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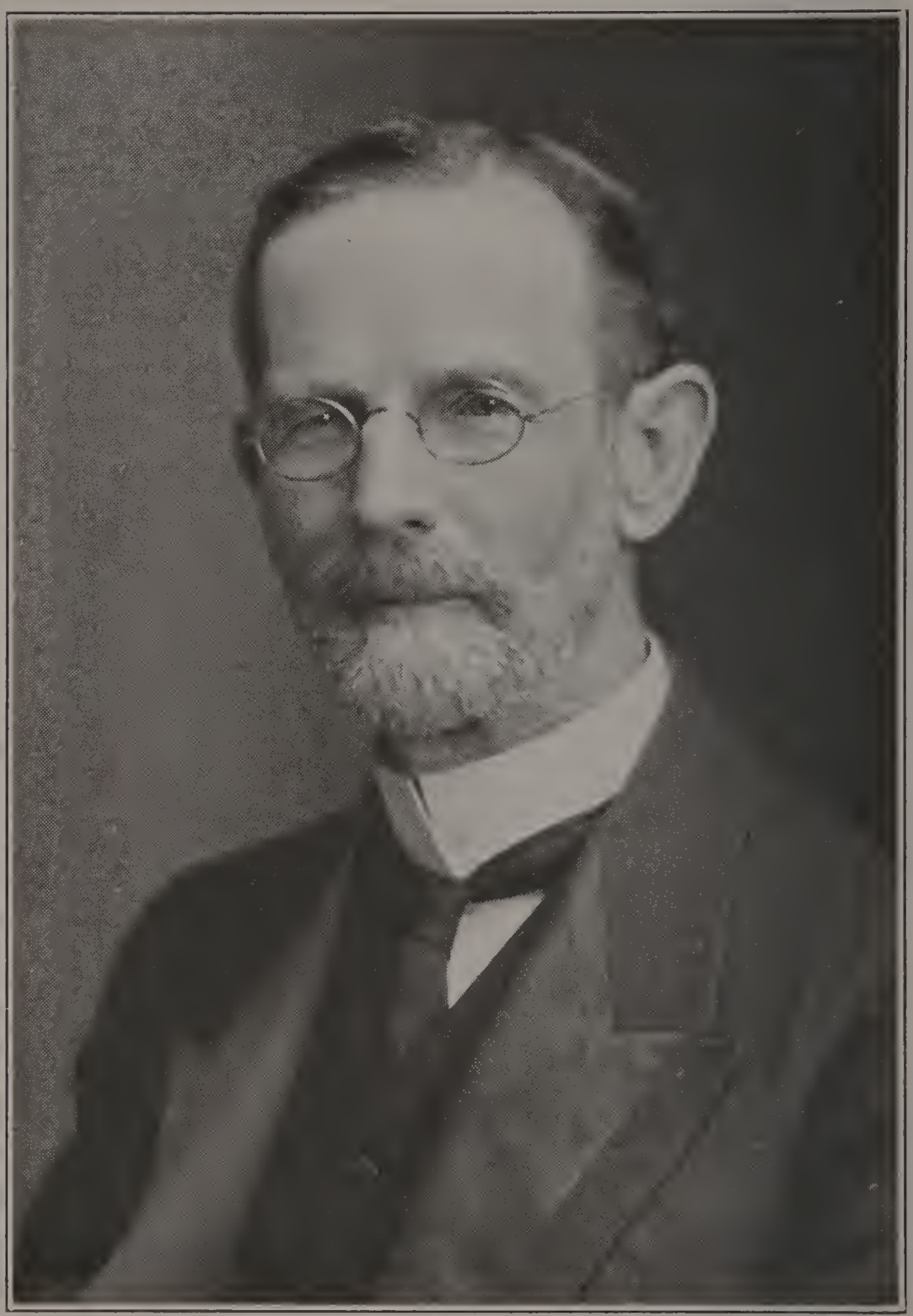

WALTER RUSSELL LAMBUTH

M.A., EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE, 1875; M.D., VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, 1877, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, 1881; D.D., EMORY COLLEGE, 1892, RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE, 1892; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

WALTER RUSSELL LAMBUTH

PROPHET AND PIONEER

By

W. W. PINSON

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DEDICATION

To all children of Wesley who still cry
his ringing challenge

"*The World Is My Parish*"

who hold the common faith and purpose of a divided
Methodism, and who yearn for the unrealized
power of a reunited Methodism

"*To Spread Scriptural Holiness over All Lands*"

this story of a kindred spirit
is affectionately inscribed

PROEM

A HERO PASSES

DIDST see a hero pass this way,
Whose course nor ease nor pain might stay;
With eye on far horizons bent,
And brow hard-knit with high intent;
His strength in daring deeds forspent—
For love of men, for love of God,
Forth-faring where the martyrs trod?

I saw a man with gentle mien,
Of lofty moods with smiles between—
A rare and radiant man I ween;
A man to whom the children clung,
Whose charm the poor and aged sung;
A comrade humble men among,
But ne'er a hero have I known—
Since when have heroes common grown?

. . . . . .

So dull of sight! So coarse our clay!
So sodden are our souls, I say!
A hero comes—we see a man:
He brings a world—we see a span;
He passes, and a glory bright
But leaves us blinking in its light!
Too late we know, too late—at last,
That all unknown a hero passed.

No marvel—for it needs must be
That men must share what they would see—
He only sees a landscape whole
Who bears all landscapes in his soul;
A hero passes—who shall know
That feels no kindred passion glow,
But thralled and holden sees him go?

'Tis well, if late, with tear-washed eyes,
We see the radiance where it lies
About the finished sacrifice,
And in that chastened vision greet
Full-orbed a hero's life complete;
Then yield us bondmen to its sway,
Till children's children mark the day
On which a hero passed this way.

—THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that in present-day thinking individuality counts for less than it did two or three generations ago. Nevertheless one penetrates to the sources of the missionary enterprise only to find himself in the realm of biography. The forces of record are those of personality—the conviction, the sacrifice, the faith of the individual. The change is striking. Constructive organization, the sure result of the personal forces, has become system, and, however significant in fact the unit may still be, the stress of emphasis is upon process and program rather than upon persons. This tendency of thought is likely logical; it is none the less, if left unnoticed or uncorrected, most perilous.

When then, amid the "organization of forces," "the streams of tendency," the "complexes," and, if you will, the "perplexes," which constrain and control our ranges of action we find ourselves conscious of a real personality, our day is brightened and our spirits are lifted. Here is undoubtedly a gift of God, and he who focuses the light upon such a man, as does Dr. Pinson in this biography of Bishop Lambuth, should be ranked among our benefactors.

The ideals and convictions, which form the very fabric of this life are the common possession of those who accept the Gospel of Christ and live it. Who more promptly than Bishop Lambuth would deny that he had access to any mysterious source of

spiritual truth or energy that is not open to every true disciple of his Master and ours?

Frankly, Walter R. Lambuth was a birthright missionary. He seemed to have by inheritance what others—sometimes slowly—acquire: the zest for the kingdom. It is true that he was through the years of varied service enriched by his experiences in many lands, and that these riches he distributed lavishly. But back of these achievements and possessions was the sanctified curiosity of the spiritual pioneer. Like other men—none too many it is true—whose paths, breaking from the beaten ways, have woven into the dark pattern of the centuries threads of light which never grow dim, he felt the urgency of the cross, the cross which meant to him the suffering love of God in Christ and the self-surrender of the soul to the unfaltering obedience to that love. The apostolic purpose was in his blood. He began early to be a missionary. It is probable that he learned his geography in the terms of mission lands. One wonders if he could himself tell when first he heard the words which, once heard, turn disciples into apostles, "Behold, I send you forth!"

The story of this potent life crosses many lands: South America, Africa, the Far East, Europe. It passed through a zone of national and racial wonders: A modernized Japan, the tragedy of patriotism in Korea, Manchuria flung open, China in revolution political and educational, a national renaissance in India, tribal Africa under the hand of European government, Latin America grouped for new enterprise in government and trade, Europe distressed, broken, restless, reorganizing. He moved amid the

agitations of the world. We remember the quietness of his courage, the far reaches of his faith, the prompt acceptance of new and perilous tasks. He was a sturdy spirit in a shaken world! His comrades in service will not fail to remember that the return from his wide journeying ever brought him into familiar places. He carried his country and his Church in his heart, however far afield he went. Even in his absences, his influence for the high ideals of patriotism and for the broadest policies of the Church was potent. The news from a far country which he brought was not reckoned as the surprising revelations of a stranger; it was the friendly, homely report of a familiar friend. His relation with the affairs of the American Churches, Methodist and other, was so intimate that his messages of fact and interpretation tended strongly, if so bold a phrase may be ventured, to domesticate the idea of foreign missions. Far beyond the limits of his own Church, which loved and honored him, the Church to which he was ever loyal, beyond those fellowships with that other branch of Methodism, which counted him as one of its own and to which he was ever fraternal and generous, in that remarkable missionary association of the evangelical denominations, where the differences fade and are well-nigh forgotten and the essential unity in a common service for the world is the central fact, he was ever welcome and at home.

His sense of the unity of the missionary work of the two Episcopal Methodisms was expressed in a most practical way. We find in the report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1886 the following record: "During the entire

year we have had assistance in nearly every department of work from that earnest Christian and devoted missionary, Dr. W. R. Lambuth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who was obliged to come north for the health of his family. He cast in his lot with us, and by his successful labors has established for us one of the most interesting medical works ever undertaken in Peking."

Two bits of missionary literature, characteristic in title and content, are before me as I write. One is "Pushing toward the Pole." It briefly records the opening of work in Siberia. Bishop Lambuth said: "I realize that I am making my last trip in the Orient. . . . But I have had a part in the founding of our missions in Japan and Africa, and now I will feel satisfied if I can lay the foundation of this work in Siberia and Manchuria. The doctors told me not to come, stating that I must go under the knife and then stay in the hospital for sixty days. But I want to found this mission first. Then I will be satisfied." The other leaflet is entitled "The Call of Africa." He closes the thrilling narrative with a prayer in which are these words: "We thank Thee, O Son of God, for pioneers and martyrs who have laid down their lives to open a highway for the coming of the King." In this biography of Bishop Lambuth, one who knew him, who loved him, who cherishes his memory, a kindred spirit, tells the story of a "pioneer and a martyr who laid down his life to open a highway for the coming of the King." Here was a great life. Its story will be kept among the treasures of the faith.

FRANK MASON NORTH.

NEW YORK, September 24, 1924.

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Walter Russell Lambuth

CHAPTER I

A BABY AND A BALE OF COTTON

"Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."
—*E. B. Browning.*

We are about to attempt the story of a man—not a character we create, but one that has been created for us, who came to us, lived among us, spoke his word, did his deed, and passed. To set down dates, to name places, and put our clumsy fingers on this or that and say, "See here is what happened, this is the thing he said or did, and when and where," is a dull and profitless business, and comes at last to an incoherent mass of mere stuff. If we, in our limitations, can do no more than this, it is well, if the stuff be fine and human. The track of a mastodon in the rock is only a track, but it is more to see than the track of a rabbit in the snow.

We must begin somewhere, and where else can we begin save with a baby? History is carried forward in a succession of babies. Well, then, in the quaint old city of Shanghai, China, on November 10, 1854, a baby was born to Dr. J. W. and Mrs. M. I. Lambuth. The mother looked into his blue eyes and wrote: "At about 9 o'clock this morning a dear little son was put

into my arms for a blessing to us." She named him Walter Russell—and more; but that was all he needed, and so it became Walter Russell and to many friends and lovers merely Walter.

This is a good starting point; but we cannot possibly start here without looking both ways, back and forward. How came this American baby to be born in China? That is asking a lot. It is like a flower in a crannied wall. Nobody can tell all about it. Its past is too long and too splendid. This much we know without being told—there are reasons why this baby was born in China rather than in America, just as there were reasons why he was named Walter Lambuth instead of some other name.

Two generations back another baby was born in Hanover County, Va. He became the Rev. William Lambuth (then spelled Lambeth) and a member of the Baltimore Conference. Bishop Asbury (when shall we ever be done with him?) put his busy hand into the succession of facts in 1800, and sent William to preach to the Indians "in the wilds of Tennessee." Itinerants in those days went where they were sent. For one thing, any place was about as good or as bad as any other. This "little preacher in the wilderness fulfilled his commission in the far West amid the Indians of Tennessee and Kentucky, closing a spotless record near Fountain Head, in Wilson County, Tenn., in 1837." Here a son had been born to him in the first year of the nineteenth century, and he was christened John Russell. At the age of sixteen he was preaching and at twenty joined the Kentucky Conference. He volunteered for missionary work among the Creoles and other Indians of

Louisiana and set out on the trail of the pioneer to the far South.

In 1830 he was holding a camp meeting in Greene County, Ala. Suddenly, without warning, he left the meeting. When he returned he made this unique announcement: "I was called home by the birth of a baby boy. In heartfelt gratitude to God I dedicated the child to the Lord as a foreign missionary, and I now add a bale of cotton to send him with." Quaint? Yes, but a type of quaintness by means of which noble souls get levers under this world and lift it without knowing it. When our historians learn to interpret facts like that we shall be well on our way to the millennium. This was in the morning of the modern missionary era.

Alexander Duff, after being twice shipwrecked, had just reached Calcutta. William Carey in India and Robert Morrison in China were still at work. Adoniram Judson, wearing the fresh scars of five pairs of irons, was planning a renewed attempt at the evangelization of Burma. It was just sixteen years since Robert Morrison had won his first convert in China, eleven years since the Methodist Missionary Society was organized in New York, and eighteen years before the first missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Dr. Charles Taylor, sailed for China. He had studied in New York when Professor Morse was working on his invention of the electric telegraph, and had assisted Morse in the initial stages of his world-transforming discovery. The traditions of the launching of the first steamboat, "The Clermont," on the Hudson in 1807, were still fresh. Ocean navigation by steam was just emerging

in its experimental stage. The world was growing smaller. It was little more than a decade before the unholy Opium War between Great Britain and China had opened five ports of China to foreign ingress.

There are mountain peaks that flame with the light of the morning while the lowlands are still unconsciously sleeping in the shadows. There are likewise tall men whose alert spirits give back the glow of new eras, and are stirred by the thrill of God's creative hours, while the dull, dead levels of mankind sleep, all unconscious that old eras are dying and new ones are being born. This was an hour when Providence was rewriting the Great Commission in the vast syllables of war and trade and tamed lightning and conquered oceans, that spelled the reign of Christian brotherhood or the sad ruin of pagan brutality.

A baby and a bale of cotton! The baby was named James William. He was reared in Mississippi, in Madison County. The family church was Pearl River Church in Madison Circuit. A simple monument erected to his memory by neighborhood contributions tells the story of the honor in which he was held in that country where so few landmarks of a vanishing past remain either human or material. The tides of prosperity are going out, and with them the folks that counted in those early days. The very Church is threatened with abandonment to the colored folks to whose ancestors the Lambuths preached.

James William Lambuth grew up among the planters, became a preacher, and began by preaching

to the negroes in their log cabins. When the appeal for China reached him he said simply, "I will go."

This was the father of Walter Lambuth, with the missionary passion of three generations beating in his blood and the heroic traditions of those hardy ancestors on horseback blowing their bugles in his soul.

Youth and love and romance were in Mississippi then as now. A young woman had come all the way from New York State to act as governess or schoolteacher. Her name was Mary I. McClellan. The young preacher, J. W. Lambuth, had won her heart and hand. At a missionary anniversary of the Mississippi Conference this young woman put a card in the collection basket which read, "I give five dollars and myself." Who shall say that gift did not outrank a bale of cotton and a boy?

The blood of the Covenanters was in her veins. Her name was a good Scotch name and had the ring of steel in it. She was descended from the Gordons and McClellans in Scotland. Between the families of John McClellan and Nicola Gordon of Strathbogie an alliance of love had been formed. This was disapproved by the proud and powerful Gordon Clan. The Duke disinherited two of his daughters, who accepted the new freedom and democracy thus thrust upon them and came to America.

The Gordons led a turbulent career for three hundred years of wars, rebellions, imprisonments, beheadings. One was a defender of James II., another of Edward I., another of Charles I. Flodden Field and the "Gordon Riots" against the Catholics are in the Clan Annals. There was the stain of iron in the Scotch granite of Mary McClellan's character.

No wonder when reverses came she left her home in Washington County, N. Y., and ventured to try her fortunes in the far South. Grover Cleveland was on her family tree on her mother's side and Gen. George B. McClellan on the father's side. She was of the stuff for great adventures, and she never faltered nor grew weary of her bargain of five dollars and her life for China till she laid her toil-worn body to rest in China after a life of great and unselfish service in the Orient.

Thus these parents of Walter R. Lambuth made the great venture of faith and turned their brave young faces toward China, when being a missionary in that land of distance and mystery meant much more than now. They had come together and to a common purpose through a strange chain of events: He from an English ancestry by way of Virginia, along the trail of the pioneers, by the weary journeys of the itinerant westward and southward; she from Micklemon, Scotland, by way of New York, pushed by an irate father's wrath on her grandmother's side, and by business misfortunes and a dauntless courage; he the third generation of itinerant preachers, the urge of whose missionary passion had pushed them through the western and southern wilderness and was now yearning across the wide Pacific; she with the martyr strains of Smithfield and Greyfriars singing in her soul.

They said farewell and sailed in the "Ariel," a small sailing vessel, about 10 A.M., May 6, 1854, from New York. There were no luxurious steamships then, with quick, smooth journey. They were to "sail and drift" 16,000 miles down the Atlantic, across

the equator, around the Cape of Good Hope, around the Continent of Africa, up through the Indian Ocean, across the equator again, among the Islands of Maylasia, out by the Philippines, and up through the China Sea. Through storm and calm, nausea and monotonous weariness, with bad water, mouldy bread, cramped quarters, and suffocating heat for 135 days they sailed and drifted on their heroic journey. Then China! Within two months the baby was to be born who is the subject of this story.

What a parentage! What converging line of influence! What mysterious conjunctions of events! We may not know by what means God transports his accumulating purpose across the centuries. Does he raft them down the rivers of the blood, store them in the gray mystery of the brain and nerve fiber, keep them singing their martial melodies in the traditions of home and fireside, or waft them on the winds of Pentecost? They talk learnedly of heredity and learnedly or otherwise of eugenics, and latterly of the emotion of the ideal. It is interesting. It serves to keep us guessing and furnishes something to call by the august name of science. This we know, that God does not allow the frontiers of a generation to bar the ongoing of his plan. It may take him four generations to get his message embodied in word or deed. He is patient.

This infant, born in a foreign land, accepted by his pious mother as a gift of God, brings with him a heritage from a strangely prophetic past. Two persistent currents have met and held their way across three generations. The urge and daring of the pioneer and the vision and passion of the missionary

have pushed their widening way across strange seas, through a new continent, over the trackless wilderness, sharing the shack of the frontiersman and the wigwam of the Indian and the cabin of the black slave—on, on, and on round the world, and now on this November morning they flow across the boundary of a fourth generation in the disguise of a helpless blue-eyed baby. Did Paul have in mind some such thought when he reminded Timothy of the "gift of God" which was in him, "which dwelt first in thy mother Eunice"? In the presence of this perpetual miracle we should feel no surprise that Jesus saw in the wondering eyes of childhood the perpetual dawning of the kingdom of heaven and in their innocent and unconscious personalities the potencies before which kings must bow and the values by which all values are to be tested. Nor are we surprised when this young mother welcomes her firstborn with thanksgiving and accepts the responsibility of motherhood with a prayer. After a month's brooding over little Walter she writes to friends at home: "One month ago dear little Walter came to our hearts and arms. He is a lovely babe and we are thankful to have his presence. May God make us able to care for and train him for Jesus!" It is an easy forecast that the divine compulsion will not lose momentum at the margin of this fourth generation.

CHAPTER II

THE GARDEN IN THE EAST

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward." (Gen. ii. 8.)

LITTLE Walter had begun life in the enjoyment of that fundamental right of every baby, that of being well-born. It was also granted him to be born to conditions favorable to the continuance of the education begun three hundred years before. His discovery of the planet was made in a Chinese house amid the simple life and small economics of the missionaries of seventy years ago. There had been planted "a garden eastward," God's greatest garden of souls, a cultured Christian home.

Take a look at him lying in his crib, if crib there was—his wide blue eyes upon his mother, who sat with a book in one hand while she tended him with the other, and about her the eager faces of a group of Chinese girls. She is working at the task of missions with both hands. The earliest dawning of consciousness recorded such impressions. The first interrogations of his awakening mind were centered about this mother and her book and the yellow people. His first friendships, playmates, and loves were formed among these gentle folks of a strange land.

Bishop Lambuth was wont to say that his earliest recollection was that of catching little crabs which came up under the porch of the mission house in

Shanghai. This was done while lying on his stomach on a straw mat. Beside him was Mo-ta-ta, his playmate, whom his mother had found in the grass when a baby and rescued from the death from smallpox to which her parents had abandoned her. She grew to be a fine Christian woman and was the mother of a daughter who became the first wife of Baron Yun Chi Ho of Korea. While the crab-fishing was going on with the little American boy and Mo-ta-ta, Mrs. J. W. Lambuth was teaching the Chinese women and girls how to sew and having them memorize hymns and texts of scripture.

The next thing he remembers is an eclipse of the moon. While this was going on a terrible din was heard on the streets and all over the city. It was made by the Chinese, who were beating gongs and firing off firecrackers to frighten away the wild moon that was supposed to be swallowing the tame one. The cook, who was a heathen, ran into the house from the yard at about the height of the eclipse, when the moon was at her darkest, and exclaimed that the tame moon was about gone. Then when little Walter's mother explained what an eclipse was, his superstitious fears were dissipated and with the coming out of the moon in her full splendor he seemed satisfied that her explanation was the truth. Several years afterwards Mrs. Lambuth wrote an astronomy in Chinese, which helped the people better to understanding the movements of the heavenly bodies.

Walter early had to wrestle with that of which he was to know so much later—separation from loved ones. When he was nearly four years old his mother wrote:

"Little Walter seems lost without papa, he having gone into the country to visit and preach to the people." This was doubtless one of his first heart problems, even as it was one of his last, for he was beginning the hard lesson of a love greater than that of father and mother and home.

When Walter was about six years old his father took him into the walled city to church. A picture book was taken along with which to amuse him while his father was conducting the service. For fear the little boy might go to sleep and fall off the bench, Dr. Lambuth placed a stool in the old-fashioned pulpit, which had a door on each side, and told Walter to sit on that and look at his book until the sermon was over. Closing the doors behind him, little Walter was shut up like a jack-in-the-box. For a while he kept as quiet as a mouse and turned the leaves of the book, looking at each picture with much interest. The sermon was long, he got tired, gave a big yawn, got up on the stool on tiptoes, peeped over the top of the pulpit until the tip of his nose could just be seen, and began to sing "There is a happy land, far, far away." His father stopped in the middle of his sermon, turned round to look, when the whole Chinese congregation broke out in a laugh, and it nearly broke up the meeting.

That was a great day when he was bundled up and tucked away in a house boat for a journey—his first with his father. "Walter went with his father in the house boat to Soochow, beginning his missionary work when four years old. For the Chinese were always more willing to hear and ready to buy tracts when the foreign child was along." Thus wrote the

mother, suffering her first loneliness for her boy and cherishing the vision and prophecy of his missionary work. What a journey that was! Do you remember your first trip? Then you can in some measure imagine the thrill of this four-year-old as he beheld the endless succession of queer boats with their sweating, struggling, noisy crews working the long, creaking oars day and night, the villagers along the banks, the wide rice fields; the endless questions about the fishing nets, the birds, the idols, and the gongs at the temples. "The bridges all pleased him," and no wonder. They have pleased older people for centuries. The father's letters to the mother reveal the ecstatic delight of this normal, wondering, inquisitive child whose moods alternated between the exclamation and the interrogation point. He had a child's wholesome thoughts of home and mother nevertheless. After saying his prayers he went to sleep with the expressed wish "to go home on the morrow."

The first journey of almost endless journeyings, the first separations, followed by so many, the first long walks in the country and the admiring comments on "the manly way in which he walked," the beginning of a lifelong habit with which his friends were so familiar and which they found, sometimes, a little taxing. Thus with the lessons, the walks, the travel on the boat, and the endlessly interesting people all eager to get a peep at the foreign child, little Walter had his beginning of those journeys that were to take him many times round the world and across many strange seas and unknown lands.

A year later there came one of those events that so

often wring the hearts of missionaries. The mother was taking the boy and his little sister to America for the benefit of their health and a better surrounding for their upbringing. In the mother's journal of October 1, 1859, we read:

> Almost a week has passed away since, with tearful eyes and a truly saddened heart, I bade farewell to my dearly loved home and school among a benighted race of God's creatures—and why? To take the dear children God has given me to a home where they may grow up enjoying purer air and all the advantages of a Christian education. I trust that I am doing my duty; and if so, I feel that I shall have protection from on high; but if not, O, I pray that I may be led to see the way in which I should go. It was on Monday that we lifted our anchor and said good-by to many dear friends in Shanghai. On Tuesday a still harder task was done when we gave the last kiss and exchanged the last kind word with Mr. Lambuth. O, I fain would tell how great the pang that pierced my heart when I saw the one so dear to me fast fading from view as the little steamer "Meteor" swiftly glided over the billows, far, far away. But O, no mortal tongue can tell—no one can know but those who have loved and lived in love together.

There were two Chinese boys, playmates of Walter. One of them, Dzau Tsz Zeh, became afterwards an able preacher and one of the first presiding elders. The other one, Lambuth, also became a preacher.

There were storms and calms and rolling of the billows, but the teaching went on as usual, "The Bible lessons and hymns." "The dear little fellow seems quite to enjoy being taught good things, and I feel anxious that that desire to learn be increased." Thus with learning and play, with dancing in glee at sight of the hills of Borneo and weeping in fright at a tropical storm, he came to his fifth birthday on the wide sea. "At last, with rice all gone and has

been for several days, the children living upon macaroni and bread," and the mother at a loss what to do or say except to trust that God would bring deliverance, they reached their destination. They had been 109 days on their perilous journey.

Let us not think that this mother has it in her remotest thought to remain in America with her children, though still almost babies. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* records the coming of these pilgrims to Nashville as the guests of Dr. D. C. Kelley, whose daughter Daisy afterwards became the wife of Walter. This article in the *Advocate* speaks of Walter as "a handsome and intelligent child who speaks more in Chinese than in English—being a native of that side of the world," and asks, "What will our readers think—what will that portion of them who are mothers think when we add that Mrs. Lambuth expects to re-sail the 15th of April next! Leaving home and friends once more, and her children now, she returns to her devoted husband and to continue the mission work." "The love of Christ constraineth."

Mrs. Lambuth stayed in America a shorter time than it took to make the journey from China! She had been absent from home and loved ones over five years. She left her children in good hands. Their Grandfather McClellan writes to their father under date of February 27, 1860:

> I must say to you that my anticipations are more than realized in the hopefulness of these two dear little children of yours. I hope it may be the pleasure of the Lord to spare them and early teach them the necessity of giving their hearts to God, and if spared to riper years that they may be made

honored instruments in turning many poor heathen from the worship of dumb idols to the service of the living God. I do hope that no pains will be spared on our part in imparting to them good moral instruction.

It was to be Walter's lot to remain in the home of his Grandfather McClellan here in New York for almost two years, and we can easily imagine that the little fellow did not lack good moral instruction nor affectionate treatment, though he must often have been homesick for his mother and father. The grandfather writes: "Walter and Nettie are always ready to repeat their verses in the morning at family devotion with other members of the family and appear quite interested in repeating their little questions. Walter is an excellent child and his mind is becoming capable of cultivation." The type and strenuousness of the cultivation administered during these two years in this Scotch Presbyterian home may be imagined. But we are not left to our imagination, for some of the records are before us. His daughter writes:

I have heard father tell, with a great deal of amusement, about doing something as a small boy that he thought so wicked he feared the sky would fall on him. He spent a number of months when quite small with his mother's people in Cambridge, N. Y. They were extremely strict United Presbyterians. On the Sabbath he went to Sunday school and church, was allowed to sing psalms, and in the afternoon would take a walk in the graveyard. Whistling or singing Methodist hymns on that day was absolutely forbidden. Father and a small cousin, feeling specially tempted one Sabbath afternoon, slipped off to the graveyard, climbed a tree, and whistled several Methodist hymns. Sunday was rather a long day, for two sermons were heard, an hour each in length, and the Sabbath school which he attended between

the sermons lasted another hour. Walter kept awake and pretty lively during the first sermon, counting the roses in the big bonnets of six girls who were the minister's daughters and who sat on the bench opposite. During the second sermon he cuddled up by the side of his grandmother and seemed to think more of her than of the discourse, because when he began to nod she would hand him a bit of dried cinnamon or a peppermint drop, which refreshments were kept safely stored away in the glove of her left hand or in the little reticule which she always carried. Sunday afternoon, according to the old Puritan notions that prevailed in those days, he was not allowed to go outside of the yard for a walk unless it was to the graveyard with an aunt or uncle or with some of the young people who walked about quietly and respectfully, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Being full of animal spirits, he was fond of whistling; but having been guilty of that performance once or twice on Sunday, he was sent to the foot of the hill at the end of the back yard to sit on the bank of the little stream until he could get quiet and well behaved. Being out of hearing, he soon fell upon the plan of surveying the surrounding country from the top of a willow tree up which he climbed and there perched on high he fell to whistling to his heart's content.

This performance was soon discovered and, taken together with laughing out at prayers the next morning because his young uncle of the same age, and his playmate, made a face at him, he was doomed to punishment by having a piece of the willow tree applied to him by the grandmother. The young uncle got the worst of it, as he came in for the first whipping and was not spry enough to dodge the switch. Not so with Walter, who slipped behind the grandmother, caught her by the dress, dodged to the right and then to the left, so that whichever way she turned he was always in the rear. The entire proceeding was so ridiculous that she finally broke out in a laugh, sat down to rest, and let him off.

The grandfather was no less a strict disciplinarian. He did not wield the rod so vigorously, but kept the boys at work and instilled into them principles of industry and of honest effort which was one of the best factors in their education. Even in the blacking of his shoes Walter learned a lesson that he never

forgot. His grandfather insisted that he should black and shine his heels as well as, if not better than, his toes. "You look down at your own toes, but other people see your heels," and he thought it dishonest to do good work at one place and slight it at another. Much scripture was memorized on Saturday evenings while the two boys stood by a flour barrel in the kitchen over the top of which, on a broad board, the grandmother was kneading her dough, getting ready for Sunday. As little cooking as possible was done on the Sabbath, and in the evening, after the cows were milked and the chores were done, the story of some heroic Bible character was told, a section in the Shorter Catechism was recited, and the supper made from a pan of bread and milk. Plain living, high thinking, and great purposes for life were the order of the day and the preparation for the night.

During this time the War between the States broke out, and the country was set aflame with excitement. The records are silent as to the impression made on the mind of this eager, sensitive child by this terrible event. But it could not fail to go deep into his soul. The writer recalls the cold, mysterious, terrifying effect of it on the imagination of a child of seven. New York was far from the scene, but it must have been talked over the teacups and found its place in the family devotions. One cannot imagine this Scotch family being neutral in a matter so grave as negro slavery and the preservation of the union; and was not a kinsman of his grandfather, Gen. George B. McClellan, Major General of the Federal Army? Little Walter must have heard things that made him think and ask questions in his own mind which he dared not ask aloud. Did not his pious Grandfather Lambuth own slaves and were not Mississippi and Tennessee in the South? It is more than possible that seeds were planted in

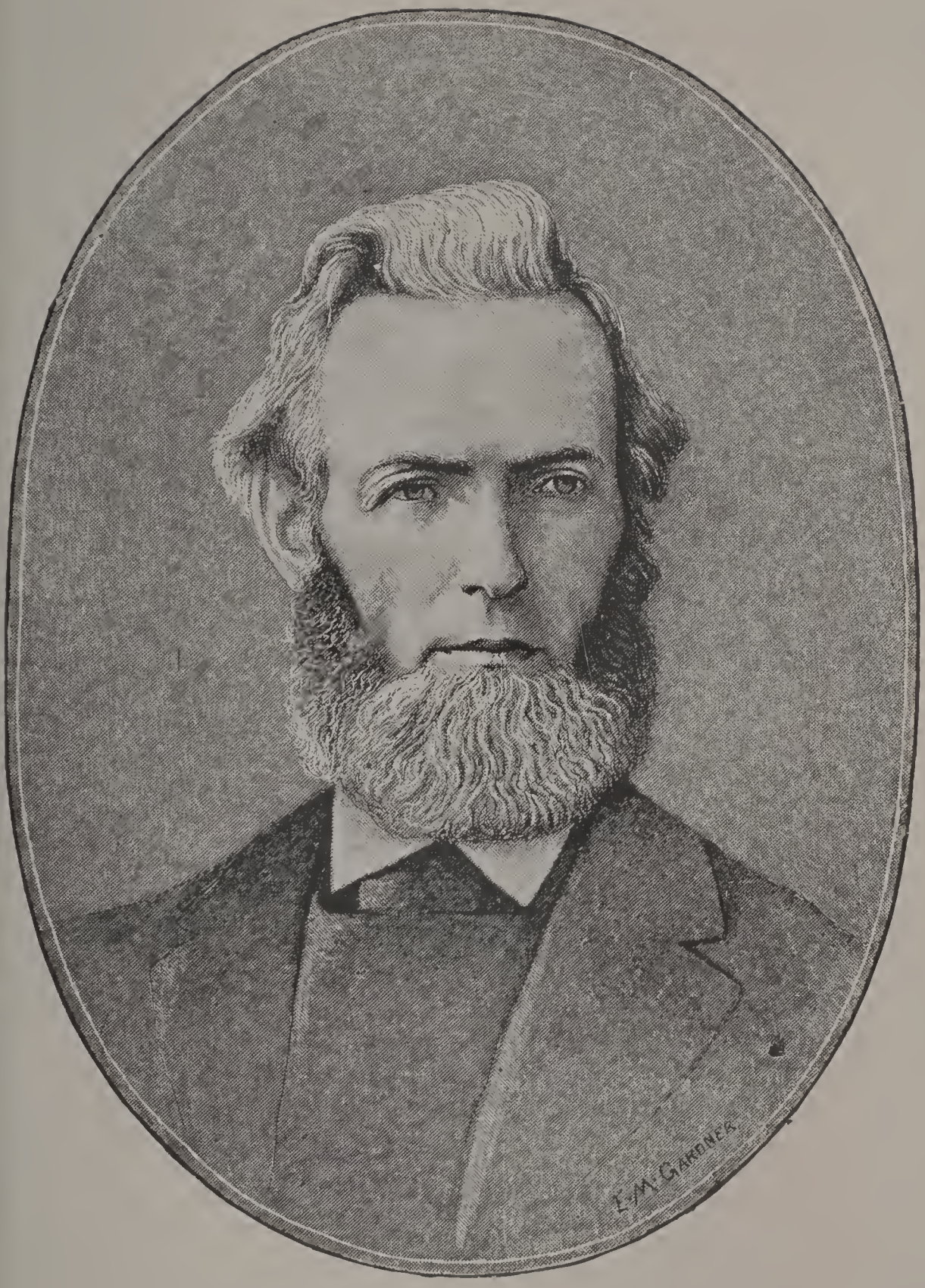
the fertile soil of his mind and heart that in after years bore fruit in his loyal friendship for the negro, both in America and Africa—not less by what he learned from the South than by what he heard and felt in the North.

In 1863 we find him in Mississippi with his father and mother, who had returned to America in 1861. At this time there was added to the terrors of war the first great personal sorrow of Walter's young life. This was the death of his little sister Nettie, who died of scarlet fever. This new and mysterious sorrow went deep into his young life. He was thus at little more than eight years of age feeling the teeth of life's tragic experiences—terrors at sea, separation, homesickness, war, the terrors of disease, and bereavement. Through what hot convulsions are the seams of precious metal laid in the rocks, and through what turbulent and torturing experiences are the shining and priceless treasurers stored in the soul!

At this time the Vicksburg Campaign, which Sherman pronounced one of the greatest campaigns in history was being waged. It was a campaign to win Vicksburg and the great artery of the South, the Mississippi River, from the Confederacy. Union troops held the Mississippi Central Railroad, along the course of the river. Failing in assault, Grant and Sherman laid seige to Vicksburg, and the whole section was in the turmoil of war.

Under these conditions the start was made for the long journey back to China, Walter and the new baby with them and the new grave behind them.

They left the old home in a carriage and an ox wagon: the two children, the father and mother,



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and their two Chinese boys Dzau and John Lambuth. The roads were bad and these boys and Dr. Lambuth were compelled to walk many miles of the journey. They often had to sleep in the carriage and wagon, and were in constant dread "because of the evil soldiers." "Sometimes the things had to be taken out and carried up the hills," because the mud was so deep that the horses and oxen could not pull the vehicles. In this way Walter traveled, sometimes stopping in a deserted house for weeks, the weather being too bad to go on. In the early spring (1864) the carriage and horses were sold and only the ox wagon was used, because the soldiers had no use for an ox wagon and would not take it. "At last, after many weary months, our mother's childhood home in New York was reached," writes Mrs. W. H. Park, "and there we remained awhile to rest and find a ship on which to sail from New York. Walter doubtless grew accustomed to the life which we now think of as impossible, so long and weary does it seem." From Mississippi to New York through the mud and slush of winter, in an ox wagon, in war time! Stiff training, invaluable as preparation for the long road on which his feet were already set!

Five months on the seas and they were back in China. Walter was soon engaged in study. He often accompanied his father to the regions round about Shanghai and even so far as the Great Lake. These were happy days for him. He was going on into that period of storm and stress when life is topsy-turvy, and the boy is trying to find himself and to get his bearings, when he is as little understood by others as he understands them. This formative

and plastic period of molten and turbulent vitality is spent in the school of an unusual mother with a wise, affectionate father, traveling on the canals, treading the trails through the rice fields from village to village, among the people he always loved and who always welcomed the odd, curious child with his deferential manner and his smiling face.

CHAPTER III

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

"Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would be born in thee and set all things right."
—*Johannes Scheffler.*

THIS happy life in China was not to continue. Walter grew rapidly. He was tall for his years, but slender and lacking in robust vitality. He began to have trouble with his eyes, an affliction that clung to him through life. Throat trouble also developed, so that at times he almost lost his voice. These warnings called for a change of climate, and treatment that was lacking in Shanghai. Accordingly we find him on the morning of May 19, 1869, at 5 o'clock, setting out aboard the steamer "Costa Rica" for America. This is the first time he has traveled on a steamship, and we may anticipate a shorter and more comfortable voyage. But, alas, he is seasick the first two days out. This experience was repeated through all his travels. It was inevitable with him and incurable. Yet he was on deck to look with delight on the beautiful shores of Japan on the morning of the 21st. Here he gives a revealing and pleasing glimpse of his heart in a letter written on shipboard to his father and mother: "This morning I got up feeling much better, so I could go down to breakfast, then I went on deck." Then he speaks of the beautiful scenery as they were nearing Japan, and says: "I am so thankful for the kind letters

which I found in my bag and which contained so much good counsel and advice. You can hardly think how much I value them. I have read them over and over several times and intend to follow their instructions as closely as I can. Pray for me often that I may not stray from the right path in which I should walk."

He transferred from the "Costa Rica" to the "Great Republic" at Yokohama. Landing at San Francisco, he left there on July 5 and reached Cambridge, N. Y., on the 13th, going by rail via Salt Lake, Omaha, Chicago, Detroit, into Canada, across the bridge at Niagara, by Albany and Troy to Cambridge, changing cars seven times on the journey of seven days. The same journey is now made in four days by rail and in a few hours by airplane.

Arriving in Cambridge, N. Y., he found his grandparents well and glad to see him. He remained there during the summer and his health improved very much. On August 8 he writes:

Words cannot express the joy in my heart when I got the first letter from you. I fairly jumped up and down and then laughed till I could do so no longer and nearly cried with joy. Cheer up and do not be so sad on my account, as I could not be doing better. In a few days more you will have a letter from me written in San Francisco, which will tell you of my trip. All the gentlemen were very kind to me, and I made a number of griends. Coming over almost every one played cards, and as they did not play for money they seemed to think it was no harm; but I think there was harm in setting such an example. Many young men have been ruined for life just beginning that way and going on to worse. I have been taught, I am happy to say, to do nothing that God and my parents would not like me to do; and though I am sorry to

say I often fail, still I renew my resolution again and pray to be kept in the right path.

In a later letter he writes: "I hope you will be in China when I come back or that you will come to America some day for a vacation and I can go back with you."

It is now that he begins to unfold his plans for the future. Fortunate the boy who can do this at fifteen! Serious thoughts had crowded upon him in the lonely hours on the ship. He writes asking for instruction as to how to be a Christian and is troubled by a lack of assurance, although he believes in Christ. It was during this voyage that he knelt in his stateroom and made the great surrender. The experience of that act set an indelible seal upon his life. A new era dated from that spiritual birth hour. He came back to it again and again in the turmoil and strain to get his bearings. The faith of his father and mother became his faith and their God his God. The things of the spirit were translated from the realm of creed to the domain of experience. It was here that he discovered God, the one great and overwhelmingly essential discovery in every life. This new experience came as a happy compensation for the loss and loneliness that were upon him like a cloud. We are not surprised, therefore, to find him writing from Lebanon, Tenn., to his mother at the close of his fifteenth year: "I wish to tell you, before I close this letter, that yesterday morning I joined the M. E. Church, South, and took upon myself the vows of a Christian, to lead, with the aid of God, a pure and holy life. Pray for me that I may be able to keep them as I should."

He had improved in health while in Cambridge. His voice became stronger. He wrote encouragingly to his mother of his health and rejoiced that his voice was growing gradually stronger. After going to Lebanon he continued to improve, and at the end of his first term in school he boasts of being the strongest boy in the neighborhood, able "to carry 120 pounds of wheat." He worked in the fields in vacation and found it good for his health. There were other reasons why he was willing to work. When he was on the voyage over, he wrote his parents suggesting that if his voice did not improve he had best get work to make expenses. From Cambridge he wrote: "I helped to shingle the house where it leaked, the other day, while Mr. McClellan shoved a stick up through the roof in the cracks to let me know where they were. Mr. McClellan and I picked nine quarts of blackberries this morning. Yesterday I worked in the field, taking in oats. . . . Where shall I go during my vacation? Had I not better work on a farm or get a place in a store, anything so as not to be idle? . . . If my voice were well enough, I would like to give a lecture to the farmers around here. . . . Is the Board still sending you support?"

