-in-law.

May Catlin came on from New York last night, arriving this morning.

Dec. 28th, 1903. — I have to write in this typewritten way, because I must attend to other matters at once.

Robert's end was very peaceful and quiet. We knew it would come, but not quite so suddenly. It was a great privilege for me to have had him and all his family here at my house.

He died in my library, where he was taken ill, on Christmas afternoon. It was the end of a beautiful life, and everything has been just as comforting and providentially arranged as we could desire.

Robert's funeral will take place at Ascension Church, Wednesday, Dec. 30th, at 11 A.M.

I am writing to Reese and Virginia.

In less than a month Mrs. H. B. Aldrich, so beloved and admired by him, "a mother in Israel indeed," went to her rest. Three days later Bishop Dudley, "one of his nearest and closest friends in the American Episcopate" followed her. Under the shadow and inspiration of his accumulating griefs he wrote the widow of his friend:

TO MRS. DUDLEY

Jan. 23, 1904. — May the dear Lord be with you, and He will. You will have strength unknown before to sustain you. I am sure it will be so. I do not speak of your sorrow, — of our sorrow. I cannot speak of it as yet. I can only think of you and pray for you, who have this double parting with loved ones to bear. My heart goes out to you in loving sympathy. I beseech you think of only this, "God loves me." Any thought beyond that will perplex and distress. If you keep to that single thought, God will give you His sustaining peace.

But this was only the beginning of sorrows. Nevertheless all was well.

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

CHAPTER XV

CHIAROSCURO

1904-1905

*And in the end
Though you be spent,
You, who were glad to spend,
Who would not be
A baffled Moses with eyes to see
The far fruition of the Promised Land,
Who would not understand
How to lead captive dread captivity,
Who would not even crave
A lost and lonely grave
Near Jordan's wave?*

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

ON February 16 the Bishop's only son, Churchill, the joy of his parents, died, leaving a widow (née Helen Stuyvesant Folsom, whom he married in 1898) and two children, Henry Yates and Ethelred Frances — a third, Churchill, was born three months after his father's death. His winsome personality, his native gifts of mind and soul, and his unfeigned love of souls made him the true "Fisher of Men" which his biographer depicts him to be.

His body was brought from Augusta to New Ham-
burgh. "The progress of the funeral party resembled a
devotional pilgrimage. All the way from Augusta to
New Hamburgh, wherever a change was made, the body
was met by former friends and associates, clergymen and
laymen."¹ A service was held in Trinity Church, Co-
lumbia, at which Bishop Capers gave an address in the
course of which he said: "It is an inexpressible honor
to have reared such a son and given him to God in His
holy ministry, and now that you are called upon, my

¹ "A Fisher of Men," p. 169.

dear brother, to give him back to God, it is strength and peace to know that his bishop and brethren, the vestry and the congregation of Trinity assure you that his ministry was an honor to him and to you, and a blessing to the people." At the conclusion of the address, "Bishop Satterlee, leaving his pew and standing in the aisle beside the casket, closed the service by pronouncing the benediction." When, two days later, Churchill's body was laid in its last resting place amid the surroundings where he was born and had spent his boyhood days, the father bestowed his last caress of love upon his son's mortal remains by reading the Committal in the Burial Service.

In answer to a letter of sympathy from Mrs. Russell, he writes:

TO MRS. RUSSELL

February 25, 1904. — Thank you ever so much for your sympathy. Your letter was a great comfort to us and deepens the bond of union between us — Churchill's death was wholly unexpected, and has been a shock that completely bewildered us. Yet beneath all the deep sorrow runs a deeper current of thankfulness to God for having given us such a son. He has done a remarkable work in his short life, and fell at his post as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. That consciousness is our mainstay in these days. Tell Mr. Russell and the children how gratefully we appreciate their sympathy. It is a help to us that you who knew him could write as you did about him. God bless you for it.

The correspondence in connection with the biography of Churchill by the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler is full of interest:

TO THE REV. H. SCHUYLER

Jan. 19th, 1905. — I have just received your letter, and read its enclosures. I was not altogether unprepared for the story they told. I have not lost faith in the book in any way. I believe that it is full of inspiration, and that it will be especially helpful to young men, who are preparing for the Ministry. It sounds a chord that is not often touched in these days, and which really vibrates in human hearts, and it may induce others in these days to study for the Ministry.

The very fact that being a biography of so young a clergyman who had not yet made a mark upon the church, is an advantage,—if once it could gain attention and become generally circulated, it would be of great help.

I think of course that the book ought to be brought to the attention of personal friends in New York, New Hamburg, Morganton, Columbia and perhaps Washington. I think my daughter and daughter-in-law can very easily make up a list of a thousand names in these places, but the clientele that I am especially thinking of, is the student class, members of the G. T. S. and other Seminaries.

I am trying to look out of their eyes, and to think their thoughts, regarding such a book, and in this connection, I have a suggestion to offer.

How would it do to have a short introduction, not a preface, written for the work by the Bishop of South Carolina, with special reference, to Churchill's influence upon young men, who might be thinking of the ministry? The Bishop of South Carolina, speaking as an outsider, might thus point more emphatically to this characteristic in Churchill's life, than those have done, or could do, in the body of the work, without departing from the rules which you have so wisely made for yourself in writing it.

I am not clear in my own mind about this, and I simply throw it out as a suggestion. What do you think?

Regarding this aftermath, in considering it, and looking at it out of the eyes of a young student, I feel that this might also make an impression. A young man would be very apt to say to himself, if this is the way in which a young clergyman who is unknown to the world, is living most earnestly, and attracting the attention of Bishops and others, I might gain the same kind of recognition in my future work.

I think, however, that if the aftermath is published at all, it ought to be distinctly separate and appear in smaller type.

It was wisely decided to let the book go forth without employing the doubtful expedient of a preface from another hand. To his daughter-in-law the Bishop said:

TO MRS. CHURCHILL SATTERLEE

Dear Lellie: Let us try all that we can to perfect this biography. I echo Schuyler's words since my visit South, I



THE REV. CHURCHILL SATTERLEE
AND HIS SON

have come to realize Churchill's greatness in a way I, his own father, had never known. I feel as though I know Churchill now, better than I ever did in his life time.

Long after the book had won its way into the lives of its readers, Bishop Satterlee, on his last Christmas Eve on earth, wrote to the author:

TO THE REV. H. SCHUYLER

Dec. 24, 1907. — I will not take the bloom off your peach, especially at this Xmas time, though I am sorely tempted to do so.

I never gave a second thought to what I advanced for the book, I only thought of my deep gratitude for you for writing it, and whatever royalty came back, I feel ought to go to *you*. But after your letter (returning me the cheque), with your affectionate delicacy, I cannot return it a second time. And on this Christmas Eve, I am writing with a very full heart to you, my dear boy.

You have enriched my life by your life of Churchill, by which he, being dead, yet speaketh. Every now and then, I hear of one and another, whose lives have been influenced by reading "The Fisher of Men." The sales may be slow and the copies distributed may not be many. But those that find their way to different homes, have also found their way to unexpected hearts, and I know of a few persons, and I am sure there are others whose names are known unto God.

Then think of the priceless heritage you have given to his two sons. No treasure they can inherit in after life will be equal to this treasure.

And they will, with God's good help, feel that they have to live up to this, their father's standing of Faith and Service. If I was in their place, I could not banish this responsibility from mine. God grant that they may enter the Ministry. If they do, humanly speaking it will be through you and "The Fisher of Men."

I wish I could have been with you at Knight's consecration, but it was impossible after the three days' absence at Washington and New York.

The Bishop immediately resumed the routine of his work. His grief was a tide too deep for sound or foam.

Then, too, he was possessed by such convictions as to the meaning of death to the Christian, and its inability to interfere with fundamental human relationships, that he instinctively grasped that comfort of God which is pledged to the mourner, and cheered those who would have sympathized with him. Added to the inevitable strain of the series of sorrows which had descended on him, he was weighted heavily by the burden of the Cathedral mortgage, and anxieties connected with his responsibility as Provisional Bishop of Mexico. The Panama Canal Zone was about to be taken over from the Bishop of Honduras by the American Church, and this too fell upon his shoulders as a member of the special Committee of the Board of Managers. The result of the prolonged and heavy strain was an illness that began with recurrent grippe, and developed into typhoid fever. For six weeks he was confined to his bed. "In the loving providence of God, and owing to the great care and skill of my physician, Dr. Middleton F. Cuthbert, I was brought through this quite serious attack of fever without any complications whatever, and though I kept to my bed from May 30th to July 12th, there is no memory of all this time that is painful to look back upon, but, on the contrary, I have nothing but memories of peace, quiet and thankfulness." But the aftermath of his illness was a permanent weakness of the heart that left it unequal to the tax laid upon it four years later, when he lay upon his last bed of sickness.

He spent part of the summer during convalescence on the coast of Maine, and was full of the approaching visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson). He was not able to attend public services from the time he was seized with typhoid until September 18, when he was present in St. Saviour's Church, Bar Harbor, where the Archbishop celebrated the Holy Communion.

The Archbishop he had known as the Bishop of Winchester, so he greeted him as a friend, and during his sojourn in Washington entertained him and Mrs. David-

son at his house. The Archbishop's advent to America was notable as being the first occasion in history of a Primate of All England visiting our Church and country. His host during his stay was the late J. Pierpont Morgan. Efforts were not spared to make the Archbishop feel that he was in the house of his friends. Nor could anyone have done more to obliterate the traditional prejudice against English prelates, especially archbishops, than Dr. Davidson. His quiet manner, his simplicity and directness, his wise and measured words whenever and wherever he spoke, laid many ghosts and won the confidence of the people. He came with the unfeigned humility of a learner, and he enriched those to whom he looked for riches. Mr. Morgan took him on his yacht, the "Corsair," to the Military Academy at West Point, among other places of note, Gen. Oliver accompanying the party. Unexpectedly, the Archbishop, who was dressed for a day's outing, found himself the most conspicuous figure in a review of the cadets. If the Archbishop felt any embarrassment at being thus taken unawares he did not show it. And, perhaps, he was unconscious that the fact that at this function he wore no distinguishing dress caught the American imagination more than had he worn the traditional garb of the English episcopate. It was worth while waiting for a century and a quarter for a visit to the American continent of an English Primate, if at last one should come so well fitted by character and experience to sweep away misconceptions, and to strengthen the cords that bind two Christian nations each to each.

The Sunday (September 25) spent by the Archbishop in Washington was memorable. He celebrated the Holy Communion at St. John's Church in the morning. Bishop Satterlee, with customary grace and self-effacement, had asked one of the younger Missionary Bishops to preach. In the afternoon came the consecration of the Cathedral Altar Cross, and the open-air service which was always a joy to the Bishop. The year previous in his *Journal*

(June 21) there is an entry that expresses his feelings: "In the afternoon I officiated at the open air service in the Cathedral close. This Cathedral service was as impressive and devotional, I am sure, as any future service can ever be, even when the great Cathedral is finished, with its trained Choir, and its eloquent sermons, because of its various devotional elements." No one who has not seen this natural Cathedral with its green-sward for pavement, its trees for pillars, its vistas that reach past Capitol and Monument to the blue rim of the world, can understand what a sanctuary it is, and how suited to the Cathedral of stone which is now slowly rising to crown it. To quote again from the *Bishop's Journal*, (September 25, 1904):

The Archbishop entered the Cathedral grounds through All Hallows Gate, where the carriage stopped, and the Archbishop and those with him here alighted.

Before we passed into the archway, the Archbishop was greatly impressed with the view of the City of Washington and the Capitol in the centre. Near the Little Sanctuary, and in what will be the Southwest corner of the Cloister of the Cathedral, the Archbishop planted an English oak, presented by the Foresters of the United States.

After he and the other Bishops had robed, and while the procession was forming, the Archbishop, seated in the Glastonbury Cathedra, most generously offered to donate some stones from Canterbury Cathedral to the Washington Cathedral.

The service then began. The Archbishop, standing in front of the Jerusalem Altar, and using the new Altar-book rest, consecrated the Cathedral Altar Cross with the following prayer, which had been partly composed by him:

"O Father of Mercies and God of Love, whose only-begotten Son was lifted up that He might draw all men unto Him; may this Altar Cross be a ceaseless reminder, to all who shall enter this Sanctuary of Christ crucified, of the fellowship of His sufferings, and of the power of His resurrection. Especially do we ask Thy blessing on all those who shall receive here the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ; through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Afterwards he said the following prayer for unity, as he stood before the Glastonbury Cathedra, which also was partly composed by him:

“O Righteous Father, we glorify Thee for the godly unity and concord of all those who are knit together in communion and fellowship within our branch of Thy Holy Catholic Church. We thank Thee for the continuity of their Apostolic Ministry of grace and truth, of which this Cathedra is an emblem and witness. Keep, we beseech Thee, all Christians through Thine own Name, that they may be one even as Thou art one; and grant that all men everywhere may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. Hear us for the worthiness of the same Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The procession then began to move on, comprising all the vested choirs of the churches of Washington, followed by the clergy of the Diocese and visiting clergy, preceded by the Marine Band in cassocks and cottas, after which came the following Bishops: The Bishop of Maryland, the Bishop of Albany, the Bishop of Boisé, the Bishop of Fond du Lac, the Bishop of Easton, the Bishop of Cape Palmas, the Bishop of Georgia, the Bishop of the Philippine Islands, the Bishop of Washington, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Penick. Then came the Archbishop's chaplain, Mr. Holden, with the magnificent processional cross, presented to the Primates of England by the Convocation of Canterbury, the Archbishop himself, with the Rev. Mr. Holden in the rear. The Archbishop was attired in his red convocation robes. The ministers of other Christian bodies had been invited to seats on the platform. The Archbishop occupied the old historic chair of Grotius, Hugo de Grot, of Holland, A.D. 1566. This was all the more interesting because Grotius died a communicant of the Church of England. The music was led by the full Marine Band.

Mrs. Davidson occupied a seat between Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Satterlee, with other ladies of the Cabinet.

The service was read by the Bishops of Georgia, Cape Palmas, Philippine Islands, Maryland and Boisé. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Albany. The Salutation was delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who also read the prayer for Church Unity in the Institution Office, and delivered the benediction.

Over thirty-five thousand persons were present, it was after-

wards announced by the newspapers. There was no break or hitch to mar the occasion, and the Archbishop said, after the service, that he had been used to public functions all his life, but that he had never seen one more complicated, nor one that had been more perfectly arranged for than this.

After the service was over there was a short reception held at the Cathedral School, at which the Clergy of the Diocese and visiting Clergy, as well as the ministers of other Christian bodies in Washington, were presented to the Archbishop.

Though Bishop Satterlee was not yet in vigorous health, he attended the General Convention in Boston and entered into its sessions with his usual interest. Two letters to Mrs. Rives were written from his desk in the House of Bishops:

October 7, 1904. — I was interrupted in writing this letter, and it was left on my desk by accident—since that time we have been moving onward. The Archbishop has developed a power which is surprising to all here. He speaks daily. Never repeats himself and all that he says is ethical, to the point, — and helpful. I have scarcely seen him personally he is so occupied. At this moment he is attending a *citizens'* reception altogether outside of the Episcopal Church. . . .

The people of Boston are evidently deeply interested in the General Convention, in fact, in no place have I seen a deeper interest manifested, if one can judge by crowded services.

I think we shall probably elect a bishop for Mexico.

Dr. McKim¹ has gained many laurels for himself by the way in which he presides over the lower house.

TO MRS. RIVES

Oct. 12, 1904. — The work here is thickening so fast that it will be impossible for me to leave Boston before next Monday. I am *very* sorry because this shortens my visit to Lenox. But the election of a Bishop for the Mexican Church: the importance of inaugurating a work among the immigrants: the settlement of the question of suffrage and, above all, the education of colored candidates for Holy Orders, these are subjects which demand my presence. If I should leave Boston before some

¹ Dr. McKim was elected President of the House of Deputies which position he held with distinction in three General Conventions — 1904, 1907, 1910.

of them are settled I might have to be summoned back by telegraph.

All is going on well and quietly. It is surprising how great the interest is when there is so little fighting. I suppose it is the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. (The Bishops of Ripon and Hereford are also here.) I am writing in the House of Bishops while the speaking is going on, and therefore as I have to keep my ears wide open my letters may seem to you a little incoherent.

The thing that absorbed his attention chiefly during the months that intervened between General Convention and the following spring, when he went abroad for recuperation and treatment, was the Lane Johnston Choir School (National Cathedral School for Boys). A legacy of \$300,000 had been left by Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, about one half of which bequest was to be expended in the erection of the buildings, and the balance as an endowment fund, "for the free education and maintenance of Choirboys, principally of the great Cathedral itself. The value of this bequest will be appreciated, when we consider that this will not only lift the Washington Cathedral into a position where the best facilities in Church music shall be gained in an honor school, where the religious, and intellectual, as well as musical, qualifications of the pupils will be carefully examined, but also that that which is the greatest expense generally in the conduct of Cathedral services is already provided for, before a stone of the edifice is laid."¹

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1904, p. 35.

CHAPTER XVI

AD INTERIM

1905

*The wisest men
That e'er you ken
Have never deemed it treason
To rest a bit
And jest a bit
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit
And chaff a bit
And joke a bit in season.*

M. G. KAINS

BEFORE the 1905 meeting of his Diocesan Convention the Bishop was obliged to go abroad in search of health. He had been urged to go in the fall of 1904 but felt obliged to defer the trip until the following spring. He and his family sailed for Bremen on April 29, 1905. On the eve of his departure he wrote the Presiding Bishop the following letter:

TO BISHOP TUTTLE

April 26th, 1905. — There is one subject that I am strongly moved to request that you will bring before the House of Bishops.

Our Lord tells us to watch the signs of the times. If we pray earnestly the Lord's Prayer, that petition, "Thy Kingdom come" — in itself, makes the Church prophetic. Her members are *sure* of the coming of God's Kingdom, and therefore are able to see farther into the future than those who have not this faith.

At the present day the whole religious atmosphere, in some of its aspects, is artificial and unreal. There is a spirit of unbelief, prompting men not only to deny the Christian religion, but the teachings of natural religion, which is as much a part of our human nature, as the physical body or the human mind.

Christ takes natural religion for granted in His Sermon on the Mount, and throughout the Gospels. It is the foundation upon which He builds. The consciousness of personal shortcoming and sin which is a part of natural religion in these times, has been smothered, and hence men are deaf to the Gospel call. The man-made influences of big cities, material advancement, science and manufactures, have stifled the religious instinct of higher things and deeper human needs. As a thunder storm clears the atmosphere, so there always is a reaction in the natural and spiritual worlds when conditions have become abnormal.

Everywhere in England and America there is a feeling abroad, that a great religious reaction or reformation or revival of some kind, must come in the near future. Now, when, or in what way, it will come, we cannot tell. It is not for us to know the time nor the seasons, but we *do* know from human experience and all Church history of the past, that such a movement must begin in the conviction of sin.

Now it seems to me that the time is opportune for the House of Bishops to utter its voice in clear ringing tones. If some kind of a message should unexpectedly come from the whole House of Bishops, calling upon our people to awaken from their covetousness, sordidness, indifference and apathy to the reality of human sin, I believe, in the Providence of God, that such a message just at this present moment and in the present condition of popular feeling, will have a profound effect. People are ready for it.

My dear Bishop, I have written with halting words, for I am not feeling well, and have not expressed myself as clearly as I wished to do on this momentous subject, but I think you will comprehend my meaning, and I do hope you will bring this subject to the attention of the House of Bishops in June.

During his stay in Nauheim he spent a good deal of his time with the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, who was also taking baths. A little more than a month later Mr. Hay died, and the Bishop attended the Memorial Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as representing the American Church. While in London, Convocation was in session and he was introduced by the Archbishop to the Upper, and by the Prolocutor to the Lower, House, making short addresses on both occasions.

He returned to Nauheim for further treatment, and later went to Switzerland where he visited Axenstein of fragrant memories.

Sept. 5.—This day I went to Axenstein, and there we all had a short service, where twelve years ago my son Churchill had announced his decision to study for the Ministry.

While in Italy he devoted a day "to the memory of Savonarola. Went to the spot where he was burned, then to the Piazza della Signoria, and then to the Monastery of St. Mark's. In Savonarola's cell we read responsively Psalm 51, which was the subject of Savonarola's last meditation, on the night before he was burned."¹

Almost the only time that the Bishop managed to secure leisure in which to write letters of the old-fashioned sort, such as our ancestors wrote when life was not synonymous with speed, was when he was abroad. The following letters and extracts are full of interest. In some the soul of the boy still leaps:

TO MRS. A. D. RUSSELL FROM BAD NAUHEIM, GERMANY

May 19, 1905.—It is three weeks to-day since I saw you. How the days have glided by. My better half told you what a wonderfully smooth and prosperous voyage we had in the "Kroonland." After a day in Antwerp, to see the Cathedral, and a night at Cologne for the same object, we arrived here and are staying in a comfortable villa, near to everything. Opposite us is the Kaiser Hof, where Secretary Hay and Mr. Mason (Consul General at Berlin) are. And a little further on, near the Kur Haus are the Mahans and Mrs. Chadwick. These are all the Americans we know, but, as with the Doctor's consent, I officiated at a short service of the unveiling of the chancel windows of the Anglo-American Church, day before yesterday, many of the English people who were present were introduced to us, and I meet them everywhere, with the inward torture of not knowing their names.

We are greatly impressed with Dr. Schott. People talk against him saying he is a little rasping German Jew, but I find him scientific, skillful, full of kindness and sympathy. He

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1906, p. 49.

is greatly interested in the Church, as he was the one who started and collected most of the funds to build it. I was told that he was "progressive." He is indeed, but at the same time he is more cautious and conservative in his treatment, I find, than any other doctor at Nauheim. He says I have "a hard worker's heart debilitated by typhoid fever" and added "My dear Beeshop, I have received letters about you, you are accused on all sides. You must rest — rest, rest. You must come here twice this summer and I will make you perfectly well." I wish you could see his menu. It is a delicious bill of fare — or would be, if each dish were not preceded by the word "no." Fancy this Barmecides feast! "No tea, no coffee, no wine, no beer, no effervescing mineral waters. No seasoned food, no salted food, no farinaceous food, no ices, no smoking — and so on." It's just like another Lent, only more so; and no father confessor could be more strict. He won't budge an inch. Secretary Hay said he heard two German epicures talking in the bath house. Said one to the other. "Reduced to only one bottle of Rudesheimer a day? My poor, poor friend." As though the one bottle were the indivisible atom.

We expect to remain here a month and then shall go to England for several weeks, for I feel that the time has come when I should know more accurately and definitely some of the details about the working of the Cathedral system. I hope to meet two of my clergy there, who will do all the hard work that has to be done, for they also are so keenly interested that this will only add a greater zest to their vacation pleasure.

The Archbishop has most kindly invited us to stay with him for a few days. He appreciates as greatly as I do, that an American Cathedral must be assimilated to American life, and that for us there is, in the English Cathedral system as much to be avoided as to be Americanized.

TO DR. DE VRIES

May 25, 1905. — Welcome to old England! I hope that you had a prosperous voyage. When I went in the Atlantic Transport with Bishop Paret and Walpole Warren, we had a load of cattle aboard with farm yard sounds. It was a unique experience.

"The ship's bell tolled the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd sailed slowly o'er the sea"

&c.

I wish I could be on the dock to meet you and greet you, but here we are at Nauheim. I am taking the sprudel baths and the Dr. says that I was all run down, with "a hard worker's heart," but am doing *well*. We shall remain here at Nauheim until June 8-12 when the Dr. says I can go to England, provided I return here in July for another dreary period of Nirvana. Think of spending two precious months of my European stay in a bath! O tempora! O mores!

I am afraid that I cannot therefore go with you to Iona, but I shall give you a letter of introduction to the Lord Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. If you are not able to go and see him personally, why then present this letter to the Rev. Mr. S. . . . (I forget his name) Curator of the Iona Cathedral.

I wish you could find out whether the marble of Iona is fine enough to be used in cutting statuettes and bas reliefs for the Canterbury Ambon. I fear it is not; that nothing but Carrara marble will serve the purpose, for of course the workmanship must be very neatly done. However, it may be that we could use the Iona marble for some other object in the Cathedral of Washington.

Strictly confidential

The Archbishop is going to give us quite a lot of old stone of the Canterbury Cathedral, considerably more than a cubic yard. I think I shall have the design made by some English Ecclesiastical Architect, who understands the historical importance and meaning of a gift from Canterbury Cathedral to the Washington Cathedral in memory of Stephen Langton.

If possible I want to have these two ideas set forth, 1st Stephen Langton — Magna Charta, Runnymede: 2nd the History of the English Bible and its gradual evolution, Alfred the Great (Commandments), Aldhelm of Sherborne (Psalms), Bede (St. John's Gospel), Wyclif (English Bible), Tyndale (English Bible), Coverdale Bible, Cranmer's Bible, Great Bible, King James' Bible, Revised Version.

Of course all these could not be brought in, but we might have four statuettes at angles of Ambon, three bas reliefs. 1st central and most important one, Abp. Langton at Runnymede, with Magna Charta in his hand beneath the oak, Barons around. 2nd, Death-bed scene of Bede completing Gospel of S. John. 3rd I have not determined; many subjects present themselves

to my mind. The Jerusalem chamber where the revised version was made would be interesting, but I can think of no prominent person connected therewith unless it be Lightfoot or *Westcott*.

I want the Ambon to be educational to the visitors who come to the Cathedral from all parts of the United States, showing that the Magna Charta is founded on the Bible, and that the English translation of the Bible was the work of the *Church of England*. I want you to think up some scene for the 3rd bas relief. The names of the various translations of the Bible might be inserted in brass letters on the risers and heads of the 3 steps to the Ambon.

Of course it is yet uncertain whether we shall have the Canterbury stones positively, or whether the architect would advise marble statuettes and bas reliefs inserted in the stones, and *therefore* this is all confidential.

TO HIS BROTHER ARTHUR

May 29, 1905. — Here we are at Bad Nauheim, I hope to find it *good* Nauheim before I leave. We had the best crossing I have ever experienced. Fair weather, smooth seas. We stayed a day at Antwerp to see the old Cathedral and S. Jacques. Then went to Cologne, where we spent most of the afternoon in the Cathedral; then took an automobile drive. The new parts of the city are like Paris. It is not only American cities which grow. Both Antwerp and Cologne have doubled in population in the last 50 years and have each over 300,000. Then we went up the Rhine: but it is not satisfactory to be whisked past those interesting old castles by rail. "There is Stolzenfels, look!" "Where?" "Oh, you are too late. It is behind those freight cars." Then we went to Frankfort. I remember on a very hot day twenty-five years ago, I was then at the "Frankfort Hof" with my youngest brother. He was very thirsty and our rooms were on the top floor. As he reached them, he tugged at the bell rope. "Waiter! Kellner! ice water: Ja, ice wasser." So the waiter went and brought up a jug of smoking *beiss wasser* to shave with. Nauheim is about as far from Frankfort as Irvington is from New York by rail. We run in town to do shopping every week.

My mornings here are intensely exciting and interesting — Breakfast — rest — bath — rest — gymnastics — rest — luncheon — rest. What is left of the day after luncheon we spend

at the Kurhaus listening to the music, and seeing all the other old duffers who are here with heart troubles.

In the evening we have occasionally a prestidigitateur. Last time, before performing a trick he called out to the audience in German: "Some one please give me a night key." There was a roar of laughter! Night keys? Everybody in Nauheim is in bed at 10 o'clock, by the doctor's orders.

The baths are very strong. I have taken 12 and have only yet had *diluted* sprudel. The strong sprudel is like soda water and effervesces most effervescingly, covering the whole body with its bubbles. This equalises the circulation in such a remarkable way that a dilated heart, after each bath, shrinks, sometimes half an inch all around. After a succession of such baths the heart goes back to its normal size; and then the doctor sends his patient off to Switzerland for the quiet "after-cure" for a month before returning to work.

. . . I have thought a great deal about ear trumpets, for we have met hosts of deaf people. All so bright and cheerful but they can't *hear* unless one comes close to them. It would be a perfect Godsend to thousands if some sort of contrivance could be devised whereby they might have ear trumpets at their ears, so as to hear ordinary conversation at dinner time; hear in church, &c. &c. people wear spectacles, why shouldn't they wear ear trumpets? people wear earrings, people have false teeth, *some* people have wigs. I go in for ear trumpets to fit the head. There might be a gold band over the head to hold them no bigger than a gold spectacle rim, or a lorgnette. The ear trumpet should not be black but transparent like eye glasses; or white. It should be made very light in weight either of thin glacé, or papier maché or isinglass, or of that light new metal, what's its name? Aluminium or aluminum. Ladies could combine it with a Paris bonnet, or tulle cap, or hide it in tasteful bonnet strings. It might be hard to wear at first, but think of the first man who wore spectacles or automobilistical goggles! Then, after some brave spirits should lead the way, the ear trumpets could become fashionable — then, they would become as common as eye glasses. Here is a chance for an inventor to make a fortune. If I were you, I should go to my old friend and classmate Charley Bull (Dr. Charles Steadman Bull) he is one of the first aurists in New York. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him if you like. He was one of the devout com-

municants of Calvary Church. And see if you cannot concoct something together. You'd both make a pile of money out of it. *He* would supply the medical and anatomical knowledge, *you* would supply the inventive genius. He could not say that you were trespassing upon his field or that you were an ignoramus, because you would speak as an expert in *your* field, as a mechanical inventor. And you would have Leontine by you to tell you whether your invention is tasteful and could be combined with ladies hats. But I should not go to Dr. Bull until I had spent a great deal of thought and time experimenting how the thing can best be done: how it could be made as small as possible, so as to attract little notice; how it could best be fitted to the ear or to the head; and what is the lightest material of which it could be made.

Be assured there is a great want to be filled, a great, a very great demand! Just think how it would gladden hundreds of thousands of lives of those whose hearing will never be any better. If they could carry an ear trumpet on their ears as men carry eye glasses on their noses. Sooner or later the thing will be invented by some one. If *you* should be that inventor you would become celebrated for all time. I have seen people at Antwerp and other places carrying around a huge black egg like this [*sketch*] about 5 x 3 inches, which they hold up to their ears until their hands drop with fatigue, my heart goes out to them and I feel as though I *must* invent something to take its place, but I am no good at that sort of thing while *you are*.

I cannot tell you how deeply we appreciated seeing Leontine and Katherine at the ship, I only wish we had seen more of them, but there is always such a gang on the gangway before the ship starts.

An hour after, the same spot was deserted, all went to their rooms to get ready for sea sickness or to write letters. The letters went, but the sea sickness didn't come off at all. I suppose that some who were taking their first voyage must have been quite disappointed. There were no angry waves. Atlantic was a millpond.

TO DR. DE VRIES

June 4, 1905. — I received your interesting letter which was followed soon by the one you wrote to Mrs. Satterlee, telling us about the memorable service you attended at Southwark Cathedral, your meeting with Mrs. Davidson and your luncheon at

Lambeth. It was intensely interesting, in fact the most enjoyable letter we have received since we came abroad. I know the scenes and the people you met so well that I could vividly imagine all you passed through, as you recounted the events of the day. I am so glad — so very glad that you have thus begun to see something of English Church life — nay the very best of it! You are now fairly launched, and I am sure that even if other days are not so memorable — you are now on the way of enjoying every day of your stay in England. You made no mistake in coming so early. If you had delayed your departure until July or August you would have everything different.

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The Doctor (Prof. Dr. Schott) here says that I am improving, and that in time I shall be perfectly well, with ability and strength to work as hard as ever, if I rest a bit between times. He comes to see me every day, and his visits are so quick that they are called “snap shots.”

Phil and his bride arrived last night, and of course are happy, even if they are passing their honeymoon at Nauheim. Dr. Schott says that Phil is much better than he was this time last year. We see a great deal of Mr. and Mrs. Hays Hammond (of “Jameson Raid” fame). The McGowans are just opposite us at the Villa Wagner and we take tea together every night.

TO MRS. A. D. RUSSELL

June 4, 1905. — Here we are still at Nauheim where we have been for three weeks. I am under the care of Dr. Schott who comes to see me every day. And as every day he changes my bath, always making it stronger, I suppose I must be improving. He tells me that the typhoid fever has left me with a weakened muscular system, and that I have a “hard worker’s heart” (whatever that means) but that if I am careful in reason, that I shall recover perfectly and be sound. I have, however, to return later in the summer for another month of Nauheim treatment, so I am glad that I arranged with the Diocese for a longer vacation than usual. I am more than ever convinced that Dr. Schott is a remarkable man. People either swear by him or at him. They say he is “progressive,” but I find him more cautious and conservative than any other physician here. For although my ailment is slight, and only functional, compared

with that of others with whom I talk, he is much more strict and particular with me regarding diet, times of rest &c. Perhaps, that is the reason some call him "snapshot" — because he is so strict, abrupt and decided. Last year he had one hundred *physicians* of different nationalities under his care. This fact speaks for itself. Nauheim on the whole is an attractive place. It is scarcely more than a village, built around a very beautiful park, enclosing a lovely lake a mile long, upon which boats and swans glide to and fro. The bath houses are all at one end of the park, and the Kurhaus, or "Casino," at the other. The mornings are spent in bathing, "gymnastik," and resting. In the afternoon one generally goes to the Kurhaus to hear the band and meet one's friends or else to drive. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allen Butler are opposite us at the Kaiser Hof, also many other Americans — the Hays Hammonds, the Grants, &c.; Secretary Hay has left. I saw him almost every day, and he was greatly improved in health. I understand your brother Percy with his family are coming here. Perhaps we shall see them when we return in July.

We leave about June 12th for London, where I have a great deal to do. Mrs. Davidson has asked us to stay for a few days at Lambeth, and the Archbishop, as I told you, has promised to give enough stones from Canterbury Cathedral to shape into a historic Lectern in memory of Stephen Langton the author or leader in the "Magna Charta," at Runnymede. This will undoubtedly prove of great interest, for the Bible is the Charter of all real liberty, and as all the "lessons" in the Cathedral services will be read from this lectern, or ambon, the associations will be very attractive. If possible, I hope that there will be statuettes and bas reliefs, around the front of the lectern illustrating the history of the English Bible, — Bede, — Wyclif, — Tyndale, — Coverdale, — Cranmer, &c.

I shall have a great deal to do in England. You know that the Cathedral debt (counting in the legacy left by dear Miss Martin) is now reduced to \$57,000, so that we must begin to prepare for work: — for the revision of the Constitution and the formation of the Chapter: for the preparation of plans for laying out the Cathedral grounds, and designs for the Gothic Cathedral itself. We can afford to make no mistake, for this will be the great Cathedral in the Capital of the whole country. And consequently I desire to gather all the information I can, bearing

upon these points, while I am in England. And the Doctor says I can work there, if I do not work *too* hard. This is a very egotistical letter, but you have been so kind and thoughtful about this visit, that I am writing to you just as I should do to a member of my own family.

We are all well and we all send our dear love to you, to Mr. Russell, to Ethel and the children. I shall write again soon. But you must not take the trouble to answer at this very busy time of the year, when you are making all your summer arrangements.

FROM MRS. SATTERLEE TO MR. ARTHUR SATTERLEE

London, June 22, 1905. — Thank you very much for your delightful birthday letter which I enjoyed very much, as I did each one of the lovely bunch of the letters coming from the house party at Irvington. It was so good of you all to think of me, and I greatly appreciated your kind thought, which welcomed us to London.

Now we are among the crowded streets, the great bustle, the hansoms, the London bridges, the occasional green parks and gardens, the quaint old churches of busy old time London. I drove from St. Paul's home this morning, almost all along the many-bridged river, and thought of Dickens scenes, so graphically described, of old times, of many memories. It is a beautiful day. I have been to the great G. F. S. Meeting at St. Paul's with Constance, and have left her to lunch with Lady Knightley, a great patron of the Girls' Friendly Society; and Henry has gone to Lambeth, to lunch with the Archbishops and many Bishops, so they can neither of them send, as I can, in this letter, their love to you and their thanks for your welcome letter. I hope you are feeling well and strong this summer. No rheumatism! or else you will have to come to Nauheim, a pleasant if a somewhat monotonous remedy. Henry took 25 baths there. Then he had to come here for some Church business, instead of an after-cure, so we expect to have to go back to Nauheim for a fortnight, and then to some mountain place for a delayed after-cure. These baths are very strong, and depress and pull you down for some time. Then you ought to go to an after-cure, and later on the good they do you appears. We had interesting people at Nauheim, Mr. Hay, our Secretary of State, Mr. Mason, Consul at Paris, the Hays Hammonds, of South

African fame, Mrs. Chadwick, the Admiral's wife, Mrs. Admiral McGowan, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lansdowne's brother-in-law and others. We left on a Monday, spent that night at Brussels seeing the sights next day, and the next night at Bruges, where we wanted to stay at least a week, listening to the marvellous chimes, and seeing the quaint and picturesque sights. We had a smooth, delightful crossing from Ostend to Dover, were met at the train by Dr. De Vries, one of Henry's clergy, and are settled comfortably in this apartment in a hotel frequented by English people. We have seen some of our old friends, and Henry has gained some of the information he wanted, and Constance is deep in the Girls' Friendly Society Meetings.

What are you reading now-a-days? Henry and I have just finished reading aloud such an exciting, well-written novel, "Hurricane Island." After arriving here, Henry was housed with a cold a couple of days, and we did a good deal of reading.

I was so glad Katherine came down on the ship to bid us good-bye. It was her first visit on a steamer, she said. I wish you were all over here with us. With dear love to Leontine and Katherine and yourself from us all.

