

Richard H. Thomas, M.D.: life and letters / by his wife , with a preface by J. Rendel Harris.

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RICHARD H. THOMAS, M.D.

IN THE PRESS.

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FROM THE
LIFE OF CHRIST,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY DR. RICHARD H. THOMAS.

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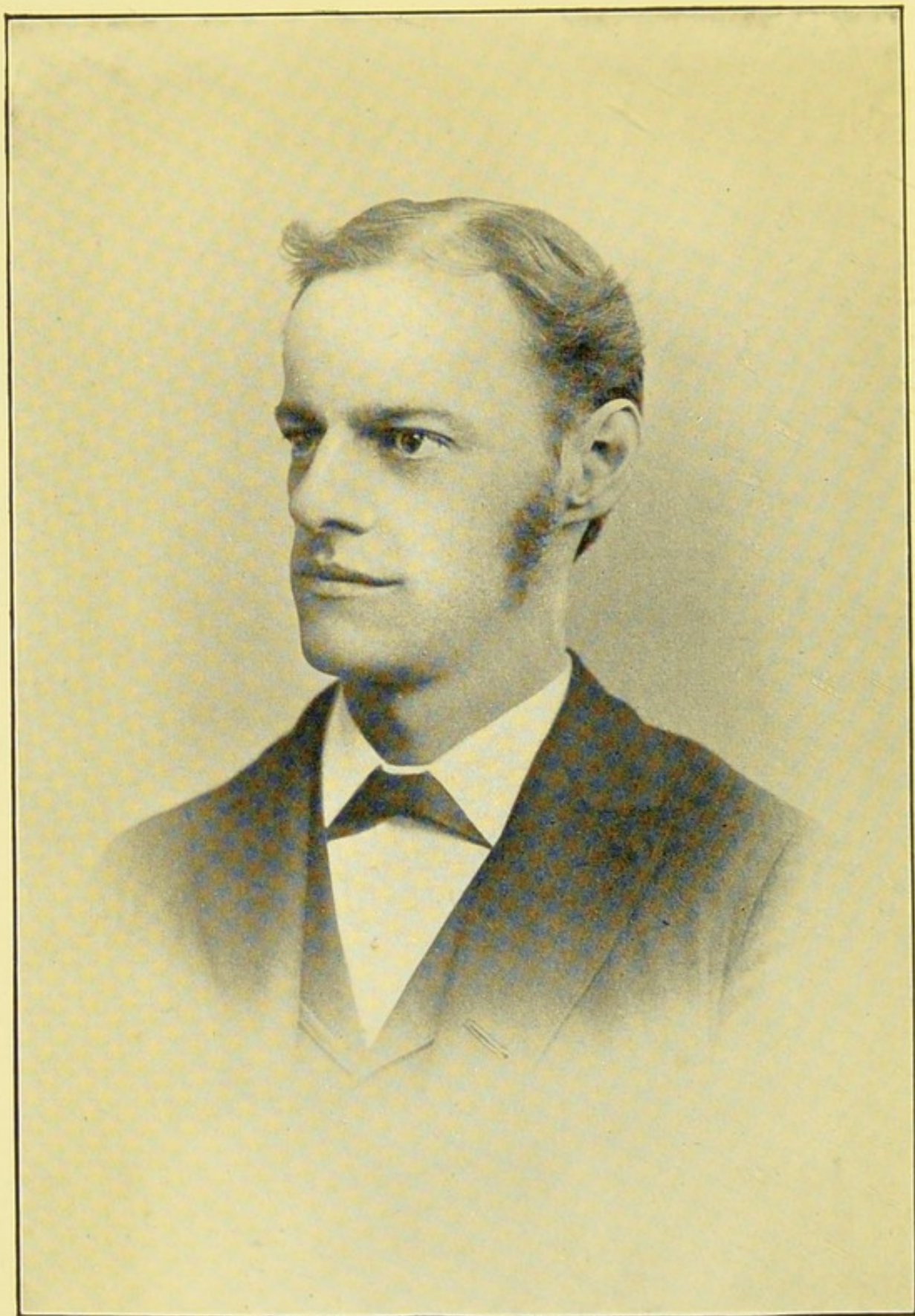
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Rich. Henry Thomas

Richard H. Thomas, M.D.

Life and Letters,

BY HIS WIFE.

WITH A PREFACE BY

J. RENDEL HARRIS, LITT.D.

"And his face will be fronting the noontide, his back to the night."

—The Prophet. R.H.T.

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PREFACE.

OUR beloved Richard H. Thomas has left a strange sweetness in the world, and a sense as if he were not wholly removed from us. The sigh for the "touch of the vanished hand" and for "the sound of the voice that is still," which usually is the portion of the one or the two, is breathed for him from a full choir of hearts that loved him. When we become susceptible enough to classify these lost touches, and to arrange into their proper musical sequence these voices that are for a while made still, we shall find that few touches had such tenderness, and not many voices such interior sweetness as his. He was always at the heart of things, and we ought, perhaps, to wonder, not that the better world and the better folk have claimed him, but that they spared him to us here so long. I am glad that it has been possible to collect some outward memories of his life, and love, and service, to be an afterglow for us of one more beloved friend who has "sunk low and mounted high," and who, after an unusual purgation of outward weakness and prolonged dissolution, has verified what we are striving towards, the "far better" of the great Apostle.

J. RENDEL HARRIS.

Chetwynd House,
Selly Oak,
5th mo. 1st, 1905.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

I FEEL that I have succeeded very imperfectly in the attempt to portray my husband's rich, many-sided character and his earnest desire to be made the means of blessing to others, but I trust that his own Reminiscences and the extracts from his Letters and Poems will make up for what is lacking, so that these Memoirs may be the means of carrying on the message-bearing that was so much upon his heart.

The task of preparing them has been made possible for me by the unusual leisure from ordinary duties which has come to me through my visit to England, and especially by the fact that I could be with my husband's sister, Mary S. Braithwaite, at Kendal, and could have the benefit of her help and advice in their preparation.

Thus it happens that, although my husband was an American and Baltimore was really his home during the whole of his life, his Memoirs are published in England, where, however, he had many friends to whom, I believe, they will be as welcome as I hope they may prove to be to our American friends and relatives.

In tracing the history of his life, I have renewedly felt that there is not one bitter memory in it for us who are left behind, but all is radiant with his love for us and his devotion to Christ.

No attempt has been made to preserve uniformity in the use of the Friendly nomenclature of months and days, but this variety seems appropriate in the present period of transition, and it would not, I think, have been displeasing to him.

ANNA BRAITHWAITE THOMAS.

312, Camden Road, N.,
5th mo. 1st, 1905.

CONTENTS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. PARENTS - - - - -	3
II. CHILDHOOD HOME - - - - -	20
III. SCHOOLDAYS - - - - -	33
IV. R. H. THOMAS'S GRANDFATHER - - - - -	43
V. R. H. THOMAS'S FATHER - - - - -	53
VI. RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS AND COLLEGE LIFE	59
VII. MEDICAL STUDIES - - - - -	74

BIOGRAPHY.

VIII. FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND AND ENGAGEMENT	81
IX. EARLY MARRIED LIFE - - - - -	103
X. ILLNESS ; FIRST POETICAL WORK ; STAY IN VIENNA - - - - -	121
XI. GROWTH IN RELIGIOUS LIFE - - - - -	138
XII. R. H. THOMAS'S POETRY - - - - -	152
XIII. BALTIMORE MEETING AND FRIENDS - - - - -	164
XIV. THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE ; VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND ; ACCIDENT OF J. B. BRAITHWAITE - - - - -	177
XV. "THE INTERCHANGE" - - - - -	187
XVI. VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1885 ; SERIOUS ILLNESS	203

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XVII. RECREATION ; THE RICHMOND CONFER- ENCE 1886-1888 - - -	213
XVIII. VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1889 - -	223
XIX. LETTERS, 1891-1892 - -	232
XX. LETTERS, 1893 - -	247
XXI. VISIT TO NORWAY, DENMARK AND GERMANY	264
XXII. ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND - -	285
XXIII. ENGLAND (continued), LETTER FROM EDWARD GRUBB - -	300
XXIV. ILLNESS ; STAY IN GERMANY AND ITALY AND RETURN TO AMERICA - -	316
XXV. LETTERS, 1898-1899 - -	337
XXVI. LETTERS, 1900 - -	356
XXVII. LETTERS, 1901 ; LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND ; LETTERS 1902 - -	365
XXVIII. LETTERS, 1903 - -	379
XXIX. LETTERS, 1903 (continued) - -	393
XXX. LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH - -	406

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> PORTRAIT OF RICHARD H. THOMAS, AET. 39 <i>Frontispiece</i> </div>	
PHEBE (CLAPP) THOMAS. "MY MOTHER'S PICTURE"	9
THE GROVE, NEAR BALTIMORE, MD., R. H. T.'s	
BOYHOOD HOME - - - -	21
RICHARD H. THOMAS, SENIOR - - -	56
"FOUNDER'S HALL," HAVERFORD COLLEGE, PENNA.	66
RICHARD H. THOMAS, AET. 20 - - -	83
R. H. THOMAS AND FAMILY IN VIENNA WITH J. B.	
BRAITHWAITE AND EDWARD MILLARD -	127
MAP OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING, 1905. -	173
EUTAW STREET MEETING-HOUSE, FRIENDS' INSTITUTE,	
AND JOHNS HOPKINS LABORATORY - -	220
SITTING ROOM AT 1718 JOHN STREET - -	334
RICHARD H. THOMAS, AET. 46 - - -	359
DR. JAMES C. THOMAS'S SUMMER HOME AT BLUE	
RIDGE SUMMIT - - - -	421

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1	THE MAP OF THE WORLD
2	THE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
3	THE MAP OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
4	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
5	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ALBANY
6	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
7	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
8	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
9	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
10	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
11	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
12	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
13	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
14	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
15	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
16	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
17	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
18	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
19	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
20	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
21	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
22	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
23	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
24	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
25	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
26	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
27	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
28	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
29	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
30	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
31	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
32	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
33	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
34	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
35	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
36	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
37	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
38	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
39	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
40	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
41	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
42	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
43	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
44	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
45	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
46	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
47	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
48	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
49	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
50	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
51	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
52	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
53	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
54	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
55	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
56	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
57	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
58	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
59	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
60	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
61	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
62	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
63	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
64	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
65	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
66	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
67	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
68	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
69	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
70	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
71	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
72	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
73	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
74	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
75	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
76	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
77	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
78	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
79	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
80	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
81	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
82	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
83	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
84	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
85	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
86	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
87	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
88	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
89	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
90	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
91	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
92	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
93	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON
94	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS
95	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF VIENNA
96	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF BERLIN
97	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG
98	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW
99	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF PETERSBURG
100	THE MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON

Reminiscences

Written by my husband while abroad in 1896, primarily for his daughter, in order that she might have records of him similar to those which he had often vainly wished that his own father had left. These cover the first twenty years of his life, 1854-74, spent at Baltimore and Haverford.

CHAPTER I.

Recollections of my Father—His wonderful escape—Aunt Henrietta—My Mother's Picture—Childish Quarrels—Deborah C. Thomas—"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand"—*To my Father.—A Quaker Preacher.*

My father, whose name I bear, died before I was six years old. My recollections of him consist of a series of not very many or very important pictures. I remember seeing him preach, but can recall nothing of his discourse ; some walks with him ; two occasions of just, and one, as I then thought, of unjust punishment ; some incidents in his long illness ; a few casual remarks, and his face after death as he lay in the cold library so white and still, and finally the last kiss at the funeral just as the coffin lid was about to be closed, and the look of pity in the faces of those about me, when, quite ignorant of the real meaning of the occasion, I complained of his face being so cold :—these include most of my distinct pictures of him, but although I did not understand the bearing of it all, I still feel the shudder that came over me as I heard the screws turned in the coffin lid, and the hollow sound of the clods falling on the boards that enclosed the coffin, as we stood watching the grave being filled up,—a most heart-rending custom.

But although my personal recollections of him are so scanty, no one to my own consciousness has exercised such

a controlling influence over me as he. I felt it the greatest privilege to have had such a father, and to live worthy of him was the height of my ambition. The very causes which have made my remembrance of him vague only served to raise my veneration, for when I was three or four years old, he visited Great Britain as a preacher of the gospel, and what I could gather about it, impressed me deeply—for he labored under the difficulty of rapidly failing health, and his self-denial and sacrifice of comfort and rest for the sake of Christ gave me a deep sense of his devotion to his Lord, while a general feeling that his efforts were attended with unusual results made me see that those sacrifices were worth while. Such visits as his were, among Friends, only paid under a sense of the personal guidance of the Lord, and therefore, whenever I asked why he had gone to England, the reply always was to the effect that he had gone because the Lord had specially sent him. While this at the time may have served to raise him in my childish mind to an undue position of importance, yet I never supposed that such guidance was only given to him, for we were constantly receiving visits from men and women in the ministry who came under the same sense of the Lord's leading. But his going on what seemed to me such a great journey impressed me more deeply than any amount of teaching could have done apart from it, with the present reality of the Lord's guidance, so that it seemed a perfectly natural thing, before I dreamed of any theory in connection with it. An incident in his voyage (in a sailing vessel) to England was quite sufficient to prove to me that he was under the special care of God—and seemed to me to put my father into the line of the most honored servants of God whom we read of in the Bible and in the stories of deliverances which I frequently heard.