When he arrived in Lebanon, which was to be his home, the baggageman wanted twenty-five cents to carry his small trunk. He borrowed a wheelbarrow and wheeled it through the streets himself. How fortunate this frail boy, so far away from home, to find a home with Mrs. Kelley, "Mother Kelley," whose son D. C. Kelley had gone to China with Walter's own mother and father. It was out of the missionary vision and far-seeing wisdom of Mother

Kelley that the first woman's missionary society was formed at McKendree Church, and this was largely inspired by the appeals of Walter's mother for the daughters of China. Her motherly interest in this young Timothy was therefore more than personal—it was prophetic. He was the son of her friend and coworker in the kingdom and representative of the Christless millions of China. She could not even guess then that this youth was destined to become the father of her great-grandchildren and link her name and blood in a new, tender way with that vast empire of darkness. What with study and work and worship and the companionship of this rare home, Walter was as happy and contented as a boy could be ten thousand miles from his parents.

His daughter says:

> Father often told of his first job, which was clearing three acres of stumps at Leeville, the summer home of my Grandfather Kelley. Grandfather offered father and two other boys five dollars to clear five acres. The other boys grew tired of their job, but father worked away all summer, early and late, and at the end finished three acres. I believe father was as proud of that as anything he ever did as a boy. He said in later life when he would run against something hard to do, he would laugh and say, "It is hard, but not so hard as clearing stumps."

No wonder he was able to get through such an enormous amount of work in later years. He began early. In the harvest field, or with the ax, he overcame the disability that threatened him and became "strong as an ox." He boasted that he was a champion in the neighborhood for strength. We have a suspicion that it was not the strength of an ox after all, but that of an absolute will and un-

conquerable spirit that told in his case then and always.

In the following January a great meeting was in progress in Lebanon and he was one of the constant attendants. He was most happy to see sinners going forward and declares that he was never so happy in his life. He took an active part, and when the preacher asked for those who would talk to the penitents, he felt it his duty to go, he tells us, even if he could say but a few words, and he went praying that his few words might be helpful. "God," he wrote at the time, "has done so much for me, I must try to do something for him, although it be but little." His account of his first love-feast was so interesting and so characteristic that we shall give it in his own words:

> At 3 P.M. I went to the love-feast. I felt a little embarrassed at first, but it soon wore off as I kept on speaking. I related how I was led to seek God, that you had often talked to me about it; but when I was all alone on the wide ocean, then indeed I felt that need, for I was led to think very seriously about it, and what I must do to be saved, casting myself upon Jesus and giving my whole heart to him. I said also that, although I was far from my home here on earth and that I might never more see my earthly home, yet I had hope of a blessed home awaiting me in heaven.

He was already thinking of his missionary task. He was debating a little even then whether his field should be China or Japan and, if it should be Japan, where he should locate. All these serious matters, so fundamental to his future life, were either started or accentuated during this period. It was indeed to him a voyage of discovery—of self-discovery. Per-

haps in no like period of his life did he make such progress in getting his bearings and setting his helm hard by the eternal chart as during these eventful weeks.

The hour came for another change in this shifting young life. He must go from the school in Lebanon to Emory and Henry College, near Abingdon, Va., where so many of the strong men of the Church have been trained. Dr. James Atkins, afterwards President and later Sunday School Editor and Bishop, was a student there at the same time. This was in the year 1871. He entered on his college work at seventeen, with a stout heart. "I am doing my best to learn all I can and at the same time trying to economize all time and labor and money possible, for I know that if a person will only go at it with the right sort of energy while he is at it, he will save more time and work than if he went at it with only half energy." And yet it appears that his will is still stronger than his body, for he finds it necessary to reassure himself that he will be able to carry on his studies through the winter. He got through the first year, but not without trouble with his eyes. This was so pronounced that he was not able to return to Emory the following term, but remained in Tennessee, doing some work and carrying on such studies as he was able. During this period he was a student for a short time at the University of Nashville. He did not return to Emory and Henry until 1874, where he continued till he graduated with honor in 1875, at the age of twenty-one.

His college life was not lacking in those incidents that give color and charm and serve to reveal one's per-

sonality. His roomate, W. R. Peebles—known familiarly as "Buck," afterwards a prominent member of the Tennessee Conference—told the story of how he found Walter at one time in his room where he had gathered all the clocks in the neighborhood, eleven in number, and was laboriously trying to make them tick together. There is no record of his success, but it may have taught him a lesson in patient perseverance. He was in some such mood as the eighteen-year-old Galileo when he sat watching the swinging of the chandelier in the Cathedral at Pisa, out of which mood a new world of science emerged.

He was not negligent of the serious business of life. He organized in Emory and Henry the College Y. M. C. A. during his first year, was chosen its president, and was sent to Boston as a delegate that year. This Association in time organized five Sunday schools in the country, one of which was for colored children. Of this one he gives a most interesting and graphic account in one of his own letters. In going from Emory to the convention at Lowell, Mass., he and another delegate, Mr. J. B. Brown, had determined to walk on account of scant funds; but by selling furniture and books, with some aid from home, they managed to make the journey by rail. He later organized another Y. M. C. A. in Peking, China, sharing the honor with Harlan P. Beach, now of Yale University, of organizing the first two associations in the Chinese Empire.

During his stay at Emory he had fully decided on the profession of medicine as his life work and was bending all his energies that way. He had a special fondness for the sciences. In a letter to Dr. D. C.

Kelley, dated May 19, 1874, he makes it clear that he knows his mind for the future. "I have never wavered from the idea of being a missionary." He writes in answer to some suggestions made as to his future in a letter from Dr. Kelley:

> But, on the other hand, the idea has been daily strengthened, and now I feel my duty leads me to China just as much as it leads me to preach. I have thought all along that a medical course would be good, and in fact almost necessary to my success in China, but I had almost come to the conclusion that I would have to do without it. I am in the spring session of the Junior class, and having passed my examinations thus far I think I would regret leaving here without a diploma, so my decision is to remain and graduate, medical course or not. I would like to study medicine, and have intended doing so, but my desire, as I have already said (and I don't think you can blame me for it), is to graduate, and particularly in those studies related to medicine.

It is interesting to get this side light on the course he was pursuing at Emory and Henry. "This session," he writes, "I am to study Latin, Greek, Grammar, Arnold's Prose Composition, Mathematics, and besides these I have German and Moral Science, making in all nine lessons to get, which will make me work like a hero." That was a fairly stiff program, we must admit. In this same letter he writes of an episode that shows up a side of his character with which those who knew him intimately in his later years were familiar.

His grandfather had sent him for his room a carpet which he refused to use during the winter because his room was on the ground floor and the boys were always tramping in mud on rainy days so that a carpet would be ruined in no time. "Next

fall," he says, "we are going to move up to the second floor, then we can use it. In the meantime I will keep in wrapped up in oilcloth and that in oil paper and that in brown, so that the moths cannot get at it." Rare and careful youth! And in a day when such thoughtfulness was impossible outside of story-books. Then:

On opening the package I found a little box full of cake which grandma had sent me. It was very good, but not more than enough for a hungry man. Most all the boys get Christmas boxes, and I have been invited to several, so I thought I would return the compliment. So off I posted to the college and the two dormitories, and invited about twenty-five boys to come around to my room at four o'clock, right after prayers. I told them that I had a box that came all the way from New York, and that it was rather late in the season, but better late than never. Then, after they all promised to come, I sent back to my room, cut the cake up into little pieces not thicker than a half dollar and about an inch long. The box was not larger than a common pasteboard soap box, and hence I had very little trouble in lifting it about. Well, after prayers, here came the boys, by threes and fours until I thought the room could not possibly hold any more, but still they came. When I thought all had come that were going to, and having placed two buckets of water on the side table to wash the cake down with, I said, "Peebles, it is high time to bring out the box, but wait a moment till I spread two towels on the table." Then both of us went into the closet and grunted and grunted as if we were trying to lift a large box or some heavy weight. Then we appeared, one at each end of a box that a baby could carry, and putting it on the table, I turned and addressed the, by this time, astounded company. "Gentlemen and friends," said I with a sober face, "it is very seldom that I ever get a box, and when I do I want my friends to help me dispose of it." Then you should have heard the roar, for by this time they had discovered the joke that was played off on them. Peal after peal of laughter was heard until I thought they would never hush again. At last, when they

had about laughed out, I took off the top and said: "Gentlemen, I hate to see you so bashful; walk right up now, one and all, and help yourselves." Then after it was all gone and each one had a piece about as large as my little finger, I went around with both buckets of water, asking them to take a drink, for I knew they were dry after eating so much cake.

The only rare thing about this performance was that it was a practical joke, a thing almost foreign to his nature. Indeed, he shows his misgivings when he asks his parents if they do not think it a pretty good joke and a harmless one. With a playfulness that came instantly to his relief as a buffer to the serious business of his maturer years and that so often took the strain off the tired spirit, there were three forms of wit that were not to his liking: coarse wit, wit with a sting in it, and practical jokes that embarrassed or hurt others. A coarse or shady word or story, or even hint of such a thing, was utterly foreign to his lips as it was foreign to his thoughts, and his courtesy and kindness were such as guaranteed his companions absolutely against that wit which purchases a laugh at the thoughtless cost of another's discomfort.

His pioneer spirit, so marked in after years, manifested itself in a mania for exploration. He was given to discovering and exploring caves in the surrounding hills. Once when venturing to crawl through a narrow opening from one chamber to another he became wedged in a crevice, and was with some pains extricated. In another cave episode he was attempting to cross one of those proverbial bottomless abysses on a rail, when it broke and he narrowly escaped an involuntary search for the undiscovered bottom of it.

When the time came for him to graduate from Emory and Henry he had the joy of a visit from his mother. Apprised of her coming, he could not wait, but met her at Bristol, two stations away. He had not seen her in six years. She looked upon him now with admiring eyes and a full heart, no longer a boy, but a man "tall and sprightly, good, and full of energy, but not so strong as we could wish." She is persuaded that he was overworked and needed rest. Trust a mother to see the signs of need or danger. She had the joy of seeing him graduate with honor, having received two diplomas, "and some of the medals, how many we did not learn—that was enough for me." Modest mother! Taken literally, did any mother ever have enough of that sort of thing? And where were those medals, and where was Walter's tongue? There should have been no reticence about this. They should have had a little scene over those medals, a sort of reversion to the nursery days and their more unrestrained jubilees. Was it the long separation and its accumulation of unshared experiences that made them miss this fine opportunity? We just now remember that this mother was Scotch, given to self-control and with a mind for the deeper realities, and this tall, sprightly youth was at the age when it would not be good to parade his medals, even before his mother. One cannot overcome a keen suspicion that she found out later about those medals, and that he somehow knew that she had found out.

His settled purpose that nothing could shake was at last accomplished through much difficulty. His eyes, which were always weak, gave him much

trouble, and a body much too weak for the restless and untiring energy of the spirit that through his life drove it day and night, now and then refused to go. Nevertheless he finished his academic work at Emory and Henry and left with his honors and medals and the love and admiration of faculty and fellow students.

From 1875 to 1877 he studied theology in Vanderbilt University. He had been licensed to preach during his first year in Emory and Henry College, followed this by joining the Tennessee Conference in 1876, and was ordained deacon by Bishop J. C. Keener. In 1877 he was ordained elder.

His decision to study medicine had in no sense lessened his determination to become a preacher of the gospel. While studying theology, he also studied medicine in Vanderbilt, and graduated at the head of his class of sixty. During the time he was a student in Vanderbilt he was engaged in work under Conference appointment. His first appointment was Woodbine, a few miles from Nashville. He would go out on week ends on horseback and hold prayer meetings, Sunday schools, and preach, then back to his books.

In 1876 an incident occurred which was characteristic of him during his entire life. He was offered an opportunity to go to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. He writes to his mother: "I would be very glad to go, am most anxious to do so; but, dear mother, I can't spare the time to make a visit of ten days, and less than that I would not be satisfied with. I am at an age now where solid benefit must be sought, and not mere pleasure for pleasure's sake.

I would want to go and take in that I might be able subsequently to give out."

During the two years that he was in Nashville he boarded much of the time at Dr. D. C. Kelley's. He had found a home with the Kelleys, where as a fifteen-year-old boy he entered school at Lebanon and had been mothered by Grandmother Kelley, who had found his cheerful and filial fellowship a source of unusual comfort in the lonely days of her widowhood. Dr. Kelley had been a true friend and counselor in all these years. In Dr. Kelley's home he had found Daisy, a smiling, vivacious, black-eyed girl, four years his junior. They had almost grown up together, and in the growing they grew to be more than playmates and more than friends. Their intimacy ripened into that great mystery which is the most familiar, but the least understood, fact in all history, and which is the most beautiful and tender, and yet the most inexorable of despots, making men and women leave father and mother, country and home under its enchanting mastery. On August 2, 1877, they were married at the altars of old McKendree Church, where he had for a time assisted Dr. Kelley as junior pastor. There was a romance of wedded love that outlasted all the separations in time and space, all the vicissitudes and sacrifices of missionary life to the last hour. A braver, truer, more consecrated and self-denying wife he could not have found. The world will never know how large a part she had in all the great work of his life. And if it knew, it would not reckon it at its true value.

Nearly half a century has elapsed. They are together on the shores of the tideless sea; and though

NORA LAMBUTH (MRS. W. H. PARK)

WALTER R. LAMBUTH

WILLIAM LAMBUTH

MRS. J. W. LAMBUTH

the mother would forbid it if she were here, I cannot withhold this beautiful and worthy tribute of their daughter:

It never occurred to mother that she was in any way responsible for the success of father's work; and yet, knowing them as I do, I believe full half of what he did was due to her influence. She never wanted any mention or praise in any way. Even to the last she was so interested in his work that she did not consider it a sacrifice that he went when she was so ill.

Mother was never very strong, but she *objected greatly* to being called an invalid, and, whether strong or not, always did her full share. She was fairly well the last fourteen years, with the exception of the four she was so ill before her death. She had a sunstroke in China when a young woman, and the doctors said that and her ill health while in China and Japan were the cause of her last trouble.

You will forgive me I know if I say that she was the most wonderful person I have ever known. Her courage and beauty of spirit to the very last were almost more than human.

In thinking of my mother the trait which stands out pre-eminently was her dauntless courage; next her exquisite tenderness and the beautiful way in which she forgave. I have known her to forgive the greatest injustice, and with the dearest smile turn and offer her help in any way possible. I never knew anyone to come to her in trouble, no matter what it was, but that she gave them her tenderest sympathy and help.

It never mattered how hard a thing might be, she never counted it a sacrifice. There was never anything, on the mission field *even*, that she would admit a hardship. Service to her was pure joy. When first married, and still just a girl, she often stayed alone when father went off on mission work. Sometimes she was the only foreigner in miles, so it is no wonder that she insisted to the very last that the work must come first.

There was something so beautifully wholesome about her religion, and her balance and broadness of vision were of the

greatest strength to father. He often said to me that she had one of the sanest, broadest, and brightest minds he had ever known, and that words could not express all that her courage, love, and sympathy had meant to his life and work.

She was intellectual, had a keen intuition, a deep sense of fun, and was a wonderful reader of human nature, and with it all she possessed a rare and exquisite charm.

CHAPTER IV

ATTACKING GOLIATH WITH A LANCET

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake." —*Robert Browning.*

EXACTLY two months from the date of their marriage, this young couple sailed from San Francisco for China. This time it was not a sailboat, but a comfortable steamship. To him it was a home-going. China was also the land to which he had dedicated his life from his youth. His letters while yet a boy made it clear that he had but one thought for his life and that was to be a missionary, and when near the end of his earthly journey he speaks of China as his first love.

Arriving in Shanghai in November, 1877, he began his medical work in December. No time was lost, but he plunged at once into his work. He opened work in the city of Nanziang, near Shanghai, and during his first year opened an opium refuge in Shanghai. It was a small beginning, almost without equipment, but it was at least a realization of a dream that had fed the fires of aspiration through his youth and now challenged the strength of his young manhood.

It is interesting to note the results of that first year. Beginning in December, he had made three

short visits to the country as early as January. His first report shows in two months 91 cases treated. One of these was a woman who asked earnestly for "heart medicine." Her symptoms as she gave them justified her request. She said: "I get excited sometimes, and my heart gets very mad, for my relations treat me very cruelly. I want to scratch their faces and say bad things. Can't you give me some medicine for my heart?" Fortunately the doctor in this case had a remedy for that malady, as well as for the ills of the body. In this report he says: "For a week out of one month I am on a circuit of 104 miles, dispensing medicine and preaching at six towns and cities; the next month I am gone two weeks on a circuit of over 200 miles, visiting some twelve towns and cities." The size and importance of this field and work are in striking contrast to the size of the appropriation. It seems there was $200 for the first year and his optimism stretches this munificent sum triumphantly over the vast domain and clean across the year's contingencies. "I have $200 on hand, which will suffice until our next appropriation comes, which will not be until next October." He expects the work to grow and has screwed his courage up to the venture on larger things. He has boldly asked for $300 in the next appropriation, as "the Quarterly Conference considers the results arising from the medical work large enough to justify asking for that amount." I wonder how long it took the Board at home to get its estimates up to the level of the daring of that Quarterly Conference and a fifty per cent advance for the young doctor in his first year on the field!

Amidst his laboratories, X-ray machines, sterilizers, microscopes, libraries, trained nurses and their unsatisfied demands, it is likely some worker of to-day will read this and wonder if after all what has been added has not also subtracted something which made that little bit "suffice." Maybe some weary Secretary will read it and sigh for the good old days when so little would go so far.

The deeper things were not overlooked nor subordinated to the bodily healing. The medicine for the heart was always dispensed. This first year he began the training of "two exhorters for the medical work." His plan was to make medicine always auxiliary to the preaching of the gospel. Sometimes the churches were crowded and a large part of the attendants were patients. He was able to declare that 500 of the first 766 patients had been personally approached on the subject of their soul's salvation. While the medicine was being prepared, the patients were being talked to by helpers. Thus were linked these two agencies of human betterment, healing the bodies and saving the souls, with healing always tributary to the greater goal.

It was in May, 1880, that he opened an opium refuge in the city of Shanghai. The curse of the Opium War, forcing this destructive drug on the Chinese people in the interest of Western greed, was working its dreadful havoc. One of the most common and pitiful forms of affliction calling for treatment was the opium habit. The heart of the young doctor could not long resist this pathetic appeal. The opium refuge was his response. The régime was a rigid one, and was a severe test for

those who entered the refuge. It included immediate giving up of the drug, three days' confinement under lock and bars, a signed waiver of responsibility for any untoward results, morning and evening prayer. The treatment resulted in a cure, usually in five days.

In two weeks they were entirely normal. The results of the work became well known throughout the whole southern end of the province, so that the Governor of the Province issued a proclamation against opium, and the District Magistrate of Shanghai, on account of this, recommended that all of his opium-smoking retainers patronize the hospital and quit the drug or they would be in danger of dismissal from the service. Another result was the organization of the anti-opium society within the hospital. This doubtless bore a fundamental relation to the later opium agitation in which Dr. W. H. Park, the brother-in-law of Dr. Lambuth, played so conspicuous a part, and which went a great way to bring on the prohibition of opium, use and sale, and even the cultivation of the poppy. In one of the meetings of the anti-opium society, when all the patients but one were present, a characteristic incident occurred: The patients were asked to state how they had fared since changing their mode of life. The experiences were practical and telling in their effects on the opium-smoking bystanders and rich and racy in humor. Among others who spoke, a silversmith, who had come in sallow and emaciated, arose, puffing out his fat cheeks and slapping his hands on the sides of a well-filled stomach, and with true Cæsarean brevity cried out in Chinese, "Able to eat, able to work!" and sat down amidst the hearty

laughter of the audience. One result of these meetings was the preparation by the Chinese of a pamphlet against the use of opium, for free distribution. Such were the far-reaching by-products of this modest effort to rescue these poor wretches from the drug demon, and to start a movement which later set millions free from the curse and put the feet of the nation in a new path of freedom and power.

It was characteristic of Dr. Lambuth to strike at that which strikes at mankind. It was little he could do—one inexperienced missionary with an equipment of three hundred dollars a year, challenging the greed of the greatest nation on earth, and setting his lancet and pill-box in array against a withering curse that threatened four hundred millions of people. But be it remembered that he fought with unseen weapons, and that the will of God and the conscience of mankind were on his side.

In the summer of 1880 the health of Mrs. Daisy Lambuth became feeble, and in spite of all efforts at restoration it became evident that she should return to America. Accordingly she took leave of her husband and sailed with Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lambuth for home. This was the first of those frequent and long separations endured so bravely and cheerfully by this devoted couple in their forty-three years of married life. In February, 1881, an unexpected event made necessary the return of W. R. Lambuth to America. The failure of the health of Mrs. K. H. McClain, together with the peculiar nature of her affliction, required the presence of some one besides her husband; and as no one outside the Mission could be found who would accompany them, Dr. Lambuth

was sent on the sad mission. Thus closing his first fruitful period as a missionary in China, he arrived in San Francisco on March 18, lacking one day of a month in "making a quick and pleasant trip." The report for the year closes significantly with these words: "Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lambuth expect to be in China by the last of October, and after securing additional medical facilities Mrs. Daisy Lambuth and myself hope to be in the field again by next December." Their hearts were bent on China, and their tarrying was not long away from the land of their love.

Advantage was taken of this short period at home to attend Bellevue Hospital, New York, for better equipment for his work. The hospital was chosen in view of an outstanding need of Oriental lands. Blindness is a painfully common affliction in these lands and it was characteristic of Dr. Lambuth to desire the means of helping those who excited his commiseration. After some months spent in Bellevue he received a degree in 1881.

He sailed from New York with Mrs. Lambuth and Dr. W. H. Park on May 20, 1881, and spent six weeks in Edinburgh in special medical study. From Edinburgh he went to London and spent seven weeks in still further study of Anatomy, Physiology, and the Eye. Thus he had used five months of his time while absent from the field in studying in the three great centers of New York, Edinburgh, and London. The unexpected return to America had furnished him a coveted opportunity, which was used to the fullest and in the most effective way. He returned to his work enriched by study, all the more valuable that

it was had after three years of experience had taught him the outstanding needs to be met.

In after years it was his habit to insist on the best training that could be had for medical missionaries. It may well be that his own experience of the value of this arm of the service and also of the necessity for skill and scientific accuracy led to this insistence. Note the fact that a medical practitioner in England or America may be in general practice and do no surgery; or he may limit himself to one of half a dozen or more specialties, and leave the rest of the vast field of practice to others. The medical missionary must often cover the entire field. In the case of Dr. Lambuth, he was alone amid a vast population, ignorant of the simplest laws of health, suffering from all sorts of diseases. He must be practitioner, surgeon, specialist; in fact, do everything in the line of healing, and do it often with the crudest equipment. He was often far away in the country, and the poor sufferers came pleading for relief, with disconcerting confidence in the ability of the foreign doctor. There was much at stake. They could not be sent to a surgeon or recommended to a specialist, for there were none. There was more involved than even the healing of men. The cause of religion was at stake. He must act, and act promptly. To fail would be almost as fatal as to refuse to act. He must take the risk. He had to put to the test almost daily all the medical wisdom of all the schools since Æsculapius. What a joy to know what to do and how to do it!

The story is related by one of our missionaries in China of how he performed his first operation. He

had just reached the field, fresh from Medical College. He had no instruments. Only a small amount had been allowed for equipment, and that had not been invested. A man came whose arm had been broken. It had gone without attention till amputation was his only hope. He had heard of the foreign doctor. To falter or fail would be to forfeit confidence and lose face at the outset. He took the man into his own house, sent to the neighboring city for an anæsthetic and some simple appliances, sharpened a carving knife, borrowed a carpenter's saw, requisitioned his wife's darning needle and ground it down a bit, turned his wife into a temporary nurse, and prayed as he never prayed before. That operation was a success and his reputation was established. No wonder physicians at home on furlough from foreign fields are keen to study in the most up-to-date institutions.

Later in life Dr. Lambuth embodied his experience and observations in a volume on Medical Missions, which has become a classic on the subject and has been widely used as a textbook. It is entitled "Medical Missions." It was written as a textbook for the Student Volunteer Movement and published in 1920.

In the 250 pages of this volume the agonies and appeals of suffering millions of men, women, and children across the world are given a voice. He sets before our eyes the loathsome and deadly diseases that take their toll of life and exact their tribute of agony and woe unhindered in wide areas of the earth. The groans of the mature and the wails of little children plead for obedience to the command to "heal the sick."

As was his habit when he wished to fasten a truth

or send home an appeal he used a concrete human example and closes the chapter on "The Challenge" with these words, through which we may trace his own motive:

The writer never fully realized the true significance of the missionary motive until he reached the mission field. There came one day into our Soochow Hospital a Chinese woman. "Can you do anything for me?" she asked. "I hope so," was the reply; "what is the matter?" Then she told her story. "I am the wife of a small farmer. We are very poor. My life of seventy years has been a very hard one, for we have eaten much bitterness. Day after day I have crawled with my husband through the mud, on hands and knees, in cultivating the rice stalks. We had neither plow nor buffalo. My body is tortured to death with rheumatism and burning up with fever."

She was put to bed, given medicine, and made as comfortable as possible for the night. The next morning, after attending the surgical cases, I visited the woman's ward, paused by her bedside, took her hand in mine and asked, "Have you eaten your soft-boiled rice? How do you feel this morning?" "O, I feel better," she replied. "Then why do you cry?" The tears were trickling down her weather-beaten cheeks. "O, doctor, you have been so good to me!" And she added: "I am an old woman. My life has been bitter—bitter to death. I have given birth to children. They grew up, married, and have gone; but not one has ever held my hand or said kind words like a son. O, doctor, when I am well do not send me away. This is heaven. Let me mop the floors and cook the rice. My old husband might sweep the yard and mind the gate. But let me stay—this is the only heaven for an old woman like me."

As I stroked her rough hand, the tears came involuntarily to my own eyes until her face was lost in the blur. There seemed to be another face into which I gazed for the moment —the face of the Great Physician, who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done this unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then I discovered the real motive of the mis-

sionary. It is not the need of the individual, deep and appealing as that is; not the Chinese, great as the appeal of countless multitudes may be; not the command, imperative as its terms are; but the Master—the Master himself and his love. Herein lies the constraint. In neglecting these weaker ones, we neglect him. In ministering to their need, we minister to him. The true missionary motive is wrapped up in his life and centered in his love.*

*"Medical Missions," pages 188, 189.

CHAPTER V

ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH

"But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem calm and slow,
Which God repeats."

—*Whittier.*

RETURNING to China from America in the fall of 1882, he threw himself afresh into the work. During his absence plans which had already been under consideration as early as 1880 for opening medical work in Soochow had been matured. On November 2, 1882, he arrived in China, and on the 20th of the same month he and Dr. W. H. Park began work there in a dispensary fitted up for the purpose. At the end of about a year the hospital was opened up for the public. Almost forty years to a day the writer had the joy of taking part in the dedication of a fine hospital building—one of the best in all China—modern, commodious, and equipped with all modern furnishings. This hospital had filled a large place in his thought. It was kept in mind while studying in America, Scotland, England, and France, he tells us. Dr. Park, who had married a sister of Dr. Lambuth, and whose continued service throughout the four decades had accomplished a marvelous work, winning renown and great veneration and love throughout Eastern China, was still there to rejoice in the noble outcome, but Dr. Lambuth had finished his journey more than a year before. Dr. A. P.

Parker, who made the opening address in 1883, was present and took part in 1922.

There was a vast difference between the old and the new hospitals. There was also a vast difference in the China of 1883 and the China of 1922. Western learning, the Boxer movement, the war with Japan, the revolution had all taken place, and Christianity had won its way into the thinking of China. It was a new day and a new China, and just at the end of the most terrible war of all history, in which China had taken the side of democracy and the most sacred rights of men and nations. The new hospital, great as it is, is no greater for this day than the old one was for that. They were to each other as flower to fruit. The opening of this work was itself a consummation rather than a beginning. The mission had in its very beginning initiated medical work through its first missionary, Dr. Charles Taylor, in 1848. He continued for five years. It was continued by Dr. D. C. Kelley, afterwards the father-in-law of Dr. W. R. Lambuth, who went out in 1854, but was soon interrupted by his enforced return home. Then it was taken up by Dr. Lambuth in 1877. Here in Soochow it was anchored firmly by the establishment of this hospital. This was the first of those enterprises founded under the foresight and zeal of Dr. Lambuth. It was planned on a liberal scale for that day and with a fine forecast of the developments that have since so nobly justified the conception. The wards were soon overflowing and the work took hold of the popular interest. There were visits and reports by civil and military authorities and even more than the usual amount of ceremony and polite

"kowtowing," as eight officials came, the generals reported.

If they gave truthful reports of all they did as well as saw, the Governor must have had some very hearty laughs; for what with getting sick over a foreign cigar, taking each other's temperature, using the stethoscope on one of their number, discussing the pictures in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, and poking their noses into jars rank with the odors of tumors removed, they certainly had a unique time!

One of the earliest fruits of this interest in high places was the call for treatment of sick and wounded soldiers. A graphic picture of a unique experience is given in the first report of the work. Dr. Lambuth found a batch of soldiers sweltering in an old Buddhist temple in August. A Chinese doctor had cut a bullet from the thigh of one of them, and plastered the wound up securely. The wise-looking attendant informed them that he had done this to keep the matter from coming out. "Thus for six days they had been lying unbathed, bloody, their limbs putrid with pent-up pus." One poor fellow's leg was gangrenous to the knee; another was puffed to bursting almost from emphysemia caused by a spear thrust in the lung; still another was shot in five places, and a sixth wound made by the Chinese surgeon's knife was the worst of all. "It turned out that the bullet was just under the skin and the surgeon had used a long brass knife that was green in some places." A deadly conspiracy of bullet, poison, plaster, and filth against the healing forces of nature! The doctor demanded warm water and a cloth. "What do you want with it?" the nurse lazily asked. "We want you

to bathe these wounds so we can dress them." "I was not sent here for that," the nurse replied. Dr. Lambuth said: "Then the quicker you get out and stay away from here, the better for you." A priest got water and stood with his fingers plugged in his nose. Foreign patience could stand no more, and Dr. Lambuth proceeded to roll up his sleeves and apply the adage, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." The result was, all of the soldiers were removed to the dispensary chapel, the only place available, and five of them recovered. Through the influence of this incident many other cases were sent in.

There was a rigid schedule beginning with the rising bell at six o'clock, running through on the tap of the bell, and closing with the retiring bell. In this schedule religious instruction had its place and a primary place. Regular addresses and bedside talks were made, and distribution of scriptures and tracts.

It is interesting to note the emphasis put by Dr. Lambuth on self-support from the beginning. Happily there was an unspoiled opportunity to test the theory. There had been no extensive example of gratuitous treatment and dispensing, thus setting unfavorable precedents. A plan was quickly worked out during the first year for making the hospital self-supporting from the day its wards were thrown open to the public. The experiment was a success and the institution was from the day of its opening self-sustaining. This record so joyously made and so proudly reported in the beginning continued through forty years. It raises the question as to the wisdom of cheapening our work and pauperizing the people under the influence of a false emphasis on

charity or a false fear of being considered mercenary. The fine line between self-denying service and the cultivating and maintenance of a robust sense of self-respect is not yet clearly drawn. After all, it is not what we give to people but what we build up in them that counts. At any rate, at the end of 1883 a hospital valued at ten thousand dollars was tendered the Board for the five thousand nine hundred dollars appropriated, with only about one thousand deficit, which was assumed by Drs. Lambuth and Park.

The humorous side of this serious business could not escape the Doctor nor keep out of his reports. Here is his account of a family of "soreheads"—a malady that our own observation led me to consider incurable—that is, the American type:

Itch and Water Chestnuts.

This reminds me of a family of soreheads who lived outside the water gate of Soochow. Materfamilias came in one day, leading two children, with *tinea favosa*. With arms akimbo, "Mister Doctor, can you do anything for that?" Doctor, after a grave scrutiny, "I think I can." "If you can, I wish you would, right away, for we are about to scratch ourselves to death. Indeed we are, Doctor!" She looked as though she, at least, took a grim pleasure in doing her part of the scratching. "I'll reward you, Mister Doctor, indeed I will. We are poor, but there is one thing we have got and we will bring you plenty of them." The party received their medicine and retired. In a week she promptly returned; this time with four children, all with the same trouble. True to her word, she brought the doctor's pay in the shape of a sack of water chestnuts. In spite of all remonstrance, those water chestnuts must be left, and left they were.

Next week she appeared with six children, and water chestnuts. The next week the first two children and mother

disappeared, but the grandmother, four children, and water chestnuts arrived upon the scene of action. Another week and cousins began to appear, accompanied by the inevitable chestnuts, until we had sixteen members of the same family—all with the same affection. We ate water chestnuts raw, we had them fried into cakes, we made water chestnut pudding; they were in the kitchen, we found them in the storeroom, a bag full in the back entry, another under the filter. We gave them to the servants, we gave them to our medical students, we fed hungry patients, and yet we had more and to spare. We were not certain but that we were in for a plague of water chestnuts; but we were certain of one thing, yea, two things. One was, that that was the "most numerous" family of soreheads we had seen, and the other was the genuineness of their gratitude.

The hospital continued to grow and the incidents to multiply. How full of keen and absorbing interest those early years must have been! I cannot forbear giving the account of the first experiment with cocaine as contained in the report of the year 1884:

It was during this year that the powers of that wonderful anæsthetic cocaine were discovered. The drug had even reached Shanghai, but was being sold at fabulous prices—ninety cents a grain, or four hundred and thirty-two dollars an ounce. Of course it was far beyond our means, and yet I was extremely anxious to secure some for several poor patients upon whose eyes we were to operate. At this juncture a well-dressed young man entered the dispensary one day and, asking for me, wished to know if I visited private patients. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he immediately left, saying that he would send his chair for me at 3 P.M. At that hour his chair came, and took me to his lodging place. Here I was introduced to his mother and sister and soon learned the history of the case. It was the family of an official who was acting District Magistrate in the city of Changchow. The mother and two children had for a year been looking after their property in and near the city of Tsang-zoh—their farms amounting to more than 1,000 *mow*.

Fifty days previous to the time of my visit the young lady, seventeen years of age, had gone in company with her brother to the top of the hill partly lying in the city of Tsang-zoh.

Here among the ruins of an old temple, or palace, she discovered what she took to be a pearl. Pressing it between her thumb and finger, it flew into a thousand fragments, one of which lodged in the cornea just in front of the pupil. Attempts were immediately made to remove it, for it was causing most agonizing pain, but all to no purpose. A native doctor was then called, but he failed. Then others, skilled in one thing and another, came in rapid succession. Some could not see it and doubted the existence of a foreign body; others saw it, but had no instrument with which to extract it; others tried to dissolve it by giving internal remedies; and others still declared it was an internal affection altogether, and only a long course of medication could put the system in a condition to throw off the poisonous principles which had accumulated in the eye and would soon spread through the whole body, involving every tissue, and finally consume the internal organs with raging heat.

In this way the celebrated experts of several cities were consulted, one by one, and fifty days of precious time consumed—the fragment in the meantime having embedded itself deeply in the cornea, causing such extreme anguish that the tears flowed constantly, the light could scarcely be borne, and the eye rolled so continually and rapidly about in its orbit that when I first glanced at her it was impossible to see anything.

After several unsuccessful attempts to make out the object I led her into the court and there, by the first flash of sunlight, saw the glistening fragment. I was immediately able to corroborate her story of the pearl, which had seemed rather fanciful, but saw at the same time that either chloroform or cocaine would be necessary to its removal.

The family was wealthy, owning large estates, and had come from a distant city to consult me; having gone to the expense of chartering a boat and renting a house in Soochow, they determined, as a last resort, to give the foreigner a faithful trial.

I suggested cocaine, and they immediately acquiesced, agreeing to foot the bill.

As soon as the insignificant little white powder came from Shanghai, they were notified and invited to my study, where, in the presence of Dr. M. Philips, Mrs. Lambuth, and three medical students, the experiment with the new anæsthetic was to be made.

The old lady was very uneasy and begged, again and again, that I should not take out the eye, nor would she be satisfied until she had examined the solution and especially scrutinized the medicine dropper. Five drops of a four-per-cent solution were instilled at 10:15 A.M. By 10:25 the eye was "decidedly anæsthetic"—so says the note in my diary, June 3, 1885—and at 10:30, the eye having lost its sensation and now being quite steady, I withdrew the cataract knife from my sleeve and, as good fortune would have it, with the very first effort succeeded in dislocating the fragment, which flew out. It was all over in an instant, and when I announced the fact that the foreign body was gone not one of the three believed it. Returning sensation satisfied the girl that she was relieved, and the brother, seeing that his sister complained no more, was convinced and stood back in silent admiration. Not so the mother! It had been in the eye fifty days—how could it be removed so soon? The foreign doctor had played them a trick. She looked intently at the eye. It was certainly all there. "Shut your eye," she said to her daughter. "Now open it. Do you feel the piece of pearl?" "No," was the reply. "Where is it, then?" "I don't know," responded the daughter, "but it is gone. I am sure of that."

Then the old lady began to take in the situation. Astonishment and delight took the place of incredulity. Her gratitude and joy knew no bounds, and the praises with which she overwhelmed the operator were only equaled by her amusing and almost superstitious reverence for the medicine which could permit the eye to be pierced with a knife and yet experience no pain. Such is the pleasing history of the first use, in the provincial capital of a population of over thirty million, of a remedy which in a few weeks after its discovery almost revolutionized local surgery throughout the world. No adequate estimate can be made of the value

of this drug, especially in diseases of the eye which prevail so extensively in Central China. Within the first week I used this same solution in four operations—three of them being absolutely painless.

A native surgeon, hearing of the successful use of cocaine and not wishing to admit that the Chinese were behind in anything, declared that his people had a similar anæsthetic the chief ingredient of which was frog's-eye juice. Dr. Lambuth was inclined to take it as a joke, but after long search among the wholesale drug stores of Soochow the surgeon returned with a small, hard cake resembling beeswax, but harder, of a darker color, and semitransparent. Let Dr. Lambuth tell the rest in his own words:

ANÆSTHETIC ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

It cost over two dollars an ounce, and would have cost more had it been a pure article; but the latter is almost impossible to get. This cake was cut into pieces and soaked for some hours in water, together with a small white woody excrescence found growing upon the knot of some tree. After twenty-four hours the preparation was ready for use, and upon trial I certainly found it had anæsthetic properties. My tongue and lips became quite numb, and a finger immersed for some minutes in the solution lost sensation to the extent that a needle could be thrust into the end of it without pain. This man, as well as others, insisted that anæsthetic property lies in the juice of the frog's eye and does not depend so much upon the other ingredient. I have since found that the drug is widely known to China, though little used. It is remarkable how the Chinese have either made or been upon the verge of making important discoveries, but have constantly failed to take advantage of them. The preparation called Ingleevin, which has been so extensively advertised in the medical periodicals as a specific for vomiting, has been in use here for one thousand years, but is used in the same crude form in which it was first prescribed.

PREVISION.

It is with a sense of real and deep regret that I pen these last lines. The medical work in Soochow and the hospital itself had come to fill a large place in my heart. The work had been planned long before it was entered upon, and the hospital was ever in mind while studying the best institutions of America, Scotland, England, and France.

While it falls far short of my ideal both in construction and management, still it is as near what we desired as limited funds, climate, materials, etc., would admit. The continued ill health of my family has positively prohibited further residence in Soochow.

For this and other reasons at the end of this year, 1884, he resigned his work, went to Peking, and took work with the M. E. Church. Here he pioneered the hospital that was in some sense the forerunner of the Rockefeller Hospital, whose buildings cost $7,000,000, and which is said to be the finest and best-equipped hospital in the world. The act of leaving his own mission and going to another is only partially explained by health reasons. It does not appear that this step was formally authorized by the authorities, and it was terminated at the request of Bishop McTyeire, who considered the step unauthorized or without proper formalities. The temper and training as well as the lifelong practice of Dr. Lambuth are all against even an irregularity of this nature; and yet a reason may be found in the sharp division in the leadership of the mission on matters of policy at this time. The fact that his father was involved would give a color of justification, and might be set down to the credit of his filial loyalty.

The record of a called meeting of the Mission on November 9, 1885, has only one item, as follows:

Rev. Young J. Allen, D.D., Superintendent of China Mission.

Dear Dr. Allen: We hereby tender to the Board of Missions our resignation from the China Mission, to take effect from August 1, 1886. We also respectfully request the Board to make provision for our return to the U. S. of America at that time.

Yours truly,

J. W. LAMBUTH,
W. R. LAMBUTH.

The record does not show that any action was taken or even that any motion was made except a motion to adjourn. The minute was signed by Y. J. Allen, President, and A. P. Parker, Secretary. Bishop McTyeire in his report calls attention to the sickness in Dr. Lambuth's family and consequent absence, but no mention is made of his resignation.

CHAPTER VI

THE REGIONS BEYOND

"My time is short enough at best—
I push right onward while I may;
I open to the winds my breast,
And walk the way."

—*John Vance Cheney.*

Two events occurred in 1885-86 that had a marked influence on Dr. Lambuth's future life. One was his work in Peking in connection with the M. E. Church. For several months he was there engaged in the establishment of a hospital, to which reference has already been made. It may be, for some reason, he intended to sever his connection permanently from the work in his Church and with the southeastern section of China. This he may have considered from a health standpoint, or it may have been a temporary arrangement as an accommodation to the Methodist Episcopal Board. Whatever may have been the ground of his action, it set him in a sympathetic relation to that Church which was maintained to the end. Likewise it gave him a wider experience professionally and in relation to the Chinese Government and people.

The other event was the opening of work in Japan and the appointment of the Lambuths, father and son, to that work. It is a curious fact that as early as 1876 Mrs. M. I. Lambuth had written the Board: "It does seem that Japan ought to be occupied by us. It seems sometimes that Japan would be a good

field for Walter, but I scarcely dare breathe such a thought for fear of wrong. However, I can dare say that if I were younger and free to do so I would go there where people are willing and ready to learn. 'All things in their proper time and place,' is a good motto and one that I will try not to forget."