TO MRS. A. D. RUSSELL

July 29, 1905. — Here we are back in Nauheim once more, after five or six weeks absence in England. Dr. Schott is most encouraging. He tells me that if I am "reasonable" I shall recover completely from the slight dilatation produced by the typhoid fever. When we returned here your brother Percy and his family were about leaving, but we just saw them. Grafton seemed to be much better and I think has had the full benefit of the treatment. Of course, the one thought uppermost in all of our minds when we met was the sudden death of dear Mrs. Grinnell. We have not yet recovered from the shock of Mr. Grinnell's cablegram. How strange it was that both she and Col. Hay died from a clot on the lungs on the same day, July 1. The Grinnells were associated with those seventeen happy years that I spent in my first parish. We should have left there long before, had it not been for the way in which we all worked together through all those years without one hour's break of harmony, for the parish and village (or rather villages). I cannot realize that she is no longer on this earth and we don't *want* to realize it. The bond of union between us and those in

Paradise is so great, that if *this* is realized the separation is, in comparison with the living union, a shadowy thing. At those times when it does not seem so, I know that the lesser has, for the time being, obscured the overwhelmingly greater truth and fact. I am sure that Mr. Grinnell feels the same. His letters are wonderful: so bright, so hopeful, so thankful that he had his dear wife for forty-two years. The loss to him would be appalling were it not for his clearness of spiritual vision.

We spent the greater part of the month of June in England, and I was able to accomplish far more than I had anticipated. We all stayed nearly a week at Lambeth, with the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson, and though I had been there before, it was never under such delightful circumstances. While there, we met, at one time or another most of the English Bishops. I had the privilege of renewing many of the old friendships of the Lambeth Conference, and also of meeting the new Bishops who have been consecrated in the past five years. Ingram, the present Bishop of London I have known ever since he was the head of Oxford House twenty-five years ago. He is just the same direct, simple-hearted, sympathetic man he was then — a rare combination of spirituality and shrewdness. He has already made a great mark for himself in London, and they say that when he preaches, the crowds are so great that a rector, on account of his own congregation, cannot advertise the Bishop's coming beforehand.

The Archbishop took me into both Houses of Convocation, and the greeting in each house was so cordial that I had to respond in a short speech. These meetings were most interesting. In the meantime Constance was attending the Girls' Friendly Society's great meetings, as a delegate from the central council in America, and she passed through a similar experience. Evidently the English Church has been much gratified at the way in which its Primate was received in America last autumn.

The Archbishops put me in the way of leaving the reports of the Parliamentary commission upon Cathedrals, so that I have now in possession the details of the organization, statistics and workings of all the English Cathedrals, and am having them bound in a volume or volumes, for the Washington Cathedral Library. They will be of invaluable use to us, showing what we are to adopt, and what we are to *avoid*, in the experience of Cathedral organizations a thousand years old.

The Archbishop has also renewed his kind offer to give us a sufficient number of stones from Canterbury Cathedral for a lectern or "Canterbury Ambon." These are given by him in memory of his predecessor, Stephen Langton who led the barons in bringing the Magna Charta [to] John.

After making enquiries I found that Mr. W. D. Caroe, who is the very distinguished architect in charge of Canterbury Cathedral, would be, by far, the best one to put in charge of the works and when I explained to him that the lectern was to be like the Bible Desk, or "ambons," of the primitive church; that it was to illustrate the history of the English translation of the Bible from 735 to 1885 A.D. in its bas reliefs of Cuthbert, Runnymede and Tyndale's Martyrdom, and its statuettes of Wyclif, Alfred the Great, Bishops Andrewes of King James Version, and Westcott of the Revised Version; and lastly, when I told Mr. Caroe that this ambon was to be made of stones given to the Washington Cathedral by the English Primate, in memory of Archbishop Stephen Langton, he took the deepest, most lively and enthusiastic interest in the work and offered to design and have it executed for us in England.

I cannot but feel most thankful that we are to have this ambon. Think of it! We shall have in the Washington Cathedral now, a memorial of the Author of the Magna Charta, given by his successor in office. How that will appeal to the historic instinct of Americans. I tell this to you but shall not speak of it except privately until the ambon is safely across the ocean and at Washington itself. It is dangerous to count chickens before they are hatched.

I was present in my robes at S. Paul's Cathedral at the memorial service to Secretary Hay. It was most impressive. The Lord Mayor with his retinue sat opposite the Archbishop of Canterbury surrounded by officials in wigs and army officers in full uniform. The music with a double choir, I shall never forget, and the nave of the great Cathedral was full to the doors. Of course the service was doubly impressive to us because it was held practically not only at the hour of Colonel Hay's funeral at Cleveland, but of Mrs. Grinnell at New Hamburg. We came home and then had the funeral service over again in our own rooms, at the *very* hour. I was engaged to speak as the representative of America at the Lord Mayor's dinner to the Bishops that night but of course, I did not go. I could not

have gone if I had tried! If it had been a church service, I should have felt it cowardly to stay away from private grief but these post prandium addresses occupy a strange place between real religious duties of a Bishop on the one hand, and mere social engagements on the other.

I suppose while I am writing this that you are at Bar Harbour, or rather North East Harbour. I hope you will have a pleasant restful summer, and one full of enjoyment for the young people.

TO DR. DE VRIES FROM BAD NAUHEIM

August 7 (?), 1905. — In Venice I always go as often as I can to the interior of St. Mark's, if it is only to sit there for a few minutes. If ever there were a Crusaders' church it is this. Go in, sit on the right hand seat of the nave on the pillar nearest to the altar opposite Galileo's lamp, and remember I have sat there for hours looking up to the chocolate and molten gold, the cavernlike transept on the left. Then when you come out and look about, you see the most beautiful piazza in the world. "O Venezia benedetta nole voglio più lazar!" On the little island, I think it is Burano, there is an interesting Monastery with the motto over the archway to the garden "O beata solitudine, O sola beatudine." That is about as far from 20th century life as one can get. But memories run away with me. Neither Murano nor Burano will repay a visit when there is so much more worth the seeing.

If you go to Florence, try to read in the train Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence* beforehand. Even if you have to buy the book like Hare's *Walks in Venice*, it will double your enjoyment. I should advise you not to go to the Certosa (unless you particularly want to see a Monastery) or to Fiesole (unless you want an excursion). They scarcely pay for the time. But the view from San Miniato of Florence, though of course not as fine as that from Fiesole, is very beautiful. I want you to see (for me) if it is not like the view of Washington from the Peace Cross.

Pay two visits to the Uffizi to one at the Pitti Palace. I suggest to you to observe closely the busts of the Roman emperors, for they were "the photos" of the period, often reduplicated. I know all their faces from Julius Caesar down to the Antonines, and I want to get plaster casts by and by of these busts, for the boys and girls of the Cathedral Schools to study—and become familiar with.

There is a splendid circulating library in the Via Tornabuoni if you want to look at any book.

Should you have a spare day, you could easily run down to Pisa and back: and see the 11th century Cathedral and Baptistery and Leaning Tower in two hours time. At Milan be sure to visit the most interesting church, where Ambrose repelled Theodosius. You'll be disappointed in the magnificent Cathedral. Italy is too classic in feeling for Gothic to succeed. And then — the Classic Façade! I can see Napoleon, the self-made man, sitting on horse back and saying to his architect "Put me up a front to this Church." Don't go to Pavia, if you want to save time for something else. Like the Medici Chapel in Florence, the Certosa is wonderfully ornate with carvings and inlaid marbles, but more rich than beautiful.

TO MRS. RIVES FROM BRUNNEN

August 27, 1905. — We have just come back from church, where the service was most helpful especially the Psalms, . . . Not a quarter of a mile away is the field where out on a hay stack, while I was reading Westcott's Epistles of St. John and Churchill "Westward Ho!" with the fragrance of the new-mown hay filling the air, and the lovely Frohn Alp above us, Churchill decided to study for holy orders. I am sure you must remember the spot. It was just behind the little church where we have all worshipped together. Don't you recollect that rainy Sunday, when we all came from Venice together and stopped at Axenstein?

We have taken twice the drive along the Axenstrasse. Once with De Vries, and once with the McGowans. How well I remember the day, when with you and the Churchill girls we drove on the same road. Yes, I know (I think) the very point where we looked down over the emerald green of the grass and through the trees into the chrysoprase green of the Lake far below, flecked with purple shades. I have seen that purple on a clouded day.

I remember too looking up to the Urirothstock, with its huge glacier, and thinking that as the highest mountains have the most sunshine and the widest horizons, so are they more often encompassed by clouds than the lower peaks; and that so it is in life.

We like the hotel so much that we are hanging on, but I suppose we shall soon be moving southward, for September be-

gins this week. We shall sail in the "Cretic" (D.V.) which leaves Genoa Oct. 13 and Palermo on Oct. 17. It is a very long vacation, but as I expect to do some aggressive work after it is over, it seemed best to take this prolonged rest. If I had reached Washington earlier I should certainly have had to start out at once on a visit to the parishes in Southern Maryland. As I wrote to Dr. De Vries they have all been filled by young men who are so full of energy and promise that I scarcely dare to hope that they will stay. In all my prayers and hopes for Southern Maryland, I never dreamed that we should have those parishes manned as they are to-day. The impression already created there has reflected itself upon the clerical life of Washington. The Washington clergy themselves are astonished at what has been done. Instead of pitying Southern Maryland they are beginning to respect it.

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Bishop Mackay-Smith came from Lucerne to see us last Friday, and the next day (yesterday) we all went down to take luncheon with them at the Schweizer Hof.

He and his wife are most enthusiastic regarding the Cathedral. He has the real historic instinct and says, "There is enough of interest now on the Cathedral grounds to keep an intelligent visitor there for half a day, and this interest is bound to grow year after year."

He gave the most helpful suggestion that on the ambon which illustrates the history of the English Bible, we should place an old black lettered chained Bible — and offered to subscribe for one, if we could find it. I know of one man who owned a dozen of these chained Bibles, with the old rusty chains attached to them. He is dead, and perhaps his heirs can be induced to part with one of them. I am writing to find out. Of course the lessons would have to be read from another Bible, but perhaps the ambon can be arranged as in some English Cathedrals, thus, [*sketch*] on a revolving desk with a Bible on each side. However, all this is secondary to the Ambon itself, and *this*, — while I shall not speak of it even to the Cathedral Board — until certainty becomes doubly certain — I regard now as a sure thing. I don't know why I take such interest in such things. A Bishop's work is to care for souls, sometimes I am ashamed of myself; yet on the other hand, the religion of Jesus Christ is as Catholic as human nature and, when I think how a Cathedral, while its

primary ministrations must be spiritual *of course*, must minister to all that is in man, the shame lessens. Again one has to follow the line of least resistance in making progress. I would that we could make the Cathedral a great *Spiritual* power, but the time for that has not yet arrived, because "the Parish" with its parochial ministrations seems to occupy the whole ground. God has not as yet prospered my efforts in the way of the Communicants' Fellowship, the Canon Missionership, Diocesan Retreats and above all in the pro-Cathedral as a spiritual centre. I am sure that there must be a deep reason why these more spiritual efforts have failed, and why those lesser efforts to make the Cathedral Close a centre of historic interest and education have been crowned with such success. Of course one is deeply interested in that which prospers most, especially when the progress in this line is undoubted but—I long for the more spiritual success. I must work by faith not by sight, and I do firmly believe that in the Cathedral we are now doing a work of preparation, and laying the foundation for a spiritual power which will be manifested by and by. Some day God will answer our prayers, and the pro-Cathedral, the Communicants' Union and Diocesan Reading Union, the Canon Missionership will become all and more than we have striven or hoped for at this present time.

One thing. I am greatly encouraged by the results of our visit to England. We have been accumulating much valuable information regarding Cathedral organization. I felt that I was a perfect ignoramus in this line a year ago. *Now* it seems to me as though we know more about the inner relations of the Cathedral Chapter and the Diocese and the duties of the respective officers than I ever hoped to know, or than I can learn from the statutes of any other American Cathedral. At all events we have sufficient data to formulate the outline of a very effective Cathedral organization, which shall afford freedom for the Bishop to exercise certain apostolic and missionary functions of his office, which have heretofore been held too much in abeyance under our American system: freedom also for the Cathedral Chapter to develop supra-parochial work: and yet keep the Cathedral in close organic connection with the Diocesan Synod.

We have only the outline to frame. It would be unwise to go into details. These can be filled in, *pro re nata*.

Again we have found out a great deal regarding the management of the choir schools of many English and Scotch Cathed-

drals, especially St. Paul's; Westminster Abbey; Magdalen, Oxford; King's College, Cambridge; Truro; Lichfield; Peterboro; Winchester. Oftentimes, we find that "doctors disagree," and that plans which some are most enthusiastic about, others censure severely. All this is very helpful, if we have the wisdom to select the right course.

I earnestly hope that you continue to gain strength. Every word you write about yourself and your daily life is of greatest interest to us, and we are rejoiced beyond measure that both you and Dr. Rives — and we may add his mother, have found Bar Harbour such a success. I am sorry however to hear you have had so much fog. They tell me that the drive toward Frenchman's Bay, takes you out of it always. Certainly we saw last summer that there was more fog at North East than Bar Harbour, and even more at the latter than at Hull's Cove. Here we have had a spell of rainy weather. At Lucerne yesterday there was a violent hail storm at 3 P.M. I rejoiced selfishly for at the moment I was in Cook's office all alone without the customary crowd ahead of me, but when I looked out into the street, the pavement was actually white with a layer of hail, while the ground beneath the horse chestnut trees in front on the Schweizer Hof was carpetted with mortally wounded leaves.

I never wrote to Dr. Rives to tell him how much I was rejoiced to hear of the memorial to his grandfather which he had presented to the University of Virginia. I know just how warmly the Virginians will appreciate this generous act. Some day I hope to read the Biography of his grandfather that he is writing. I know it will be an intensely interesting book.

TO MRS. JULIAN JAMES FROM BRUNNEN

Sept. 2, 1905. — Ever since I left home I have carried the thought of you with me and every time I open the beautiful wallet you gave me, with the generous enclosure from you and your Mother, I have a fresh realization of your friendship. There is nothing else in life so precious as friendship and the older one grows the greater its value becomes. I hope that you and your dear Mother have had a pleasant, restful and enjoyable summer. I only wish we had these Alps and this Lake of Lucerne as near to Washington, or New York, as the Blue Ridge or the Adirondacks, so that your Mother might come as easily here as to Saratoga Springs. This is very hallowed ground

to me for we were only a quarter of a mile from here, at Axenstein in 1890, and it was there that my son Churchill decided to study for the ministry. I enclose a photograph of the lower part of the hay field in which we were. With the scent of new mown hay filling the air and with Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" in his hand, Churchill looking up to these snow-clad summits began to talk of his future life. And then we had the conversation which Hamilton Schuyler has recorded in his little volume entitled "*A Fisher of Men.*"

The days have passed swiftly with us since we left America. I spent two months in Nauheim taking the baths and the German doctor came to see me every day. It was all so new and strange—this life of routine—that I felt disposed to rebel at first at spending my days thus: Breakfast—rest—bath—rest—gymnastik—rest—luncheon—rest—&c. But the doctor promised restoration to health and strength, so I submitted. I saw Secretary Hay almost daily at Nauheim as our Hotels were just opposite one another. I had arrived in England when the news of his death came. Dear Mrs. Irving Grinnell died the same day and from the same cause, a clot on the lungs.

I had an engagement to speak at the Lord Mayor's dinner to the Bishops that night, but, of course, gave it up. Bishop Mackay-Smith and I were together in our robes at the great memorial service to Colonel Hay in St. Paul's Cathedral, as representing America, and the choir and nave of the great Cathedral were filled to the doors. It was a most memorable token of the unity of feeling now existing between England and America.

Mrs. Satterlee, Constance and I stayed nearly a week at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson, and at one time or another, I met almost all the Bishops of the Southern Province while there and at various meetings. One of these was the great missionary meeting at the Church House, Westminster, when I "received" beside the Archbishop, and who do you think came up and was presented to us, presented at this *Missionary* meeting? None other than the daughter of Marshall Oyama, the Commander in Chief of the Japanese forces in Manchuria. There is great rejoicing here over the Peace news, and everywhere Roosevelt's name is hailed with delight. It is said that the French in their enthusiasm have even proposed to change the name of the "Rue de la Paix" to the "Rue de Roosevelt." But, of course, this is only the "on

dit." The McGowans are with us at this same Hotel. They leave Tuesday. It has been a great pleasure to be with them. We all join in love to you and your Mother. In a few weeks now, we shall all be together. Auf Wiedersehen.

TO MRS. RIVES FROM BRUNNEN

Sept. 9, 1905. — Here we are still living at Brunnen. We shall leave day after to-morrow for Menaggio, Lake Como, and Mrs. Satterlee and Constance are now saying "*Must* we go, just let us stay one week more," though on Monday we shall have been here a whole month! We have had rainy days but these only served as a foil and made the brighter days all the brighter and the skies all the more azure by the contrast. This afternoon Constance took a drive with Colonel and Mrs. Newbold along a beautiful gorge, made historic by a battle between the French and Russians on a bridge; coming back by way of Axenstein. Mrs. Satterlee and I took the boat to Fluelen and back. It was an entrancing afternoon. The Lake was beautiful, and the precipices were as steep and jagged as at the Koenig See. But the Koenig See has no such alps, enamelled with those wonderful green pastures. The grass seemed luminous, and you can imagine what it was, with the dark blue sky above and the verdant waters below the, . . . The jagged rocks stood out like castles, with weather beaten pinnacles and buttresses; and high up, on the side of the lake the Axenstrasse went in and out; now passing through tunnels, now over huge arches of masonry, until we came to the famous "Gallery" through which we all drove years ago. Don't you remember it, with its rocky pillars and window-like apertures? How we thought of you and Dr. Rives all through this beautiful sail on the Lake of Uri. When we reached Brunnen we went into a shop to find some stone-jade or Chrysoprase — which would reflect the hue of the lake this afternoon to send you, as a memento of our thought of you and desire to have you with us. That which came nearest as we held it up to the light and beside the sparkling waters, was a piece of green agate, with wave-like lines.

We have been up several times to the hay field at Axenstein, on the "Alp" behind the hotel, where I had the talk with Churchill, which brought out and fixed his desire to study for the ministry. It is so beautiful that photographs may be had, not of the field itself but of the view from the field. What a

place in which to receive the call from God! We read there the Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth," — and had a short service. I am going to have the scene framed and hung on the walls of my little study, where it will hang for the remainder of my life. Perhaps, by and by, Churchill's sons, in gazing upon it and knowing its history, may have the same call of God that their father had. Mrs. Satterlee and I will be very grateful to you if, some day when you have time, you will put the text beneath it: "*The bay field at Axenstein. I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help,*" — that is, if it will not fatigue you.

I have just been reading in the *Guardian* Canon Newbolt's sermon on "Spiritual Things." It is, I think, as helpful as any that I have seen. Did you see it?

SUNDAY MORNING

Another beautiful day. There seems to be quite an exodus from the Hotel to-morrow. Senator Dillingham with his brother and family, Col. and Mrs. Newbold, Dr. Shepherd and family are all leaving and the McGowans went a week ago.

The Archbishop so warmly recommended the hotel at Menaggio that we shall go there instead of to Cadenabbia. I suppose we shall be there about ten days and then go southward to Florence. My original purpose was to continue on to Assisi, Rome, Naples, Amalfi, Messina, Syracuse, Girgenti, Palermo, but I am hesitating whether it would not be better to leave out Central Italy and go from Florence, sailing straight from Genoa to Palermo, by a previous steamer. This will give us one week in Sicily and as X——(?) our own steamer stops at Naples for thirty-six hours, on the homeward way from Palermo, we shall have a chance for the Amalfi drive then. Of course every one takes the edge off the trip by crying "Malaria! Earthquakes in Calabria!" &c. &c., but I have been used to that cry whenever I have gone to Italy in bygone years, and I suppose you and Dr. Rives have heard it yourselves. Nevin writes that Rome is perfectly safe, and Dr. Franz of Schwalbach says the same of Florence and the Italian Lakes in September. But, one third of September is gone.

I wrote to Dr. Rives saying how glad I am that you are satisfied with your summer at Bar Harbor. It was the best of

good news to hear you say that you like it better than any other summer watering place. The very tone of your last letter to Mrs. Satterlee shows that you must be gaining strength. God grant indeed, that this may be the beginning of a really permanent cure. I feel only anxious now, lest you may overtax your strength before the winter comes on. Dr. Kinnicutt said that what threw you back a year ago was the sad providential event of last autumn, with the sorrow, anxiety and nervous strain that it necessarily caused you. This was our Father's doing, and I believe that now our Father by Whom the very hairs of our head are numbered will give you renewed strength to do His work.

I hope you will think of additional books for the Clergyman's Reading Union and write them in a list.

We have made a very advantageous arrangement this summer with the S.P.C.K. whereby we can purchase their books at wholesale prices and also save the custom house duty on them, thus saving almost half of the American cost which we should have to pay if we bought them from Gorham.

I must be feeling stronger for my work because the thought of it presses upon me, and the impatience to be home grows stronger and stronger.

One care I have, which gives some perplexity—I wish we were making greater progress at the pro-Cathedral.

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I earnestly believe that sooner or later God will open a door—some door—whereby the work of the pro-Cathedral may be raised to that plane of spirituality and efficiency that we so much desire! I think of Christ's promise, "According to your faith be it unto you," and I shall be most grateful to you and Dr. Rives, if you will remember this object with me in daily intercession. Often when I have faced a blank wall, and conditions to which there seemed no escape, God has suddenly opened a door in the most unexpected way, and I hope He will do so in the pro-Cathedral work, in answer to our prayers.

We went to Church alone this morning, not a single American family from the hotel was there! This afternoon we went towards Schwytz and the air was full of the scent of new mown hay. Think of it, on September 10!

I wish you could have seen the chalets dotting the mountain side, on the emerald grass!

TO MRS. A. D. RUSSELL FROM FLORENCE

October 1st, 1905. — I have put your last letter away so carefully that I cannot find it, and this is the cause of my delay in responding. I am especially sorry for I wanted to have its enclosure before me in replying, and now I am not able even to refer to the name of the lady who wrote to you. I read her letter to you carefully, however, and shall gladly do all in my power to assist her efforts, as soon as I understand exactly what she wants. Of course, I, in my position, can ask no favor of the government. I made this rule ten years ago with the most beneficial results, for no other religious body commands the respect or confidence, not only from the Government but the people of Washington, that our Church does. But I do not suppose that your friend meant at all that I should make any kind of appeal to the Administration when she asked my co-operation. In all other ways I shall be glad to help her.

I wrote to you last from Brunnen. We remained there a whole month. I never realised how beautiful Lake Lucerne is. The coloring is absolutely bewildering at times, in its beauty: with the chrysoprase green of the lake, contrasted with the emerald green of the pastures, and these mounting upward, alp on alp, until they come to the jagged peaks and dazzling snows cutting themselves against the still blue sky.

Lake Como was a great contrast, and in some ways a disappointment. We missed the vivid iridescent coloring of the Upper (?) See, yet the soft, hazy Italian atmosphere gives a delicate traceried effect to the mountains. One looks out upon the olive trees to the olive green lake, and the Hotel grounds are fascinating as one walks beneath palm trees, oleanders in full blossom, oranges and lemons.

And now we have come to Florence. This Villa on the Piazza Indipendenza is almost historic. It was owned years ago by the mother of Anthony and Adolphus Trollope, and here some of their works were written. It was here also, in Room 36, that George Eliot wrote *Romola*: coming home after she had studied a street or a house to write about it. Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning too, stayed here again and again. How I wish these walls could speak and tell the story of what they have seen and heard.

Twenty-five years ago I came here completely under the

thralldom of Ruskin, and I find him almost as fresh and interesting as ever, notwithstanding his amusing exaggerations. Florence has certainly a charm of its own, — nay an atmosphere of its own which is irresistible. The longer one stays the greater becomes its power, and yet, if it were not for a few men like Dante and Savonarola, Florentine history would not present a noble record. This week as we visited Savonarola's cell in the Monastery of St. Mark and read responsively the Psalm he kept repeating the night before his execution, I could not but feel that his life was wasted. He was as full of the spirit of reform as Martin Luther was — twenty-one years after in 1517. And this enraged Pope Alexander the Sixth, the father of Caesar and Lucretia Borgia — one of the most depraved of the popes, to such an extent that Savonarola was burnt by his order. Yet the Florentines did not rise up against the Pope. That was the day when the Art of Florence attained its zenith. The pictures of that day breathed the very spirit of devotion and stand at the head of religious painting. Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo, Bellini and Botticelli and (in the next few years) Raphael and Michael Angelo have never been surpassed. Yet while the revival of art took place in Italy, the revival of religion was in Germany and England. Florence does not hold her own in setting forth the highest ideals, when we think of what other men were doing at other places *in the selfsame era*.

In a few days we shall be sailing for home. I am growing very impatient after this long vacation, to be back at work once more. Yet I have followed the doctor's advice; and I suppose this very impatience is the sign of returning strength. In one way I have not been idle, for I was able to accomplish considerable work in England for the Cathedral of Washington, and have written to almost all the active working rectors of the Diocese, especially those in the country, and from the answers I have received from them, I know all the work which has been going on in my absence. It is most encouraging and interesting. Never before have the parishes been in so healthful and vigorous life. God grant that this may mark the beginning of a new era in our Diocesan life.

This is one of the last letters that I shall write before sailing, and I cannot express . . . my deep, deep gratitude to you for your generous and delicate consideration. You have made this European trip to me — to us all, — what it never

could have been except for your thoughtfulness. I am writing to you in confidence, when I say that I believe God Himself must have put it into your heart to help the first Bishop of Washington at a special time, when the burden of financial anxiety was beginning to weigh upon him pretty heavily. You are the first person, and this is the first occasion, upon which I have ever opened my lips upon this matter. Nor would I do this now, were it not that every cloud has been dispelled and every burden of this kind lifted.

I ought to say, that, over a year ago, — before I was taken ill, others in Washington began to realize that the Bishop of the Diocese was in need of a fuller support in the doing of his work and this seemed to me nothing less than Providential. Then, by and by, came your most generous gift, lifting every financial burden from my heart: and now I feel as though I were really beginning my life over again, with new hopes, new energy and a new strength. I go home more free from care and anxiety than I have been, in the ten years of my residence in Washington. And this is due to a generous consideration on your part, which would have been overwhelming, had it not been as you said associated with your dear mother's birthday. I felt, too, that, given as it was to a Bishop of the Church, for the restoration of his health, it was, in a large measure, an offering to God Himself. As such I have gratefully and reverently received it, trusting that the blessing which such offerings bring, may come upon you and yours. We shall never forget what you have done for us. . . .

TO MRS. RIVES FROM ROME

Oct. 11th, 1905. — I can scarcely believe we are here in Rome once more. We came on Friday night — a very crowded belated train which did not arrive until after midnight; and then, other travellers kept the hotel omnibus waiting for their baggage so it was half past one before we were in bed. But this Hotel is all one can desire, and "all's well that ends well."

On Saturday we drove about seeing the Piazza di Spagna, the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Corso, Trajan's Forum, the Forum Romanum, the Palace of the Caesars and the Colosseum. It was so stimulating and inspiring that we were fatigued by the very intensity of interest and feeling, more than by the mere physical exertion. There is such a constant demand upon all the treasuries of memory, all that one has read, all that one

ought to know, that I for one, feel humiliated by my ignorance. Constance was so greatly impressed just by one glimpse of the Forum, and one visit to the Mamertine Prison, that she has been poring over the history of Rome ever since. The one thing which has somehow impressed me most, strange to say, is Rome's association with St. Paul. We know comparatively little about St. Peter in Rome, but with St. Paul it was different. He told us of his intense desire to plant Christianity here. Here he lived at least two whole years. Here he wrote his Epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, Laodiceans, Timothy and Philemon. I lay awake last night thinking of his experience and sufferings here during those two years; and, then, of his robust faith, his thanksgivings, his letter to the Philippians — the “joy symphony” of the New Testament. I have been re-reading the references in these Epistles, to Rome, and they are very interesting. To-day we went to the Vatican and saw the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the Belvidere Torso of Hercules, which the blind Michael Angelo used to visit and feel with his fingers. Then we went to S. Peter's. I sat there for half an hour trying to feel as I used to, when I sat in St. Mark's, Venice, but it was useless. St. Peter's is most impressive, its vast height and size and open spaces are attractive, but not devotional. There is a wealth of encrusted marbles. Gilded panelling on the ceiling, mosaics, glinting and glistening on all sides, square panes of glass in the windows. It reminds me more of a “Louvre” interior than of a church, of course the high altar is under the dome with a huge baldacchino by Berpman above it. People walk all around the altar. Then there is another altar in the chancel of the Apse or Sedilia. I looked all around for the Pope's chair, but could not find it, until at last, I lifted my eyes to the baldacchino and there twenty-feet up, above the canopy over the altar surrounded by gilt clouds (and supported by the foundation of the church) was the Cathedra of the Pontifex Maximus. Here in Rome one sees temples erected to the Divi Augusti, the divine Tiberias, Nero, Vespasian, Titus, — but even in old Pagan Rome, there is nothing quite so “divine” as this chair of St. Peter above the altar of God surrounded by clouds. It is so gigantic that I can scarcely believe that its bronze (containing the wooden chair of St. Peter!) is actually used as a *seat* by the pope. If the pope *does* sit in it, we have here a very striking illustration of the 2nd chapter of II Thess. I took my New

Testament out of my pocket and read that very chapter while I was looking at the chair.

This afternoon we went out on the Campagna where everything spoke of St. Paul. We passed along the old Via Appia which St. Paul must have travelled as he came to Rome — under the arch of Drusus which he passed under, and then went to the great Basilica of St. Paul “without the gate,” built upon the site of the place where he was beheaded. Somehow all the memories of St. Paul seem natural, while those of St. Peter are unnatural. One is prone to doubt even the real traditions of St. Peter at Rome on account of these unreal additions, while St. Paul is left alone.

The Campagna is beautiful. Over its undulating surface may be seen the flocks and shepherds, beneath the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct, while in the distance are the old classic Mountains — Soracte, the Alban Hills, with the white houses of Tivoli and Frascati shining in the sunlight on their purpled sides.

Of course we have been to the Capitol to see the “Dying Gladiator” and the “Marble Faun”; to the Vatican galleries of sculptures and pictures; to the Colosseum, the Arch of Titus, the Roman Forum and hosts of other places in the four days of our sojourn here. I only wish I had the strength to go about as I used to do, but I must not complain. I am very very thankful for the strength I have.

The “Cretic” sails from Genoa Friday, day after to-morrow. I know not whether we shall join her there or at Naples. Probably Naples, because this will give us three more days of Rome, while we should only lose 8 hours of Palermo. I wish I could have both! A week from to-day we shall be nearing Gibraltar, and then, the days will be soon sped which intervene between this and the time we shall see you. How we long to be back in America! Mr. Grinnell has written, and Helen Bowdoin has both written and telegraphed, to us to come straight to New Hamburg. As we have not seen Mr. Grinnell since his wife’s death, and as she and Churchill lie side by side in the little cemetery, we shall spend All Saints’ Day there. Coming back on Nov. 2 to Washington.

O how relieved I shall be to be once more at work, and to see your dear faces again. I only hope that you lost nothing by your last set back and that you will be strong and well this winter. Do get well for all of our sakes. Mrs. Satterlee and

Constance join in warmest love to you and Dr. Rives and also to Dr. Rives' mother. I hope she has secured the "Delafield House," it is a very good one.

By the time you receive this letter I shall be myself on the American side of the Atlantic.

The party turned toward home in the middle of October passing Gibraltar on the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar when Nelson was killed. They arrived in New York in time to spend All Saints' Day, an increasingly sacred and significant feast, at New Hamburg. He missed Mrs. Grinnell sorely. There was no one in the Bishop's large and loving circle of friends who bore to him quite the relationship of Mr. Grinnell and his wife. Their lives were inwrought into his and his family's from the earliest days of his ministry. Gaps caused by the passing of such a woman as Mrs. Grinnell are never filled again in this life. An empty space, kept empty through all time, bears witness to the permanence and reality of love.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

1905-1907

*Let no man think that sudden in a minute
All is accomplished and the work is done;—
Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst begin it
Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.*

F. W. H. MYERS

THE great event of the year for the Cathedral project was the cancellation of the mortgage on the property, through the generous gift of Mrs. Julian James of \$50,000 as a memorial to her mother. Bishop Satterlee wrote:—

TO MRS. JULIAN JAMES

Nov. 21, 1905.—My heart is too full for utterance. Words fail in a time like this. I can only say that I feel bewildered as one always does in a supreme crisis of life. I can, at least, realize that the Cathedral Foundation owes to you beyond all others a lasting debt of gratitude. All through these years, while other magnificent gifts have come for specific objects for which we are grateful, the Cathedral Trustees have felt that the one chief object of paramount importance has always been the freedom of the land from all debt. Until this was accomplished we felt a sense of insecurity, — and I most of all.

On the first Sunday of September, 1898, I remember walking out in the woods, saying to myself, "This is the end of my freedom, perhaps, for life, for next Wednesday my life will be mortgaged, with the purchase of the Cathedral land, and will never be free again until that whole Cathedral mortgage is paid."

That was seven years ago: and I have felt a sense of imprisonment, day and night, ever since, — felt that I never would be free, until every dollar of the mortgage was paid.

Do you wonder, then, dear Mrs. Julian James, that I am bewildered to-day, at the consciousness of being once more a

free man? I breathe the fresh air and feel as I have not felt since August 1898.

Now, the debt is gone forever and you have lifted the entire burden! My heart goes out in gratitude to you. May God bless you for what you have done. Now turn with me from the past to the future.

The Cathedral Board of Trustees have not dared to think beyond the mortgage or make any plans until it was paid. Whenever the thought came up, I checked it lest I might lose my practical grasp upon the present situation. Now, you have, in one day, obliterated the two or three years to which we looked forward before the debt should probably be paid. And instead of 1908 we can begin now in 1905 to devise plans for the building of the great Gothic Cathedral. A new era has dawned in the history of the Washington Cathedral. From Thanksgiving Day, 1905 we may look forward to a great increase of interest and sympathy all over the country, for people will now begin to see that we are going right onward.

To-morrow morning we are to have a meeting of the Board of Trustees at which Mr. Butler's letter regarding your magnificent gift will be read. It will be a memorable day in the history of the Cathedral, and I feel quite sure that before the meeting is over the small amount yet to be raised above the \$50,000 will be in hand, in the glow and gratitude and surprise of that moment.

And now, may I add one still more personal word to this very personal letter in which I have, for the first time spoken to any one about the burden I have had to bear for seven years?

Nov. 21, 1905 is the fortieth anniversary of my ordination to the sacred ministry of the Church. When Mr. Butler's letter came, announcing your great gift, I felt impelled to go with Mr. Warner and the household of the Bishop's House, into the chapel and render thanks to Almighty God and Christ our Reigning King in Heaven for the great benison which had fallen upon this whole Diocese.

How little did I dream on Nov. 21, 1865, that on the fortieth anniversary of that day the intelligence would be brought to me, that the greatest Cathedral of the American Church would be made secure for all coming time.

When you come back to Washington we shall talk together about the Sun Dial and the Cathedral Landmark. I want it

to be exactly what you yourself would have it. It will be a blessed memorial, indeed, of your dear sainted mother. The very consciousness that it commemorates her adds to its blessedness.

TO MRS. JULIAN JAMES

Xmas Eve, 1905. — Just one word to tell you how happy you have made my Xmas.

I have begun a new life, I am thinking thoughts and planning plans, which I thought my successor in the Episcopate was to think and plan.

God bless you and give you the great joy this blessed Xmas tide.

The close of one responsibility was the signal for the Bishop to assume another. His idealism knew no rest and, as is elsewhere recorded, he threw his energies in the direction of building the Cathedral or at any rate preparing plans for it.

In the midst of increasing administrative duties he found some time at least for that pastoral attention to the clergy of his diocese which, more than anything else, he cared for. The value that he attached to preaching finds expression in an address he made to the Washington Clericus on February 20, 1906. Of more importance far than the intrinsic worth of what he said, was the thought and care bestowed on the preparation. He wrote for advice to four prominent Bishops — Hall, Gailor, Brewster and Lawrence — whose replies he incorporated in his address. He first tried to analyze the cause of pulpit failures. "You remember what Phillips Brooks said when the remark was made that Dr. So-and-So preached above the heads of his congregation. 'No,' was his reply, 'he is preaching beneath their feet.' When the question is asked why does the pulpit fail in these days, this is our first answer. It is because the preacher and the congregation are at cross-purposes. The people come longing for spiritual food, they are given a stone." A second cause he found to be sensationalism, advertising "a subject that will catch the eye or pander to

the public taste for excitement." The modern scientific training has created distaste for rhetoric. To-day "men want the eloquence of facts, and the clear statement of truths which all feel and recognize." The taste of the day among Christian men is definitely ethical. They are feeling after that which will make for good conduct. Hence "we ought to be experts in interpreting the moral law. Said a very prominent churchman to me the other day: 'The difficulty is that our clergy have not the skill and power to apply the high moral and spiritual standard of the Gospel to these practical issues, and interpret that standard to the conditions of modern civilized life in a way that will help the people.'" It is no easy task to get beneath the surface of the lives of men so as to be apt in our teaching.