This incident we give in Dr. Thomas (senior's) own words in a letter to his family.

R. H. THOMAS (SENIOR) TO HIS FAMILY;

Liverpool;

8 mo. 1st., 1856.

DEAR SISTER AND DEAR CHILDREN,

* * * * *

Nothing of note occurred after I wrote the above until the 28th. On that morning we were abreast of Tuskar lighthouse on the Irish coast, when a brisk breeze sprang up from the south-west and we had a fair prospect of reaching Liverpool that night; we were all in fine spirits; about one o'clock, though the wind continued fresh and fair, a dense fog surrounded us, so that we could not see objects distant the ship's length. At two p.m. as we were supposed to be not far from Holyhead on the Welsh coast, the Captain shortened sail, and kept a very sharp look out, appearing very anxious. I was on deck by his side, at half past three o'clock when the men at the bows called out "Breakers ahead," and at once looming up out of the mist several hundred feet high, almost perpendicularly were to be seen scarcely the ship's length from her bows and just in front of them, frightful rocks with the sea lashing furiously against them. With great calmness Captain Marshall gave his orders, and in an incredibly short time, some twenty able bodied passengers assisting the crew, who were in strict discipline, the yards were braced sharp up, the helm put hard on starboard and the good ship answering nobly, bore up into the wind and weathered the rocks—almost grazing them as she passed them. It was a time of intense interest. The danger seemed over, but hardly had we time to breathe freely before looming up out of the heavy fog, just ahead were to be seen equally formidable rocks and breakers. By great stress of sail the ship passed these also, but so near as almost to touch them. Scarce had this second danger been averted, before a still more formidable, and to all human expectations, insurmountable one presented. Stretching directly in front of us, and on both sides of the bows, frightful breakers like the rapids of Niagara were to be seen, foaming and dashing and very near. The Captain gave the order to back her head yards, and put her helm hard a starboard, with a view of checking her headway before she reached the breakers. Before it could be done the ship was among them, pitching and rolling. The force of the wind against her head sails however did arrest her progress, and blew the bows off shore. The Captain by whom I stood, said to me calmly, "We are gone," and gave the

order to clear away the life boats. Just at that moment when all had given themselves up as lost, the Captain saw that as the ship grated over the rocks her keel striking against those under her, her main and mizzen sails began to fill with the wind. At once he ordered them to be braced up. The ship slowly began to move forward and was soon away from the rocks and breakers. The pumps were sounded, and the vessel found not to leak much and we were permitted to rejoice and give thanks for perhaps one of the most signal instances of Divine interposition that ever rescued a ship's crew from what seemed inevitable destruction. The Captain said he had never seen or heard of such a miraculous deliverance. He attributed it to Divine interposition, though not himself a religious man.

As I stood on the deck fully realizing our danger, and looked out upon the perpendicular cliff and raging sea, I felt solemn but calm and quiet. For myself I felt sure of my Heavenly Father's love, and could rest there. Then I thought of my dear children, of thee and my other relations and friends, of your grief. At the same time the question seemed to be "How can this be?" after such a clear prospect of future service and almost an assurance that we should arrive safely at Liverpool. At the very last extremity, when the ship's bottom grated upon the rocks, I was still able to lift up my prayers to God that He would even yet be pleased to interfere for our deliverance. I was never entirely divested of all hope, even while I was preparing to take off my great coat, in order that I might swim the better. When our safety was ascertained how did my soul offer up thanksgiving and praise unto Him who had been graciously pleased to deliver us from so dreadful a death and to open a way for us when there seemed no way! and how did I endeavour renewedly to dedicate myself, body and spirit and all that I have and am, to His service! Oh! that we might all seek for strength to renew our covenants with Him, to love Him more and serve Him better!

* * * * *

When the ship was examined it was found that a large piece of the rock had been broken off, and remained wedged in the bottom of the vessel, which prevented her filling with water.

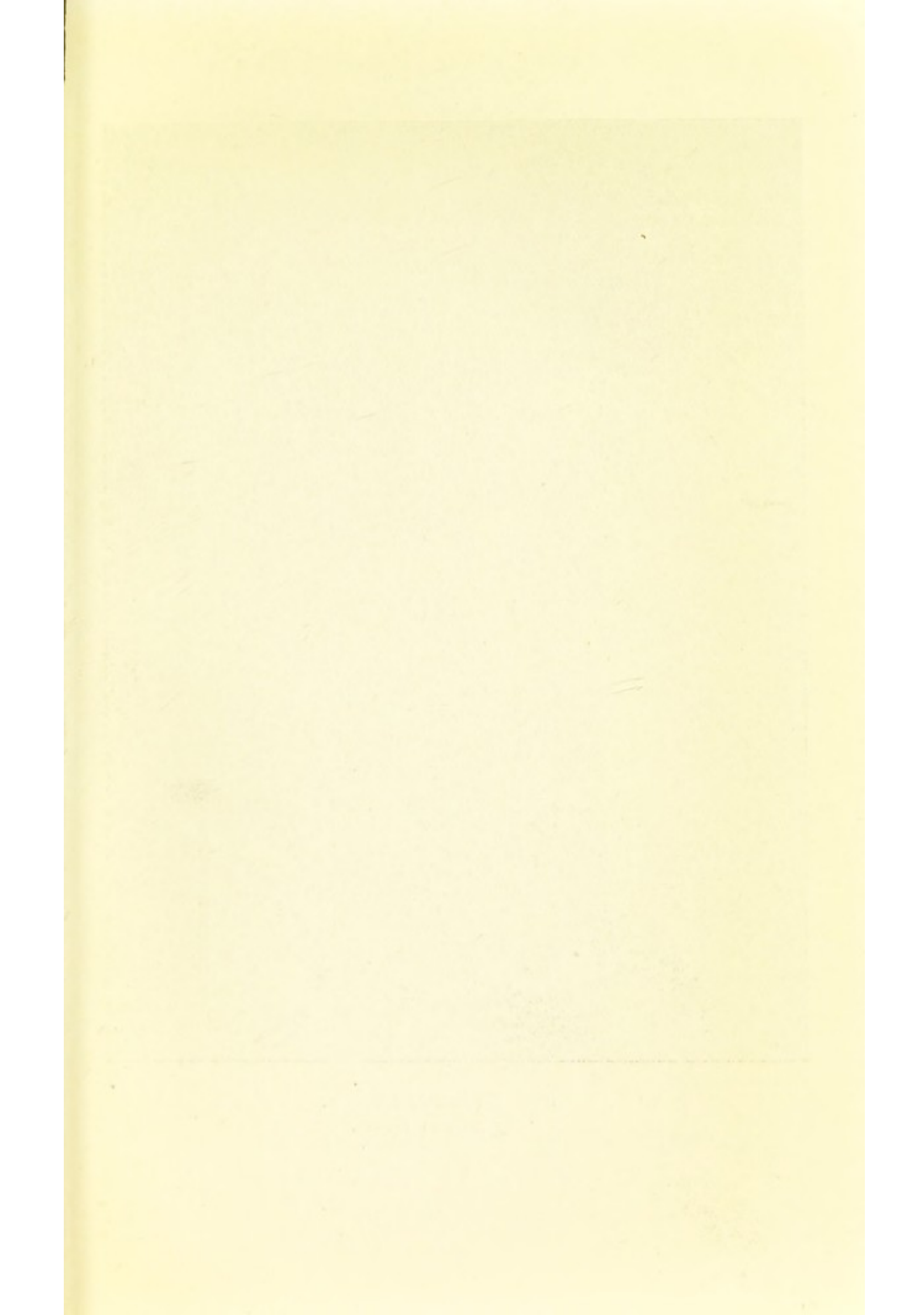
In addition to his ministry, which I have since heard was really remarkable for its clearness and power, and joyfulness, my father was a leading physician in the city of

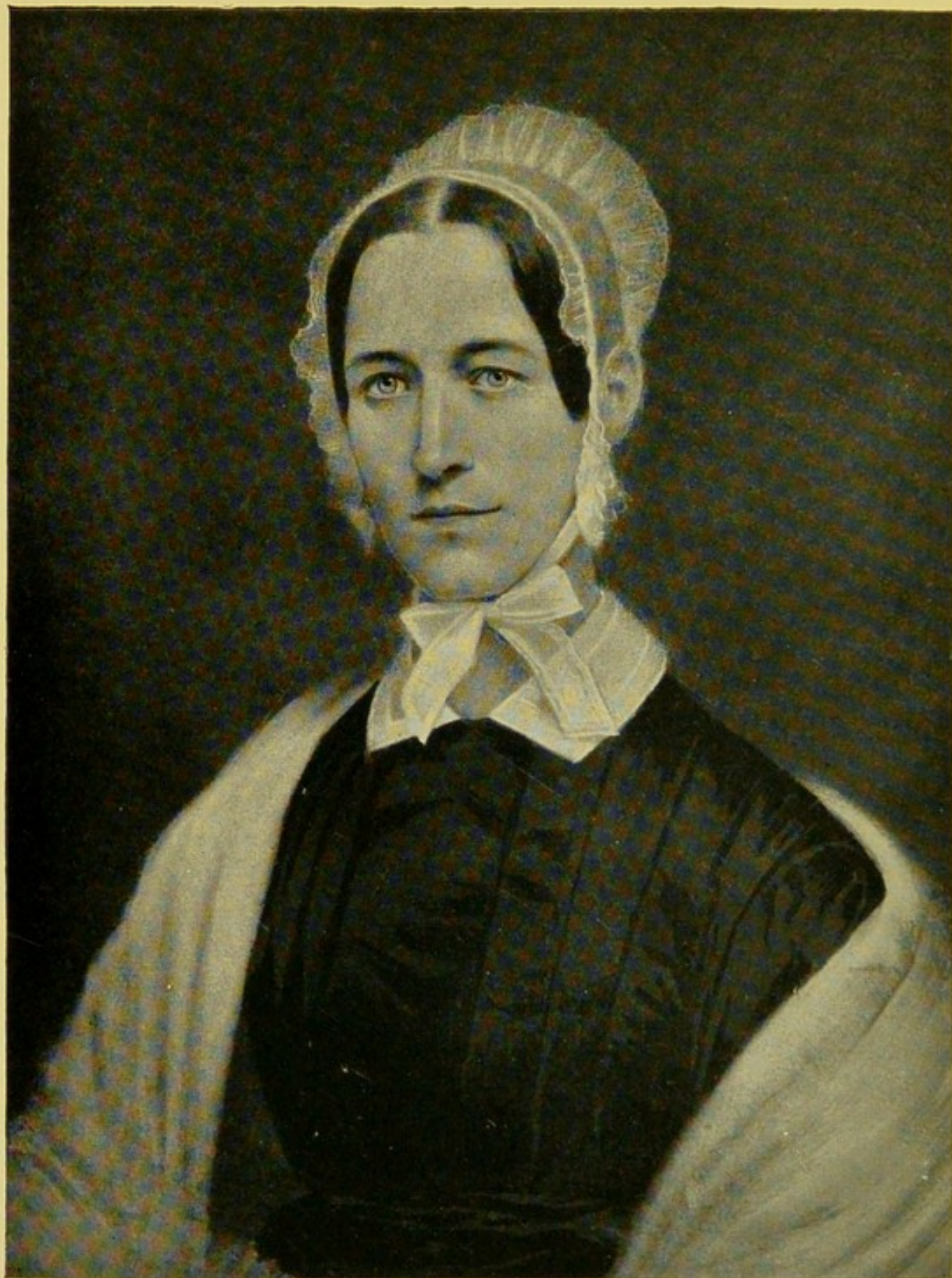
Baltimore (his home and my birth-place), where he had a large and successful practice, and was also a professor in the Medical School of the University of Maryland, a school, which although it has since been greatly improved in its equipment and courses of instruction, occupied then in the very much smaller number of schools in the country, a relatively more prominent position than it does now.