In 1885 Dr. J. W. Lambuth had written to Dr. Kelley, then Secretary of the Board: "If our Board opens a mission in Japan, I am ready to go there to help in that work." This sentiment grew out of his missionary passion and his study of God's plan and purpose in redemption. It was also a result of observations of Japan as a field and the conviction that the hour had come for us to enter that Empire. Even earlier than either of these, Walter himself, during his youthful days in America, had written his father asking advice as to where he should work as a missionary. He had been greatly impressed with Japan as he passed that way to America for the first time, and he mentions the possibility of his locating in Japan.

There were other influences, which need not here be discussed, tending to detach the Lambuth family from the China Mission. And while these influences may not have been of His devising, they were no doubt overruled for His glory, as has often turned out before.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Missions held on May 6, 1885, the following resolution was offered by Bishop John C. Keener and adopted:

Resolved, That we establish a mission in Japan, and that we appropriate therefor the sum of $3,000.

It does not take long to read, but it requires generations to measure the far-reaching and profound meanings of this action. There was no parade, no blowing of trumpets, but in the space of fifteen words and four modest figures a movement was launched that in thirty years made itself felt around the world.

The Lambuths were chosen and appointed to open the work. This move necessitated the learning of a new language after the years in China, and beginning over among a strange people. It was a more violent and radical revolution in another aspect of Walter's life plans. He had from his youth meant to be a physician. By painstaking and diligent study he had prepared himself for that work. He had given himself to it with whole-hearted devotion in China for eight years and had already achieved distinction and laid the foundation for yet greater things. Going to Japan meant virtually giving up his chosen profession and turning his hands to other lines of work for which naturally he had less taste and—shall we say—less of adaptation. He was thirty-two years of age. Let any one try to think what this must have meant to him at his age and in his circumstances and he will get a fresh view of what it takes to make a real missionary. Suffice it to say that he went without a murmur from him or his devoted wife, who never learned the art of complaining—nor, for that matter, from any member of the Lambuth family was there ever hesitation or want of cheerful compliance.

No time was lost in maneuvering, surveys, and parleys, but a frontal attack was launched without delay. This was followed by the selection of centers,

the adoption of policies, and a vigorous program of advance. Dr. W. R. Lambuth had been designated by Bishop McTyeire as the Superintendent of the Mission. In making this appointment the Bishop wrote: "Your father's age and the state of his health justify us in laying this burden of superintending on you instead of him. We do not underestimate his long, faithful, and valuable service in the foreign field; the experience which he has acquired in the general work and by his visits to Japan will be at your service." It was a great responsibility. He was the youngest of the group of missionaries. His own father and mother were of the number, and they were veteran missionaries with a third of a century to their credit and a record for wise and devoted pioneering that set them among the immortals in missionary annals. Dr. O. A. Dukes, also sent from China, was a man of training and experience. The field was a hard one. It was among a people who had within a score of years broken away from their Oriental isolation and changed the customs of ages. They had adopted Western learning and were welcoming a Western civilization; but they were proud, self-conscious people and in religion conservative and unemotional. The soil was rich, but it was no longer virgin. The plowshare of rationalism and of the scientific spirit had turned the soil already. What was to be done must be soon and vigorously begun.

In the comprehensive report of the China Mission made to the Board in 1886 by Bishop McTyeire, he dwells at length on the question of a mission to Japan. He called attention to the changes going on in that

country and warns of danger of losing what he calls the second opportunity, as we had lost what he calls the first great opportunity in 1859-60. But he warns that it would not be wise to establish a mission unless the Church was prepared to establish a strong one, "fully abreast with the advances of the past twenty-six years, and conducted by men fully able to comprehend the situation and meet its demands."

While this was going on Joseph Hardy Neesima, the great apostle of Japan, was praying, pleading, and working for the evangelization of his country with "a fire burning in his heart for Japan." He wrote an appeal for Christian education, which was circulated in the United States, in which he said:

> Old Japan is defeated; new Japan has won its victory. The old Asiatic system is silently passing away, and the new European ideas so recently transplanted there are growing vigorously and luxuriantly. Within the past twenty years Japan has undergone a vast change, and is now so advanced that it will be impossible for her to fall back into her past position. She has shaken off her old robe. She is ready to adopt something better. . . . Her leading minds will no longer bear with the old forms of despotic feudalism, neither be contented with the worn-out Asiatic doctrines of morals and religions. . . . The pagan religions seem to their inquiring mind mere relics of the old superstition.

It was in the face of conditions like these that young Lambuth—only thirty-two years of age—was taken from another mission, and from the medical superintendence of a hospital, to lead the forces and lay the foundations of a new mission. He entered on the task in 1887.

Providence added a limitation more serious than those already mentioned in that, as it proved, he

was to remain in the field only four years. In that brief period he laid strong foundations and broad. It was evident that an alert, progressive people, eagerly devouring every scrap of Western literature they could get their hands on, and being deluged by infidel and rationalistic books, must be taught. The training of a Christian leadership was a task that was early recognized as essential here, even more than elsewhere. Accordingly one of the earliest developments was a night school in Kobe which, through the generosity of Dr. W. B. Palmore, then editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, became Palmore Institute. It has been through the years a unique and conspicuous agency and has grown to be one of the outstanding institutions of the mission. It was begun in 1886, under N. W. Utley, then in the employ of the Japanese Government.

Another far-sighted venture was Hiroshima Girls' School. Dr. Lambuth was in charge of the Hiroshima District during his first year in Japan, and one of the results of his manifold labors was the beginning of this school. Miss Nannie B. Gaines joined in the school in 1887, almost from the beginning, and for thirty-seven years has been its great moving spirit. She has built for herself a lasting monument and by her wisdom and devotion has more than justified the foresight of the founder. The school was not without its vicissitudes in the beginning, with most uncomfortable and insufficient buildings and utterly insufficient funds—and at the end of two years of fruitless pleading and struggle against discouragement, it was compelled to close its doors. This resulted in Dr. Lambuth's removal to Kobe, where it

had been determined that the center of the mission was to be. Nevertheless his plea for funds for reopening the Hiroshima School was effective, at least in so far that within a few months the school was reopened and has since held on its way with constantly increasing influence and popularity. It has set the light of faith aglow on the altars of thousands of Japanese homes and touched many high places of the land with the transforming power of consecrated intelligence.

In Dr. Lambuth's report to the Board in 1890 he refers to action taken concerning a boys' school in a regular mission meeting on July 15, 1889, as follows:

> *Resolved*, That until the organic union of the two Methodisms of Japan becomes an accomplished fact the interests of our own work demand that our educational forces be concentrated in Kobe, and that every department of our educational work be carried on here; and, further, that immediate steps be taken to provide a faculty and facilities for thorough Biblical training in the Kwansei Gakuin; and, further, that the superintendent be instructed to notify the Secretary of the Japan Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this action.

Thirty-five years have elapsed and at this writing "organic union of the two Methodisms is not yet" an accomplished fact; but happily it is on the near horizon.

In September, 1889, the Kwansei Gakuin was begun at Kobe—or at Haradamura, a village about three miles from Kobe. It was a small beginning. An old and uncomfortable house was secured, and with characteristic self-denial the younger Lambuths moved into it in order to meet the requirements in-

volved in the purchase, slept in the loft while building was in progress, and gladly endured the discomforts and inconveniences that they might lay the foundations of this school. This spirit of adaptation and cheerful acceptance of discomforts is illustrated in the following story as told by his daughter:

Father often told of something that happened when he and mother first went to housekeeping in China. They had ordered an American stove and what they thought was sufficient stovepipe, but when the stove arrived the pipe proved about five inches too short. The weather was extremely cold, and there was no extra pipe to be had in the Chinese city. Father was called out to see a sick man, and when he returned mother had had the stove placed on top of two large boxes, had moved the dining table in front of the stove, and was sitting on top of it in a rocking-chair reading a book. For a number of weeks they managed to keep warm in this way.

The Kwansei Gakuin foundations were laid in prayer and faith, for there was little else to begin with. Soon twenty boys were gathered and the work was headed for the open sea. A student of the school gives the first extended and graphic account of it in these words:

A college named Kwansei Gakuin was established last September under our mission at Haradamura, a village apart three miles from Kobe. The campus now contains one dormitory and two professors' residences, on ten thousand tsubo (about nine acres), along with nice grass, old trees, and other plants which offer us fresh air and nice fruits at the proper season. The Inland Sea, the mother supporting the life of the living, lies in front of us, and Mount Mays, the keeper of treasures, rests on our back. We have now about thirty students, with the Academic and Theological Departments; five of them belong to the latter, in which I am also a student. The location of the school is so good that we never dreamed to

see the place of our ancestor, the Eden. We have sufficient supply for the physical strength.

The professors, since the date the school was opened for the people of the nation, have been encouraging and praying for us to have devotional hearts as well as developed intellects. God does not forget nor hesitate to answer their prayers. We believe, we feel, that we are surely growing in the grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. We the boarders have a prayer meeting every evening, and we feel that God's blessing and mercy rest upon us, though poor servants, protecting us from the various temptations and guiding us to the Zion's temple.

Since we had the revival of our faith or the spiritual revolution among us at the regular meeting, the hearts of the new pupils were touched by the power of the Spirit, and were turned utterly toward the Sun of Righteousness, as well as the believers, though they did not listen to the glad tidings of salvation. So we have now a thoroughly Christian school—boarders without exception, earnest followers of Christ.

When a payment was necessary in order to secure the property for this school, there were no funds. It was pay or lose the property. Dr. Lambuth went to the Hongkong Shanghai Bank and asked a loan. There was no money and no collateral and no security but the honor and integrity of the Lambuths—father and son—and the good name of the missionaries. This foreign corporation trusted them and they got the money. It has been so from that day to this. The credit of our missions and missionaries is gilt-edge. No corporation has a better credit round the world than Mission Boards. The money for starting Kwansei Gakuin was given by Mr. Thomas Branch, a Methodist banker of Richmond, Va.

A Theological Department was opened at once,

BISHOP LAMBUTH AND GENERAL YUN

COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE OLD KOREAN ARMY

REV. T. SUNAMOTO

FIRST NATIVE PREACHER OF THE JAPAN MISSION

BARON T. H. YUN

FIRST MEMBER OF OUR CHURCH IN KOREA; FIRST CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ANGLO-KOREAN SCHOOL

with Dr. J. C. C. Newton at its head. The school was blessed the first year with a great revival, which resulted in the conversion of every one of the thirty students, four volunteers for the ministry, and two as Bible women. The student body became an evangelistic force in the surrounding country. This school has continued to develop until it is now one of the great schools of the empire. Since 1910 the school has been shared on equal terms by the Southern Methodist and Canadian Methodist Boards. It now has over 1,700 students and a property equipment valued at about $1,000,000. In all these years this school has been one of the prime interests of Dr. Lambuth, indissolubly linked with those early struggles in Japan.

The school work of Japan was wisely planned with reference to the conditions of the country and to the immediate and prospective needs of the mission. The fine system of education already organized in Japan made unnecessary the establishment of primary and grammar schools, and, indeed, of any extensive system of schools. A school for girls and a school for boys on which the Board might concentrate its energies and resources were a sufficient base for the supply of leaders in the early years at least. The wisdom and foresight with which the mission was projected from the beginning are admirable. The outline given in Dr. Lambuth's report to the Board in 1887 is worthy of reproduction as an exhibition of the care and thoroughness with which the work was planned.

We have definitely settled on Kobe as the center of our base line.

1. It is the center of our legitimate field. The M. E. Church occupies territory two hundred miles to the north of us and three hundred miles to the south.

2. It is the center of a railroad line being pushed to completion.

3. It is the most healthful seaport, for all seasons, of any in Japan.

4. It commands the Inland Sea, all coasting vessels making this a depot.

5. Being a treaty port, in almost weekly communication with America, China, and England, we have advantages here which could not be secured inland. Even the right of residence itself, outside of treaty port, is denied us until the revised treaty is ratified, unless we are engaged by a native company to teach.

6. Resting as it does upon a lofty range of hills and on the southern slope, and reaching down along the shore of Osaka Bay; situated almost midway between the extremes of a long coast range where arctic winters and torrid summers reign; with commanding sites and broad, well-graded streets—what wonder is it that 250,000 people have already made their homes in Kobe, and others, like ourselves, are anxious to secure a foothold?

Plan of Operations.

Our plan, as far as elaborated, is as follows: (1) To occupy Kobe strongly as a center and supply station. (2) To establish a base line running through this city northeast and southwest—this line to pass twenty miles to the northeast by rail through Osaka, the third city in the empire, with a population of 300,000; hence through Kyoto (forty-seven miles from Kobe), the western capital, for twelve centuries the sacred seat of the secluded Mikado, and still the great stronghold of Buddhism and Shintoism; but which now holds as well the most vigorous Christian college in Japan, besides numerous institutions of learning, both public and private. There is no surer method of dissipating the ignorance and superstition enshrined upon those elaborately templed hills of sacred Kyoto than by permitting the presence of those simple, whitewashed buildings thronged with students of Christianity

and science which dot the plain below. From Kobe we too can strike the entering wedge which shall rend this city of 250,000 people—the second in the empire—to the core. Eleven miles further we reach Lake Biwa, fifty miles long, around which extends our Lake Biwa Circuit.

Upon the other hand, southwest from Kobe our line will run along the northern shore of the Inland Sea, passing through five provinces and tapping Hiroshima Circuit at Hiroshima, two hundred miles from here. From thence it will continue one hundred miles in the same direction, passing through Yamaguchi, the capital of Suno Province, and find its terminus at land's end—the most western extremity of the main island of Honshiu. Here at the Straits of Shimoneseki, only a mile wide, we expect to shake hands with our Methodist brethren who are occupying the island of Kiushu. At present we are working this line by the aid of interpreters. As soon as feasible we want men from home stationed upon the northeast at Osaka, Kyoto, and on Lake Biwa; and upon the southwest at Onomichi, Hiroshima, Yamaguchi, and Shimoneseki. These southwestern points are all important commercial centers, and command the hundreds of islands and thousands of villages which occupy the Inland Sea.

The population of Japan, by reason of the inaccessibility of its mountain interior, is largely confined to a narrow zone, which fringes the coast line; and on account of the bleak winds upon the bleaker northern coast, which bears the brunt of Siberian winters, there has been a steady gravitation of the people to the southern slope of this great volcanic roof. Here is our field, and singularly enough occupied, as yet, at but one point by resident missionaries. We are late upon the field! Let us occupy vigorously what so providentially has been left open to us! We call for at least two men a year for this program!

The following letter to the author is an illuminating comment on this period of the Bishop's life by one who was one of his first students and earliest recruits to the ministry. He speaks out of intimate fellowship extending over a long period of years.

KWANSEI GAKUIN, KOBE, JAPAN,
June 1, 1922.

Dear Dr. Pinson: It is great pleasure for me to write something in relation to the personality of our dear Bishop Lambuth in reply to your favor of May 3, 1922.

1. *Study of Native Language.*—When I made a missionary tour with Bishop Lambuth some thirty years ago from Oita to Uwajima, he never stopped the study of Japanese language even a day on the sea. So he took out his notebook and wrote down the Japenese which I had spoken at that time while I had been somewhat troubled with seasickness.

He was so earnest and diligent of his study that everybody in the room wished to help him with earnest readiness.

He had been very bold to speak in Japanese in public, which made it much easier for him to get acquaintance with many Japanese.

2. *Friends of Old Prince Dotte at Uwajima.*—In his first tour down to Uwajima from Kobe there were some rumors among the people of this village town Uwajima, that a new missionary was coming by the name of Dr. Lambuth who was an expert medical doctor. When the prince, who was sick in bed, heard of the name he was very anxious to invite the missionary doctor to the home and get his medical suggestion.

When Dr. Lambuth was invited, he was very polite according to the Japanese custom and showed full sympathy to the sick prince, who was over eighty years of age. When Dr. Lambuth returned to Kobe from the tour he sent the Bible, nourishing food, and some medicines to the prince. The result opened a new way for the gospel movement with more appreciation of his kindness from the people in general.

In his second tour to the town in which I was the associate many people paid visits to his hotel, both for the physical and spiritual salvation.

Thus the foundation of the Uwajima Church had been settled with much expectation.

3. *Discipline of Young Native Preachers.*—With the opening of the new school, Kwansei Gakuin, Kobe, he was the first president of the institute and a professor of practical theology in the Divinity School. His lecture on the subject was not limited to the textbook only, but he took the students very

often to the mountain forest which opens very near to the school campus and gave them the freedom in their practical exercise. His way of teaching was to show some freedom in the treatment of the subject, to appreciate the thought of the students in order to encourage the students with growing interest.

4. *Attitude to the Work in Japan.*—When the negotiation for the union of the educational work in Japan in the Kwansei Gakuin between Canadian Methodist Church and M. E. Church, South, in the U. S. A., 1909, he called on me about the union to get my own opinion. He said at that time: "It is for Japanese. I have no idea to change any if it is disadvantage to Japanese."

That explains his attitude toward the Japanese work, whether it is evangelistic or educational work. He was very earnest always for the welfare of Japanese and ready all the time to help them with faithful possibility.

5. *His Hospitality.*—He remembered so well about the personal events of his friends that it is not rare case to revive old facts of the friends from his own mouth. He had special genius to remember the name of his foreign friends.

I owe him very much for the ministerial life till this day, especially to his friendship while I was in the U. S. A., both financially and personally. I am now in deep regret in losing one star in the far East.

Respectfully yours, Y. TANAKA.

It was agreed that fraternal and coöperative relations should be maintained witl. the Methodist Episcopal Church Missions and that their book house in Tokyo should be patronized as a source of supply for books, tracts, and printing. This was a prophecy of that spirit of unity which continued and which twenty years later resulted in the organization of the Japan Methodist Church.

It has sometimes been thought that Dr. Lambuth overemphasized institutional missions. This conclusion rests on the number and importance of the

institutions of which he was founder and promoter. It must be admitted that there was ground for at least a question at this point if judged from surface appearance. To concede this would raise some curious questions. Why should he adopt a policy which was contrary to all his previous training and traditions? It is well known that his father believed supremely in the spoken message. His ideal of a missionary was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." His life was one long heroic testimony to the reality of that conviction.

The earliest recollections of Walter Lambuth were of those never-to-be-forgotten journeys in which his father preached in chapels, in homes, by the wayside, on the crowded streets, unwearied, undiscouraged, with a sublime faith in the power of the spoken word. This made its impression, an impression that was indelible. It appears in the early determination to be a missionary and to be a preaching missionary. But he was himself a medical missionary. This fact has been suggested to account for his emphasis on institutional forms of missionary effort. This may have helped, and no doubt did help, to strengthen his sense of the value of institutions that minister to the bodies and minds of men, as channels through which the redeeming love of Christ might be made manifest. But it will be remembered that in his preparation he had settled and fixed his purpose to prepare for the ministry of the Word, "medicine or no medicine," and in his first mission charge in China he itinerated over hundreds of miles of territory, preaching and healing at the same time; and that here in Japan, in survey-

ing the needs, he puts a widespread evangelistic itineration at the very foundation and finds in Methodism a form of organized Christianity peculiarly adapted to meet that need.

It is not without strong probability that his being in Japan at all was due to a controversy on missionary policy involving this very point we are discussing. There arose in China a sharp division of sentiment between the leaders which was at its height when Dr. Lambuth began his work there. When in 1885 his father offered his resignation and asked for provision for his return to the United States the following year, the son joined him in that action. Although the records are obscure at this point, it is almost a necessary inference that it grew out of the controversy, and was on W. R. Lambuth's part an act of filial loyalty and a protest against the policy and contention which were out of accord with the elder Lambuth's convictions and practice. If this inference is correct, it is creditable to the son's open-mindedness if, in the interest of the work, he afterwards laid himself liable to the charge of inconsistency.

The incident is introduced here because of its bearing on the question of Dr. W. R. Lambuth's emphasis on institutional as against evangelistic missions—a distinction more academic than real, and more a matter of emphasis than essential fact.

But aside from this the incident has a most interesting bearing on a far larger question. One is driven to ask whether the mission in Japan would have been opened at that time if there had been no controversy in China. The Board was in debt; workers were

painfully scarce even in China. Bishop McTyeire had approached the subject with caution in his report in 1885, one of his expressed conditions being that "it must do no violence to the China Mission, for no gains in Japan could compensate for losses in China." He suggests a delay of five years, and that meantime exclusive attention be given to reënforcing the China Mission, all of which has the tone of statesmanship, and we imagine was not easy to answer. Yet history gives ample proof that there is a statesmanship of divine providence that transcends and often overturns our fairest and most rational deductions. Only One sees all the facts, and he alone scans all the future. In his hand mysterious and even untoward forces work strangely beneficent results.

Suppose we had waited five years. Within that period the Constitution of the Empire was proclaimed and the first diet was chosen; Western education spread, Western literature, much of it hurtful multiplied, and the new ideals of this wonderful people began to take on permanent forms. With the most experienced and best trained workers from China, we had in those five years planted centers of light and set forces in motion that would not have been possible to the same extent at the end of that period. What if the controversy in China, like that between Paul and Barnabas and that between Peter and Paul, made not only possible but expedient the opening of this mission without delay, and even at the expense of China's altogether inadequate force! To the extent to which it humbles those who furnished the occasion and those "whose widsom was made

foolishness" by the outcome, it exalted the wisdom and the unsleeping guidance of a divine providence toward those who in their blundering limitations are trying to do His will.

As to Dr. Lambuth's attitude on direct, apostolic evangelism the facts witness to his zeal on that score. In the mission as originally planned a large place was given to evangelism. Within the territory as surveyed in the beginning Dr. Lambuth traveled almost incessantly. We find him now at Hiroshima, now at Kobe in a revival, at Tadotsu, at Oita five times in a year, once in a "glorious revival"; now at Uwajima, Matsuyama, Takushimi, Osaka. Travel was not as easy as in America, we can well imagine. A characteristic incident related by Dr. Lambuth will serve as an illustration. They were staying at a Japanese inn. It was midsummer, mosquitoes were abundant and aggressive, and the inn was innocent of mosquito bars. Late in the night Bishop Wilson was wandering around seeking a way of escape from the heat and the mosquitoes when he found Mrs. Wainright using her skirt for a mosquito bar and Dr. Wainright on the floor with his pants suspended above him and in profound sleep with his face securely fortified in one leg of his pantaloons.

In those early days they made haste to tell the story everywhere. It was not always mere discomfort they faced. It was often the violence and wrath of the people! One of the very first native preachers was T. Sunamoto, a retired sea captain who had been converted in San Francisco, and had come home to tell his story of salvation to his own people. He expected to return to California, but he fell in with

the Lambuths and remained. When I first met him, in 1912, he told me how the people used to stone their chapels and attack and persecute them. "Now it is too easy," said he, "and we have not power in here"—smiting his breast. "Some persecution gives strength and keeps the Lord by the side."

If any excuses were needed for inserting the following letters from J. W. Lambuth to Mr. Sunamoto, then in Honolulu, their vivid representation of the work at that period would be ample:

YAMA No. 2, KOBE, JAPAN,
December 30, 1889.

My Dear Brother Sunamoto: Your kind and welcome letter of December 2, with its glad news, came safely to me two or three days since. I rejoice with you, my dear brother, that God has blessed you so abundantly with joy in the Holy Ghost. I know how happy you are, for God has for many years given me the same joy and peace. You remember I used often to talk to you of this great love of Jesus which often came to my soul, and told you it was joy which I could not express in words. The Lord so fills my soul with his gracious promises sometimes that I feel like crying out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" and then I feel that nothing is too precious to keep back from Jesus; but I am willing to give him my all, soul, body, and spirit, and all my time and all I am and all I have. I am sure you feel so when God fills you with his love and his Holy Spirit. Can you wonder now that I love to work for Jesus? Can you wonder that I love to teach the Japanese the way to Jesus? O, if I could only speak this language as the natives do, I would go up and down through this land telling these people of the love of Jesus and that he died for them! Pray for me that God unloose my tongue that I may tell abroad among your own countrymen the news of salvation through Jesus. . . . I have read your last letter to some of the native brethren and it has done good. Write often to me, and I pray the Lord to more abundantly bless

you and help you to come back soon to us in Japan. Ask Christian friends to pray for me.

As ever your brother in Christ, J. W. LAMBUTH.

YAMA NO. 2, KOBE, JAPAN,
April 9, 1890.

My Dear Brother Sunamoto: Your kind letter came to hand about one week since and I was truly glad to hear from you. You did not say anything about getting my last letter to you. I directed to the Japanese Consulate, Honolulu. I am glad to know you are meeting with so much encouragement in your work in the Sandwich Islands among your own people. I have had two or three letters from you and some two or three young men have come from there bringing letters from you. Be sure and give these letters to me that we may be able to keep watch of them and find them out. We still have a good work at Tadotsu and all the members there are very earnest and seem determined to have a church for themselves. Some of the members have brought their armor and some their swords. We have now seven armor and about twenty swords. All are for sale and to be used in building a church in Tadotsu. I would be glad if some persons in America would buy them and thus help the members there to build a church. . . .

I wish you could be with us to help us in this work in Japan. When will you return to your native land? Write me as often as you can. Always let me know when any of the Christians return to Japan. Give me their address, that I may find them out and get them to do Christian work. Tell Brother Mitani that his father and mother, sister and brothers are all very happy and working to bring others to Christ. . . . My dear brother, I see more and more every day the great need for the gospel of Christ to be spread all over this land and to be made known to all this people. Nothing but the grace of God can help men to love each other.

Let me hear from you soon and often, and I pray the Lord to keep you from all harm and from all sickness and help you to do much good. We all send our kindest regards to you, and with earnest prayers for you, I remain,

Your brother in Christ, J. W. LAMBUTH.

This Pauline apostle Sunamoto still abides, and his faith abides as he works and prays unceasingly, in the city of Shimoneseki, for the Lambuth Memorial Church which he is seeking to build in that city. He guided the writer to the humble Japanese inn where Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth first resided in Hiroshima. A visit to that inn would be a wholesome object lesson to some modern critics of the missionary, and its lesson might not be amiss to the young missionary of this later day.

The remark of Brother Sunamoto quoted already, concerning persecution and power, is abundantly justified in the remarkable revival which took place in the city of Oita. It was a period of persecution that had put a severe test not only on the young converts, but also on the missionaries in that city with its traditions of the exterminating persecutions of the Catholics of a much earlier day. The work which had shown promise was in danger of being permanently checked. The following account, written at the time by an eyewitness and one who shared in that memorable experience, was printed in the *Missionary Reporter* of May 20, 1890:

> These persecutions brought Dr. Wainright and his noble band of boys down upon their knees. By the time we reached Oita an atmosphere of an approaching shower of grace was over them and filled the church. Upon the evening of December 31 four of us assembled in our brother's sitting room as one man for prayer and rededication of ourselves. We then and there received such a revelation of the presence of the Almighty as we had never before experienced. For two hours we four wrestled with God. It was our Peniel. We saw God face to face, and were preserved. I say this with awe and humility. Such a humbling of ourselves we never had before.

The awful presence of a pure and holy God threw us upon our faces prostrate before him. After two hours we arose and gazed into each other's faces with mute astonishment; whether in the body, or not in the body, we scarcely knew. Unable to eat supper, with one accord we assembled in the adjoining chapel. One of our native brethren—Brother Yoshioka—preached as though inspired. I have never before heard such a sermon from any tongue. The Holy Spirit fell upon us with a mighty rush, and swayed the congregation as if by the sweep of a tornado. Conviction was followed by conversion, and the shouts of the redeemed ascended to heaven. Four young men have been called to the ministry as a result of that meeting. Two are in our Kobe Bible School to-day. Two Bible women have been given us. The young men—God bless them!—rushed from the house after 12 o'clock that night and, going to their homes, waked their heathen parents from their heavy slumber and with tears urged them to repentance. The Lord answered their prayers, and the parents of several came during the next two days and with moistened eyes confessed that they had wronged their sons.

In ten days more the blessing came to our boys' school in Kobe, and at this writing not one heathen boy is left in our dormitories; to a man they have professed faith in Christ as a personal Saviour. Rejoice with us, dear Doctor; this is indeed the hand of the Lord. "His hand is not shortened."

In this hour Dr. Lambuth and Dr. Yoshioko and H. Nakamura came on the scene. Dr. Wainright writes of this remarkable revival that followed their visit. In conversation with Dr. Lambuth it was discovered that they had both been led to unusually earnest and constant prayer—Dr. Wainright under the hindrances and persecutions and Dr. Lambuth under the burden of his new and unaccustomed responsibilities as Superintendent of the Mission. Let Dr. Wainright tell the story:

We do not recall whether it was on the last day of the year or a day or two earlier. But preceding a night service that had been announced for the congregation, four of us knelt for prayer in my study about 4 o'clock in the afternoon—namely, W. R. Lambuth, Y. Yoshioka, H. Nakamura, and myself. After we had spent some time on our knees, and while Dr. Lambuth was praying, a very strange thing occurred. While praying in a deliberate manner, his voice suddenly began to show weakness and gradually seemed to fail him. We could tell by his language that he felt a disturbed sense of the presence of God. He begged for release from an oppression which his strength could not endure. What troubled him, and seemed to terrify him, was a consciousness that God was near and mysteriously visible to him. His failing strength, which might have alarmed us, really gave us no concern, and yet it seemed that life was actually sinking away. When his voice grew weak and reached almost the vanishing point, he began to call upon Christ to stand between him and the overpowering presence. That plea evidently met with response, for he began to rally and he seemed to have a distinct vision of the approach of Christ. At this point not only did he begin to rally, but what seemed to be an upward tide swept the room. It carried away burdens that had rested heavily upon us for months. It liberated our spirits, and our joy was so great that we scarcely knew whether we were in the body or out of the body. The time slipped by without our knowledge, and before we had arisen from our knees the maid came to announce the evening meal. No one went to the table, as we remember. The experience of the afternoon was so intense that we were preoccupied with the joy of the moment. The upper rooms were not all in Jerusalem, but there in that distant spot God had poured out his Spirit upon us as upon those at the beginning.

The evening hour soon came and the congregation gathered in the adjoining house, where a place of worship had been provided by converting two large rooms into one. Dr. Lambuth opened the service and Dr. Yoshioka delivered the address, speaking with great earnestness. Indeed there was a peculiar glow upon his face as he told of Christ and his grace to save. After a song, all knelt in prayer. Following the

usual custom, one succeeded another in leading the congregation. It was while we were on our knees that suddenly out of the great unseen there swept upon us and through the congregation a power as real as it was mysterious. All seemed to bow under its influence as the grain sways before the wind. Some were overawed. Some were smitten in their consciences. Some were made joyously happy. It was a memorable scene. Namio Yanigawari, one of the leaders among the young men, rose to his feet, opened the New Testament at the second chapter of Acts, and began to read. Lifting the book up so that all could see it and pointing his finger to the Word, he declared with earnestness and emphasis that the account which they had read, but hitherto could not understand, was now fulfilled before their eyes. It was well on toward midnight before the closing hymn was sung and when all faces seemed to be as one face, because of the common light that rested upon all. On the way home some were converted who had been present. The next night so many came that the big front gates had to be barred after the house was filled. It was noised abroad among the people that God had come down and made himself known to the Christian congregation.

During the first four years there was great lack of workers. Only two were added to the original force sent over from China at the full charge of the Board, Miss Nannie B. Gaines in 1887 and T. W. B. Demaree in 1889. The Board agreed to send out those whose travel and outfit were provided by themselves or their friends, and in some cases they were to assume their own support—under these terms C. B. Mosely, B. W. Waters, J. C. C. Newton, S. H. Wainright, N. W. Utley, Laura Strider, W. E. Towson, and Mary Bice went out. Of these, S. H. Wainright and N. W. Utley began their work by teaching in Government schools.

The debt of the Board and the smallness of the income set an embarrassing limitation on the work,

Only $78,000 was spent on the work during the four years. This was got with much pleading. Enterprises were hampered, some were started and discontinued. Many discouragements and testings of faith set their stamp on the work and workers of these eventful years and drove them to the higher sources of power.

Yet through all the limitations and experimentations it is a gratifying testimony to the wisdom of the plan originally set forth that this plan has been adhered to with a fidelity and a tenacity that have been abundantly justified.

CHAPTER VII

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

"He did God's will, to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun."

—*Robert Browning.*

It became necessary, on account of the health of his family, that Dr. Lambuth should return to the United States. He left Japan early in the year 1891. He seemed destined to have no continuing city. It was by no means assured that this change would be permanent. He quit the field with the hope of returning in a few weeks or at most in a year. But this was not to be. Providence had other work for him. He did not rest. It was not his way. We soon find him speaking through the *Missionary Reporter*, the missionary periodical of his Church, in a department that bore his name. There was the urge of immediacy and the throb of passionate sincerity in the paragraphs he wrote. He was not only fresh from the firing line, but still in the campaign and in it to stay. He could have made a great editor. He not only wrote well, but he had the rare art of seizing on the vital and salient thought or fact and making it visible. His appeals were to the imagination. They were couched in terms of the concrete rather than the abstract. He had a fine appreciation of the human elements and knew how to go straight to the heart and win his verdict with the emotions.

There was at the time of his return a movement in

progress to raise money to pay a debt which had for some time hampered the progress of the work. It had driven the Board to reduce the appropriations twenty per cent in spite of the crying demands of the work. The presence of Dr. Lambuth added strength to the force at the command of the Board for this campaign. He entered into it with his accustomed vigor. The Board had decided at the annual meeting in 1891 that he should remain in the United States during the year, making the rounds of the Annual Conferences and presenting the cause of Missions wherever opportunity offered. Opportunities were not wanting. We soon find that he is making himself felt. In St. Louis he secures the travel, rent, and personal teacher's salary of W. A. Davis as missionary to Japan. At Centenary Church a working girl gave $25 of her scant earnings. During a visit to the Meridian (Miss.) District Conference twenty-five parents consecrated all their children to God for foreign mission work, and five young men and three young women gave themselves. Even with the financial pressure upon the Board, we find him pressing the claims of Japanese sufferers from a severe earthquake in which 5,000 lost their lives and 9,000 were injured, 4,400 houses destroyed and 17,000 partially destroyed.

Two events of the year affected him deeply: One was the death of his beloved father. On April 28, 1892, the veteran missionary ceased at once to work and live. He faced the sunset shadows in Kobe, Japan, with a record of unwavering devotion and of noble service to mankind, and won the title of "Father of the Inland Sea Mission." The tender

affection and reverence of Walter Lambuth for his father were of a rare sort. The letters written to the father while Walter was in the States attending school were full of filial affection. His father's death left the son lonely, not only for the Orient but for the love and counsel of the gentle soul that had been so great a stay and guide to him hitherto.

The second event was the death of Dr. Weyman H. Potter, one of the Secretaries of the Board, who had been elected only a few months before. Dr. Lambuth was detailed to take his place, and at once entered upon the duties of the office. There were three Secretaries at that time—viz., I. G. John, H. C. Morrison, and W. R. Lambuth. This post he filled till the General Conference of 1894. The long and arduous labors of Dr. John had so told upon his strength that the Board found it necessary to vote him an indefinite period of rest. This left only two active Secretaries. At a called meeting of the Board Dr. Lambuth was authorized to act as Corresponding Secretary *pro tem.* Thus he took his place in the administrative work of the Board when it was entering on a new day and facing larger responsibilities, and yet with serious limitations and want of generous support. At the General Conference of 1894 Dr. Lambuth was elected Corresponding Secretary.

Thus the changes continued to come thick and fast upon him—changes that went deep and far in their meaning. In a few short years he had gone from America to China, from Shanghai to Soochow, from Soochow to Peking, from Peking to Japan, and from Japan to America. He had also changed from one Board to another and back again, from one hospital

to another, from medical to itinerant superintendent, from superintendent to associate Secretary *pro tem.*, and then to Corresponding or General Secretary. Was this a prophecy of the future shifting of this human shuttle from zone to zone and from continent to continent till the shining thread of life snapped and the worn shuttle stopped?

Dr. Lambuth's secretaryship began at a time when the missionary enterprise had begun to occupy the best and the most earnest thinking of men. It had begun to create Christian movements that overswept and bound into one the great divisions of the Church Universal. Into all these movements he threw himself with a whole-hearted earnestness. He was peculiarly fitted for this, not only by his training and experience as missionary, but by his natural catholicity of spirit.

During this decade the Young People's Missionary Movement, the Student Volunteer Movement, and the various denominational movements among young people came into being, including the Epworth League of Methodism.

Greatest of all in its significance and scope was the Conference of Foreign Mission Secretaries, which later became the Foreign Missions Conference of the United States and Canada. He saw in these movements the means of larger resources and greater efficiency in the great task of winning the world.

He was a moving spirit in the organization of the first great Young People's Conference at Silver Bay, N. Y. His zeal and intelligent coöperation were given credit, to a great degree, for making it possible. A similar meeting on Lookout Mountain, at Chatta-

nooga, Tenn., in 1894 was in great measure due to his efforts. It was a memorable meeting and one often hears echoes of it as one of the great and historic meetings of vision and power. Many leaders met their challenge to a life of service and got their consecrating illumination on those heights.

In 1894 he had the privilege of visiting Brazil. This was his first visit to the Latin-American mission field. It gave him a new sense of the vastness of the task and of the peculiar difficulties to be met and overcome in a semi-Christian land.

During this year 1894 another great sorrow came into his life in the death of his mother, who ascended from Soochow, China, on June 26. The sad news reached him in Rio de Janeiro. The shock was great. His devotion to his mother was almost without limit. He honored her nobility of purpose, admired her ability, her courage, and her self-sacrificing service. Who would not be proud of such a mother? On receiving the news he wrote the following in a letter to his brother and sister in China:

> Hers was a heroic life. You and I know it well. What devotion through the years! What toil! What unselfish, even lavish expenditure of her own strength for the sake of others, and for Christ's sake. O, my mother, my mother, would that I might have held your hand once more, just once more! But it is all right, Nora. I would not for a world have had her away from you and Robert at such an hour. God gave you the sweet privilege to be with and to do something to make her a little more comfortable, and I am glad for your sakes and for hers.

In spite of a reduction in the appropriations and even a reduction in the missionaries' already small salaries, the debt continued to grow until a definite

effort was required to meet it. This was undertaken and carried out by a heroic effort. The Secretaries gave themselves to this with unstinted industry. The early part of the last decade of the nineteenth century was one of the most distressing in the history of the country. The unparalleled stringency of the money market and the consequent derangement of trade made it unusually hard to secure funds for a cause so remote as that of Foreign Missions. It was doubtless in this campaign that Dr. Lambuth learned the art of interesting and securing the aid of individuals who were able to give liberally. At any rate he found that secret and utilized it. The Church had not learned the art of liberal giving and did not do so, even under his administration, although he was able to secure special gifts and to win sympathy for special enterprises.

Dr. Lambuth was a charter member of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, above referred to. This body is representative of the Protestant Boards of Foreign Missions in the United States and Canada. From the first meeting, in 1893, Dr. Lambuth rarely missed a meeting, and was an honored member to the last. He served once as its chairman, and often on its important committees. He suffered no delusion as to the magnitude of the task of world evangelization, nor as to the utter inadequacy of any single denomination being able to do it alone. No more did he believe in the final conquest of the world by the attack of a divided and competing army. Hence, when a body comprising over half a hundred boards and societies of the United States and Canada was proposed, he did not

hesitate to go in with all his might to coöperate with and promote this effort of a united Protestantism.

There were not wanting among our leaders those who criticized the movement, and indeed there was some hesitation on the part of the entire denominations. But with a clear vision of the necessity of combination and of the possibilities lodged in the united Protestant forces of this continent, Dr. Lambuth never wavered in his devotion. Mr. W. Henry Grant, the first and long-time Secretary of this body, wrote of him:

> He took the lead in putting through an organization plan and procedure at Clifton Springs July 15, 1898, when the preparations for the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, of 1900, were halting because the General Committee had limited ideas of the work and organization it would take to prepare for and conduct a great conference of ten days in New York City, of three thousand members and as many more daily visitors.
>
> I find that he attended nineteen out of twenty-eight of the Annual Conferences held during the period from 1893 to 1921—his first in 1893 and last in 1921. For several years he served as Chairman of the Committee on Self-Support of the Annual Conference, and likewise of the Ecumenical Conference of 1900. One of his most masterly papers is published in the Report of 1896, on pages 78-90, on "How to Increase the Efficiency of the Officers of Foreign Missions Boards."
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> You will find many of the formal things he did by the index of the Reports for 1916 and the following, the Ecumenical Missionary Conference and World Missionary Conference of 1910. He served on the Committee of Reference and Counsel several terms and was always a wholesome modifier of the extremes, while an encourager of all well-considered progressive moves. You probably will find his reports to your Board mentioned in your minutes and definite articles in your missionary magazines.
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> His account of his observations while passing through the

famine district in China may be said to have been the most effective testimony in starting the Committee on Famine Relief. In 1921 I published it in the *Summit Herald* and had some thousands of copies struck off so that the committee would have some real propaganda to begin with, while waiting to perfect their machinery and get the latest reports. The committee afterwards published it by the tens of thousands.

At the meeting of the Board of Missions held in May, 1896, a resolution was adopted authorizing the bishop in charge of the China Mission to receive special funds for the maintenance and development of the work in Korea. This resolution was signed by W. A. Candler and W. R. Lambuth. In "The General Review" of 1897 Dr. Lambuth, speaking of the outlook in Korea, says: "The Church has not been slow to take advantage of a field so favorable. We have thrown our little force into two centers and projected work along a line of villages, in one of which our Superintendent reports fourteen probationers." For the first time the name of Dr. C. F. Reid appears as presiding elder of the Korea District. Again a missionary had been sent over from China to organize a new mission. Thus the China Mission may be called the Mother of Oriental Missions, even as China herself was in the past the mother of civilization and literature. It is an interesting fact that this mission, in even a more intimate way, was the offspring of China. Dr. T. H. Yun, a child of the nobility, who had fled from Korea when a boy, studied under Dr. Y. J. Allen and then came to America, studied at Emory College, then at Vanderbilt, always and everywhere with honor, had returned to Korea and been given the post of Commissioner of Education in the King's Cabinet. He urged the

opening of work by the M. E. Church, South, in his beloved Korea, and made the first contribution toward it. He became an outstanding leader and is to-day one of the best loved men in Korea and a noble Christian man.