There before us in the pews every Sunday are farmers, tradesmen, doctors, lawyers, politicians, business men, men of wealth, fashionable women. While we are preaching, each one of these is saying to himself or herself, "my rector does not begin to comprehend the kind of temptations I meet, or the practical difficulties with which I have to contend every day as a Christian," and it is true. Years ago I felt the presence of this difficulty and talked about it to some of the intelligent doctors, lawyers, business men of Calvary Church. I asked them to come to a monthly communicants meeting, where we might informally discuss together the subjects and consider the practical difficulties that every doctor, lawyer, business man had to meet, in striving to carry out the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in his own daily life. I expected and hoped to derive such benefit from these discussions that I could go into the pulpit and preach in a practical way, which would bring the views of the Gospel home to the hearts of the men and women of my congregation. But the difficulty was far greater than I anticipated. The laymen could find fault and criticize, but they could not help; they were ready enough to get up and speak, but what they did, was to preach little sermonettes, which flew just as far afield and wide the mark as my own Sunday discourses. We learn by failure, and I really believe that if I had had the courage and perseverance, to keep

on through a succession of such failures, by and by these Christian laymen who were so ready to help me, would have found out what I was driving at, and would have really contributed in the end a great deal of valuable information to their rector. I throw this out as a suggestion of a method which I honestly think would ultimately give practical results.

On March 24 and 25, he celebrated the tenth anniversary of his Episcopate. There was an anniversary service in the pro-Cathedral on the 24th at which Bishop Paret preached, and the Rev. Dr. McKim presented an address on behalf of the Standing Committee. At the Diocesan Convention the year before he had "expressed the hope that the Tenth Anniversary of the Diocese of Washington might be commemorated by the cancelling of all parish debts. The payment of the Cathedral debt itself seemed a providential furthering of this plan which could not but be an inspiration to the devoted Churchmen and Churchwomen in this Diocese."¹ About one-fourth of the whole parochial indebtedness of the Diocese was raised in response to his plea for the Bishop of Washington's Fund.

The Trustees of the Fund, composed "of very able financiers and business men combined with some of the principal clergy," had just been incorporated (March 2, 1906) and by action of the Diocesan Convention of 1907 was recognized as an institution of the Diocese.² By means of this Fund the debts of the several parishes of the Diocese were refunded at a lower rate of interest than hitherto paid, and the interest thus saved was invested in the original parish debt. The scheme was an able piece of systematization and economy. It was sufficiently elastic to allow of general application and the only thing necessary to insure its success was the "willingness of the people of the respective parishes to lend their money to their Church at $2\frac{1}{2}\%$."

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1906, p. 33.

² See *Diocesan Journal*, 1906, p. 27; 1907, pp. 18, 19; also *Prospectus for Refunding the Debts of the Several Parishes in the Diocese of Washington*.

The inadequate stipends of the country clergy of the Diocese greatly distressed him. "With shame and humility I am obliged to say that the average salary received by a country rector in the Diocese is less than one half what the average bricklayer receives. Do you realize what this means?

"If the stipend of our country clergy — men who have had special training for their work in the College and Seminary, to be leaders of their fellowmen, and upon whom the moral welfare of the whole community oftentimes so largely depends — were doubled in amount, it would not be more than an ordinary mechanic receives to-day." ¹

Bishop Satterlee has been criticized for not giving more time than he did to visiting the rural part of his Diocese. He did not, it is true, emulate the practice of the beloved Bishop Pinckney (Bishop of Maryland from 1870 to 1883) who gave a lion's share of his time to Southern Maryland and, when he felt it to be to the local advantage, would use his rare evangelistic gifts for a series of services covering a number of days in this parish or that. Then, too, it must be recognized that Bishop Pinckney had a genius for the very work to which he gave himself so unsparingly. He knew his State as only a native could know it, and his long experience of country life gave him extraordinary power in rural communities.

The quarter of a century which had elapsed between his day and that of the first Bishop of Washington had wrought a vast change in conditions. The administrative work of a bishop had more than doubled in that period. The increase of institutions, claims upon him as a bishop of the Church as well as bishop of a diocese, and the enlargement of urban centres, necessitated a new distribution of time. One has only to study Bishop Satterlee's *Journal* from year to year to marvel at his prodigious industry. It would be a task, too, which

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1906, p. 36.

few would care to undertake to cut out unnecessary engagements and to redistribute his time in better proportion. No doubt he would have had extraordinary personal influence among the laity of Southern Maryland had he been able to get opportunity to meet them as he used to meet the villagers at Zion Church. He knew rural problems and rural folk because he had served a long and successful apprenticeship in a country pastorate. His understanding and sympathy were always alive to the situation. They expressed themselves in a form that he who runs may read. Bishop Satterlee's enduring service to the rural part of his Diocese has been admirably summed up by the Rev. Dr. De Vries: —

First. He found the rural parishes almost entirely ministered to by men of advanced years unable longer to do aggressive work, or by deacons from Bishop Paret's Clergy School. Out of funds provided by the offerings at his consecration and by friends in following years, he brought the deacons to Washington for one week of study and instruction out of every month, under the direction of himself and his pro-Cathedral clergy staff, and within three years they were all advanced to the priesthood and at Bishop Satterlee's expense. By this means, and at Bishop Satterlee's expense, he not only paid the salaries of their instructors, but the expense of their stay in Washington and of their travel backwards and forwards. In the next place as opportunity offered, he replaced the elder clergy with younger men, and left the rural parishes led by strong men and energetic leaders and workers.

Second. When the salaries of the clergy proved so inadequate that he could not secure suitable men, or keep them in their places when secured, so that great transiency was the mark of this work, he appealed to his diocese at the annual missionary meeting, and through letters to individuals and sermons in churches, for sufficient funds to give his country clergy each a rectory and one thousand dollars a year at least, or its equivalent. When the diocese in convention assembled declared that all was being given that was possible, the Bishop personally pledged himself by his own personal endeavor to secure additional funds, and did so for two or three years. The

failure of anything like adequate response through his personal appeals by letter to individuals for this fund in January, 1908, brought him such sorrow and distress, that those of his clergy closest to him feel that this contributed very largely to his physical failure and death.

This fact, communicated at the special meeting of the Cathedral Council the Sunday afternoon after his death, brought immediate response from liberal churchmen to provide these additional funds required, and ever since the diocese of Washington itself, in convention assembled, has pledged adequate money each year for keeping the salaries at the high standard set by Bishop Satterlee, and secured by his own personal labor.

His responsibility as Provisional Bishop of Mexico was terminated this year (April 14) by the consecration of Bishop Aves and the transfer of the Mexican Clergy to his jurisdiction. The Mexican Episcopal Church thus became incorporated into ours as a foreign Missionary District, and a series of muddles was brought to a happy termination largely through the wisdom and patience of Bishop Satterlee. The appreciation in which his services were held was marked by the gift of a monolith to be placed in the Washington Cathedral "in commemoration of this singularly interesting church movement in Mexico."

The following correspondence concerning Mexican affairs covers a period of six years:

TO THE REV. H. FORRESTER

May 21st, 1898. — I have received your letters and am particularly sorry just at this time when everything is looking so hopeful, that there should be a lack of funds to support what you are doing in Mexico. The discouragement has been increased by the fact that my brother has resigned his position as treasurer of the provisional committee, and Mr. Scrymser (who has done more for us than any one else) has also resigned his place, and refuses to take his resignation back; other members of the committee have said that they think of resigning.

I never expected that new anxiety should come from this quarter, and it seems that trouble will never cease regarding our Mexican work. The whole fact of the matter seems to be that

the business men of the committee who have been supporting us seem to intimate that our business methods are unbusinesslike, and they have said to me that there is no use of my asking their cooperation when we do not follow their best judgment in business affairs.

The spiritual side of the work they gladly and willingly leave to the Bishops who have the matter in charge, and to you. There is indeed, the strongest confidence on all hands among the clergy and laity in you and in the great spiritual work that you are doing.

The state of affairs at present seems to be as follows.

If the mortgages could have been foreclosed and the Orphanage and the San José property could have been closed and a corporation formed and all debts paid, that would have given a secure title to the property, and things would have gone on well had the matter been left to take this course.

But you have engaged the assistance of Mexican lawyers and are acting under their advice. Here are two separate and distinct plans. Our Committee feel that their plan was the right one, and while they have faith in you, they have not implicit faith in the Mexican lawyers to whom you have committed yourself. They think that possibly you may have made a mistake financially which will cost us at least \$1,500.

I think the one desire on the part of us all is to spare you any unnecessary anxiety, when you are doing your spiritual work so well. Nevertheless there is a general feeling that you have made an error in judgment.

You may be sure that our interest in your work is as intense as ever,^r whatever temporary errors of judgment regarding the methods of administration may be.

FROM THE REV. H. FORRESTER

April 8, 1902. — Bishop McLaren spent six weeks here, and went thoroughly into our matters. He became deeply interested in the success of our movement for the securing of the Episcopate, fully realizing the need of it and at once. He could not remain to the meeting of the Synod, unfortunately, but he did not leave until after he had advised with me fully as to what should be done. All his suggestions were carried out, in the most loyal spirit, and we feel that we have done all that we can do to meet the wishes of the House of Bishops, as indi-

cated in its reply to our petition. All the documents have been sent to Bishop Clark for approval and transmission to Cincinnati.

I wish I might be there — not for the pleasure of it, but in order to meet any questions that may arise — but Bishop McLaren thought perhaps I had better not be, and then money is too scarce with us to permit me to go, unless my expenses were paid. Bishop McLaren can speak for us, however, with authority, and I am glad to escape the journey and save the time. The probabilities are that I shall have to go, later, unless the whole matter is shelved indefinitely, which I scarcely consider possible, though it would be a positive relief to me, in some respects.

I am in the position of a man who thinks he sees a great need and a great opportunity, and feels it to be his duty to do what he can to provide for the one and profit by the other, but who, in order to do this, must sacrifice himself. If God opens the way I must walk in it, of course; but if He sees good to close it, I may be thankful for my escape. I feel as I suppose St. Paul did when he said: "I am in a strait betwixt two," and I am glad God is to choose between the two, by His servants the American Bishops, and that the responsibility does not rest upon me. I may be mistaken in my view of the matter, and, while I am obliged in conscience to act according to that view, I am ready to submit myself with a glad will and mind to the Divine ordering. The only thing I ask of our friends is to seek and follow the guidance of the Holy Spirit in dealing with the question, giving due weight to the representations we have made, as well as to any that be made in opposition, and deciding the question according to their best judgment; and this I believe they will do.

TO THE REV. H. FORRESTER .

July 1st, 1903. — I am rather used up and so can only answer your letter briefly. The doctor is sending me off for a much needed rest.

You know that my sympathy with the Mexican Church is as great as it has ever been, and also my appreciation of the value of your own efforts.

In times past, as you remember, I was not only Chairman of the Mexican Committee in New York, but also that I gave a personal guarantee for the payment of your salary, and that of your predecessor, but now I cannot do what I once did.

My own work in the past year has been the hardest of my whole ministry, and I cannot possibly undertake any other burden, or assume duties which I should be unable to discharge.

Under these circumstances, I am extremely reluctant to be elected as provisional Bishop of the Mexican Church, as I could not fulfill one of the duties of that position.

I say this with emphasis, not from any want of sympathy with you and your work, but simply because I regard myself as providentially hindered from taking up any new burden.

If the Mexican Church is in an awkward position and wishes to have merely a nominal provisional Bishop, until the next meeting of the General Convention, and my acceptance of the office for a year, will help you out of this particular difficulty, I will consent to serve, for one year, but when I do this, it is with the understanding that no duties shall be attached to the office. But please select some other Bishop.

That God will direct and guide you in your important work, will be my prayer.

FROM THE REV. H. FORRESTER

August 11, 1903. — Herewith I send you the official notice of your election as Provisional Bishop of the Mexican Church.

. . .

I am so glad and grateful at so happy a solution of our difficulty, and I rejoice at this cordial recognition of your great service to the Church in Mexico. May God bless it to His glory, in the blessing of both it and you!

In acknowledging receipt of this document, and accepting the election, it will be well for you to state that I am to continue to exercise the office of Vicar, according to the terms of my original appointment by Bishop Williams — if such be your pleasure. I shall be glad to have a formal document from you to the same effect. . . .

TO BISHOP DOANE

Nov. 16, 1908. — When I assumed temporarily the position of Provisional Bishop of the Mexican Church, I did not think that complications like this would arise. I wish you had taken the place yourself.

I enclose herewith a copy of a letter that I wrote to Forrester a week ago.

In addition to this, I had a conference with Bishop Van Buren, saying that it might possibly be that Forrester, on account of his health, would have to resign his position in Mexico, and asked him to be on the lookout for any good opening for him, either in Cuba or Puerto Rico. He said he would do so.

Moreover I have written to Lloyd, requesting him to send me a detailed financial statement of money contributed for work in Mexico, during the time it has been under the charge of the Board, (i.e. before and after the interregnum), and also such other details as would give me the opportunity of making an estimate whether sympathy with his work is increasing or decreasing.

If it is increasing, why then the present status might be continued; if, however, the financial support is decreasing, this would give us an opportunity of saying to the general synod of the Mexican Church, that they could not look for the same financial aid, in future, which has been afforded in the past, unless the Mexican Episcopal Church places itself temporarily under the charge of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, until such time as it can spiritually, morally, ecclesiastically, canonically and financially maintain its own independent position.

I doubt very much, if all financial aid were withdrawn from this country, whether the Mexicans would continue to insist upon their independent position. They have had 40 years opportunity. No great reforms or leaders have come to the forefront, the congregations fluctuate enormously. I understand that Pueblo, which was in such a flourishing condition when you were in Mexico, has now closed.

My own opinion is we had better advise Forrester strongly to remain in the States, watch how the Mexicans do without him, and then take action by and by, according to such development as may providentially arise.

TO BISHOP J. H. JOHNSON

March 9th, 1904. — Dr. Nevin has just been here. He took the opportunity, just previous to his return to Europe, to stop here, that he might give me the results of his visit to Cuba and Panama; and as you know he was previously in Mexico.

He understands, as no one else does, the Roman Catholic Church, its characteristics of work, its advantages and limitations.

He spent an evening here, and over and over again, expressed his conviction that in Cuba and Panama and Mexico, the work among the English speaking people is far more important than that among the Spanish races, because he says that Anglo-Saxon ideals of civilization are beyond the reach of the Spaniards themselves, and that therefore, in order to keep up to the pace which is now being set in Cuba, and even in Mexico, where Americans are pouring in, that the Spanish themselves will either have to fall into the back-ground or else assimilate themselves to, and cooperate more and more with, the Anglo-Saxons, to comprehend these standards.

He also said that in his visit to Panama he was convinced that the great and important influx of Americans at the Isthmus, is going to Americanize the new Republic of Panama, and that when the Canal is built, the influence from this source will be a centre of radiation among the Islands of the Caribbean sea and Mexico itself.

He furthermore adds, that, while the Spanish and Mexicans remain the same, the Indian race there is becoming more and more dominant, and these Indians will more readily assimilate themselves with Anglo-Saxons than Spanish.

He saw a great deal of President Diaz, and over and over again he said that the work of Mr. Forrester and the Mexican Episcopal Church would never amount to anything.

Under these circumstances it is extremely important, in his view, that we should concentrate our efforts in the Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Mexico, because, when these missions are successful, the Indians will have more confidence in them than they do in the Mexican Episcopal Church.

There is a great deal in what Nevin says, and I am inclined more and more to his way of thinking that if Forrester resigns his work, it is more important that we should make every effort to found missions of our Church in the various cities of Mexico, where there are thousands of young Americans, and their wives; and, from this centre could radiate efforts to help the Indians.

You have been in Mexico, and I have not; therefore I felt it better to write to you about this matter.

I suppose it is better to say nothing to Forrester himself, and if Nevin is right, simply to strengthen the rank among American missionaries to English speaking congregations, and let other things gradually take care of themselves.

TO THE REV. H. FORRESTER

April 16, 1904. — I feel that I owe you an apology, for not answering your letters more satisfactorily, and at length. My only excuse is, that in this last winter, I have lost the three men nearest to me, bound by ties of blood, and in the intervening time, I have been far from well.

On Tuesday last, I attended the first Board meeting at which I have been able to be since December.

A great many questions of importance came up about the conduct of the missionary work at large. Among other things, I was asked to attend the meeting of the Sub-Committee on Mexico.

It appears that there is a growing need of spiritual and pastoral care, among those people from the United States, especially young business men and their families who are residing for a longer or shorter period of time in different parts of Mexico, and who are coming in increasing numbers. The conditions have greatly changed within the past few years in this respect, and the time has come, when a responsibility is thrown upon the Church, regarding these people, which she cannot neglect. I was asked whether there was any way, in which a unification of the work could be brought about.

I am not in a position to give a definite answer to this question. I do realize most deeply the presence of that kind of responsibility which is referred to. I comprehend also now that Bishop Riley is dead, that the danger of schism in his direction is altogether gone.

It seems to me that if the General Synod of the Mexican Episcopal Church would pass some kind of a resolution giving its assent to the formation of these missions (and prayerful hope regarding them), for American speaking congregations, it would pave the way for a unification of the work.

I know what great influence you have over these God-fearing Mexican congregations, and how beneficial that influence will be, if it is used by you in behalf of Godly union and concord.

If Bishop Riley, on the one hand, will go down into history, as one who promoted trouble and sorrow: you may be the peacemaker, raised up by God, to bring happiness and union and spiritual blessing.

I wish I could be nearer to you, so we could talk over these matters.

TO THE REV. W. JONES-BATEMAN

(In charge of the English Church in the City of Mexico)

May 21, 1904. — I have just returned from country visitations in my own Diocese, and hasten to answer your letter. I have read it more than once, with a great desire to come to Mexico but I have been unwell with the grippe all the winter, and my doctor only allows me to keep on working now, on condition that I shall take a prolonged rest when the summer begins, lasting until after the General Convention.

This will preclude the possibility both of my coming to Mexico, and finding any other Bishop who can come. This latter is always a tedious and difficult matter, because there are so few Bishops of our Church who come to Mexico.

There is such a growing interest in our Church, regarding work among the English speaking people of Mexico, that I wish I knew more about the weak conditions. Surely there must be little groups of people, from England and the States, in little Mexican towns, but, how to discover where these little colonies are, or how large they are, is a matter of some perplexity. I do not know to whom I can apply for information, and only know of the fact through hearsay evidence.

Returning once more to your confirmation class, I would suggest that if you think they are sufficiently prepared and feel that it would be a detriment to their spiritual welfare, after anticipating the sacred rite of confirmation, to be deprived of it, that you should act as follows —

First. Show them very plainly that this is a New Testament ordinance, and that the confirmation recorded in Acts VIII, in which it is distinctly set forth that the Holy Ghost is given, took place within five or six years after the Ascension.

Second. That you make each one of them promise that they will be confirmed when the opportunity offers.

Third. That you could then admit them to the Holy Communion.

You yourself will know whether this is a wise step to take.

The negotiations connected with the transfer of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Canal Zone from the Church of England to the American Church covered several years. It involved difficult questions of personnel

and finance which Bishop Satterlee, acting for the American Church, worked out with the Archbishop of the West Indies and the Bishop of Honduras, acting for the Church of England. The following letters, written after the concordat was signed, seal the transaction. Bishop Satterlee continued to act as commissary of the Presiding Bishop, nor did he relax his efforts until he died.

TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP

March 12th, 1906. — I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter with the three copies of the enclosed concordat, and will transmit one of them at once to the Board of Missions, who have, as I understand it, consented to give a financial support to the work, in fact they have voted twelve hundred dollars for the salary of a missionary to be sent there. I am expecting to take the papers with me to New York, to the Board meeting to-morrow.

About my acting as commissary, I am glad to do so, but I do not want you in the slightest degree to be trammelled if you think some other person would be better. I assure you in absolute sincerity, that if I assume this burden it will only be from no other motive than that of a sense of duty to the Church of God. I am glad to do it for this object, but if you in your judgment or wisdom think it better that you should act yourself without a commissary, or to appoint another commissary, I will take this as an assurance that it is God's will that the work could be better done if I yielded my place.

I implore you to do that which in your own judgment you think best for the work itself.

FROM THE PRESIDING BISHOP (DR. TUTTLE)

March 17th, 1906. — Yours of the 12th received. With my warm and loving thanks for your kind and efficient care of the Canal Zone of the past and for the success that has crowned your efforts in arranging the matter of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, I beg most earnestly that you will continue to be the commissary of the Presiding Bishop for discharging the duties of said jurisdiction. My only hesitation would arise from the thought of how you are weighted with responsibilities, which the Church from all sides seems to impose upon you, but as you are willing

to serve as commissary, I am more willing and most grateful to have you do so.

This summer (1906) he again went abroad where the baths at Nauheim "accomplished all and more than he expected." While in England he came into contact with Mr. George F. Bodley which later (October 8) led to his appointment as architect of the Washington Cathedral in conjunction with Mr. Henry Vaughan.¹ He thought of little else than the Cathedral.

TO DR. DE VRIES FROM BAD NAUHEIM

July 16, 1906. — In London I saw the chief Gothic architects whose names were given to me. And from them I gained most valuable information. The cause which arrested the progress of Gothic architecture was undoubtedly the same which made Greek sculpture after Pheidias, theatrical; and Italian painting after Raphael, second rate. It was self-consciousness, self-sufficiency. Men gloried in their power over nature, their technique, and their inspiration departed.

Of course we must have an American architect, but where will we find one who lives more for the glory of God than the glory of self? or who has the religious inspiration to see, what the old Gothic builders saw? or who has the experience to build results on pillars, supported by buttresses, which will stand the thrusts and counter thrusts — the wear and tear of a thousand years to come? God grant that we may be led to the right man.

I read with great pleasure your description of the Constitution of Washington Cathedral, and your expansion of the ideal of the Cathedral Council. You might have gone even further than you did. The Council will be an *ideal* representative body not only for the purpose of discussing, elucidating and advising on questions of Church polity but also for creating a diocesan sentiment and diocesan unity. In fact the more I think of our Constitution for the Cathedral, the more I feel we have been providentially led into a kind of organization, which is so well balanced in all its parts that it is going to be effective and strong in action.

¹ See Appendix I.

TO MRS. A. D. RUSSELL FROM BAD NAUHEIM

July 22, 1906. — To-day I am half way through my "cure," and I am so glad that I came, for Dr. Schott tells me that this third course of the baths will have a most beneficial, cumulative result. I place all the more credence in his word, because the two courses of the treatment last year brought a recuperative effect — a restoration — which surprised even him when I returned this summer.

In fact I cannot but regard my whole trip to Europe as providentially ordered, not only on account of the Nauheim treatment, but also, in my visit to England, where it almost seemed as if the door of opportunity flew open before me. As I landed, a letter from the Bishop of Liverpool was handed me, asking me to luncheon, and then to go with him in his carriage to view the site of his new Cathedral. I accepted, and in the two interviews I had with him, I not only saw the foundations of Liverpool Cathedral in St. James' Park, but gained much valuable information, as the Bishop recounted the successes and mistakes they had made in choosing the design. Then, we went to Lichfield. Here, also, the Bishop was most kind and I saw the very points I most wanted to investigate in the beautiful Lichfield Cathedral.

We then went to Gloucester Cathedral because, in the cinque cento periods, Gloucester exercised the strongest kind of influence in England for all those exaggerations which ultimately caused the downfall of Gothic architecture. This was a most valuable visit for I saw here exactly what is most to be avoided. Gothic architecture seems to have followed the general laws of art. When, in the days of Pheidias, Greek sculpture awoke to the consciousness of its greatness — as Mahaffy so strikingly shows — it became at once theatrical, and began to decline. So also, after the time of Raphael, when Italian painters became self-conscious, the old Masters at once gave place to such second rate artists as the Caraccis, Guido Sassoferrato and Carlo Dolce.

And so, in like manner, when the old Gothic architects became conscious of mastery in their craft, their *work* at once began to show that their dominant motive was self glorification, not the glory of God, and they left such specimens of architectural boastfulness as the choir of Gloucester, Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, or St. Ouen's in Rouen.

This self-sufficiency — not the Renaissance, was the real cause of the downfall of Gothic architecture, and this is what we want most of all to avoid, in Washington.

I have seen some other Cathedrals this summer and studied them closely. I tried to go also to Amiens and Rheims, but could not arrange it before Nauheim. Besides, it was more important to spend the time in the English cathedrals and study their characteristics.

While in London, I had, moreover, the rare opportunity of meeting and conferring with some of the greatest of the English Gothic architects. I met the architects in charge of York Minster, Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. Besides these I saw Mr. Arthur Reeve, who was strongly commended to me by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said that Mr. G. F. Bodley, who is associated with young Gilbert Scott in the building of the new Liverpool Cathedral, is undoubtedly the greatest architect in England, and the one whose judgment is most to be depended upon. I had two interviews with Mr. Bodley and was greatly impressed with him. He was so much interested in Washington Cathedral, that he wrote to me, before I left England, saying:

“There are many things I should like to say before you go back to your Diocese. The opportunity that your coming Cathedral will afford is vast for good. It would be grand if your newer world in America should show modern civilization that the ancient dignity and beauty of religious Christian architecture can be achieved in these days. It could be! Gothic art, with all its acceptance of the beauty of nature, as its basis, and its added spiritual, aspiring fervour could do all this.”

Is not that an enthusiastic forecast of what Gothic architecture can now do, from “the greatest living English architect?”

Of course before deciding upon any thing we should make every effort to find a competent American architect, but nationality should not be the first consideration.

Again, when they were choosing an architect for Truro Cathedral in England, they shrewdly said “Any good architect can draw a beautiful and attractive design: yet, oftentimes, experience has shown that such a design turns out to be either impracticable or inordinately expensive.” So they wrote to different Gothic architects to submit plans of churches actually

completed by them. This was a very searching test which it will be well for us to follow. Professor Moore has expressed a doubt whether *any* American architect of to-day, can construct a Gothic vaulted roof, which will stand for centuries. We can afford to take no risk in a building which is to stand the criticism of all coming time; and most of all, I am afraid of those self-conscious men who want to be original and do a "big thing." If no American architect is found to have the right qualifications and be perfectly satisfactory, then, there are English architects of acknowledged preeminence in the architectural world, as well as of devout, religious loyalty to the ideals of our own church, who *can* do the work. This discovery has lifted a great load from my mind. We must have an American architect if the right one can be found, and I know full well the feeling with many, that for this American Cathedral we must not have a foreign architect, but it would be sheer folly to sacrifice the Cathedral itself for such considerations. Where would the American Constitution itself have been, if Alexander Hamilton had been ruled out of its framers, because he was not a native born American?

Of course, . . . all this is strictly confidential: *so* confidential, that I have told you every thing even before consulting the Cathedral Chapter. When I left America I was hopelessly bewildered as to the choice of an architect, now I see a plain path before my face. I believe that some way will be found between the two extremes of choosing an American architect who has had no experience in Gothic vaulting, and selecting an English architect who knows nothing about our American conditions. I feel that God is leading us, — that God intended me to come abroad as a learner, that I might see all sides with all the difficulties of the case; and the way out of them. And I feel that it is all due to *you*: except for you I could never have come abroad this summer. You made it possible for me to do so, and the result may be — the choice of an architect and a design for Washington Cathedral, which will awaken the enthusiasm and interest of all the church people of the land as a genuine Gothic Cathedral — full of the old religious feeling and aspiration — on our side of the Atlantic.

In the last Annual Address delivered to the Diocesan Convention (1907) his chief thought is of the colored

work of the Church and in his own Diocese. In the fall, General Convention was to meet and face anew this difficult problem. Bishop Satterlee sent a copy of what he had said on the matter to each of his brethren in the American Episcopate with the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D.C., JULY 2, 1907.

My dear Bishop: I am venturing to send you a part of my Convention address relating to the negro question, and I shall be very grateful if you, in return, will send me what you have said upon the same subject.

Faithfully yours,

H. Y. SATTERLEE

The address is full of that appeal to the Primitive Church to which the Bishop was in the habit of turning for guidance. He felt that the Church had failed in her duty to the negro from a lack of effort to grapple honestly with the problem. The missionary annals of the last century of work among negro races in distant lands were in unpleasant contrast to what we have done, or rather failed to do, at home. The nearness and magnitude of the problem put it in the front rank of the Church's responsibility. One tenth of the nation, in the Capital city one third, was made up of this weak race. The political and the social aspects of the problem had been allowed to obscure the religious. The ordinary difficulties of dealing with such a problem were enhanced by the difference in opinions between the North and the South, by the premature enfranchisement of the negro, by the rapid increase of population, and growing racial antagonism.

The Bishop had no solution to present. The negroes must be evangelized and taught the connection between religion and morality. It might be wise to institute an order of Negro lay readers and catechists. The confidence of the negro must somehow be won so that there would be an increase of candidates for the Ministry. The question of a racial episcopate rather commended itself to him though he saw the many objections.

The question was a subject of hot debate at General Convention. Much was written and more said, but beyond the enactment of Canon 11 providing for Suffragan Bishops, which might, but has not been, used racially, no specific conclusion was reached. It may be that Edgar Gardner Murphy came as near the truth as anyone when, admitting the numerical failure of the Church in this responsibility, he added that "this failure was not due to anything inherently wrong or permanently inappropriate in the organization of the Church. It has hardly been used."

The closing of King Hall of Howard University, the Theological School for training negro students in preparation for Holy Orders, was a grief and disappointment to the Bishop. He gave it personal attention and lectured to the students every week until the last. The Board of Missions in order to concentrate its strength on the upbuilding of the Divinity School at Petersburg, Va., and because Southern Dioceses were not sending their students to King Hall in sufficient numbers to give it the character of a general institution of the Church, in 1905 withdrew its annual grant. In a memorandum prepared by the Bishop at this time for the family of the founder of King Hall, he says that "next to the Cathedral of Washington, the welfare of King Hall has been the greatest burden that I have to bear, and its welfare the greatest cause for concern and anxiety."

About four or five years ago circumstances arose whereby the Trustees discovered, most unexpectedly, that King Hall no longer evoked the sympathy of the Southern Bishops, for they were sending all their candidates for Holy Orders to Petersburg in Virginia.

The Bishop of Washington and others of the Trustees have made every effort to discover the cause of this alienation of Southern sympathy. They have written a personal letter to each Bishop, and the only reason assigned in reply is that the graduates are not fitted to work among colored churches in the South.

This statement is all the more surprising, because at the present time, the majority of these graduates are doing very effective work with the approval of their Bishops in localities which are South of Mason and Dixon's Line.

After considering the matter very carefully, I have come to the conclusion that the only cause of this alienation of the sympathy of most of the Southern Bishops is the fact that they honestly believe that the whole atmosphere of Washington is harmful to the negro race, and that every Candidate for Holy Orders educated here must necessarily imbibe ideas regarding social and political equality of the negro and white races.

It is needless to say to you that King Hall stands for no such ideas at all. The Bishop of Washington in his weekly instruction to the students, holds up to them constantly (1) the truth so strongly emphasised by Christ, that the Kingdom of God is not the Kingdom of this world; (2) that the primitive Church from its earliest history in the days of the Roman Empire has had all manner of social and political obstacles to contend with; (3) that, following the teachings of the New Testament, she held aloof from all political and social questions, issues and distinctions; (4) that the invariable course of action, from which the Catholic and Apostolic Church has never swerved, has been to inculcate that Christ-like character, described by St. Paul, as one in which there "can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female, for we are all one man in Christ Jesus," (Gal. III 28 R. V.), and (5) that this has been the solution of all the political and social difficulties with which the Church has had to contend in the nineteen hundred years of her existence, and through which she has been the educator of the world.

It is the aim of King Hall to root this New Testament ideal so deeply in the conviction of its graduates, that in aiming for it as the real solution of all social problems, they, as ministers of Christ, will refuse to be entangled in the subordinate questions of political or social equality.

It is most important, especially at this present time, that this positive stand should be taken by the negro ministry of our branch of the Apostolic Church, in meeting the issues which are bound to arise in the future; because, whether we will or no, the colored people are different today from what they were thirty years ago. Those mulattoes who are one half or three

fourths white, may be classed as "negroes," but, as a matter of fact they have one-half or three-fourths of the brain power and moral force of the white race, and they are bound to make the most out of their opportunities of life, intellectually and morally. In meeting this question we have not only to remember the negroes of Northern and Southern States, but their close correlation with that other American negro population in Panama and Costa Rica, and other parts of Central America and the West Indies.

If the Episcopal Church is to keep in touch with the best and most progressive of the negro people, it must have the foresight of the statesman as well as the Christian, and remember that conditions will inevitably change in the next few years. Therefore it must not bring up its colored clergy in the position of tutelage. It must commit itself to no partisan theories whatsoever, — to no Northern or Southern, Bostonian or Charlestonian ideas, regarding social or political equality. It must simply give to those colored people who desire to better their condition, full opportunities for improvement and education. If the Episcopal Church does not do this, the better class of negroes in the future will not be Church people, but Roman Catholics, Methodists or Baptists.

Archdeacon Williams commenting on the Bishop's interest in the negroes says:

He was punctilious in keeping his appointments with them. Whatever appointments he had to break, owing to press of unexpected duties, he always tried to keep those made with the colored people. He once said to me when talking about this, that he wanted no one to say after he was dead that he had ever failed in his duty to that people, whatever else he may have failed in. He was extremely sensitive on that point, fearing lest some one should say that he had neglected them for some other and pleasanter duty.

He was deeply interested in the welfare and success of King Hall. He found that institution in operation in preparing students for the ministry, when he entered on his work in this Diocese, and at once took an active part in placing it upon its feet. For several years he secured the services of the clergy of St. Mark's pro-Cathedral, for instruction to the candidates,

having the latter at the clergy house of that Church every week for lectures. When the clergy house broke up, owing to changes at St. Mark's, he still had the colored students once a week at his chapel, and lectured to them conscientiously to the end. The break-up of King Hall was a great grief to the Bishop, as it was to the rest of us who have always clung to a lingering hope that it might be started on a new lease of life, under changed conditions. But the withdrawal of the grant made by the Board of Missions, though it amounted to only a comparatively small sum in the total of their operations, was a serious blow to the institution, and necessitated calling a meeting of the Board of Trustees, which after a long and anxious discussion, decided to close the Hall for the present, and reopen it later on, under new conditions. Alas! that time never came, and the good Bishop died carrying the burden of King Hall to his grave.

As to his actual work among the Negroes, it was planned as carefully as was his work among the whites of the Diocese. He arranged his confirmations for them and his other visitations among them, with care and thoughtfulness, trying in every way to let them see that he cared for them equally as much as he cared for the whites.

He was moderately successful in his efforts to develop missions in Washington for the colored people, and found satisfaction in what he was able to accomplish. But his mind did not rest with the local problem of 100,000 negroes. He took into his heart the entire question, laying stress on the fact that it was a matter of concern and responsibility, not only for the South, but for the North as well. Northern man that he was, he saw that if responsibility for the negro was greater in any one section of the country than another, a special duty rested on the North, born of the fact that the negro situation, as we now know it, was the creation of the North.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BUILDER'S SQUARE AND RULE

*Thy will was in the builder's thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.*

J. G. WHITTIER

ONE good and great man, since gone to God, said of another good and great man, still exercising his goodness and greatness on earth, that he had never known anyone who seemed to look so exclusively to God's will as the directive force of his life as did his friend. Bishop Satterlee was not this man but he was a kindred spirit. He squared everything to and measured everything by the will of God as he understood it.

Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:
Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

To him the will of God came through many channels — the Bible in the Church, the Church in the Bible, the Sacraments, the Book of Common Prayer. He was loyal to all and found greater not lesser freedom in his loyalty. Bishop Hall in his memoir of Father Benson in the *Church Quarterly Review* (April, 1915) speaks of the latter's "general attitude of loyal obedience to constituted authority. A like loyalty he always showed to the Anglican position as to doctrine, discipline, and worship, as representing true Catholicism." The same might be said of Bishop Satterlee.

The Bible for the people in their own tongue was to him so important that it stood second to nothing in the commonwealth of God where all are endowed with the

illumination of the indwelling Spirit. The Canterbury Ambon, illustrating in stone the history of the English Bible, is a permanent declaration to future generations of his own belief as to the place of the Bible in the Church. Not that he attached undue value to its mere dissemination. In the hands of the untutored the Bible, however much it may have done, in spots and at times, to emancipate the simple-minded from dense spiritual ignorance or perverted ecclesiasticism, can be a foe of Christian unity and a breeder of controversy and negation. But with us there is always a volume of interpretation in the Book of Common Prayer to accompany the written word of God. Commenting on the admirable work of the Protestant Churches in perfecting the International and other series of Bible lessons for Sunday Schools, he says: ¹

We have for guides two text-books, which should never be out of our hands, as the basis for all our teachings — the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

The Bible, as God's revelation of Himself to man, is the book not of one age, but of all ages; not of one race, but of all races; not of one class, but of all classes, sorts and conditions of men, because its truths are so universal that they reach the heart of every seeker after God, and meet his deepest needs in whatever state of life he may be placed. If I may so express it, the Bible is felt to be the *sanest* book ever written.

Secondly, the Prayer Book stands as the corroborative testimony of the Christian consciousness to this fact. It is so closely interwoven with Bible teachings that nine-tenths of its words are Bible words. The Prayer Book was not written by any one man or generation of men. It is the evolution of the Christian experience of the ages. . . .

This excellence [of Protestant S. S. lessons] is purchased by limitation. Their whole course of study is narrowed down to the explanation of the text of the Bible. And, however enthusiastic he may be regarding this system, every churchman recognises at a glance its great limitations, the moment he begins to confine himself to it. The study of the doctrines and whole history of the Church (the Divine Society ordained by Christ

¹ *First Principles First, A Pastoral* (1903), pp. 1-5.

Himself) are left out. The systematized study of God's moral law is left out; definite education in God's social law is left out; so much, in fact, is left out that the children brought up under this system only receive a onesided religious education, and consequently are not adequately prepared to meet those practical life duties, which face all Christians in the world, after they grow up to manhood or womanhood.

If we follow the spirit of the Bible and of that Prayer Book (which is the Church's own interpretation of Bible teaching), then we have a many-sided religious education to inculcate, and consequently a much more difficult task before us than that of any other Christian body that I know of. Yet I feel that the ground *can* be covered, and covered successfully, provided we rise to the importance of this work, follow the ideal which both Bible and Prayer Book hold up before us, labour as with one heart and one mind, along this line, adapt our teachings to the development of the child's life and make our system of education so elastic that while all cling to the same ideal, there is room for different modes of development.