My Aunt Henrietta, who had the charge of me from my birth, for my own mother lived only for thirteen months of gradually failing strength after I was born, was utterly wrapped up in my father, and constantly gave me accounts of his boyhood and later life, repeating to me his sayings and impressing on me the importance of my not disgracing his name. She used to say that she had wept so much at his death, that she had no more tears to shed, and truly I think I never saw her weep, though often in sorrow. In her early life she had been a high spirited girl, with marvellous health and a mind cultivated, rather than soundly educated accordingly to modern standards. She used to tell us how her father would spend long winter evenings at his home on the plantation in Maryland, sitting beside a little round table with a hinged lid, at which she herself would probably be sitting as she told us, and how he would read aloud to the family group the most recent books, and how they welcomed the announcement of a new novel by "The author of *Waverley*," and waited anxiously for each succeeding number to arrive. She was a great lover of poetry, and her mind was well-stored with the poets held in greatest honour at the beginning of this century, and her conversation sparkled with apt quotations from Dryden, Pope, Cowper and Shakespeare, and not a few Latin proverbs, learned from her father. Her life had been a rather hard one. The whole of it was spent in waiting on and serving others. As one of the older daughters of

a large family, with a mother in frail health, she had the responsibility of the younger children, after which her mother's blindness and long illness taxed her and her sister Julia's strength, and then my father's marriage and the illness and death of his first wife and the loss of two of his children, and lastly the care of all his children after the death of my mother—his second wife, and indeed before her death—for she had a long decline, all this in addition to an early disappointment in love, caused her to take a rather sombre view of life. The disappointment was due to her mother's objection to the marriage of first cousins, and my aunt was far too loyal a daughter to dream of disobeying her.

Since I grew up, I have been told that she was in early years greatly feared because of her powers of sarcasm, and desire to rule. But from personal observations I should never have known it. Very seldom do I remember her losing her temper. Her heart was centred in us children, and her character as it rises before me as I write, is one of patience and humility, willing to give up her own way, willing to be left out of account so far as her own comfort was concerned, always planning for others, not infrequently suffering, but not complaining, and anxious for our welfare. She never saw that anxiety and worry of mind over us and our prospects was unnecessary. I believe she felt it a part of love to be anxious for her loved ones. But she was anxious to herself and did not keep others worrying. The ruling principles of her life were love and duty, and she did her best by example and by word to instil into our minds that the question we were to ask ourselves was not whether a line of action were pleasant or not—but what was our duty in the matter, and this motive of duty was the one she always emphasised, enforcing it in my case, as I have already said, by my father's example.





PHEBE (CLAPP) THOMAS.
"My Mother's Picture."

"Aunt," I would often ask, "does papa really see whether we are doing right?"

"I do not know," she would reply, "but as the verse says:—

'We know we cannot give them pain;
But joy perhaps we may;'

so I would go off with a strange, vague sense that if I were very good, perhaps my father would be happier for it even in Heaven.

In a prominent place in the nursery hung a small portrait within a gilt mat and frame, of the most lovely and beautiful woman who ever lived, at least so I thought as in my childish reverence I gazed up at the young, pure sweet, yet strong face of my mother. With added years and experience, this youthful verdict was slowly and reluctantly modified, and as I look at the picture now, I suppose that an indifferent observer would hardly pronounce the face beautiful. But to me the charm has not departed. It is the face that always comes to me when I think of Cowper's beautiful lines to his mother's picture, and his words seem to me far more descriptive of my mother than of the gaily-dressed delicate lady of the world, portrayed in the pictures I have seen in his poems. However, I know my judgment is prejudiced. But I am indebted to that picture for keeping my mother from being almost as a myth to my mind. More than this, the picture exercised no slight moral influence over me. It was, except some engravings of Quaker worthies, the only portrait that adorned our walls, and for a long time I supposed that no other picture possessed the power of always looking straight at one, no matter where one stood. My brother Charles and I used to try every part of the room to see if we could escape those eyes. I remember well crawling under the

bed, and waiting till I thought they would forget where I was, and then cautiously peeping out, only to find them still on me. I was both awed and pleased, for there was nothing to fear in them, and I half thought that their constant gaze upon me meant that there must be some silent understanding of all that was going on beneath them. Often our childish quarrels, which I fear were not infrequent, would be suddenly checked, and the angry word or deed stopped as it were midway, by one or the other catching a glimpse of that face and saying,—“Look, Mamma’s eyes are looking at us.”

These little tiffs were so frequent that my brother and I who slept together, used to make a point the very last thing before going to sleep, of going over the following reconciliation :

“Please excuse me for all the cross words.”

“Yes. Please excuse me.”

“Yes. Good night.”

“Good night.”

And then a kiss.

This was to make sure that all scores were settled, in case either of us might die before morning. We continued the practice till we were nearly grown, in fact as long as we slept together, and long after cross words had become exceedingly rare between us. But after the sunniest day, we neither of us felt easy to sleep without that word of peace.

As I grew older, and was able to form, by reading her letters and hearing more about her, a more accurate idea of what kind of person my mother really was, my admiration of her character increased. But only two things have come to me that she said concerning myself. The first was that she, feeling I was her latest born, wished me to be called after my father, and the second was a saying, which I

trusted in my young heart as I heard it might prove prophetic. She was nearing her end, and I was very ill, so that my life was almost despaired of. Some one said as much in her hearing. "No," she answered, "I believe he will live to grow up, and to be a great comfort to you all."

The first part of this prediction has certainly come true, for that son is now writing this in the forty-third year of his age. I trust that the second part has been to some extent fulfilled also, but in so far as it has been, her words themselves have had no little to do with it; for it always seemed to me that it would be a great slight on her memory to have her prophecy falsified.

Our own mother we always spoke of as Mamma (accent on the last syllable and second "a" pronounced long) and in speaking of her, it was generally with a low reverent voice. She was as Mrs. Browning says,

"Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken,"

and this habit left us free to speak of and address our step-mother, my father's third wife, as mother. His marriage came as a great surprise to his friends, who saw but too plainly what he could not see, that he was fast nearing the end of his days.

"Thou hast not congratulated me on my approaching marriage," he said to a relative who was devoted to him.

"Doctor," was the reply, "I thought you were preparing for your grave."

When he made his proposals to Deborah C. Hindsdale, of New York, who was also a Minister among Friends, she hesitated on account of his health, whether he was right in undertaking these new responsibilities. But he

satisfied her with his full assurance that his illness was only temporary.

"But I cannot leave my mother, who is old and feeble."

"I would not ask thee to do this," he answered, "she shall have her home with us."

And so it was settled, on the understanding, entered upon at her own suggestion, that she should have no responsibility in the training of us children, who should continue to be under the charge of our Aunt Henrietta. This understanding was dictated by no selfish motive. She came not to disarrange the household, not to assert her authority, not to claim her rights, but to love, and fill her place, and all her step-children are heartily thankful for her coming amongst us, and for the twenty-two years of unselfish love and fervent prayers for those she loved as her own.

She came to us with her mother, Mary Hindsdale, an old lady most of whose life had been spent in severe suffering, now a mere wreck in body, and much weakened in mind. I believe she enjoyed the change to the open country from the town house where she had lived in New York. An incident in Mary Hindsdale's life, when she was Mary Roscoe, has made her semi-historical. Tom Paine, ill and impoverished, came to end his days in or near Burlington, N.J. She at that time was living in the family of Stephen Grellet, and as Tom Paine's friends were not helping him, she not infrequently brought him nourishment, and sought to make him comfortable. One day, he asked her if she had read his "Age of Reason." She replied that some one had given her the book, but having read part of it, and strongly disapproving of it, she had thrown it behind the fire. He answered that he wished all others who had had it had done the same. She frequently heard him ejaculate prayers to Jesus Christ, and she believed him to be truly penitent. His unbelieving

friends visited him while she was with him, and tried to keep up his courage, that he should not change his views at the last. When they had gone, he turned to her and spoke of them as miserable comforters. He also wrote much, but as these old friends of his got possession of his papers and suppressed them, it was never known what was written. She believed they were to express his dying faith in Jesus Christ.

A full account of this is, I remember, in the life of Stephen Grellet, by Benjamin Seebohm. But this story was impressed on my mind in another way. About a dozen years after her death, a newspaper controversy arose in regard to Tom Paine's attitude towards Christianity at his death. A free-thinking organ had denied the account as given in a Christian periodical on the authority of Grellet. Its editor discovering in some way mother's relationship to Mary Roscoe, appealed to her, and she fully corroborated the account, saying she had frequently heard her mother relate the incident.

"Grandmother," as we called her, became a most interesting person to us. We saw very little of her, but were allowed as a treat to pay occasional visits to her room, the windows of which were always full of beautiful flowering plants. Her wandering fancies had all the charm of a present fairy tale to us, and we never tired of listening to her, or of recalling her stories to each other afterwards, and we truly missed her when she died in 1863.

Mother kept faithfully to her proposal in regard to the children, and never in any way attempted to disturb the arrangement by which Aunt Henrietta had charge of our education. I do not think she ever proffered her advice in regard to us unasked. Yet she was always kind, and there was never any evidence of her feeling left out. In fact she was not. She was simple and loving, not literary,

her reading being chiefly the Bible, "The Friends' Review," lives of Quaker worthies and devotional poetry; neither was she one of those intensely practical persons, who, with a genius for external order, disorder everyone's feelings around them for the sake of mechanical regularity. She never gossipped in the unpleasant sense of the word, though always more fond of talking about people than anything else. All evil speaking about them dropped when she was about. Tale bearers found she was not interested, or would not understand.

We were a highly strung family, nervous and excitable. She was quiet, careful of speech, never provoked.

When she married my father, she implicitly accepted his view of his health. But even on their wedding journey, it broke down, and my oldest brother had to go to St. John's, New Brunswick, to help them home. Still she expected him to recover, while she mourned over and marvelled at his pain and his patience.

"Wait till I am well, and I will show thee how I love thee," he said to her, while she, not feeling any lack in him, was longing for the promised revival of strength.

This persistent ignoring of the facts of the case on her part was very painful to the rest of the family. At last my brother James's wife undertook the task of telling her the truth. Mother has frequently told me what a shock it was to her. She had never imagined, and could hardly believe it, and added to the sorrow of the prospect of the loss, was the, to her, almost terrible necessity of feeling that he could be mistaken in anything. I think this last was almost as great a trial as the first.

The autumn came on. At Yearly Meeting he could not act as clerk, but was able, though lying down, to attend some of the business sessions, and to write the draft of the Epistle to London Yearly Meeting.

As the year closed he was much weaker. One morning I was called into the room to repeat a new hymn I had learned, but something, I know not what, prevented me, and they could not persuade me, but to their surprise I began and repeated the hymn beginning

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,”

and all present were hushed under a sense of its unexpected appropriateness. The end came on the 15th of January, 1860, a cold Sunday morning. My brother Charles and I, conscious that something serious was happening, sat in hushed awe on the staircase, asking each one who came out of the room how father was. Then the family gathered in one of the rooms upstairs in solemn silence. Father was lying dead in the library, the door shut, and he left alone, according to his repeated request, for an hour. The evening before he had said, “I believe I shall live to preach the gospel in California yet.”

He died as I think he wished. He had little care for dying expressions, adopting the remark, “If you tell me how a man has lived, I care not to hear how he died.”

His life was a life of doing good. He made it a point never to refuse a patient who called on him, but would go as readily to a pauper as to a wealthy patient. He preached more clearly than most Friends in his day, the doctrine of our privilege of knowing our sins to be forgiven through Jesus Christ, and also that Christ is able to save his people *from* their sins. His Christian life was a strong and joyful one. With his large practice and professional duties, he was nevertheless among the most punctual in his attendance at meetings for worship, thus proving that a busy physician can, if he will, be regular in these matters. He gave away largely of his income, and fearing

to grow self-righteous in his giving ceased to keep an account of the gifts. He would not lay by money—at least to any extent, as he believed his children would have sufficient by other inheritance to start life with, and he did not wish them to be rich. Almost his only faults seem to have been an occasional quickness of speech, and too great a determination to have his own way. Of his preaching I may have more to say later.

The silent gathering in that upper room remains indelibly impressed on my memory. Only one voice was raised—the young wife, left a widow before the first year of marriage had passed, was the one whose voice was lifted for us and herself in words of trust and faith.

I have already spoken of his funeral, and the days preceding it. Years after I wrote the following lines, which correctly express my impressions:

TO MY FATHER.

Upon my earliest youth a funeral pall
Darkling and woeful fell.
Almost as soon as I had learned to call
His name, I bade farewell.

To him who was my father, whose dear face
Still haunts me lying there
Upon the bed, so cold in death's embrace,
Cold, but surpassing fair.

Still haunts me, but to bless me night and day,
And still an influence gives.
To follow him along that blessed way
That leads to where he lives.

Or, if remembrance of thee for so long,
With undiminished might,
Can still exert an influence so strong
To keep me in the right;

What, father, have I lost in losing thee,
Thy sympathy and love ?
What earthly friend can fill the void to me
Who such a father prove ?

As all mother's former friends and home ties were in New York, and she was very much valued there, they urged her greatly to return to her old home and old life as before. But after careful consideration, she decided that her husband's family was her own, and to the satisfaction of his friends in Baltimore and to our blessing, remained with us, and every year rendered our ties closer.

As I have said, she was a minister, but of a type utterly different from my father. He was one who would handle a subject so impressively that nearly forty years after those who heard him have told me his subject. She belonged to the class now rapidly dying out, of ministers who spoke simply according to the impression of the moment. The subject matter of such has no logical sequence, and there is a great deal of exhortation and imagery drawn largely from the Hebrew prophets, delivered with much unction, and almost in a chant. I have known mother speak metrically, as in the following case, when the introduction of the word "still" made a hexameter line of the well-known passage,

"Glorious in holiness; fearful in praises; still doing wonders,"

and this was no isolated case.