As soon as possible after the Spanish-American War Dr. Lambuth went to Cuba and made a circuit of the island, preparatory to opening work there. His touching and vivid recitals of the conditions moved the hearts of the people and won them to the movement. It would have been easy for one worldly-wise and conservative to have made a case against the opening of a new mission in any country. The financial condition of the Board was far from prosperous. The Japan Mission was yet young and the equipment painfully inadequate. The missionary force was still feeble and every field making ineffective pleas for reënforcements. Like Paul, "none of these things moved him." He was aided by the able and eloquent advocacy of Bishop W. A. Candler, first Bishop of that field and whose leadership for the first decade and more set the work well on the way to success.

The one dominant urge and passion of the life of Dr. Lambuth was to press on into the regions beyond. He was never content with the conquests of to-day, but always forecasting new victories for to-morrow. This was true not only in a geographical sense, but in every sense of new adventure into hitherto unexploited methods, lines of service, and fields of endeavor. Mere conservation, the task of "keeping the Church forever the same," was not to his liking. The searchlight of his life was the Spirit that con-

stantly "showed him things to come." This trait constantly came out in the period with which we are dealing. He was seizing a new instrument of progress here, entering a new field there, starting a new enterprise yonder, trying a new method to-day, testing a new instrument to-morrow, and winning a new ally overnight. Those who worked with him sometimes grew dizzy and a bit impatient. They called it "keeping on the jump." They wanted to stop and "dig in." They saw the line grow thinner as it advanced and lengthened. They cast longing eyes backward toward the belated and crippled Commissary Department. They scanned the books with growing figures in red. They heard the plea of missionaries for equipment and saw their numbers thinning. Still the cry was, "Forward."

In all this two things are worthy of note, for they bear a lesson of value. The first one is, he was never impatient. There was none of that heat and intolerance toward the conservative and slow of heart that characterize fanaticism. He wrought with the quietness of a persistent purpose and a secure faith. Even the cautionary critics could not charge him with recklessness, nor lack of courtesy and consideration. They did sometimes discover that he had won his way by methods they had not suspected. He had wrought while they slept and had set his sails to take advantage of shifting winds and cross currents. When he arrived, they were surprised to find themselves helplessly with him, and not always with approval. But what were they to do when faith, daring, and the Great Commission were on his side? Do?

Why, they were left one thing to do—tense their muscles and bend their backs to the task involved.

The second thing that it is worth while to consider is, that almost always his visions proved to be those of a seer. Time is the tester of prophets. Wisdom can only be justified of her children. We must often wait till the jury of a new generation has deliberated before we get a true verdict in the case of Prophet *vs.* Scribe. The whole future is arming in defense of the true prophet, and the unborn generations are commissioned to kindle on the dead ashes of his martyrdom the white signal fires of new eras. It will always be true that one reaps with joy where another sowed in tears. We shall be a long time filling in the bold outlines of the program sketched by Dr. Lambuth.

A favorite illustration of his was that of a shining wire in the heart of the Sierras, conveying power and pointing the way to where that power was delivered in the great city. As it gave back to him the gleam of the sunlight it set him thinking of the signals of light and power flashed upon the soul, and the call to every brave soul to follow the gleam.

CHAPTER VIII

BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."
—*Emerson.*

THE early years of the twentieth century find Dr. Lambuth exhibiting those qualities of seer and statesman that in after years meant so much. As seer he kept his eye fixed on the far goal, while as statesman he never lost sight of those wide stretches over which a highway must be cast up. The practical man would have called him a dreamer and the visionary man would have called him a plodder, because each would have seen in him that which he himself lacked. It has been said of Lord Kitchener that out of a multitude of things he had the knack of sensing the thing that mattered. Dr. Lambuth was always busy with the things that mattered and patiently seeking the means to bring them to pass; the latter, however, was for him the less inviting and more difficult phase of the great task. In 1902 we find him urging those measures of progress which in recent years have become more familiar; a closer relation between the General and Annual Conference Boards; the holding of mid-year meetings of Conference Boards; the establishment of missions in cities under the General Board; continuous supervision of foreign fields and Annual Conferences by the bishops; delay in setting up Annual Conferences in foreign fields till there are trained leaders and a fair measure of self-support;

readjustment of Western work, financial and administrative; auditing accounts of treasurers of Conference Boards; reorganization of office force to include a staff of departmental secretaries. This comprehensive program sounds as commonplace now as it was progressive a score of years ago.

This was a period of preparation. Everywhere there was a spirit of eagerness and a tugging at the shore lines of the missionary enterprise. It was one of those birth hours in which new eras come into being. The closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth had been signalized by stirring events. The war between China and Japan in 1894-95 had shaken the East and set new forces in motion. European nations had seized great areas of China. The Spanish-American War had suddenly and unexpectedly made the United States a world power in a new sense, giving her free entry to Cuba and giving into her keeping the Philippine Islands, thus thrusting upon her responsibility for the Far Eastern problem. The Boxer movement had shocked China further awake and given the Western powers larger influence still. The world was atremble with expectation and seething with change. In Dr. Lambuth's own words:

> With an effete Romanism, superstitious and immoral, giving way to agnosticism in our Latin neighbors; with the old religion breaking down and leaving Japan to rationalism; with China at last beginning to be moved, and opening her doors to the deadening influences of Western dollar-worship and Japanese materialism, before Christianity has had time to take firm hold on her life—with all these movements taking place about us, do we not stand at the crucial point of the

century? It is largely with us to decide which way this onrushing tide of awakening shall move.

The openings abroad were paralleled by preparation at home. The Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions was held in New York in April, 1900. It was the first of its kind in America, if not in the world. "It may be said that when all the streams of its influence have been measured in their results, it will be pronounced the greatest meeting since the day of Pentecost," wrote Dr. James Atkins (afterwards Bishop). The Conference was opened by the President of the United States. Carnegie Hall was packed day and night by an eager and enthusiastic throng. The majesty, the meaning, and the challenge of the foreign missionary enterprise were set forth and realized as never before in the Christian centuries.

At the close of this Conference Dr. Lambuth and two or three other friends, in prayer and conference in a hotel room, found that room transformed into another "upper room" where communication with another world was set up. It was borne in upon that little group that there should be held a similar Conference for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Such a thing had not then been attempted by a single denomination. Nevertheless they were "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Accordingly, after the most careful preparation, the Conference that passed into history as the New Orleans Missionary Conference met in that city on April 24, 1901, and the Methodists of the South began the new century by setting new standards and enforcing new ideals for her missionary task. In his introductory statement to the volume containing

the history and addresses of the Conference, Dr. George B. Winton said:

> A new century lies before us as the Promised Land spread under the eyes of Israel. We have not passed this way before. We shall not pass this way again. But we needs must pass. We can neither remain where we are nor turn back. It will be well if all the tribes of our Israel awake to the fact that God is in advance of his Church. We have asked him for open doors, and the doors are off their hinges. To our prayer for more laborers he has replied with the host of Student Volunteers. We now are brought to the test. He has done His part—are we ready for ours?

Dr. Lambuth addressed himself to arousing and mobilizing the Church for its world task. At the session of the General Conference in 1902 he was elected General Secretary, with Dr. Seth Ward as his assistant, who ably seconded his efforts for a quadrennium, when he was elected to the episcopacy.

It was during this time that provision was made for the missionary enlistment and training of young people, as a step essential to the making of a Missionary Church. In order that the missionary leadership of the Annual Conferences might be unified and strengthened he secured the authorization by the General Conference for the employment of Conference Missionary Secretaries. Annual meetings of these secretaries were held in which missionary intelligence was increased and missionary enthusiasm was generated.

The reaction of Dr. Lambuth's thinking to this situation is striking. The purpose, plan, and program of the New Orleans Conference had been chiefly his. A glance at the subjects discussed reveals a breadth,

catholicity, and daring that are admirable and prophetic. The title of the volume, "Missionary Issues of the Twentieth Century," recording the proceedings, is an apt epitome of the contents. But he has left on record his own contibution in an address on the "History, Policy, and Outlook of the Foreign Missionary Work of the M. E. Church, South." In this address he makes recommendations for the future; including an extension of the time of meeting of the Board to at least three days; an increase and reorganization of office force, and "an administrative equipment that would bring the administrative department abreast of any business office in the country"; a system of city missions and an educational campaign, or forward movement, to begin at once for the enlistment of every department and every Church and every member. The following paragraph is well worth quoting:

> The Church must provide twentieth-century equipment if she would grasp twentieth-century opportunity. The Illinois Central Railroad, with its central office in Chicago and its division headquarters in New Orleans, controls 5,000 miles of track; we work in six great mission fields, two of which are larger than the United States. They show a passenger list of 16,000,000, while we have a population of 50,000,000 within that portion of the fields we occupy. In the Illinois Central the one item of stationery amounts to $34,000 per annum, while we spend $4,000. The salaries of the officials of this road aggregate $157,000; ours only amount to $6,800. The sum total of the salaries of clerks and attendants of the railroad is $206,057 per year, while that of the Board of Missions is only $2,700. Their office expense and supplies amount to $102,000; ours is less than $20,000. In the New Orleans depot there are forty employees, while our central office in Nashville is supplied with but two clerks and

one stenographer. The contrast becomes too painful to be carried further. Equipment for world evangelization in the light of such figures is reduced to an absurdity. Let the Church look the facts squarely in the face and provide means commensurate with the enterprise before us. I trust I may live to hear the click of fifty typewriters.

Slow as the progress was, he did live to see this approximated and did hear the click of fifty typewriters.

Other observations in this same address are worthy of note, as showing the trend of his thinking. He quotes with approval the following principles:

1. A prominent place should be given to the larger and braver use of native Christian evangelists; apostolic precedents are centainly in favor of recruiting agents in the country which we seek to conquer.

2. The substance of the teaching needs to be carefully watched. We are not sent to teach a moral system, an ecclesiastical system, a dogmatic system—not these, but the personal, living Christ, the Christ of the Gospels. In too many cases we have unconsciously Europeanized the face of Christ.

3. The right men must be sent to preach to these people—the best, the ablest, and most broadly cultured men specially trained for the work.

4. The ultimate purpose of our missions must not be to establish a new branch of this or that denomination, but to plant the seed of the kingdom in the soil and let it develop that form of Christianity best suited to the genius of the country in which it is planted. The great fundamentals, of course, must be safeguarded; but beyond these limits the utmost freedom of development, both in ritual and in ecclesiastical order, should be allowed.

These and other deliberate statements in this paper cannot fail to make the impression that the author has given serious thought to the question of

missionary policies and present-day conditions, and that he takes a wisely constructive and a sanely progressive view. He sees with the eyes of an apostle rather than those of an ecclesiastic, and is not held in bonds by traditions of a time unlike his own, nor by a conservatism that takes counsel of fear, but speaks in the larger terms of the kingdom, meant alike for all times and for all peoples.

These principles were put to the test when the question arose of the union of the Methodist Churches in Japan into one. This movement resulted in the organization of the Japan Methodist Church in 1907 by the union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Church of Canada, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, into one. This Church has neither the same articles of faith, the same ecclesiastical order, nor the identical ritual of any one of the three; and yet, while it is Japanese, it is fundamentally Methodist. This Church has by its success justified the missionary principles herein quoted. Dr. Lambuth was present when the first Bishop of Japan was elected, June 3, 1907—the first native Protestant bishop in all Asia. He says, "They voted for the man because it was their conviction that he had the qualities essential for the office," and adds significantly: "This was gratifying to us all, and that there was some emotion, but no excitement." He ventures a confident prediction which has since been verified: "I am satisfied that from this hour the native Church will awake to new consciousness of its responsibility."

It was in this year, 1907, that the Layman's Missionary Movement sprang into being. Dr. Lambuth

welcomed it as a harbinger of a greater day. It was to him like the coming of relief to a besieged city. During his absence in the Orient a preliminary meet- was called and met in Knoxville, Tenn. It was an able and enthusiastic body of laymen. From this meeting grew one held later in Chattanooga, which struck a high note of promise. There were not wanting those who voiced their doubts and fears. He was not one of them. He endorsed to the utmost what had been done by his assistants in his absence and gave his whole-hearted sympathy and coöperation to the movement. It was never his habit to take counsel of his fears. A favorite expression of his was, "It ought to be done, and what ought to be done can be done." It was his habit to be on the lookout for signs of providential leading. He stood ready to welcome the new and untried because he believed in answered prayer and in the continuous and living leadership of Jesus Christ. It was not to him a surprise that new and unheralded manifestations of divine power and wisdom should appear, and he was willing to accept them, even though the guise in which they appeared should be startling. He was ever willing to accept the terms of God's gifts without haggling, and to subordinate his preconceptions and ideas of what was safe to the glorious assurance that "Christ was keeping watch above his own."

One of his long-cherished dreams was of a Church with a united missionary leadership. It was found that the missionary development in the Church had been left largely to the initiative and advocacy of individuals and groups, while the Church in its representative capacity took no constructive note of

its total missionary responsibility. Sporadic and more or less detached movements, all good in themselves, were working at the task, but there was little organic unity and in some cases either rivalry or confusion. Congregations were becoming bewildered by the multiplicity of organizations and the fragmentary approach to the people. To remedy this and deliver the united power of the Church on the great task, Dr. Lambuth advocated a readjustment in some way which would be a remedy. In the General Conference of 1906 a commission was appointed to consider the question. Their task proved to be a difficult one, even to the point of apparent impossibility. Nevertheless, when the General Conference met it turned out that Dr. Lambuth had seen to it that a report was ready to be submitted to the commission, and this was in the end agreed to by all parties concerned and reported to the General Conference by the commission. It was one of his final acts as General Secretary to advocate the passage of this report, which was the culmination of a cherished hope, and set the Church in the way of an experiment in missionary administration which had not been tried by another denomination, but which others are now following. This united organization has outlasted many vicissitudes and much effort at a break-up and realignment, and yet for four quadrenniums has continued to justify the wisdom of its advocates.

To refer again to his interest in the home field, a glance at the annual reports will show that under his administration this section of the work received a full share of the limited funds at his disposal. While he was presenting the alternatives of calling home mis-

sionaries or cutting down their support, the yearly support to home areas received a full quota of the income. Indeed, if areas, populations, and religious destitutions are considered, one could make a case against him of favoritism for his own land.

During his incumbency as Secretary he made special provision for the care and extension of the Western work. Dr. C. F. Reid, who had been forced to come home from his work in Korea by failing health, was employed as a representative of the Board on the Pacific Coast. In this capacity he aided in extending, equipping, and conserving the struggling work there as zealously as he had done on the other side of the Pacific.

In the General Conference of 1906, where Dr. Lambuth was reëlected General Secretary of the Board, he asked for the election of an assistant whose work would be directed entirely to Home Missions. To this office Rev. John R. Nelson, of Texas, was elected by the Board. At the same time W. W. Pinson, of the Louisville Conference, was elected assistant to the General Secretary. The setting apart of Home Missions as the sole task of one assistant was a step in the direction of the organization of a coördinate Department of Home Missions which was done at the next General Conference. At the same time Rev. Ed. F. Cook was elected Secretary of the Board for the Young People's Missionary Movement.

The quadrennium from 1906 to 1910 was one of unusual significance. Progress had been made toward the development of a home mission policy. There had been progress in realizing the ideals and plans for a missionary Church. Education and pub-

licity had been advanced. The income had increased. No new mission had been opened, but those already occupied had been strengthened, The Laymen's Missionary Movement and the Young People's Missionary Department had prospered, the Japanese Methodist Church had passed its experimental stage; the cause of missions stood out conspicuously before the Church and had begun to make for itself a larger place in the hearts of the people.

The chief difficulty during the first decade of the twentieth century had been the limited income. Whether due to the attention given to the payment of the old debt or because of financial conditions, the regular income declined, and two new missions had been added to the budget. This had brought about an indebtedness which was larger than the one which had been paid, and partly, no doubt, in consequence of the effort to pay the old one. The decline in income had been checked and an increase well begun, but not sufficient to overcome the deficit. Dr. Lambuth was by nature a rigid economist. As a boy he trundled a wheelbarrow to save a quarter and worked in the fields to help with his support. Later he writes from school: "I have been here four months and have spent $3!" But he was not a rigid economist in missions. He was willing to deny himself, but it was a great deal harder to deny the cause he loved. He was concerned, anxious to keep free of debt, but he was more concerned to keep pace with the growing responsibility. In his anxiety for the cause and in the swift movements of the hour, he did not realize the actual condition, and the conditions that inevitably brought it about. This much

is certain: if debt is ever justifiable in missions, this was a time when it was a virtue. It would have been a crime to have failed to meet the challenge of those wondrous years. The walls went down before the prayers of a generation and all the world was open. The debt was a burden and not easy to pay, but it may well be doubted whether any investment ever paid the Church as big a dividend as did the making of that debt. Who would exchange the work done in Cuba and Korea for a mere balance sheet? True, debt is not to be coveted, true also that the returns would have been far greater had the Church paid in advance. But failing that, we may well rejoice that work was done by one whose passion and conviction broke over the barriers of financial caution and expressed more faith in his Church than she had in herself. Those two missions are now paying more actual money each year than the deficits amounted to in the lean years, to say nothing of the spiritual returns!

CHAPTER IX

BISHOP AND PATHFINDER

"Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How poor a thing is man!"

—*Samuel Daniel.*

It was almost a foregone conclusion that Dr. Lambuth would be elected to the episcopacy by the General Conference of 1910. When the ballots were counted, that was what had happened. His election gave great satisfaction to the Church at large, and was recognized as a just recognition of his world-wide service.

His first episcopal area included the Conferences of the far West, Brazil, and the proposed new mission in Africa. It will be agreed that this was a fair share of the earth's surface for one bishop. No part of it was neglected, and with two visits to South America and two visits to the African Congo he was not long still and never idle during the quadrennium. The writer was a witness to his tireless diligence and alert attention to all the interests under his hand, and his keen search for new openings and quick recognition of the call for new or revised policies.

He soon impressed the Conferences with his unselfish and brotherly spirit. His willingness to share their sacrifices and labors and his democratic spirit soon won them to his leadership. This spirit was carried into the cabinet and into the chair, so that the preachers were made to feel that he was just a

brother sent to help and guide. One presiding elder writes that the bishop attended one of his District Conferences and was urged to preside. The reply was: "No, this is your meeting, and you must preside and conduct the Conference in your own way." In spite of vigorous protests, the bishop took his seat with the other preachers and delegates and sat through as one of the rank and file. During the discussions a point of law was raised and the presiding elder asked the Bishop to decide it. This request was politely refused, and the elder thrown on his responsibility as chairman. At the close the Bishop assured the elder that he had decided correctly. The lesson of this incident is the impression it made on the minds of his brethren and the atmosphere it made for the future.

In his presidency in the cabinet, where the delicate questions relating to appointments are considered, he maintained the same spirit. And yet we are told that it was not wholesome to try any combinations or indirections on him. Any such attempt revealed the iron under the glove. His opinions were held with a tolerant mind, hospitable to new light, but his settled convictions were another matter. "In many respects he was the most quiet bishop I have ever known, but when one tried to put anything over on him he retorted in language that burned its way to the core. I saw that twice in the cabinet. That done, it was all over with. When he thought a thing ought to be, he did it regardless of protest."

It is at this point that we find one of those paradoxes in character which has been referred to elsewhere. He drove ahead, when he got a clear goal

before him, and "regardless of protest" and sometimes in ways not approved by his brethren. This subjected him to criticism at a point where one naturally least expects one of his nature to challenge criticism. As one, who of all people would have been the last to pronounce a harsh judgment, said: "He had a stubborn will; and when he made up his mind to do a thing, if he could not do it one way he would do it another." Be this fault or virtue, it made his purposes hard to defeat and gave him a driving power and persevering patience that stood him and the cause in good stead in many a hard place, where a swift frontal attack would have been doomed to defeat.

Whether it was because of the fact that there was too much in the episcopal office in the homeland that was merely conserving the *status quo*, or merely administrative, or whether, by virtue of his pioneer spirit, he was originally cut out for another line of service, it is true that his highest achievements were not in that field. He did good service there, but by no means his best.

During his secretaryship it had not been possible, for lack of funds, to build churches as needed in any of the foreign fields. This was particularly true in Brazil, where the ideal of a church building had been set high by the Catholics. An effort had been made for several years to secure funds to build at least two great churches in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. These efforts had failed. With this need in view he took with him on his first visit to that field W. F. McMurry, then Secretary of the Board of Church Extension. An extensive survey was made

with estimates, and a plan for securing funds worked out. But owing to the debt on the Board of Missions, and especially an indebtedness of the Brazil Mission, the Boards were not able to carry out these plans in any comprehensive way at the time. But a few years later the Missionary Centenary made it possible to go even beyond the survey then made in equipping that mission with church buildings and translating the Scriptures into that language.

Before the meeting of the General Conference of 1910 the following resolution was adopted by the Board of Missions:

Resolved: 1. That the Board of Missions should take immediate and definite steps toward the establishment of a mission in Africa.

2. That we have received with pleasure the memorial of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society on the subject of opening a mission in Africa and pledging their coöperation.

3. That we have heard with deep interest the offer of Prof. J. W. Gilbert for missionary work in Africa, the land of his forefathers.

4. That our Secretaries be instructed to confer concerning the opening of a mission in Africa with a commission appointed by the last General Conference of the Colored M. E. Church on the subject of coöperation in missionary work.

5. That we authorize one of our Secretaries to visit Africa to study the conditions there with reference to one or more eligible sites for missionary work; and that we authorize a "special" to secure the necessary fund to enterprise such a beginning of a mission in Africa.

The Church was ready for the venture. As usual, there were no funds and the Bishop set about securing funds from friends who were interested in the enterprise or, if not, were interested in anything the Bishop was interested in. These funds were received and all

necessary arrangements made for the long journey, some account of which is to follow.

The story of the first visit to Africa greatly stirred the heart of the Church. It caught with marked effect the imagination of the young. Volunteers for this most difficult and trying field were not wanting. In fact, it soon became the most popular of our fields.

The young people of the Epworth League took it up as their field and rallied to its support throughout the Church. That organization assumed the entire cost. The Leagues of Texas provided a boat, to be used by the mission in travel and carriage into the far interior, where the Bishop had to walk some 750 miles.

One of the steps in preparation for this journey was to interest the Colored M. E. Church in the enterprise.

Bishop Lambuth believed that missions were fundamental to the vitality and spirituality of the Church of Christ. He felt strongly also that the Christian negroes of America owed it to their brethren in Africa to carry them the gospel, which had done so much for the black folks of this country. He believed that many fine young people were being educated in the schools who would be willing to go out as missionaries. In short, be believed that it would mean new life and new power for this Church, peculiarly the child of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to share in this work. Accordingly he began a campaign among the leaders and churches of that denomination which met with instant and enthusiastic response. That it was not in the end

found feasible to carry out this purpose of coöperation is to be regretted, for it seemed to promise much for the movement and was wisely planned by both Churches concerned. The difficulties in the way of sending out representatives of the negro race in America to do missionary work in Africa have been many, and whatever they are have not been successfully overcome. No doubt they will yet be overcome and this race, emancipated from paganism by contact with the white race, will yet wield a great power for the redemption of Africa.

It was a providential outcome of this effort to combine the two Churches on this enterprise that John Wesley Gilbert, of Augusta, Ga., one of the really great representatives of the colored race in the South, was selected to accompany Bishop Lambuth on his first journey. There were at least two reasons for this selection. One was that a representative of the C. M. E. Church should share the journey. Another was the habit of Bishop Lambuth to contrive to have a companion on his long journeys. This was particularly true in his later years. He had Dr. J. T. Mangum, of the Alabama Conference, with him on his second visit to Africa; Dr. Selecman later accompanied him to Europe in addition to Mr. G. C. Emmons as his secretary. Dr. R. E. Dickenson accompanied him to the Orient in 1919, and Dr. F. S. Parker in 1921. His love of companionship in part is the explanation, and perhaps the underlying principle, that if "one can chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand to flight." Did he remember that the Master sent them two and two?

On his visit to Africa it would have been hard to

have found a more suitable traveling companion than John Wesley Gilbert.

Gilbert was a graduate of Paine College under George Williams Walker, one of the most devoted friends the negro ever had. He afterwards studied in Brown University and won in that university a scholarship which gave him a term in the study of Greek at the American School of Classics in Athens, Greece. He was a fine linguist. In the following letter Bishop Lambuth pays him a well-deserved tribute:

OAKDALE, CAL., February 19, 1918.

Rev. J. A. Martin,
377 Monroe Street, Macon, Ga.

My Dear Brother: I have read with growing interest from beginning to end the monograph sent me which contains a sketch of Prof. John W. Gilbert, and which is the genuine and affectionate tribute of respect upon the part of yourself and others who were associated with him, and most of whom, if not all, have been his students.

Permit me to say that I indorse fully and heartily the expressions of esteem contained therein. They do not go beyond the mark, but are well within the limits of substantial estimate and worthy commendation. I know John W. Gilbert as few men do. Perhaps no other white man, unless it was George Williams Walker, President of Paine College, has known him more intimately than myself. For sincerity of purpose, high character, and noble ideals, he has few equals and surely no superior. As a diligent student of Greek, French, and native African languages, he surpassed anything I met with upon our long journey on land and sea. He put not only his brain but his conscience into his work. It was masterful.

Finding that he wrote French better than I could do it myself, I dictated my letters to the Belgian authorities and requested him to put them into the official language of the Congo and of Belgium. The work was so well done that the

Colonial Minister, upon my subsequent visit to Brussels, inquired who wrote the letters, and remarked that they were the most correct and elegantly expressed among those received at his office from one who was not a native of either France or Belgium.

I trust that the life of my friend will not only be spared for many years of official service, but pray that he may be given the largest opportunities for service for which, in the providence of God, he has been so well qualified.

Cordially your brother, W. R. LAMBUTH.

Writing to Dr. J. D. Hammond, then in charge of Paine College, Dr. Lambuth said:

There is no more hopeful field than this, but it must be worked by skilled workmen—those who are well trained and grounded in the faith as it is in Jesus Christ.

Such a workman we have in John Wesley Gilbert. If Paine College never turns out another man, all the expenditure of money and effort will not have been in vain. On the contrary, it will have been fully justified. He is diligent, painstaking, and consecrated. He has breadth, culture, and piety. He is a Christian at heart and in his daily life, and I have had ample opportunity of watching him under circumstances which try men's souls. It is a glorious legacy to the world left by George Walker—the life of this man now given unstintingly to the evangelization of Africa. I rejoice that we may assure ourselves of this being the first fruits of a long line of capable and reliable missionaries who shall extend the reach and influence of the college across the Dark Continent. In thanking God for the heroic, self-denying men and women who compose your faculty and who have a real share in what Paine has done for the C. M. E. Church, the South, and now for Africa, permit me to include your own devoted service so freely given together with that of Mrs. Hammond. The negro has no better friends, and I desire to add my sympathy and prayers to those offered by others, and the pledge of coöperation to the full extent of my ability.

It will be impossible for us to reach home in time for the May Meetings and your commencement and meeting of your

Board of Trustees. I personally request that you reëlect Professor Gilbert to his chair with salary for another year, as we will be unable to open work here until 1913. It will take nine months after we leave the Congo to get a concession of land, since the application must go to Belgium and suffer all the delays incident to officialdom in Europe. There are also other reasons. I hope you therefore will see your way clear to make this recommendation to your Board.

They traveled together and faced danger together. I have heard Gilbert say that in their journey into the interior he always went in front, so that his black breast might be the first to meet danger and to form a protection to his white friend. Gilbert was a gifted speaker. His speeches after their return thrilled his white audiences, who were always delighted to hear him. One of the amusing stories he used to tell was of an experience he and the Bishop had on a little fishing trip. They were quietly waiting for a bite when a short distance from their boat a noise attracted their attention, and behold, it was a huge hippo pushing his rugged features above the surface. Just as Gilbert was getting thoroughly nervous he heard a snort on the other side of the boat and turned to look down the throat of a hippo whose jaws looked like a pair of cow-catchers. Then, without the politeness to wait till the strangers in the boat were thoroughly composed, heads were thrust up all about them. It is needless to tell what they did. That they survived to tell the tale makes that plain. Gilbert said: "Some black folks want to have straight hair. I don't. I have tried it. Every hair on my head was perfectly straight and able to stand alone. I don't want to be white. I

PROF. JOHN WESLEY GILBERT

know how it feels, for I was lily white for a few minutes."

They went first to Belgium. There they made all necessary arrangements with the government, and sailed from Antwerp for their trip across the Mediterranean.

They sighted land at Dakar on October 24, 1911. The Bishop writes: "Gilbert and I retired to our room and prayed that God would accept a rededication of our lives upon this the threshold of the great African continent and of our new life work." They went ashore at 4 P.M. There before them were the signs of Western civilization—the tricolor, coal from Cardiff, a steel cart, a railroad. Side by side were the symbols of paganism: babies and women covered and weighted with charms, an African dude with a red fez, a lady's parasol, yellow slippers, and blue gown floating in the breeze. On one side of the street there was a negress with long slippers, a baby on her back, three strings of charms, ears with three rows of pendants, and hair plaited like a corn tassel. On the other side was her sister, just arrived from Paris with high-heeled shoes throwing her body forward, gown clinging to her limbs, rings on every finger, and a monkey from Madagascar on her shoulder.

After a brief stop at Dakar they returned to the boat and were off again on their journey to the mouth of the Congo and then up the mighty river of mystery to Matadi, ninety miles away.

Thus begins a journey replete with interest, beset with hardships, privations, and dangers. A diary carefully and faithfully kept is before me and offers

a most tempting bid for attention. However, in the nature of the case, it must occupy a minor place in this story and await its turn, with only a glimpse here and there. When it is printed it will prove a most interesting bit of missionary romance.

If anything could satisfy the most enthusiastic pioneer and leave no more to be desired in that line, surely a trip far into the interior of the Belgian Congo would do it. It was this dream, cherished no one knows how long, that was now about to be realized. A letter from a Japanese friend informs me that in the early days in Japan W. R. Lambuth was deeply interested in everything connected with Africa, and had him read from the newspapers news from that dark land, and that he was especially interested in the life and work of David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley. Doubtless he was being prepared for this great adventure even then. It was his way to hold on to an idea, once conceived, with a patience and persistence that sooner or later were rewarded. Without noise or haste or acclaim he kept these things in his heart.

CHAPTER X

FACING THE JUNGLE

"He beckoned me, and I assayed to go
Where Sin and Crime, more sad than Want and Woe,
Hold carnival, and Vice walks to and fro."

—*Anonymous.*

THEIR faces were set toward the great Congo Basin, with the Congo Belge as their destination. That they were led in this direction was doubtless due to the fact that the way lay along the track of Stanley's search for Livingstone and that it had so recently been the scene of what had come to be known as the "Belgian atrocities," which had shocked the civilized world. In his own account of this journey Bishop Lambuth gives four reasons for undertaking it:

1. Terrible and tragic need staring the world in the face.
2. The peculiar relation of the Southern white man to the negro, whom he knows and appreciates, and with whom he is better able to work as a missionary than any other.
3. The insistent invitation of the Southern Presbyterians for years, to come and labor by their sides in Africa, and the wonderful success of their mission.
4. The command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," given two thousand years ago, but not yet carried out.

In carrying out this purpose they sailed from New York to London, London to Antwerp, Antwerp to Matadi, the head of navigation on the Lower Congo, thence by rail to Stanley Pool. How different from

the travels of Stanley, across this deadly zone on foot. Now the engineer and the advance guard of commerce had followed the pioneer of the gospel and had unwittingly cast up a highway for other messengers of peace. From Stanley Pool by boat up the Congo (the longest river in the world, river of mysteries, of dangers and tragedies), up the Kasai (a tributary of the Congo), up the Lulua (a tributary of the Kasai) —thirty days, including ten days' wait at Stanley Pool, and they were at Luebo, the center of the Presbyterian work, on December 7, 1911. Equipped with tent, hammocks, provisions, salt, cloth, medicine chest, typewriters, etc., borne by sixty carriers, they set out on their tour of exploration. "Our pocketbooks," says the Bishop "consisted of sixteen sacks of salt and many bales of cloth, money being of no value in the remote interior. Our caravan stretched half a mile along the trail; Professor Gilbert at the head of the column and I bringing up the rear to prevent stragglers from running away or from falling into the hands of savages." They crossed rivers, waded swamps, braved fevers, camped in cannibal villages, treated four hundred patients, met fifty chiefs, and visited 200 villages on this long journey of 750 miles. They were now at Wembo Nyama, in the heart of the Batetela (native "Atetela," plural "Otetela"), whose big chief was at first a bit suspicious and sullen. Then unexpectedly the light of a great joy broke on him. He had discovered in one of the carriers a long-lost friend whom he had not seen in almost twenty years. After that nothing was too good for them. The chief, a man of enormous proportions, took them to his own house, killed the

fatted goat, brought rice, fruit, and yams, and made them feel at home.

Native food is not always so acceptable. The Bishop says:

> Professor Gilbert and I had chumbi, dried ants, palm worms, and fried caterpillars for our New Year's dinner and, later on, more than one meal of goat and monkey meat. Chumbi takes the place of bread, dried ants are not so bad if one is hungry, and as for choice I would rather dine on tender monkey any day, after you get used to it, than on tough African goat. The latter and the grit in the rice largely explain how Livingstone lost so many of his teeth. Mango paste is excellent and makes a fine dessert if one's cook does not lick the ladle too often while preparing it. [Was not that a "pretty dish to set before a bishop" for a New Year's dinner?] You and my colleagues will realize the difficulties we have encountered when I add that Professor Gilbert and I have traveled on foot and by hammock 400 miles and have 350 more to go before we can reach a boat, and then in turn must steam 1,500 miles before we can get in touch with the railway from Stanley Pool to Matadi, then about 300 miles by train and boat to Boma, the seat of government and administration, where application must finally be made for a concession of land for a mission compound.

One can imagine that the dangers and hardships of the long journey through the jungle were as flower beds of ease as compared with the stern determination, reckless daring, and grim perseverance involved in the assault on that dainty menu for the first time, with the haunting memory of the "pies that mother used to make." Yet food is surprisingly abundant—cereals, vegetables, chickens, eggs (is there a spot on earth that is not blessed by the faithful old hen?), sheep, goat, antelope, buffalo, besides fish, snails, ants, caterpillars, and palm worms. The

ants are half an inch long; dried with a little salt, they are not so bad and resemble rancid bacon in taste. The caterpillars are broiled, dipped in oil, and swallowed headforemost. It has been said that the man who swallowed the first oyster was one of the world's bravest. He must have lived in Africa!

The humorous never escaped Bishop Lambuth. Laughter always lurked near his most serious moods. There was little play in his life as men count play—such as golf, tennis, and the like. One may doubt if he ever gave a thought to such things. But he could slip away from the tension and weariness into the sunny nook of humor and foil the thrust of care with wholesome laughter. This human element buoyed him, fed and refreshed his burdened spirit, and helped to keep him sane and sympathetic. He could not have been a fanatic nor a Pharisee. His sense of humor saved him and kept his feet on the ground.

The author recalls his last journey with Bishop Lambuth across the Atlantic in 1919. It was in those days when the nerves of the world were still on edge. Those who had been in the midst of the terror and madness of the war, as he had, were trying to forget and to compose their shattered nerves. He was called on to lead a service in the cabin. I was more than delighted with the tact and insight he displayed. Instead of appealing to emotions already morbid and overwrought or to passions already inflamed overmuch, he soothed, charmed, and amused his fellow passengers with stories of his travels, particularly African travels. It was the true missionary who carried in his heart such consideration and love of his neighbor that he could not allow his interest in

those brothers in the Dark Continent to make him forget the needs of his fellow travelers.

In his African diary nothing seemed to escape his notice from the state of the weather or the health of a baby to the policies of the Belgian government, wireless telegraphy, imports, and routes of trade. It is interesting to note the pains and time taken to record details, statistics, facts, and even to sketch maps, villages, and trails in the midst of his endless travel and other activities. Before me as I write are two closely written pages of notes on palm oil, tobacco, official supplies, portable houses, mortality, peace, the French language, palaver over a stolen hat, the tsetse fly, and a walk to Stanley Pool at Leopoldsville. These pages were taken at random; and now that I have noted these, I turn a leaf and find that the next two pages would have served quite as well, for I count ten items on one of these pages: the Kasai country, the hippopotamus, Bamu Island, Dover Cliffs named by Stanley, Kallim Point, High Range, tsetse again, swiftness of the current, combs, and pillows, with sketches in addition. The notes are necessarily brief, but clear and to the point.

Friday, November 10, he records:

My birthday—57! The time is short and very precious. God help me to improve it. I thank him for the privilege of being in Africa. When a mere lad, I read the life of Robert Moffatt and the explorations of David Livingstone and desired to be a missionary in Africa. Upon returning to the United States in 1891, I offered the Board to come and open a mission in or near the Upper Congo. The Board was not ready. In an interview with Henry M. Stanley I was confirmed in my views and strengthened in my purpose. He urged me and my Church to come; said the field was open and ripe, and that

what was done should be done quickly. In 1890 I wrote an article from Japan on a mission in Africa which was published in the *Daily Advocate* of the St. Louis General Conference. The Church did not move then, nor when I offered. Debt and lack of conviction.

How often have those closing words fallen like clods on the coffin of missionary hopes!

At last I am here with J. W. Gilbert as my companion to study the field and report to the Board concerning a location for the mission it has determined to establish. I solemnly and deliberately—yea, joyfully—rededicate my life to my Master and Lord for service here or anywhere. My hand, my heart, and my all are his. May he guide and help in founding a mission which shall save millions yet unborn!

Let the reader remember that he had only recently been elevated to the highest office, sometimes called the highest honor, in the gift of his Church. Under all circumstances he might easily have considered himself in position to enjoy more comfort and a relaxation of those endless travels and toils of the past. Instead, he had accepted his new position as one calling him to additional sacrifice. The secret is found in the birthday reflections above quoted.

These reflections recall to the writer two conversations. One of these occurred several years before we were associated officially. We were enjoying one of those walks and heart-to-heart talks of which he was so fond. He opened his heart concerning certain plans for work in the future, and said in a tone vibrant with the eagerness and urgency of an apostle: "I must make haste to do the work before me. There are many things I want to accomplish, and whatever I do must be done in the next ten years." It was more the manner, the dreams, and far horizons that

showed through, rather than the words, that made me come back again and again to these words in after years. Again, after two decades of service, and only a short time before his death, he said, as one revealing a deep, unsatisfied yearning: "It is by no means yet certain that I shall not end my days as a missionary in Africa." It is an open secret that he was then contemplating resignation from the episcopacy. This was doubtless because he felt that there was a higher calling for him than that of the office he held.

In a letter written from Bumba, Central Africa, to Miss Belle H. Bennett, on Sunday, December 24, 1911, he says:

> Service is over and my heart is full. I must give expression to my thoughts, and to you especially, who have ever been in sympathy with this great work and one of the true friends whose absolute confidence I possess and to whom I can open my heart. Have you not been praying for me day by day for years? Was it not your conviction that I should accept this office? I hesitated long and prayed much lest a serious mistake in my case might be made by the Church. The voice of the Church should be the voice of God; but you know, and so do I, that even the Church may sometimes fail to discern the will of God.

This was no discount on the office, but an assertion of his personal sense of responsibility to a supreme commission. That there are men who can freely and gladly renounce comfort, ease, honor, and all personal advantage for the sake of a cause or an ideal, is the hope of the world. It is the curse and despair of the future that so few find anything big enough and sacred enough to die for. It is for those who have

not counted their lives dear to themselves to have blazed the trail for all worth-while progress.

The following letter is characteristic of the time and pains taken to write his friends and also of the thoroughness of his observations:

KAFULUMBA, KASAI DISTRICT,
December 27, 1911.

Mr. John R. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn.

My Dear Brother: I do wish I could take a snapshot at this moment for your benefit and that of your Sunday school. The day is very cloudy and my kodak will not work in this light. But here goes to give you the best conception possible of the situation.

At the closest estimate I have a great semicircle of two hundred children within ten feet of me gazing with all eyes—and soul, too, for that matter—at me and my typewriter. You see I am writing under a big tree within fifteen feet of our tent, which has not been pitched over an hour. The audience is arranged in ranks, the youngest squatting on their haunches and the older in the rear lines, so they all can see. In clothing I must acknowledge that they are somewhat deficient, but one must remember that it is in the tropics and in the heart of the Dark Continent, for Professor Gilbert and I are over thirteen hundred miles from the sea. We made twenty miles this morning, which is a good march from six until twelve considering the amount of camp equipage we are obliged to carry for a six-hundred-mile tramp through an uncivilized country. The majority have a string around the waist with a cloth three inches wide hung over it to conceal their nakedness, but fully 75 are innocent of the string. Here is one little fellow with a brass bell tied to his waistband so that his mother can find him, I suspect, when he plays in the corn near by. The corn stands seven feet high at my back, with large, full ears. A little girl of five years has three brass rods on her left wrist, two blue beads on the waistband, and a hemp cord around the neck—the last with a charm in the shape of a shell. The shell is often used as a fetish. I saw one the other day fastened to a bundle of straw with twenty or

thirty arrows which had been shot into the bundle by the medicine man of the village. The prevailing religion is one of fear. They are haunted by spirits real or imaginary. Life is a burden, and the women especially become so weary of it that they frequently commit suicide. One was found a few mornings ago with her neck over a loop of palm fiber. She was dead and yet standing on her feet. Polygamy accounts for much of the jealousy and bitterness, and domestic slavery tells the rest of the story. I met a man this morning with a spear in one hand and a little musical instrument in the other driving two women to market with heavy loads on their heads. They had walked fifty miles. The story of the evangelist who is with me, and that of his wife, would thrill you—both were carried off as slaves during childhood as the result of raids upon their native villages by other tribes.