Shortly before the veteran Bishop R. H. Wilmer of Alabama died, he wrote a letter to Bishop Satterlee on the relation of the Bible to the untutored, which is a classic:

FROM BISHOP WILMER

February 1st, 1900. — I wish to give you some thoughts that have weighed upon me for some time — thoughts, which I have given only to yourself and Bishop Doane — because of your respective influential positions — *Excuse brevity.*

[The letter proceeds to picture in unvarnished language the primitive conditions of life and thought obtaining among the negroes, and the peril of giving them free access to the crude moral and social conditions depicted in the narrative portions of the Old Testament.]

Ignorant of moral and social evolution, not understanding that "the ignorance of those times God *winked* at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent," they are perfectly satisfied to be as good as their father, "Abraham" &c.

I never took any stock in the "Bible Society" — Nations were converted by the "*foolishness of preaching*" — Oh that the preaching of foolishness might cease! — before the art of print-

ing was invented, the Queen of Ethiopia's Treasurer was in a sad plight over the Prophet Isaiah, until the Deacon took his seat by his side in the chariot.

Now, my suggestion is that the "*Cburch*" should publish the "New Testament," with select *devotional* Psalms and circulate it.

I would give publicity to my views, but for the fact, that, in view of the many unwise publications of sundry of our Bishops in their old age, I made a resolution, some years ago, that I would not publish anything, divergent from commonly accepted thought, after I had passed fourscore years of life.

Upon this point, I could a tale unfold. One of our wisest Bishops, at seventy years of age, published a book — "Reminiscences of two beloved wives." When he gave me a copy, he said: — "I wrote this ten years ago, and meant to leave it in manuscript for my family, but I have concluded to publish it, that it may do some good while I am living." It was a very foolish thing for the Press — told how his one wife kissed him on return from visitation — how the other made his breeches — by-the-bye, the weakest part of his costume, making him look bowlegged.

I said to him — "Bishop, I would not at seventy reverse a decision formed at *sixty*."

One other matter — I cannot get the *good old* tracts such as, "Didymus' Daughter;" "Tis all for the best," etc. The modern tract reminds me of a *skeleton*, holding out its long arms. The tracts that I want represent the mother folding her children to her bosom. "The American Tract Society" publishes them, but eliminates the *Cburchly* parts.

Well, my good brother, pardon this wearisome infliction — impute it to dotage — whatever may seem to be behind the times. A blessed New Year to you and yours.

Apparently it escaped his memory that he had written the letter, for a month or so later he wrote another equally racy. The "preaching of foolishness" was evidently on his mind:

I was thinking the other night of how it was that Saul of Tarsus, whose early life was full of malignity, became the Apostle Paul and ended his sublime life with that declaration:

"I have fought a good fight etc." I turned to the Epistle for Sexagesima Sunday and found how often he had received "forty stripes save one" — and I thought that something of this kind would be a benefit to some of the preachers of our day — giving them *forty* not "save *one*." Do you not think that something of that kind is needed to put an end to the "preaching of foolishness" and substitute therefor the apostolic idea of the "foolishness of preaching"?

With all the passion for Christ that prompts the world-wide sowing of the Scriptures, the bluntly and humorously expressed opinion of Bishop Wilmer finds an echo in many unprejudiced and reverent minds — "The one thing," says a modern writer, that the Bible Society "does not help forward, unless it be unconsciously, is the proportion of the Faith, and the clear light and true knowledge of the Son of God."¹

Bishop Satterlee stood for limited dogma with ample room for reverent speculation on the part of the individual. But he was rigid and uncompromising as to the degree and character of doctrine as laid down in the Prayer Book formulae, and embedded in the compelling theology of the Church's liturgical worship. He, like many of us who learned by heart (good old phrase!) the Catechism at so early an age that we cannot exactly remember when, valued its teachings at high worth. He advocated its being memorized by young children on the score that it would in later years be as armor in the day of battle, a theory which the modern philosophy of the subconscious, or unconscious fully, justifies. "I once taught the Catechism to a little child," he says, "and it learned the whole, word for word, before it was six years old." As to the two articles of the Creed which of late years have been under fire, the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of our Lord, he was, as a noted fellow Bishop once expressed himself of the former of the two, "almost fanatical." The Apostles' Creed was to him signed and sealed by the Spirit of God through the

¹ *God's Co-operative Society*, by C. L. Marson, pp. 36, 37.

witness of the Christian centuries. To assail any one article was to attack the whole.

In his pastorals and other writings during his episcopate, Bishop Satterlee appeals for loyalty to the Prayer Book teaching on prayer, fasting and almsgiving.

His Advent Pastoral to the clergy of the Diocese, 1904, is devoted to the subject of prayer:

Negligence in prayer is more than a symptom of wrong; it is a proof that we do not believe to the full in the words and promises of Jesus Christ. How the earnest example of active men of the world in a lower sphere shames our inertia and lukewarmness. The children of this world, the business men of Wall Street, the self-made men all over America, preach a living sermon to the children of light by their robust and energizing faith. Without "credit" they can do nothing. If we only had the same strong faith in the power of prayer that capitalists and laborers have in the power of money, our faith would override all the obstacles which now hold us back. Such men in the pursuit of money are willing to sacrifice ease, and to train themselves into habits of punctuality, self-discipline, self-denial; they become very systematic; they pay no attention to their pains and aches, their moods and feelings; they are instant in season and out of season; until they attain their object. Thus should it be with us of the clergy in our spiritual efforts. If one would gain the prize which Christ holds out to those who pray, he must learn to pray in Christ's own way.

Bishop Wilson, the author of *Sacra Privata*, has well said, "There is no education equal to that of continuous prayer." And is not this, above all others, the kind of education which we of the Clergy need? If Christ puts the power of prayer among the highest and greatest of all powers, ought not we to make the possession of this power the chief aim of our lives? If business men become experts by disciplining themselves—morning, noon and night—to gain the power of money, ought we not to become experts in a higher sphere, putting forth an effort, which, to say the least, is equally strenuous, to attain the power which comes with prayer? And if, in this age of the world, secularism is on the increase, unbelief is on the increase, and that covetousness, "which is idolatry," is on the increase, can we of the Clergy make our lives as valuable

in any other way, to God and the Church, as by living that life of faith of which prayer is the very breath and heart-beat?

But observe, a habit of prayer cannot be attained without persistent effort. The education of the spiritual life demands the same kind of concentration and attention that intellectual education requires, and it calls for no less exertion of will-power, in overcoming indolence or inertia. Our spiritual faculties, like our mental ones, are only developed by constant exercise. One can only strengthen his weak will by constant dependence on God, as he learns to discipline himself and his very thoughts. Prayer is the hardest kind of work.

Though the Prayer Book contains no explicit order directing Morning and Evening Prayer to be said daily, the ideal is unmistakable — “the order for *Daily Morning and Evening Prayer*” is not equivocal or ambiguous. Bishop Satterlee speaks from ripe experience when he says:

The older I grow the more I realize what an enormous help the Church has provided for her Clergy in this exercise by her offices of Daily Morning and Evening Prayer. Though very few can have daily services in the Church, many of us could say either Morning or Evening Prayer in our own homes, with our families and our servants about us. In these days when the laity are giving up family prayer, it becomes all the more necessary that the clergy should set the example of erecting the family altar. The influence of Matins and Evensong, with their alternations of penitence and praise, of supplication and thanksgiving, and the lessons from Psalter and Holy Scripture, have an incalculable power in moulding character and bringing a benison upon every member of the household.

In a “Lenten Pastoral to the Churchmen and Churchwomen of the Diocese” he takes up the duty of observing the Church’s fasts “on which the Church requires such a measure of abstinence as is more especially suited to extraordinary acts and exercises of devotion.” The principle, according to the Prayer Book system, is clearly in positive and rational terms; the method of personal application is left to the individual:

The Church in her Prayer Book solemnly "*requires*" a conscientious observance of Lent among all those with whom her voice has any influence.

Observe, however, that in so doing the Church appeals to our reason and our conscience. She does not prescribe fasting for the mere sake of fasting, but as a means to an end. Neither does she give any set rules regarding the way in which the Lenten Fast is to be observed. All this is left by her to our own consciences. She simply calls upon us to practice "such a measure of abstinence" as, in our own judgment, "is suited to extraordinary acts and exercises of devotion."

This is the New Testament way. Christ, in the Gospel lays down no rules for holy living: He simply sets forth the principles on which His religion is founded, and the conditions under which, alone, growth in grace and the knowledge of Him are possible.

An early Lenten Pastoral (1897) is devoted to the principle of Christian giving. It is all too easy for an administrator with salaries to provide, and institutions to support, to emphasize getting rather than giving, and to rest content with securing financial support, without more than a passing glance at the means employed to this end. It was otherwise with Bishop Satterlee. After the example of St. Paul he could say in the face of serious anxieties over the business side of the Church's life: "Not that I seek for the gift; but I seek for the fruit that increaseth to your account."¹ In a paragraph written a few weeks before his death² he says: "We shall be grateful for any suggestions, coming from any source, as to how the necessary funds may be raised, provided that no method shall be recommended which tends to the lowering of the Cathedral Ideal itself. In the New Testament we are reminded that the eye of God rests not only upon the offering but upon the motive of the offerer, and that 'The gift without the giver is bare.'"

It is the principle of stewardship that forms the basis of the pastoral on giving:

¹ *Phil. iv. 17.*

² *Hand Book of Washington Cathedral, 5th Edition, p. 6.*

There is one subject which I particularly desire to bring before you, and that is the duty of Christian giving as a part of our service to God.

The only rule prescribed in the New Testament about Christian giving is the following direction of St. Paul to the Church of Corinth:

“Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that no gatherings (collections) be made when I come.” I. Cor. XVI. 1, 2.

It will be seen here that St. Paul strongly emphasizes the principle of systematic giving. In our modern days, eloquent appeals to our interest and our sympathy in the work of the Church are made from time to time, and money is raised under the influence of such appeals. This method is undoubtedly necessary at times, but it is not apostolic; and if you ponder carefully and prayerfully the words of St. Paul, you will see for yourselves that the systematic and conscientious laying apart of a certain proportion of our income for the spread of the Kingdom of God on this earth is the only adequate way of meeting our Christian obligations.

Systematic giving is but a happy phrase coined to denote the reality of giving as an integral part of practical religion, as necessary as prayer and fasting. He suggests the tithe as a starting point or minimum offering to God, and quotes Mal. III, 8-10 in a semi-pragmatic manner in support of his contention—it has been proved by experience that it brings a blessing to give and to give cheerfully, therefore give.

The magnificence of the two great Sacraments, Baptism and the Eucharist, was exalted by the depth and largeness of his vision. Baptism was not merely an initial rite. It was the conferring upon the person baptized of a dignity so wonderful, that all else in life was but an unfolding and supplement of the fact of sonship in Christ therein bestowed. It was because he rated the priesthood of the laity at so high a value, that he did not overestimate the position of the ministerial priesthood in its

relation to the commonwealth of priests and kings, which make up God's Kingdom among men. He was deeply impressed by the late Dr. Moberly's works¹ which gave expression to and confirmed his own profound convictions. Bishop Satterlee was an aristocrat by inheritance and taste: but he was a Christian democrat by conviction and the grace of God. His belief in the brotherhood of the baptized made him the comrade-leader that he aimed to be, so that it could be said of him by a close associate:

I suppose few ministers of our Church, whether as priests or bishops, have drawn about them a more ardent, trustful, devoted, tireless, self-sacrificing band of followers and helpers than did he. They came from all ranks and classes, out of every kind of circumstance. He kept them close beside him. He took them frankly into all his counsels. He made them not his servants, but his friends. And they depended on him for suggestion, inspiration, guidance, training. Their lives seemed almost to revolve about his own. His loss must bring to them, over and above their grief, bewilderment, blankness, dislocation. And yet I would venture to believe that there is not one of them who, through his Bishop, has not learned a higher loyalty than that which he so gladly rendered him, not one of them who did not come to understand, who does not now remember, that faithfulness to his loved leader can be proved and measured only by faithfulness to Christ. That was the way he used his gift of power and of light. That was the way God used him in his ministry, — shining in his heart that men should learn, as they did learn, through him of Christ.²

The Cathedral Font which his reverent, sacramental mind dreamed into being, with its lining of stones gathered from the River Jordan at the ford where tradition says our Lord was baptized, and its central figure of the risen Christ, bears witness to his regard for the Church's foundation rite. "This figure of Christ stands on a rock, out of which the waters of baptism flow, thus

¹ *Personality and the Atonement*, and *The Ministerial Priesthood*.

² Bishop Rhinelander's *In Memoriam*, p. 10.

providing for flowing, that is living, water, which was so continuously emphasized by the Primitive Church."¹ This idea of flowing or living water seems to be (somewhat obscurely) preserved in the rubric, which provides that the font "is then," at the moment of baptism, "to be filled with pure water."

It is characteristic of the Bishop's loyalty to the Prayer Book that provision is made for immersion in the Cathedral Font:

No baptismal fonts, large enough for immersion, have been built since the rise of Christian art, and this Font stands as a witness to the right of every Christian to have the sacrament administered by immersion as well as by pouring, as provided by the Book of Common Prayer.²

He loved to dwell on the thought that "the first stone of the coming Cathedral was the stone altar," "hewn," as the inscription on the brass tablet records, "from the rocks outside the walls of Jerusalem from which the stones of the Temple were quarried, not far from the place which is called Calvary." To him the Holy Communion meant more and more up to the moment of his viaticum. With all the joyousness bound up with the eucharistic thought there was the responsibility of added fruitfulness in the Communicant's life.

Those who obey the call of Christ will live as Christians lived in New Testament times; they will be blessed as the New Testament Christians were blessed; they will know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; they will gain the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Communicants of the Church should be satisfied with nothing less than the complete surrender of their wills to Christ, for they cannot keep their spiritual union with Him, if they lower His own standard of the Christian life.³

¹ *Handbook of the Washington Cathedral*, p. 37.

² "And then, naming it after them, he shall dip it in the water discreetly, or shall pour water upon it." *Rubric in Baptismal Office.*

³ Preface to *Communicants' Fellowship in the Diocese of Washington.*

He founded in the Diocese of Washington, as in Calvary Parish, a Communicants' Fellowship, as an aid to those who by the pledge of the Eucharist bound themselves to the Christ life. With his wonted respect for the rights of the individual and with a view to developing the sense of personal responsibility, he avoided rules and laid stress on principles. The Fellowship aims were promoted by a number of "suggestions."

There is nothing obligatory in any of them. They are not intended to interfere with that Christian liberty which belongs to the Sons of God, or to fetter in any way, the freedom which both Holy Scripture and our Prayer Book maintain. Among these suggestions, there are some which many communicants will be debarred by circumstances (want of time, for example) from following. Again, one suggestion will be helpful to one communicant, another to another. *Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind* (Romans xiv, 5, 6) *and act according to the dictates of his own reason and conscience.*

Bishop Satterlee was jealous and sensitive as to his churchmanship. The phrase which best served to describe his position was "New Testament churchmanship" — New Testament churchmanship as unequivocally positively and amply interpreted and set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. Cavour said: "There are times for compromises and there are times for decided policies. I believe that there is neither in history nor in statesmanship any absolute maxim. If ever the time for a resolute policy, and not for compromise, shall come, I shall be the first to adopt it; because I feel that I am by character more inclined to it. But the wisdom of the statesman lies in discerning when the time has come for one or the other." Bishop Satterlee's nature was in some directions an unbending one. Like Cavour, he temperamentally favored an absolute policy. The very word compromise, to which a sinister meaning that it does not invariably deserve has been attached, the mere suggestion of opportunism roused his antagonism. Never-

theless no man could have more earnestly desired than he to understand the viewpoint of those who differed from him. Stubborn to a fault where his inmost convictions were concerned, his trained sense of Christian sympathy saved him from wrecking his gift of leadership on the rock of self-assertion that would not brook opposition. For so strong a man, his mode of attack when he had to fight against convinced opposition, was on the whole commendably considerate. The notable feature of his position was its constructive character. He was always building, building, building. He had unconquerable tenacity, and he achieved his aim rather by a steady, glacier-like pressure than by gusts of effort.

To him the Book of Common Prayer represented a great living force, loyal devotion to which carried with it sufficient justification in that it brought forth much fruit. The *via media* was not desirable as being safe or conservative or comfortable but because it was the most potent. He was ready to accept the comprehension of the Church within clearly defined limits and to be magnanimous to any who widely differed from him, provided they did not flout his interpretation of loyalty. If he was not just to broad churchmen it was because he never quite understood, and so was unable to think in the terms of, their metaphysic.

The Apostolic and Catholic Faith as expressed in the creed and the worship of the Church was not with him a precious formula of doctrine to be upheld but, as St. Paul says, a world into which he had been delivered and which he knew was shaping his character. It was a life rather than dogma, conviction rather than speculation.

It was not often that his gentle spirit could be stirred into wrath, but interference with any part of that Faith which he knew had made him what he was always provoked an indignant surprise. On the foundation of that Faith which the Anglican Church held, he stood firm accepting with heart and soul the entirety of its doctrine. And this is not only because it satisfied his reason and was the support of his life, but because it was based on historic fact.

Certain events had taken place so many centuries ago, and they were the foundation stones of the Faith.

So to him the historic links with many an age and clime which he sought with such ingenuous pains were not simply matters of antiquarian interest, but perpetual reminders of the facts in which he hoped to rest.¹

It is no easy thing for a man, even in our day of close international relationships and comprehensive religious thought, to be an ardent nationalist and an unfeigned lover and servant of mankind. Side by side with the extensive there has been going on a more than counterbalancing intensive movement which, as the Great War testifies, has balked for the moment and in intention and effort annihilated, the dream and scheme of universal brotherhood which formed the motive power of internationalism. With prophetic instinct Lord Acton saw the trend of affairs and rushed to the opposite extreme, contending that "the theory of nationality is more absurd and more criminal than the theory of socialism."²

Bishop Satterlee was an ardent nationalist from the time when as a lad he wished to buckle on armor in defence of the Union up to the moment of his death. Patriotism and the desire to serve the country in the centre of its political life helped powerfully to bring him to Washington. Next to the Church he held the Nation to be the greatest organism on earth for the expression of God's purpose for men. The Nation to him was only less Divine than the Church. It was a real sphere of God's operation. Citizenship or nationality was a gift from above. But in itself it was insufficient. It needed the Church to give it full meaning and power.

A firm believer in religious liberty, he was always contriving some new way in which to bring Christ to the Nation. His reasoning was clear. Nothing could be more apparent than that the foundations of the United States

¹ From a Sermon preached in the Bethlehem Chapel on All Saints' Day, 1913 by the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh (Dr. Walpole).

² *History of Freedom and other Essays.*

were laid in religion. All great states of the world, east and west, have had this experience, and their vitality waxes and wanes with the sincerity of their religious life. Faith springing up in righteousness and seeking spontaneous ecclesiastical expression marked the course of the various groups of colonists, who left their religious homes not to escape religion but to observe it. We of a later date may not be able to subscribe to the religious tenets of Puritan or Quaker, but we must reproduce their loyalty to fundamental religious principles in our changed conditions.

America's accent was from the first laid upon the voluntary character of religion. It must stand apart from entangling alliances. As a society, visible and organized, the Church must be unencumbered by formal affiliations with the State. A free Christianity in a free State was the principle that American religion was built upon when the Colonies became the several states of a nation. Just as the American Republic is an experiment in voluntary imperialism, so American religion is an experiment in voluntary ecclesiasticism.

This attitude of mind, he conceived, does not imply that religion is not of obligation. America aims to be a religious State, inspiring her citizens to express their religion as part of their citizenship. Because the State is not formally allied to religion it does not mean she is indifferent to it.

The erection of the Diocese of Washington happened at a psychological moment, a moment of transition. During the Nineteenth Century Washington was largely exempt from the typical temptations and associations of a National Capital:

Unlike London, Paris, Berlin or Rome it was not a City to which the Government came, but one which the Government itself created. All through the last century it grew with the growth of that Government. Its moral and social atmosphere came from the breath of our American life, in which religious associations were intermingled. Its social atmosphere was marked by simplicity of life and courtesy of manners. The

genuine worth of personal character was appreciated. Men of intelligence and integrity were respected, and women of refinement were valued, whatever their outward circumstances might be; the criterion of excellence lay in what men were, not in what they possessed.

In the passing from the nineteenth to the twentieth century, our country suddenly assumed an international position, and the tone of Washington life is insensibly becoming less natural, and more artificial. The beautiful simplicity of social aim and social life, which characterised the Washington of the nineteenth century, is now becoming stigmatized as "homespun provincialism," and social conditions are rapidly changing from what they were. New cosmopolitan influences are crowding out the principles and lowering the standard of the past. A new type of residents is gathering in Washington, who, while they bring wealth, magnificence and luxury to the Capital of the country, are, as a rule, actuated by no sense of civic, moral or religious obligation regarding the welfare of the community, and it is a very serious question, whether the material advantages that they bring are any compensation for the atmosphere of careless irresponsibility which they create. The result was the building up of a society destitute of moral aims. There is no counteracting influence for good in the daily life of the commonwealth. Washington is not a commercial city, manufacturing or business centre; and it is not yet become an educational centre. It is indeed a great political centre, but its best statesmen and politicians are chiefly non-residents, who cannot be expected to exercise, with their families, the same kind of conservative influence in Washington, that they wield in their native city or State. The whole burden of this, in consequence, falls upon Washingtonians themselves, and they must by themselves and by their own public spirit, form the conservative power which protects the best life of the Capital of the Nation with its traditions. History shows that no influence in the past, in preserving all that is best and noblest in social life can equal that of the Christian religion. It has been "the salt of the earth." Here then is our opportunity.

Two things in the Church life of his Diocese he longed for, prayed over and planned for. The first was local

¹ *Diocesan Journal*, 1904, pp. 38-40.

spiritual health, in which the mystical should assume adequate form in the ethical. Probably no Bishop ever strove more earnestly for this end. His preaching had it as a perpetual theme. He appropriated a current epigrammatic saying, a saying of doubtful character unless embedded in a wise context, — “The greatest spiritual need of these days is not for more Christians but for better Christians” — as expressing his mind upon the value of intensive spiritual work, which he aimed to promote in the Communicants’ Fellowship already alluded to. The communicants of the church *ipso facto* were a fellowship. The Eucharist was “a sacrament of the highest brotherhood known to man.” It was “not only a service but a *meeting*.” “From the divine inspiration of this service” participants “will go forth to their accustomed places in other meetings, not merely of this or that organization, but as a *detail of the communicants of the parish*.”¹ There is but one Church fellowship in the ultimate analysis and that is the Church. The rest — the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Woman’s Auxiliary, the Girls’ Friendly Society, etc. — were human, modern, transitory. As far as they were effective, they were so as special details for communicants who found some voluntary grouping serviceable in working out their Christian vocation. The real unifying, inspiring force beneath so-called Church societies was the Sacrament of Fellowship which united all in the one Loaf.² This, then, was the first of the two ideals which he cherished for his Diocese — that its inner life should flow deep and strong. The intensive did not weaken the extensive. It would have probably expressed his mind better had he said, “better Christians that there may be more Christians,” instead of, “not more Christians but better Christians.”

The second thing was that the strategic value of the Diocese of Washington for the whole Church should be recognized and used. Bishop Satterlee did not lose his

¹ *The Calling of the Christian*, p. 52, footnote.

² *I Cor. x. 17*, margin.

head because he was the first Bishop of the Capital See. He was too much imbued with the democratic elements of Christianity to aspire to be a Hildebrand. His temperament as well as his religious convictions made him duly cautious of centralization. But he felt that the recognized system of government in our Church would suffer from arrested development unless she were true throughout to her analogue the nation. The See at the seat of national government should have a national character. Probably no one would dispute the contention except for the unbalanced application of the principle in past centuries. The American mind, even of the Hamiltonian order, is apt to shy, not always rationally, at anything that suggests ultimate centralization. Bishop Satterlee recognized this but held his course steadily and discreetly. His plan for the National Cathedral which embodied his idea of the position to be held by the Capital See quieted the fears of those who cherished secret apprehensions, and kindled the imagination of the whole Church. He looked toward sharing with, rather than dominating over, his brethren in the episcopate. He thought in all probability in the course of time there would be development along the line of his idea, but was content with laying foundations and committing them to the safekeeping of the God under whose promptings they were laid. It was because the National Capital was becoming that which he described in the above quotation, that he looked for a way in which to concentrate the power of the Church at large upon its problems.

CHAPTER XIX

THE COMING OF THE CATHEDRAL ¹

*Thou in the daily building of the tower,
Whether in fiercest and sudden spasms of toil,
Or through dim lulls of unapparent growth,
Or when the general work 'mid good acclaim
Climbed with the eye to cheer the architect,
Didst ne'er engage in work for mere work's sake —
Had'st ever in thy heart the luring hope
Of some eventual rest atop of it,
Whence, all the tumult of the building busbed,
Thou first of men might'st look out to the east.
The vulgar saw thy tower; thou sawest the sun.*

ROBERT BROWNING

IN a letter of Bishop Satterlee's to Dr. Bodley dated July 16, 1907, we have a bit of interesting self-revelation. The Bishop had been studying the plans which "enthralled" him. Under their spell he writes: "Your west front, like your interior, inspires me the more I look upon it. As I have said Matins over and over again with the photograph of the interior before me, and feel as though I have said Morning Prayer in the Cathedral itself; so I have stood and sat in spirit before the west front, repeating to myself the Jubilate and Benedictus, until I drank in the inspiration of your theme." He had the gift of anticipating that which was yet to come, so that the future became to him the present. What Christ said of Abraham — "Abraham rejoiced to see my day. He saw it and was glad" — is characteristic of all men of faith. When they possess the ideal and are possessed by it time drops away. It was no metaphor

¹ In Bishop Satterlee's *Washington Cathedral and the Working out of an Ideal* the author uses the phrase "the coming Cathedral" — "The first stone of the coming Cathedral was the stone altar hewn from the quarries of Solomon."

for Bishop Satterlee to say, as he did one day when he was surprised on his knees before an easel holding the design of the interior: "I was saying my prayers in the Cathedral." No one will ever be more really there in soul than he was. From the beginning the Cathedral was to him a living fact. All that was necessary was to make men see it as he saw it. Then it would be.

If there is such a thing as a personality endowing a building with vitality he did it, first at Zion, then at Calvary and, as his last gift, at the Cathedral. Buildings of no character in themselves often seem to have a soul which cannot be analyzed as much as felt. Other hands than his will rear the walls of this great edifice, but in the end the dominant note will be that which the founder sounded.

No Cathedral ever built could duplicate the history of the Washington Cathedral. Of course there never was any triumph of ecclesiastical architecture that was not the slow working out of an ideal. The Washington Cathedral will have this in common with all of its great predecessors. But was there ever another which had its Altar, its Font, its Cathedra, its Ambon before the walls of the edifice began to rise above the ground? "Before a stone of the Cathedral structure was laid, the first care of the Bishop and Chapter was to provide for the Cathedral worship" — the Ministry of the Word and of the Sacraments — "according to the practice of the Primitive Church, and the spirit of the Book of Common Prayer." In the natural open-air amphitheatre, "whose acoustical properties are so remarkable that 25,000 persons can hear every word of the service and sermon," with the sky as its roof and the trees as its pillars, for seventeen years the Word has been preached with the Salem, or pedestal of the Peace Cross, as pulpit.

We can best reach the relation of Bishop Satterlee to the Cathedral by a study of the *History of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Private Record of Henry Y. Satterlee*, and the correspondence between himself and

the Cathedral architects.¹ These two series of documents alone comprise enough material for an interesting book.

He anticipated the possibility of his *Private Record* being published, and writes in its first sentences that it "must never be published without careful revision. I here utter the solemn charge, if any parts of it are ever given to the public, the selection must be made in that spirit of charity which thinketh no evil, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, and which in the eye of God would hurt no man's reputation." With few exceptions the manuscript could be published as it stands, so far as this injunction is concerned.

It begins with the reasons which led him to accept Washington:

The four factors of consideration which induced me to accept the Bishopric of Washington were, first, the separation of the Church and State, and the importance of creating the traditions of the Diocese at the Capital of the United States on this line; second, the solution of the problem how to Christianize the colored people, Washington being the point where North and South meet; third, the desire, if possible, to mould a small diocese like Washington on the lines of the primitive, undivided Church, in such a way that it would promote the cause of American Christian and Church unity by combining all the true elements of Catholic and Protestant life; fourth, the importance of making the Cathedral a centre of diocesan life and, if possible, a witness in the Capital for all that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States stands for.

Consultation with such men as Bishop Williams of Connecticut, Bishop Doane of Albany, Bishop Paret of Maryland, Bishop Coxe of Western New York, Dr. Heman Dyer and Dr. W. S. Langford confirmed his position and deepened his conviction. He continues:

When I began to inquire into the history of the Cathedral of Washington, the following facts came, from time to time, to my attention. I do not give these in the chronological order

¹ See Appendix I.

in which I heard of them, but give them in their own actual chronological order. Major L'Enfant, the architect employed under General Washington to lay out the plan of the Federal City, projected a State Church, to be built on the site of the present Patent Office, as a kind of American Westminster Abbey, yet to belong to no denomination.¹ Of course this was impossible in a land where Church and State were to be forever separate. The State Church was never built; yet here was the germ of the idea of a Christian Cathedral, and it slumbered in the minds of Episcopalians.

There is humor lurking beneath the fact that the Patent Office should occupy the site of the projected "American Westminster Abbey." The Patent Office, in the light of its history, may be viewed not only as the temple (and tomb) of American inventive genius but also as the symbol of that versatility, strikingly American, that has invented as curious an assortment of beliefs as the world has ever seen!

Washington also suggested a university of the United States in the Capital of the country. This idea took hold forcibly of other Christian bodies. Just as the Baptists started long ago their Columbian University, the Romanists started at a much later day their Catholic University of America, the Methodists still later their American University, and the ladies of many Christian bodies are now projecting their great National University of the United States, so the Churchmen of Washington have persistently cherished the ideal, not of a University, but of a National Cathedral.

I have recently been told that about 1865, when the creation of the new Diocese of Washington out of the old Diocese of Maryland was warmly discussed in and outside of the Diocesan Convention, there was an informal meeting of the clergymen and laymen at St. Alban's Church, at which the same subject

¹ Major L'Enfant thus described it: "A Church (to be erected) for national purposes, such as public prayer, thanksgiving, funeral orations, etc.; and be assigned to the special use of no particular denomination or sect; but to be equally open to all. It will like wise be a shelter for such monuments as were voted by the last Continental Congress for the heroes who fell in the cause of liberty."

was warmly debated. After the meeting was over, Dr. Charles H. Hall, the celebrated old War rector of the Church of the Epiphany, said: "Gentlemen, sooner or later the Diocese of Washington will be created. It must come, and I am heartily in favor of it." Then, turning to the magnificent view of Washington spread out before him, he added: "I have just been telling Brother Chew that this is the spot for the future Cathedral." This anecdote was told me by William H. Meloy, who was present. Mr. Meloy added that Dr. Hall also said, in his well-known humorous vein: "What more favored sight could there be for the See of Washington or the site of the Cathedral?"

About 1893 I heard that Congress had actually granted a charter for a Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation in the District of Columbia. After Easter, 1894, I happened to be riding in the cars from Washington to New York, when I met the Rev. George W. Douglas. He gave me an animated description of the exciting meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Cathedral which had recently taken place. . . .

Little did I dream how soon I, so far away, was to appear as an actual actor on the scene myself, or that in a few weeks' time I would be elected Bishop of Washington. This is all I can remember that I knew about the Cathedral before I was chosen Bishop.

Just before his consecration Dr. Satterlee went to see the first selected site of the Cathedral consisting of eighteen acres, not more than half of which could be utilized, and which both in contour and position was ill suited for the purpose. "Then I went to St. Alban's, saw its magnificent view, and felt at once that this land on Massachusetts Avenue was the site for the Cathedral. But alas! the property had been bought a fortnight before." After his consecration he selected St. Mark's church, Capitol Hill, as a pro-Cathedral.

First because it was down in an out-of-the-way neighborhood, and down also in finance, and hence would not arouse antagonism or jealousy of other parishes; second because, after the sorrow and trials of heart-burning divisions, they were ready for unity and peace. Then I secured a clergy house and engaged as my chaplains the Reverends Charles H. Hayes,

William L. De Vries and Philip M. Rhinelander, to start a post-graduate clergy school for deacons, using the pro-Cathedral as a training school of pastoral experience, somewhat in the same way as hospitals and clinics are for physicians. The clerical school lasted four years. Fifteen deacons were instructed, and it was only closed because we had no further candidates for orders for two years, because, very naturally, bishops of other dioceses wanted to keep their own deacons.

The earliest development in the Cathedral project was the National Cathedral School for Girls. Prior to the organization of the Diocese, "Dr. Douglas had asked Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst of California, to be one of five to give a Cathedral School for Girls, costing about \$100,000. She said: "Dr. Douglas, one person can do this work better than five. The amount is insufficient. I will give \$175,000 for the school." Although plans had been drawn both for School and Cathedral they were not approved so that Bishop Satterlee was free to start afresh. At the Bishop's request Mrs. Hearst "expressed emphatically her strong disapproval of the site chosen at a meeting of the Cathedral Board," and "the feeling of gloom grew deeper and deeper."

"Secretly, as the clouds grew darker, I felt brighter and brighter. We were free of any architect of the Cathedral plans, and now, if we could get rid of the land and start, *ab ovo*, with no obstacle in the way, I felt that the real movement was not at all backward, but forward." The Bishop pointed out that the property at Chevy-Chase was heavily encumbered by mortgages and restrictions, and that he "believed it to be utterly unfit for a Cathedral." Whereupon "the Board agreed to part with the land if the Bishop could raise money for the purchase of another site." The Bishop forthwith cast about for aid.

I then asked Senator Edmunds if he could write me a letter that I could publish. He said: "My advice to you is to apply to the bishops of the Church for help. Let them be the leaders in raising funds for the Cathedral throughout the land." Little did the Senator realize how deeply our Church was saturated with the spirit of diocesanism and local jealousy. The

Roman Church in the United States is a unit. It will sacrifice local objects for national objects. The Methodist Church, on the other hand, is national rather than local, from its want of local organization. But the Episcopal Church, which makes so much of the parish and the diocese, sees nothing beyond the parish and the diocese. The great want of the Episcopal Church at the present day is a greater spirit of national unity and organization. Still, Senator Edmunds was right. From the moment that he spoke a new light dawned upon me, and I felt that, acting on the Gospel principle of overcoming evil with good, I ought to ignore diocesanism and appeal to the bishops, just as though they had a deep interest in the National Cathedral. Afterwards, when I spoke to Bishop Paret about Senator Edmunds' plan, he answered: "Yes, that is the only thing to do; I realized this long ago." When I asked him why, then, he did not appeal to the bishops, he responded: "My courage failed at such an undertaking."

In the meantime Mrs. Hearst increased her gift to \$200,000 and plans for the School progressed. The design submitted by Mr. R. W. Gibson was accepted in 1897. This necessitated immediate action in connection with a site. The Bishop was clear in his mind that the property, finally acquired, was the one to aim at, but the price set was too great. Mrs. Hearst suggested Kalorama, "a magnificent site, near Dupont Circle, Massachusetts Avenue, but only six acres, yet so near the city and on such a commanding hill, that I went to see Mr. Howell, Rector of St. Margaret's, and we arranged that if this site were bought, St. Margaret's should be the Cathedral Chapel," but this involved even a heavier outlay.

As a matter of fact I had not one dollar in hand; but I am most glad that this site was so carefully considered by us. It was the *only* available site left for a cathedral in the whole portion of Washington that is now thickly populated. If the future years people ask why we went so far away, across Rock Creek, for a site out in the country, where there as yet were neither streets nor houses, we can answer that we made every effort to secure the only available piece of land large enough for a

cathedral within a mile and a half of the White House, but were prevented from purchasing it by circumstances utterly beyond our control.

In the early part of 1898, "the whole thing, as some one said, was 'up in the air.' We were checked and paralyzed on both sides. This was a *time for earnest prayer, as I told the ladies of the Bishop's Guild at their Lenten meeting.*" A corporate communion was arranged to take place at St. Alban's Church on Easter Monday, April 11, 1898.

Now, it so happened that this was the very day when President McKinley was to send in his memorable message to Congress about the blowing up of the "Maine" in the harbor of Havana. That message meant peace or war. On Easter Monday morning, Mrs. William Belden Noble came to me and said, in a manner intensely in earnest: "Why is there no prophet, no Savanarola, to-day to go to the halls of Congress to stay this war, to prevent bloodshed, to deliver God's own message of peace?" I forget what I answered. I only know that her words kept ringing in my ears, driving out all other thought.

The corporate communion of the Bishop's Guild was to take place at noon, at the very hour the President's message was being read to the impatient Senate. I felt that I could speak of but one subject in such an hour. In my communion address I earnestly exhorted all present to pray for the peace of our beloved country, to pray that those who were at this very moment listening to the message might feel the influence of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Peace; and I am sure that this was the one thought uppermost in every mind as all approached the altar to partake of the sacrament of Christ's body and blood.