There is great danger in this style, and in many hands it has become a great burden, and brought the doctrine of preaching under immediate inspiration into disrespect. But mother, while she was not always free from some of the faults of this school of preachers, was a remarkable specimen of her class, and the effect was exceedingly impressive, as she would rise in meeting, every thought

banished from her mind, except the one that she was anointed of the Lord to bear a special message from Him to some present, and that her place was simply to speak as the Spirit gave utterance ; the tears often streaming down her face, as she poured forth in strong, modulated tones the words she felt given her to deliver. Humble as she was, she had no doubt as to the inspiration of her message, in fact, she would have felt it an act of irreverence to doubt it. But she believed the same of other ministers who gave proof of this ministry, and never thought for a moment so far as we could discover, that she was specially favoured over others. She was simply the handmaid of the Lord. Her prayers were wonderful.

After the death of her mother had ended her years of faithful care, she was free to travel as a minister, and for nearly twenty years she was most faithful in this work—crossing the Atlantic twice, and visiting most sections in America, where there were any considerable numbers of Friends. Her manner of work, and rapid passing from place to place, for which her style of preaching was peculiarly suited, precluded the possibility of her being able to count up results. But her labors were blessed, as I have had reason to discover from the testimony of those who have been reached through her words. After her death, I wrote of her :

DEBORAH.

THE QUAKER PREACHER.

A childlike heart, a simple faith;
Quick, not to question, but receive.
She spurned all doubt as poisoned breath ;
To her to live was to believe.
Not hers the cold logician's arts,
Her sermons were impassioned strains,—
A heart outreaching unto hearts,
And sorrowing over souls in chains.

She spoke, but not at men's command ;
Humbly she waited on the Lord,
Silent, till she should understand;
That He through her would send His Word.

Her prayers :---Who'er has heard her pray,
Has known that one, at least, saw clear
Beyond the dimness of our day,
The limits of the Now and Here;

And pierced the veil, and won the throne,
Where with strong wrestlings and with tears,
She, making others' needs her own,
And trembling with their sins and fears,

Sought for herself and them the grace
That answered to their utmost need ;
Till those who heard her felt the place
To be the gate of heaven indeed.

No stones memorial have been set
To show where Heaven was open thrown ;
But souls who felt do not forget
The vision of the Cross and Throne.

She bore her message far and wide.
Beside all waters sowed her seed ;
Nor ever loitered to decide
Which handful should the best succeed.

Not hers to reap, but hers to sow;
To comfort mourners as she went ;
The far results she could not know
The Master smiled, she was content.

CHAPTER II.

The Grove—Playing at Meeting—Lucy Bray—Toy soldiers—*Childhood*—Early love of England—War Time experiences—Assassination of President Lincoln.

THE house where I was born (January 26th, 1854)—in fact where all my father's children were born, was pulled down nearly thirty years ago to make room for warehouses. It stood on the south-east corner of Sharpe and Lombard Street, and behind it was an old fashioned garden, in which stood a smoke house, from the days when thrifty housekeepers used to cure their own meat. My recollections of this house, which are very vivid, are not however, as the house where we lived, but where we used to go to play with brother James's children. The carriage came daily to this house from our place, as there was no delivery in the country, and all our letters were directed either to Sharpe Street, or to our Aunt Jane Thomas's on McCulloh Street.

The home of my first recollection (we moved there when I was less than a year old), is "The Grove," a country villa with about eighteen acres attached, on the old Liberty or Windsor Mill Road, about a mile to the north-west of the then built up portion of Baltimore, and less than half a mile from its corporate limits. As I write, in 1896, the growth of the city has swallowed it up. The city limits are about a mile beyond it, and last year we sold it, and it





THE GROVE, NR. BALTIMORE, MD.
R.H.T.'S Boyhood Home.

is now, I understand, divided into streets and building lots. I supposed I had little of that power of local attachment, so strong in many, and always said that I cared for people more than for places, but the pang that this change has given me, has shown me that I have had at least one strong local attachment.

The house stood on gently rising ground, about one hundred yards back from the road. My father had at first built a small one, and in a few years had added to it in front. The addition was frame, weather boarded, the old house was also frame, but covered with heavy plaster, colored. In storms we would sometimes hear a loud crash, and discover the next morning that several yards of plaster had fallen. The contrast between the old house and the new was not seen from the road, for the new hid it, and the effect on driving up, though unusual, was not unpleasing, and the weather was considerate enough to confine its havoc with the plaster to the back of the house, so that the somewhat spotted effect from frequent mendings was not observed by the casual visitor.

The old house was the children's house. Here we had free liberty. The new house was much grander, with high ceilings and white polished walls. Mother and "Grandmother" slept in the front. We were allowed only occasionally in the front parlour, but were allowed to play battle-dore and shuttlecock in the hall, and one winter, when all of us three younger ones—Mary, Charles and myself—had been for weeks cooped up with colds, the sunny library, which since father's death had been hardly used at all, was, although in the front building, thrown open to us, and ever after became our chief room for play and so forth.

The chief feature of "The Grove," from which it derived its name, lay in the fine oak trees that grew in the front part of the grounds. One of them that stood about mid-

way between the house and the gate was without exception, in its combination of size, symmetry and luxuriance, the finest oak I have ever seen. I have known gentlemen driving by, rein up their horses, and stop to admire it.

Behind the house the ground sloped rapidly to a little stream at the foot, which was soon met by another. This one ran between two little hills, and gave a very pleasant undulating effect to the grounds, which reached their highest point at the north boundary of the little estate back of the house. In addition to the native trees, my father planted a number of ornamental ones, and also fruit trees and a pear orchard.

Our play ground was in front of the first stream which divided the grounds into two unequal halves, the smaller being in front. As we grew older, we had the run of the entire place.

Without much regard for relative size or position, we filled the place with fancied cities. The great oak was Baltimore, while a small maple growing in a little island of green where the drive from the gate turned into the "circle" that led to the house, and to the drive to the stable, was New York. The twin oaks with a bench fixed between them were Harrisburg, and a cedar in the corner of the grounds was Washington. Between these we ran what we called express trains, and they added greatly to our youthful pleasures.

On pleasant First-day afternoons, we used to play at "Meeting." Our usual plan was to start in various directions so as to meet one another. "Is thee going to Meeting this afternoon?" one would ask. "Yes, is thee?" Then taking a flat stone from his pocket, the first would look at it carefully, and say gravely, "I think it is nearly time." So they would gather, sometimes on the bench at "Harrisburg," or on the piazza. Mary alone as representing the

women's side, and Charles and I, he "at the head" as the elder, together on the men's side. First a time of silence, then one or other of us would arise and speak. At first we would say over words of our own in a sing-song voice, but we afterwards agreed to confine ourselves to Bible texts or words of hymns. We had no idea of a "one man ministry," and not infrequently, one would interrupt, saying, "Thee's spoken long enough. It's my turn now," or "Don't repeat that, that's my text." The meeting generally did not conclude till all had spoken. But except on one occasion, we never prayed. That was the first time I remember playing at meeting. Father was near and watched us. When we had ended, he said,— "You may play at meeting, but you must promise me not to play at prayer." We never forgot, and never disobeyed.

One of the delights of our childhood was Lucy Bray, the donkey. At the time of her arrival (for father, pleased with the donkeys he saw in England, had imported her), she was, we believed, the first donkey that had ever been seen in those parts. So speculation was rife in regard to her, and as the day approached for her to come, the excitement in our minds rose. We heard the story of her voyage, how she had been a favorite of the sailors, who had taught her to drink coffee and chew tobacco. This seemed to clothe her with almost human qualities, and raised her to a higher level in our eyes than ordinary four-footed beasts. The day came. Fearful of the reception she might receive from the street boys, when so unwonted a sight should meet their eyes, she was brought in a white covered wagon, which drove up and stopped in front of the side piazza. As soon as she was free, she jumped gaily out of the wagon, and eluding the grasp of the men, she ran, rejoicing I suppose in the green grass, around to the back of the house,

where a cow was grazing. The cow saw the strange creature approaching with more surprise and less approval than we, and ran away, breaking her tether in her alarm. The next thing we saw was the donkey careering down the hill, with the cow chasing her with lowered head. Suddenly Lucy Bray stopped and lifting her heels, gave the cow a resounding kick on the forehead. This proved entirely satisfactory to the cow, and the two immediately and ever after were fast friends.

So long as father was able to ride, Mary often rode out with him on the donkey, but after he became too feeble for this, Lucy Bray's activities were largely confined to our grounds, as on the road she attracted too much attention. It was our great delight to show her off, and the opportunity was generally made for us by her bray. Often when visitors were calling, and we would be sitting by in prim company manners, a loud, prolonged and repeated hee haw would sonorously break in on the, to us, uninteresting conversation. The visitor would pause in wonder, sometimes in alarm.

"What can that peculiar sound be?"

"It's Lucy Bray, the donkey," we would answer in joyful expectation of a treat. "A donkey! Have you a donkey? Why, I never saw one." In a few moments more we would be leading the visitor in triumph to see our pet, and we were seldom disappointed in the effect produced.

She was very good and gentle to us children, and never hurt anyone, but when a man got on her back, she had a playful habit of suddenly stopping and lowering her head, so that he would gently slip over it to the ground. She would then stand still, and look at him with ears put forward in well-feigned astonishment. Once I fell off while she was trotting, and my feet catching in the stirrup, I was dragged, and when helped up had several flesh wounds

about my head. I was not really hurt badly, and after being properly plastered and bandaged, wished to mount again. This was naturally, but unwisely refused, and the next day I had become timid, and it was long before I was willing to ride her again.

We used to regard her with a curious awe, as we were told that no one had ever seen a dead donkey. The cross on her shoulders was also a cause of great interest. She fell into kind hands, and among many children after we were done with her. To the last she was a source of great amusement to them, and they, I suspect, to her, for when an unusually large number would climb on her back, she would quietly walk under a low branch of some large tree, and sweep all of the laughing and shouting load off on to the grass behind. She died in the prime of her useful life, of the epizootic epidemic which attacked nearly all horses in the Eastern States in 1872-73, and did not spare a poor donkey.

The outbreak and continuance of the civil war had a great effect on our games, and playing at soldiers in some form was a constant amusement. There was an empty house on the premises, and in this we were sometimes allowed to play, when our brothers John or Allen were with us and our cousins. We would have great times playing at besieging and being besieged. It was always carried on in a thoroughly good spirit, and if the siege lasted long the besiegers under a flag of truce, would propose to let certain windows be left open unguarded, so as to allow those within, of whom I was always one, to get fresh air ; or they would invite us out for a walk, in which case all the advantage that had been gained by the besiegers was returned. This game was rare, as it was only allowed when one of our older brothers was with us.

At other times our playing soldiers was chiefly marching

with drum or horn, making all the noise we could, and singing patriotic songs. The "actual fighting" that was done was confined to tin soldiers and blocks, or if in the open air (where we would cast up miniature earthworks, according to our original pattern), forked twigs acted for officers, and straight ones for privates.

CHILDHOOD.

What stalwart ships we built of tiny blocks !
Of seas we knew no more;
Than that the bed-posts and the chairs were rocks,
The sea,—the nursery floor.

The forts, the towers that we builded were,
To our imaginings,
Not simply piles, but all alive, astir,
With noble knights and kings.

We little knew of lost hopes unfulfilled ;
Our tin and wooden men,
Though in the battle's hottest conflict killed,
Still lived to fight again.

Upon each battle's doubtful issue, fears
And fates of empires hung,
Were not our chosen cherished heroes peers
Of all whom bards have sung.

It was not in the simple toys we had
To make our spirits bright,
Our quick poetic fancies made us glad,
And clothed all things with light.

In looking back, this seems a very unquakerly method of play. I suppose our elders felt it was inevitable, and thought that it was a harmless method of blowing off superfluous steam. At any rate, they freely supplied us with the munitions of war, in the shape of tin soldiers, toy cannon, flags, etc., and theoretically I suppose we should

have grown up to believe in war, but as a matter of fact these games were felt to be play, and I never recollect that they in the smallest degree made us feel that war was right, or that under any circumstances we could become soldiers. Perhaps it was because the war was actually going on, but the contrast between our games and real war was more impressed on us than the similarity. At the same time, I do feel that the objection expressed by many peace advocates against children playing such games, has pretty sound arguments to defend it.

We often played we were different countries. The others chose one country or another as it pleased them. I always chose England, a country of which my Aunt was very fond, though she had never visited it. Nothing would ever persuade me to choose any other country, and never would I allow any word to be said in the family against England without protest. I shall never forget my feelings when, one of my brothers told me that England was declaring for the Southern Confederacy, and was about to make war on the Union. The papers were full of it. I felt as if my main stay was gone, and that the object of my affections was being proved a fraud. But I would not give up, and boldly maintained in spite of all the newspapers, that it was not true and could not be true, and was greatly delighted to find later on that I was correct. In view of my close connection in later years with England, I have always remembered my early love for her with satisfaction.