Let me go back to the children. The straw shed or church in which they have Sunday school stands within thirty steps of our tent. It is about sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and is held up by fifty poles rising from a dirt floor and supporting a roof made of the fronds of the raffia palm. The pulpit is made of clay banked up inside of a wattle of sticks. The chair for the preacher is curiously wrought out of bamboo uprights and cross pieces of the same material split and fastened on with withes made of palm fiber. They say these children can repeat the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and at least twenty hymns. I am prepared to believe it, for I heard five hundred do so at Luebo and Ibanje, two stations of the Southern Presbyterian Church. More wonderful than this was what we saw and heard yesterday on our way here. . . . Pardon the interruption. The chief of the village sent a goat as a present. Of course, it must be accepted and a gift made in return. I will give him a piece of American drilling worth $1.50—enough to make his wife, or rather one of his wives, a dress. The goat we will share with our sixty men in our caravan, each having a small piece—a great treat to them.

Yesterday we started about daylight. Before we left the village we had prayer with 120 who gathered at the blowing of the horn, the majority being children; about five miles out we were met by a score of natives who shook hands with us

and led us to a shed where 75 were seated on bare poles on the ground, shivering in the cold fog, for most of them had nothing on above the waist—men, women, and children. They had waited an hour for us. As we came up and stood at the entrance they began to sing, and without books, "Showers of Blessing." Gilbert and I could hardly restrain our tears as we beheld them, naked, cold, and hungry, and with upturned faces, singing a song which was at once a revelation of their need and of the outpouring which we are praying for upon this long-neglected field—so long neglected that it would seem to have been forsaken of God and man. That God has forsaken them is not true. There is but one Protestant Church in all this Kasai and Sankuru River region—the Southern Presbyterian; but through an agency instituted by that Church there has come the beginning of a religious awakening which must result in bringing multitudes to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Eight miles out we came to another village larger than the last. Here by the roadside we found a well-made shed which will accommodate three hundred. It was almost full. The chief was there to give us a handshake, though he himself is not a believer. Again we had a hymn, a prayer, and the Ten Commandments, after which I gave them a short talk through Dufanda, our head boy and interpreter. After telling them what Gilbert and I had come to Africa for, and how glad we were to see 200 by actual count gathered for morning prayer and to meet us, I told them in a simple way the difference between the kingdom of God and the rule of Satan. In the village in which we had spent the night a great outcry was heard because the cook while preparing breakfast had discovered a copper-colored snake coiled up in a bush within ten feet of him and ready to strike. His back was green, but his belly was yellow. This last was the sign of a poisonous viper, as they all knew. The fact, however, was concealed by the yellow being kept out of sight. Satan, I said, was like that snake. He kept himself and his nature out of sight until he was ready to strike his victim. That he got in his work was certain, for in that same village, as we were about to go to sleep, I was suddenly startled by the sound of blows, followed by the cries of a woman who rushed out of a hut near by and

ran into the high grass sobbing as though her heart would break. Satan had put it into the heart of a man to beat his wife, whom he should have loved and cared for. The kingdom of God was, on the contrary, a kingdom of right living, of peace, and of joy in the Holy Spirit whom the Father of us all had promised through Jesus Christ. The lesson went home, for I saw several men look significantly at one another and then at the women. Before we turned to go I asked them to pray that we might have the guidance of Nzambe (God) on our way, for we were going among cannibals and heathen who had never heard the gospel. They promised to remember us at six-o'clock prayer every morning, and then they came thronging around us to shake hands. I told Gilbert that we had gotten into a country of Methodists. After the entire crowd had bade us good-by, a leper came forward and stretched out his hand. I did not have the heart to refuse him the touch of sympathy, for it was all that I could give. O that I might have had the power to heal! But I offered him what was better—Jesus, the Bread of Life, the Balm of Gilead. . . .

December 28, 1911.

At four o'clock yesterday afternoon the log drum was beaten and 204 men, women, and children came to evening prayer. Not a few of the women left the fires they had kindled in front of their huts and ran to take part in the singing of the hymn and in the repetition of the Scripture they had learned from the evangelist and his wife, for few of the grown people have yet learned to read. After prayer Gilbert delighted the children by teaching them leapfrog and the larger ones bull-pen. He simply captured all hearts and the entire town, for all hands turned out. Even the chief forgot, for once, his dignity; he made some of his hangers-on double up and tried the experiment of flying over their backs. The women were simply convulsed and I myself about collapsed at the delight of the old fellow when he discovered that he could "spring like a leopard."

After supper I had the evangelist and his wife (our evangelist, Mudimbi) and our cook and two boys come to the tent for a half hour of devotional service in which I tried to strengthen their faith while they were reminded of the responsibility

resting upon them to be faithful witnesses to the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. My heart burned within me as we prayed together and realized, Brother Gilbert and I, what a privilege had been bestowed upon us to engage in pioneering the way for our beloved Methodism in the regions beyond. We are passing through a country infested by leopards, venomous snakes, elephants, and buffaloes. We were warned by Dr. Morrison to be on the watch for the leopards, for they had been carrying off people from some of the villages in this section. But we went to bed and slept as peacefully in our tent as if we had been in Memphis. Thus far we have been wonderfully preserved, not yet having a touch of the dreaded African fever, from which few escape. It is not necessarily fatal, but we are not anxious to go through an attack. On the contrary, we have been as well as in the United States. Personally I have not been so vigorous in years. I attribute it largely, under the blessings of God, to the inspiration of a great work, and to active exercise on the road, making as we do from fifteen to twenty miles a day.

This morning 30 men, 24 women, 64 boys, and 50 girls gathered in the shed at 6:30 o'clock in the midst of a cold dense fog, for the usual morning prayer. So cold were some of the children that they crossed their arms over their little naked bodies to keep in the body heat. I had on my overcoat. They sang, under the leadership of the evangelist's wife, "Crown Him Lord of All" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"—the last sounded rather chilly, but the lusty singing overcame that impression. I could not see twenty feet outside of the shed, but my soul rejoiced within me at this great piece of evangelism wrought out by the Southern Presbyterian missionaries in twenty-one years. A mere handful of white and colored workers had gathered about them, 8,000 earnest Christians, and out of this number 300 teachers and evangelists who, while they themselves are under training, have daily under instruction over 50,000 children and 200,000 grown people. What is more, this is capable of indefinite extension. The only limitation is the number and strength of the working force. Do you wonder that my soul is stirred when I think of this being carried on for nine days' journey on foot in almost every direction from Luebo as the base or

center, and by *laymen?* Not one ordained preacher as yet, and two hundred of the force of three hundred self-supporting! In other words, the villages, in addition to building the sheds for schoolhouses and churches, support these men by building them houses and supplying cassava for bread, palm oil, yams, chickens, eggs, ants, grasshoppers, and caterpillars.

What a challenge to the laymen of our Church! We have never fully utilized this great contingent at home. Here is an illustration of what can be done from the foreign field. These men are not preachers. They do not pretend to be. They are Christian school-teachers; they are expounders of the Word of God as they themselves have been taught; they organize cottage prayer meetings and establish and superintend Sunday schools. They know God. I have rarely heard such prayers. They have learned how to talk with God, and with a devoutness of spirit that is marvelous they are leading the people in the way of truth and right-living. The work of these men and that of their missionary leaders is rooted and grounded in faith and in prayer. Think of three hundred turning out every morning of the year to six-o'clock prayer meeting! Think of a semicircle of cottage prayer meetings at Luebo every Wednesday night extending for two miles. I heard the singing from a half a hundred different points while I was walking through the mission compound or campus on my way to conduct the missionary prayer service in English. Is there any wonder that we felt that night the presence of our Lord? I thank God for what I have seen and heard. The half had not been told me.

It is true that Gilbert and I are going to a tribe many miles east of the Presbyterian work—the Batetelas. They are cannibals. But what of that? Theirs is the greater need. I have long yearned to preach the gospel in the region where the need is the greatest, and where no other messenger has gone. If we can lead the way, surely the Church can follow. It will be our first mission to savages. Hitherto we have worked among civilized peoples. Now we have the opportunity to show whether or not we have the real missionary stuff in our Church. I believe we have. We must have men. They will be forthcoming. I have no doubt of that. Several

have already promised me to come. We must have money. Our laymen have that. Some one will say that the Church is burdened and the mission treasury suffering from a deficit. Is the Church burdened for souls? That is the question I want answered first. Can a Church of two million Methodists hesitate at a miserable little deficit which can be wiped out in six weeks when the evangelization of a continent is trembling in the balance? It is unworthy of us to raise the cry of retrenchment. Who of our number will dare beat a retreat? We do not know how to retreat. It takes a big enterprise to inspire a Church to do its best. This is the greatest enterprise in which men can engage. It is denied the angels, who might be glad to take our place. They rejoice that the Son of God was counted worthy to go on his mission of redemption. Away with out fears! Let us have faith in God!

Yours in His name, WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

The following letter, written to Dr. J. D. Hammond, President of Paine College, a little later, is equally interesting:

KASONGO-BATETELA, CENTRAL AFRICA,
January 22, 1912.

Rev. J. D. Hammond, D.D., Augusta, Ga.

My Dear Doctor: I sit writing under a tree with Prof. J. W. Gilbert on the other side of the table. He is working on a translation by a native of the Epistle to the Romans into the Batetela language. A crowd of at least two hundred natives are around us curious to see the typewriter and anxious to catch every movement of hand or body. This is a large village of several hundred houses, has an approach in the shape of a great avenue seventy-five feet wide, and on each side of it a street full half as wide upon which the houses open. One peculiarity of this place is that all the houses face from the main street instead of toward it. This is for privacy, and yet their life is so public that every man and woman in the place knows what the others are doing. No privacy in Africa. Our coming was telegraphed by the boom of a big drum which can be heard twelve miles. Not an official of the State can stir without being heralded from one end of the country

to the other. This is one way the native avoids paying taxes. He takes to the forest in advance and the taxgatherer can find only old men and helpless women—the able-bodied of the latter go also. This state of things grows largely out of the misgovernment in former years under King Leopold of infamous reputation.

This part of the country is remarkable for its uplands, high hills, clear streams, fertile soil, and products such as corn, manioc, peanuts, yams, bananas, plantains, pineapples, and hill rice. The latter grows without irrigation. The forests are full of rubber, copal, cocoa, vanilla, and hardwoods, together with many medicinal plants little known to civilization, but effectively used by the natives. The people are the Batetela, the most intelligent, it is conceded by all, among the many tribes to be found in the Congo valley. This territory has been held open to us by the Presbyterians, who have a great work and who have shown us every courtesy, even to that of lending us an evangelist and carriers for this long and perilous trip. It is long, for we have had to walk and ride in the hammock three hundred miles and have four hundred more ahead of us. It is perilous because of wild beasts and wilder men. Elephants tear up the gardens within earshot of the villages, and leopards have not only been carrying off goats, but killing and dragging into the brush men and women. Then the people who stand gazing at me now are cannibals and prefer human flesh, it is said, to goat or dog meat. Several white men have been killed and eaten within one hundred miles of us. Still we have had no trouble and do not expect any. We are upon an errand of peace, and they know it. Otherwise they would not crowd around us. Then we did not come at our own charges. We came under the Great Commission, and to do the will of Him who sent us. Our daily prayer is not so much for personal protection as for wisdom and grace to do the things which are well pleasing in His sight—yes, in the sight of Him whom having not seen we love.

The natives did not forget nor fail in appreciation of the new message and messenger.

Here is a letter written to Bishop Lambuth by the wife of Mudimbi, one of the native evangelists:

LUMBO, AFRICA, June 6, 1912.

Mulunda Wongi-Kabengele: I send you many greetings. I hope you are well. It makes my heart very glad to write this letter. I write because my heart is very happy and because I love you and my heart was overjoyed when your letter came to me here. I was greatly astonished because you left your great work for a little while and sat down to write to a person like me. Here we are praying for you day by day, and shall do till the day of your death. And another matter, we want God to choose missionaries to come here with his palaver who have love in their hearts just like you have. Mudimbi and all the children send you greetings. Our Jehovah (God) has given me another little son, and I beg you to pray to God for me that I may have wisdom to lead my children in the way of eternal life.

I am your friend, MALENDOLA.

A letter written to Bishop Lambuth (Kabengele) by one of the native preachers:

LUALABURG, January 15 ,1912.

My Friend Kabengele, and Mutomba Nxiba: I am sending you greetings plenty, plenty. Are you with the strength of our God or not? I thank you very much because of your letter and the medicine which you sent. I am showing you about my wife Kasa; she was dead, but Jehovah, our God, helped my wife Kasa, the sickness is finished. I thank you because of this palaver in the name of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. We are asking God to accompany you with His strength. Give Mudimbi and Difuanda each plenty of greetings. I am Abraham, KATEMBUE.

To have gotten these reactions and experiences and to bring them to the attention of an unawakened Church was well worth traveling 2,600 miles by boat and train and 1,500 on foot, through the jungles, in perils of wild animals and almost wilder men.

CHAPTER XI

BACK TO THE CONGO VALLEY

"The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise."—*David Livingstone.*

On that first visit to Africa, in 1911, Dr. Lambuth and Dr. Gilbert had decided that in Wembo-Niama they had found the object of their search. They found a vigorous tribe of warriors 400,000 strong who had migrated westward from the Lualaba River, which had been partly explored by David Livingstone. These missionaries were attracted by these independent, self-respecting people, who had never been conquered except by the Belgians. The men are experts in hunting and building and the women are good agriculturists. The Bishop says that he found no native houses anywhere in Africa comparable to theirs. The main streets of their villages are over a hundred feet wide, are shaded, and usually kept clean.

Bishop Lambuth had in his mind before going two main goals as related to location. One was to join the Southern Presbyterians in their great work in the Congo Belge, based on a long expectation and urgent invitation on the part of the Presbyterians. The other was to join a line of missions across Central Africa, which might serve to resist the steady march of the Mohammedans southward. Moslems, merchants from the Sudan, were swarming into Central Africa, bringing the Koran in one hand and their

wares in the other. While the movement was largely commercial, it found a ready soil in which to sow the seeds of Moslem fanaticism. The Bishop was eager to help form a chain of Protestant missions to stay that movement. These conditions were fulfilled in the Batetela tribe and in their village, which is near the middle of the continent, as a beginning point and their big chief as a friend and ally.

The first visit of the missionaries had made a most favorable impression. The chief had led Bishop Lambuth into the moonlight and exacted a promise that in the eighteenth moon the shadows of the chief and the Bishop would be side by side again. The chief said that he would be cutting notches in a stick, one for each moon until the eighteenth had been reached. And it came to pass that he was greatly disappointed when the Bishop failed to return at the appointed time, due to his being detained in South America. When he discovered that it would not be possible for him to keep his promise, he contrived to have a message sent from Luebo by four men, who walked a thousand miles to carry it, informing the chief of the unavoidable delay, and asking an extension of the time to twenty-four moons. This thoughtfulness was greatly appreciated and proved to be a means of further establishing Kabengele, the Batetele name of the Bishop, in the confidence of the chief and his tribe. The chief said: "It is well. The white man keeps his word."

The messengers were loaded with presents of food and each with a piece of cloth. The chief gave them his spear and said: "Present this to Kabengele as a guarantee of protection when he comes with his

people." This was a spear with which he had killed a number of people, whose flesh he had eaten. The Bishop arrived, with eight missionaries, one day before the twenty-fourth moon, and was welcomed by the chief and entertained the first night in his own house. When writing later of his return to Wembo-Niama the second time, he says:

> When I returned to the heart of Africa after an absence of two years, I took with me three missionary families—Dr. and Mrs. Mumpower, Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Bush, and little Mary Elizabeth Mumpower, a babe in arms. The great chief of Wembo-Niama, who had been cutting notches on a stick, one notch for each moon, reached the twenty-fourth one the day after our arrival, which rounded out the two years. He was smiling all over his great face when he grasped my hand said, "Moyo" (life). This is the salutation one meets with in the midst of darkness and of death, and it is most significant. This fierce chief has killed twenty-seven white men and is the leader of a cannibal tribe. But he has been true to his promise, having fed our people and helped them in their work; he has also given up his charms and shown that he is sincere. We are praying that his heart may be touched and his life be yielded to Jesus Christ.

This chief was steadfast in his friendship and unshaken in his childlike confidence in his friend Kabengele. He was generous to the missionaries, as indicated above. Nevertheless, that generosity was not entirely without certain expectations that his generosity would not be forgotten, as the following letter will indicate:

> MIBANGUM LE 9-4-20.
>
> *My Friend Kabengele:* Let your Chief of America send me things—a water pitcher and dishes and pans and cups, all very good ones. The Chief of America, let him send the things I like and, too, the things wanted here by the Batetela. Let

him send me a letter through his children here. Bush and all others of his children (people) to come here and I want many of his children to come here. Then, too, I want him to send me a coat, good to dress up in, and shoes and pants and a bed. Why do you not send me things here? My friend Kabengele, come over here quickly to see the village. Owanji of America and Kabengele, many greetings. Dr. [M.] and Mama Kate [Mrs. M.], send me a pants. Mama Kate, many greetings to you and to your husband from me.

CHIEF WEMBO-NIAMA.

This was written by one of his wives in Batetela, and translated by Rev. H. P. Anker, who writes Bishop Lambuth:

The above is a hasty translation of Chief Wembo-Niama's letter. It is partly to you and partly to President Wilson, and is written by one of his wives. The chief was greatly disappointed that you did not come to Africa last year and also that you did not send him a big present by Mr. Bush. He was so disappointed that I went to a big shoe store in Chicago a few days ago and bought him a pair of shoes, very wide and size 12. Before we go back we ought to get some articles of clothing for the chief and let me take them back, giving them to him for you. He will be tickled for months, and it is worth while to the Mission to have him friendly.

In a letter to one of the missionaries Bishop Lambuth says:

I met a colored woman this morning who is very much interested in Wembo-Niama. She proposes to send him two pairs of socks, which I assured her he very much needed, as he wore shoes which were much too large for him. Please give him a message for me and tell him I am expecting him to give his heart to the Lord. Say that many people here are praying for him by name and that we want him and his people to live the life of truth and uprightness.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the fatherly

solicitude and tender concern for the missionaries and natives by the Bishop, unless it is the affection and trust they gave him in return. He seemed to have poured out the richest treasures of his great heart for the healing of the open "sore of the world." The miseries, the tragedies, the terrors of these naked, black people of the jungle drew heavily on his sympathies. The missionaries who so promptly answered his call and so heroically braved the dangers and endured the hardships were to him as his own children. Well did he exclaim while in Africa: "China was my first love, but Africa is my last responsibility"—but Africa was more than a responsibility; her salvation was a passion! Following are extracts from tvpical letters to some of the missionary families:

My Dear John and Mary Lou: I fear I seem like a neglectful father and grandfather, as it has been so long since I wrote you, but perhaps you are so absorbed in little Walter Lambuth and your many duties that you have not noticed my delinquency. It is not lack of interest, I assure you, but Cole Lectures and many matters calling for immediate attention in the six Western Conferences assigned me.

Thank you so much for the photos of my namesake and for the one more recently received through Mr. Mayo. What a strong young fellow he seems to be—certainly one of whom we may all be proud. He looks as if he might be at least six months old from the way he holds up his head and feet in that unusual position which he has taken. Let me again express my joy that he has come to bless your home and to give you a new and increasing interest from day to day.

Your letter of April 3, with copy of letters to the homefolk, No. 37, received and much enjoyed. I congratulate you upon your success with the sweet potatoes and know that the natives as well as the missionaries are glad to have this superior variety. By the way, I heard years ago that the

reason negroes in America are so fond of sweet potatoes and watermelons is because they were said to grow wild in Africa and had been the food for so many years of their remote ancestors. That reminds me of a joke I heard recently from an ex-Senator from Kansas. He was walking down the street in Washington City and saw a colored acquaintance with his face buried in a big slice of watermelon, enjoying it to the full and with the juice dripping from every finger. The following conversation took place: "Rastus, how does all that good juice get into that watermelon?" "Don't you know, boss? you a Senator and don't know dat?" Said the Senator: "No, and if you do, I would like for you to tell me." "Why, boss, it's kase dey plants 'em in de spring."

Again he writes:

I should have written you from Lake Charles, where I spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Mayo; but what with speaking four times that day, after arriving on the morning train, and with the precious hours of talk and conference with them about the things which concern your life and work, it was literally impossible. The next morning at an early hour I was on the train for Houston, Tex., where another busy day was spent, and on the train that night again for Dallas, with five addresses; and then for Chicago, where two days were spent with Dr. Cook, Mr. Willis, and Brother Bush at Montgomery Ward and Company's. Then came the trip across the continent. I have been in a whirl of engagements and local correspondence. To-morrow morning I am off for San Francisco to hold two District Conferences—one for the Koreans and the other for the Japanese. All this only by way of explanation to show you how full my hands have been. Rest assured that you and Dr. and Mrs. Mumpower have not been out of my mind for a single day. Frequently, many times a day my thoughts and prayers run out toward Africa and the mission station.

To go back to Lake Charles, I enjoyed every hour and every minute, if they did keep me speaking a good deal of the time. What a fine breakfast after the night on the train! I told Mrs. Mayo, as I sampled the biscuit and the coffee, that I thought of you both at once and wished you and Walter

L. were there to complete the circle. You see when I left Wembo-Niama I promised myself to think of you every time I had something good to eat—real Southern, home eating. There were kind invitations for me to have meals elsewhere, but they were thoughtful enough to arrange for me to stay at home. It made the day quieter and more restful and enabled us between the services to review the past two years and to make some forecast for the year to come. Many questions were asked me, the answers to which helped to throw light upon some phases of life in Africa which they did not understand. Keep the letters up. The more you go into details of the daily life and customs of the people, the more vivid the conception and the more intense the interest. I notice you are beginning to touch the folklore. You should be able to get some very original stories through the boys, and in addition make a collection of proverbs, in which the African language is very rich. These, gathered with some system as well as care during these early years, will furnish a body of information one of these days which, to those who follow you, will furnish a valuable insight into the character of the people. Nothing is too trivial and nothing should be overlooked. It is in the common place of every day's doings among a primitive people that the roots of their faith and community, as well as individual, life is found.

In leaving the home I felt that it was next to seeing you both again. Every nook and corner was, of course, familiar to you. The dining room spoke eloquently of the little circle which used to gather around the board, and the office and library combined suggested the many hours spent there in active service. How thankful we should be for the homes which Christ has made possible in this world! Aside from the social life and warmth there are the altar about which the family gathers and the suggestions of the larger ministries. In reading the life of Bishop Asbury, I have been impressed with the home as a factor in building up Methodism in this country. Long before churches were built, the homes of the pioneers were thrown open to religious services, the gospel preached, and the forces generated which helped to found a great civilization. It is with a feeling of profound thankfulness that I find many centers of such inspiration and blessing

in my journeys. May this ever be a unit, full of potentiality, kept in view steadily as you create a Christian community about you. It must be line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little; but if Africa is to be won for Christ it must be done through the native men and women, who not only enthrone Jesus in their hearts, but give him the central and supreme place in their domestic life.

With love to both of you and a great deal to Walter Lambuth, and with earnest prayers for blessings upon each of you, I am,

Yours very cordially, W. R. L.

On this second trip to Africa, in 1913, he and his party of missionaries, with Rev. J. T. Mangum as traveling companion, left London on November 5. His journal opens with a complete time table of arrivals and departures containing seventeen points. The journey was noticeably shorter than the first. This was due in part to the fact that they were able to go by boat from Lusambo, where before they went on foot. In order still further to shorten this distance, one of the first appeals made for the mission was for a boat for the navigation of the Kasai River. This would greatly facilitate transportation of supplies and render travel far simpler and safer.

The Epworth Leagues of the Church undertook the task of providing this boat, and later took the entire support of the African Mission as their special responsibility. A missionary steamboat on the Kasai, lineal descendant of that first one on the Hudson, launched one hundred years earlier, with Bishop Asbury, the prophet of the long road, and McKendree, the flaming apostle of the wilderness, there to behold and wonder at the initial trip of this famous mother of all the leviathans of the deep!

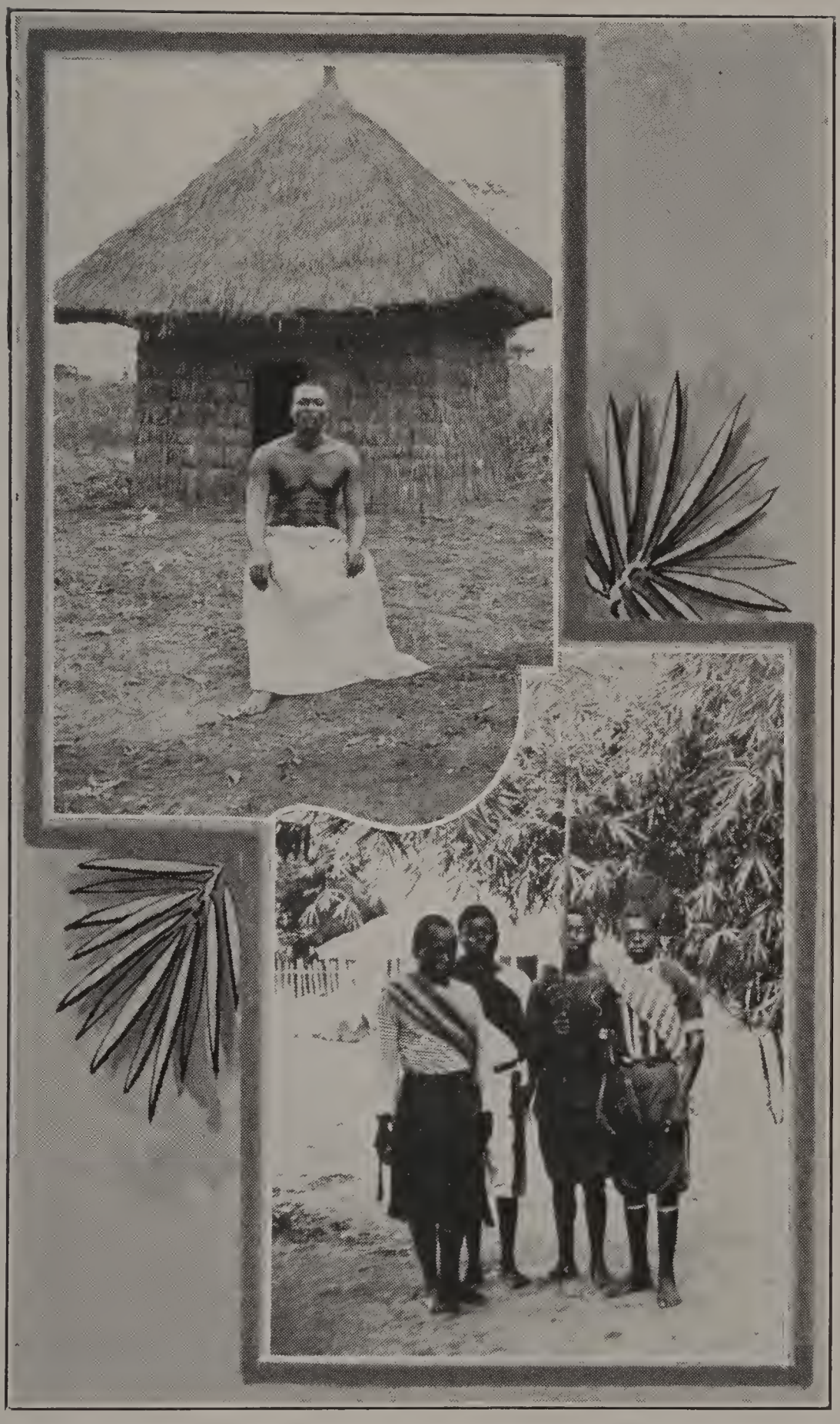
How often the missionary must pause to thank God for men of science and invention, and to do honor to the pioneers of thought who, though unwittingly, have contributed so wondrously to the progress of the kingdom! As one thinks of Watt and Stephenson, Morse and Marconi, Galileo and Columbus, with that noble company of men who have hewed and blasted and built, who have dared and suffered and died to bind the world into a neighborhood and pave the way for the apostles of Christ to turn it into a brotherhood, one can but think of them as obeying Isaiah's voice in the wilderness, crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Is he not the Lord of the swinging pendulum, the falling apple, the bubbling teakettle, the magnetic needle, and the ethereal, electric pathways of the universe?

Nine missionary societies are enumerated which had preceded ours in the Belgian Congo, beginning with the Baptist Missionary Society of England and the American Baptist Missionary Union in 1878; Swedish, 1885; Congo Balolo Mission (English) and Christian and Missionary Alliance, American, 1898; Southern Presbyterian, 1890; Foreign Christian Missionary Society (American) and Westcott's Independent Mission, 1896; Mennonite Missionary Alliance, 1912. The unity of the Missionary Movement is emphasized not alone in the oft-repeated

gratitude expressed for the beautiful and bountiful help afforded by the Presbyterian Mission, but by the constant recurrence of incidents and experiences illustrative of that principle announced by the Master that "one soweth and another reapeth."

Far down the Kasai River they were awakened on the morning of December 12 by the singing of "What a friend we have in Jesus." It came from the throats of 58 black fellows who had cut wood the day before and slept on the bare ground with little to keep off the chill. The song ended and I saw every black head bowed while the leader stood there in the midst, barely outlined in the fog, making intercession, not for themselves alone, but pleading earnestly for Kabengele and his missionaries whom they were helping to convey to the Batetela country. Nor did they forget to mention Mutombo Kutchi (Gilbert). It is things like these that find us at the deepest depth of being. How can one help being attached to them in spite "of their many faults and weaknesses"?

There is another side to the picture, alas! In addition to the cannibalism, cruelty, witchcraft, and demon worship of the natives, the drunkenness, debauchery, and dishonesty of white traders cry to heaven. They and others representing—or, shall I say, misrepresenting—the white races are guilty of conduct often disgusting to the point of nausea. Drinking in the Congo is pronounced a disgrace to civilization, and threatens the extermination of every successive generation of white men. A list given of men in responsible position to the number of ten, entailing delays, loss, danger, and sometimes



CHIEF WEMBO-NIAMA

MESSENGERS WHO CARRIED BISHOP LAMBUTH'S MESSAGE TO THE CHIEF

death, makes a picture too sickening to print. Can we wonder that the white races are not loved and that the work of Western missionaries is woefully hindered! A single illustration will answer for hundreds. At Boshishimbe, a wood station on the river bank, there was a lone Portuguese rubber agent. Dr. Lambuth went ashore and had a long talk with him in Portuguese. He could speak neither French nor the native tongue. He had been there five months and at Luebo two, was a marine in the British Navy and was at the battle of Manila. He had visited all the East Coast, Colombo, Straits Settlement, Canton, Shanghai, Kobe, Yokohama, and the Island of Timour; is from the Portuguese Province; does not wish to return; has no books, no literature, probably cannot read; has no family ties at home save a mother and two brothers. This piece of human flotsam, cast up by the restless tides of fortune, cares for nothing, he said, except the franc, and here he twirled his finger and thumb significantly. "I tried," says the Bishop, "to bring to him a message concerning God the Father, but doubt his understanding." It is such as he that have helped the slave trade to Sao Thome and were guilty of atrocities in the rubber trade.

The long journey, the planting of the mission, the good beginning of buildings, and leave-taking of the beloved missionaries over, the return journey was begun on February 13, 1914. The big chief insisted on going to the end of the village, some two miles, walking hand in hand with his friend Kabengele. Then looking around on his people, he said: "The white chief says he must go home. Be it so,

He has many things to do. He can leave his people with me. They shall be my people, for I trust him [literally, *I have accepted him*]. He need not fear for them. When I have finished the church, my workmen shall go to your concession and help in the building of your houses there; and when all is done we will build a high, strong fence of cane and palm around the mission to protect your people from the leopards." The Bishop thanked him for his words and said in response: "Wembo-Niama, you are a great chief and your words are strong. You have never yet deceived me nor failed to care for my children whom I leave behind. The heart of a truly great chief should be a good heart, and that can only be the gift of God. Give your heart to Jesus and he will make it good and strong." Only when the story of this mission shall be written, years hence, will the true significance of these beginnings be seen.

CHAPTER XII

MEEKNESS IN ARMOR

"He is brave whose tongue is silent
Of the trophies of his word.
He is great whose quiet bearing
Marks his greatness well assured."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

In the year 1910 there was held in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, an epoch-making meeting, of which it was said: "Never has there been such a gathering in the history of the kingdom of God on earth." It was representative of all Protestant missionary bodies of Europe and America. This conference was the successor of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York in 1900. The preparations for this Edinburgh Conference were begun in 1907. Eight Commissions were appointed. Bishop Lambuth was vice chairman of Commission II., on "The Church in the Mission Field." He entered with enthusiasm into the plans and did his full share toward the success of the Conference. I happen to know that in large part the excellent survey made by the Commission was due to his earnest and diligent efforts. It makes a volume of three hundred and eighty pages. In addition to his share in the preparation, he took active part in the Conference and at its close was made a member of the Continuation Committee, which carried forward the work of the Conference after its adjournment.

This Conference set the principle of coöperation in the foreground of missionary policy. Not that there had not been coöperation before, but that it had not gotten into the thinking of the Church that the highest success of the cause demanded that the ranks should close up. Commission VIII. had for its subject "Coöperation and the Promotion of Unity." The report of this Commission is still a classic on the subject. The spirit with which it was received and discussed and the action that followed set the subject fully and finally before the mind of Christendom. It voiced the insistent cry from the mission fields of the world against divisions and rivalries that the natives could not understand nor the missonaries justify. It emphasized the waste in money, men, and influence, pointed to the possibilities of coöperation on grounds other than creedal or ecclesiastical, and urged that out of a deeper loyalty to Christ "we can agree to differ and resolve to love." It was a feeling well-nigh universal among those present that in this Conference the Church had crossed over into a new era and that the old divisions and rivalries could not survive, but must yield to the new spirit and the new demands of the kingdom of Christ. Bishop Lambuth entered into this conviction. It was in accord with his catholic nature that he should. He was not of those who say, "My Church, right or wrong"; but rather, "My Church, if right to keep her right, if wrong to set her right." No man served his Church with greater fidelity or with less narrowness.

The subject of territorial delimitation had arisen in Korea during his secretaryship. He had entered

into it heartily. The same comity had met his approval in other fields. He was actually instrumental in the organization of three Methodisms into one in Japan in 1907. In the consideration of the questions involved, he took the side of the risks of such a venture and sustained by his vote the freedom and autonomy accorded the new Japanese Methodist Church. One of his last acts as General Secretary of the Board of Missions of his Church was to foster the joint ownership and control by the Canadian and Southern Methodist Boards of the Kwansei Gakuin in Kobe, Japan, an institution to whose founding and development he had given of his best a score of years earlier.

He was a member of the Foreign Missions Conference, was a member of the Committee of Reference and Counsel in that body, was chosen Chairman of the Conference, and served on the Continuation Committee, representing the work in all fields and, in a sense, of all Protestant Mission Boards. In brief, he was connected with all those interdenominational movements so characteristic of the early years of this century, not only as a passive sympathizer, but as an enthusiastic participant and promoter.

In a world such as we live in, it is inevitable that principles and ideals should be tested. All fine gold has felt the fire. There came a time when these ideals of coöperation were put to the test. It came in connection with Bishop Lambuth's episcopal administration in Mexico, which began in 1914. There had arisen in the Foreign Missions Conference of that year the question of a readjustment of forces

and redistribution of territory in Mexico. This grew out of overcrowding in some sections of the country, entire lack of occupation of others, consequent waste of energy and of funds, and also limitation of results. Bishop Lambuth entered heartily into the plan. A meeting was held at Cincinnati on June 30–July 1, 1914, composed of representatives of Boards having work in Mexico. Bishop Lambuth was elected Chairman of the meeting. An elaborate plan for redistribution of territory, involving exchange of institutions and churches, was drawn up for submission to the various boards concerned. It was considered the most thoroughgoing, if not the most daring, venture in coöperation ever undertaken—so much so that it met with keen scrutiny and came in for a full measure of criticism. In the Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, this opposition assumed somewhat aggravated proportions. It was carried into the press and finally to the General Conference of 1918.

The result is a matter of history and is not in place here, except to say that the outcome has so well justified the wisdom of the "Plan" that now it would not be easy to find a critic even among the most radical conservatives. This matter is mentioned here, not only as an illustration of the breadth and catholicity of Bishop Lambuth, but as furnishing an illustration of another prominent trait in his many-sided character—that is, that in ecclesiastical affairs he was a pacifist. One would be almost as greatly surprised to hear that this quiet, courteous gentleman had engaged in a street brawl as to hear that he had engaged in a debate on the

mode of baptism or the validity of ecclesiastical orders. It may be said of him that "he did not cry nor lift up his voice in the street." As I have said elsewhere, his temperament was not that of the insurgent nor the iconoclast; he was not that type of militant Methodist. It would be hard to recall a controversy in which he figured. I doubt if there is in existence a controversial line of which he is the author. I have known no man who could endure so much and be silent. He had the charity that suffereth long and is kind, and even when charity ceased to be a virtue he was able to summon a rare self-control that made no sign.

All this proved true through some stormy controversies that swept the Church during the period of his leadership. In all these it was not generally known, except by his intimate friends, on which side he stood. The controversy concerning redistribution in Mexico raged directly, if not primarily, around his episcopal administration of that field. It went on for two years, culminating in the General Conference of 1918. Yet through it all he kept his poise and eliminated the personal equation so far as appeared on the surface. The writer recalls a conversation between brethren in which it was urged on him that there was more involved in this controversy than the particular question under discussion, and that he was in position as a recognized and influential leader to do a needed service for the Church of the future. It was urged, even, that he was providentially charged with a clear responsibility to enter upon a vigorous and open defense of his position. All of these things he waved aside as

involving possible consequences we could not afford to risk. Later he was sorely challenged in another quarter on this subject and again at the General Conference, and yet his counsel was to avoid controversy. I have seen him put to the test in other cases with similar results. During fifteen years of intimate fellowship I knew but few cases in which he was openly and aggressively assertive, and these under circumstances that make them almost negligible.

Those who knew him best were often taxed to account for this trait. He had deep convictions by which he was willing to live and for which he was willing to die. His reputation for tenacity and persistence was most pronounced. He had a marvelous spirit of daring and took hazards that would have appalled a man less courageous. That he had any selfish aims or interests to guard is a contradiction of his entire life. For one thing, he had a calm assurance, born of an abiding faith, and was willing to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." For another, controversy inevitably involves persons, and his love of men led him to be willing to suffer disadvantage rather than run the risk of wounding his fellows. Most of all he seemed to have a deep-seated feeling, if not a conviction, that controversy, oftener than otherwise, leaves truth the loser, no matter who wins. All of these, good and admirable as they are, may well be challenged as valid grounds for nonresistance. One may ask with John Hay:

> "How shall His vengeance be done?
> How when his purpose is clear?
> Must he come down from the throne?
> Hath he no instruments here?"

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" as soon as she can find some champion who will level his lance at error, and right will prevail no sooner than knights can be found who will enter the lists wearing its colors. Nevertheless, both anvils and hammers are needed, and the anvils outwear the hammers.

The deeper things of personality baffle; we can apply here no rule-of-thumb tests. In life's wondrous complexities there are paradoxes and unfathomable mysteries. In the life of this servant of God one seems to see the working of two contending heredities: one surging down out of the Scotch Highlands, the other flowing quietly out of the green meadows of England. The gentle, pacific father who came into the world to find out what was right and do it with uncomplaining serenity, and the mother who came to find out what was wrong and get it righted, whose sturdy family tree bore such branches as Gen. George B. McClellan and Grover Cleveland—these seemed to fight an unending battle for ascendency in his life. The one was ever saying, "Peace, peace," and the other crying, "Strike for your altars and your fires." There were days when the Scotch granite showed among the lilies and grasses. There were other days when only the lush meadows lay serene beneath the rapturous song of the lark. To know your man, you must know a lot of other people long dead. In this case, happily, both forces, meeting in our subject, swept on in the same direction toward the same great goal. The impetuosity and insurgency of the mother and the meek and pacific persistence of the father united in an indomitable determination and unwearied in-

dustry and a long-suffering patience that in the end found a way or made one. Let us therefore be content. If we turn from what he failed to say to what he actually did, we shall find the sources of his immense influence. He had by his gentle winsomeness, unselfish devotion, and burning passion so won the love and confidence of the hosts of his Church that they looked to see which way he was going, rather than to listen to his challenge to combat; and when they saw, they felt that it was safe to follow. There is almost a conspicuous exception to the non-militant trait just discussed in an event that transpired in 1915. The Church was in the midst of a controversy that cost it the loss of its only university, Vanderbilt, located in Nashville, Tenn. He returned from his second trip to Africa just in time for the stormy session of the General Conference of 1914, in which final action was initiated. In this he took no part.

During the year following he quietly challenged the disapproval of a large section of the Church—while the embers of controversy still smoldered and occasionally flamed anew—by delivering the Cole Lectures for the University. There were many who would not have dared it. Many felt that he should not have done it. Yet it went almost without adverse comment, except in quiet undertones. Walter Lambuth had done it. He was not rash nor partisan. It must be all right. That was the way the incident passed.

In that series of the Cole Lectures is one on "Missions and the Heroic," perhaps the best in the series. He had chosen as his main topic "Winning

the World for Christ," and in this lecture on the heroic one who knew him intimately cannot fail to detect a portraiture of his own ideals. In describing the heroism that dares to suffer, he says: "Heroic living like this is not for human ideas, but for divine ideas. Adherence to human ideas wins popular sympathy; adherence to divine ideas begets opposition, hate, persecution, and the sword. The motive is not a human affection, but a divine love, constraining, compelling, inspiring." It was heroic living of which he was thinking, and not the clash of human ideas in the fury of human motive born of human affections. In another paragraph he says: "Heroism is anything but great acting. It is greatness in action. There is nothing of the spectacular about it. Let self-consciousness come and heroism dies. It is high deeds, born of high feeling and high ideals and of unquestioning faith in God." Well did he live the words here spoken. If in some wise we could have wished him different, it may be that that wish fulfilled would have made men love him less; and had we made him more our type of hero, it may be we should have condemned him to defeat where he won his greatest victories, and changed to common clay what God made fine!