About this time an incident occurred worthy of mention in connection with the choice of a site. Miss Bessie J. Kibbey advocated property at the head of Connecticut Avenue, as the most desirable of any under consideration. For the moment it was held at an exorbitant price, owing to great (though up to date unrealized) expectations. In the late Spring of 1898 the Bishop took Miss Kibbey to the various sites, ending at that of his preference:

As we walked along the lower side, on Massachusetts Avenue, the Bishop pointed out the location suggested for the Cathedral near the Avenue. Then we wandered upward to the northern boundary. In doing so the Bishop picked up an acorn. When we reached the highest point we stood long, talking about the Cathedral's future, its great work and the great need for such work. I realized how strongly he felt it should be started at once, how much it would mean to have the land ours before the General Convention met here, how much wiser it was not to wait, so I promised to do all in my power myself and to influence others to aid. When I made the promise the Bishop lifted his eyes for a few moments in silent prayer, then dropping the acorn to the ground, he looked at me with a wrapt expression and said: "It may be we are on holy ground. God's altar may rest where we now stand." It rests there to-day.

The incident remained in the Bishop's memory. He afterwards wrote Miss Kibbey: "I shall never forget that morning on the Cathedral grounds when you made the Cathedral a possibility. From that moment a start was made and God began to answer our prayers." On the day of the laying of the Foundation Stone in 1906, he again referred to it in writing to Miss Kibbey: "How the Great Oak is growing from the little acorn!"

He then goes on to say in his *Private Record*: "I then made every exertion to secure the money needed to buy the St. Alban's property. From one source I expected *with some reason*, to get \$200,000, and when I wrote for it, and received a 'no' in reply, I shall never forget the agony of that sleepless night. I learned a lesson that night that I shall never forget." The Bishop spent the summer of 1898 raising funds and succeeded in securing \$100,000. But the least for which the property could be bought was \$250,000 (afterwards reduced by \$5,000). Telegraphic consent to the transaction was received from ten out of the thirteen members of the Board. Prior to the corporate action of the Board, Bishop Satterlee accepted the terms on the morning of September 7. The Board met that afternoon:

I shall never forget the sensations with which, at the Board meeting, it was voted to buy the land. All knew the responsibility of raising the money depended chiefly on me. On the preceding Sunday, at Twilight Park, September 4th, I had walked out into the woods with the feeling that this was the last Sunday I should be free for many years, and that next Sunday my life would be practically mortgaged for \$145,000. Then I thought of Admiral Dewey at Manila, and how for the sake of his country he had taken his life in his hands; how, if he had been beaten at Manila, there was absolutely *nowhere* for his fleet to go; how they would be portless, coalless, homeless, disabled. Then I felt, "If Dewey can do this for country, surely I can take a different kind of risk for God."¹

Yet, when at the Board meeting I took up the pen to sign the contract for the purchase of the Cathedral property, it required as much nerve and courage as I have ever put forth.

In the fifth edition of the *Hand Book of Washington Cathedral*, published just before the Bishop's death and probably the last manuscript to which he set his hand, reference is twice made to what appeared to be the fore-ordained destiny of Mount St. Alban:

The beginnings of Washington Cathedral date back to the eighteenth century, when Joseph Nourse, the private secretary of George Washington, used to pray, under the Gothic arches of the trees, that at some future date, God would build a Church on "Albion Hill," and since that day there have been sacred and historic associations connected with the site, hallowed as those which consecrate the beginnings of most European Cathedrals.

In 1845 St. John's School for Boys occupied Mount St. Alban, and ten years later St. Alban's Free Church was built.

¹ "Fourteen months afterwards, when Admiral Dewey was elected a trustee of the Cathedral and he came to see me, accepting the position, I told him about this, and added that in this way, through his influence, he had already helped the Cathedral. He responded: 'Did you really think of Manila at that especial time?' When I answered, 'Yes,' he said: 'I am grateful that it is so. My father helped to build the little church at our home in Vermont. Everything that is good in me I got from him, and if I can help in any way to build the Cathedral of Washington, I am following in his footsteps!'" H. Y. S.

Several times in its history the property would have become the site of a private residence, and have been lost to Divine uses had not a little Church stood in the way, keeping the ground, as we can see now, for the Cathedral, in unconscious fulfilment of the prophetic text used by Rev. Dr., afterwards Bishop, Coxe, at the consecration of St. Alban's Church, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The General Convention was to convene in Washington in October of this year (1898). The Bishop, with his instinct for functions and the spectacular, desired to bring the national character of the Cathedral before the Church on this occasion and thought of laying the cornerstone of the school then. But the time was too short.

Then all suddenly, on the Sunday after the purchase was made — that is, Sunday, September 11th — while I was in the little Church at Twilight Park, the remembrance came back to my mind of the Communion service on Easter Monday of the Bishop's Guild, in which we had prayed so earnestly for peace. On that day the war with Spain was practically begun. Now it was practically over. Then came the remembrance of another service at Northeast Harbor on August 11th, when the news came to us regarding the suspension of hostilities, and when Bishop Doane called us all to the little Church there, Dr. Nelson, my son Churchill and I ringing the bell, Drs. Huntington, Mackay-Smith, Cornelius Smith, President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, being present, and we held a short thanksgiving service for the restoration of peace. This suggested the erection of a Cross of Peace as the first monument on the new Cathedral grounds, with the inscription: "That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace and concord; We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord!" At once I told the thought to my wife and daughter, also to Dr. and Mrs. Rives; and Dr. Rives said at once he would give the Cross. We all agreed that no more beautiful beginning could be made of the National American Cathedral than this Cross of the Prince of Peace. But no time was to be lost. The next day I wrote to Mr. Gibson, the architect of the Hearst School, to prepare a sketch and get estimates for a monolithic cross like that erected by Bishop Doane to his daughter, behind the chancel of the



THE PEACE CROSS

chapel at Northeast Harbor. Mr. Gibson wrote back that we needed a larger cross, at least twenty feet high. After this there was great delay in getting estimates.

There were also other vexations and delays, consequent upon attempting such a project in a hurry. "On October 9th, only fourteen days before the Peace Cross service, I heard that the car on which the stone had been sent was lost and could not be found." However, all ended happily and the Cross was erected two days before the function of unveiling.

President McKinley promised to be present but he refused to speak. On the appointed day, "I called at the White House, with Churchill as my chaplain, for the President. On the way out I said to him: 'I wish I could venture to ask the President to speak, notwithstanding his refusal.' He responded: 'I should not venture, Bishop, for he might refuse again.' 'But,' said I, 'this Cathedral is to last through coming centuries. One word from the President, if it were only a "God bless this undertaking," would make the occasion historic.' He was silent for a moment and then said: 'After your own speech is over you may appeal to me if you wish, and I will then decide whether or not to speak.'"

When the President, with the Bishops, were gathered together in St. Alban's Church, at once the band began to play the processional hymn, the choristers to move before the door, and Bishop Doane, his face all glowing, said: "This is Glastonbury over again — referring to the closing services of the Lambeth Conference of 1897. But the President's brow was dark as a thunder-cloud. He did not as yet understand it, until he started, preceded by the lay members of the Board of Trustees, and walked between Bishop Doane and myself to the platform, only 200 feet away. The scene was indescribably beautiful, with the whole city of Washington spread out beneath us in the golden sunshine of the October afternoon. Bishop Dudley took the first part of the service. Dr. Dix read the lesson. Bishop McLaren took the Creed and prayers. All this was arranged at the last moment, for Bishops

Paret and Potter were absent. Then I spoke and made the appeal to the President. He rose and made a beautiful little address, which we have since utilized as an exhortation before all Cathedral services. Then I gave the signal. The American flag that enveloped the Cross floated down, giving the effect of a white Iona cross shooting up out of its folds as from red clouds of glory. The whole choir of 250 voices, with the band, burst out with the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time." I felt instinctively that a profound impression had somehow been made upon the vast assembled multitude. The President turned to me, exclaiming: "Beautiful! It is wondrous in its beauty!" Then came the conclusion of the service and the benediction, pronounced by Bishop Whipple.

President McKinley's address gathers much thought in the two sentences which comprise it:

"I appreciate the very great privilege given me to participate with the ancient Church here represented, its bishops and its laymen, in this new sowing for the Master and for men. Every undertaking like this for the promotion of religion and morality and education is a positive gain to citizenship, to country and to civilization, and in this single word I wish for the sacred enterprise the highest influence and the widest usefulness."

I drove the President home, the narrative continues, with Rev. P. M. Rhinelander as my chaplain, and when I landed him on the steps of the White House safely, without accident, a mingled feeling of thankfulness and relief came over me. The load hanging over my spirit since September 4th was already lifted. The first service of the Cathedral was historic. The presence of the President of the United States and of our General Convention had nationalised the Cathedral of Washington. Henceforth it could not fail.¹

On All Saints' Day, as is recorded in an earlier chapter, the remains of Bishop Claggett and his wife were translated to the Cathedral Close.

On Ascension Day, May 9, 1899, the corner-stone of the

¹ "Shortly after this, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the author, proposed that we should issue a *Peace Cross Book*, and at my request he not only wrote one of the articles, but supervised the whole publication. The book was issued by February, and sent to all the Bishops and Clergy of our Church."

Cathedral School for Girls was laid. The school was involved in a variety of difficulties and was hardly ready for the dedicatory services a year later (Ascension Day, 1900). It was eventually opened October 1, 1900.

No effort or device to rouse interest and secure money for the Cathedral was left untried — the founders' certificates, committees in various centres, and ceaseless personal solicitations.

The organization of National Cathedral committees in different dioceses, with the consent and co-operation of the bishops, was a valuable thing for the Cathedral of course but of still greater value to the dioceses. Diocesanism is a sore disease and hard to cure. And it is just here that the essential greatness of the man comes out. He had the well-being of the whole Church as the main motive of all his undertakings. He made as brave an endeavor as any man of his generation to consider local Church work in terms of the whole.

Money was slow in coming. The burden of debt, however, did not quench the Bishop's ardor nor stifle his imagination. He had a reverence for historical associations and, as a consequence, the continuity and unity of the Church's life appealed to him. He conceived the idea of making this appear in the fabric of the Cathedral. The pilgrimage to Glastonbury and Canterbury during the Lambeth Conference of 1897 suggested desirable links. Accordingly he secured from Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Austin, to whom the ruins of Glastonbury belong, stones for a Cathedra for the Cathedral.

When I reached England, in June, 1900, I wrote to Mr. Austin of Glastonbury. He answered that three boxes of Glastonbury stones were now on the way to Washington, and invited me to come to the Abbey in August. At the S. P. G. anniversary meeting — 200th — in Exeter Hall, I sat next to the Bishop of Bristol, who had made the address at Glastonbury Abbey after the Lambeth Conference, and asked him to name the Glastonbury Bishop's seat for us. In answer I received the following letter.

“THE ATHENAEUM, PALL MALL,

June 20, 1900.

“*My dear Brother.*—You were good enough to ask me yesterday if I had any suggestion as to a title for the stone seat which you are to build in the Cathedral of Washington, of material from the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. You asked me on the score of my having given the address at Glastonbury when we all met there at the conclusion of the Lambeth Conference in 1897. The purpose of our meeting there was to emphasize the existence of the British Church in this land long before the coming of Augustine from Rome, the thirteen hundredth anniversary of which we had been keeping. The keynote of the whole was the word and the idea ‘British.’ If you do not think that ‘British’ is in these modern times regarded as meaning, among other things, ‘non-American,’ I should be induced to recommend the use of the word in some such phrase as the ‘British Cathedra.’ If you think that ‘British’ has in these last times come to mean that, then I should face the fact that a ‘Glastonbury Chair’ is a very common thing, and ‘go one better,’ as the slang phrase has it, by boldly naming your treasure ‘The Glastonbury Throne.’ Yesterday I leaned to the ‘British Cathedra’; to-day I incline to hope that when Britannia and America have ruled the waves sufficiently straight I may come over and see you seated on the ‘Glastonbury Throne.’ Only bear in mind, that a very simple metathesis will turn your seat into the ‘Glastonbury thorn’ of world-wide celebrity. Sitting upon thorns is, I hope, not so much of a function of Bishops on your side as it is on this.

Yours with all warmth of regard,

G. F. BRISTOL.”

I answered the Bishop of Bristol, thanking him for his kind and graceful letter, and saying it would be itself one of our treasures in the annals of the beginning of the Cathedral of Washington.

Mr. Austin, in answer to my letter requesting some suggestions as to the inscription to be placed on the chair, most graciously said he did not wish his own name to appear, but wished the inscription to read, “From the Churchmen of Glastonbury to the Churchmen of America.”

The Glastonbury Thorn has found new root also in the Cathedral close — near, but not in, the Cathedral. There is doubtless a thorn in the Cathedra though of the American Episcopal, rather than of the Glastonbury, species!

The next link in the chain binding the past and present, the old and new, was the Jordan Font and the Jerusalem Altar.

At Paris, France, I unexpectedly met my old dragoman of the Holy Land, Herbert Edgar Clark, whom I had not seen for twenty years. He was staying at the same Hotel, "Tremouille." In the course of our interview I asked him if he could procure us stones from the Jordan for a Cathedral baptismal font. He said he could only procure boulders and pebbles from there; and then I suggested, "Why not take stone from the quarries of Solomon, the best white limestone called "Melekee or Royal?" This suggested to me in turn another idea, namely, that of a stone altar for the Cathedral. I thought the matter over after I saw him, and finally, on shipboard, as I was on the way from Cherbourg to New York, I wrote him, asking him if he could procure stones from the quarries of Solomon for this purpose. These would form an altar for the Cathedral than which none could be more sacredly appropriate, for the "Quarries of Solomon" are situated at the base of that which is now supposed to be the hill just outside of the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, Mount Calvary; i.e. the place where Christ was crucified, where Joseph of Arimathaea's new-hewn sepulchre was, and where Christ rose from the dead. In the Roman Church the association between an altar and a tomb is preserved by placing relics and bones of the saints beneath that altar. In the Cathedral of Washington (if this plan is carried out) the stones of the altar will be taken from that selfsame hill in which was cut Joseph's new-hewn sepulchre, where Christ Himself was buried and from which He arose in the power of His resurrection life. Thus, while the ancient associations of an altar are preserved, they will be freed from superstition and will come from the most sacred spot of all the earth. Besides this, the first stones of the Cathedral will be its stone altar.

The stone chosen, after samples were sent by Mr. Clark, was 'Mizzi Helu.'

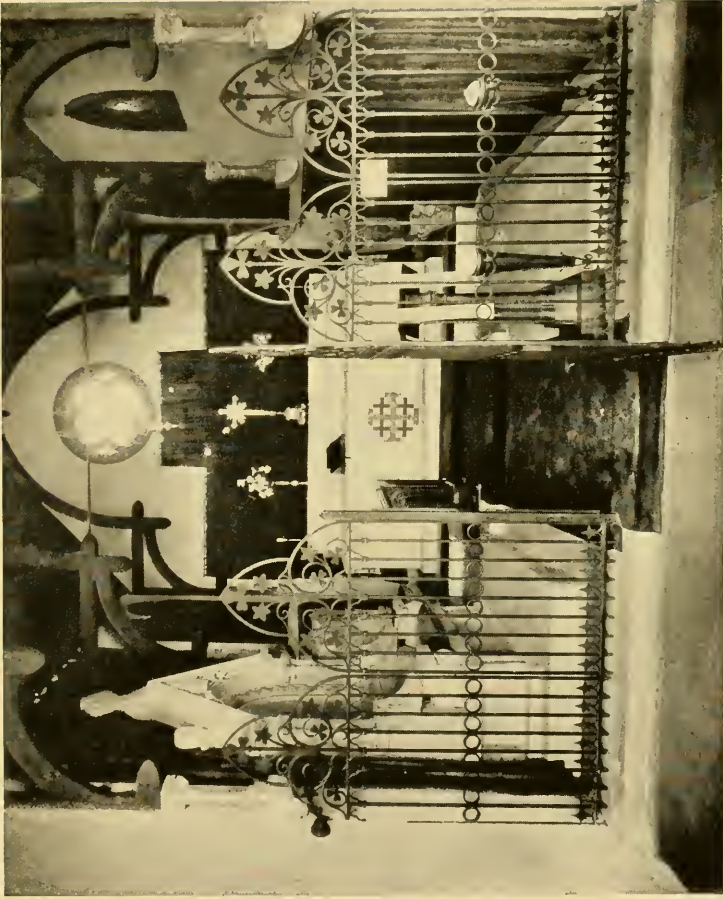
At present I think it might be well to erect two buildings, one for our diocesan and mission libraries, etc., the other as a sort of chapel or Jerusalem Chamber, to contain the Jerusalem Altar and the Glastonbury Cathedra, these two buildings to be connected by a large archway, through which the Peace Cross can be seen.

The Little Sanctuary and All Hallows' Gate were built so that the first Eucharist at the Cathedral Altar was celebrated on Ascension Day, 1902.

The Mizzi Helu stone, sent from Jerusalem, turned out to be a beautiful, dove-colored marble, capable of receiving a fine polish. The texts on three sides are the events of Christ's life, the Crucifixion, Entombment and Resurrection. Those on the front set forth the great doctrines of the Resurrection, Ascension and institution of the Eucharist in Bible words. The *centre* of the altar is a solid block of granite, on the top of which are graven the same words that are inscribed on every brick of the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, built by Justinian: "God is in the midst of her; therefore shall she not be removed." (Psalm XLVI, 5.) In the forefront of the granite are the words that God spake to Moses at the burning bush, as paraphrased in Psalm CXXXV, 13, and the words are: "Thy Name, Oh Lord, endures for ever, and so doth Thy memorial, Oh Lord, through all generations." These words derive additional significance from the fact that the memorial of the Lord is now the Holy Eucharist.

In July, 1902, I wrote to Herbert E. Clark, of Jerusalem, asking him if he could procure from the River Jordan ten barrels of pebbles for a lining, either of mosaic or in cement, of the octagonal Cathedral Font,¹ eight or ten feet in diameter, with *running* water; also if he could procure marble slabs from Bethlehem for the exterior of the Font. On September 3, I received his answer, stating that he would gladly undertake the work and would do it gratuitously "for love of the Cathedral of Washington." I wrote the same day, giving the order. Then I wrote to the Lord Bishop of St. Andrew's (Dr. Wilkinson), telling him that I hoped this Font (large enough for immersion) could be given by the descendants of those sects which had

¹ Of Carrara marble.



THE LITTLE SANCTUARY

separated from the mother Church of England, and separated in America previous to 1776; also to give me his opinion as to the question of "lay baptism," with reference to the question of allowing ministers of these denominations the use of the Cathedral Font for the baptism of their own people. Personally, I feel that while the Church has allowed "lay baptism" and received those baptized by schismatics without re-baptism, she has always discountenanced it; but I want to search this question to the bottom before deciding. I want to know what the voice of the Catholic Church is on this subject. If we allow the use of this Font to the ministers of the Protestant denominations, it will help Christian unity among Protestants, but I fear it will *retard* Church unity among the old historic churches.

Shortly after this, in September, I wrote to Rev. Professor Shields, of Princeton University, asking him if he could give me the names of persons in these above-named denominations who are so favorably disposed to our Church as to be willing to give the Font.

The need of squaring off the Cathedral property meant new outlay and new financial responsibility for the harassed Bishop:

All this is absolutely necessary, but as Bishop it depresses me, for *I* have to raise the money. I am doing all I can for the sake of nationalizing the Cathedral and creating a general interest among our people. I have not only raised money for the land, but also for the Peace Cross, the Glastonbury Cathedral, the equipment of the School, the Jerusalem Altar, the All Hallows' Gate, the Cathedral Park Road, the Canon Missioner, and the missionary work of the Cathedral. In addition to this I have written a Cathedral book and also many pamphlets, formed Cathedral committees in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Newport, Connecticut and Chicago, and arranged for Cathedral open-air services and diocesan retreats. Yet our wealthy Churchmen have not come forward, with few exceptions, to assist me with large sums. Nine-tenths of the burden of my work as Bishop in the Capital of the country would be lifted if the Cathedral debt were paid, but no one to-day, with such few exceptions as I have suggested, seems to feel any per-

sonal responsibility regarding this work of the Church. This is characteristic of the times. Our Church is chiefly parochial. I do not complain. Christ knows best and He owns the universe. All power is given to Him in heaven and on earth. But I mention this lack of a feeling of responsibility in passing, to show how little sympathy with the Cathedral of Washington has been shown up to this year (September, 1902), by those who give hundreds of thousands of dollars to hospitals, libraries, dispensaries, colleges, etc., etc., while they take less interest in the national aspects of our Church or the worship of God. I owe a great debt of gratitude to holy women, to Mrs. Pyne, Miss Isabel Freeman, Miss Matilda W. Bruce, Miss Bessie Kibbey, Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. Victor Ballinger, and Mrs. William C. Rives, without whom the Cathedral work would not have been what it is to-day. Last but not least, let me not forget the name of Miss Rhoda Rogers, a member of the Washington Committee, who died this summer. She took the deepest interest in the Cathedral, and gave it \$750 in her lifetime and left it \$5,000 in her will.

I think I have omitted to name the St. Hilda's Stone, or Hildastone, procured for me first by the Rev. Dr. G. H. Somerset Walpole and Rev. Mr. Loxley, of Whitby, through whom the stone was given to the Cathedral of Washington by the owner of Whitby Abbey, where St. Hilda lived, and which was the cradle of all English literature. This stone was the base of an arch in the old Abbey of Whitby, and it is now on the Cathedral grounds. . . . This Hildastone was finally used as a cover for a pillar, in which a receptacle was cut to hold the Book of Remembrance, and it is now at the right of the Jerusalem Altar in the Little Sanctuary.

At the end of a letter from Mr. Herbert Clark, who personally superintended the quarrying of the stones for the Jerusalem Altar and gathering those for the Jordan Font at the mouth of the 'Cherith,' Bishop Satterlee notes: "It ought to be stated here that Mr. Clark has absolutely refused to make any charge for his own services, either for the Jerusalem stones for the Altar or these stones from the Jordan for the Font. He has taken all this trouble gratuitously and freely, out of love for his religion, his native land and the Cathedral of Washing-

ton." "One more act of faith in God has been triumphant," the Bishop writes when he learns that the stones of the Font have been shipped. "The Cathedral is wholly His work, and when I look back its history is incredible." Then he rehearses the progress of the past five years beginning with the purchase of the site.

Then came the Font and Baptistry, costing \$20,000. I was led into this project. If I could have foreseen the trials it would bring in the winter, spring and summer of 1903, I should never have had the courage to attempt it. Now we have money in hand to pay for the Font and Baptistry, though by the failure of those who said they wished to give the cost of the Font (though the wish stopped short of a direct pledge), we had last January not one cent subscribed for it, and the refusals to give have far outnumbered the promises of help. No one will ever realize the long suspense, continuous strain, the necessity of depending daily on God's help, which the Cathedral debt, the Cathedral School, and then the Cathedral Font has called forth. One must pass through such an experience to know what it means. My only object in writing about it here is to show that God, and not man, has begun the building of the Cathedral Foundation of Washington, and that the work would not have and could never have reached its present condition of security, had not the Cathedral builders tried to obey the New Testament injunction to "walk by faith and not by sight." The whole stress and burden has come from the effort and venture of faith. The risks taken were enormous, but they were not unreasonable, or taken without great caution and incessant prayer. We had the vision. We were obedient to the heavenly vision, but the success that followed has been altogether divine. Man had nothing to do with it except to follow God's lead. I want to emphasize this fact with all the earnestness that I can put into words, in order that future generations may be convinced that the Cathedral Foundation in its beginnings, was built up by God Himself, and I want those future generations to realize, as strongly as we do in our day, that the work is blessed and hallowed and carried on by Christ Himself, while we have the privilege of being co-laborers with Him as He builds it up, step by step and stone by stone.

This was the year in which Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston's bequest of \$300,000 came to the Cathedral Foundation for the erection of a Boys' School in memory of her two deceased sons. Other bequests followed.

October, 1903. — The month of October will ever be historical with the Church in Washington. First came the All American Conference of Bishops, which held its sessions in the pro-Cathedral Church of the Ascension, beginning on October 20th and ending on October 24th, and which was attended by 46 American Bishops, ten Canadian Bishops and the Archbishop of the West Indies.

On the next day, Saturday, there was a mass meeting at the request of the Presiding Bishop. We had contemplated a children's meeting in connection with the Missionary Council, but the authorities in the Mission House considered this inexpedient, so we found, in this request of the Presiding Bishop, the great opportunity we had desired. After the Bishops had taken a drive in the cold air to see the environment of Washington and the "Catholic University" in carriages provided most generously by Miss Bessie Kibbey, they came to Convention Hall. Half an hour before the service every seat was filled. There were 2,000 Sunday School children, the whole Marine Band in full red uniform, and a vast congregation of 7,000. Most of the seats behind the Bishops were occupied by clergymen of various Christian bodies. All were invited. The five Bishops who spoke, Brewer of Montana, Baldwin of Huron, Hare of South Dakota, Pinkham of Calgary and Nuttall, Archbishop of the West Indies, each confined himself, at his own request, to a ten-minute address, and the effect of the whole was most inspiring.

Sunday, October 25. — 20th Sunday after Trinity, 1903. The day broke raw and cold, but fair. I received protests against the afternoon service, but Rev. Dr. Bigelow, from the Weather Bureau, said the day would be a fairly good day for the late autumn and to listen to no protests. In the morning came the closing service of the All American Conference at the pro-Cathedral. As I drove with General Wilson, he being in full uniform, to the White House, I realized that the weather was growing warmer. After we had spoken to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and they had gotten into their carriage, sur-

rounded by secret service men, we followed Secretary Loeb, and when we reached St. Alban's we found, amidst the crowds, that the procession was forming; the boy choirs from all the Churches leading, 300 strong; then the Marine Band, in vestments, 60 strong; then the clergy, four abreast, 200; then the 46 Bishops. The Cathedral Trustees met the President near the platform as an escort. Mrs. Roosevelt, with the wives of the bishops and trustees, sat between the choir and congregation, and saw the procession as it filed past, each section headed by a processional cross.

Here in the hollow it suddenly became as warm as on a summer day. The view from the platform was remarkable. The ravine has wonderful acoustic properties, and as it is about 350 feet square, it affords standing room for 26,000 persons. There must have been at least 16,000 present, for the records of the Tenally-town cars were 12,000, those of the Chevy Chase 4,000 beyond their usual Sunday traffic, and hundreds walked or came in carriages. As one looked upon this vast congregation every place was filled, and every one whom I have seen said that the whole service and the words of the speakers were heard even by those most distant from them; and when the President, speaking as a Christian man, appealed to the religious leaders regarding their moral responsibilities of leadership, and when, in addition, after he had awakened commingled religious and patriotic associations, the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," so closely associated with the dying moments of President McKinley, was sung, the effect was thrilling. . . . We had made the most minute preparations for this service. General Wilson, U.S.A., was head marshal. Rev. Dr. Harding had charge of the chorus. The Churchmen's League and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew were the ushers. Chaplain Pierce and the members of the Marine Band, who had prepared the way through the summer open-air services, and Mr. Bratenahl, Rector of St. Alban's, were most valuable in having an eye to all the lacunae of the preparation. Mr. Goldsborough and Mr. Weaver had arranged a line of herdics from Chevy Chase Railroad to the Cathedral gate. But our feeling at the moment was that God had taken the whole out of our hands, and wrought an effect which no human effort could possibly have accomplished — in the sudden warm weather, in the Christian address of the President, followed by the McKinley hymn, in the number of bishops as-

sembled and the crowds who were so unexpectedly present, in the absence of a single complaint and of a single accident among so many thousands. The Archbishop made a most effective address after the President had spoken, and the latter was so much impressed by it that he invited the Archbishop at once to luncheon. . . . When Bishop Doane said: "It is Glastonbury over again," the Archbishop responded: "More than that; Glastonbury was looking backward; this is looking forward. I would have come 10,000 miles just to attend this service and the meeting of yesterday." The Canadian bishops said that they never *had* seen or expected to see again such a service. Most of the American bishops, in bidding me farewell, said that they realized now for the first time the representative character of the Church in the national Capital; and one of the most thoughtful of the trustees said that if we had spent \$100,000 in advertising, or if one person had paid the whole Cathedral debt, \$100,000, it would not have accomplished so much for the Cathedral as this one service. This is absolutely true; and when, one hour after the service, the chill and cold came back, I realized more than ever that the success of it all we owe to God Himself, and ever since my heart has been full of praise and thanksgiving to Him for His favoring Providence. . . .

November, 1903. — One thought has been brought forcibly to my mind by the events of the past fortnight. People often complain that Washingtonians feel no sense of civil responsibility as citizens, because the United States Government cares for everything in a paternal way, or of religious responsibility as Churchmen. This is perfectly true, but the disadvantage may be turned into great advantage, for if they are in this apathetic and negative state, with no responsibility for government and no social obligation regarding society, then their sympathies, interest and sense of duty can be enlisted in the building up of the Cathedral, which has nothing to do with government help or state control. Then this will become an object of civic as well as religious pride. It is a great opportunity.

Then came the beginning of the end — the Bishop's illness.

A. D. 1904. — The year opens most auspiciously. Thank God that He has so prospered the work. The accompanying financial statement shows the progress made and tells the

whole story. I want to write down my ideal of what this Washington Cathedral should be. Owing to frequent attacks of illness this winter, which somehow followed after the sudden death of my brother-in-law and then my son, I was not able to do all that I expected this year. But through God's help considerable progress was made.

During the year he spent much money in advertising "which brought in less money by several hundred dollars" than was expended. There was little response to his attempt to reach individual parishes throughout the Church. "The Washington Cathedral is now everywhere recognized as belonging to the national Church, but the time has not arrived when the Church at large feels any responsibility regarding it."

General Convention met in Boston in the fall of 1904. Bishop Satterlee, learning that the Archbishop of Canterbury was to be present, cast around for some act which might mark his visit in Washington. With naïveté the Bishop writes: "I then thought that when he came he could consecrate the Glastonbury Cathedra; but that had been consecrated already!" A fortnight before the Archbishop came, a neighbor, Mr. Samuel B. Dean, "said that he had possessed for many years a seventeenth century Altar Cross of Latten Brass, which he had long desired to give to some Church in memory of his mother, Mrs. Dean of Boston, who was a most devout Christian. The next day he showed me the cross, and I saw instantly that it was exactly what I had been all the summer looking for, an object which the Archbishop of Canterbury could consecrate, which would for all time historically mark his visit to the capital of the United States."¹

¹ The Agnus Dei Cross was the name given to it. "When I saw the cross I instantly noticed that it was a rare object of art, not only of historical value and beautiful in workmanship, but that it was full of chastened religious sentiment and symbols. At the bottom of the Cross there is in repoussé work a representation of the lamb in the midst of the throne, as if it had been slain, with the book of the seven seals. The Cross itself is plain, for the body of the Christ is no longer on the Cross, for he is now the glorified Christ in Heaven, who ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Bishop's Journal 1905 in loco.

On Sunday morning there was early celebration at the Bishop's Chapel, then the Archbishop celebrated at St. John's, Bishop Brent preaching. In the afternoon, which was warm and beautiful, there was the great Christian Unity service at the Cathedral Close. The Archbishop drove over and quietly planted the St. Augustine's oak. Then he sat in the Glastonbury Cathedra and said the prayer for Christian Unity. He consecrated the Altar Cross on the Jerusalem Altar presented by Mr. Dean. . . .

While sitting in the Cathedra and talking about the Glastonbury stones, the Archbishop offered to give stones from Canterbury Cathedral to make a faldstool for the Cathedral. This was a delightful surprise. This little faldstool afterwards became a lectern, given by the Archbishop in memory of Stephen Langton, and illustrating the evolution of the English Bible. The Canterbury Ambon then became a great pulpit, almost all made of stones from the Bell Harry Tower of the Cathedral.

This spring I have been in constant correspondence with Mr. Caroe, the architect in charge of Canterbury Cathedral, regarding the Canterbury Ambon. I saw him in England this summer, and he is going to make it a beautiful work of art. It is to be made of stone from the Bell Harry Central Tower, and to be given by the Archbishop in memory of Stephen Langton, his sometime predecessor, who led the Barons when they wrung the Magna Charta from King John. As the Bible is the charter of all liberty, it is most appropriate that this Ambon should commemorate the Magna Charta. The Ambon will illustrate the history of the English translations of the Bible. The three bas reliefs will illustrate the death of Bede, the giving of the Magna Charta at Runnymede, and the martyrdom of Tyndal. The four statuettes will be Alfred the Great, Wycliffe, Bishop Andrewes (A.V.), and Bishop Westcott (R.V.). The frieze will be of Bibles, each with the date of revision.

In 1905⁷ the Bishop, during the summer of which he was in Europe for treatment, commissioned his chaplains, Rev. Drs. De Vries and Bratenahl, to investigate English choir schools preparatory to beginning the National Cathedral School for Boys which was under way, and to study the constitutions of various cathedrals.

Just how many years of his life were exacted as interest on the Cathedral mortgage we cannot say, but without doubt his days were materially shortened by the burden voluntarily assumed. His *Record* reveals what he held as a close secret from all except those who stood nearest to him and even they knew only in part how heavily at times he moved. But freedom came at last.

Mrs. Julian James wished to place a memorial to her mother in the Cathedral. I suggested that she should pay the debt and make the memorial a Cathedral Land Mark, with a sundial, marking not only the hours of the day, but the seasons of the Christian year. The suggestion pleased her. Shortly after I received a letter from her lawyer, Mr. William Allen Butler, of New York, saying Mrs. Julian James would contribute the last \$50,000, if the whole debt were reduced to that amount before Thanksgiving Day, and if the proposed Land Mark were erected. The debt at this time was \$67,000. At once I set about raising the \$17,000. The response was most prompt and generous. On the Monday before Thanksgiving Day, 1905, Mr. Butler met the Cathedral Trustees. In his presence the \$67,000 notes were brought out and canceled. The papers were all signed. Then all arose, when I had a short Thanksgiving service in the Board Room of the Riggs Bank, with collects for the Cathedral, for Mrs. Julian James and those present. Then Mr. Butler handed over the check for \$50,000, and the Cathedral Close was *free!* On Thanksgiving Day a letter was read in all the churches of the Diocese announcing the fact.

[NOTE. — No one can ever appreciate what it is to be delivered from this burden. I feel like one released from prison, after having been in confinement seven years, from 1898 to 1905. Once more I feel free. I shall ever associate the 37th Psalm with this period of my life. How often have I read it and been encouraged by its promises that if we hope in the Lord we shall possess the land. I wonder now when I look back to the autumn of 1898 how I could ever have had the courage to face the financial problem. I could not have done it without God's grace. And what wonders God hath wrought in these seven years! We have never failed to meet the interest promptly on the very day of the semi-annual payments, and now the whole debt is paid.]

With characteristic energy the Bishop bent his mind on the next step. Many men would have felt that enough had been done by the First Bishop of Washington and that his successor would have to take up the burden where he laid it down. But Bishop Satterlee was by nature a constructor. When circumstances forbade him to build the Cathedral itself, he busied himself with the things that were to furnish the building when in the course of time it came. "Now that the debt was paid, a work uprose at once which I never expected to do in my lifetime, the building of the Cathedral itself." Had his been a self-reliant nature there would have been nothing remarkable in his persistent plunging into a new undertaking like this. One of his chaplains¹ wrote of him: "He was the least self-confident of men, but at the same time was willing and eager to undertake the most stupendous tasks. Very often his life was evidently a struggle and a burden. In his prayers with us, his Chaplains and young priests, he would frequently break silence by exclaiming, 'O, Lord, I am oppressed. Undertake for me.' He never faltered after he had seen his vision, but he did sometimes go heavily. This I think is what drew us so closely to him."

The importance of the best possible design suggested the appointment of a committee of experts:

I called the Board together and they agreed to the appointment of the following advisory committee: (1) Mr. Edwin A. Burnham; (2) Mr. Charles F. McKim; (both of these gentlemen were members of the Park Commission appointed by Congress to report plans for the "lay out" of the future Washington, and who brought in the celebrated report on this subject); (3) Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, the Director of the New York Metropolitan Museum; (4) Professor Charles F. Moore, Professor of Gothic Architecture in Harvard University; (5) Mr. Bernard Green, Superintendent of the Congressional Library. This advisory committee had two meetings on the Cathedral grounds, in February and on May 6th, and they reported: (1)

¹ The Rev. P. M. Rhinelander.



From the Architect's Drawing

THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL

Interior

that the best site for the Cathedral was not where I had expected, at the corner of Massachusetts and Wisconsin Avenues, but on the highest part of the Cathedral Close; (2) that there ought to be no competition whatever; that the primary consideration was not the plan, but the man, for the personality of the architect, his religious enthusiasm, his creative ability, his experience, management, etc., were of the utmost importance. In addition to this, Mr. Charles McKim and Mr. Burnham, in a strong letter, preserved in the Cathedral archives, expressed with great emphasis their judgment that to accord with the Government buildings of Washington, the Cathedral ought to be built in the style of the classic Renaissance.

The Constitution was thoroughly revised,¹ making the Cathedral "the Mother Church of the Diocese, maintaining and developing under the pastoral direction of the Bishop and the Dean, his Vicar, the fourfold work of a Cathedral, viz.:

Worship, under the guidance of a Precentor;
Missions, under the guidance of a Missioner;
Education, under the guidance of a Chancellor;
Charity, under the guidance of an Almoner."

There was no haste in the Bishop's endeavor to work out his ideal. When Messrs. Bodley and Vaughan were selected as architects they were left unhampered.

The Bishop and Chapter did not limit the architects, either as to the cost of the Cathedral or the time in which it is to be built. The architects were simply asked to embody their best and most mature thought in the Cathedral design, even if it will take a hundred years to build it, and generations to pay for the work, as it is gradually done.

Thus, the building of Washington Cathedral, from beginning to end, is a work of faith. "Except the Lord build the House, their labor is but lost that build it."

In the summer of 1906 the important question of the choice of the architect came up. A committee was appointed to report in the autumn.

¹ See Appendix II.