Of the war itself we saw little. The first political event that impressed itself upon me was John Brown's raid in Virginia. I felt great sympathy with his fate, but, reflecting the feelings of Aunt Henrietta, I felt that he had done something very wrong. A few years later, when visiting my maternal aunt in Peekskill, on the Hudson, I was

surprised to see a picture of him on her walls, and to learn that in the north he was held as a martyr, and so half feeling this must be the true view, he was raised in my estimation, but subsequent reading has convinced me that the first impression was correct. He had a noble purpose, but only a disordered mind could, it seems to me, have made a Christian man, as I believe he was, feel that even emancipation could justify an act, which if successful, would have led to the horrors of a civil war. I find it harder to explain the action of those cultivated and influential gentlemen in Massachusetts, who knowing from history what such wars meant, dared to encourage and aid him.

On Friday, April 19th, 1861, we were greatly startled by the news Allen brought out from town as he came from school, that Northern troops, marching through the city along Pratt Street, from one station to the other had been attacked by the mob, and had fired upon them, killing several. This was the first blood shed in that terrible war. The excitement was tremendous. The following Sunday I believe no place of worship was open in the city, but the Friends' Meeting. The population was in a ferment. Almost as soon as we were in the Meeting our carriage was seized by soldiers (?) so-called, who forced its driver to go off with them. During the Meeting, messengers came repeatedly to tell one or another that their horse and carriage, left tied to a tree, was being taken away. Most of those who were so warned, left the meeting, but not all. James Carey, our cousin, I remember still how he looked, sat without moving a muscle, though three times someone came to tell him that his carriage was being taken. He had come to that meeting to worship, and whatever befell his carriage, he was going to attend to his higher duties. It was a trying time for him, but to my

youthful mind, it seemed to me that he was of the stock of martyrs, and as one of the early Friends. The meeting which was largely in silence, was I have since heard, a very solemn one, notwithstanding these disturbances. James Carey in his silent faithfulness, must I think have done much to settle it, and it is this that has remained in my mind.

When we were come out of meeting, there was no carriage for us, so we decided to walk to our aunt Jane's on McCulloh Street. On the way, we met every few yards small bodies of citizens who had been hastily armed, and were patrolling the streets. Leading one of them was a near relative, not a Friend, with a pistol in hand. He stopped, and told our aunt that she and we had no right to be abroad in the streets at such a time, and uttered dismal prophecies as to the near future, and then, with a word of command, marched his men forward. However, my aunt was not given to fear, and being where we were, there was obviously nothing to do but to go on, which we did. But before we reached our aunt's, the carriage overtook us, the driver having escaped from his captors. I believe no one really lost either carriage or horse, or suffered anything but some inconvenience.

Soon after this, John Hodgkin, an eminent minister among Friends from England, visited Baltimore. On a second visit, while preaching, he felt led to encourage Friends to faithfulness in their testimony to peace, and further said that the war would come almost to the city, but would not come into it. Late in the war, this word was literally fulfilled, and well do I remember the excitement. Baltimore, not expecting an attack, was almost undefended. Earthworks were hastily thrown up between our house and the town and the streets barricaded with piles of stones and other things that could hastily

be brought together. These preparations were exceedingly inadequate, and excited the lively scorn of the aristocratic southern sympathizers in the city. One of these, a haughty southern lady, noticing the preparations in the street, came out of her house with a large paste-board bandbox, and going to the officer in charge, with mock gravity, offered it to him as her contribution to the defences.

North-east of the city, the Confederates under Harry Gilmor tore up the tracks of the P.W. and B.R.R. at Magnolia, about sixteen miles from Baltimore. There was no reason why the Confederates should not enter the city, and they were so confidently expected, that their friends had ordered great suppers in honor of the officers on their arrival, and I believe, they were actually being prepared. No one supposed that they could retain possession of the place, but this only made matters worse for the poor inhabitants, as it seemed to ensure a double amount of fighting.

At this time there was an unusual number of people at "The Grove," for the empty frame house where we used to play had been moved to the front of the place and enlarged, and it was full, as well as our own house, with relations. Most anxious conferences were held, as to the best course to pursue. All the visitors urged our taking refuge in the city. There seemed to be danger in either course. An alternative offered, to go to Bellefonte in the centre of Pennsylvania, the former home of our aunt Julia Valentine, who was living with us, and whose stepson kindly urged her and us to come. The final conclusion was for all the relatives to leave "The Grove," and all the family to stay. I am not certain as to the grounds of this conclusion. I think they felt that it would be more likely that the house would be burnt if no one were living in it. Bellefonte was a long way off to move a whole

family to, and I think there was a feeling that to move into the city might under the immediate circumstances be something like going into a fort for protection, a step always felt by consistent Friends to be out of harmony with their testimony against war. So we remained, and I think our position was the more precarious as we were among the few families in the neighborhood, who were known as Northern sympathisers. No change was made in the family arrangements, and so far as I remember, nothing of value was hidden, or any measures for defence or escape taken. Charles and I were greatly excited. We took our stand on a point of vantage near the gate, on the look-out for the first approach of what we then called the rebel army, while we indulged in many plans as to what we and others should do, in case it came. Many of these were probably quite preposterous, but in recalling them, two things impress themselves as remarkable for their absence. It never occurred to us that we should run away from the place, or that we or any of the family should try to fight to defend anything. In fact, we imagined conversations, in which we should carefully explain to any who might be so misguided as to come and defend us by fighting, that we were Quakers, and therefore, could not allow any such proceeding on our account. The only methods we felt open to us, were confined to hiding and moral suasion.

Although we dreaded their coming, we were more than half disappointed at their not doing so, and to miss the excitement.

The Confederates did not enter the city, because they did not believe it could be so unguarded as it appeared to be, and they feared a trap.

The battle of Gettysburg, eighty miles north of us, the recapture of Fort Sumpter, the fall of Richmond are

very prominent in my memory, but nothing connected with the struggle is so stamped on it as the assassination of President Lincoln, and the terrible effect of the news : how John read to the assembled family that evening every word that the afternoon special editions of the paper had to say, and then how he read of the assassination of the Prince of Orange, as a somewhat parallel case, how a gloom of sorrow hung over us, and how we read the messages of sympathy from various Courts of Europe ; how the streets of the city were literally draped, many of them, from end to end with black festoons from every house, and how flags bordered with black hung over the streets. We did not see the procession that accompanied his body through the city on its way to Springfield, Ill. It passed amid crowds of men with uncovered heads, and sorrowful women. Through that very city, a little over four years before, he had had to go in a special train arranged hurriedly and in secret, lest he should be assassinated on his way, to his inauguration as President.

CHAPTER III.

Schooldays—Coming of Aunt Julia—Her character and ministry.

“The happiest days are the days of youth,
An old man said, and he said the truth.”

ONE day as I was writing these lines from my “reader,” one of my brothers looking over my shoulder saw them, and said, “Those lines are perfectly true. Remember thee will never be happier than thee is now, so make the most of thy time while thee is young.”

I listened in silence, half in doubt, and in so far as I believed, in dread, for I felt life could hardly be very happy if I was now at the zenith of my pleasures. The sentiment may be correct in the main, but it was not correct in my case, for I have been far happier since I have grown up than I ever was for any length of time as a child. I say this not ungratefully, for I had far more to be grateful for than I then realised, and the love and care and thoughtfulness bestowed upon me, I can never over-estimate. But my childhood and boyhood always present themselves to me in half lights and subdued tones. I was constantly oppressed by a sense of my backwardness and stupidity, always taking the criticisms passed on me much more literally than I now see they were intended, and always nervously afraid of being found fault with, except by my aunt.

My older brothers and my sister had been very quick at their studies, and there was a feeling that we younger ones should be so also, and so keep up the tradition. My sober judgment in regard to my schooling is that I was systematically over-worked. Goethe in "Aus meinem Leben" says that it makes a very great difference to a man in which decade of a century he is born. I was born at a date which took me to school at a period of transition. New studies were being introduced. The old system of routine and learning by rote was dying out, but the newer system had not yet come in. The result was a lamentable want of thoroughness, while a smattering of many subjects was given. That this was necessarily fatal to good study I do not claim, for there were good students at the schools; but it was certainly a great drawback to a sickly boy like myself.

I have pleasant recollections of the first schools I attended, taught by ladies, but my first boys' school was the worst possible school for one of my character. It was, as the others were, a day school, and I remained at it for three years. It was taught by an ordained clergyman, who, I believe, preached on Sundays at a small church, but had no regular charge. How he managed to make his school the best thought of in the city for three years, I do not know. His success was great, but very short, and he ended in disgrace, partly from his school, but chiefly from scandalous conduct outside of it. He was a tall man, and an attractive, witty conversationalist, a brilliant Latin scholar, and, I believe, a good mathematician, but a wretched teacher. Irregularity was the order of the school. Nothing could be depended upon.

But it was at this school that I gained my only prize (jointly with my brother). I think it was well deserved—for being first in a *viva voce* examination in Latin in a large

class of boys. The prize was a great delight to us in itself—being Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*. Its stories of Grecian and Roman mythology especially were a never failing delight. When my brother left home to be married, he kindly relinquished his share in it to me.

After leaving him we attended a school kept by a connection of the family. He was in every respect, an absolute contrast to our former master—not brilliant perhaps, but thorough, regular and systematic. The lectures he used to give us on Roman History were models of what such lectures to boys should be for the mere teaching of history in an interesting way. The methods were rather routine, but I ought to have learned more than I did. I still had a sense of failure, and a want of clear appreciation of my studies. It seems to me now that what I needed was to be put in a lower grade, for I was among the younger boys in my class as a rule—and never among the older. (There were no distinct grades,—one might be in the first class in Greek and fourth class in Latin, etc.) If I had not been carried on so quickly, I should have had time to catch up. I do not think my backwardness was owing to anything so much as poor health, though discouragement and failure brought a tendency to hopelessness and laziness. However, I never, so far as I remember, failed in the school examinations.

We made few school friends, for we lived till I was nearly thirteen (with the exception of six months in the previous year) at "The Grove," and left school when it was over at once for home. But if I made few friends, I was in general on very good terms with all, and was always treated kindly so far as I now remember, and not teased, as with a weakly, solemn boy as I was, was to be expected.

Charles and I never went to a day school taught by Friends. In fact, there was no such school at that time in Baltimore. But for a long time, we were excused from school every Fifth day in order to attend meeting at eleven o'clock. It seriously interfered with our school duties, and was finally given up. In 1865-66, we spent the winter in the city, and that year we were allowed to attend a large part of the Yearly Meeting. We were much interested, and were especially impressed by the presence of Joseph Bevan Braithwaite; not that we were able to understand much of his ministry, which was directed to more mature minds than ours, but by his reputation, and the high esteem in which he was held, and his very impressive manner and peculiar impediment in his speech, which seemed to us to give increased weight to his utterance. I little thought then what a controlling influence he would have upon my future, or how dear he and his would become to me in after life.

In the meantime, from my father's death to the close of the war, death and change had been busy among us as a family. I have spoken of "grandmother's" death. My father's only surviving brother, John, finding his health failing, removed from a small villa near us, into his town house in McCulloh Street. This move we greatly regretted, as it took his three children away, and the two youngest, being about our age, were very favorite play-fellows, and not being Friends, gave a little of what seemed to us a worldly flavor to our pastimes, though in reality, they were as carefully brought up as ourselves.

They still often came to see us, and their town house became a favorite place for us to go to, as their mother was most kind. My uncle had a long and painful illness, his mind on all points except one, failing. That point was his trust in the Lord Jesus. This was always clear

to him, and here he was himself. He had a great talent for handiwork, and though an elderly man, he taught himself, with his wife's aid, to paint in oils, during his period of declining health, and made some really excellent copies of paintings. He also, during his illness, learned the art of making shoes, and turned out some very good ones. He was a physician like my father, and was greatly beloved by his patients.

At the outbreak of the war, our Aunt Julia Valentine, my father's younger sister, lived at Bellefonte, Pa. She was, and had been for many years, clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Women Friends. Her husband, Bond Valentine, was a prominent member and minister. He had been a leading lawyer at the Center Co. bar, but after his conversion he became a very strict Friend, and felt it right to bear a public testimony to his principles, he having previously only been a nominal Friend. So he went into court, and in his plain coat, and with his broad brimmed hat on his head, he began to plead a cause. The judge looked up astonished, but a glance convinced him of the true state of the case, for Bond Valentine stood too high to be suspected of intentional contempt of court, and was allowed to proceed with his case. The effort was great to him, and although he did not feel called upon to repeat it, he soon felt most easy to retire, and became interested in iron works. My aunt was his second wife, and they had no children of their own, but there was a son by the former marriage.