When the great war broke he was just back from Africa. "This crimson chorus of the guns" that shook the world was a new call on his already overburdened spirit. It was unthinkable that he could live on the same planet where millions of his fellow beings were suffering and dying without lending a hand, both hands, to the amelioration of their sufferings or at least offering the comfort of a vol-

untary share in them. It mattered not that they were not his own people. They were human beings, and when did he ever halt or even hesitate at the boundaries of race or clan? He gave his sympathy and support to such relief measures as were possible to the earliest stages of the titantic struggle. But it was when the United States entered the conflict that he threw himself into it with a full measure of devotion. In July, 1917, we find him writing to Dr. Frederick W. Lynch, New York:

> I confess to have very little sympathy with men who refuse to serve their country in great crises like this when they have for years accepted the privileges and protection which belong to citizenship. Personal privileges, whether in Church or State, involve personal obligation which must be met in some form or other. Of course I must recognize that there are those, even outside the Society of Friends, who have conscientious objections to military service; but while this may be the case, I do not agree to the position that they are exempt from those duties which every true man and citizen owes to the State and to humanity. Such duties might well be included in "alternative service" under provision for "conscientious objectors." This might easily embrace hospital service, Red Cross work, and various forms of service in the Y. M. C. A., which has been recognized and given a place by the government. A man who would persistently object to lending his hand to such forms of mercy and help when his fellow man has been caught between the upper and nether millstone of this awful world tragedy, is a captious objector, has not the spirit of the good Samaritan, and is hardly worthy of a standing in a Christian community.

CHAPTER XIII

SHARING THE TRENCHES

"He lives to bravely take his share of toil and stress,
And for his weaker fellow's sake makes every burden less."
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

When the great war broke out in 1914, Bishop Lambuth had just returned from his second visit to Africa. The Belgian government had been generous in dealing with him in the Congo Concession. This had won his gratitude. And when the crash of German guns had spread havoc in that fair land, and German terrorism had spread misery and suffering everywhere, he raised funds to aid the Queen in her noble work of relief.

Among his papers I find a careful estimate of the purpose of the Kaiser and of plans for his final triumph over the entire Eastern world. This was based on an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1908, on "The Foreign Policy of William the Second." This analysis indicates not only his keen interest in world affairs, but also concern, even at that date, for the peace of the world, and a suspicion of Germany's protestations of peaceable intentions.

We find him writing to Africa in October, 1914:

I have written repeatedly to Belgium without result. The German invasion has swept like a besom of destruction over that fair land. The Evangelistic Church must be suffering greatly. I made an appeal for $1,000 for the Belgian sufferers and have secured $1,700. Our people have been most sympathetic. I have sent foward $1,000 to the Queen, but will

hold several hundred for the Envagelistic Church if it is possible to get at the leader. Will make another attempt through the Belgian authorities in Washington City.

Thus one man, at least, in the United States was not preserving a strict neutrality; and when the war was less than three months old he was already doing his bit to aid the suffering, without waiting for committees and movements to start him into action.

Any one who will read his letters in the early days of the war will find abundant evidence that he was far from neutral. His scathing denunciation of the Kaiser and his program showed that his love of men had flamed white at the wrongs and injuries inflicted on men and women who are helpless to resist. It was my fortune to travel with him early in 1919 through the broken and desolated country, trench-scarred and shell-plowed. Literally thousands of skeletons of burned railway coaches and other thousands of trucks, autos, planes, and gun carriages were now grim and shapeless mountains of twisted scrap iron, bearing mute testimony to the physical waste of war, and the fresh graves and rude crosses "row on row" bore a still more gruesome testimony to the cruel waste of human life. We fell to discussing the war. How could we avoid it, with the red ruin of the monstrous anachronism before our eyes? The discussion included the armistice and its moral and political effect. To my surprise, the Bishop took the ground that the armistice came too soon—that the Allies should have given Germany a taste of her own medicine. In fact, in that company of several bishops and other preachers, the verdict was overwhelmingly on that side. The

discussion set me thinking of the surprising paradoxes of the human mind, when the most pacific man I ever knew wanted to hear the eloquence of battle thunder at the gates of Berlin. If almost any one of that group had been President, and in the mood he was in there and then, the United States would have gone into the war sooner and stayed in longer; yet there was not one of them, least of all the Bishop, who would not have braved danger or death itself to have helped a dying German soldier or to have given bread to a hungry Austrian in the trenches.

Consistency has been called the virtue of fools; it is certainly not the virtue of men of faith and action. Such men are saint and soldier, advocate and judge, angel and avenger, according to the hour and the cause. At that very hour Bishop Lambuth was in Europe to serve, to soothe, and to heal. He had exchanged his episcopal robes for a soldier's uniform and put himself under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. in order to share the perils of camp and field. He had gone where the smoke of battle hung heavy and the earth trembled with shock of gun and shell. He had washed his own clothes, shared the common fare, and taken his chances with the "doughboys" that he might keep them mindful of home and mother, God and country, and help make and keep them fit to live and die.

It was not his way to require of others what he did not exact of himself. Accordingly, when war broke out he entered at once into plans for furnishing chaplains to training camps, and all other possible means of spiritual, intellectual, and physical care

of the boys, suddenly snatched away from their homes to be schooled in the gentle art of killing. In this case, the stern and solemn call of President Wilson had been approved by the conscience of the nation on the basis of "war to end war." Perhaps never before had the high ideals and eloquent words of a great leader so thrilled and rallied a great people, till in his own language they became a "nation of volunteers." At the General Conference in 1918 Bishop Lambuth secured action constituting a War Commission. This Commission was splendidly organized and mobilized, with Bishop Lambuth as President and Dr. E. O. Watson as Secretary. An asking of $5,000,000 had been by his influence put in the Centenary Survey, then being laid before the Church, for work in camp and field and for reconstruction and evangelistic work in Europe, and steps were taken to realize on this in advance for immediate needs. To this and other forms of relief and service, Bishop Lambuth gave his unceasing attention. He was a member of the committee chosen by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to provide for the religious and moral needs of the soldiers.

All this was not enough to satisfy him. He volunteered to go out under the Y. M. C. A. In order to qualify for this service he must needs meet the ordinary tests. He did not altogether look the part of a soldier. Among the questions asked him was whether he could endure travel on foot. One can easily imagine the merry twinkle in his eye and the hint of a smile about his lips as he quietly replied: "Yes, I sometimes take a walk. My last

one of any consequence was fifteen hundred miles." During the silence that ensued we can only guess whether the young interrogator was recalling his Anabasis and calculating how many parasangs that stroll included, or thinking how many varieties of incompetent he was. At any rate, he signed on the dotted line.

The following letter to Mrs. Lambuth tells the story of his journey over:

PARIS, FRANCE, December 4, 1918.

Mrs. W. R. Lambuth, Oakdale, Calif.

My Dearest Daisy: Now that the restrictions have been in large measure removed, I can write you about some things which happened in New York and on the way over. The greatest secrecy characterized every movement. We were not told the name of the steamer in which we were to embark, but were only given her number; nor did we know the date of sailing or the wharf until the last moment. Some of the secretaries were obliged to sail from Newport News, in Virginia. They had a trying time in securing anything like adequate accommodations. Some had to go steerage, which in a crowded transport is no fun.

Before starting we were tagged with a number stamped on a little silver plate fastened to one's wrist. My number was 236 and I am wearing my ornament to this day. The soldiers give it the euphonious name of "dog tag." This was for identification in case of accident on land or sea, but I could not make out the advantage of it in case we went to the bottom. The wrist chain was steel, which began to rust and irritate the skin. The very last minute before going aboard we made a rush for a jeweler's to get a silver chain. Emmons and I managed to buy one, which was cut in two and cost us $2.99 each—some price for three inces of chain; but we were shopping against time and the Jew knew it.

We left the "Chelsea" early, but were detained on the wharf for three mortal hours waiting our turn to have our baggage examined. At last we were permitted to go on board without

so much as producing a key. I left a lot of papers, notes, and some books which would have been helpful, but we had been told that they might all be confiscated. So much for the "know-it-alls." Once on the ship, there was no possibility of return. No communication with the shore was permitted except through the censored letters, which to me seemed absolutely worthless, filled with mere commonplaces. Still I hope you got what I did send, though you have not mentioned them, neither have you, any of you, referred to the photographs mailed from New York the last day. Perhaps they never reached you. There were three poses—I suppose that is the right word—all in uniform.

For nearly 36 hours we lay alongside the dock on the New Jersey side, shut in by the great warehouses which made an impenetrable screen. Near by was the "Leviathan," the old "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," filling up with soldiers. Its capacity has been from 12,000 to 15,000. It must have made the war lord grind his teeth to know the use Uncle Sam was making of his crack ship. That surely was the irony of fate. The "Ordunia" was an infant compared with the other, but we managed somehow to pack eighteen hundred soldiers on board. They came on ferryboats from up the Hudson and were loaded to the guards. I felt nervous during my stay in New York when I saw this transfer going on, lest the submarines so active on the Atlantic coast at that time might sneak in and sink several of them. I have no idea how they were kept out, whether by nets or mines—perhaps by both. One thing is certain: we owe an immense debt of gratitude to our navy, always alert, always on the job.

But the sight of those eighteen hundred boys on the wharf touched me deeply. They marched in solid columns of four; no martial strains, no banners, no military songs, in dead silence they came and stood by the hour, awaiting the word of command. Dead tired! You could see it in their faces and in the droop of the shoulders. Then at last began the slow and painful climb up the steep gang plank. One at a time they came, dragging their leaden feet, for, added to the heavy marching shoes, every soldier had a pack on his back which, including his kit, blankets, and helmet, weighed not less than sixty pounds—and over seventy with his gun. I

could hardly restrain the tears at the trudge, trudge up that incline, every step slow and deliberately placed, lest a slip be made into the treacherous water below—mere boys, the majority of them, and facing pirates beneath the surface of the sea or the machine gun of a malicious enemy on the other shore.

They filled up the space in the hold. Then the overflow converted itself into a living stream of khaki, which ran along and spread itself from stem to stern. Night fell, it began to rain a fine drizzle, and I went up to see how the lads were getting on. Here they were stretched out on the hard deck, lying on one blanket and shivering under the other. Some were getting wet up to their knees from the driving rain; but the captain soon had awnings stretched over the ship's side, which in a measure shielded them. A lot of those boys were from Alabama and North Carolina; and when I thought of the homes they were from, the comforts they had left behind, and their mothers, I found a big pain tugging at my heart, for I knew that not a few would never return. It was a happy thing for them that the influenza had not begun. They did not seem to suffer particularly from the exposure. By this time they had become "as hard as nails," as one put it, but they grumbled at the miserable fare. That was worse on the English ships than upon the American, and this was English. But it did seem awfully hard to have them lying there through the night, and the rest of us comfortably housed in our staterooms.

When we got well out from the harbor on the afternoon of July 31 we discovered that we were in a convoy of some fourteen vessels, and had the protection of a cruiser and a destroyer. These kept with, and a little ahead of, us during the entire voyage of twelve days. We will never know what we owed to those brave comrades of the American navy and their crews, and especially to the destroyer, which every once in a while would dart about and act as if it were purposely sticking its little steel nose into trouble—and there was enough, to be sure, between the floating mines and the submarines. Every vessel in the convoy adopted a zigzag course, changing almost every hour of the day and night. This was to confuse the subs and to divert their aim in case they attempted to torpedo

us. I failed to state that we passed between two lines of destroyers for miles after leaving New York, had a great balloon swinging in mid-air watching for submaries, and were followed until a late hour that first night by several aëroplanes that were keeping close and vigilant observation as well. What more could have been done for our safety? Nothing but your prayers, and I know we had them, and they gave me a sense of security.

It is mainly from his letters from the field that we gather some knowledge of the activities in which he was engaged. We find him writing to Churches concerning the baptism of soldiers, to mothers and fathers about their boys, and keeping his busy hands on all lines of helpful ministry that came within his reach. He writes to Dr. E. O. Watson from Paris on October 15, 1918:

My Dear Doctor: I wrote you some days ago that the Religious Department of the Y. M. C. A. in Paris would furnish our chaplains with a communion set, a baby organ where needed, Testaments, song books, and quite a large and growing assortment of literature. In addition, I am trying to arrange for a lantern which can be used in hospital wards and in tents, so that men who cannot get out to the movies of the Y. M. C. A. can find in these slides and films a source of entertainment and instruction. They can also be utilized in evangelistic services.

I have just returned from a two days' visit to the chaplains' school, where I found twenty under the instruction and superintendency of Major Randolph. I spoke five times during my stay, and trust some real contribution was made to the splendid group of men gathered there. They were kind enough to say that I had helped them and I was given a cordial invitation to come again. My mission over here is primarily to the chaplains and their soldiers. It was a great privilege not only to speak to them, but to have fellowship with and to pray for them individually in several cases. The strain is terrific on these faithful men. Two had been gassed and were

just recovering; two others had been struck with fragments of shells and were partially disabled. Last night one came with me who is suffering from rheumatism, due to exposure in the trenches. They have not hesitated to share the privations of the rank and file and will wear the scars for life. Two have yielded up their lives on the battle field.

You do not wonder that I count it the privilege of my life to be here and to minister in every way possible to men who have not counted their lives dear unto themselves. I have been making a careful study of the entire field and its needs. It is so immense as it relates to the moral and religious welfare of two million men scattered over hundreds of square miles and billeted in thousands of villages in addition to the regular cantonment, that it cannot be grasped in a day, neither can wise conclusions be swiftly reached. My ideas are beginning to take shape, and it is becoming clear that as a Church we should align ourselves with the religious and educational work of chaplains and Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, and with the relief work of the Red Cross. I have written an article to the *Christian Advocate* on the "Educational Program," and will be sending another on the "Religious Program." The soldiers have been asking where the Church is; and it is of vital importance, if we are going to have any influence over these fellows when they return, to have a representative of the Church on the ground. At every service I have held (and they have been many) I have asked the boys to come forward and give me their hands, state the locality they are from, and what Church they belonged to, so that I might get in touch with the pastor. Several have proposed to enter the ministry or missionary work, and it is evident that we must look to these fine young men—the flower of our country—to fill our depleted colleges and to reënforce the attenuated line of missionaries in foreign fields.

I have preached much to the negroes, advised with their chaplains and leaders, and endeavored at headquarters to insist upon more personal attention to the stevedores especially. The latter are at the port unloading steamers and loading trains, building tracks, yards, roads, etc. The temptations to which they are exposed are simply fierce: wine and women, together with gambling and association

with the worst element to be encountered anywhere—the longshoremen and sailors' boarding-house keepers. Our military authorities are doing all in their power, but still the evil exists, and those of us who know the negro and the South and the awful aftermath of such exposure, without adequate safeguards, must bestir ourselves to help our military leaders to the extent of our ability.

Finding thousands of Chinese laborers from North and Central China, the dialects of which I speak, I have discovered another field of need and opportunity, and have been visiting their camps and distributing literature, especially the Scriptures. The latter I got from the British and Foreign Bible Society in London.

My hands are busy and my heart is full. The opportunity of the centuries is before us. Are we alive to its demands and do we propose to meet it adequately? God help us. If we fail, ours will be a fearful condemnation as a Church. Our country is bending to the task. Can we do less? I ask the question in all seriousness. Major Randolph tells me that the Chaplains' Committee, which through Bishop Brent is in constant touch with General Pershing, is calling for 600 more chaplains, or 150 a month until the required quota has been received. Whole regiments are without ministerial services. I found 4,000 men in one case with only one chaplain. I leave the situation for the present with you and the Commission. Give them my love as you meet them from time to time, and may you and they be given courage and strength for the great task which has been intrusted to your hands. You might send a copy of this letter to each member, that this outline of what I am attempting over here may be laid before them. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you and with the Church.

Your brother in the gospel, W. R. L.

In a letter from "Somewhere in France" he writes to a friend:

The chaplain lives with the men, goes to the front, ministers to the wounded, offers the communion to the dying, buries the dead, writes to friends at home, and is in position to do

for the soldier in the ranks what no other man can do. It is a precious privilege. One cannot help recalling such names in our Church in the sixties as Granbery, McFerrin, Sawrie, Marvin, Morrison, and a host of others equally active and heroic. Never have men been more approachable and open to the truth than in this war. Last Sunday I held a blessed communion service at 8 A.M., rode ten miles and preached at 10:30, then twenty more miles and preached at night. There was no camouflage. It was straight from the shoulder—sin, repentance, salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. It was Jesus, Jesus, and he was there. O how the boys responded! Was there ever a greater mission than to these noble fellows?

I cannot refrain from quoting an additional paragraph from this letter, because it deals with an important phase of the great war and also gives a glimpse of a trait of the writer:

This Chaplains' School which I was invited to visit by the Major (whom I had known and esteemed for his personal worth and for his work's sake during his service in the Philippines, and later upon the Rio Grande and in Mexico) is unique in that it types the democratic spirit which is abroad in our land and in all the world, excepting, perhaps, the Central Powers. Here I find, in addition to Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Disciples, and Episcopalians, Roman Catholics and Jews. The spirit and sense of a great brotherhood runs through it all, and out of this new and larger relationship must eventually grow a larger and truer life in which the minor things shall be lost sight of, and the real values, ethically and spiritually, will emerge. I am not discussing organic union of any kind, but I am calling attention to the fact that God is becoming more real, men are more brotherly, and Christ is being given more and more his rightful place in discussing moral questions and in vital faith.

There lies before me as I write the certificate of baptism of a young man whom he received into the Church in France. This certificate he forwarded to

his pastor at Marcus Lindsey Church, Louisville, Ky. One can easily imagine the moist eyes and unspoken gratitude of the congregation when that certificate was read, and particularly the unutterable joy of a mother to whose ears the sound of that good news from a far land was like the singing of the angels. In a letter from Korea in 1921 he writes an ex-soldier boy whom he had baptized in France: "Let me express the wish that you are not only keeping in line with the vows taken on that occasion, but also that you are throwing yourself earnestly into such Christian work as in the providence of God you may be able to do. I express the hope that one of these days we may meet again."

He took special pains, as already indicated, to visit and preach to the negro regiments, and always received a warm welcome. It was only in accord with his practice in America, in Africa, and everywhere that he should not forget these American citizens of another color flying his flag in a foreign land. In the midst of a dark and dangerous hour for the colored people in the South, he was quick to take steps to prevent impending trouble. He called together leading negroes in the city and a few white men for a conference. The writer will never forget the illumination of the whole race problem that came to him out of that meeting. Under the inspiration of a sympathetic atmosphere it was possible to get at the inmost thoughts of a people we thought we understood, and whom we thought understood us. For the first time I saw that the two races had drifted apart and a generation had come on the scene that did not, and in the nature of the case could not, know

each other. Dr. Lambuth was making an honest effort to bridge this chasm of silence and suspicion.

This concern for the colored soldiers did not cease when they returned to America. He did what he could to provide for them. His letters indicate how deep was his concern for them and his desire to help them in their readjustment.

In the earlier part of this chapter reference was made to the fact that this writer was with him in Europe in 1919. It was on January 1, 1919, that a party of Methodists arrived in Bordeaux, France. They represented American Episcopal Methodism, then entering on the commemoration of a hundred years of missionary history. The year 1919, known as Centenary year, was to mark a new era in Methodist history. Representatives of the two Churches had sailed together that they might discover ways to become active moral and spiritual allies of the people to whom they had been such victorious military allies. America had fought with the avowed purpose of making the world safe for "democracy," and the Churches from which these men came were bent on making "democracy safe for the world." Each Church was represented by two bishops and one secretary. From the M. E. Church were Bishops W. F. Anderson and T. S. Henderson and Secretary Frank Mason North; from the M. E. Church, South, Bishops James Atkins and W. R. Lambuth and Secretary W. W. Pinson.

As already indicated, Bishop Lambuth awaited us in France. We joined him in Paris. It would carry us too far afield to thread the ways by which we went through scenes of recent agony and death

and of present ruin and grim devastation, of how we heard and almost lived the story of those days of terror, while the blood was scarcely yet dry on the torn fields; of the welcome, more than they gave to kings in those days, because we came from the land of Wilson and the brave "doughboys." It is part, however, of the legitimate purpose of this story to speak of the study and planning for the great work for which we had gone over and in which the subject of the story played so important a part. This study involved a plan of coöperation in which the two Churches hoped to join forces in meeting a common responsibility to the war-stricken countries. In its broad outlines it was begun on shipboard. It was an ambitious plan and a most daring venture in coöperation. In Paris two other bishops joined us: Edwin H. Hughes, of the M. E. Church, and James Cannon, Jr., of the M. E. Church, South. Day and night, with growing enthusiasm and increasing hope, the work went on with at least two results: a fellowship and a unity of purpose which abides as an example of the beauty of brethren dwelling together in unity, and a policy and plan of coöperation that set a signboard far along the way on which, let us hope, we are headed. In all this Bishop Lambuth was an enthusiastic and able participant. That this plan failed of adoption by the Boards concerned is no final proof of its unwisdom and certainly not of its lack of fine and far-reaching purpose. The result finally realized was a joint result after all. A division of territory took the place of coöperation in the same territory.

I shall not forget the tenacity with which Bishop

Lambuth clung to the desire that we should have work in France. Our brave boys had fought with the French poilus. There was at that time a sort of martyr's halo about the brow of France. Her tragic sorrows, her ruins, and her graves appealed to the heart of America. Our Bishop Lambuth had been among them in the dark days and was a witness to their woes. His great heart went out to them and he wanted a chance to plead their cause before his Church. But if we went into France we must somehow go as one Methodism, it was thought. When it was found that the Boards did not agree on this plan of coöperation and a division of territory was substituted, which left to the M. E. Church, South, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Southern Russia, Bishop Lambuth was one of those who stood for a literal observance of the agreement and gave his support to a policy that would avoid misunderstanding or conflict.

It was under his administration that the M. E. Church had turned over to us their mission and membership in Brazil and withdrawn from the country. It was under his administration as secretary that an agreement was reached which gave the M. E. Church, South, the island of Cuba as its exclusive field in the West Indies, while the M. E. Church agreed to confine its labors to other of the islands. It was to be expected that Bishop Lambuth would sanction an agreement, reached after long and earnest consideration, which was in accord with the principles of comity and coöperation that had so long prevailed in the foreign mission work of the two Churches.

It would not be fair to him nor do justice to the

facts to leave the impression that Bishop Lambuth was indifferent to denominational rights and responsibilities. It is true that he set the kingdom of Christ first, and believed that all Evangelical Churches should so combine their efforts as to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," rather than each its own advantage. He was even willing to apply that large and rare principle of corporate sacrifice to his own Church, if the larger interests seemed to demand it. Nevertheless, he was watchful and jealous for the full and free exercise of the powers and resources of his own denomination, and her unrestricted right to her providential opportunities. It is not amiss to say that in his later years this last phase of his character was more pronounced. Those nearest to him will recall the wistful note of sadness and regret with which he confessed to some disillusionment as to a speedy millennium of ecclesiastical peace and good will. It may have been due to the vast emotion and reactions that followed the war—the subtle suspicion that spread like a poison through society, and the recrudescence of the clan spirit whose corrosion spared no bonds, however sacred. We can only guess as to the source, but as to the fact we are not left to guess. No more are we left guessing at the fact that this did not go far enough to reduce the areas of his sympathies nor to weaken the grasp of his outstretched hand to all those who love our Lord Christ in sincerity. No passing shadow of time or circumstance could eclipse the warm glow of his catholicity.

During the visit referred to we found that the Bishop had been busy already with forecasts for post-

war work. One of those curious conjunctions of human events occurred which are not of men's planning, and yet have wrapped up in them whole volumes of meaning. On the ship on which the writer sailed there were experts of various sorts going over to assist President Wilson and his coworkers in the Peace Conference. One of these was a Polish-American—or, to modernize and Americanize it, an American of Polish descent. He fell to talking of the condition of Poland and her desperate need. Though not a Christian by any means, he was intelligent and knew that the need of his beloved Poland was more than for the bread that perishes. He was eloquent in his plea that we American Christians should lend a hand to the land of Pulaski and Kosciusko. After we reached Paris this man contrived to bring our Church Commission into contact with one of the Polish representatives at the Peace Conference and our hearts were touched by his appeal for that struggling minority, the Protestants of Poland.

At the same time we found that Bishop Lambuth had already become interested in Poland through a Y. M. C. A. Secretary who had been marooned in Teschen, Silesia, for the period of the war. He had become deeply interested in the possibilities of a new spiritual awakening in Poland, and particularly in a movement known as the "Messianic Movement." Some of us were permitted through Bishop Lambuth to meet this young man and discuss with him the situation in Poland. It was not possible at that time to get into that country. An effort was made to do so, but without success. A year later we visited a number of the Polish cities and opened

work in Warsaw. Thus these converging lines of providential leading, beginning in far distant parts of the earth, met in the city of Paris and resulted in the beginning of a work that has been a blessing to many people and bids fair to make history for this suffering people.

There is another noteworthy fact about this matter. The heart of Bishop Lambuth and the rest of us had been set on Russia and France as fields for spiritual ministry and service after the war. It was not found expedient for us to enter France for reasons already mentioned. It later proved to be still more inexpedient to enter Russia, owing to the attitude of the Soviet government. Through Poland and her neighbor Czecho-Slovakia we were able to minister to a vigorous and accessible Slav population which is both kindred and contiguous to Russia, and where we are able to reach and minister to citizens of Russia. Need we doubt that the same spirit that guided the apostles in their missionary journeys was guiding to these points of contact that promise well for the kingdom of God? Amid the distractions and excitements of war, Bishop Lambuth was not too absorbed in the immediate and near by to give attention to fields of service and means of ministering to deeper human need which would be waiting after the war. To a mind and heart thus opened and uplifted to the light the Lord is able to make known his ways. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him," and the Master of all promised that "the Spirit will show you things to come."

CHAPTER XIV

AMONG THE YELLOW FOLKS AGAIN

"Then whatsoever wind doth blow
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows—that wind is best."

BISHOP LAMBUTH was appointed to the Orient in 1919. It was like going home. There was the land of his birth; there were the graves of his parents; there the missions he had served and the converts he had won and taught. It had been long contemplated and was most fitting that he should have superintendence of these fields. To do this work he was compelled to leave a wife, who was deeply afflicted. It was with a heavy heart that he accepted this responsibility, and when he left her it was seriously doubted if he would ever see her again on earth. Nevertheless, he went.

It was a time of expansion and enlargement. The Centenary had just stirred the Church and her response had been in the terms of millions. Nothing like it had ever been known in the history of the Church. It was a new experience to have funds sufficient for the needs of the work and for reasonable expansion. The missionaries were as those that dream. "Their mouths were filled with laughter, and their tongues with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them." They replied, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." It was a great

joy to Bishop Lambuth to be able to indulge his passion for progress without serious limitations. The writer recalls the Bishop's chafings and pleadings when he was in charge of Brazil, and could not find means with which to meet the crying needs. Now he was to go to the needy and great, wide-open Orient with an aroused Church and a well-filled treasury behind him. Those were great days for him. He could speak to Chinese and Japanese in their own tongue. He delighted the Chinese by preaching in that language. Everywhere he was welcomed with open arms. The name he bore was a password to the hearts of the people, and his own memory was still potent.

Bishop Lambuth at once set about plans for extension. He planned for a great forward movement in Korea, and asked that Rev. W. G. Cram be sent out to lead in this advance. The services of Rev. R. S. Stewart were also secured for a revival campaign in Japan. Similar plans were laid for China. Great building plans were begun and properties secured in strategic centers. Missionaries who, for one cause or another, were at home were urged to return and new ones were sought and sent. A property was secured in the heart of Seoul, Korea, for a Woman's Evangelistic Center, planned on a large scale. In the city of Shanghai a Church and institutional work were projected in a most comprehensive and daring way. In Kobe, Japan, a great church, successor of one built by the Bishop when he was a missionary in Kobe in 1889, was begun. In a letter dated September 8, 1920, he writes from Hiroshima, Japan, in detail of these plans, with

particular emphasis on intensive evangelism and building. With characteristic foresight he says: "I am urging the policy of buying sites, but holding back building with the hope that we may save five or ten per cent."

On the matter of building he writes Bishop McMurry before leaving for the Orient:

> I do not want to seem stubborn in my position, but I am responsible for three great separate fields that are in imperative need of aid; and, with the exception of China, I have put two of them at the lowest figures of the six. Two of the cities in which church buildings must be erected have a population of more than a million, and as you know, in Shanghai we have only one church building, and yet this is our oldest field and the headquarters of our Oriental work. I have said absolutely nothing in disparagement of any other field, for the needs are great in all, but we have come to the point in Kobe and in Shanghai where we must build or go out of business. It is a shame that the frame church which I put up in Kobe in 1889 still stands unimproved, out of date, and far short of the demands of the present congregation.

Before leaving America the Bishop had secured action on the part of the Board of Missions authorizing entrance into Siberia and Manchuria. The Board adopted the following resolution at its annual meeting in May, 1919, by a unanimous vote:

> *Resolved*, That in view of the conditions demanding our ministry in that section, we authorize the bishop in charge of Oriental fields to open work in Siberia.

Dr. W. G. Cram and Rev. J. S. Ryang were directed by Bishop Lambuth to visit Siberia and Manchuria with a view to opening work at the most promising centers. The Korea Annual Conference at its meeting in September, 1919, adopted resolu-

tions supporting the Board and the Bishop in this venture and recommended the appointment of one of their preachers to that work. Dr. Cram and Mr. Ryang entered Siberia in February, 1920. The mission to Poland was being projected and that would touch Russia on the west. The political and social conditions made mission work impossible in Russia proper; but Siberia was then withstanding the spread of Bolshevism, and it was possible to reach Russians from that quarter. It was a strategic move on his part to drive a wedge in from the east at the same time that we were approaching Russia from Poland on the west as far as conditions would permit. He went to the Orient with this clearly before his mind. This brought on a prolonged and complicated discussion with the Presbyterians and Methodist Episcopal brethren on the question of denominational comity and courtesy. The principle of territorial primacy, it was claimed, had been violated, and danger of rivalry and misunderstanding threatened. However, the spirit of fairness and brotherliness on both sides led to satisfactory adjustments. Much of the trouble grew out of the zeal and lack of understanding of native workers. It took time, as such matters always do, and there were problems of comity to be straightened after the Bishop's death. All of this was made easier by the fact that no one ever had the least suspicion of aggression or unfairness on his part.

During this visit the fourth session of the General Conference of the Japan Methodist Church was held and Bishop Lambuth was present. It is not difficult to imagine his joy at seeing a full-

fledged Church, in its chief legislative body, guarding, applying, and passing on those great ideals and doctrines to which he and his forefathers had given themselves. It was only thirty-three years since his father and mother and he had first set foot in Japan as missionaries. It is said that at that time the senior Lambuth had a servant who was a Christian and a member of the Congregational Church. This dear old man would pray in family devotions, and always prayed, "Lord, bless good Dr. Lambuth and this Methodist Church which hasn't got a member." This could not have lasted very long, but it must have been a rather uncomfortable reminder while it lasted. Now behold what God had wrought! A third of a century had again illustrated the truth that "One soweth and another reapeth."

An incident of this General Conference brought special gratification to his heart. In organizing the Japan Methodist Church there were some modifications of historic Methodist polity. One of these was the election of bishops for a term of four years, so that if they desired they could say at the end of four years, "You have served us well, and we will now grant you a well-earned rest from your episcopal labors." The election this time fell on Rev. K. Usaki. He had gone to Bishop Lambuth to be taught when a boy fourteen years of age. His first lesson in English, he tells us, was from the Lord's Prayer. What a wise and noble starting point! Was it according to the most approved pedagogy? Who cares? The pupil learned English and became acquainted with Christ. I heard him tell the story at the Virginia Conference, shortly after the Bishop's

death, in a tribute that was eloquent and tender. He said that after the election he did not see the Bishop, but found a brief note with a word of affectionate congratulation, and closing with: "I pray that a double portion of His spirit may be given you for your great responsibility." There was no reference to the personal honor and privilege; no word of compliment—only a prayerful and sympathetic reference to the responsibility and need of spiritual enduement. The young Japanese bishop was carrying that written message near to his heart and keeping its meaning warm and vital.

During this visit there arose a somewhat trying situation in the China Mission. Two recent developments had transpired affecting all the missionaries in China: the organization of the Bible Union and the proposal to hold a Christian Conference, representing all Christian denominations in China, with a view to securing such unity and agreement as would give force and effectiveness to the Christian ideals and teachings of an indigenous Christianity. Both these movements brought to the fore the discussion of doctrinal questions. This discussion was not based on denominational lines or distinctions, but on those teachings supposed to be common to all denominations. The terms under which the disputants were ranged were those of Fundamentalist and Modernist. The whole matter was brought before the Mission meeting and an opportunity given for a full discussion of the question.

The position of Bishop Lambuth in this matter is best given in a letter to Dr. E. H. Rawlings, then Foreign Secretary of the Board of Missions, dated

March 31, 1921. In this letter he says, after mentioning two parties to the controversy:

I heartily agree with both of these gentlemen concerning the necessity of our missionaries being sound in doctrine and in faith. There is nothing more important in our effort to establish the kingdom of God in the regions beyond. As regards this basic principle and position, I yield to none. In forty-four years of missionary effort, at home and abroad, I have been jealous for the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, and for faith in him as a personal Saviour and the only hope of the world.

Having made this statement, I desire to affirm that I do not know of a missionary in our China Mission, rumors and hearsay to the contrary notwithstanding, who does not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, his incarnation, death, and resurrection, and in the personality and witness of the Holy Spirit. There is not one who has not a vital faith, an experience of pardoned sin, and an acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. I am not speaking at random. If there is one, I am grievously mistaken.

In the Mission Meeting to which Brother —— refers in his letter, I tried to make it perfectly clear that if any of our missionaries, men or women, did not believe the things that are fundamental to salvation, and so held by our Church, or busied themselves in teaching or propagating that which is subversive of the faith of our native converts, they had no place among us, and should at once return to the homeland. On the other hand, I asserted that every man had a right to do his own thinking; that failure to think and a strict adherence to the forms of religion rather than to the substance and spirit would ultimately bring upon us the condemnation which came to Israel under Isaiah's ministry. I then quoted John Wesley's words, "Think and let think," as coming from one who, while jealous for essentials, always claimed the right to do his own thinking.

Prior to the meeting, Brother —— handed me a copy of a letter which he had addressed to the members of the Board of Missions and the Lay Leaders of the Annual Conferences in the United States, and a printed circular drawn up at the

Kuling summer resort by a group of missionaries not of our Mission. With his permission I read both to the Mission Meeting and commented upon them. In the matter of the letter, I felt that he had not treated the members of the Mission fairly in that some of them were represented as unsound, this arraignment being sent to the United States, and yet they had not seen the letter, and were thus deprived of the opportunity for reply or defense. I took the ground that it was unfair and unjust, was calculated to prejudice them in the eyes of those who did not have all the facts, and might work a serious injury to the Mission itself.

My objection to the printed circular, which emanated from a source outside our Mission, was not because it stood for the defense of sound doctrine. It was because Brother ——— was soliciting the signatures of our missionaries to a paper, one article of which requested that those who stood for the orthodox faith see to it that their representatives should be on a certain committee, or committees. This I took to be with reference to the approaching General Conference of all missionaries in China. It looked like an attempt to pack committees and smacked of the methods of the politician. If there were moral issues at stake, I wanted to see them discussed and fought out on the floor of the Conference and not settled by caucus.

I did not refer to it at the time, but I had another thing in mind as well. There is a large fund which was left by a gentleman in the United States to be applied to the promotion of Bible study in China. Some of the beneficiaries of the fund, if not the administrators themselves, are actively promoting the premillennial theory of the second coming of Christ. This activity centers in Kuling, a considerable sum having been expended the past year in meeting the expenses of missionaries and Chinese to these Kuling meetings. I have not called Brother ———'s doctrinal view in question on this subject or any other. He was not there, and may or may not believe in premillennialism. I did not question his right to his own views, but I did object to his attempting to line up our missionaries, thus dividing them into separate groups. Some had signed the paper and some equally con-

scientious had refused. As my predecessors know, there was a time when the China Mission was not a unit. It is more nearly so now, in spirit and coöperative effort, than ever in its history. It would be nothing short of a tragedy to have it divided again unless there is sufficient cause.

At the present writing both missionaries and native preachers are engaged in a vigorous evangelistic campaign. Letters from Soochow tell of the conversion of several of the brightest students in the university, and last night a letter from Miss Mabel Howell quotes the principal of McTyeire, our institution for girls in Shanghai, as referring to the revival now on in the following words: "Every girl in the high school that was not a member of a Church expressed a desire to become a Christian." Surely no one can say that God is not blessing the China Mission.

In the case of Brother —— I had a long talk with him, after reading the publication of excerpts from his article, and tried to show him that his position in regard to Jesus Christ involved inextricable difficulties as to his divine nature, and grew out of a faulty exegesis. He was modest and reticent, saying that it was an effort to lead a group of young Chinese who were feeling their way out of agnosticism and reaching toward Christ as the ideal God-man. He was in error, I am persuaded, in his conclusions, growing out of false premises, but as sincere and devout as any of us, and gives unmistakable evidence of the genuineness of his conversion. Men are constantly turning to Christ in that great school through his Christly teachings and example.

I do not think some of our missionaries have been sufficiently careful in the selection of their literature in English which they have been using in the classroom and Sunday school, especially the Graded Lessons published by Charles Scribner. This I have called their attention to.

Now as regards Brother —— and his attitude. He has not been willing to accept my statement that I had quietly set myself to the task of meeting the issues involved, but must be given time and my own way. I have talked with more than half of the missionaries personally about the supreme importance of banishing erroneous doctrines, if there be any, and of laying deep those foundations of revealed truth which

are basic and vital to the life and work of the Church in China.

I have prayed with them and with the Chinese brethren, preached on those fundamental truths which we as a Church hold to be indispensable. I have changed Conference appointments to this end and planned for revival services in our institutions, all of which conspired to one end—namely, a personal, vital faith in Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God. For this end I was set apart by the Church, and in the providence of God given charge of the mission fields in the Orient and in Africa.

Of the sincerity of Brother —— I have not the slightest doubt, but the missionaries object to his methods. We should all be jealous for the faith once delivered to the saints. It is a precious heritage. This is no time for our leaders at home and abroad to give out an uncertain sound, and our candidates for Christian work at home and abroad should be carefully scrutinized as to their grounding in the essentials; but there never was a day in which vigorous men and women have more thoroughly resented proscription in thought. They claim the right to think for themselves.

The position set forth in this letter was the one he maintained to the end of this subject. I have known no man who had a more robust and masterful faith than he had. He was neither a mystic nor in any sense a rationalist. He believed the great, fundamental truths and lived by them. One might judge from certain facts and experiences that he was a pietist. His firm reliance on prayer and his faith in the power of the Holy Spirit were outstanding characteristics of his religious life. Yet he was never in any danger of becoming a fanatic or a Pharisee. The writer was close to him when the controversy raged in the Church on the subject of Holiness or Perfect Love. One would have expected him to have sided with those who contended

for an experience and practice of Christian perfection, but he maintained a position far removed from either extreme and never made any extravagant claims of unusual spiritual attainments. Attention was called in an earlier chapter of this book to a remarkable experience he had in the early years in Japan. But so modest was he, and so far from making a personal application of it, that in the telling of it in after years one never detected the note of doctrinal interpretation or personal application. Once this incident was referred to in the presence of members of his own household and they disclaimed any interpretation of that experience which tended to set him apart from other Christians. So human and so unassuming was he that they were not willing that he should be represented as a sort of super-saint.

On the other hand, he was equally as far removed from laxity and liberalism in Christian doctrine as one need be. Any one who has heard him often in the pulpit will recall his insistence on the great, fundamental doctrines of the gospel. But he could not be intolerant nor could he be partisan, swayed by mere names and phrases. When this controversy arose, which he believed to be characterized by both these dangerous and divisive qualities, he would not be swayed by mere rumors and exaggerated alarms. Most of all, his soul revolted at any unfair, covert, or unbrotherly methods of propaganda. Even when a missionary left his work without leave and came before the Board, the Bishop treated him with consideration, and only in a few quiet words at the close affirmed his confidence in the soundness of the faith of the missionaries.

This occurred when the emotions of men had been mightily stirred by the war, and when the whole world had been swept from its moorings. He voices his convictions of the fundamental need of the hour in the following letter written to Bishop H. C. Morrison on June 2, 1921, when he says in commenting on "the great preaching of the great truths which make for righteousness and Christian character":

> Spiritual results do not come from philosophy. They come from spiritual power, and this in turn from prayer and feeding on the very word of God, to have power with God that he may have power with men and upon his ministry. There is no other way. Our native preachers are discovering this secret. O that we had more preaching everywhere of the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; a gospel which means inner illumination, pungent conviction, scriptural regeneration, restoration to the image of God, and that inspiration which comes from the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. Then we would have a resurgence of the apostolic spirit, and the Church would be ready to attempt the impossible. The impossible must be attempted if we take the world for Christ.

Every form of authority was being tested anew. Traditions counted for little. Everything was being questioned. It was easy for one to lose his head. It was easy to fall into the quagmire of pessimism and think the world was going to smash. In such times in the world's history there have always arisen cults that sought refuge in radical literalism and set dates for a manifestation of cataclysmic force where grace and mercy and the love of God had failed. On the other hand, it was equally easy to fall into the scientific drift and rely on the discoveries of the mind to the discount of the revealed things of the

Spirit. It was also easy for one extreme to call the other a name and then assume that everybody must of necessity be in one class or the other. It required a strong faith and a vital experience to steady one and keep him with the great majority of Christian people who are the salt of the earth and not its poison, the light of the world and not its devouring fire.

Bishop Lambuth belonged to the latter class. He sought to keep and lead the one and restrain the other, to conserve the ends of sound doctrine and at the same time of justice, fair play, and the charity that believes and hopes.

It is proper to refer here again to his faith in prayer and special providence. He believed in a living Christ who was still able to fulfill his promises and by his spirit furnish guidance to his followers. While writing this chapter the following incidents, written at the request of the author by his daughter Mary, were received:

There were a number of instances in father's life which he said he could only understand in the light of Special Providence. On one of the trips on the Japanese Inland Sea they encountered a frightful typhoon. It seemed as if the ship would be torn to pieces the next minute. The captain of the vessel came to father and said: "I am not a Christian, but I am sure your God will hear you, and I want you to tell me what to do. Shall I turn back, or go forward?" Father said it simply came to him to say "Go forward." They did and were soon out of the storm. Had they turned back, they would have been dashed to pieces against the rocks, as a number of other vessels were.