As I was going to Europe, it was finally resolved that Dr. Rives and the rest should correspond with architects in America, while I was to see architects in Europe. We adopted the following plan: (1) as Gothic architecture requires special study, we were to limit ourselves only to Gothic architects. (2) We were to confine ourselves to those who could send in plans of work actually completed by them. This cut off all who could draw beautiful plans but had had no actual experience in Gothic construction. (3) We were to correspond both with English and American architects.

The Bishop took his task very seriously. Crossing the ocean he "read and re-read with great care the valuable volume on Gothic architecture in England by Francis Bond, and made notes not only on this but regarding the points in the Cathedrals he had seen and tried to study" — twenty-five cathedrals and three abbeys in England, seven in Germany, three in America, ten in Italy, seven in France, one in Spain and one in Russia. "I once lectured," he writes, "for four years in my parish, once a week in winter, on the subject of architecture in general, and I never forgot the lessons and the information I thus gained. It has been invaluable to me now." He conferred with various English bishops and saw a few architects, "but my time was too limited, and the two or three conversations I had with Mr. Bodley were so satisfactory and the reports I had of him were so unanimous as to his being the first Gothic architect of England to-day, that I really cared to go no further, especially as Mr. Bodley said that he would be willing to design our Cathedral in partnership with an American architect, and if the plan was approved by the Chapter, to build it."

In August the Bishop returned to America and several meetings of the Committee resulted in their recommendation to the Chapter of the appointment of Mr. Henry Vaughan of Boston, Mass., and Mr. George F. Bodley, R. A., of London, England.

October 10, 1906. — On this date, at a meeting of the Chapter, after one hour's discussion, Messrs. Henry Vaughan and George

F. Bodley were unanimously chosen as the architects, and a committee prepared at once a telegram to Mr. Bodley and a letter to Mr. Vaughan, announcing the fact. Both accepted at once. Mr. Vaughan came to Washington. I had a long conference with him, and finally Mr. Warner, my secretary, came in and took a stenographic report of our conversation. After this I added several other points to the letter, forwarding two copies to Mr. Vaughan, who mailed one to London for Mr. Bodley. Mr. Bodley sailed from England November 21st, arriving in Washington about November 30th. As I was away that day and he was to sail back on the same ship, the "Oceanic," on December 4th, this only allowed us practically three days. He came with his first assistant architect, Mr. Hare. I dined with Messrs. Vaughan, Bodley and Hare at Dr. and Mrs. Rives' on November 30th. They had all spent the day on the Cathedral Close, studying its features.

December 1, 1906. — On Saturday both architects and Mr. Hare met the Chapter at the Bishop's House, with the Cathedral relief model in the centre of the room. Then Mr. Vaughan read the letter I had written to the architects (the type-written report of my conversation with Mr. Vaughan) together with such suggestions and criticisms as Mr. Bodley desired to make. Mr. Bodley then made a long verbal explanation and criticism, saying that with these modifications he accepted the whole letter as a working basis, if the Cathedral Chapter agreed. They thereupon agreed unanimously after making a few inquiries. This was most remarkable. To me it was nothing less than a proof of Divine guidance. I could scarcely have believed, six months ago, not only that the architects should have been the unanimous choice of the Board, but that the architects, Chapter and Bishop should have been of one mind regarding the whole general character of a Gothic Cathedral.

The plans arrived in June, 1907. The Chapter met immediately and —

the plans were displayed for consideration and Mr. Vaughan spent two hours in explaining them. I was prepared somewhat for the interior, because of a resemblance to the rejected plan of Mr. Bodley for Liverpool Cathedral, which I first saw in Mr. Bodley's London office and which first attracted me to him.

But the exterior was a delightful surprise. It far exceeded all my expectations, for I knew that Mr. Bodley was severe and almost a purist in taste; but this exterior satisfied me in every respect. It more than fulfilled my expectations, and the view of the high windows of the apse on the outside was like a spring song; and although six weeks have now passed, the whole Cathedral, inside and outside, is as great a delight to me as ever. The only criticism as yet which I or any one has to find with the plans is that the west towers seem not equal to the rest; but we have not yet seen the perspective drawings of the west front.

We had expected to consider the plans all summer, but after considering them carefully, the Chapter adopted them three days after they had first seen them.

The Cathedral Council was at once organized and there was a general approval of the plans by the clergy and laity of the Diocese who saw them. In all this the Master Builder saw not his own achievements but God's manifest working:

This sequence of events is remarkable, so much so that it must have been providential, and I can only marvel at God's leading. In answer to prayer He has uplifted the Cathedral far above our most sanguine expectations, and accomplished results that I never expected to see or dreamed of seeing in my own lifetime: (1) The Cathedral land was bought and paid for in seven years, 1898 to 1907; (2) the Cathedral Schools for Boys and Girls were both erected in that time; (3) In that time the sacred historical objects gathered out in the Cathedral Close interested the whole Church; (4) one month after the debt was paid we were able to secure the most prominent architects of America as an advisory commission; (5) that advisory commission reported against a "competition" unanimsly; (6) the Cathedral Committee appointed by the Chapter were of one mind as to the American architect, Mr. Vaughan; (7) I was unexpectedly enabled to go to Europe to see English architects and Mr. Bodley unexpectedly told me Mr. Vaughan had been his pupil; (8) the Cathedral Committee, at Northeast Harbor, determined to recommend to the Chapter Messrs. Bodley and Vaughan unanimsly, and I wrote long letters

to each member of the Chapter, giving detailed reasons; (9) the Chapter, after careful consideration, appointed Messrs. Vaughan and Bodley unanimously; (10) Mr. Vaughan and I agreed on the plan of the Cathedral, and sent copy of our conversation to Mr. Bodley; (11) when Messrs. Vaughan and Bodley came to Washington and agreed to take this letter as a basis for plans, the Chapter agreed unanimously; (12) when the plans were completed they were unanimously accepted both by the Cathedral Chapter and the Cathedral Council. The Lord hath done marvellous things. I am bewildered when I think how He has brought so many strong men of many minds to agree so perfectly in the building of His house. Surely this is the work of the Holy Spirit, Who maketh men to be of one mind in an house.

The *Private Record* contains but two more entries, the first of which closes this chapter and the last opens the next:

Cazenovia, N. Y., July, 1907. — The west front has arrived; like the rest of the Cathedral it has great inspiration; first, in the massive simplicity of the two towers. I have always longed to see a Gothic “campanile”; here it is most unexpectedly; second, in the grandeur of the central arch and two side arches. This makes the western façade of Washington more majestic than that of an English cathedral — yes — Continental cathedral, also. The great doorways have more than the cavernous depth of Rheims and Amiens, without the [masked] portal, which always seems to me *construction for effect* — a trick of the trade. The size and proportions and measurement of parts are all right, but spiritually there is disproportion. The façade is too austere and too prisonlike. It does not invite an entrance to God’s House. Again, the towers have buttresses climbing to the top, an English fault, which makes the west towers of York, Canterbury and Westminster look clumsy. I have written Mr. Bodley saying (1) that we do not want buttresses higher than the eaves of roof; we want the soaring campanile line of Durham and Lincoln, not the uncertain, wavy outline of York; (2) we want a flight of steps before the West front, to take away the semblance of the West front standing on legs; (3) we want a different treatment of the gable. This is the Cathedral itself, not the protection (like the towers) or

sheltering entrance, like the arches. The gable ought to be decorated like the tops of the towers. It ought to blend the note of welcome with that of awe. I have suggested a bas relief of the Cleansing of the Temple above the central arch, and have written Mr. Bodley a letter about it.

CHAPTER XX

THE CITY WHICH HATH FOUNDATIONS

*Blessed City, heavenly Salem,
Visions dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones up-built,
Art the joy of heaven above,
And with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move!*

*Many a blow and biting sculpture
Fashioned well those stones elect
In their places now compact
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.*

SEVENTH CENTURY HYMN

TWILIGHT PARK, August, 1907. — Last June, the moment it was decided that the laying of the Foundation Stone was to be on September 29th, the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, I wrote to Herbert Clark, who sent word to Antoine Thomas Gelat, dragoman, to procure a stone from the field behind the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. This he did in July. At the same time he had the scene photographed, and the endorsement of the United States Consul, Mr. Wallace, that the stone or stones (for being unable to send a single large stone to America before September 1st, he was obliged to send seven smaller ones in seven different boxes) [had been procured]. These came so speedily that they have reached Washington in time. These were set in a large granite block to enclose them and prevent them from being crushed by the immense weight of the altar and reredos above them. They are on the under side of the granite, with the sentence "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us" engraved upon them.

These are the closing words of Bishop Satterlee's *Private Record*. The detailed story of the whole occasion is graphically told by Canon De Vries in *The Foundation Stone Book*.

This year the International Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was arranged to meet in Washington immediately before General Convention convened in Richmond (October 2). Bishop Satterlee seized the opportunity thus afforded to give the Church at large a share in an event bound to be historic, the laying in place of the first stone of the National Cathedral. All the preliminary anxieties and labors were over. The plans of the stately Gothic building, destined to rear its walls much sooner than anyone dared to hope, had arrived and received the approval of the Cathedral Council. Every detail for carrying through a complicated function had been attended to, every exigency as far as possible forestalled.

“The one requisite is fair weather; with foul the Foundation Stone can be laid; there is a roof over the platform, and all plans are worked out for such a contingency; and Convention Hall is engaged for the Brotherhood service; but the beauty and dignity of the service would be marred and spoilt, and the arduous preparations of a whole summer count for little.

“Saturday breaks dark and threatening. Soon after the close of the great corporate communion of the Brotherhood at the Church of the Epiphany, the downfall begins, and the weather reports are ominous. At eleven, according to promise, the weather bureau calls up the Bishop’s House by telephone, and announces: ‘Rain Saturday and Sunday.’ So it seems to man; but God may arrange otherwise.

“All day long the rain falls, and continues until all retire for the night. Such is the outlook when Saturday ends.”

In the meantime, with the faith of a little child, Bishop Satterlee was praying for fair weather in his room alone, and in his oratory with his guests. He was confident the storm would pass. Had he not prayed before in like circumstances and had not God answered? Clouds had dispersed, cold had given way to warmth, where it was to God’s glory that these things should be. Even when the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, the very day itself, broke in storm he believed all would be well.

Nor was he wrong. By the time the crowds were making their way to Mount St. Alban's the sun was shining, and the last clouds were scudding away in defeat. Later, rain threatened but forebore to intrude.

Some 10,000 people gathered at the appointed place. The Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington said afterwards:

"Probably hundreds, if not thousands, of those who gathered at the laying of the corner stone were non-Church-goers. It was the ecclesiastical hospitality which somehow the word 'Cathedral' suggests that attracted them. In all of our large cities, there is a steadily increasing population of unattached Christians. They live, for the most part, concealed in 'flats,' and are exceedingly inaccessible to the shepherds of souls. I believe that the cathedrals which are springing up all over the country have a special ministry to these lost sheep, and will draw them out of their hiding places more effectively than any magnet that has yet been tried. This is the thought that I carried away with me from the Mount."¹

The laymen of eminence present included the President of the United States, "the Cathedral Chapter and their families; the Chief Justice of the United States; several of the Cabinet; the Commissioners of the District of Columbia; representatives of the Diplomatic Corps, of the Senate, the House, the Judiciary, the Army, the Navy; the Presidents of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the United States and in Canada, Mr. James L. Houghteling, its founder, and great throngs of Brotherhood men from the United States, Canada, and other parts of the world, and 59 lay deputies to the General Convention."²

Fifty-five American diocesan and missionary bishops, three bishops of the Church of England — the Bishop of London (Dr. Winnington Ingram),³ the Bishop of St. Alban's (Dr. Jacob), the Secretary of the S. P. G. (Dr. Montgomery), three Canadian bishops, and the Archbishop of the West Indies (Dr. Nuttall) together with a great concourse of presbyters of the Church participated

¹ *The Foundation Stone Book*, p. 140.

² *Ibid.*, p. 43.

³ During his visit on the American continent the Bishop of London, always a lover of children and they of him, earned from a little girl the new non-ecclesiastical title of "the twinkly-eyed man!"

in the services of the day. The great moment was when the Foundation Stone was set. The mallet used was the same with which President George Washington laid the corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States, September 18, 1793.

“Reaching the level and proceeding to the site of the altar the Bishop and his companions passed down into the great pit into which the Foundation Stone was descending. Before the stone reached the bottom its descent was arrested, the Bishop laid the mortar, and made in it at centre and four corners the sign of the cross, with the point of the trowel. Then the stone was set in place, the Bishop struck, and so proved it, three times with the Washington mallet and in the Name of the ever blessed Trinity. Then, just as the sun burst from the clouds gloriously, he ascended to the level, made the declaration of dedication, and bringing up the rear of the little procession as before, returned to his place.”¹

It was noted that during the ceremony an American eagle hovered over the spot high in the heavens, and “one of poetic feeling and simple faith observed that one could almost see the Archangel and his hosts holding back the clouds in answer to the prayers of God’s people.”²

This letter to Mr. Edgar Priest who had charge of the music illustrates the eucharistic note in the Bishop’s character. He knew how to praise God:

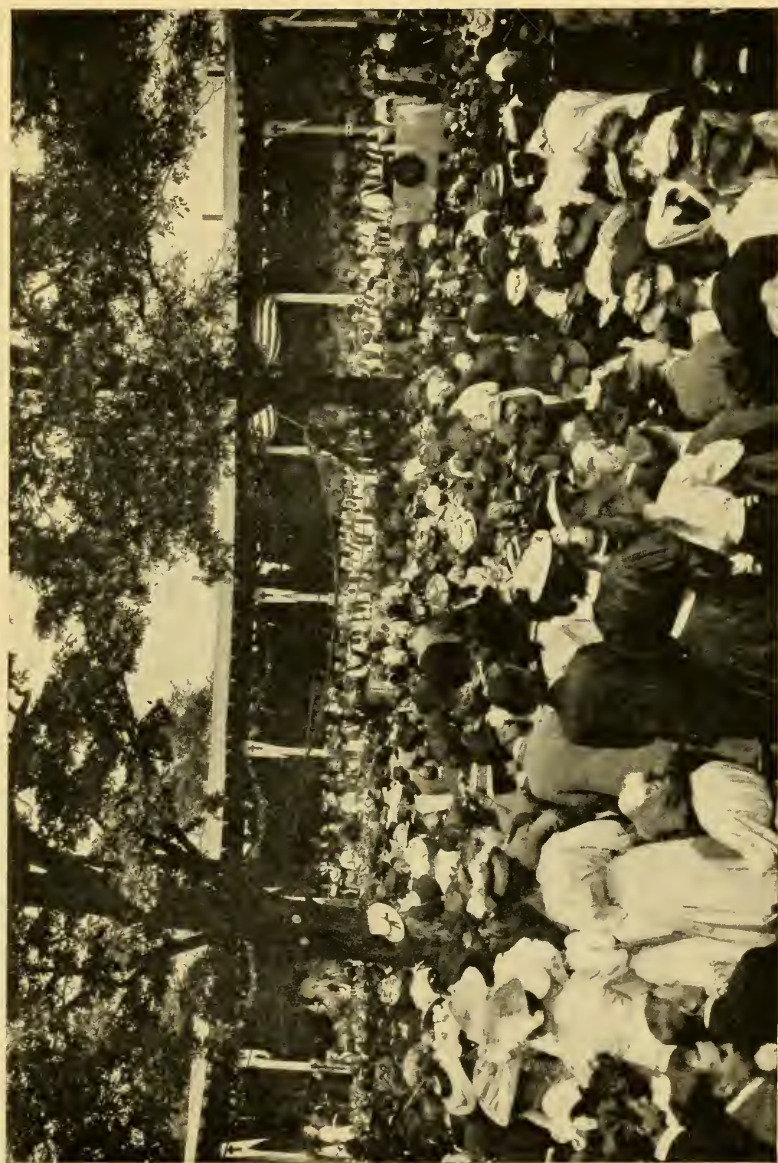
TO MR. PRIEST

Oct. 11, 1907. — We undertook with great timidity the having a Te Deum sung in the open air. We felt that the Te Deum was the canticle of all canticles to be sung on this great occasion, but we feared if it was not sung effectively it would be an anti-climax instead of a climax: but you had your choirs and the band so perfectly in hand that it proved all that we could desire.

May God bless you and give you His own reward for your faithful and successful efforts in going through the great cathedral services.

¹ *The Foundation Stone Book*, p. 46.

² *Ibid.*, p. 44.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL

Two addresses were given — a greeting by President Roosevelt and a salutation by the Bishop of London. The President said:

Bishop Satterlee, and you, my friends and fellow countrymen, and you, our guests: I have but one word of greeting to you to-day and to wish you God-speed in the work begun this noon. The salutation is to be delivered by our guest, the Bishop of London, who has a right to speak to us because he has shown in his life that he treats high office as high office should alone be treated, either in Church or State, and above all, in a democracy such as ours — simply as giving a chance to render service. If office is accepted by any man for its own sake and because of the honor it is felt to confer, he accepts it to his own harm and to the infinite harm of those whom he ought to serve. Its sole value comes in the State, but above all its sole value comes in the Church, if it is seized by the man who holds it as giving the chance to do yet more useful work for the people whom he serves. I greet you here, Bishop Ingram, because you have used your office in the aid of mankind; and because while you have served all, you have realized that the greatest need of service was for those to whom least has been given in this world.

I believe so implicitly in the good that will be done by and through this Cathedral, Bishop Satterlee, because I know that you and those with you, the people of your Church, the people of your kindred Churches, to one of which I belong, are growing more and more to realize that they must show by their lives how well they appreciate the truth of the text that they shall be judged by their fruits. More and more we have grown to realize that the worth of the professions of the men of any creed must largely be determined by the conduct of the men making those professions; that conduct is the touchstone by which we must test their character and their services. While there is much that is evil in the times, I want to call your attention to the fact that it was a good many centuries ago that the Latin hymn was composed, which said that the world is very evil and that the times were growing late. The times are evil; that is, there is much that is evil in them. It would be to our shame and discredit if we failed to recognise that evil; if we wrapped ourselves in the mantle of a foolish optimism and

failed to war with heart and strength against the evil. It would be equally to our discredit if we sank back in sullen pessimism and declined to strive for good because we feared the strength of evil. There is much evil; there is much good, too; and one of the good things is that more and more we must realize that there is such a thing as a real, Christian fellowship among men of different creeds, and that the real field for rivalry among and between the creeds comes in the rivalry of the endeavor to see which can render best service to mankind, which can do the work of the Lord best by doing His work for the people best.

I thank you for giving me a chance to say this word of greeting to-day.

The Bishop of London followed:

Mr. President, fellow Bishops, and brethren of the clergy and of the laity: I must first, on behalf of this vast assembly, thank the President of the United States, in the midst of all his multifarious duties, for being present with us to-day and giving us those burning words of encouragement and inspiration. And may I, on behalf of myself and of the visitors here to-day, thank you, Mr. President, for those words of encouragement which you spoke to me which will send me back across the sea inspired for my work?

But I come to deliver a salutation from across the seas to you, our brethren, here on this great day. I think one of the historic scenes that I remember best was when Archbishop Benson came down at a time of great trouble in Wales and he said these words: "I come from the steps of St. Augustine, to tell you that by the benediction of God we will not stand by and see you disinherited." I cannot say that I come from the steps of St. Augustine to-day — you had here a few years ago the successor of St. Augustine himself — but I do bring you here, with all the love from the old country, a present from the shrine of St. Augustine which will be part of your Cathedral when it is fully complete. I come as the successor of St. Augustine's companion, Mellitus, to bring you from the old diocese of London, of which one day you were a part, a real message of love and God-speed to-day.

Now, it may be asked, why do we, who have to battle so much with all the present evil and wrong, why is it that we value so much these historical links? Why should a bishop of

London at a time like this cross the sea? For three reasons: First, because ours is an historical religion. Our religion consists in the belief that at a certain time, at a certain place, at a little spot on this world's surface, the Son of God came down from Heaven to us. That is the Christian religion. It is belief, not in a good man named Jesus Christ doing anything, but in the sacrifice and manifestation of God Himself. And if that happened, if that is an historical fact, then we must value, you must value, every link that historically binds you to that great historical fact on which all our faith stands, and you can not afford in America, you do not want to afford, to break that golden chain. That glorious Atlantic cable which binds you to Palestine lay for more than a thousand years across the British Isles, and we in those British Isles had the honor of being the means by which that golden chain was brought to you. And if that is true of the Christian religion, I thank God we are, as the President says, united in the unity of the faith — every Christian denomination — far more than the world believes.

If that is true of Christianity as a religion, it is especially true — and it gives my second reason for being here — of the great Anglican Communion. We of the Anglican Communion take our stand upon history. When some one says that the Church of England was founded by Henry the Eighth, I ask how it comes, then, that the Bishops of London have lived at Fulham Palace for thirteen hundred years, and why it is that one of the oldest continuous pieces of property possessed by any one in the whole of England is the estate of Tillingham, owned by St. Paul's Cathedral. And, therefore, our great appeal in the Anglican Communion is to history. We hold to the old historic faith with which we were entrusted. We stand for freedom. One of the most glorious sentences in English history is that sentence in the Great Charter, "The Church of England shall be free." We stand for freedom of thought, freedom of study. We stand for historic ministry, and we stand for an open Bible, and that is the reason why that present which I bring to you across the seas is so appropriate, because it depicts in that ambon or pulpit a great Archbishop, at the head of the barons, bringing the Magna Charta to King John. It is made of stone from Canterbury Cathedral, the shrine of St. Augustine, and it depicts the great fight for an open Bible which

was at last victorious. Therefore, we could bring you nothing which so speaks in stone what the Anglican Communion stands for, and that present I bring you from Canterbury to-day.

Lastly, we value these historical links because in the teeth of infinite difficulties my predecessors, the bishops of London, tried to do their duty to the infant American Church. As the work comes on in more detail I think I can interest you by certain documents, some of which, Mr. President, I have shown you, by which it will be seen with what loving care those old bishops of London tried to do their duty to this infant Church. Therefore, and this is the third reason, it is appropriate I should speak this message as the Bishop of London, because of how much they would have rejoiced to-day at the laying of this Foundation Stone of what is to be one of the most glorious cathedrals in the Anglican Communion. Therefore, I give you my salutation because, as the President says, we fight against wrong, against tyranny, against evil. We fight to relieve the poor and aid the oppressed on both sides of the Atlantic. Let the Church of England and the Church of America fight in generous rivalry as to which can do the best, and I say from my heart, God-speed to your work.

In the afternoon a vast multitude of perhaps 30,000 assembled for the Brotherhood service at which the Bishop of London, Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States and Fr. Waggett, S. S. J. E., spoke on "Man's Responsibility for Man." The service included the presentation and dedication of the Ambon made of stones from Canterbury Cathedral. The Bishop of London had been commissioned by the Archbishop to act in this matter for him. In making the presentation he said:

Christian Brethren: I must first complete the work which, in one sense, I began this morning, and I must present to the Church of America, as represented by the Bishop of Washington, in the name of the old Church of England, in whose name I speak this afternoon, the gift which I have brought here with our heart's love. I described at the great service this morning, but as there are so many others present this afternoon, I would like shortly to describe again, why the present which I bring

you from the old country is so extraordinarily appropriate a present from one branch of the Anglican Communion to another. The ambon, or pulpit, which we present, represents an archbishop of Canterbury at the head of the barons of England wringing freedom from a tyrannical king, and therefore it sets before us the first thing which we love to the bottom of our hearts, both in England and America — personal freedom.

Then the stones of it are made from the stones of Canterbury Cathedral, and that typifies the second thing which we value so deeply in our Church, and that is the historical continuity of it, that, without any break, year by year, step by step, you and we go back to the days of the Apostles themselves, and therefore, when we bring you the stone from the Cathedral of St. Augustine, we ask you to value, as we do, the historical ministry which binds us all together.

Thirdly, on that pulpit you will see figured in stone the glorious fight for the open Bible that we had in England. There is Tyndale portrayed upon the stone, and that typifies the third thing that we love, not only personal freedom, not only the historical ministry, but also an open Bible — “The Church to teach and the Bible to prove” is the motto of the Anglican Communion. There is no saying which rings in my ears more constantly, than that uttered by one of our greatest Bishops, “No Church will hold the future in its hand that has not the historical traditions in the one hand and the open Bible in the other.” Therefore, in the name of the Church of England, dear Bishop, I offer you the pulpit to-day.

The Bishop of Washington accepted the gift in graceful terms:

On behalf of the Chapter of Washington Cathedral I receive and accept with gratitude at your hands this most interesting and historic gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At your hands, I say, for, as it was said this morning, you are yourself brought into the very history of our own Diocese. As Bishop of Washington I look back ten years and remember, and the clergy and laity remember with me, that we belonged to the Diocese of Maryland, and we go back one hundred years more and we remember that the then District of Columbia, as far as the Episcopal Church was concerned, belonged to the Diocese of Virginia and of Maryland. When we go back to the history

of our Church in colonial days we find that Virginia and Maryland were under the Bishop of London. Receiving this gift with its lessons of the open Bible, I know that I speak on behalf of all who are present here to-day when I say that the first Gospel sermon preached in spirit from this ambon, has been preached by the Bishop of London himself, and I ask if he will bless the ambon with his prayers.

The Bishop of London on leaving the Cathedral close said to the Bishop of Washington words very similar to those uttered by the Archbishop of Canterbury three years before at the Christian Unity Service: "My dear Bishop, I wish to thank you for the great privilege you have given me to-day. We feel, my Chaplain and I, that this is the greatest service in which we have ever participated." Dr. Thomas Nelson Page writes among impressions and appreciations at the end of *The Foundation Stone Book*: "The chief thought which has always come to me, last as first, has been that of the unity and the continuity of God's Church and the breadth of that Christianity which men even amid their best designs, so often tend to narrow. No ceremony connected with the life of our Church has ever seemed to me more impressive or more significant. It was the beginning of the foundation at the capital of the nation of what has been well called 'A Spiritual Home for all People.'" ¹

The business of General Convention was not less taxing than usual and Bishop Satterlee was in the thick of it. He was one of the Committee appointed to represent the House of Bishops on October 5, on the occasion of the presentation and acceptance of a Bible presented by the King of England (Edward VII), and of a lectern presented by President Roosevelt, to Bruton Church, Williamsburg, Va.

If Bishop Satterlee could have ordered the circumstances of his going from earth he could have desired but little different from that which happened. His closing activities were in the service of Missions and the Cathedral. Mr. Bodley, the architect, died on October 21.

¹ *The Foundation Stone Book*, p. 142.

Between then and the date of his own death he was in constant correspondence with Mr. Vaughan over proposed changes, and details of architecture and construction. Some of his letters which are published in the appendix show with what minute care he was studying the plans.

On the feast of the Purification (February 2, 1908) he had a big missionary rally for the Washington Sunday Schools at which he and a visiting Missionary Bishop spoke. He was full of brightness in his address which he illustrated by pointing to a bird which had found its way into the building and was flying about. That night as his guest was leaving, the Bishop took him into his oratory where he prayed for his safe journey across the seas and, if God willed, that they might soon meet one another again at the approaching Lambeth Conference. A week later (February 10) he went to New York to attend a meeting of the Board of Missions. At the time he was suffering from a cold. From New York he went to Providence, R.I., to meet the Diocesan Committee on the National Cathedral. On the 13th he left for Washington against the expostulations of his friends. The weather was bad and he was detained without food for seven hours, in the bleak discomfort of a winter fog on the North River, as he passed through New York. Upon reaching home he took up the duties at hand though he was far from well. On Sunday (the 16th) he officiated in his own Chapel and administered confirmation at St. Philip's, Anacostia, later in the morning. He reluctantly cancelled an evening appointment and the next day he recognized that he was gravely ill. Pneumonia had set in. It was on Monday that he wrote his last letter — a letter to one of his clergy who had been mistakenly quoted as denying the Virgin birth of our Lord:

Feb. 17, '08. — I have just received your letter, and am sorry to see from the black-edged paper that you have had a recent affliction. I extend to you my heart-felt sympathy. It is a relief to my mind to know that you did not deny the Virgin Birth of

Christ in your Christmas sermon, and also that you do not deny it in your thought. My informant is a consecrated person, who is very quiet and reserved, especially in talking about religious matters, and I am sure, never intended to misrepresent you. I shall be very glad to correct the false impression in a communicant of my own pro-Cathedral.

I have pointed out in my sermons in the past the tendencies of modern religious thought, outside of our own Church, to confuse the distinction between God and man, to regard not only Jesus, but all men as divine and a part of God, and that this school of thought therefore treats human sin as merely an imperfection, which human nature is casting off in its upward progress, and that the tendency of such thinking is to deny the miraculous Birth, the Resurrection, and in fact all miracles. And perhaps it is because I have habitually impressed this as the truth, not only of the Catholic creeds, but of the Scriptures themselves, that my informant was led into the mistake of misinterpreting your sermon. . . .

The Bishop seemed to know that he was not to recover and talked about matters that needed consideration. The night before his death he was in distress, finding difficulty with breathing; his daughter proposed sending for the doctor. He said to be sure to see that he had a carriage. He also noticed that his nurse was tired and told her she must take some rest. In the early hours of February 22, Washington's Birthday, there was a marked change for the worse. The Bishop asked for the Holy Communion. The Diocesan Missioner, the Rev. W. J. D. Thomas, was in the house and consecrated the elements in the Chapel. Proceeding to the sick room he administered the holy Food to the dying servant of Christ, who after receiving said: "Thanks be to God for his inestimable gift." He blessed those who were about him, saying to the Celebrant: "God bless thee, and keep thee, and protect thee, my son, my son; and thank you for bringing me God's precious gift." He fell asleep for a time. Upon waking he repeated the Ter Sanctus: "Therefore with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven we laud and magnify thy glorious

name; ever more praising thee and saying: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High. Amen." These were his last words as he closed his career on earth, and our master builder passed into "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

His body was carried to the pro-Cathedral on the evening of the twenty-fourth, where clergy watched by it until the following day, when the Burial Service took place. From seven o'clock until twelve there was a celebration of the Holy Communion every hour. At two o'clock the pro-Cathedral was crowded, among those present being the President and members of the Cabinet, and an overflow service was arranged for, in a neighboring Church (the Incarnation). The Bishop of New York, the Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania, and the Bishop of Tennessee took the service at the church. Those who knew Bishop Satterlee well could not help associating the Te Deum with him. The cablegram just received from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the clergy of the Diocese was: "Deepest sympathy. Te Deum." So this great hymn, which his lips had so often flung Godward from his buoyant soul, was now sung as Mother Church gave his quiet body her last benediction.

At the grave the Bishop of Massachusetts read the committal service. The body reposes in the Little Sanctuary, where it will rest until the Cathedral is ready to receive it beneath the Jerusalem Altar, which will be his tomb.

It adds nothing to the glory of good men to make the hours which follow their withdrawal echo with high-sounding praise. But it is a relief to the ache of bereavement to speak words of respect, affection and gratitude. Such were uttered in rich profusion throughout the country, by men of every kind and of every phase of belief. Commemorative resolutions were passed by churches, universities, and societies of all sorts. Among the many were two passed by the Knights of Columbus

at a meeting at which Cardinal Gibbons presided. They were as follows:

Resolved That in the death of Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Washington, this organisation recognizes that our national capital has sustained an irreparable loss, and that the people of our city have been bereft of a great and good man, who was intensely devoted to all that makes for the elevation of mankind.

Resolved That we, the Knights of Columbus, representing the Catholic manhood of the national capital, in mass meeting assembled February 23, 1908, hereby express our profound sorrow on his death and extend our kindest sympathy to the people of his denomination.

Thus the Roman Catholics. The Protestant churches were not silent. Thus the Baptist Ministers' Conference of the District of Columbia puts itself on record:

The Baptist Ministers' Conference of the District of Columbia, having learned of the death of Right Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, D.D., LL.D., desires to record its sense of loss, and to pay a simple tribute to his memory.

Bishop Satterlee's kindly disposition, his Christian manhood, his catholicity of spirit, his consecration to the best interests of the National Capital, and his hearty co-operation with all agencies working for its welfare, makes his demise a public sorrow, and people of all communions have reason to mourn in this sad hour that a truly broad-minded citizen and highly esteemed churchman has ceased from his labors of love in this sphere of his honored activities.

Believing in our union in the deeper and more essential things of a common Christianity, we feel we share with the ministry and church of which he was such a distinguished representative in this present grief. We extend to them our hearty sympathy and regard, and we pray that the Great Head of the Church universal may sanctify to their entire fellowship this providence.

To the family and friends more immediately bereaved we offer our sincere condolences, and the earnest assurances of our prayers that the God of all comfort may blessedly sustain them, ministering to them the riches of his consolation and grace in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

The aged Bishop of Albany, who survived him five years, paid his tribute of affection in verse:

O brave and patient builder, who laid, strong,
The deep foundations of a House of Prayer,
Content to wait, it mattered not how long,
Till corner stone to capstone should arise;
And with ingenious pains sought, everywhere,
Historic links with many an age and clime;
How has thy purpose been wrought out, to eyes
That look beyond the horizon line of time?
First in the temple of thyself, upraised
By God the Holy Ghost to Sainthood high;
Then in thy sudden passing, unamazed,
Up to the City with foundations sure,
God having built and made it: and thy soul
Winged its quick way, filled with God's peace and pure,
Catching in rapt advance the "Holy" song
"Of angels and archangels," and the throng
Of Saints that to "Heaven's Company" belong.

CHAPTER XXI

RESPICE, ASPICE, PROSPICE

*Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
And (they forgotten and unknown)
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown.*

*Be but faithful, that is all;
Go right on, and close behind thee,
There shall follow still and find thee,
Help, sure help.*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

THE greatest responsibility that we can inherit is the achievements and memory of a good and great man like Bishop Satterlee. They can be our boast and joy, only so far as we use them as an incentive and guide to character and action. They come to us as part of a whole. They are a beginning which we are to continue. The trust is a solemn one. If we admire without emulating, accept without being stung to protect and promote and develop what we have received, we thwart the man whom we profess to reverence and check the productivity of his labors. "Others have labored, and ye are entered into their labor," does not mean the same as, "one soweth and another reapeth." Both represent a heritage, but the latter is a heritage of privilege, the former one of responsibility; the one is a gift, the other a task; we can retain and enjoy the gift only so far as we execute and develop the task.

The Diocese of Washington and the Church at large in the United States have this twofold heritage in the first Bishop of Washington. He has set a high standard of life and work, of devotion and loyalty, of character and citizenship, which cannot be lowered without loss,

irreparable loss. The value of a saint is in his beckoning power as well as in his pressure from behind. He kindles a beacon, the beacon of his ideals, which shines high up on the hills of to-morrow calling to our laggard feet to climb, climb, climb. Bishop Satterlee used to express fear sometimes lest he was influencing men too much through the driving force of personality. If he had not had this fear he would have had reason to fear. He might have left behind only a memory. As it is he has bequeathed to us a whole life. His strength was tempered by his genuine humility and his child-like simplicity. In a discussion once as to the queen of virtues he awarded the place to simplicity as including all the rest. He was unspotted by the world. Moving much among men of wealth, and handling wealth as a trust, he never bowed the knee to mammon. He sought to bring it into the service of God's Kingdom. For himself he asked nothing, though he knew how to accept with unembarrassed grace a gift that would tend to enlarge his power of service. Unsparingly he denounced covetousness and scored, as fearlessly as a Jeremiah, the effete society of his own town. He was never a temporizer and did not count the cost to himself of a rebuke when God put a rebuke on his lips.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.

He is not the sort of man to need or desire a monument. But he cannot escape having one. This generation will hardly pass away before the National Cathedral, complete in the chaste Gothic beauty, which his piety and ability secured for it, will begin its century-long sentinelship over our national Capital. This is not a prophecy. It is a simple statement. The memory is so pervasive, the beacon is so brilliant, that the churchmen of the country and of the Diocese, impatient of the very thought that an unfulfilled trust should be bequeathed to the men of to-morrow, cannot do otherwise than enter

into his labor and complete his task. His own eagerness to add more to much has been transmitted to others, and will keep them restless until the golden nail is driven.

Hardly had his tired body settled into repose before the Bethlehem Chapel was an assured fact, the cornerstone of the Cathedral being laid by the hand of his grandson and namesake on All Saints' Day, 1910. The Chapel was dedicated to the worship of the most holy God on the Feast of St. Philip and St. James (May 1) 1912. And now while these words are being written the stately walls of the choir rise stone upon stone. The gentle compulsion of the Master Builder, who was also the founder, will not fail until the last capital has been carved, the last window of storied glass installed, the highest finial set. The Master Builder has seen it all as God showed it to him. By anticipation his hand of faith has shaped and placed each "clene hewen" ashlar. From foundation stone to capstone, from pavement to lantern, from porch to altar, he has mounted, marking the way for other feet to follow. "He prepared abundantly before his death." The names he strewed along the route stamped all he did as not his but God's. Yet each name was his own caress to his task before he placed it in the hands of his Master on high. What fragrance there is in the "Little Sanctuary," "All Hallows Gate," the "Jordan Font," the "Jerusalem Altar," the "Benedictus Gate," the "Bethlehem Chapel," the "Nunc Dimittis Window"!

It would be a sad case, indeed, were the only, or the best, words written concerning Henry Yates Satterlee, Master Builder, those of a friend and beneficiary whose life is cast in the uttermost parts of the earth. But it is far from otherwise. His very own, those who walked with him shoulder to shoulder and who daily looked into his character through the transparent window of his soul, those who were his spiritual children, are the ones who most eloquently and accurately proclaim their heritage of the joy and the task which he has bequeathed

to them. Let them have the last word and set the capstone to this volume.