On a certain afternoon in October, 1862, the two were walking together near their house, expecting to start the next day for Baltimore, to attend the Yearly Meeting. He was intensely patriotic, almost to the verge of stretching his peace principles. But the outlook for the North was dark, and he was greatly discouraged at the prospect

of a divided Union. His wife spoke of the approaching Yearly Meeting.

"I do not know whether there will be any Yearly Meeting," he answered. And she tried to cheer him.

The next morning as a young man, Zachariah McNaul, was passing through Tyrone on his way to Baltimore, a member of the Hicksite branch of Friends, said to him,

"Your Society has met with a great loss, has it not?"

"What is it?"

"Hast thou not heard that Bond Valentine died last night?"

"Bond Valentine dead!" It was his most honoured friend. He could hardly believe his ears.

It was true. For him there was to be no more Yearly Meeting. In the afternoon, he was taken with an attack of his heart trouble, and although assistance came, it was unavailing, and his wife was desolate, for her life was wrapped up in him.

With us, instead of a bright welcome came the telegram with the fatal news. Aunt Henrietta and John, and I think others, went at once to attend the funeral, which had been arranged to suit the time of their expected coming. The hour came, the coffin was carried, as is the custom there, by friends and relations, to the meeting-house, and the funeral was held, as a Friend's funeral can occasionally be, as there is no arrangement for speaking, in absolute silence. The only one who had been accustomed to lift up his voice in that assembly, was the one who lay dead in their midst. It was almost more than the widowed heart could bear, especially as her sister and friends had not come. She felt deserted.

They arrived just as the funeral party returned to the house, a serious railway accident having detained them. There was no telegraph office nearer than thirty miles

by train, and so there was no chance of letting her know of the delay.

Her son-in-law offered her a home in Bellefonte, but she decided in the opposite way from mother, and came to live among her own people, bringing with her her husband's niece, to whom she was greatly attached, —Thomasina T. Miller—whom we learned to love as a sister.

Aunt Julia was an unusual person, and her coming marked an era in our family life. At this time she was somewhat over fifty years of age, and in the full vigor of her powers. Her mind was perhaps more cultivated than Aunt Henrietta's, and far more vivacious. She had a quick sense of humor and of the ridiculous, and could tell an anecdote with great animation and effect. When she chose, she was a great mimic, but never used her powers to injure anyone in other people's esteem, generally employing them with educational intention, for the benefit of the person she imitated. Her mimicking was really caricature. One quite recognised oneself in it till one laughed, but one also felt it was so overdone, that some of the effect was lost in the very merriment it created. She was a curious mixture of great strength—for she had strong sense and sound judgment, and some of the quick changes of a child, being naturally self-willed and irritable. Perhaps it was this childlike simplicity of feeling, and mercurial temperament, joined to such strong sense and executive ability, which shone as much in the home as in the councils of the Church, that endeared her to so many people, and made them, even while they were afraid of her quick words, anxious to confide their troubles to her, knowing that they would receive not only her best sympathy, but most efficient aid and advice. In early years, I think I feared her as much as I loved her, though this last I did

heartily, but as time went on, the love more and more triumphed, and her character mellowed.

As I have said already, she was for many years, I think about forty, with a slight interruption, Clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting (women). In this office she was beyond praise. It was a period of transition in the Society and she was strongly conservative. But as she sat at the table, she never showed the least indication of impatience or of a dictatorial manner. She listened to every side, and I never heard of any one in the least suggesting that her decisions were not in absolute accordance with the sense of the meeting. In after years, when joint sessions (a practice introduced by Baltimore Yearly Meeting in 1865), became common, and she at her own request had been released from the office of Clerk, I have seen her sit silent through discussions on questions that she was intensely interested in, and when she at last spoke on the subject, do so in so quiet a way, and always in a spirit of submission to whatever might be the judgment of Friends, that she was very often able to give the turn needed to arrive at the decision. I think Baltimore Yearly Meeting owes more in this respect to her and to Francis T. King—for many years Clerk of the Men's meeting, than can well be expressed. They persistently counselled the necessity of unity, and showed such a spirit of concession, that to the generation that came under their influence, to endanger the unity of the meeting, seemed to be the sin of sins. The consequence was, Baltimore Yearly Meeting was able to meet the tide of advancing change and allow great changes to take place in its methods, and yet preserve the essentials of Quakerism until this writing, 1896. John B. Crenshaw of Richmond, Va., must also be mentioned in this connection. He set the example of a man with strong con-

servative convictions, frequently putting forth propositions with great earnestness which did not meet with the approval of the meeting, while he would sit by with great quietness, and after a sufficient number had expressed their views, would then rise and say, "I am quite willing to submit to the judgment of the meeting." He was the principal Friend in Richmond, and exercised there a paramount influence, so that his meekness was very impressive, made all the more so by his splendid head and fine bearing.

Soon after returning to Baltimore, Aunt Julia began to preach in meeting, and was not long after acknowledged as a minister by the Society. Her ministry was clear and straight to the point, earnest, and without unnecessary tone or gesture. She generally spoke fifteen or twenty minutes, and had no mannerisms or favorite expressions. She always commanded attention, especially from young men, who often remarked that they did not understand how she could speak so accurately to their special needs and temptations. She had a very low view of her own ministry, and longed to see fruits of it in conversions. The main result was in building up, but she was not denied the desire of her heart in the other direction, though she always felt there should have been more results. She and I have often gone about to meetings together, and always labored most harmoniously. I fear she had too high an opinion of my work. At any rate, she always was encouraging, and was a great help to me. She continued to make her home with "The Grove" family till her death in 1892, but for many years spent her summers in Bellefonte, and went regularly to attend the little Four Months' Meeting in Pennsylvania, where she retained her membership.

After Aunt Henrietta's death in 1874, she became more

and more to us. After several attacks of desperate illness, she finally, during the last year of her life, gradually declined in strength, and the closing six months were full of constant and extreme discomfort and weakness, the recollection of which is like a sad dream. Up to the time of this last illness, her activities were fully up to her bodily strength, and her interest in every good work as intense as ever. When largely confined to the house, she invited any members of the meeting who wished to come, once a week to our house for a season of prayer. The hour was necessarily not convenient for many, but the meetings were kept up, and much blessing attended them. The year was a most happy one to her, and to us, and is a grateful memory.

CHAPTER IV.

Tales of my Childhood—My Grandfather, John Chew Thomas—
My grandfather liberates his slaves—The Hicksite Troubles—
His death.

I WAS always a sickly child. Although when I was born, I am said to have been healthy, my mother was already in failing health from Bright's disease, and I could hardly have inherited a strong constitution. It was before the days of scientifically prepared infant foods, and my father took great pains to provide his youngest child with a healthy nurse, with an infant of my own age, who could supply me with nature's nourishment. The nurse was found, and character and antecedents seemed all that could be desired, but one fault, more unusual in America than in England, was probably from its rarity in respectable women, overlooked. The woman drank, and to such an extent that she poisoned me. No one could understand what was the matter, till one day, when she had been taking more than usual, her condition and my convulsions revealed the difficulty, and she was dismissed.

How old I was by this time I do not know, but I was exceedingly ill for a long time, and it seemed that all efforts to find food for me were only successful for a time, or absolute failures. At last father read a suggestion in a medical paper, and he gave me raw lean beef shredded off with a sharp knife into a pulp. He tried it, and it

suit. The story of father's intense anxiety to preserve my life is sweet to me. He watched with the greatest assiduity for any sign of improvement, and finally amused the family by remarking, when I began to take notice again,

"Why he smiled, yes, he smiled *audibly*."

But first and last, I suppose there is no one to whom I am so indebted for the preservation of my life as to my dear Aunt Henrietta, who nursed me with wearied body, but unwearied affection and patience, not only through this crisis, but through many illnesses. For I had, one after another, scarlet fever with dropsy as a sequel, and many other complaints, so that she always maintained that I was really a year younger than my date of birth indicated, for there had been one year at the end of which, she said I had not grown a quarter of an inch in body or mind. (I am not now giving a professional opinion, only quoting her).

Her labours did not meet with much encouragement outside the household.

"Henrietta, why don't you let that child die? You can never see him grow up," said one relative.

"What a head," said a visitor, unexpectedly thrown off his guard by my peculiar appearance.

After several experiences like this, the announcement that visitors were come was a signal for me, not to be dressed and shown off, but hidden in the seclusion of the nursery till the danger of inspection was over.

I do not remember to have often suffered from a sense of my lack of good looks. Even when I was thirteen, I did not much mind being told by one whose love I was sure of, that I resembled Count Ugolino. Family tradition says that as a little boy I did admire my hair, and that on one occasion, when specially nicely got up, and finding

this ornament not meeting with proper recognition, I remarked gravely to one present,

"Cousin ——, it is very wrong to be proud; I am a *little* proud of my curls." I think my sister Mary was responsible for this little piece of vanity, for she used to be very careful about curling my hair, and would then admire it in true sisterly affection.

I was naturally thrown very much with my aunt, and the family stories she told me became very real things to me, and I lived in some of them, and felt their influence not a little. They varied, from being simply entertaining to others with an earnest moral, which was not less impressive, because not obtruded upon me, as the story of my grandfather manumitting his slaves, of which I shall speak presently. When I was tired, and wanted entertaining, she would tell a story like this : *

My Uncle Philip and his sister Nancy were going to make a visit to some relations who lived near West River, Md. They travelled in what was called "a chair" (a buggy on two wheels with a square standing top). Behind them on horseback was a colored boy or man, as was then the custom, who followed to open gates, attend to the horses, etc. Jemmy—the servant in this case—was a curious, half-witted fellow, yet so small and funny, that he would have well filled the place of court fool, and he was a great favorite of his young masters. As this was the first time the young people had travelled this road, they were in some doubt about it, and uncle Philip, seeing a man at work in a field near, said "Jemmy, go and ask that man if this is the right road." Jemmy demurred and grumbled, but finally got over the fence, and as soon as he came within speaking distance, called out, "Man! man! I say, is dis

* This story telling is referred to in *The Lips are Cold*. "Echoes and Pictures," p. 121.

de right road ? ” The man surprised, said, “ What do you want ? ” “ I want to know if dis is de right road ? ” “ Why, where are you going ? ” said the man. “ I only axed you is dis de right road ? ” “ Who are those in the carriage ? ” said the stranger. “ Mass Philip and Miss Nancy,” said Jemmy reluctantly. “ And where are they going ? ” “ Going to see their Gran’pa, I s’pose,” answered Jemmy, sullenly. The man came laughing to the carriage, and recounted the dialogue, much to the amusement of all, except Jemmy, who grunted out, “ ’Tw’ant none of his bus’ness where we all was going ! ”

I think we most relished the stories concerning our grandfather, John Chew Thomas. When he was a little fellow of seven or eight years old, he had persuaded the driver of an ox team, who was hauling in grain, to let him ride on the back of one of the oxen. These animals are sometimes wayward in their motions, and these, while the driver was busy, moved off rather quickly to the shade of some trees, which grew invitingly near, but in passing under the bough, little Johnny was brushed off, and falling to the ground, hurt his arm. His father was in the field, and hearing his cries, came to see what was the matter. He found the hurt serious, and called loudly to the driver, “ Jack, Jack, come here instantly,” but Jack feared punishment, and continued to move off, calling back “ He would ride, Massa, he *would* ride.” “ Come here to go for the doctor,” called his master, but Jack, almost running away, still called back, “ He *would* ride, Massa, he *would* ride,” and his master looked round for another messenger, and Jemmy presenting himself, he said, “ Jemmy, jump on a horse, and go as quick as you can for the doctor, tell him to come at once, for I am afraid the arm is broken,” and Jemmy was soon off.

When he arrived at the doctor’s (several miles off),

he found the physician at dinner with some friends, and naturally disliking to leave them,—“What does he want?” said the doctor to his servant. “He says you must come right away.” “Who is sick?” “I do not know,” said the servant, “he says something about old Sally.”

“Oh! the old woman I have been attending,” said the doctor, “let him come up.” “Well, Jemmy, what’s the matter?” Jemmy in his usual shuffling style, his eyes nearly starting out of his head, blurted out, “Massa say you must please come quick.” “But what is the matter?” “I do’ know, sir, but I think I done hear somebody say dat old Aunt Sally’s neck, done swell, and done bust, and some o’ de bones done come out.” “Oh, well,” said the doctor laughing, “I guess that can wait, we will finish our dinner.” My great-grandfather was much displeased at the delay, for the child’s arm was so swelled, that it could not be properly reduced for some time. The doctor’s explanation was considered satisfactory, but my grandfather’s arm suffered in consequence, and while a careless observer would not have noticed anything amiss, he never had the full, unimpeded use of it.

He was by birthright a member of the Society of Friends, as all his ancestors had been since before they came to Maryland in the seventeenth century.