A number of years ago when in California, as Missionary Secretary, father was going from Oakland to Los Angeles, and was just boarding the train when it seemed to him that he

must write his mother a letter. He got off the train and asked when the next train would leave for Los Angeles. The brakeman said the second section would leave in thirty minutes. Father wrote the letter and took the second section. Near Byron Hot Springs the engine of the train father was in telescoped the car father would have been in, and everyone in the car was killed.

Again, in North Carolina, father boarded a train and the impression was so strong that he get off that he did and waited some hours for the next train. The first train was wrecked and the car which father would have gotten into was completely destroyed. Everyone in the car was killed.

I have heard father and mother tell of a strange thing that happened when they were in China. A young Chinese employed by them as house boy was drowned in a near-by canal. His body was recovered, father bought a coffin, and on account of the condition of the body had it sealed before he notified his friends. When they came and found the coffin sealed they at once demanded money, and said that doubtless father had taken the boy's eyes out and had sent them to America to be made into a servant. Father gave them what money he had, but it did not satisfy them, and they left to return later with a howling mob at their back. They surrounded the house and threatened to burn it down and kill everyone inside. Father and mother said that there was nothing to do but pray, and they did. Just as soon as the mob had broken down the back door, a sudden gust of wind blew down the kitchen chimney and blew the fire out of the stove right into the faces of the men who had broken in. With a cry that the God of the missionaries was after them they fled, and the rest of the mob, not knowing what had happened, but seeing the leaders running as for their lives, ran with them and never returned.

He who would put a dogmatic interpretation on these incidents would assume far more than the Bishop did. He would find himself at the starting point of a theodicy, and assume the task of justifying the ways of God to man. Such incidents have the

value of personal testimony, and get their evidential weight from the influence they have in the life of the person who experiences them. Here we confront a fact as real and as stubborn as the movement of the stars. Men in all ages who have got their arms about the world and lifted it higher, and who have lost their lives for humanity's sake and for Christ's sake, have lived in such a faith and borne such testimony. It devolves on the doubter to account for this moral equation.

Was it Count Tolstoi who gave an indignant challenge to the materialistic scientists of the past century on the basis of their boasted idolatry of facts? What facts? Is it scientific to ignore a whole vast range of facts that are as evident and as permanent as the planets—such, for example, as conscience? These he declares they avoid because they are inconvenient. True, those facts that we are dealing with are of that class. They are of the soil out of which saints and heroes are grown and may be tested by their fruits. Paul makes the supreme test of the supreme miracle, the resurrection of Jesus, that it was "according to the spirit of holiness." Holy fruit is as rare and mysterious as any other miracle, and we may not lightly discount that which feeds and fosters it. God has his own ways of recharging the spent batteries of our lives and of reviving and vivifying his witness in our souls.

CHAPTER XV

AN OVERFLOWING LIFE

"Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful thou nearest the sea."

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

THE test of a man is his capacity to overflow. It was never meant that we should stay within conventional limits and do only the necessary and expected. There should be periods of flood and overflow when new areas are overspread and new deposits are left to enrich and bless unsurveyed and unallotted wastes. This is the righteousness which exceeds the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, whose course is nicely prescribed, and whose moral chores are set within well-defined limits. They kept the benevolent impulses well under control. There was no provision for a downpour and overflow. Bishop Lambuth's life could not be kept within limits set out by tradition, nor official definitions and statutory regulations. His eye was on the second mile while duty only claimed the first. There were extra sheaves always waiting for the gleaners in his wheat field. He could hear always the bleating of the sheep that were not of his fold, and saw always, outside his garden, the vision of roses blooming in the deserts.

It was not for him to say of the deadly famine in China in 1920: "Pity those poor people are dying so,

but it lies outside my territory, and I have all I can do to look after my own tasks." Rather, it was like him to go where human wretchedness was at its worst, and where help was most needed, be it near or far.

He went into the North and surveyed the situation. He saw the conditions as they were—men and women and children dying of starvation, eating the roots of grasses and the bark of trees in their extremity. Their cattle had already been killed and eaten. The horror and pity of it gripped him. He cabled and wrote, then hurried home with the story.

A meeting of the Board of Missions had already been called and an appeal for funds authorized. Twenty-five thousand dollars had been immediately cabled to the field. This had been received with rejoicing. The Church was responding, and when the Bishop reached home about $150,000 had been received and forwarded. The sum finally reached about $250,000. The first opportunity he had to present the cause was before the Foreign Missions Conference in Atlantic City in January, 1921. His first-hand message stirred and thrilled the body. It created a new interest in the cause. A committee had been appointed by President Wilson, with Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of the National City Bank, New York, as chairman. Bishop Lambuth was put on that committee. He went out among the Churches telling the moving story. He urged the cause of forty millions of starving people with compelling eloquence. Perhaps no one man did more than he to promote the cause. It was estimated that he was instrumental in raising a million dollars. Following is part of an

address delivered at the Foreign Missions Conference at Garden City, N. Y., January 19, 1921, and later in many other places in the country:

The conditions which I found in a visit to the interior of Shantung and Chihli by mule cart, horseback, and on foot, almost baffle description. I found east and west of the Grand Canal that lands were being sold for about one-third of their value, say at seven or eight dollars per mow (about $50 per acre), and that nearly all the animals had been sold. In one village where eighty were in use prior to the famine, now only twenty were left and they were about to be slaughtered and sold. In another, of thirty animals, only three were left. Land was being sold or mortgaged. The people in the face of the coming winter had pawned or sold their clothing. They said that they would rather freeze than starve. I took a photograph or two in which boys were almost stripped of their clothing.

As to the food itself, or what is being used for food, I found, just six weeks ago, that what they had would not last more than three or four weeks. It consisted of nubbins of corn with fifteen or twenty grains to a nubbin. These grains were not well formed and were watery. An ear of corn grown about two hundred miles farther north, near the Great Wall, was about ten inches long and had several hundred grains of corn, well formed and solid. In the famine area the ear was not the length of your index finger and had an average of only fifteen or twenty grains. The millet was empty, a mere husk with no head. The people were eating ground corn cobs mixed with leaves of elm, poplar, and ash trees, differing in different cases, and the little berry that grows on the ash tree; also potato tops where they could beg or steal them. These were soon disposed of. I found them eating thistles. I asked a farmer one day: "Why are you eating this stuff?" It was being prepared by his wife. He replied: "There is no help for it." Then he added: "I couldn't get my animals, when I owned any animals, to eat the food I am putting into my own stomach and that which is being eaten by my family. You well know the consequences."

The consequences, of course, would be, first, reduction of

efficiency as far as work is concerned, followed by dysentery and aversion of the alimentary canal on account of the scouring taking place, and ultimately death either by starvation or disease.

In one village I met a woman of seventy-two. "Where is your husband?" I queried. "He has gone out to beg." "How long will he be gone?" "Two or three weeks," was the answer. "Have you sons?" "Three. They have gone to beg or work." "If they cannot get work or beg," I asked the village elder and Mr. Hineger, who was with me, "what are they going to do then?" "They will rob," was the reply. In some of the villages it is now dangerous to travel. Robbing is growing constantly, as I was informed by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

Fuel, of course, is scarce. Their dependence there is not upon trees, but upon the stalks of the kaoliang (Gowliang, a kind of broom corn) and millet, which constitute their fuel. But not having had stalks for two years, they are tearing down their houses and burning them or the kaoliang stalks used for the roofs of these buildings. In a few weeks these will be used up and then they face death from freezing as well as death from starvation.

Then there are the diseases. Dr. Piel told me that there had been cholera at that time, because it had turned warm and the flies carried the poison. He said: "It is rather typhus fever we are anticipating. The people have sold or killed their animals, and are not able to transport the sick to our hospital. Consequently our patients have dropped off thirty per cent during the last few weeks. I do not know what will happen," he continued. They were trying to take care of the London Mission at that point, one hundred and ten li (35 miles) west of Techow.

I asked: "How much money have you received, and how many can you take care of?" "All told, we have room to take care of twelve thousand people," was his reply. "What will become of the remaining eighty-eight thousand of your one hundred thousand?" I asked, to which he replied: "They will perish." "What policy have you adopted?" He answered: "The policy we have adopted is the same as that of the Red Cross—viz., the taking of a certain number of

villages and carrying them through the year. That is all we can do."

"What about the rest?" He replied: "They will die. As there is no use to keep them alive for two months and then let them starve, we have had to select a few villages, and are endeavoring to carry those people through until the end of the season."

The urgency, therefore, is indeed very great. I can hardly help you to realize how great it is. I sat in my car and looked out of my window at a point between Techow and Tientsin, and someone threw a sandwich out of the diner onto the other track. There were two women who sprang upon the track—it was a double-track road—and as they struggled for the sandwich a guard, who sat there to protect the tracks, ran to these two women, separated them, and threatened to strike them, in order that they might get off the track. A dog then sprang in and ate the sandwich.

I saw a dog in a village trying to eat a piece of oilcloth. He did his best to chew it up and swallowed it, but he was so weak that he himself could hardly stand up.

In the villages to the east of where I saw this, I found there were no children—I mean no babies, none under one year of age. I asked: "Where are the children?" "Gone," was the reply.

"Give them away?" I queried. The reply came back: "We have no one to give them to. What can we feed them? We have no one to sell them to. Who would buy them? Why, children are being bought in Shanghai at a dollar apiece." The mother continued: "Rather than see our children starve, we will throw them into the wells." As a result the wells have become so polluted in some sections, the American Consul told me at Tsinanfu, that the water could not be used.

The month of March will probably be the crucial month. There is no time to be lost, because by March these fifteen million people, if they do not have more food than they are getting now, will at that time have become so weakened by lack of food that they will perish either from starvation, disease, or cold. It is a fact that in the last famine they ate the cotton in their clothing to satisfy their hunger. They wear cotton-padded jackets, you know.

These are no exaggerated statements. I have seen the tragedy and looked it right in the eye. The missionaries there are feeling it very acutely, and urging that help—adequate help—be given at once.

When Bishop Lambuth went to the Orient in 1919 his task was enough to have satisfied the ambition of even a younger and more vigorous man. With China quivering to her finger tips with intellectual, social, political, and religious awakening; Japan with the wine of her new international influence surging in her blood, and her people a vast group of animated interrogation points; and Korea discovering her soul in a whirlwind of patriotic fervor, rising up out of her despair and humiliation to write her plea for freedom in the red characters of martyrdom—that was a situation to challenge the statesmanship and courage of any man.

But in September, 1919, a spark was dropped in the mind of this man of vision. His attention was called to the migration of Koreans to Siberia since 1870, and which had been greatly accelerated in recent years. To another man this would have been interesting as a historic fact and perhaps as only another of many missionary calls that must wait for a convenient season. To him it was more. It was a call to immediate action. He instructed Revs. M. B. Stokes and J. S. Ryang to visit the country at once with a view to opening work there. This was found impracticable, for the State Department at Washington refused to issue passports to Siberia under the conditions then prevailing. Nothing daunted, the Bishop secured the adoption of the following resolutions at the annual meeting of the Mission Board in 1920:

Be it resolved, That, in view of conditions demanding our ministry in that section, we authorize the bishop in charge of the Oriental fields to open work in Siberia.

It is not without significance that this resolution sets no racial limits to the proposed mission. This omission was not accidental. He had long considered Russia as an inviting field. Siberia presented at least one gateway to the realization of that dream. Furthermore, there were more than a half million Chinese there and more going. It was a great land of promise for the overcrowded populations of the East—rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, oil, timber, and almost limitless stretches of fertile lands. Vast in territory and capable of sustaining a numerous population, it is fast becoming the melting-pot of the Orient. Fifty-seven times larger than Korea, over thirty times the size of Japan proper, and four times the size of China, it looms large on the map of the future. How inviting such a land to one whose eye was always lifted to the far horizons, and how impossible for him to confine his purpose or limit the goal of his Board to a single race, or a narrow area! In a resolution of twenty-six words he embodied the marching orders of his Church to a land twice the size of his own country, on whose vast areas one could already hear the tread of countless millions coming down the future, representing the four great races of the East, bringing with them the omnipresent problem of the races to be fought out anew, and perhaps finally here in the big Northeast.

He had planned to make a tour of that country in the autumn of 1920, but the appeal of the famine in North China, referred to in the preceding chapter,

diverted him from that purpose. This, however, did not delay action. He appointed Rev. W. G. Cram, D.D., Superintendent, and he, with others, entered Siberia in October, 1920, and began work at various places.

In July, 1921, Bishop Lambuth visited the field and held the first meeting of the Mission at Nikolsk on August 1. The story of that journey is best told in his own words. I therefore quote here at some length from letters written at the time in the vivid and picturesque style that was characteristic of their author. The temptation is strong to quote more from these letters, which are models of close observation, human interest, and lifelike description:

We left Songdo at midnight of Friday, July 22. The party consisted of Revs. W. G. Cram, L. C. Brannan, and J. O. J. Taylor. Brother J. S. Ryang is also to be with us on this journey, but has gone on in advance, as far as Harbin, in Manchuria. Our train moves along in line with the longitudinal diameter of the Korean peninsula, and is a part of the Japanese system which, except for the ferry across the straits between Shimoneseki, Japan, and Fusan, Korea, gives an almost unbroken line of over 1,200 miles from Tokyo to Mukden and Changchun. From this point it merges into the Chinese Eastern Railway, which in turn taps the great East and West Transcontinental Siberian Road. Reservations had been made, the little redcap porter was on hand to place our grips on the train, and in a few minutes we were stowed away in our compartments for the remainder of the night. We were a little crowded, for there was scarcely enough space on the floor for our feet, the sleeping quarters were somewhat cramped, and the ventilation poor; but with it all the traveler can be thankful that he is not on pony back, or in a mule cart, or even on foot, for an extensive excursion like this into the regions beyond.

The early morning brought to view numberless little vil-

lages in the coves of the mountains, with houses covered with low thatch, which protected the walls from driving rain and was turned down curiously enough over the gable ends. A rude, low chimney could be seen here and there, which served to convey the smoke from a pine-brush fire utilized for cooking purposes and in the winter for heating by a simple system of flues. These houses, on the floors of which the Koreans sit, would in the severe cold be otherwise almost untenantable. They may get unbearable, however, to an American, especially if he happens to be given the post of honor at the end of the room nearest the fire.

On my first trip across from Wonsan to Seoul years ago in company with Dr. Hardie I recall being obliged to get out into the court twice during one night to cool off. I was told the story of a missionary who lay down with a couple of candles in his pocket and woke up in the morning to find nothing left but wicks. Such an experience might leave the poor fellow feeling as if his backbone had turned to a cotton string. It gives one in the United States a glimpse of what the evangelistic missionary, who makes little ado over such things, goes through with when he makes his rounds during the winter, wading through snow, eating coarse food in the day, and baking over an oven at night, unless he makes provision against these.

In the early morning we passed through Pyeng Yang, the well-known center for missionary work in Northern Korea, the headquarters in that section of both Presbyterians and Methodists. Perhaps there is no center in this field which so throbs with Christian life and power. During my first visit to Korea I attended a service in the afternoon in the great Presbyterian church, which had been enlarged three times to accommodate its membership. There were over twelve hundred men at the service. Upon inquiring for the women, I was told that there was no room, the service for them having been held in the morning, with an attendance of more than eight hundred. In addition to educational and medical work, the Methodists also have a flourishing evangelistic field radiating out from the city.

We reached the great city of Antung, on the Yalu River, about eleven o'clock and were at once impressed by the fine

railroad bridge; the splendid buildings put up by the Japanese, built of brick and neatly trimmed with red, the chimney stacks, which indicated manufacturing activity, the immense rafts, which spoke of primeval forests in the upper reaches of this great river, and the numberless boats and junks, not a few of which had coasted along the shore of the Yellow Sea, laden with goods from China, and scheduled to return with beans, millet, and lumber for the northern provinces of the republic to the west. An occasional automobile shows up at such stations as this, indicating the impulse given to travel and transportation which comes almost directly through the influence of a Western civilization.

The entrance of the automobile into these Oriental countries has resulted in some unique regulations for the control of traffic. The following might be suggestive and helpful to some of our authorities in tne United States, who are cudgeling their brains to protect the public adequately:

RULES OF THE ROAD—"SAFETY FIRST."

1. At the rise of the hand of the policeman, stop rapidly.
2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.
3. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by work of the mouth the warning, "Hai! Hai!"
4. Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode and exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.
5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
6. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spoke.
7. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.
8. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie up.
9. When you meet the cow and the horse go silently to the side of the road and wait till he passes away.

The foregoing may be crude, but it is a move in the right direction. We cannot give too much credit to Japanese enterprise in the building of excellent roads, even though some of them are for military purposes; the establishment of experimental farms, the improvement of stock, the reforesta-

tion of denuded hills and mountain sides, the establishment of hospitals and attention to public health, the provison for large towns of a water supply which adds greatly to the convenience and welfare of these communities, and to the stabilizing of the currency of the country which is practically that of a gold basis.

The road from Changchun ("Long Spring") to Harbin runs 150 miles in a northeasterly direction. We boarded our train at midnight and arrived in Harbin at 7:30 the next morning, Wednesday, July 27. As we approached our car, there was a scene of bewildering confusion. An eager crowd of Chinese with a small sprinkling of Japanese were endeavoring to get first choice in the second- and third-class coaches. Some of these were double-deckers. In less time than it takes to describe it, they were occupying seats or beds with their many bundles and packages in order to secure as much room as possible. One boy of ten stowed himself away in a rack intended for luggage, above the second tier of beds, and hung his legs over. It reminded me of a midnight scene in India when hundreds of Mohammedan pilgrims bound for Mecca *via* Bombay were plunging headlong into freight cars at a few cents a head. For ten minutes one could see only arms and legs in the struggling mass. Order was restored only when the British guard jumped in and hauled out a dozen or more by the feet.

We have made the change from Japanese to Russian coaches. The track is Russian, the rolling stock is Russian, and the attendants are Russian. The coaches, especially the sleeping cars, are large, high, and the first-class ornately furnished and equipped with almost every device in wood and brass, including folding seats under the windows in the passway. Small canopies hang over the windows, mirrors appear in unexpected places; there are electric lights in bulbs of different colors, the blue being turned on for the passenger's convenience after he goes to bed if he desires it, receptacles for cigar ashes, linen covers over leather cushion seats with ornamental diagrams, and other indications of the old Russian order.

The conductor and guard were dressed in frocks, with broad leather belts, leather knee boots, dark-blue serge

trousers full at the sides, and military caps. They were polite and fairly attentive, informing us that passports would be examined after midnight and called for before leaving the train. In the morning, the Russian boy or porter served tea on the little shelf at the window in the passway, with a slice of lemon, and sugar added if desired.

Daylight comes early in this northern latitude. At 3:30 the sky began to be gray. The country is rolling, rather than flat or mountainous as in Southern Manchuria, and shows the effects of drought. The ground is very dry and vegetation not so well advanced as in the sections about Changchun, Kirin, and Mukden. The small stations are surrounded by brick or stone walls eight feet high, pierced for rifles. These were constructed in the early days of the railroad, to protect from the attacks of Chinese soldiers, and at the present time they are supposed to insure safety from roving bandits of almost any one of two or three nationalities. The guards at the stations are Chinese in military uniform, who, in squads of from five to ten, are lined up facing the train with bayonets fixed.

Upon arrival at Harbin station, we were driven to the Palace Hotel, which was not exactly palatial, but, like many other buildings, was in Russian or French style of architecture. The walls were nearly two feet thick, the staircase of stone or concrete, the halls spacious, the rooms large, the walls painted, and high ceilings frescoed. The furniture is of heavy wood and the bedsteads of iron, but the bedrooms are lacking in what we would term the necessities and conveniences of an American hotel. There are no towels, no soap, no sheets, no blankets, no drinking water unless called for—and even then one runs the risk of dysentery from its being unboiled, and in many cases unfiltered. There is no hot bath unless you order two hours in advance, thus giving time to heat up a cast-iron boiler big enough to hold two barrels.

Following is one of three articles prepared by Bishop Lambuth just before his death. They are the last that he wrote for publication, which gives them peculiar significance:

On Sunday, July 31, 1921, at 8 A.M. the deep-toned bell of the Greek Church for the moment carried us away to far America. The service continues for a couple of hours, appealing to the imagination and to the devotional spirit, but has little in it to stir the thought or to arouse the action. There did not seem to be many people going to or coming from church. The remainder of the day is spent as a holiday. Not a few country people were in the hay market, the women in brighter gowns exchanging gossip, and the men smoking, trading horses, exchanging produce, or discussing the political situation.

We repaired to our little rented chapel, not far from the city hall, in time for Sunday school. The day was warm and the room small, so we found some two hundred and eighty-five gathered in the yard under the trees. This school included a large number of Korean boys and girls, big and little, who seemed healthy, bright, and full of promise. The superintendent, Yi Ho Choon, had evidently been well instructed in the Scriptures. The subject was, "Jesus the Lord of the Sabbath." He explained the rubbing of the heads of grain in the hands of the disciples as being objected to by the Pharisees because it seemed like the action of millstones in crushing the wheat. He referred to the case of David and the shewbread and justified his action as a necessity, since it was to save life. He quoted a Chinese proverb and applied it. Then there followed a reference to the inconsistency of the Jewish law, which held a man guilty of murder who failed to attempt to rescue one in the act of drowning and yet considered the plucking of heads of wheat on the Sabbath as a sin even when people were suffering from hunger. He closed with a few words upon the necessity of prayer upon the ground that Jesus prayed, though divine in nature. The dignity, clearness, and force with which he expounded the Scripture would have done credit to many a school at home.

The eleven-o'clock service was held under the trees in the corner of the large yard. As the benches filled up, it was interesting to see caps and hats hung to the limbs and Russian boys climbing up on the outside and looking over the high fence. One Russian girl held to the barbed wire above the fence to steady herself while satisfying her curiosity. Back

of her I caught a glimpse of a big-bearded Russian pressing his face against a crack and gazing with bewildered astonishment. Here was something out of the usual order in Siberia.

A number of Korean women were in the congregation, all neatly dressed and with snow-white cloths tied around their raven-black hair. Several were in European costumes, but the majority of the older women adhered to the Korean style. The girls had their hair neatly combed, wore white sacks, black skirts, stockings, and leather shoes. The order was excellent. Nearly every believer observed the custom of bowing for a moment's prayer upon entering the congregation.

Being Methodists, the collection was taken before the sermon. It included rubles 5.45 in silver kopeck pieces, and ten silver dollars. The last item is worthy of permanent record. A number of years ago a Korean Christian woman of middle age emigrated with her family from Pyeng Yang to the valley of the Ussuri River, not far from where it empties into the Amur. Being an earnest Christian, she set about telling the story of her faith in Christ and what the Saviour had done for her. A younger woman believed and was soundly converted. This was about four years ago. The gospel gave this young convert so much comfort and strength that she regularly set aside a tithe of her small earnings to be paid to the Church when she could find one. This continued during the four years, and now, having moved to a village some ten li from Nikolsk, in company with the other woman, she brought the entire amount of her savings, ten dollars, carefully wrapped, and placed this sum in the hands of Pastor Chung Chai Duk. In telling the congregation about her gift he he held up the silver coins and with a glowing face said it represented the self-denial of a Christian woman who had done what she could and added that the knowledge of this gift in gratitude for what the Lord had done for her would be known across the sea in Christian lands.

Later in the day the pastor of the Nikolsk Church announced that, having conferred about the matter, the gift would be applied to the purchase of a communion set, which

would become a permanent memorial in the church to the faith and love of this woman.

The writer preached, with the help of that excellent interpreter, Brother J. S. Ryang, on "The Call of Abraham" (Heb. xi. 8, 10). "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. . . . For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Is not the God of Abraham calling these Korean people to the same obedience, faith, and sacrificial spirit which characterized the Father of the faithful? This is a strange providence, but surely the Lord intends to use the Koreans mightily in the spread of the gospel among their own people in this northern region so far from their native land. The sermon was followed by an exhortation by Dr. W. G. Cram, which carried the truth home.

At 3:30 P.M. we met again under the trees. I failed to describe the preparations made in honor of our coming. A great arch of evergreens and flowers, with flags of several nations, had been erected in the large yard at the side of the house as an indication to the visiting brethren of the hearty welcome which awaited them. At the highest point of the arch was a white flag with a red cross in the middle of the field. We had seen several arches erected for Chang Tso Ling, the governor general, who was traveling northward toward Mongolia; but none of them equaled this in beauty, taste, and significance. That was perfunctory; this was from the heart.

Let it be remembered that the writer of these letters was not a well man on a pleasure jaunt—far from it. He was suffering with a mortal malady and was bent on a serious adventure. One is reminded of Xavier, the dean of modern missions, who in the sixteenth century laid the foundations of a Catholic mission in India, then entered Japan and labored with success in the same territory in Japan where three hundred years later the Lambuths preached the

gospel, and then, when the sands of life were running low, sought to enter China and died on her borders. It was said of this indomitable disciple of Loyola that his good spirits were unfailing and he went about his work with the playful spirit of a boy, sometimes leaping and running and laughing in the exuberance of his delight in life. One catches the shimmer of smiles through these letters. The simple things of life,

"The lowly lot, the common task,"

are illuminated and dignified as by one to whom nothing human was indifferent.

During this journey he is quoted as saying:

> I realize that I am making my last trip to the Orient. At the next General Conference I am going to ask to be given lighter work, so that I can be with my wife. But I have had part in the founding of the missions in Japan and in Africa, and now I will feel satisfied if I can lay the foundation of this work in Siberia and Manchuria. The doctors told me not to come, stating that I must go under the knife and then stay in the hospital for sixty days. But I want to found this mission first, then I will be satisfied.

Did he have a premonition that his tired feet were then on the last frontier over which he would carry the standard of the cross? They pointed out to the writer one of those Russian hotels in Vladivostock where he suffered both pain and discomfort without a murmur.

In all this nothing was left undone, nor half done. The new mission was opened, the last mission it was to be the privilege of this modern apostle to pioneer. He said of it: "For its age, only one year, it is the lustiest mission we have ever begun." It would be

impossible to exaggerate the satisfaction it gave him. It was the last chapter in forty-four years of a service that knew no weariness nor surcease. At the close of the Mission meeting he wrote me the first confession of weariness or pain I ever had from him in our long association, and said: "It is the first time in forty-four years that I have ever had to slow down." He had opened or been instrumental in opening Japan, Korea, Cuba, and Africa, and he had added the Texas Mexican and the Pacific Mexican in the United States and now adds to the list the Siberia—"a Christian empire in the making." This mission will eventually minister to four races in that vast area. Already the China Mission Conference has entered Manchuria, called by them "The Three Eastern Provinces." The Japan Mission of the M. E. Church, South, is considering a similar mission to the Japanese who are there in such numbers and with such dominant influence. We have already the beginnings of a fine work among Koreans and Russians. When all is considered it is no wonder that Bishop Lambuth called this "the greatest missionary opportunity of this generation."

Let no one suppose for a moment that he was so absorbed in these great issues as to neglect the personal and simple ministries that test the character. The Master himself anticipates the final test when he says, "As oft as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Furthermore this test was based on deeds so spontaneous and unstudied that they were forgotten. It was in these unnoticed and unheralded deeds of love that the Bishop excelled.

In 1922 I was introduced to a young man in Huchow, China, Bishop Lambuth's last convert. The story of the winning of this young Chinese was in this wise: Bishop Lambuth was traveling. It chanced that this young man was on the same boat. The Bishop sought him out, interested him in conversation, and when he had won his confidence he told him the old, old story. A personal acceptance of Christ was urged upon him so successfully that he yielded and on his return to Huchow united with the Church. This incident serves to illustrate a phase of the Bishop's life which was as unique and as fine as it was inconspicuous. It has been said that there are men who love the race and are indifferent to the individual; others who love men, but are indifferent to the race. Bishop Lambuth loved men and mankind. To him the man was not lost in the multitude nor the individual in the mass. To him the most significant, the most fundamental, and the supremely valuable thing in the universe was a person. The "rank was but the guinea stamp." High or low, it was all the same to him.

He sat down to breakfast in a home in the West. They were about to begin family worship when the colored cook came in. The Bishop arose, said, "This is a member of the household I have not met," then walked over and shook hands with her. You can imagine that prayer had a meaning for that humble soul. He had been known to ride on the outside of a bus in order that he might have an opportunity to talk of spiritual things to the driver. On a sleeping car he would seek out the porter and engage him in serious conversation about personal religion. Let

no one suppose that this was done with either a sepulchral tone or an official air. It was so simple and so tactful that a strange warming of the heart was the first warning one had that he was being religiously "dealt with."

It was said of One, "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him." In proportion as men are like him they attract men to them. The man of whom we write carried a charm about him that drew men. One who knew him intimately writes of him: "He was the most Christ-like man I ever knew." Another writes: "Bishop Lambuth was the simplest-hearted great man I ever knew. The lowliest could approach him and feel at home in his friendly presence. On railroad trains and steamships it was a little child, an old lady without a companion, a lonely, unattractive stranger that attracted him."

No one in Bishop Lambuth's company was ever overlooked. The deaf old grandmother, the timid child, the feeble invalid in the home came in for a special share in his attentions and had cause to remember him with delight. It has always been a mystery how he found time for these personal touches in a life so unceasingly busy and, still more, how he found a place in his thoughts for so many small personal interests when his mind was weighed down with such a multitude of great cares. The secret is in the fact that nothing human was small to him. He said to a companion, when near the end and in much weakness and pain, and was busy with messages and acts of kindness and affection, "One cannot do too much for persons, for it is personality that counts."

Dr. J. C. C. Newton closed an eloquent tribute with these words:

The one secret of the Bishop's character as a leader and of his wonderful work in the earth is found in his burning love for men. Without distinction of race, nationality, or religion, he loved all men. He was a citizen of the whole world. He had the world mind because he had the Christ's mind. I do believe he knew the Orient and could interpret the Oriental mind so well because he loved and sympathized with them as his own people. How sorely this lesson is needed to-day! We can never know a people till we love them. The Japanese, Koreans, and Chinese were his brothers and sisters and hence his power to influence them and lead them. Mind you, he was not in the least blinded to the dreadful evils and sins that are rife in this Oriental world. His love was not soft sentimental talk and compliment; he loved in deeds as well as in words. His love made him willing to suffer for Africa, the Dark Continent for which Livingstone suffered.

It was thus that his life overflowed the connectional lines, ecclesiastical, geographical, racial, social, and official, and pushed out along all possible channels to find its way in refreshing to every drooping and thirsty spirit within reach.

CHAPTER XVI

THE UNUTTERED MESSAGE

"Give me heart touch with all that breathe
And strength to speak my word;
But if that is denied me, give
The strength to live unheard."

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE subject of this story did not have leisure for writing. His was an active life filled with administrative details and calling for a vast amount of travel. It is easy to see that such a life was not conducive to literary work. He often expressed regret for the past and purpose for the future in this regard. It was a cherished purpose on his part to write the life of his father and mother. The writer remembers his lament for lack of time to do this service and his earnest desire to find that time before the end of his journey. He set about gathering materials and had made good progress before he was called hence. In this he was materially assisted by Rev. W. E. Towson, of Kyoto, Japan, a lifelong friend. These materials have been used for reference in the earlier chapters of this volume, and should be prepared by some competent hand as a worthy and valuable contribution to our missionary history, as well as a deserved tribute to two of the most devoted and useful missionaries of their generation. However, it will never be so well done as Bishop Lambuth could have done it.

In spite of his constant occupation in other duties

his literary work was considerable, for he helped translate the New Testament into Chinese in the Shanghai Dialect; for a time edited a paper in Chinese; contributed papers to the Ecumenical Conferences of 1892 and 1902; wrote a paper on self-support for the Ecumenical Missionary Conference of 1900, held in New York; helped prepare the Japanese Discipline for the Methodist Church of Japan and edited the English edition; wrote "Side Lights on the Orient," a book of travel for children; edited the *Review of Missions* for a number of years; contributed papers from time to time to Conferences of Secretaries; made contributions to medical journals; made many contributions to Church papers; wrote "Medical Missions," 1920, as a study book for the Student Volunteers; "Winning the World for Christ" is the subject of the Cole Lectures delivered before the students and faculty of Vanderbilt University. This last volume contains the cream of the author's thinking on the subject of missions. He says in the preface to these lectures:

> These lectures are not intended as a review of the world-field of missions, home or foreign, with an attempt to bring out progress made, areas unoccupied, or critical needs, as imperative as those needs are. Nor is this a discussion of missions from the standpoint of principles and policy. It is an attempt, rather, to make some contribution to missionary dynamics by a study of the sources of inspiration and power.
>
> Great emphasis has been rightly placed, by missionary leaders, upon the needs of the unevangelized millions, the urgency of the task, the unprecedented opportunity of the hour, the commission of the Church, and the command to go, which constitutes the divine imperative.
>
> As great as is the demand for widening the area of effort abroad, the greater need of the hour is that of deepened

conviction at home. We must have a new sense of God, realize the immanence of the kingdom, the place and importance of intercessory prayer, the personality and power of the Holy Spirit, the necessity for heroic service and sacrifice, the mission of the Church, and the preëminence of Christ, who is head over all. If we can be brought to a true and vivid realization of these things, and the Church can be adequately awakened to a sense of God-given mission, an immense stride will have been made toward the goal set before us in the prayer of Jesus Christ, "Thy kingdom come."

The topics of the six lectures which make up the volume are, "The Kingdom of God," "The Holy Spirit—God Seeking Man," "Prayer—Man Seeking God," "Missions and the Heroic," "A Missionary Church," and "The Preëminence of Christ." These topics indicate the seriousness of his effort to keep to things fundamental, and the treatment moves on the same high level. The volume abounds in gems of thought that sparkle and tempt one to quote:

> The kingdom of God is not so much advanced by our efforts to build it up as by yielding ourselves to being built up in it.
>
> We are more desirous of identifying God with our little plans than we are of identifying ourselves with his great purpose.
>
> It is said of Abraham Lincoln that a group of Chicago ministers waited upon him at an anxious period of the Civil War and gave assurance that the Almighty was on his side. "Gentlemen," said the great President, "I am not so concerned about his being on my side, as about being sure that I am on the side of the Almighty."
>
> To win the world for Christ we must give Christ to the world.
>
> A great life has never been lived without vision, nor has an enterprise of world dimensions ever been launched in the absence of one.

These are sample, pregnant sentences from a single

lecture, such as throng the paragraphs of these chapters like nuggets of pure gold.

To one who knew the author intimately, the reading of this volume is like reading his spiritual autobiography. He has unconsciously pictured to us the things of his own heart and life rather than the theories and deductions of other men, or even his own speculations.

Since referring in the preceding chapter to the overflowing quality of his life, I have come upon a paragraph in his "Winning the World for Christ" which strikingly illustrates what was there set down as characteristic of his life. Commenting on the River of Life and its refreshing, he says:

> Inflow from above, ankle-deep, knee-deep, loin-deep, risen waters, waters to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over—sweeping along majestically in its might. Overflow on every side, through sluice gates and open channels, over land and waiting fields, until the seed sown beside all waters yield the abundant harvest. We are on the flood side of Pentecost! The tide is rising, and the harvest is near. The victory of faith shall be repeated. The impulse of a new life has come because of the overflow of the spirit.

This is not simply an interpretation of the striking imagery of Ezekiel and St. John, but the result of the experience and observations of forty years of missionary pioneering. It carries one back to that never-to-be-forgotten hour in Oita, when the floods overswept the arid spaces and along the lonely stretches white with dust and edged with bloomless waste till they made the desert blossom as a rose. He knew what each dull and stubborn generation must relearn by its stupid blundering, loss, and

defeat, that floods of refreshing may come, must come from above. They do not gush from the dead level nor creep along our carefully prescribed channels. We neither command nor control the tides of power by our skill and shrewd device and pompous statecraft, but by humility, obedience, purity, and prayer.

Following are a few testimonials indicating the reception given this volume of lectures:

E. R. Hendrix, Senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, South.

I have read with great interest Bishop Lambuth's "Winning the World for Christ." It is worthy of the noble writer and of the great theme that has been upon his heart for forty years. It is clear in its analysis, convincing in its arguments, and powerful in its pleas, one of the greatest books in the fruitful missionary literature of our century. It deserves and will have a great circulation among our most thoughtful people.

Dr. John R. Mott.

I congratulate Vanderbilt University's School of Religion on having had these vital messages given to the student body, and also on the arrangement that now makes possible bringing their stimulating influence to many readers. Bishop Lambuth writes and speaks out of such a rich experience, not only of the work of Christ, but of the knowledge of Christ, that what he has said in these lectures is calculated to be of inestimable service to all men who desire to know more of the spiritual meaning and possibilities of the missionary enterprise.

Dean W. F. Tillett, Vanderbilt University.

As a man of vision, of deep spiritual power, and of catholic sympathies, Bishop Lambuth has few equals in American Methodism, and these qualities characterize this volume no less than they do the author. His long experience in missionary work in the Orient and as Missionary Secretary here at

home has given him an understanding of the world-field, its nature, needs, and possibilities, which find forcible and happy expression in this volume.

There are also before me the notes and complete outline for a book to be entitled "How We Found Wembo-Niama." This book of thirty-one chapters was to give a complete account of the wonderful trip into Central Africa, seven hundred and fifty miles of which was on foot. It was to deal in folklore, child life, village life, insects, animals, flora, native industries, religious beliefs, illuminated by the incidents of travel which he knew so well how to select and set forth with absorbing interest. Much of this had been written and should be and doubtless will be completed by some competent hand. When it is printed it will be a most interesting contribution to the literature of the Dark Continent and especially that little-known section of the Upper Congo basin. There are whole pages that one would love to quote from this incomplete manuscript. We must be content with the following interesting account of "Palavers at Luebo":

First case. An evangelist brings three fowls. Wants salt and the Bible. He is disappointed because he may have to wait many days or even weeks. The Bible is in such demand that the printers, whom I can see from where I sit, are far behind with their work. This man has an honest face, wears a blue shirt and a well-worn brown coat, neatly patched in several places by his wife, who is also a Christian. He walked six days' journey to get a Bible and to make his report.

Second case. The son of Kalamba, the old chief who was made so uncomfortable by the State that, one dark night, he and his whole tribe "folded their tents" and slipped away from Luluaburg, going eight days' journey to the southwest on the Portuguese border. There for several years he held

the State troops at bay, intrenching himself in the fastnesses of the forest. They are desirous of the gospel and have a teacher-evangelist among them. The son brings four fowls and one sheep as a token of good will. Dr. Morrison gives in return half a sack of salt and three pieces of cloth. The sheep is turned over to Captain Scott for use on the Lapsley.

Eight days' journey for a "sugar-tit." The teacher in Kalamba's village sends a messenger with a note to say that his wife has given birth to a baby. She has not enough milk to satisfy the child and wants a little sugar to make a sugar-tit. The natives are very fond of their children and make little distinction between the boys and girls. If anything, the latter are preferred, because they will bring more sheep, goats, and cloth for the marriage dowry.

Third case. Mubiai, the chief of Luluaburg, four days' distant, sends a goat. He is an old soldier settled there by the State. He desired to move away, but the Belgian officials insisted upon his remaining. He objected to the Roman Catholics and their practices. They sent a priest, who threatened and tried to browbeat him. He was finally compelled to let them build a shrine. Several of the best evangelists of the Presbyterians have come from this village. The chief, despairing of Protestant work in his village, moved half his people across the Lulua River and asked for an evangelist or teacher. He wants a writing pad, a bottle of ink, and a hoe. The goat goes to Captain Scott to provision the Lapsley on her next voyage down the river.

Fourth case. A boy of eighteen says he was stolen from his tribe and carried to the southwest, many days' journey, to be delivered to the Portuguese. The island of Sao Thome was probably his destination, where he would be held for work on the sugar plantations. His master, wanting a wife, exchanged him for a woman in the village across the Lulua River. He escaped from his master and has been hid for two months in a village near Luebo. He asks to be protected from the people who bought him and are now on his track. Decision: He must go to the State.

Fifth case. A man is brought by a woman and her friends with the complaint that he made way with a slave girl whom she owned and whom she had left in his care upon the occasion

of her second marriage. The woman had been gone with her husband for two years, but upon her return to get the girl, she was missing. The man stoutly claimed that he was not responsible for the girl after the lapse of so long a time, and did not know where she was. The decision of the three native helpers, who were Dr. Morrison's counselors, was that, inasmuch as the man intrusted with the slave girl had committed a breach of trust, he should pay the woman nine pieces of cloth—the difference between seven pieces of cloth, which he had actually received for the girl when he sold her, and sixteen pieces of cloth, the redemption price of a slave. This he refused to do and preferred to go to the State for a decision. He went to the State official, who decided he must find the girl and restore her to the woman. He returned the next day with a request to reopen the case, but Dr. Morrison refused, saying that he must abide by the decision of the State official.

When one reads over these sketches and outlines he cannot but feel a sense of regret and a temptation to cry, "Why this waste?" That this keen, alert, and appreciative observer, whom nothing escaped, should lack a little time in which to set down his observations, as he so well could, is a pity. We must console ourselves that he was giving too much of himself to his immediate generation to take time to send his message across to a future generation in the printed page. Is there not too a recompense in the assurance that whole literatures will come to efflorescence in the fertile soil where he has sown the good seed? In Africa he set men to reducing a language to writing and teaching the black savages the white magic of letters. Thus, as happened with our own forefathers when the missionaries found them and flooded their lives with light, he was setting the

hearts of a people singing and their brains throbbing with the thoughts of which literatures are made.

In the last year of his life he wrote much. Articles flowed from his pen. Most of them were missionary articles, recording keen observation of events, peoples, movements—showing almost abnormal mental activity. He kept a stenographer busy, sometimes till far into the night. Quite a number of articles came to this writer after the hand that wrote them had laid aside the pen for the final rest. This never ceased till he could no longer hold a pen and then he dictated page upon page and letter upon letter from his sick bed. It was as if he made haste to get his message said before the close of the day. Did he get it said? Since when did any man with a message utter it to the last syllable? The song of the singer is smothered by the great silence and the prophet grows dumb with his half-uttered message on his lips. In the Academy of Arts at Florence, one may see the imprisoned dreams of Michelangelo in the marbles from which the genius of the old sculptor had sought to set them free. Age might not quench the visions of beauty, nor time dim the flame of genius. God himself must take away the workman to stop the work.