BY THE BISHOP OF WASHINGTON, DR. HARDING

The Bishop was deeply interested in the work among negroes and felt especially the responsibility of the Diocese of Washington for their spiritual welfare, in view of the fact that in the city of Washington nearly one-third of the inhabitants are of this race. He had large hopes of being able to train a number of efficient colored clergymen in King Hall, a Theological School, which was practically established by him, in connection with Howard University. He gave much time to the instruction of the students there, during the time it was in operation, but lack of means prevented its development, as he had intended, and when the Church Institute for Negroes was founded and its policy defined, namely, to give their full support and the financial aid of the Board of Missions to one or two selected Southern institutions, and the support, that had been given to King Hall was taken away, it was necessarily closed.

Not long before his death, he was encouraged to hope for large financial assistance for King Hall from a wealthy man in Philadelphia, and hoped to reopen and reorganize King Hall. This financial aid did not materialize afterwards.

During the administration of President McKinley, a reform was instituted in the method of appointing Army and Navy Chaplains, and the President asked Bishop Satterlee to assume the responsibility of inquiring into the character and ability of applicants for such appointments from this Church, with the understanding that he would not make any such appointments without the Bishop's approval and recommendation. This arrangement had the tacit approval of all the Bishops and has been continued by all the Presidents since then. This involved much correspondence about the interviews with applicants for appointments, but the result has been the raising of the standard of efficiency among the Chaplains of the Army and Navy.

Bishop Satterlee did not conceive that his full duty as a Bishop consisted in being the Executive Head and administrator of the Diocese, largely as these functions necessarily absorbed his time and energy, but that, above all and through all, he was

called to be a spiritual leader of the people. It was his constant aim to impress upon the Clergy that they too should be spiritual leaders. To this end, he loved to meet them in quiet hours and to hold himself, or to have other gifted men hold, quiet days and spiritual retreats. These efforts were not confined to the Clergy, but extended also to the laymen and women of the Diocese.

BY THE REV. RANDOLPH H. MCKIM, D.D.,
Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington

As the first Bishop of Washington he has done a notable work which will link his name for all time with the history of this Diocese, as an inspiring and organizing force in the critical years of its early life. As I reflect on the last twelve years of Church life in this city, it seems to me Bishop Satterlee's personality has counted for much in giving dignity and strength to the Church—in impressing upon it the stamp of a real relation to the needs of the community, and of the Nation. He has been quick to hear the cry of the prisoner through the Prisoners Aid Society. His heart has responded to the spiritual needs of the negro race, as when, to mention only one instance, he gave instruction in Christian Ethics to the students of King Hall, once a week during its entire sessions. He has felt the mute appeal of the Army and Navy for more efficient religious ministrations, and has given active personal service in securing fit chaplains for them both. Though a strong Churchman, and never willing to compromise his Church principles, he has maintained most friendly relations with our Christian brethren of other communions, and has reflected the spirit of the Pauline aspiration, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He has taken wise and efficient measures for raising the standard of theological education in the Diocese, and has labored lovingly, and indefatigably for the educational and spiritual welfare of the National Cathedral School.

He has been keenly alive to the need of a higher standard of Christian living among the laity, and his voice has again and again been raised (and not in vain) in stern rebuke of the sins and foibles of fashionable society. Yes, he has often spoken in the spirit and power of Elijah in summoning men and women of this city to repentance.

To all this must be added his contribution to the cause of Christian unity, and to that unity of spirit within the Church which is so imperatively demanded in the conditions that confront us to-day.

Personally, I did not always agree with him — though the occasions were rare — nor could I always approve of his decisions in Diocesan matters. But, as the years went on, I found that the things we did not agree on were the secondary things — often the mere mint, anise and cummin — while deep down, in the great things, in the fundamental matters of truth and life and creed and work, we were heartily at one. And so we had drawn nearer and nearer to one another in a closer and closer bond of mutual esteem and confidence to the end.

BY THE REV. J. HENNING NELMS,
Rector of the pro-Cathedral

When Bishop Satterlee came to us it was with great plans for the future of this Church. He made it his own church in a very true sense. Here he came with his family to worship and here he took pleasure in appearing at the services whenever his many duties elsewhere in the diocese did not call him away. The Church of the Ascension soon became the centre for diocesan functions.

It was not the prominence given to the church by its being the pro-Cathedral that was the greatest blessing that came to the Ascension parish as a result of this new relation. It was the earnest personal interest which Bishop Satterlee evinced in the church and the people of the parish. Only those who knew him intimately fully appreciated how much of his thoughts and prayers were given to the advancement of the work of this parish. Every failure of our people to fully rise to their responsibilities came as a sorrow to him, and every step forward on the part of the parish brought him joy. He knew us, loved us, prayed and hoped for us more than we ever realized. He came among us as a great chief-shepherd of his flock, joining in our festivals and deliberating with us in our difficulties and our trials. He loved our children and even spared hours from a busy life to come among them and join in their festivals of joy at Thanksgiving and Christmas. One of the dearest recollections of the writer is the memory of our great scholarly bishop stand-

ing in the midst of our children, explaining with all the fervor of his simple, childish heart the story of the birth and childhood of Jesus.

BY THE PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE CHURCH, DR. TUTTLE

He died on Washington's birthday a little more than four years since. It was a fit day for him to lay down his work to go away to rest. He had studied the nation's life, the nation's hope, the nation's needs. The nation, that Washington, the Father of his Country, had given life to, and had nursed and moulded in its infant years. His studies were on the spot, because in the city which is the centre of the nation's governmental and political life. His studies opened before him many courses, and urged upon him action along the courses. It came to his thought that ours is a national Church; that there is not a square rod of land nor any expanse of water, over which the Stars and Stripes float in sovereignty, that is not embraced definitely in the jurisdiction of a bishop of our Prayer Book Church. And that in the history of antagonisms before the Civil War, and of sad fracturings in the Civil War, there was never any real break, and at the most only a temporary loosening of hand-grasps, in the national unity of our Church. Such inward and spiritual harmony, thought he, ought to have an outward and visible sign. So he set himself to think and plan and work for a National Cathedral, to be not only a fabric for our own Church, but also a symbol of harmony and an instrument of unity and a thing of beauty for the whole nation.

Perhaps it may be wise and well to count the value of this thought. Is there another Christian communion in the United States that can advance a better claim than ours to the profession of National Unity? Some are divided in organisation between North and South. Others are segregated into independent congregations and would disclaim the aiming at any such thing as national unity or union. Others exist in some States of the Union, but have no existence whatever in other States. Others, owe fealty to the sovereignty of a foreign ecclesiastic, and this must quite break up the fact and force of a national unity.

In the light of reality, then, and in the line of truthfulness have we not an honest, and perhaps an unshared, claim to the profession of national unity?

If yes, is it any wonder that the first Bishop of Washington sat himself down to project and prepare and provide for, to found and to start into life a National Cathedral? Or that the present Bishop of Washington and his advisers and helpers are very much in earnest to push on this enterprise, and are warmly alive to the opportunities and responsibilities and burdens entailed and imposed in such pushing?

The Nation — our Country — here in this city is her seat. With humility — not in pride — we believe God's goodness gave her birth, and God's goodness is giving strength and majesty to her growth and life.

BY THE LATE BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA,
DR. MACKAY-SMITH

No one ever left his presence without feeling that he had been with a better man than himself, and that this whirling, busy life, made up of things achieved, or to be presently accomplished, was of really less consequence than most men deemed it. We love to liken our dearest friends, in this or that characteristic, to the great names which are typical in history. To me, Satterlee always suggested St. John. He had a kind of sweet, loving enthusiasm which was like that of the apostle. And while there was a merry glint of humor in the glance of the eye, one felt that it was the merriment of which, I suppose, even the angels are full, and upon which every large and comprehensive character is based. I loved Satterlee, among other reasons, for this sweet merriment which he showed from time to time. Nothing save open and defiant sin seemed to provoke his anger, but then his indignation was terrible, and I saw him once in such a case when I pitied the poor creature who wished, but did not dare, to stand up and defend his own transgression. But these were rare cases. Under ordinary circumstances he took life with a smile, and believed the best of every man.

BY THE LATE BISHOP OF ALBANY,
DR. DOANE

No man ever wanted less, and certainly no man ever needed less, a memorial or a remembrance than Henry Yates Satterlee, for he had written himself deep and large in the hearts of all who knew him and in the minds of the American Church, filling full as he did this central position as Bishop of the Capital City of the United States. "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*" is

the essential fundamental characteristic description of his life, except that underneath the foundation was his devout religiousness. It seems to me I never knew, I doubt if there ever was, a more intensely religious man. With no special gifts as a preacher, I remember years ago saying to someone who asked if I thought it was a good sermon that he preached, "It was better than that. It was the sermon of a good man," and this sort of preaching he was busy with all the years of his mature life, in his country parish, in his city congregation in New York, in his Episcopal work here.

And while it is true that such a man neither wants nor needs a memorial, it is the instinctive tendency of our human nature to make memorials, not mere gravestones with the name and the date on them, but something that is alive with love.

You have most fitly and wisely chosen here the form that this memorial is to take, the Bethlehem Chapel with its cradle thought, for it is truly the cradle for the great Cathedral which is to be built to the glory of God, and always to be associated with Satterlee's name. He has already gathered here memorials of many places, but in the sacred precincts of *this* Santa Croce will lie ashes that make it holier.

BY THE BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA,
DR. RHINELANDER

He was extremely sensitive, open to influences, impressions and suggestion, and delicately responsive to human needs, whether of the masses or of the individual. I might perhaps illustrate this by enumerating the different works he set himself and shared with us.

1. There was the pro-Cathedral by which he hoped to set a standard of parochial life and to have an outlet for his personal history. What he most prized and coveted in and for each Parish was what he used to describe as "The Home Feeling." He used to say that he could tell, on entering an empty church for the first time, whether or not it was "a spiritual home." Such he really made of Calvary in New York. Such he tried to make of St. Mark's pro-Cathedral through us. He thought and planned for it in great detail and with much carefulness, and freely gave himself to help.

2. There was his plan for the better education and training of his candidates for Holy Orders, especially during their diaconate. To my mind this was one of the greatest and most

essential of his visions. I think also he held it very dear. We were able to do something, but a series of circumstances, which could not have been avoided, brought it to an end, after two years, and it was not renewed. Briefly his thought was that his deacons should be first of all students, their studies being directed with reference to the special needs of each. He was keenly alive to the short-comings of the different seminaries, from which men came, and we, by his instruction, tried to supplement the thought and knowledge of the men, at those points where their respective schools had left them weak. The deacons lived with us in our clergy house, with regular hours for study and lectures and with carefully defined work assigned at the different City Parishes in which they served. We were to stand between them and any too great demands for Parish work, which would interfere with their mental and spiritual development. At the end of their year with us they took their examinations for the priesthood. Then they went out and the next set came in. All these details were worked out by him and I mention them because I believe that in every essential point he was guided wisely. Some such system is greatly needed in the Church, and here, as in many things, Bishop Satterlee was in lonely advance of other men.

3. His personal shepherding of his clergy. This never was subordinate in his thought, though later pressure made it less possible for him to do it. I suppose this is almost the universal experience of Bishops. At the first devotional meeting which he had with his clergy, he spoke to us on Prayer and the hollowness of Ministry without it. I think none of us will forget that impression. One felt that every word he said had been verified a thousand times in his own life. My chief regret in connection with the inevitable absorption which came over him, as his Cathedral plans developed, was that this peculiar ability to stimulate spiritual life among his clergy could not be more largely used. The simplicity and naturalness with which he spoke of spiritual things, and shared his spiritual experience, was sometimes overwhelming. I think I have never known anything just like it. There was no labor of thought, little of intellectual finesse, still less of careful style or balanced periods. It was simply an unadorned, unaffected and shining witness.

4. His effort to concentrate and inspire Communicant life. I think he was the first priest in New York who established and

maintained regular meetings for communicants. His sense of their value increased, and he used to trace most of the activity and loyalty of the people at Calvary to these meetings. He carried this ideal and practice straight into his Diocese. Here again I think he was a pioneer. Washington is perhaps the hardest of all American cities in which to make an effort like this successful. Parochialism was rampant when he went there, and is so still in spite of what he did. But he did much. When he held these meetings the church was nearly always full and more and more people came. His main aim was to raise the standard of Christian living by binding the communicants of the Diocese into a union, which would create a special atmosphere and lead to spiritual cooperation. Nothing could be finer or more practical. His vision led him unerringly to the heart of life and of men's needs.

Of his Cathedral undertaking there is no need for me to speak. Others know more and have probably told it all. One side of it, however, brought out a gift which might otherwise have been obscured. I mean his singularly rich and creative imagination and his vital and vivid artistic sense. Filled with the thought of what the Cathedral could do and be, as a centre of missionary life and of Christian education, still it was (in the deepest sense) the artistic side of it which filled his heart. The "beauty of holiness" led him on in great things and in small. His imagination was quite wonderful, and triumphed over all the mass of mechanical and petty details which burdened him. As I look back over those days, the time given to, and the intense satisfaction taken in, planning and arranging for the Jerusalem Altar, and the Glastonbury Chair, and the Jordan font, and all the other symbols and embodiments of Church history and Christian faith which he set in the prophetic foreground of the great Temple, have a peculiar sacredness and meaning. The Cathedral was to embody the richness of religion. He felt as only artists feel, the poetry of sacramental faith and the spiritual majesty of little things.

Most of what I have written is meant to indicate what I have called his spiritual sensitiveness. He had this as I have said in a quite extraordinary degree. It was this which made his growth on every side so steady and so marked. No life was ever lived which as a whole and in all its parts was a more eloquent and compelling argument for immortality.

BY THE REV. FLOYD W. TOMKINS, D.D.,
Rector of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, Penn.

Dr. Satterlee was the truest man I ever knew. He used laughingly to say that a man might be so true that he would bend backward, but one never felt the danger of that with him. His spirituality made him full of God's truth. How well I recall intimate, heart-to-heart talks with him on faith, and love, and all the parts of Christian living! He was open as a child to those whom he trusted, and humble too. One never felt oppressed by his superiority in things spiritual, though one never failed to be conscious of it. He was a leader by his intrinsic goodness.

But Dr. Satterlee had strong opinions, and we did not always agree. "Come and let us think this out," he would often say, and then would begin a delightful and spirited hour of discussion, in which we were both fearlessly frank but equally honest to find the right way. It was simply glorious to argue with such a man, because he did not care to sustain his opinion as a matter of pride, but only to find God's will. And that divine will even in the smallest matters he felt to be the most important thing. How often we knelt in prayer with open minds and asked God to guide us! It was this realness of his Christianity which drew men to Dr. Satterlee, if they were honest.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Dr. Satterlee's character was the strength of his ideals. He never would lower them; he never would accept a second-best; he looked to the hills and drew his aim from God's revelation. It was difficult at times to go with him in this. We smaller men thought that to do the best we could was all that could be expected. Not so he, "There is only one right way and we must find it" — and find it he did because God told him. His pure-heartedness enabled him to hear and see God. The attainment practically of the ideals he saw was not immediate. To climb the mountain is not a half hour's task. But he set the direction and the pace. The results are following even now.

BY THE REV. GEORGE R. VAN DEWATER, D.D.,
Rector of St. Andrew's, New York City

I see him now at a meeting of thirty or more prominent clergymen, silent almost to the point of dreaming while others

were eager to speak, and finally when some one would say "What does Satterlee think?" realizing that no question of any importance was really discussed until he had spoken, the tall figure of the seeming dreamer would rise, and what he then slowly said would become the unanimous voice, expression and vote of the assembly.

There were many better speakers than he, but few better thinkers, and none thought so well before he spoke as did this saintly, manly, devoted son of the Church, Bishop Satterlee.

BY THE REV. GEORGE F. NELSON, D.D.,

Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York

I remember the big library in which I sometimes met Bishop Satterlee when he was Rector of this [Calvary] Church. I used to wonder how he ever found time to read his books. He was preeminently a man of action as well as a man of thought. Doubtless he was a book-lover, but he especially illustrated the meaning of Pope's line, "the proper study of mankind is man." His seemed to be a temperament that found an unflinching charm in the strenuous life. A few years ago, just after his recovery from a severe attack of typhoid fever, I called on him one day at Bar Harbor, and expressed to him the wish of one of his brother Bishops, that he would take a long rest before returning to his tasks in Washington. With a smile he replied: "That is a kind wish, but I must go back and keep my appointments." His meat and drink was not to be ministered unto but to minister. To spend and to be spent in the service of the Master was his ideal life. It hardly seems too much to say that his repose, if he had any when he was not asleep, was like that of the whirling wheel, which turns so fast that it looks as if it were standing still. He gave himself to his most arduous activities with the zest of a healthy boy at play. He found joy in his work because it was done for Christ and in the spirit of Christ. He found, as others have found, that the sweetest consciousness which can stir in any human heart is to be a co-worker with God.

BY MR. GERARD BEEKMAN

When I first met Henry Y. Satterlee, it was to be strongly drawn to him, and this friendship although interrupted by later separations grew with the years, for to this affection of youth was added a constantly increasing respect. In those early days

his character was an ideal of young manhood. His tall and erect figure, his earnest searching eyes, his unselfish devotion to duty, the kindness and purity of his amusements, the high standard in all he did, shewed him even in those days to be one walking with God; full of joyous happiness, ready to take part in any innocent pleasure, untouched by asceticism, unimpaired by foibles, his mind always took a comprehensive, practical and thoroughly common-sense view of whatever was presented to him, and yet, behind it all was a touch of chivalry and high-mindedness which went to the heart of his friends.

BY THE LATE REV. CORNELIUS B. SMITH, D.D.

It was in the very midst of all this usefulness, twelve years after consecration as Bishop, that the death angel came and promoted him. There was no tragedy in that sudden change of worlds; but only the opening of a larger opportunity. And what a retrospect there was for his departing soul! His years had been full of service and joy. And love without stint had come to him in return for his love.

And better still, in his own household, there was the perfect communion, unchanged by his passing away. Husband, wife and children had always been one in faith, in work, and in the Divine vision and so they are to-day.

It is all triumph.

Thus the souls of the faithful are continually passing into the Fatherland where larger work and increasing usefulness await them.

So the beginnings of Time pass into the completions of Eternity.

TE DEUM

APPENDIX I

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE BISHOP OF WASHINGTON (H. Y. S.) AND THE ARCHITECTS OF THE CATHEDRAL, MR. GEORGE F. BODLEY, R.A. (G. F. B.), AND MR. HENRY VAUGHAN (H. V.)

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

July 6, 1906. The opportunity that your coming Cathedral will afford is *vast*, for good. It would be grand if your newer world in America should show the world that the ancient dignity and beauty of religious architecture can be achieved in these days. It *could* be so. Gothic art with all its acceptance of the beauty of nature, as its basis, and its added spiritual, aspiring, fervour could do all this. I know that the limitations of possibilities must be fully taken into account and that a certain amount of modern character must be made to play its part. But that need not be to the detriment of real grandeur and beauty and religious feeling.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Sept. 15, 1906. I would come out to America when it is thought desirable.

CABLE FROM H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

Oct. 8. Chapter decided today to ask Vaughan and yourself associate architects for preliminary plans. Your immediate presence here desired for consultation with Chapter as to terms of contract including liberal compensation for services. All travelling expenses paid. Cable reply. Have written.

CABLE FROM G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

October 9, 1906. Very gratified. Will come in November. Cannot earlier. Writing.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

October 8, 1906. In explanation of this cable message I would say that notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Vaughan was a pupil in your office, his name was put before your own, because he is

an American architect and we feel that it was the wiser course to name him first for reasons that you can appreciate, but the Chapter chose you as associates, with the distinct understanding that you would work together, harmoniously, with all your powers, for the best plans that can be made, as expressed by you in your letter of September fifteenth.

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Of course, my dear Mr. Bodley the choice of an architect has been a matter of earnest intercession with us, and we shall continue to pray that a right judgment and wisdom may be given the architects who have been chosen for the preliminary work, and it may be their privilege to erect in this Western hemisphere a true Cathedral in the religious spirit of the old Gothic builders.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Oct. 16, 1906. I will not object to Mr. Vaughan's name standing first and quite see the reasons for it — though in *England* an R.A. has precedence. I feel sure we shall work together and each fall into our especial departments. The great interest of the work grows on one. It would seem that the love of the beautiful Gothic style is somewhat dying out in the old world, religious and beautiful as it is. This Cathedral may, in the legislative seat of the new world, hold up a light that shall be reflected for us in old England.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Nov. 13, 1906. I must thank you very much for your sending me the books about the Cathedral. *The Building of a Cathedral* is most interesting and inspiring and ought to raise enthusiasm on the part of all concerned in the great and good cause.

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We leave by the "Oceanic" the 21st instant, all being well.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1906. Mr. Vaughan and I are here and are at your commands.

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I am anxious to leave by the boat that leaves on the 5th of December. Mr. Vaughan and I think that we can do all that is necessary or possible to do at the present time.



From the Architect's Drawing

THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL

West Front

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Dec. 13, 1906. I must send a line of thanks for your kindness when Mr. Hare and I were at Washington. It was indeed a pleasure to be with you. And please convey my thanks to Mrs. Satterlee. We had a prosperous voyage — so much better than the journey out.

The visit to Washington will always be a pleasant memory and I hope only the inauguration of much delightful work for the Cathedral. We shall set to work as soon as possible.

Lord Curzon, for whom I am to build a memorial chapel to his late wife, crossed the Atlantic with us and we are staying here a night before reaching home. I lent him your very interesting book about the Cathedral of the future — not a very *far* future I hope. I do hope, with all my heart, that all will go well with the beneficent scheme and that the plans may not be all unworthy of so great an opportunity.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

Jan. 11, 1907. You very kindly said that you would be glad to have any suggestions from me regarding the Cathedral. It will be the greatest pleasure to me to send them to you, for I feel that we are in such sympathy and accord that I can open my heart to you regarding my ideal of the Cathedral.

At present I have only one or two suggestions to offer. You know that our Washington Cathedral will have many, many lines of interest and association. First, last and always it is to be that which we have described in the preamble to the Constitution, Christ's House of Prayer and witness for Christ in the Capital of the United States, where it will be the only great religious building amid the magnificent civic structures of the classic renaissance style that will rise on every side.

Then it will be the representative Cathedral of our own Church at the Capital of the country. The time is not yet, but it is bound to come at some future day, when we must have archbishops in America. All past Church history indicates this, and the exigencies of the work will force the issue as the Church develops.

Of course we cannot tell where the metropolitan will be, but little jealousies of North, South, East and West, would probably prevent it being anywhere else than at the Capital of the whole country, and therefore the Cathedral of Washington will be something more than diocesan.

It will be the representative Cathedral of the Anglican Communion in America. If you will read our Constitution over, you will find that it has been framed so as not to interfere with this object, should the tendency arise.

Once more, although there are a few Protestant bodies in America, like Lutherans, Moravians and Swedes, that trace their lineage to continental Europe, most of them are of English descent, like the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, etc. With scarcely one exception these in by-gone centuries separated from the Church of England, because in those days the Church of England was not wise enough to recognize their deeply religious character, and treated them as it treated John Bunyan, George Fox, Thos. Brown, Robert Cartwright, John Wesley and others, from whom these religious bodies have descended.

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Every now and then when I meet these Presbyterians and others, I say to them, "If you go back six or eight generations you will see that your ancestors for a thousand years before their descendants came to America, were members of the Church of England," and I always find that I touch a responsive chord. Then they answer and say, "Yes, but we were driven out of the Church of England on account of our religious principles, and we came here to America for religious liberty." Then I answer, "Yes, there is a great blessing that God sent you here. The British Colonies were founded by deeply religious men. This country was born of God."

And this my dear Mr. Bodley is a remarkable fact. No country in its beginnings has richer or more splendid instances of deep religious convictions and historic religious incidents than America.

In the Colonial days, there were men who if they had been Roman Catholics would have been canonized. When I touch these facts there is another point of union. At the present time these Colonial days have a halo about them, in the eyes of genuine Americans. We have all kinds of organizations of those who are descendants of the Port Colonists. We have the Society of the Colonial Wars, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, Society of Colonial Dames, etc.

The more we recognize the power of the splendid religious examples of these British settlers who came to America for religious freedom, the more Presbyterians, Congregationalists,

Methodists, Baptists, etc., feel a sympathy with the Anglican Communion.

Now I have felt that if the Cathedral of Washington touches this chord of association, it will greatly help the cause of Church Unity, and I have thought that by and by when the stained glass windows of the aisles are put in, they might represent some intensely interesting and religious scenes of American history.

Many of them would be scenes connected with our own Church, for example, "Washington reading the Burial Service over Gen. Braddock's remains," "The Baptism of Pocahontas," etc., and other scenes dear to the hearts of Puritans, Presbyterians and Methodists.

In this way Washington Cathedral would not only be religious, but also National.

Of course the windows in every other part of the choir would be devotional and devoted to Scripture scenes, just as following your own interesting suggestion, the portico would represent the Bible, and we might well leave the nave and aisles for national subjects. This in itself would draw thousands of visitors from every part of the country to see the Cathedral, because a religious as well as patriotic chord would be touched, and I find that the combination of these two aspirations, God and country, have been the most aspiring ideal before Anglo-Saxons, and I hope our Cathedral will have this combined influence.

I have only one more suggestion to make at the present and that is on a distinctly religious line. The first carol ever sung was sung by herald angels from Heaven, and it was they who first used the word "Gospel" (glad tidings), and I have thought that the central tower of the Cathedral, in which the Cathedral bells will chime out the glad tidings, might well be named the Gloria in Excelsis Tower. And that thus while the chancel stands for the Ascension of Christ, and the triumph of the Christian Faith, when the carpenter's Son became the King of Heaven, sitting at the right hand of God, this soaring central tower might stand for the Incarnation.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Jan. 31, 1907. My chief object in writing now is to say please send us the further suggestions you speak of as having occurred to you.

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I do not think that excess of richness is desirable, but rather much dignity and even solemn grandeur. They were more joyous in the middle age than we are now. There must be beauty as well as dignity — but it may be chastened beauty. I do not think too ornate a character is desirable. To give a religious, solemn aspect may be more teaching, may it not, in these days? So please do not expect too ornate a building. But it shall be one as dignified and religious looking as one can make it.

We were much obliged for the little "office" you gave us in that "upper chamber" as we left. I wanted to ask your blessing on us but could not command my voice. But I am sure we had it and have it on our work.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

Feb. 12, 1907. You kindly asked me to send you some suggestions, and I am venturing to send a few as they occur to me.

First. — In your letter you said that you did not think "excessive richness is desirable, but much dignity and even solemn grandeur." With you I do not like too ornate a character, and yet we must remember on the other hand that in raising funds for the Cathedral everything will depend upon the way in which the designs meet with general approval and inspire enthusiasm. First of all comes the proportion of the different parts to one another. If these are correct, they will appeal to that sense of proportion which is widely felt, and yet so difficult to explain or describe.

Second. — While I do hope that the ornamentation of the Cathedral will be as chaste as you desire, and subordinate to the grandeur of the general effect, nevertheless I think we must avoid the temptation to be purist. It is my hope that the Cathedral will inspire a feeling of joyousness and triumph, a triumph of the Christian Faith which leads from the Crucifixion to the Ascension of Christ in glory.

I earnestly trust that in the effort for solemnity and grandeur, there will not be the appearance of austerity or heaviness.

If in some way the majestic outer porch could represent the Old Testament, the choir about the rood screen the Crucifixion, and the chancel could breathe the glory of the Ascension, this would be my ideal.

Six. — There are occasions when great gatherings will take place in the Washington Cathedral, and I would suggest that we have this thought in mind in building the triforium gallery, and that, if possible, seating room should be found here for as many hundreds as possible, when occasion requires.

Seven. — I have been for some years the Provisional Bishop of the Mexican Episcopal Church. That was a very small body of native Mexicans, and through my influence they have recently united with our Church. As a testimonial to the first Bishop of Washington they have sent me a block of Mexican onyx, as a memorial of their former existence, and they wish that this stone may be used in some part of the Washington Cathedral, with an appropriate inscription. The only object that I have thought of is the credence table in the wall. Perhaps you can suggest a more appropriate one. The block could be sawed into slabs, if necessary.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

March 5, 1907. The plans are being worked out. I do not think that you need have any fears as to their being rich enough. I fully appreciate your feeling for a fabric that will be uplifting to hearts and, I hope, send men on their knees. It will be our fault if that is not achieved. I think it will be.

It is a little remarkable that when at sea, going out, a design came into my head of the central tower having large figures of angels below the belfry stage each holding a scroll with the "Gloria in excelsis Deo," one word on each scroll. I say rather remarkable for the same idea struck you, too. It will be as it were a band of angels round the Tower, which may well be called "The Angel Tower." (It is the *choir* at Lincoln that is called the Angel Choir.) We rather want to know if we may have a chapel at each end of the choir aisles. One could be the Lady Chapel and the other the Chapel of SS. Peter and Paul.

I cannot help sending you what we are thinking of and to tell you that we have the same feeling about the work being eucharistic as you have.

P. S. — I think there could be statues or carved panels of historic subjects commemorating great Americans. They would be

better than glass, for modern costumes look so bad in stained glass and the modern character would not assimilate with the others we should want. So please *not* in *glass* — but Washington and others could well be commemorated otherwise. Incongruous figures would be most unfortunate.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

March 12, 1907. I hope you will pardon me for expressing my desire almost importunately that the Cathedral should inspire all with the idea of a joyous triumph of the Christian Faith.

It will be indeed like a city set on a hill.

Mr. Chas. McKim, who was one of the two architects appointed by the Congress of the United States on the Park System of the District of Columbia, which made the celebrated report that will determine the future of Washington, told me that the United States Government did not own as fine a piece of land in the City of Washington as the Cathedral site.

It stands on Mt. St. Alban, 400 feet above the Potomac, a hill that is seen from all parts of Washington.

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In some respects therefore the Cathedral with its central tower will be the most conspicuous building which cuts against the Western sky, and will stand as a witness for Christ above every other building in the City, and I earnestly hope that its proportions will be such, as to kindle a devotional feeling in the breast of every beholder.

Another thought has occurred to me. If we should call the central tower the Gloria in Excelsis Tower, why should we not call the others, the Nunc Dimittis and the Magnificat Towers, and here would be the three psalms of praise, which have their origin in the New Testament itself.

We have already on the Cathedral grounds the Little Sanctuary, with the temporary tower called All Hallows Gate. It was so named in the hope that ultimately the South door of the Cathedral may be called All Hallows Gate.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

March 26, 1907. I fully agree with all you say about the great importance of the work and the remarkable character of the site and the triumphant character desirable for the great Cathedral. Mr. Vaughan came. He left the end of last week. We went into

the whole matter. He was most amiable, and good enough to accept what I had designed before he came. He came later than I had anticipated and I fear I had done rather much at the design. It was too interesting to leave off when once one had begun! I do hope that you will be pleased with the design. You gave, or *transmitted*, the inspiration. Of course it is difficult for any except those making the design to realize what the effect of the building will be. I venture to think and certainly hope, that it will be good as a design and to your mind. Again, curiously, I have shown lettering running round the building externally and I meant them for the canticles which, as you say, all bring out the expression of joyous praise. Certainly the towers could be named as you say. It is a good idea and a happy thought.

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A leading feature of the design is a *bright* sanctuary. A rather original design brings out that feature. We think it will be a good treatment. I could very much wish you could be here when the drawings were finished. But we hope they will explain themselves and that a little *faith* in the result of the reality may warrant acceptance and approval. The work is very much in one's heart. May it prosper! "Prosper thou the work of our hands."

H. Y. S. to G. F. B.

April 8, 1907. We hope it may be possible to lay the corner stone of the Cathedral on the last Sunday in September, which is St. Michael's Day. This is the Sunday before the meeting of the General Convention, when the Bishop of London and most of the Bishops of the American Church will be present.

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There is no other Christian body in the United States which can trace its beginnings back to A.D. 1607, and we want to take advantage of this anniversary for increasing interest in Washington Cathedral. Nothing could do more to bring the Cathedral itself before the public eye.

You ask me about funds. As yet we have no funds at all for the Cathedral. After the debt upon the land was paid, I felt it was better to keep quiet for a while, as I could only have raised funds in small amounts during the past year, without the help of a design. After the design, however, has been adopted then I expect to begin a propagandist work, and if your plan for the Cathedral arouses enthusiasm, as I hope and pray it will, I anti-

pate little or no difficulty regarding the funds wherewith to build it. They may not come all at once, but they will come in increasing measure.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

April 4, 1907. The keynote of the whole thing is yours. You gave the inspiration, though, as you say, it is pleasant to think we have thought together. It was on *going out* that the idea struck me of the "Gloria in Excelsis" and the angels round the central tower; carrying out your idea of the "Nunc Dimittis Tower," the first words could be put over the S. W. doorway *inside*, so that those *leaving* might be reminded of the "Salvation" they have found, or seen.

I think the idea of the great Church girdled with the praise of the Canticles is a happy one. On the parapet of the apse could be carved the Ter Sanctus — one word on each side, in large letters. We must get a thoroughly good scheme of arrangement for the legends. Obviously the Magnificat for the Lady Chapel and the Benedictus and the Te Deum for the nave and choir would be the leading ideas.

.
I have been reading your book with much interest and edification. It ought to be well known here in England in these days of strivings after new creeds which, indeed, are no creeds.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

April 28, 1907. I am hoping that the rough copy of the report has reached you.

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I have been reading the President's very interesting speech of a few days ago. It impresses one with the present greatness, and with the vast possibilities for the future of your great country. It is pleasant to think that we may be planting there a building that may lead to the growth of a love for old Gothic architecture, to the delight of the New World, and for the devotional feeling of its future ages. The circumstances are unique. This wonderful Gothic art, neglected, dying, nearly dead, has such an opportunity given it in the building of your Cathedral that the love and enthusiasm for it may be revived, and the Old World may be recalled to its early love. I speak of the inherent power of the style of the Gothic architecture, not, we hope, to be all unworthily represented at Washington. May the work prosper!

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

April 23, 1907. Last week I received your report on the Washington Cathedral, and I have delayed answering it until the Trustees had read it. They have now done so, and all are much delighted with it.

I myself have perused it over and over again until I think I know it by heart, and I want to tell you my feeling of thanksgiving to God and express to you my deep and grateful appreciation of all that you and Mr. Vaughan have done.

The report shows that we have the same ideal, and that the Architects, the Bishop and Chapter, unite in one hope and one aspiration that the Washington Cathedral may breathe the atmosphere of the triumph of the Christian Faith.

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I see by the papers today that you have been selected as the architect of the San Francisco, California, Cathedral, to act with another local architect. I anticipated this, and I congratulate you as well as the authorities of the Cathedral with all my heart.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

May 4, 1907. I heard today from Lord Curzon that the honour of the degree of D.C.L. is to be conferred on me by the University of Oxford next month. It is an unexpected pleasure. I hope it may, in some degree, strengthen the hands of your Chapter and the Committee in my being one of your architects for the great work, — your Cathedral. I am the more pleased in being now connected with Oxford, as my collateral ancestor was the Founder of the Bodleian Library.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

May 23, 1907. The drawings and the report are to go off on Wednesday next. . . . I really think that the design comes out well and that the result will be to your mind. The work has given me much interest and pleasure. Mr. Vaughan has been very retiring and very good. We talked the matter well over many times. He will have plenty of work later on, I hope, in superintending the carrying out of the great Cathedral. Please consider this note of a private nature. You well know what I mean in saying — as Mr. Vaughan wrote to me — that

the *design* must be the work of one man. I hope I have not put myself too forward. My *one* desire — my “heart’s desire” — is for the *great work* — that it may be right, and not all unworthy.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

June 8, 1907. Yesterday was a very exciting day. Your plans arrived night before last in the “Majestic.” . . .

They were brought on the night train, arriving yesterday morning at nine o’clock, and fifteen minutes after they were on my wagon, and two hours later were being considered by the Chapter. We had a full meeting, only two of the prominent members of the Chapter had been obliged to be out of the City by other appointments. All the rest were present, and Mr. Vaughan, who arrived the same morning was present.

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I cannot tell yet what the action of the Chapter will be. I had the plans photographed immediately, so that members of the Chapter might have copies to study at leisure, and it may possibly be a month before they are adopted. I can only say that the first impressions upon all the members of the Chapter, with a full explanation, were most favorable.

For myself I had formed a pretty accurate idea of what the interior would be, from your previous report, but it surpassed my expectations. The water colour perspective of the interior is a real work of art, and conveys the uplifting impression that I wanted the Cathedral to express. The long continuous line of the roof, with its ribs and its exquisite triphorium roof all the length; the flood of the light coming into the chancel and making that the brightest part of the chancel, give a wonderful effect.

The roof high up in the obscurity under the broad soffit with the angels bending over it, is just in the right place, because without their knowing it, it will act as a suggestion to every beholder that this building is consecrated to Christ; like the cross at mid-day, it is half hid in the darkest part of the nave, and I would suggest that the rood beam upon which it stands, should be inscribed in large letters, “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.”

The worshipping congregation will often look up, and realize that they are gathered beneath the cross of Jesus, and then looking toward the bright light that falls upon the altar cross, they

cannot help saying that the Crucifixion leads up to the Resurrection and Ascension.

And now I come to the exterior. From what you had previously written, I expected to be disappointed as regards its severe simplicity, and I cannot describe to you my sensations when I first saw it. I was disappointed in my expectations, but it was in the way of joy. I have stood looking upon it from the first time I saw it with a sense of thankfulness to God. The wonderful harmony and proportion of all its parts, the increase of ornamentation in statues and pinnacles, as one approaches the sanctuary, and the difference in structure of the chancel and from the nave; the bold south end of the transept with its deep recessed windows, and with its deeply recessed openings, give me a sensation of delight.

Last but not least, I must mention the apsidal end; with sanctuary windows high up, they are as beautiful as a spring song to me. In fact, my dear Mr. Bodley, I cannot say more than that the exterior is just as satisfactory to me as the interior. It was a revelation to me, and it must have been to the other members of the Chapter, because those who were wont to criticise had no criticism to offer.