As a young man he courted and won Mary Snowden, a beauty and an heiress, living in the same part of Maryland as himself, between Baltimore and Washington. She was an only child, and her parents had died while she was young, and her education had been in the hands of her aunt. Part of her property, unfortunately, was in slaves, and so my grandfather, on his marriage, lost his membership on two counts, first his marrying a non-member, and second, for the more serious offence of slaveholding. Wealthy and popular, they surrounded themselves

with pleasant things, and became, in a refined way, worldly people. He became a representative to Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, it being a time, as my aunt, who entertained a healthy dislike of the ways of succeeding politicians, always added, "when it was an honor to be a member of Congress." It so happened, that during this very time the election of President of the Republic was thrown into the House of Representatives, the candidates being John Quincy Adams and Aaron Burr. It is but justice to my grandfather's memory to explain that Aaron Burr, the brilliant aspirant for political honors, appeared a very different man from what he did a few years later, when he stood disgraced before the country as the duellist who had slain Alexander Hamilton, and as one charged with treason against his country. The vote in the House was very close, my grandfather, in spite of strong representations from his constituents, continuing to cast his vote for Burr. As the "deadlock" continued, and his constituents became more pressing, he and one other member, who was in like circumstances, agreed to cast blank votes, and Adams was elected. Grandfather's constituents were furious, and burnt him in effigy, and he, disgusted, determined to retire from public life as soon as his term of office was over. He felt that a representative is not a puppet, but a man, elected to act to the best of his judgment, as questions should come up. His course of action did not cause him to lose any popularity, so far as I know, with his own circle of friends, and he and his wife continued their fashionable life. Many children were born to them, their eldest daughter, Eliza, becoming a remarkable musician, singing and playing classical music with wonderful skill and sweetness.

The most convenient place of worship to them was the Friends' Meeting at Indian River, and they not infrequently

attended it. On one of these occasions, Stephen Grellet being on a religious visit to those parts, was at the meeting, and preached in such a way, that a fashionably dressed lady present was touched, and contrited, and, yielding to the impressions received, saw the folly of the world, renounced it, and became a trusting Christian, and joined the Society of Friends, adopting the costume then worn by members of that body. This was my grandmother. Stephen Grellet, meeting her a few years later, and being introduced, said, "I do not need introducing, I remember thee; I thought there was somewhat of good in thee, that day." Her husband, not very long afterwards, underwent a similar change in his experience, and at once the question of the slaves on the estate came up. His slaves numbered, I believe, nearly a hundred, and were unusually valuable, because they had been well trained. As soon as his intention, with which my grandmother fully united, became known, every possible pressure was brought to bear on him by his friends to dissuade him,—the serious loss of money involved—the loss of caste—the difficulty of procuring sufficient free labour—the supposed result of turning loose so many vagabonds on the community, and the danger of causing dissatisfaction on the part of the slaves of other families, even to the risk of producing that abiding dread of all slave-holding communities, a rising of the slaves—all these reasons, and probably many more, were brought to bear on him and his wife, to relinquish their purpose. But it was a matter of principle, and no reasons had weight beside that. He prepared his manumission papers, and set free all slaves of a suitable age at once, and bound himself legally to do the same for small children as soon as they were old enough, in the meantime paying them wages, and exercising a careful guardianship over

them. He arranged for them to go to Pennsylvania, and took pains to see they were properly started in life. My aunt used to add in a tone of triumph, "None of them became vagabonds, and we were able to trace them for years, and all did well; neither was there discontent bred among other slaves."

After this he was no longer a wealthy man. He did lose caste, and his action raised such an amount of opposition and unpleasant feeling against him among his former friends, that he was not sorry to move from the neighbourhood,—his altered finances having something to do with the change. I have always felt that the memory of this act of self-denial was the great inheritance that my grandfather left me. It was not unique, although where he lived it was almost, if not quite so, but it was the test that came to him, and he stood it nobly, without regret, and with no self-pluming. On his younger children at least, it had a great effect, both on their outward circumstances and on their characters. I never heard a hint that any of them were sorry for the loss of property entailed. Three of them became through it, life-long members of the Society of Friends, and being born and brought up among this people I feel to be one of the greatest blessings of my life.

My aunt, in telling me of the departure of the slaves, used to add how heartily she wept at their leaving, for she loved some of them, and they were not, she said, desirous to go, though glad of freedom. She did not tell me much of slavery, as she saw it later, on visits to her cousins, for she was very loyal and chary of speaking against any of them. But I remember her saying one day, that she felt she had been sometimes a great coward, for when some of the slaves of these cousins had been whipped, she was torn between feelings of loyalty to her relations, and sym-

pathy with the slaves, and so she would steal out after dark unobserved, and go to them and dress their wounds and comfort them. Whether this was cowardly or not, she probably would have been prevented from going on her errand of mercy had it been done openly.

Troubles did not come singly to my grandfather. He had set up one of my uncles in business in Baltimore. The business was not successful, and the whole was lost, and he had to pay over all the amount for which he had gone security. This greatly reduced his already reduced property, and the whole family moved to the city, and lived in a very quiet way. Later they moved northward, and the closing years of my grandfather's life were spent near Chester, Penna.

It was while they were living here that the troubles among the Friends, which resulted in the separation of 1827-28 arose. Elias Hicks was the great theme of contention, and my grandfather at first, having confidence in him, defended him, and was quite willing when the old man came into those parts to act as a travelling companion to him. He was with him on the Eastern shore of Maryland and Delaware for about three weeks, and returned entirely satisfied that his former opinion was mistaken. Elias Hicks, he said, was exceedingly specious, and very hard to bring to a point, but it was perfectly clear that he did not believe in the deity and sacrifice of Jesus Christ in the way that he (my grandfather) believed to be essential truth.

As party spirit arose, nearly all the meeting to which he belonged sided with Hicks, he being the only one of the Ministers and Elders (he was an Elder) who belonged to what was known as the "orthodox" party. Naturally he had to bear a great deal. The crisis as far as he was concerned came unexpectedly. A minister from a dis-

tance who sympathised with Hicks was at the meeting, and in the course of his address uttered sentiments which grandfather considered blasphemous. As an Elder, he had a right technically to stop him, but this course had been tried, and had always provoked great excitement and ultimate injury to the cause. So he quietly arose from his high seat, and taking his hat, walked out. The action was thoroughly understood by all present, and the minister, perceiving this, stopped in his discourse, and before the retiring Elder had reached the door, repeated Shakespeare's lines,

"Yea, let the galled jade wince,
My withers are unwrung,"

and proceeded with his sermon.

My grandfather never attended meeting in that house again, and the separation soon after occurring, retained his membership and station among the "orthodox." He lived only a few years longer, and died after a short illness.

My father had just reached home after his voyage to Cuba when the serious nature of his disorder was recognised. He went at once, and after the first short greeting, began to look into the case medically, his father lying all the time with his eyes closed. Wishing to see his eyes, he said,—

"Father, look up."

"My son, I am looking up, I am looking up to my Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour." These were his last words, and he sank into his final sleep.

CHAPTER V.

My Father's conversion—Marriage and death of his first wife—
Second marriage—My Grandmother Thomas.

IN the meantime, my father had been having his own struggles in Baltimore. He was a young physician, and found his progress slow and discouraging. I have seen a letter from his sister Henrietta to him, written about this time, in which she encourages him to patience, and lays particular stress on his keeping on good terms with a certain cousin of theirs, who was at that time one of the leading citizens of Baltimore. To be sure, this cousin had done little to advance my father's interests, but she urged that he was to be trusted and advised with, and kept close to, notwithstanding.

About this time, the small "orthodox" party withdrew from the majority of the Yearly Meeting, which as a body, had agreed to recognise what were called the Hicksite separatists. A few days after, this cousin met father in the street, and asked him, "Well, doctor, and which side is thee intending to join?"

"Really, cousin —, I have given it very little thought. I have not decided."

"Well, thee'll come with us, of course." (The Hicksites).
"At any rate, I never would join that wretched little body of 'orthodox' at the McKendree School House," sneeringly replied the other, as he walked away.

As will be seen from this conversation, my father at this time was not a decided Christian character. He was more interested in his profession than in religious matters, and but for this conversation, might have drifted away from Friends altogether, or remained with the other body, as so many around him were doing from mere inertia, for *they* continued meeting at the old Meeting-house, with numbers not very markedly decreased. The fact that his parents and two sisters were "orthodox" must have influenced him, but they were far away (it was before railroads), and his near cousins in Baltimore were mostly "Hicksites."

There was something in the tone and words of the cousin who had addressed him, who was a leader on his side of the controversy, that made him feel that the spirit in which they were uttered was not the true one, and then as the elder moved away, my father said to himself, "I will at least see what this 'wretched little body of orthodox' is like first."

So he attended their meeting the next First-day, and was so impressed with the weighty solemnity that was over the meeting, that he decided that this was the place for him to remain, and he acted accordingly. It was the turning point of his character and life, and it was not long before he became an earnest Christian, and began to speak in the meetings as a preacher. The only fragments of a diary that he has left that I have seen, belong to a period a little later than this. They reveal a sincere soul, earnest to bring sinners home, and struggling against caring for or fearing the praise or blame of men.

It was about the time of his change, that he went through a severe struggle of another character. He had courted an attractive young lady successfully. Her father was, as was the case with most of the wealthy citizens of Balti-

more at that time, a slave-holder. The young man had never supposed this would cause any trouble, as the young lady knew he was a Friend, and must have known the position of Friends on the subject of slavery. But as he became more serious, and as conversation turned to plans for the future, the subject began to present itself. One day, he found to his surprise and sorrow, that the young lady intended to take some of the slaves, who would be given to her by her father, to her new home. After serious thought, he urged her to consider his position and conscientious scruples. To these she had no objection, but she saw no reason why she should surrender her slaves. Would she not treat them kindly? It must be remembered that probably the reason that most weighed with her, was not merely a selfish wish to be waited on, though when wages were paid, there would necessarily be fewer servants, but the fact that not to have slaves would make her a marked person in her set, and cause her to lose caste. She probably looked upon her lover's scruples as having no real foundation in essential morality, but simply as a Quaker peculiarity like a broad brimmed hat. So they could not come to terms, and finally she had to choose between her lover and her slaves. She chose the latter.

Father felt it deeply, but was doubtless very thankful afterwards, for had he yielded, it must have been the first step toward a life of worldliness and self-indulgence.

He afterwards married Martha Carey, a daughter of leading Friends in Baltimore Meeting. She was a beautiful character, but died after a comparatively brief married life. A short memoir of her was prepared by her husband for distribution. It continued to be in circulation for a number of years. A few years since we were glad to see that a fresh edition had been issued unknown to us. A

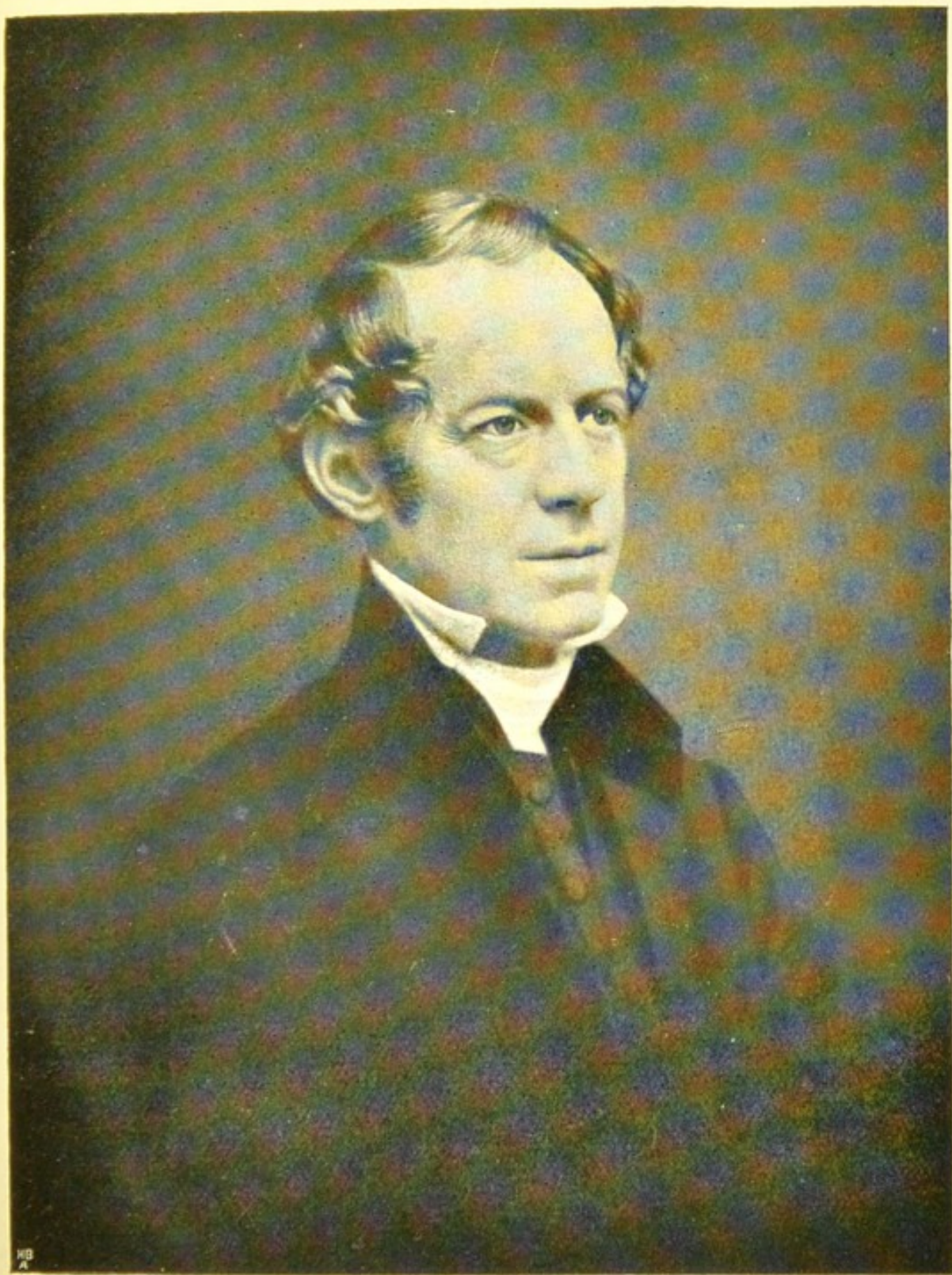
notice of her is also in the most recent volume of "Piety Promoted."