Victor Hugo's eloquent argument for immortality was based on this unfading youth of the soul. "The frosts of Winter are on my brow, but eternal Summer is in my soul. I smell the breath of the roses as at twenty, and the dreams of youth still throng my brain. For fifty years I have been writing fiction, poetry, drama, history, yet I have not written a tithe of what is in me. I shall finish my

day, but not my task. Life is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare."

Robert Browning says:

"For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray;
A whisper from the west
Shoots—add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth—here dies another day.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved,
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play."

CHAPTER XVII

SUNSET IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

"My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,
And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim,
These stripes no less than stars,
Lead after him." —*M. W. Howland.*

We are approaching the close. It is nearer than we know. Already the shadows lengthen. The journeyings are about to end in the last great embarkation on the silent sea. He had left his native shores for the Far East under most trying circumstances. He was leaving a wife who was hopelessly afflicted. During the forty-four years of their married life he had been separated from her a large part of the time. Their married life had been a beautiful romance of affection. Yet that romance had been consecrated by its dedication to the service of mankind and by the unwearied spirit of mutual self-denial. She was no less heroic than he. If he gave a life, she gave a husband; and if he went unflinchingly to the conflict, she waited unmurmuring in the silence and claimed no credit nor wanted recognition, and in the few lines that I am about to write concerning her I feel guilty almost of a breach of confidence with the dead. One admonition that she gave me

concerning this biography was to write of her husband as he was, and of her not at all.

Both of them were undemonstrative. Nothing could be further from display than their simple and normal manner of domestic life, and the most intimate friend of either would scarcely have known that they were laying the most priceless treasure of human life on the altar of service. Each of them was reticent on the most beautiful thing in their lives. Without that reticence it would have been less beautiful. But the doors of silence will sometimes open on the bravest hearts. This paragraph from a letter to Mrs. I. G. John, dated August 3, 1899, gives us a glimpse of his heart:

> Yesterday was the twenty-second anniversary of my marriage, and I would so have enjoyed a long talk with you about my Daisy. She has been all the world to me through more than twenty years of toil, exposure, and burden-bearing. Through it all her spirit has been one of gentleness, patience, and courage. Never has she faltered nor complained of hardship or sacrifice; and not once in all these years has she stood in the way of duty. I sent her some flowers, and only wish they would keep fresh; but she knows the love doesn't die. Well, this would sound foolish to another, but you will understand me.

This was written on the eve of sailing on one of those extended separations from home and loved ones. He had just doubled the number of those anniversaries when, on his forty-fourth in far-away Siberia, with misty eyes he recalled the fact that most of them had been spent away from her and spoke wistfully of that time—which was not to come—when he purposed to remain near her.

To the end she never faltered, even when deeply

and fatally afflicted, when each separation seemed likely to be final. During his first episcopal visit to the Orient, in 1919–20, she spent much of the time in a sanitarium and endured much suffering. It was her good fortune, in the absence of her husband, to enjoy the tender care and companionship of her daughter Mary, whose unwearied devotion was beyond all praise. And also Miss Kate Harlan was sister and loving friend through those trying days. But how lonely she was for her husband, no one ever knew. Her word to him always was, "Go when and where duty calls." When he was first appointed to the Orient, he naturally hesitated, but she said: "You will go. I have been praying for those Koreans and they need you more than I do." When that was repeated to the Korea Conference, they wept like children. But now the case was different. He had contracted a painful disease. A surgical operation was inevitable. His family feared for the long, hard journey. Physicians were consulted and advised that it might be possible, with care, for him to make the journey and return before an operation would be actually necessary. He gave to his loved ones the rather doubtful comfort that if the operation became necessary he would go to Soochow Hospital, the one he himself had founded, and have Dr. Snell perform it. Thus in the face of the serious affliction of his wife and of his own painful ailment, he turned his face toward a new missionary frontier.

When he reached Shanghai, on July 8, 1921, he spent a few days and then went into the famine district. After making investigations there for the American committee of which he was a member, he

MRS. DAISY KELLEY LAMBUTH

went into Korea for a few days and then rushed on into Manchuria, visiting Kirin, Harbin, Vladivostock, Nikolsk, and points between. At the latter place he held a conference with the workers and organized the mission. This done, he returned to Korea and thence to Japan. This journey by land of over four thousand miles, with the incessant labor involved, would have been a severe tax even on a well man, and it is no surprise that it was too much for his frail and pain-racked body. In the cold climate of the mountain resort at Karuizawa his old malady returned with such violence that he was forced to go to seek medical relief. A letter I received from him at this time is so characteristic and so revealing that I quote it entire:

My Dear Doctor Pinson: It seems necessary, under the circumstances, that I write you a few lines concerning matters that pertain to the several Missions in the Orient. After landing in Shanghai, on the 8th of July, I proceeded to Soochow the next day and spent two days; then returned to Shanghai and left, on the 14th, for the famine area, through which I pressed, by rail, and satisfied myself that nothing more, in an organized way, needed to be done by the committee in the United States. I went to Songdo, Korea, via Mukden, and spent three days with Dr. Cram and then, with the party of four, including Cram, Taylor, Brannan, and Ryang, went north into Manchuria, visiting Kirin and Harbin. We have already decided to hold the Annual Meeting of the Siberia-Manchuria Mission on July 31 at Nikolsk, instead of at Harbin.

From thence we proceeded to Vladivostok, where we spent a couple of days, then returned to Harbin and turned southward to Songdo, arriving there August 10. Here I spent nearly two weeks recuperating from a severe cold, contracted in Nikolsk; but took advantage of the opportunity to go over plans and policies for Korea and Siberia with Dr. Cram; with

Miss Myers concerning the new woman's plant in Seoul; with Deal and Carter about their industrial work; then went to Wonsan to meet the presiding elders on one day and the medical men of the Mission on the next. Returning to Seoul, I reviewed the Seminary educational policies and how best to conserve the results of the Centenary work, with Drs. Hardie and Cram. During this visit I had an interview with the Governor General in an effort to restore Miss Smith, who had been retired from the principalship a year ago.

I outline the foregoing, so that you may see that nothing has been neglected. In fact, almost every possible preparation has been made for the Annual Meeting of the Korea Mission and for the Annual Conference.

On Monday night I reached Karuizawa, where the Annual Meeting was to begin on Thursday, August 30. For three days I was able to preside and meet with the district superintendents. By Friday it was imperative, under medical advice, to leave for a lower altitude, where it was warmer and where I could get much-needed and skillful surgical attention.

The appointments were all carefully made out before I left. Dr. Newton took the chair and Dr. F. S. Parker, by his presence and counsel, rendered most valuable assistance. Words fail to express what I suffered during the eighteen hours of travel and a night spent in Tokyo.

My long-time friend and dear brother, W. E. Towson, took me to the United States Naval Hospital in Yokohama, where Dr. Raymond Speer, who is surgeon in charge, relieved me temporarily. I was brought to the Yokohama General Hospital and have been under his care for nine days, with but little amelioration of conditions and must go on the table to-morrow morning, Monday, September 12. The surgeon is spoken of as one of the most skillful in Japan, the institution is well ordered in every respect, and I have every attention a reasonable patient could expect.

This is evidently a return of the attack, in a much severer form, on the "Empress of Asia" during the last week of the voyage before reaching Kobe. As you know, I went on to Shanghai, to have the company of Brother Nance in case of an emergency and to get the continued benefit of the warmer atmosphere, which through elimination relieved the pelvic

organs. I was so anxious not to fail in meeting my appointments that I pushed on to Korea and Siberia, making the land journey of something like forty-two hundred miles without any great discomfort. The Korea Annual Conference will begin its session Wednesday, the 14th, but everything, to the last detail, has been provided for excepting the ordinations. They will elect their own President and I have authorized Dr. F. S. Parker to represent me in such matters as may pertain to the business of the Board of Missions.

The only remaining official business is that of holding the China Mission Conference, in Soochow, October 19. My surgeon says that I will not be able to travel under thirty days. If I find it impossible to reach the Conference by the date mentioned, I will postpone it for two weeks. If I do not make a good recovery, the presiding elders will be informed through Dr. Hearn and they will be under the necessity of carrying out the schedule without my presence.

It is with the keenest regret that I am obliged to make this statement, but the necessity is upon me. I do not regret coming, save for the absence of my wife and daughter at this juncture, and I long for their presence and ministry. But Mrs. Lambuth and I committed ourselves to God years ago, when we first entered the Mission field in 1877, and we and all of our interests have been absolutely in his hands from that time to the present day.

Brother Towson read me the following words this morning from 1 Peter iv. 12, 13, 19 (Moffatt's translation): "Beloved, do not be surprised at the ordeal that has come to test you, as though foreign experience befell you. You are sharing what Christ suffered; so rejoice in it, that you may also rejoice and exult when his glory is revealed. . . . So let those who are suffering by the will of God trust their souls to him, their faithful Creator, as they continue to do right."

I have never experienced such joy in the ministry of the saints. The missionaries have manifested a tender solicitude as children to a father. I thank God for them and for the native Christians, who have been equally thoughtful and affectionate. May grace and peace abound in the hundreds of Churches that have been established through godly men and women.

Since this has been dictated while lying in bed, and I have no means of copying, I will get you to forward this to Bishop Collins Denny, Secretary of the College of Bishops, to whom I shall address a few lines, to be read by my colleagues at the meeting in Richmond.

I pray that God will bless you in your burden-bearing for others and in the many responsibilities of your office.

Cordially your brother,

W. R. LAMBUTH (per W. E. TOWSON).

In a letter from Yokohama, *en route*, he wrote me concerning details such as never escaped him. He had arrived in Yokohama in time to welcome five young missionaries and to see a mother off for America with her children, leaving her husband to follow a year later. He makes various recommendations concerning the health and other interests of missionaries, the need of an additional missionary doctor and a trained nurse. In closing this letter he says: "I am feeling better. The wonderful work in Korea and in Siberia-Manchuria has been a tonic." The following day he wrote another letter with other details concerning appropriations, property, prospects, needs of the new mission—"for its age the lustiest mission we have ever started." Happy the man who can find a pastime in the small cares and drudgeries of a great task and a physical tonic in the prosperity of his labors! He has discovered the secret of contentment, so sadly missed by multitudes. It was this zest for toil, this unconquerable optimism that sees whole harvests in every handful of grain and hears the song of victory ring through all the dull routine, that kept his muscles tense and his face smiling to the last. Only a few days in Karuizawa, where he presided at the Mission meeting with great

and growing discomfort, and then came that hardest thing to a will like his, surrender to the inevitable and turning over the task to others. Had he yielded too late?

It was a sad day for the Japan Mission when it became evident that their beloved leader could no longer stand the strain and that he must yield his place for a time at least. They had noted with grave concern the physical weakness and increasing discomfort against which his indomitable will was wrestling hour by hour. When at last he yielded, they knew that it was no trifling enemy to whose blow he had been obliged to bow. Dr. J. C. C. Newton, who presided in his stead, wrote:

> He left the Mission meeting after two days, and it fell to my lot to preside. I think I ought to write you later in more detail about certain matters transacted. The Bishop is dear to us here in Japan as no other bishop ever was, and his illness grieves us all. Our Japanese brethren love and reverence him as well as we do.
>
> Bishop Lambuth told us in the opening devotional talk of the Annual Meeting that the time had come when he felt that he must be with his afflicted wife more, and could not go so far away traveling as he had been doing; and that, therefore, it was not probable that he should be with us again. If he recovers—and God grant it—he will no doubt continue to have episcopal supervision of these three Mission fields until the next General Conference.

Just before going under the knife, on September 12, 1921, he instructed Rev. W. E. Towson to write me asking whether there was any balance on the China Famine Fund that he might have for the relief of Russian children who were starving. Accompanying this question was the statement, "I have been

with the Bishop for ten days and have witnessed his terrible sufferings." There are two questions I am asking myself as I read over that message. The first one is, If I were in a far country, in a foreign hospital, suffering mortal agony, what would I be thinking of and what would I be writing about to the friends at home? Could I forget my own suffering and keep my own thoughts busy about the needs of others of other lands and races? Would my letters leave my pains and mortal misgivings in the background in messages to my friends? This was what he did. He kept W. E. Towson busy, during the two weeks after he went on the surgeon's table, writing about the business that had filled his heart and mind for forty years. Those letters came to my desk for weeks after the news of his death had been published everywhere. In these letters there was no complaint, no murmuring, no regrets. Only once he wrote that he missed the ministry of his wife and daughter. But he said: "Daisy and I long since put ourselves on the altar and we have never regretted it. We are in the hands of God." That dreary seven thousand miles of sea and land between him and his home and loved ones was bridged by the love of God. This was why he kept a steady nerve and a brave heart. We are not surprised to read: "He faced the ordeal with wonderful calmness, and his only concern was the work and the workers and the dear ones at home."

Mr. Towson, who was with him during his entire sickness, declares that he wrote in that time considerably over one hundred letters for the Bishop, some of them eight pages long. The last one dictated was to the Korea Annual Conference. This

referred especially to the plan the Bishop and his wife had formed for donating a home for one of the superannuated preachers of the Conference. He said it was given as a token of their love for the Korean preachers and their united gratitude for the prayers of the Korean Christians, which they both believed had so marvelously held Mrs. Lambuth from the grave and permitted him to leave his invalid wife and make three journeys to the Orient. This was characteristic of them. This purpose was carried out after his death with a noble spirit of sacrifice and beautiful loyalty to his wishes. While I write news comes that the Korea Conference pledged *yen* 20,000 to the Superannuate Fund of the M. E. Church, South, and agreed that it should all be sent to America as an expression of gratitude for what the Church in America had done for them. One cannot help feeling that such generous deeds as that of Bishop and Mrs. Lambuth went a great way to inspire a like spirit in the Korean Church.

The end came September 26, 1921. There had been fluctuations of hope and fear in the messages that came after the operation on September 11. But a sudden turn for the worse came. The silver cord was loosened and he found himself at the end of his journeyings, facing the full radiance of a shadowless dawn. If he must go away at an hour all too soon and under circumstances that are hard to reconcile with our human ideas of fitness and fulfillment to such a life, it was well that he should fall where he did. He consecrated by his death the land to which he gave so much of his life.

His father died in Kobe years before, and sleeps in the soil of Japan.

The son died in Yokohama, miles away. The last years of his noble mother were spent in Japan and her grave is in China. The ashes of her son, by his choice, rest by her side. Thus each of this great trio, who shared in equal measure a unique and wonderful missionary career, died in a foreign land and all sleep in foreign soil. Their graves will be guarded and decorated and their memories kept fresh, tended by the two peoples to whom they ministered and among whom they died.

"Beautiful twilight, at set of sun;
Beautiful goal, with race well won;
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—O, beautiful sleep."

CHAPTER XVIII

A PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOR

"I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I'm ready not to do,
At last, at last. —*M. W. Howland.*

It was a brave fight, fruitless and fearless, and lost without weakness or dishonor. Supine surrender was not to be expected. Hence we are not surprised when from that bedside of mortal strife, waged in a far-away land, there comes to us the assurance that he is making a brave fight, and the clear note from his own lips, "I am going to get out of this." Well, he did get out of it; out of the murk and fever of those weary weeks, he won into the light. The song and shining of the cloudless morning broke upon him, and a superb gladness illumined those last hours. His companion of those days found him one morning reading the one hundred and third Psalm, and the call of the sky had lured the wings of his spirit to a flight above the clouds and to the healing rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

He began his life in China and ended it in Japan. In the land where his own father died, and now sleeps, the son met the final summons. They had labored together for that land, and Providence granted it to them to consecrate it by their death on its shores. The big world, with its spacious stretches of land and seas, has many a spot where one may die. These two had claimed it all for their own, and time and

space had swept them here and yonder far apart; yet within a pin's point distance on the map these two wandering apostles at last fall asleep on the same island.

It was his wish that he should sleep beside his mother in the soil of China. Accordingly his ashes were taken to Shanghai and there laid away with international honors and tributes. At least four nations met in their representatives about his grave. Governor-General Saito of Korea sent a representatative and the Consuls of both Korea and Japan sent personal representatives. The tears of different races commingled in a tribute as beautiful as the mount of flowers with which loving hands had adorned the sacred spot. There was no boom of guns, no pomp and parade with which the great of earth are borne to their graves, but the subdued and reverent simplicity which fitly honor the great in the kingdom of heaven. Tributes were paid his memory by Dr. A. P. Parker in Chinese, Dr. Newton, Dr. Towson, and Dr. F. S. Parker representing the Mission Board. Mr. Kong, a Chinese, and Mr. Yoshioka, a Japanese, took part in the service. One of the touching incidents of the occasion was the offering of a wreath of flowers by the old servant, first boatman to the elder Lambuth, then cook to Bishop Lambuth, and later cook to Mrs. Nora Lambuth Park. The old servant and Dr. Park walked arm in arm among the chief mourners. At the time of the funeral in China the air was shaken by the tolling of bells in the towns and cities of the entire South. In cases where the Churches of his own denomination were without bells other Churches

—Episcopal, Congregational, and others—had their bells tolled at the hour. Thus his was not only an international funeral, but it was also an inter-denominational loss and mourning.

Nothing was more significant of his catholicity and of the place he held in the heart of American Protestantism than the messages and tributes that came spontaneously from the great religious bodies and their leaders from all parts of the country. We give a few of these which will serve as examples, and as an evidence of the unity that characterizes the children of God in the things that really matter, and their common property in the men that really count.

The following telegram came from the Foreign Secretary of the Northern Baptist Board of Missions:

NEW YORK, September 29, 1921.

We are deeply grieved at hearing of the death of Bishop Lambuth. We join Southern Methodists and other Christian forces of America in sorrow. Bishop Lambuth was one of God's noblemen who was greatly loved in every land. Kindly convey to his family and your Board our tender sympathy.

J. H. FRANKLIN.

The Vice President of the United Christian Missionary Society wrote as follows:

ST. LOUIS, MO., September 28, 1921.

Dear Dr. Pinson: Word has just come to me of the death of Bishop Lambuth and I mourn with you in the loss of this great man. To me, he was one of the great outstanding foreign missionary leaders of the world, and no man has inspired me more. His work has been sound and constructive in connection with foreign missions and the cause has been a passion in his life. He will be greatly missed and deeply mourned. One of God's saints, he went quietly through the world bearing the message of Christ and with absolute self-

forgetfulness giving himself to the great cause. We have lost a great leader and all who know him will be in sorrow.

Very truly yours, STEPHEN J. CORE.

The Executive Secretary of the Department of Missions, Protestant Episcopal Church, wrote as follows:

NEW YORK, October 5, 1921.

My Dear Dr. Pinson: It was with great regret and a distinct sense of personal loss that I read in the papers the cable from Tokyo announcing the death of Bishop Lambuth. Will you let me send you, your colleagues, the members of your Board, and the great Methodist Episcopal Church, South, my sincere sympathy? Bishop Lambuth always impressed me as a man of rarely sweet, yet vital, nature. To be counted among his friends was a high honor. To come into contact with him was invariably an inspiration.

Sincerely yours, JOHN WILSON WOOD.

The following is in a letter from Mr. F. P. Turner, Secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America:

The news of Bishop Lambuth's death came as a shock to Mrs. Turner and me. This means that one of our most intimate and best-beloved friends is taken from us. We cannot bring ourselves actually to realize that we shall see him no more. The power and influence of his personality and Christlike life will not die, but his place in the councils of the Church, not only of our own denomination but of the entire Christian Church, will not be filled. Other men are doing great pieces of work and other leaders will come forward as the years go by, but Bishop Lambuth's place will not be filled.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, through its General Secretary, wrote as follows:

NEW YORK, October 17, 1921.

My Dear Dr. Pinson: I am requested by the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, at their last meeting,

to express to the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, their sense of bereavement in the death of Bishop Walter Russell Lambuth and their very deep sympathy with your Board in the loss of one who has been a missionary leader of your Church and of all Churches for so many years. We can easily realize that you must feel that no one can fill his place. We are grateful to the Heavenly Father for giving to you and to all of us such a friend and counselor.

Cordially yours, W. I. HAVEN.

From the Associate General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., to Rev. J. O. J. Taylor, Vladivostok:

EN ROUTE TO SHANGHAI, December 2, 1921.

Dear Mr. Taylor: I wish to thank you most heartily for sending me a copy of your letter to Dr. Mott concerning Bishop Lambuth's thought for Siberia. In the first place, I was so glad to hear from you anything regarding his last work. His loss came as a tremendous shock to me. I looked upon him as one of the few men who really had a right to be called "A Statesman in the Kingdom of God." His life was so humble, he approached every question, so far as I could discover, so completely without prepossessions, prejudices, or partisan interests, that his judgment was unusually sound. He was a man of large faith. Difficulties led him on and never staggered him. He was a man peculiarly sensitive to the leadership of the Spirit, and listened for its whisperings as a child to its mother's voice. He was scientific and believed in going into all the facts. He was charitable in his judgments and believed that others besides himself were forces for good in the world. I felt that we needed him so much after the war. I can't think of half a dozen men in the whole world to whom I should so soon have intrusted great plans for reconstruction. You may be sure, therefore, that anything that he indicated with reference to the duty of the Y. M. C. A. in Siberia is bound to make a deep impression on me.

Cordially yours, FLETCHER S. BROCKMAN.

Below is the report of the Committee on Memoirs of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its Annual Meeting, November 28–30, 1921, on the death of Bishop Lambuth:

The essential oneness of Methodism is realized when, through all branches, the sentiment and experience prevail that there is a *tie* that binds our hearts in *Christian love*, a tie more tender, more vital, more persistent than any mere ecclesiastical forms or relations. That tie is strengthened, as the years go on, by our common trials and triumphs, our common joys and sorrows.

While we tarry, in the onrush of the King's business, to record the passing of our own heroes of the faith, to honor their names with the tribute of our tears, and to seek consolation in the prayers of our common faith and the sweet hymns of our common hope, our hearts to-day, with all their hallowed memories of Harris and Lewis, beat in unison of love and sympathy with those great hearts of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that mourn the loss and rejoice in the beautiful life-record of their noble and now sainted Lambuth.

The message which announced the death of Bishop Walter Russell Lambuth in Yokohama, Japan, September 26, 1921, sent a pang of sorrow through American Methodism—nay, through the Methodism of the world, from the Mississippi to the Amazon and from the Amazon to the Yangtse. Bishop Lambuth belonged to the South and to the North, to the United States and to Brazil, to China, to Africa, and to Japan, for in all these lands he has been a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ and a leader among leaders in promoting the kingdom of heaven in the earth, and making straight in the desert a highway of our God.

Bishop Lambuth was the son of a missionary and was born in China in 1854. He inherited the missionary genius and the missionary call. By classical education in Emory and Henry College, and postgraduate work in medicine and surgery in Vanderbilt University and Edinburgh, he fitted himself for the career of a medical missionary and as such

began his work in China where to-day his memory is as ointment poured forth. His varied attainments, however, and his many gifts and graces so commended him to the high esteem of the Church that he was called to the superintendency of the Japan Mission, elected Secretary of the Board of Missions, became editor of the *Review of Missions*, was appointed one of the Commissioners on the unification of the Methodist Churches of Japan, and elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In all of these positions he was distinguished for his broadmindedness and liberality, his gentle spirit and keen intelligence, his genius for initiative, and his tireless devotion to the cause of his divine Master. As physician, preacher, author, editor, war-work commissioner, founder and superintendent of hospital and schools, organizer of missions, and as a bishop, he justified the encomium implied in the appreciation expressed by the entire press of his beloved Church: "In the passing of Bishop Lambuth the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has lost one of its best and greatest leaders."

In our fraternal sympathy with our sister Church in this hour of her bereavement, the Board of Foreign Missions, here assembled, wish to record the conviction that in the passing of this fine spirit, this vision-gifted missionary, this eminent bishop, this stalwart son of God, we and the entire Christian world experience a loss unmeasured by words, while the annals of the Church of Christ will evermore be enriched by the memory of a life to which we would pay the tribute of our emulation.

Nothing could be more fitting nor more beautifully fraternal than the following from the Southern Presbyterian Executive Committee:

The Executive Committee of Foreign Missions has learned with the deepest sorrow of the death at Yokohama, Japan, on September 26, of Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, for many years Foreign Secretary of the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South, and for several years past one of the most prominent missionary bishops of that Church. During the time that he was Secretary of the Mission Board he resided

in Nashville and his association with us was of the closest and most intimate character. In this association we learned to appreciate his remarkable ability and wisdom as a missionary administrator, his broad, catholic sympathies, and his apostolic zeal and consecration. Above all, we learned to love him for the spirit of love and brotherhood that was always manifest in nis attitude toward us in our dealing with matters of common interest and with measures of coöperation between the Executive Committee and the Board of Missions.

We feel that special mention should be made of the establishment under Bishop Lambuth's leadership, in response to the urgent invitation of our committee, of the Methodist Mission in the Congo; of his visit to the leading station of our Congo Mission at Luebo, and of the volunteering of three of our most prominent native ministers and a number of our Church members at Luebo to go with Bishop Lambuth and assist him in the opening of the first station of the Methodist mission. This event stands out as perhaps the most remarkable instance of interdenominational coöperation in the history of missions, and one that would only have been possible under the leadership of two such men as Bishop Lambuth and Dr. William M. Morrison, who was then in charge of our work at Luebo.

We feel that the death of such a man at such a time as this is an irreparable loss to the whole Church of Christ, and that we are entitled to share with our brethren of the M. E. Church, South, this great common sorrow and bereavement.

We would also hereby express to the Secretaries and members of the Methodist Board of Missions and to the bereaved family and friends our heartfelt sympathy and the assurance of our earnest prayer that the God of all comfort will extend to them his comforting grace according to their need.

In the congregations and Church bodies throughout his own Church memorial services were held and tributes written and spoken that did him higher honor than any other leader of his Church ever received. Many of these have been printed. It would manifestly be impracticable to print them here. Two

of them are so representative as to warrant partial reproduction, even at the price of some repetition.

One of his episcopal colleagues, Bishop James Atkins, published the following in the *Christian Advocate* of November 18, 1921:

The College of Bishops at the fall meeting in Richmond, Va., gave one session of their conference to a consideration of the last work and the death of their beloved and honored colleague, Bishop Walter R. Lambuth. Among other documents read to the College by its Secretary was the Bishop's last letter to the General Secretary of the Board of Missions, wherein was given a very simple and unpretentious report of his amazing labors just preceding his going into the hospital at Yokohama for a major operation. This letter was dictated the day before he was operated on.

The bishops, knowing that my acquaintance and friendship with Bishop Lambuth began when we were schoolboys at Emory and Henry College, and that we were intimately associated for more than forty years, asked that I should prepare for them a suitable sketch of the life and labors of this remarkable man. I begin that work with regret that my limitations of time and ability must prevent my doing justice to the memory of one whose merits and achievements deserve a volume rather than a mere sketch.

I have never known a man of more apostolic spirit and enterprise than were those of Bishop Lambuth. This, of course, implies many qualities of an extraordinary kind. He was broad-breasted and took into the realm of his sympathies the men of all nations and men of every class. He was equally ready to procure bread for the hungry and clothes for the naked or to relieve or heal by the skill of a physician or instruct the ignorant or preach an uplifting and saving gospel to whom he could reach either by private wayside contact, or in the great multitudes.

I have said that Bishop Lambuth had the apostolic spirit, and this implies that he was a hero, for to be an apostle of the larger mold means to be a hero of no small dimensions. Such truly was Bishop Lambuth. He through a lifetime

traveled the paths of danger and self-sacrifice, and yet he carried at all times so fully the made-up mind to serve at all costs that he was afraid of nothing. The dangers of the high seas, which he almost inhabited and from which he was more than once in jeopardy of instant death, did not deter him. And when his duties called him to the jungles of Africa, where he was in danger from wild beasts and wilder men when he had to be hourly on guard against the insidious diseases of the land, he was unperturbed, though on one journey he traveled on foot amid these menaces for fifteen hundred miles.

When he went at the call of distress to do war work in Europe, he showed the same courage that sustained him amid the quieter menaces of the African jungles. He braved both the noisy dangers that lay near the front and those unseen, unheard dangers which lurked everywhere in that dreadful field.

But great as was the Bishop's courage in facing the hardships of his apostolate, there is another, a quieter side on which he showed an equal spirit of sacrificial devotion to his work. I refer to his frequent and long-continued absences from home. This does not mean so much to those who did not know him in relations with his home. I have known no more devoted man to his wife and children, and he was the idol of all the household. To leave the sacred warmth of such a circle, placing continents and seas between them and him for many months at a time, was without doubt the supreme test of his consecration.

Intellectually considered, Bishop Lambuth was a most interesting character. He was a man of quick discernment, rare powers of observation, a retentive memory, and good powers of generalization. Wherein his logical faculty seemed in a measure to be at fault, it was due to a certain intuitive power which often found the conclusion without regarding the usual processes. His mode of thinking was clearly tinged with the Oriental habit. There was a sphynx-like element in his thinking. He did not always reveal even to his most intimate coworkers his final thought on a subject till the time came for putting his thought into policies for advancing the kingdom of God. Then he was always clear, final, persistent.

He had, withal, an unusual power of winning men to his views without allowing them to feel that any force had been used to land them. He was also a most diligent man. He was never unemployed and never triflingly employed. In the effort which men have made to define genius the conclusion usually reached by the great is that genius is work, hard work. By this measure as well as others Bishop Lambuth was truly a genius. This might be easily and interestingly shown if there were space for an account of his achievements in the lines of personal work in all parts of the world and in the literary work which he did.

Bishop Lambuth was, furthermore, a man of extraordinary social qualities. He was modest and unassuming to the last degree. He was always much more interested in other people and their views than he was in himself and his own. I have never known a man whose furnishing in reminiscence and incident gathered from the whole world was richer than his, and yet in a lifetime of association I never knew him once to show the least aggressiveness in throwing the light of his knowledge upon the subject under discussion. This fullness of knowledge concerning all things of a social nature made him equally charming to children and sages.

This affords me the opportunity to say a word in regard to another who is no less deserving of the praise which the Church is bestowing and will continue to bestow upon Bishop Lambuth. The world is prone to forget or cannot so fully know the quieter heroisms which oftentimes glorify our homes. I refer, of course, to the Bishop's wife. I have said that Bishop Lambuth was withal a genuine hero, an estimate which the world will more and more approve as his life work becomes revealed; but his wife was not a whit less truly a heroine. She was the daughter of Dr. D. C. Kelley, himself for some years a missionary to China. She breathed in her very infancy the atmosphere of missionary life. She knew its limitations and hardships, but she was also able to measure the duties and glories of it. She chose when young and beautiful and gifted to become thus intelligently the wife of a missionary. She never through all the cares such a life involves lost her youthful enthusiasm for this greatest cause. She remained at home amid the deep anxieties which her husband's exposures

and her love for him implied and reared an estimable family. More than twenty years ago a blood clot at the base of her brain laid her hourly liable through the years of absorption to sudden collapse and death. What a wonderful claim that would have made for her husband to draw in from his world-wide sphere to the quiet of his home and his office! But his wife did not demand it; she did not grant it; she would not allow it. Meanwhile, she stayed quietly in her home, doing its duties and bearing its solicitudes with a good cheer which strengthened all who came within range of her charming spirit. She thus made of her home for her husband and children and their friends a veritable sanctuary of Christian hospitality which no one who has enjoyed its privileges can ever forget. Mrs. Lambuth's father as a colonel of calvary followed Bedford Forrest through the bloody struggles and unrecorded hardships of the War between the States, but he was not a whit braver than his daughter Daisy; Bishop Lambuth deserves all that has been said of his devotion to the cause of missions, but he was no more consecrated to these interests than was Daisy, his wife.

Bishop Lambuth was a genuine apostle of his Lord, deserving to be classed with the first founders of the Church. As a bishop he was wise in counsel and safe and sympathetic in administration; as a missionary secretary I dare say that he was unsurpassed by any of the great men whom Protestant Christianity has called to that place of Church statesmanship. But the best of all was the unfailing goodness of the man, Lambuth. He was good to the core, a godly man of the purest and highest type. I presume there was never a day in his life when he could not have thrown his bosom open to the inspection of the world as to his motives without hesitation or a blush. He lived constantly as in the eye of his Lord. He was master of the single eye. He could truly say of his ministry, "This one thing I do." His whole life was in the best sense an immolation. He kept himself ever on the altar of sacrifice and service. To him may be rightly applied St. Luke's monumental sentence concerning Barnabas: "For he was a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

The Rev. J. C. C. Newton, D.D., his good friend

and coworker for more than thirty years, said in a tribute delivered in the college chapel of Kwansei Gakuin, Kobe, Japan, on October 31, 1921:

We are led to observe certain striking traits of this notable man of God.

First, he was a foundation layer, organizer of uncommon ability. Possessing the spirit of St. Paul, the missionary to the Gentiles, Dr. Lambuth was too progressive and aggressive to be content with building on other men's foundations. He was not a conservative, but a thoroughgoing progressive. In one thing only was he conservative. He always kept his eyes fixed on Jesus Christ as the one unchangeable center of all things. Taking his bearings from this living and abiding center, he had the forward look and in faith and hope was always projecting new and better things.

Second, his capacity for continuous, systematic work was marvelous. He could think of more people, plan for himself and them more work, do more writing, travel faster and farther in a given time, and do more praying than any man I have ever known. When he was forced to return to the United States, as he supposed for a brief stay there, no wonder that the Mission authorities of his Church laid hold upon him to remain with them until, as they said, they could "get out of this crisis." No wonder that in a little while he sprang to the front as a leader recognized throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with his pen, and with voice on platform and pulpit, his ringing appeals to the Church to awake to the world call began to stir the dry bones in the valley. Splendid young men and women came forward and said, "Here am I, send me;" the financial resources began to increase; in fact, a new era of progress and expansion had begun. And no wonder that in due time Dr. Lambuth was elected a bishop in the Church of God.

Third, Bishop Lambuth had another great gift: the power of getting into personal sympathetic contact with many different classes of people. He knew how to find the basis of a common interest with whomsoever he came into contact; and he knew how to hold and develop the newly made ac-

quaintance into a lasting friendship. For instance, if he and four other missionaries were to undertake team work in a city of say a hundred thousand population, I dare say that in three months he would naturally come to be recognized by the other four as their organizing and directing leader; and in twelve months, he would know personally more men, women, and children than any of the other four, and probably as many as the other four put together.

But let us come closer and look up into the face of this great personality in order to catch the secret of his power and leadership among men. On this occasion the question naturally recurs to us, how is it that God has wrought so great a work in the earth through this one man? Here is one man through whom God hath wrought good things in four continents out of the five, Asia, America, Europe, and Africa! In the larger missionary circles of his own and other Christian communions; in the high councils of the General Church; in humanitarian work, both medical and philanthropic; in the educational world; in the production of books, and above all, in the preaching of the gospel of forgiveness and renewed life to Japanese, Chinese, Mexicans, Brazilians, to the ignorant tribes of Africa, to the soldier boys on the fields of France, and with what proved to be his last sermon on earth to a group of several Methodist missionaries at Karuizawa, Japan—in all these ways, in many distant countries, he wrought a good work. I ask again, Is God a respecter of persons? Why hath he called this servant of his to do a great work among men, and not one of us? The answer I humbly believe is not far to seek.

(1) To begin with, Bishop Lambuth was a Christian of *strong faith.* He was a great believer, but a poor doubter. History and biography alike teach that the leaders of nations, the great discoverers, inventors, and famous scientific men, have all been men who believed strongly. Even so it is in religion—yes, more so. Men of doubts and misgivings who drag their negations after their feet all the days of their lives are not the heroic upbuilders of the human race.

(2) He was wholly consecrated to the will of God and the redeeming work of Jesus Christ. Just as his faith was not unreasoned credulity, so neither was his obedience blind

obedience. After an acquaintance of thirty-three years and having observed his actions under all sorts of circumstances I testify that I have never known any man more completely consecrated to the will and work of God.

(3) Bishop Lambuth lived in conscious fellowship with and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. He united in himself the busy practical man of affairs, both hands full, with the praying, devotional spirit of the true mystic. After emerging from the premature thinking incident to the inquiring mind of youth, he was singularly free from the one-sided, narrow-minded clashes between science and religion, between natural law and the superanatural, between reason and faith. As a man of culture, of quick observation, and as a man who was quite abreast of the theories and movements of this present age, he was at the same time a Christian with a personal heart experience and penetrating insight into the things of the Spirit. As a saved man, he had in his own personal experience resolved into rational harmony the two sides—the earthly and the heavenly, the human and the divine, the seen and the unseen.

(4) Another striking characteristic of this Christian leader was his steady optimism. He was a man of visions. He believed in the sufficiency of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus and the power of the agencies and forces of the kingdom of God on earth to save the world. Thus he had love for men and confidence in them. Somehow he could easily impart his enthusiasm to others. Wherever he went there was sunshine, hope for better things. Rarely did we ever hear him say, "It can't be done." Of course he made mistakes, as a pioneer and progressive man always does. Sometimes he had to endure sharp criticisms, not only from the conservatives but from the radicals, but he was ever obedient to the heavenly vision.

The concluding paragraph of this memorial on the Bishop's "Burning Love for Men" has already been fittingly quoted in Chapter XV.

I close this record with extracts from a paper read by the author at the Annual Meeting of the Foreign

Missions Conference of North America at Garden City, N. Y., in January, 1922. It is inserted here at the risk of repetition, but without apology, because it seems to me as fitting a summing up of the facts we have been dealing with through these pages as it would be possible for me to write now. There is another reason worthy of mention—that is, the evident heartfelt and tender approval of that body of the sentiments therein expressed give to it the character of an expression from the body itself:

Four generations of heredity did their best in making a great missionary and world citizen of Bishop Walter Russell Lambuth. The blood of Covenanter and Cavalier flowed in his veins. His great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father and mother were missionaries.

He was born in Shanghai, China, and died in Yokohama, Japan. Thus, after ceaseless wandering for sixty-seven years, he faced the eternal dawn under those eastern skies into which his infant eyes first gazed with wonder. The yellow children of China were his playmates and to the end some of his dearest friends were among her people. To the end of the journey this eager, tireless apostle of the great heart and keen vision was at home wherever men's hearts ached, wherever souls were hard-pressed, whether it were in the slums of the white man's cities, in the reeking trenches of Flanders fields, among the yellow men of the East, or the swarthy sons of the African jungle.

His official life included four years as Superintendent in Japan, sixteen as Missionary Secretary, and eleven as Bishop. Thus thirty-one years, almost half of his life, were spent in official position.

This was the most constructive, stirring, and momentous period of his denomination, and he was intimately related to the most outstanding achievements of that period.

He did things so quietly that one is filled with wonder when he begins to reckon up the enterprises and movements he pioneered and that stand as monuments to his foresight,

faith, and daring. Soochow University and Soochow Hospital, two great institutions in China; Kwansei Gakuin with 1,700 students and Hiroshima Girls' School with 609 students in Japan; Anglo-Korean School with 974 students in Korea; Granbery College in Brazil—these are a few great enterprises, each with a story of faith, perseverance, and prayer that can never be adequately told. He pioneered or assisted in opening five of the eight foreign missions of his denomination. He was one of the promoters and organizers of the Japan Methodist Church and its present bishop is one of his pupils and one of his converts.

He had a world passion. This passion lifted and ennobled him. It was that which most distinguished him above his fellows. It dominated him. His eye was ever on the far horizons. He stood always on the frontier of new adventures. This characteristic belongs to all true apostles. Like the first great apostle of the Gentiles, "the unknown in the distance, instead of dismaying, drew him on. He could not bear to build on other men's foundations, but was constantly hastening to virgin soil, leaving churches behind for others to build up. He believed that, if he lit the lamp of the gospel here and there over vast areas, the light would spread in his absence by its own virtue. He liked to count the leagues he had left behind him, but his watchword was ever forward. In his dream he saw men beckoning him to new countries; he had always a long unfulfilled program in his mind, and as death approached he was still thinking of journeys into the remotest corners of the known world."

The first impulse of his heart after his election to the episcopacy in 1910 was to plunge into the heart of Africa. The last was to set up the standard of Methodism in Siberia. "He so wanted to open the new Mission," writes his daughter as an explanation of his risking his life in this last journey. How it expresses the man! He opened the new mission. How joyfully he wrote about it from his deathbed! In that letter he gave the details of his journeyings by land and sea in China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia—twenty-four hundred miles to Siberia and return to Korea. The details include items of almost every nature from holding the Annual Meeting in Siberia to interviewing the Governor General of Korea

in the interest of a teacher in one of our women's schools, and from a conference with presiding elders to travel through the famine area in China. At a time when most men would have been thinking of themselves and the ordeal that waited the next day, he was thinking of the work and planning for the future. He says: "I have written thus that you might see that nothing has been neglected." And again: "Everything to the last detail has been provided." True to the last. Dying with his armor on. Not an hour wasted in self-pity. Going to his crowning with the grime of battle on him!

Dr. Towson, his beloved friend, who stayed by him to the end—and how beautifully he writes of the love and gentle ministry of the missionaries—found him a short time before his death repeating the one hundred and third Psalm: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Broken, racked, stricken, slowly failing, yet rejoicing in tribulation! A lifetime of prayer bursting into praise! Thus this man of gentle speech, this apostle of gracious ministry, this prophet of the far vision, comrade of all good people, companion of high and humble, fellow of aged people and of little children, Christian kinsmen of all races, faced the sunset in the land where he first strode into life's morning.

It is the mission of these pioneers to put future generations to the test. Their daring is a spur to endeavor and a rebuke to small aims. Their unfinished tasks are a challenge to our courage and a levy on our loyalty. We play the coward and deal in trivialities in the light of their lives at the cost of our self-respect.

The chief test of a generation is whether it shall follow the visions of its prophets or content itself with the small business of building their sepulchers. It was this that called forth the withering scorn of the Master on the scribes and Pharisees, repeating their meaningless mummeries while the Judean skies flamed with redeeming splendor.

This Livingstone of our day has left us a great responsibility. He has bequeathed us a heritage of beginnings. His daring and devotion call to us from afar. He beckons to us from the frontiers of the kingdom. By so much as we honor his memory, by so much as we love the cause to which he

gave his life, by so much as we are loyal to the Lord he served, we are bound to carry on till the work is completed.

"Mother earth! Are thy heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?

Gone? In a nobler form they rise.
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours
And catch the light of their glorious eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done
There are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Wherever a field for truth is won,
There are our heroes' voices heard—
For our heroes live and the skies are bright,
And the world is a braver world to-night."