Mr. Vaughan will tell you of the subdued serene pleasure with which all the members of the Chapter contemplated the two perspective drawings after they had been interpreted by Mr. Vaughan from the architectural plans.

The one criticism that I have heard from the Chapter was that the west end towers were too low, and that in the interior the choir ought to be more than one step above the floor of the nave.

Regarding the stone, the Chapter are unanimous in thinking that the specimen of red stone shown to us by Mr. Vaughan with your approval, is entirely too dark, but I am sure they would be equally unanimous in agreeing that if the interior and exterior could be exactly the same as that in your two perspective water colours, it would suit them exactly.

For myself I would say that your artist in both these water colour sketches has hit exactly upon the shade of stone that I myself desire.

The one thing that I have had in my eye since I saw you is the Alhambra, and these sketches are as close to that colour as it could possibly be desired.

If the Cathedral can be built of stone that hue, we shall all be delighted.

I feel more than ever my dear Mr. Bodley that God has been leading us all toward one ideal of the Cathedral which you and Mr. Vaughan have only translated but added a higher inspiration. "Prosper Thou our handiwork."

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

June 18, 1907. I am glad to hear today from Mr. Vaughan that the design for the Cathedral is approved and was well received by the Committee and has your discerning, full support. Mr. Vaughan tells me the western towers were thought somewhat low. When the view from the West is at Washington I venture to think that the height will be judged to be right in proportion. It is the distant view that makes the west towers look low. The actual height is very considerable — as high as many tall spires.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

June 26, 1907. Perhaps it is worth while to mention that at the conferring of degrees today I found myself sitting next to Mr. Whitelaw Reid and I spoke to him about the Cathedral. He, as you know, is the American Minister [Ambassador] in London. He was interested and I said I would send him some photographs of the design, which he said he should be glad to see. He had heard of the scheme favourably.

Possibly influence might be brought to bear, as he would interest Americans in England. He and "Mark Twain" received the D.C.L. degree with many others, it being Lord Curzon's first commemoration as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

July 15, 1907. The west front arrived three days ago, and I have been studying it hour by hour, ever since, until now I have the haunting sensation of having actually *sat* beneath the central arch watching the effect of sunlight and shadow, as the sun went down.

And the more I study the west front, the more of an inspiration it becomes. (I did not feel so at first for reasons that I shall come to, by and by.)

The magnificent central arch flanked by the two strong towers is a strong and very difficult conception, and it grows and grows

on one, the more it is gazed upon. It betokens the grandeur of the House of God, into which one is entering. As you say, there is a "rush upward" in every part. And the great cavernous porch conveys the idea of a "temple not made with hands" which gives shelter, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

I like your west front better than that of any Cathedral in England; better, on the whole, than any French façade, for you gain the deep recessed doorway and its effect, without the masked porch, which always seems to me like a "trick of the trade." *Your* porch is genuine and real, a very part of the Cathedral.

I think it is a very grand, a very original conception of yours and Mr. Vaughan's; and yet like all original ideas in architecture, it seems to me only partly and imperfectly worked out.

Will you allow me, with great diffidence, to tell you my thoughts about it? I do so with the painful consciousness that it is always more easy to criticise than to create. I know so little about the "technique" that I feel I ought to keep silence, and yet for the sake of one common ideal of the Cathedral, — yes, because of my admiration of your façade — I feel as though I *must* speak out.

Your west front gains when one contrasts it with other cathedrals of England and of France; but it loses by contrast with the rest of Washington Cathedral as you designed it.

It does not convey the same sense of exquisite proportion and refinement. It seems to me like a great idea which is inadequately expressed.

Let me begin with the towers.

I have for years had a vision of a Gothic "campanile" (altogether different from the Giralda of Seville or from Giotto's at Florence), and have wondered if I should ever see one. Your towers came to me as a surprise. They are not only fascinating suggestions of the campanile. They are campanili in strength, in simplicity, in soaring majesty. They have the combined northern and southern feeling.

But the towers are dwarfed by their buttresses. They have not the clear, straight, telling line of the campanile, or even of your own central tower.

Every visitor is impressed by the majestic west towers of Durham and Lincoln, which seem so much higher than they really are. Everyone is disappointed with the west towers of Canterbury and Westminster Abbey. They always seem insignificant,

and, yet, I suppose they are just as high as those of Lincoln and Durham.

I think the clumsy look of Canterbury's west front comes largely from these heavily buttressed towers.

I have observed that the general impression is somewhat similar regarding the towers of Washington's west front. I think they are high enough and in beautiful proportion with the rest of the Cathedral, but the buttresses give them a wavy, uncertain outline, where one longs for a clear, distinct four-square appearance. They lose in dignity and force, on account of the buttresses.

There is to me a sense of disproportion somewhere about the west front, and I have come to the conclusion that it must be caused by the treatment of the space between the top of the central arch and peak of the Cathedral roof.

Somehow it looks *topheavy*. It is the other extreme to Peterborough façade which always seems to be unseemly light above the arches.

The hard angular roof-line of the gable seems to have always been a crux in the treatment of the west façade. The French architects who devoted more thought to the west front than any other nation seem to have felt this painfully, and in their greatest Cathedrals consequently they masked the gable of the nave. It is so at Rheims, Amiens, Notre Dame, Paris, Chartres, Orleans, etc.

And the contrast between these Cathedrals, with the angular west front gables of Nantes, Bayonne, etc., shows the architect's motive plainly.

I think the French architects devoted too much attention to the west front. They exaggerated its importance at the expense of the rest of the Cathedral. They lavished too much ornamentation upon it. The lace work effect takes away from the dignity of the house of God.

But if on the one hand, the French devoted too much attention to the west front, I think the English on the other hand have devoted too little. And this seems especially noteworthy regarding the treatment of the gable.

And it seems to me if there were a less heavy look about your design for the west front of Washington, if there were a good deal more of broken surface, more of light and shadow, more of traceried effect between the top of the central arch and the peak of the nave roof, it would be better.

How this is to be done, you will know! I do not, and I am afraid you will call me an ignoramus, if I make any suggestions, yet for the sake of the ideal, and simply to explain my meaning, I will venture to do so, if you will forgive me. They are only suggestions, to serve until you replace them with something better.

I know your desire to repress ornamentation at the west front, and reserve it for the sanctuary end of the Cathedral. I heartily sympathize with you in this ruling thought for the whole Cathedral, and yet, I venture to think that the west end is too severely plain.

It is full of grandeur, but it is too gloomy and austere. It repels rather than invites. It gives a false idea of the house of God.

The dominating note of the west front ought of course to be grandeur leading on to beauty of holiness in Christ; but one longs for the note of "welcome," blended with the dominant, in a chord. The name of Christ's religion is "Gospel," — good news. The one oft repeated word of the New Testament is "*come*." Think of all the texts in which it occurs.

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It is a real joy to me that I can write to the Cathedral architect in such unreserved frankness, knowing that our ideals are the same.

H. Y. S. TO G. F. B.

July 16, 1907. The façade of the Cathedral so enthralls me and at the same time gives me so much anxiety, so much of a longing for the fuller expression of an ideal which you have both translated and uplifted in your Cathedral, that I cannot keep silent. I must speak, even at the risk of repeating myself and what I said in my last letter. I emphasize my former words.

Your west front, like your interior, inspires me the more I look upon it. As I have said Matins over and over again with the photograph of the interior before me, and feel as though I have said Morning Prayer in the Cathedral itself; I have stood and sat in spirit before the west front, repeating to myself the Jubilate and Benedictus, until I drank in the inspiration of your theme.

The west front conveys only half of its message. It strikes only one note; not the full chord.

It is very massive, very uplifting in grandeur, but it is too hard, too severe, too bare. I know you want to keep the ornamenta-

tion for the sanctuary and I thoroughly sympathize with you in this. But I know also what the popular thought will be in standing before the façade. It will be that the west front has too many hard, severe lines. It is too Puritanical and austere for Christ's religion. The people will see it *by itself*. They will not catch your subtle thought that it is only a part of the whole, and that the beauty of holiness comes afterward.

And the Cathedral is Christ's house of Prayer for all people. We must enter into *their* thought and meet it. And I think you can easily do this without really sacrificing your own ideal of progressive enrichment.

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It is with great diffidence that I venture to make any suggestions to such a Master as yourself. If you were *less* of a Master, I should not dare to do it, but I know you will take my words only for what they are worth.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

July 31, 1907. I am sorry you do not quite like the west façade. In showing the drawings to friends, and many of them experts, and of architectural minds, I found it was the west end that they very chiefly praised, thinking it original and of a good general outline and mass. The effect of four legs really would not be there. It will be one of three arches in a cliff-like wall.

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Tower buttresses help to improve the *outline* of a tower. They give it a look of growth. An unbuttressed campanile is one thing, — a northern Gothic tower with its detail and its beauty of outline is another and a higher work of art.

I cannot much admire the *outline* of Giotto's Campanile.

G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

Sept. 13, 1907. The new elevation of the west façade will be sent to you in a day or two — in time for your gathering, I hope. It is enriched and the towers a little higher. Your idea for the subject of the Cleansing of the Temple is embodied.

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Ruskin tells one that two towers on a west front should not be just alike. And, indeed, old ones were not. I have now slightly varied the towers in the arrangement of their detail, while the

whole shape and mass is the same in both. This is in harmony with the genius of Gothic art and with the animus of nature. It gives an interest and variety too. At first sight the difference would not be seen. I think the little variation is desirable.

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P. S. I am anxious to hear about the stone to be used. It is a very important question. I quite incline to that best red stone.

P. S. I should very much like to ask for your prayers, for I am not well. It is but indigestion, but a bad attack, making me very weak in body.

CABLE FROM EXECUTORS OF G. F. B. TO H. Y. S.

November 5, 1907. Please await letter Bodley's executors before any decision about Cathedral. Bodley.

FROM H. Y. S. TO ESTATE OF G. F. B.

Nov. 27, 1907. I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your kind letter of recent date, in which you inform me that Mr. Hare and the office of the late Dr. Bodley desire to continue the work which Dr. Bodley so efficiently began.

In reply to your letter, I would say that the arrangement with Messrs. Bodley and Vaughan has expired, the work for which they were employed having been accomplished.

I desire to add that the plans which were presented and unani- mously accepted by the Cathedral Board are most satisfactory in every respect. We feel that this will be the most beautiful Cathed- ral on the American Continent, and shall ever hold the memory of Dr. Bodley in grateful appreciation for his part of the work.

H. Y. S. to H. V.

Oct. 8, 1906. I am glad to say that at a meeting of the Cathed- ral Chapter today, a resolution was unanimously passed, asking you and Mr. Bodley to prepare preliminary plans for the Wash- ington Cathedral, with the understanding that if these designs shall be accepted by the Chapter you shall be the associate archi- tects who are to build the Cathedral.

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 I assure you, as I have also done Mr. Bodley, that I feel that God is leading us onward, step by step, in response to our con- tinued intercession.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

October 10, 1906. I am very much pleased to hear that Mr. Bodley and I have been asked to prepare preliminary plans for the Washington Cathedral. I have written to Mr. Bodley and sincerely hope he will accede to your request and come at once. As far as I am concerned I gratefully accept the commission and shall await Mr. Bodley's letter with no little anxiety. My only fear is that Mr. Bodley may object to have his name come last in the partnership.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

October 12, 1906. I have just received your kind letter and am glad to hear that you accept.

I received a cable from Mr. Bodley, to the following effect:

“Very gratified. Will come in November. Cannot earlier. Writing.”

which means of course that he accepts.

Regarding the order of names. I have had a good deal of correspondence with Mr. Bodley this summer and he perfectly understands the conditions. We expect him to take, and I hope that you will have no objections to his taking, the initiative, but you have been so long in America that you are looked upon as an American architect, and the Cathedral Chapter certainly desire to have the name of an American stand first.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

October 15, 1906. I am very much pleased to hear that Mr. Bodley has accepted. I will let you know in a day or two when I can come to Washington.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

October 16, 1906. I have just received a cablegram from Mr. Bodley saying that he is leaving England on the 21st of November and will probably be here about December 1st. . . . I have some pretty definite ideas about the future Cathedral, which I should like to lay before you and Mr. Bodley before the design is made.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

December 12, 1906. While I feel open to conviction regarding the red stone for the exterior of the Cathedral, I am not at all convinced that it would be the best thing.

Since you were here different members of the Cathedral Chapter have spoken to me about this matter, and the feeling of many of them upon this point is even stronger than my own. Washington is often known, quite universally, by the sobriquet of the "white city," because all the public buildings are white.

There has been a general expectation that the Cathedral itself should be of the colour of purity.

Again in the atmosphere of Washington, the effect of these white buildings is exceedingly pleasing. However, I myself do not share the desire for such a Cathedral. A white building near by always looks cold and formal (as witness St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and Milan Cathedral, etc.); but I do most distinctly share the feeling that a colour which at a distance would give the appearance of our Cathedral being built of *brick* would be unfortunate.

Mr. Bodley does not know how Americans feel about brick buildings, and how this is "rubbed in" by the number of villages that are called "brick church"; how it is associated with sectarianism in the American mind, or how Americans would feel in visiting the Capital of the United States, after beholding all the Government buildings, appearing in the distance transparently pure and white, if they should see on the brow of the hill which cuts the Western sky and is seen from all parts of the City, an opaque red brick looking Cathedral.

People here would be sure to compare it with the Pension Office, said to be the largest brick building in the world, which is an eye-sore to all Washingtonians.

I wish, my dear Mr. Vaughan, you could see the Pension Office yourself, as it rears itself up above other buildings, in its pristine ugliness.

Now, while the Cathedral Chapter are open to conviction and probably would yield to me, if I were to press the point, I myself deprecate the brick colour, and therefore could not press it.

Under these circumstances I feel persuaded that the majority of the Chapter would be against a red Cathedral. I wish this point could be settled before you go to England, either by you coming here to Washington, to show the Chapter different stones so that they might express their preference or else by your sending different specimens of stone for our inspection.

I think the members of the Chapter would be willing to give up their preference for a white Cathedral, if the warm cream-

coloured stone, with a strong tinge of red were decided upon, but I doubt if they would go further than this.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

December 14, 1906. I fully understand your objections to dark red stone for Washington Cathedral. Some years ago I used a very light red stone from New Jersey, which I think you will like. I expect to hear in a day or two if there is an unlimited supply of this stone to be had. I am afraid it is not red enough to satisfy Mr. Bodley, but of course the final decision of the stone will rest with yourself and the Chapter. I sincerely hope the decision will not be for white stone.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

7 Gray's Inn Square, London, March 5, 1907. I have your letter and the sample of granite. It will hardly be possible to build a *Gothic* Cathedral such as we are designing of granite. I know it is what they are using for the New York Cathedral and it is for granite very rich and warm in colour.

Mr. Bodley is very pleased with Lake Superior sand-stone. It is the lightest red stone that I could find in America. In colour and texture it is very like the best English red stone.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

May 17, 1907. I do not know much about the laying of corner stones. I suppose that it ought to be put on the highest ground, that the real foundation might be laid beneath it, and this highest ground as you know would be on the West.

Personally I do not care where the corner stone goes, but for sentiment's sake, I would prefer that it should not afterwards have to be moved, but I suppose that this is after all a secondary consideration.

But the point I want to make is, that I wish to utilize the time when all the Bishops will be in Washington, and the Bishop of London himself, that the occasion may thus become an historic and memorable one. Please give me your thoughts upon this subject.

Second. — In place of the corner stone, we could have a foundation stone, which could be laid *anywhere* within the area determined upon for Washington Cathedral. It might be under the wall

or under the floor of the crypt of the Cathedral. Its significance would be not its structural utility, but the fact that it was the *first* foundation stone of Washington Cathedral.

Fourth. — Regarding the character of the stone itself, I have thought that it might be a reminder of Jacob's Pillar, which he set up in the place where he had his dream, and called Beth-el, House of God. See Gen. xxviii, 11-22. But this is only a suggestion. There are other Biblical associations that might be connected with it instead of this, but I cannot think of them now.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

May 18, 1907. I have written to Mr. Bodley telling him how very anxious you are to have the drawings at once. I don't see how the corner stone can be laid in its permanent position without having a proper foundation for it to rest upon and we can hardly put in any part of the permanent foundation until the plan of the Cathedral is settled upon.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

May 21, 1907. I rather anticipated what you would say about laying the corner stone, but it struck me that we might utilize the occasion which is before us next autumn on the Sunday before the meeting of the General Convention, when so many Bishops will be present, by laying, not "the" corner stone, but "a" foundation stone.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

May 23, 1907. I have thought a good deal over your letter regarding the laying of a foundation stone on September 29th and can think of no better solution of the problem than the one you suggest, i.e., to place it under where the Altar will probably come and not to have it form part of the construction.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

May 25, 1907. Thank you for your letter in answer to mine. I am sorry we cannot lay the corner stone itself, of the Cathedral, and if we have no better solution than that of a foundation stone under the altar, we have this at least to think of and arrange for.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

May 28, 1907. I follow up my last letter by saying that we have got exactly the idea for the Foundation Stone of the Washington Cathedral, which is to be beneath the Cathedral Altar.

I have come to the conclusion that the only thing that is worthy of the consecrated ground beneath the great Altar itself, is a Crypt-Chapel of the Nativity. We shall leave it to the architects at some future time to determine the size and shape of this Crypt-Chapel, suffice to say that the old sentiments which placed a lady chapel behind the Altar, are not to my mind as helpful as that which places the Crypt-Chapel of the Nativity beneath the Altar, for the Incarnation is the foundation of the Crucifixion, Resurrection and the whole Christian Faith, and just at present, when the thought of the Church itself is upon the Virgin Birth of Christ, it seems most appropriate that Washington Cathedral should bear witness to His Virgin Birth.

I have written a letter to a friend of mine in Jerusalem to procure a stone from Bethlehem to insert in this Foundation Stone of the Cathedral.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

May 31, 1907. I highly approve of your suggestion of a Chapel of the Nativity beneath the great Altar. Our plans for the east end will have to be changed, but this can easily be done.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

June 18, 1907. Both the Chapter and Council have unanimously endorsed the plan of the Bethlehem Chapel in the crypt.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

July 2, 1907. I have not yet seen any reports or critiques from the architectural journals regarding Washington Cathedral. Is there any way in which we can communicate with these journals? My secretary has sent the report with photographs to all whose names I could secure. Have you any friend who could call informally to see the editors, or can you suggest any way in which I could do this?

I have heard from the Holy Land and my friend there will send a small stone chipped from the rock in the garden of the Church of the Nativity, weighing four or five pounds, with a

photograph of the spot from which the stone is hewn authenticated by the American Consul at Jerusalem. So we shall have the Bethlehem Stone *on time* and in time for the service. How shall we use it? Had it not better be enclosed in a larger stone, with a sentence carved upon it? Have you any suggestions?

.

I have no end of things to say about the architecture. The study of the Cathedral is a perpetual delight to me, the designs surpass my expectations and the adverse criticisms that occur to me relate to subordinate matters.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

July 6, 1907. The architectural journals always keep drawings that are sent to them a long time before they are published. They get a great many drawings and profess to publish them in the order in which they are received. I dare say, however, if you were to write they might make an exception in your favor. It would be useless my writing.

With the exception of the *American Architect* (a weekly paper) the journals are only published monthly. . . . B. never has a good word to say for Gothic, in fact he has been writing against it for years.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

Undated. I am sending you herewith, a copy of the little booklet which I propose publishing *at once*, in the same envelope with letters in which I shall ask for funds for the laying of the corner stone. And I should like you to read it and make any suggestions or corrections or additions in pencil between lines, and return to me at your earliest convenience.

.

But if after reading the book some one should be so taken with it and with the ideal of the Cathedral as to offer to give the whole foundation as a memorial, then of course we could make the Chapel far more beautiful.

May God put it into the heart of some one to do this! But no one *will* unless the book is issued speedily — this very month.

.

We have no money now to begin the work. We depend a great deal upon the plans and the favorable impression that the plans

make and I am hoping that the publication of the little book will be the beginning of a propagandist work for raising money.

We must not let the grass grow beneath our feet.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

July 13, 1907. I return herewith the copy of your pamphlet which I have read with much pleasure. Your description of the design is very good indeed, and I have no suggestion to make. I have marked in pencil the length of the English Cathedrals, but have made no other notes on your copy. The little book is sure to interest people, and I sincerely hope it will induce them to give liberally.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

July 20, 1907. Thank you for congratulating me on receiving the M.A. degree from Yale. I don't know how it came about. Mr. Bodley says it is a tribute of respect to Gothic architecture.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

August 31, 1907. We had a most impressive little service at the turning of the first sod. I really think the few people present and the downfall of rain added to its impressiveness. All the same we must hope for a fine day for the 29th.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

October 21st. I suppose you received by cable the same sad news that came to me this morning. I am completely stunned by it, and yet I always knew that at Mr. Bodley's age the end could not be far distant. I am more than ever grateful now that you and he were able to complete your design for Washington Cathedral before he passed away. I feel deeply that God has been leading us all in the events of the past year.

I received a letter from Mr. Bodley only yesterday, in which he expressed his regret that the English newspapers had so much more to say about the lawn tennis than the Cathedral service at which the Bishop of London was present, and was on the point of answering today telling him how I shared his feeling. I suppose we ought to have a meeting of the Chapter at an early day at which I may announce Mr. Bodley's death.

It will be a beautiful memory of the past that your minds were so full of the Cathedral itself that neither of you had time to

think of the financial side. Now for your own sake, I think you ought to have the details settled as soon as possible, as now matters pass out of Mr. Bodley's hands into those of his estate.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

October 22, 1907. Thank you for your kind letter and the telegram. I received a cable yesterday telling me of my dear old master's death. I knew that his heart was weak, and that he might pass away at any time. It gave me a great shock all the same when I read the short cable message.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

December 13, 1907. The Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation, appointed by the Chapter at its meeting on November 25th, 1907, to consider and report upon the subject of the selection of an Architect for the new Cathedral, and authorized by the Chapter at its meeting on December 5th, to select and appoint an architect, has the honor to offer you this position.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

December 26, 1907. It is a great relief to my mind to know exactly the number of seats the Cathedral will hold, although on the other hand I am distressed to find that the actual sittings will be less than two thousand. In some way it will have to be brought up above two thousand even if the transepts have to be lengthened. This is the only serious problem in my mind as far as I can see that still faces us. We ought to be able to state accurately that the sittings in the nave and transepts, apart from all others, will be over two thousand, because there are many parish churches in America, which with their galleries, hold this number. I have thought that by the addition of transept aisles on the West with low arches and galleries we might solve the problem. I know that this would be contrary to all precedent in Gothic architecture, and yet as architecture is decorated usefulness, and the space is absolutely needed for worshippers, this seems to me to be the first consideration. With three galleries each ten feet high in the transept facing the pulpit and chancel, we ought to be able to accommodate a great many people.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

December 30, 1907. Your letter of the 26th gave me somewhat of a shock. I do hope it will not be necessary to have galleries in the transepts. I thought you said when I saw you last that one thousand eight hundred chairs in nave and transepts would be enough, or I certainly would have put the pulpit further to the East, as in the original plan. I will try again and see if I cannot get in the two thousand chairs.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

January 3, 1908. Happy New Year to you. I think the shocks were about equal. If I gave you a shock by my suggestion, I received one from you when you told me that the Cathedral would not hold a congregation near enough to the pulpit and hear the preacher of more than two thousand. I am inclined to think the best place for the pulpit would be near the centre of the crossing as is possible without intercepting the view of, and along, the centre aisle. I know the objections, but it seems to me that they are more than compensated by the advantages.

The ground plan of the crypt has arrived. I am delighted with it; also with your beautiful sketch of the south transept and tower, which is very uplifting and a great improvement upon the little vignette that we had before. In printing the ground plan I should like, with your leave, to put over the descriptive words "The Crypt" instead thereof "*The Bethlehem Chapel of the Nativity.*" My reason for doing so is that I want to make the Chapel as attractive as possible. I am afraid The Crypt would sound to the popular ear like a cellar.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

January 6, 1908. I am sending you under separate cover a revised plan showing the seating capacity of nave and transepts. This time I have followed the usual custom in calculating how many chairs can be got into a certain space. The ordinary English Cathedral chair is only eighteen inches wide, and there is no reason why on extraordinary occasions they should not be placed close together.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

January 21, 1908. I have been studying very carefully day after day the plan of the sittings in Washington Cathedral which

you so kindly sent me, and have consulted with some of the members of the Chapter.

Our experience as clergymen is that eighteen inches for a seat is not practicable. When the seats are put so near together, it always produces fretfulness and irritation on the part of the congregation, and evidently this is the case in many European Cathedrals, because I see that there is a distance of two inches between chairs when they are nailed together on wooden boards, and also if you will look at the photographs of chairs in different European Cathedrals, you will see that this is so in every one, as well on the Continent as in England.

.

I cannot I am sure raise money for the Cathedral unless we can say that for ordinary Sunday services a congregation of three thousand will be near enough to the preacher for hearing and seeing. I have thought how this might be done without altering the exquisitely beautiful proportions of the Cathedral that you and Dr. Bodley have designed, and have come to the conclusion that the only way in which this can be accomplished will be by building transept galleries against the transept walls. If we increase the width of the nave to forty feet, and then erect these transept galleries, the Cathedral will easily accommodate three thousand persons for an ordinary service.

I inclose the paper in which I have set down the pros and cons of these transept galleries as far as they occurred to my mind, and what I have set forth I most heartily and earnestly commend to you.

H. Y. S. TO H. V.

January 27, 1908. I herewith forward to you a copy of the *Outlook* which has a very excellent account of Washington Cathedral. It begins with a reference to yourself and your work.

By this time you have received my letter regarding accommodations for worshippers in Washington Cathedral. I have considered this matter not only carefully, but prayerfully, and my dear Mr. Vaughan, the more I have thought of it, the more I feel convinced that we will be bringing down upon us the criticism, not only of the present but of future times, if we do not provide for three thousand persons within sight of the pulpit. It matters not so much that they should be in sight of the choir, because a very much larger number can see and hear. In fact I myself have found this

sometimes an advantage in the great Cathedrals in England, the choir, for the architectural proportions of the Cathedral itself are so exquisitely beautiful that the sight of this beauty more than compensates for the sight of the choristers. It is of course very different with the preaching. No one who knows anything about architecture or the difficulties of the subject can possibly complain if we provide for three thousand seats in sight and hearing of the preacher. On the other hand, they would have great reason to complain if we did not. As I wrote you, in England I heard complaints on all sides about the limited accommodations in Southwark Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

In England it does not so much matter about Cathedrals in small towns like Durham. . . .

Yours is a master mind I am sure, which can rise to the situation and meet its difficulties. If you provide the accommodation, you will not only forestall and checkmate all future criticism. You will do far more than that. You will have solved the problem in Gothic architecture which thus far has been unsolved. If, on the other hand, we do not face the situation we will bring down the criticism of the ages upon us. I am so satisfied with your beautiful Cathedral that I want to protect it against such criticism. Two years ago I thought if we could only have a Cathedral as beautiful as Lincoln in America, my ideal would be fulfilled, but I regard your design of Washington Cathedral as far ahead of that of Lincoln. You and Mr. Bodley have raised my ideal. You see how the whole Chapter and Council have felt towards it when they accepted it unanimously. I know they will be disappointed by and by when they come to realize its limited sitting capacity. Their enthusiasm for your work will then become qualified. I do not want this to happen. You see, Mr. Vaughan, how earnestly I feel about this matter, and this is my excuse for writing you again at such length.

H. V. TO H. Y. S.

January 28, 1908. The suggestions you make for increasing the seating capacity of the Cathedral required most careful consideration and before writing I wanted to see what could be done in the way of transept galleries that would harmonize with the architecture and not look like a make-shift or after-thought.

There is no objection whatever to galleries in a Gothic building but they must be made to look like part of the fabric and be in harmony with the rest of the work. I am sending a very slight sketch as a suggestion. It is not what you have asked for and does not give all the needed accommodations, but it will show you that I am trying to carry out your suggestions.

.

If we must have galleries they should be of stone. There might be one at the west of the nave and one in each of the transepts. Very shallow iron galleries might possibly come over the stone galleries and be approached by the spiral staircases. Galleries such as you suggest would never be allowed to remain, and then the windows and doors of the transepts would have to be changed at great cost.

I note what you say about the width of the nave and will change the width to 40' · 0".

H. Y. S. to H. V.

January 30, 1908. You must not think of answering these successive letters of mine until you are ready to do so and then one answer will suffice for all. It is a way that I always have if I am interested in or studying a particular subject, I send my thoughts on, undigested as they often are, at once, just as I did with Mr. Bodley regarding the west front. Again, when I jot down different suggestions to you, please remember that they are only suggestions that occur to me, sparks from the anvil where I am forging, as I think out the problem from my own side and the responsibility resting upon me.

I have just received your kind letter of January 28th in answer to the one I wrote last week. Am glad to hear that you will be able to change the width of the nave to forty feet. I am sure this ought to be done, even if it does necessitate the other changes in the width of the bays, etc., of which you have spoken. We can then regard this as fixed that the nave will be forty feet between the columns. Would this involve the same change of the transepts to forty feet or not? Concerning the changing of the width of the aisles, that was only a suggestion to you, and after what you have said, I drop it.

Regarding the transept galleries, I think I understand and appreciate all that you have said and understand what you mean

better than you suppose. I appreciate the shock it would be for a person entering the Cathedral by the transepts to find above his head either a board, or lath and plaster ceiling, sixteen feet wide before he entered the Cathedral itself, and then when he turned around to see the ugly tiers of galleries rising up one above another, like the boxes of an opera house. It is absolutely necessary that we should have the five hundred sittings of these galleries on the one hand, and yet on the other, unless the galleries are treated by a skilful and experienced Gothic architect with a creative mind, they would have an unfortunate appearance, but I believe the thing can be done. I have sent you various suggestions regarding stone work, carved wood work, wrought iron work, and last, but not least, mosaic work, as one by one they occurred to my mind. I have such confidence in you, my dear Mr. Vaughan, that you will appreciate my motive in making these suggestions. I want to feel myself perfectly untrammelled in making them without being thought by you either as a tyro or an interferer, provided that you on your part will feel equally untrammelled in accepting or rejecting them.

You suggest west end galleries. These would be too far from the preacher (250 feet) to be any help to the hearers, besides I am positively sure we will need this place for a west end organ, in addition to the two choir organs.

H. V. to H. Y. S.

January 30, 1908. I have your letter of the 28th and beg to assure you that I am most anxious to meet your wishes in every possible way. I am still at work on the transept galleries and hope to find some solution to the difficult problem you have set me. I am afraid we cannot get many seats in the west gallery as the organ will take up a good deal of room. I have all along expected we should come to a forty-foot nave. I sincerely hope it will not be an inch wider than that.

I read with pleasure the article in the *Outlook*. It is strange that the critics have had so little to say about the Cathedral. I expected a strong opposition to a Gothic Cathedral.

H. Y. S. to H. V.

January 31, 1908. Your plan has just arrived, and I want to thank you most warmly for it. You have met me half way in my

desire to stave off future criticism of our Cathedral by providing more accommodation. At the same time, you have far surpassed my own imagination regarding the beauty of the gallery. As you have drawn it, it will be not a blemish, but a real addition and attraction to the Cathedral. Your stone gallery, with the balustrade of carved figures six feet high is an inspiration, and the gallery of iron work also seems to me very attractive.

I am sure, after seeing your drawing, that the thing can be done, with the result of enhancing the beauty of the Cathedral itself.

APPENDIX II

THE IDEA OF AN AMERICAN CATHEDRAL¹

May, 1906. In this month, at a regular meeting of the Board, and after eighteen months of labor on the part of the Bishop, the committee of Trustees, Rev. W. L. DeVries and Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl assisting, and also Mr. Arthur S. Browne, the constitution was thoroughly revised. To give an idea of the labor, all the statutes of the English cathedrals were procured by me, on the advice of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and carefully examined and collated. Over 2,000 typewritten pages were written by my secretary, Mr. Warner. All the statutes of American Cathedrals were studied, and finally this constitution was unanimously adopted by the Board of Trustees, who henceforth became the Cathedral Chapter. The trustees who gave me the most assistance in this difficult work were Dr. Harding, General Wilson and Mr. John A. Kasson. The constitution is elastic and very much is left to be added *pro re nata*.

Perhaps I had better give some of the reasons for this prolonged consideration. The Cathedral (except as a building) is new in the American Church, and if properly organized it will supply a great want, that is, a sphere for episcopal work. Hitherto the American Church, while technically Episcopal, is in effect parochial, for the Bishop is little more than (1) a parish visitor; (2) an ordinary; (3) a president of the diocesan convention. Missionary bishops fill a larger sphere than diocesan bishops and have consequently more freedom as chief pastors of the flock. The consequence is that the pastoral office of the diocesan bishop is shorn of great possibilities in diocesan work. On the other hand, there are these considerations: (1) the present supra-parochial activities of the Church are sporadic and in some cases individualistic. They suffer because they are isolated from one another; (2) the supra-parochial *potentialities* of the Church are a great unutilized opportunity. No one can forecast the extended sphere of usefulness

¹ From the *Private Record*.

that would be created if this mine of wealth in Church effort were explored. New York parishes are now trying to do a Cathedral work at the expense of their pastoral work. A prominent Southern bishop said to me: "New York parishes are no longer spiritual homes for the people; they are great eleemosynary institutions." Now, the Cathedral, as the bishop's church, gives him a sphere for the exercise of his pastoral office, with spiritual opportunities that he cannot have in any parish, where he would either be interfering with some rector, or else be awakening the jealousy of other parishes; and it is, at the same time, the mother church of the diocese, where all parishes are welcomed on equal terms, and where diocesan efforts both converge and radiate, and where missionary and educational efforts originate. This is an ideal which belongs to the primitive, not to the mediæval Church. The statutes of all the English Cathedrals, excepting Truro perhaps, fall far below this ideal. European cathedrals are all fettered by mediæval traditions and customs, which really paralyze the real work of a cathedral. In America we are free, and it has been an immensely difficult task for us to separate (what we believe to be) the wheat from the chaff in those statutes. We finally concluded to make our constitution as short as possible, leaving it for those who come after to develop it *pro re nata* along the lines we have laid down. This will account for the *lacunæ* that many parliamentarians and canonists will criticize. In so important a work, we thought it best not to legislate beforehand for contingencies which no one can foresee. All experience shows that the only safe rule in such legislation is the practical one of *solvitur ambulando*.

The question of the relation of the Cathedral to the Diocesan Convention has been a most perplexing one. The Diocesan Convention I have always felt to be "the Church in the Diocese," but the more we tried to act upon this principle, the more we found that there are certain aspects in which the Diocesan Convention does not fully represent the Church in the Diocese, just as in the American Constitution the Executive is different from the Legislative branch of the Government, while the President is amenable to Congress, so the Bishop, as a diocesan executive, is different from the Diocesan Convention even while he is responsible to it. In the American Church, the Bishop has heretofore been deprived too much of the power of initiative and the sphere for the exercise of the pastoral office, simply because he has never felt free to act

apart from the Diocesan Convention. Now it was my first idea to bring the Cathedral in closest relations with the Convention, to give it the election — or at least the nomination — of the officers and trustees of the Cathedral, in a word, to put the Cathedral *under* the Convention, and thus defeat the very object that I had most at heart. But the trustees almost to a man opposed this. They pointed to the charter. They said that they could not discharge their duty under the charter if they were to commit the responsibility of filling vacancies or of enacting laws and statutes for the Cathedral to any other body, even the Convention of the Diocese. They consented to give the power of nomination to the Bishop, because he is, *ex officio*, president of the Board; but beyond this they refused to go. Then my eyes were opened to see what I had not seen before. To do this with the Cathedral, the Bishop's Church, would be to give the Convention a power over the Cathedral that it did not have over any parish in the Diocese. It would make the Bishop less free than any rector. Instead of enlarging the Bishop's sphere of usefulness as chief pastor, it would curtail it. All this has been brought about providentially. God has been leading us all by a path that we knew not. Again, I see another result. The Washington Cathedral is not only the Cathedral of the Diocese. While diocesan, it is also the representative Cathedral of the whole American Church, and in that sense supra-diocesan. Some day this may become something more than a mere sentiment. I think this thought was always in Senator Edmunds' mind. It will be observed that we have touched upon this aspect of the Cathedral in the 150th paragraph of the Preamble.

I have always felt that the Cathedral should stand for the Anglican basis of Church unity, and the four offices of precentor, missionary, chancellor, and almoner stand in connection with the four articles of the Lambeth Quadrilateral. At first I thought we might even go so far as to have one or two chancellors, representatives of Protestant evangelical bodies in the Chapter, even as we have had two Presbyterians on the Cathedral Board; but after two years of thought and consultations with bishops, prominent rectors and church lawyers, I came with them to the absolute conclusion that this would be a mistake. We have, however, left places for the clergy of other dioceses on the Council as "honorary canons," and also places for ministers of evangelical Protestant bodies in the Council as "Cathedral lecturers," and I hope the day is not far distant when we shall have representatives of

both on the Cathedral Council. But that is a question to be left to the future, *pro re nata*.

Another great crux was how to provide for the appointment of dean and canons, when by our charter we were obliged to have fifteen trustees. The only way to do this was to elect the members of the Chapter for two years only. Then if one of these officers is wanted, he can be elected to fill a vacancy. Of course this means that a dean, etc., is only appointed for two years and undoubtedly this article of the constitution will have to be modified when the time comes. All this will take care of itself. At present we see no other way of meeting all the conditions of the situation. (The same difficulty occurs with regard to the bishop coadjutor.)

— From Bishop Satterlee's *Private Record*.

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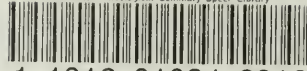
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