During her illness, they took a journey to Europe for her health, and found on their return that their younger son had died during their absence, but too late for them to be informed of it before leaving England. It was a great trial, but they bore it with quiet resignation. Later on they also spent some months in Cuba. On their return voyage, my father, after long thought, adopted the Friends' peculiar coat and hat. His mother advised, "Do not do it until thou art sure it is right. But having once done it, do not change."

So he had the coat and hat made, and considered the matter during his months in Cuba, and put them on the day the vessel, returning, entered the mouth of Chesapeake Bay.

After some years of widowhood he married my mother, Phebe Clapp, the daughter of a New York banker. I have previously spoken of her. Her early death prevented me from hearing family stories from her side of the house, and I did not know her brother and sister till I was ten or eleven years old. The widow and son of another uncle lived for some years near us in the country, but the son was much older than I, and I saw little of either of them. My mother's family, therefore, like herself, was always rather hazy to me, though I have to thank her father for the greater part of my small property.

My father brought his bride into quite a family, for after his father's death, his mother and two unmarried sisters had come to live with him, and his son James, now a lad of some seven or eight years old, was there also. My grandmother Thomas's health was very frail. Never robust, it had been much shattered by the effects of an accident. While they lived in the country, and retained



RICHARD H. THOMAS, SENIOR.



their large establishment, she had a store of drugs to use in case of indisposition, for the nearest doctor was nearly twenty miles off. One morning she was feeling unwell, and intending to take some suitable drug, found, after she had swallowed it, that she had taken a poisonous dose of tartar emetic. She called her husband, who, greatly concerned, did not know what to do. Looking out of the window, he saw to his joy, a doctor's gig coming down the road. Without pausing for his hat, he rushed to the gate just in time to intercept the doctor, and to ask him to come in at once, that his wife had swallowed an overdose of tartar emetic.

"How much has she taken?"

He mentioned the amount.

"Then she is as good as a dead woman now. It's not worth while for me to see her," and the doctor rode off, leaving the poor husband almost stunned at his heartlessness. He returned in despair to the house, and told his wife what the doctor had said.

"I am not going to die, notwithstanding his opinion," she replied, thoroughly roused to action, and stimulated with a desire to prove him in the wrong. And she did not die, for she calmly directed the proceedings, and bringing into use all the domestic remedies, of milk, eggs, demulcent drinks, etc., she warded off the fatal effects of the dose, but not without a severe illness, nor did she ever fully recover.*

In addition to her feeble health and loss of money, my grandmother became gradually almost blind. But she

* It is curious that her own father died from tartar emetic. He was a young, strong man, suffering from a slight indisposition. The doctor gave him some powders of it, one to be taken every fifteen minutes till certain effects should be produced. After taking two he became impatient, and said, "What is the use of taking medicine this way. I will take it all at once." He did so, with speedily fatal effect.

bore all her misfortunes with cheerfulness. But one thing she never got accustomed to, and that was to economy in giving. When a deserving cause was presented to her or a case of real need, she would say to one of her daughters : " My dear, bring me my purse," and opening it, would feel for a gold piece to give. This she always found, for her daughters could not bear that she should be denied this pleasure, and often denied themselves what they really needed in order to gratify her.

She was always a bright Christian till near the end, when she passed through a cloud of darkness and almost despair, which was most painful to witness. Nothing seemed to give her comfort. At last one morning, when my father was with her and the cloud seemed darker than ever, he knelt by her bedside, weeping with her almost in an agony of sympathy, alternately pleading with her and praying for her. Suddenly the cloud departed, and with it even the memory of it, and she exclaimed,

" Of course I love my Saviour, and I am a child of God I have never had a doubt of it since the day I was converted."

This was the last day of her life, and she was helped to her easy chair, and, others being also in the room, her daughter Julia at her request was reading the Bible to her. All at once something caused the reader to pause and look up. At the moment she looked, she saw the light go out of the eyes as though a blind were suddenly drawn down, and the mother was gone

CHAPTER VI.

Early Religious Impressions—A Stand for Christ—Haverford College in 1869—A College Prayer Meeting—Inconsistencies—Graduation—A Driving party—Death of Frank W. Smith.

BEFORE I quite leave the account of my childhood, I must once more go back.

Although religious subjects formed by no means the staple either of conversation or reading in our family, the undercurrent was very strongly religious, and was always the understood motive of action, and ground upon which everything was judged. It was not obtruded, but always in place, and the commonest events would often quite naturally lead up to serious conversation. Mother has often told me that when she came to live with us, she was surprised to find how well we were instructed in Bible history and Christian doctrines. But the teaching was incidental and not systematic. On First-day afternoons, when our sister Mary would generally devote herself to Charles and me, we often had our choice of Bible histories, "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., and I think the Bible was the favourite book with us—though as a set off to this, I must acknowledge that the usual selection was the most interesting stories of the Old Testament.

We lived out of town, as I have said, and the whole family only attended meeting once on First-day. Mother and John frequently went in the afternoon, but the evening

was always free, and we were generally alone. Our custom was to read the Bible around verse by verse, and have some conversation on it, but not in the way of a Bible class, but just as any question might be asked or subject of interest touched upon. For a long time the whole family would decide upon some psalm or other portion of Scripture, and each one repeat it to the rest when the evening came, or we would choose some hymn which all would learn and repeat, sometimes singly and sometimes in concert. Later on we might sing some hymns, but as they were not unlikely to make mother weep, we generally did not have them when she was in the room.

For myself, I was, when very young, often the subject of very deep, if not very lasting religious impressions. Sometimes the double sense of my badness, and of the possibility of dying soon as I was, would so trouble me as I lay in bed at night, that I would weep so loudly as to bring the family up to see what was the matter. A serio-comic remark of one of my brothers on an occasion like this had a rather good effect.

“Richard, what *is* the matter, what is thee crying for?”

“Because I’m not good enough.”

“Well, then try to be gooder.”

My great comfort on these occasions was my aunt, who would send Charles to another room, and ask what the trouble really was, and to her and her only I would tell how I felt. She never tried to make me think I was good, or that I was not soon to die, but would have me tell her the faults that troubled me, and what reason I had to think I should not live long. She would say she did not know how it might be, and would go on to speak of the goodness of God and of our Saviour and how He would forgive and help me to do better, and then she prayed

aloud by me, a thing she rarely did, which made it all the more impressive, and her sympathy and love and what she said would comfort me and strengthen my resolution to be better. On going away she would add,—

“Thee had better not tell any one that thee does not think thee will live long, they might not understand it. Let it be a secret between us.”

Now nothing would be further from my mind than to tell anyone, but the thought of having a secret gave me a sense of importance and an element of pleasure was mingled with the whole idea, and I would go to sleep quite happy. But I think her quiet teaching at these times had a lasting effect.

As time went on it became a settled thing in my mind that the great object of life was to do right and to be a Christian. I remember no efforts made for my conversion. I never supposed I was a real Christian, but hoped to be one some day. In the meantime I would pray and believe in Jesus Christ and be as good as I could,—which was I fear not very good. The life I wished to live was a Christian life, and I was always sorry when I did wrong, and was constantly having to be sorry. Belief in Jesus Christ as divine and our Saviour was well settled in my mind. But as my Saviour I did not understand Him, except that I asked His help and forgiveness, and felt that I had it from time to time. I now think that in a very weak and imperfect way I was a Christian all the time. Spiritual things became more clear to me as time went on, and shortly before going to College I had a distinct personal realisation of the love of God and His care for me, which made me feel quite differently, and to hope that I might be His child. There would have been no willingness to confess it even to myself, yet it gave me a sense of being under His protection and a spring to my spirit. But the

want of clear certainty was only at times a source of sorrow to me. There was an underlying trust more than I recognised at the time.

Although my life during all this time was most carefully guarded, yet the greatest moral danger to which I was ever exposed came to me when I was barely in my teens. One who was considered perfectly trustworthy was the means of introducing me and one or two others still younger into the threshold of evil, without our suspecting that it was evil, and had it not been for a timely warning, the consequences might have been disastrous. As it was, although when I entered Haverford College I was almost utterly ignorant of the real moral dangers to which I was exposed, the command, "keep thyself pure," was so impressed upon me, that it answered the purpose as well as knowledge would have done, and led me to avoid evil company and things which were of a doubtful nature, so that by the grace of God, I was, through all my College life, and have been since, kept from ever being in any compromising company, male or female. In saying this, I do not mean to imply that I have never been where some one in general conversation would not relate unsuitable anecdotes. These I not infrequently protested against, or would leave the room. Sometimes it seemed impossible to do either, sometimes because while I knew the allusion was bad, I did not really know what was alluded to, and on a few occasions I have been deeply mortified by being surprised by a really funny hit into a laugh. I believe my position was quite understood, and as I showed disgust at any suggestions of joining in evil, I was soon entirely let alone on the subject, and went through College without being once seriously tempted. This, however, gave me no sense of superiority over others, for there were a number who were exceedingly correct, and my own case arose

both from a sense of duty and of the need of allowing no loophole of the kind which the lower nature could take advantage of, having enough, and at times more than enough, to contend against in my own heart without any help from external temptations. And this sense of weakness realised, helped to shut the gates full in the enemy's face, and in this I experienced the grace of God.

Within a few weeks after first going to College, I was led unexpectedly to myself to take an open stand as a Christian. There was a gentle increase of interest in spiritual things, and a few extra meetings were held by one of the professors, or rather by the students with one of the professors present. They were very informal, partaking of the character of both a Bible class and a prayer meeting, held to a great extent in silence. The time for silence, etc., was near the close, the Bible class coming first. A few of the students took part during the devotional pause. I was much interested and helped, but one evening after one of the students in a class above me had spoken briefly and impressively, I had a sudden feeling that I should pray vocally. Never had I done this in the hearing of anyone, except as a little child when taught to utter words in prayer. I did not wish to do it in the presence of so many fellow students. But I also had never known such an impression on my heart before. From what I had been taught, I fully believed that the Lord by His Spirit could and did call upon whom He might choose to speak or pray under His guidance and power. Without this call, I believed it wrong to speak in a religious meeting, but that it was equally wrong not to speak when called. This call for the first time had now come to me. What should I do with it? Was it from God? There was a power and solemnity with it that took away all doubt as to this. Should I obey? I did not think of consequences, or that

I was about to make a public stand as a Christian. It was simply a question, should I obey it or not? This was soon answered. I often did things I was afterwards sorry for,—often lost my temper or was lazy, both of which I knew were sins, but I was not prepared to disobey flatly what I believed to be a direct command of God, and so with a heart beating with a rapidity almost choking, I knelt down and prayed a very simple prayer. I have no very distinct recollection, I think I never had, of what I said. But the general tenor of it was that we might be enabled to do right, and that our sins might be forgiven. It was not a prayer simply for myself though including myself, but a prayer for us all uttered under a sense of the Lord's requirement. When I had finished, I felt thankful that strength had been given me, and it was not till the next day, when one of the students and Professor Dillingham spoke to me about it, that I at all realised that what I had done was more than an act of obedience,—a public confession of Christ. I immediately recognised that this was true, and with it came a desire to live consistently. Later in the evening there came a sweet, powerful sense that the Lord had accepted me, that I was His, and that He would lead and protect me and make me a blessing. I felt that this was indeed a new and joyful experience. "I am the Lord's, and He is mine." The aspect of life became different. I thought nothing of the theology of it. I knew salvation was through Christ, but the method of it was not at all in my mind. It was simply a case of surrender and trust.

I date my conscious Christian life from this time, but I am not sure whether I was not really in my heart as much of a Christian before as after. However this may be, I have always been thankful that I was obedient. It enabled me to recognise where I stood, and the seal the Lord gave me the next evening gave me a sense of having been

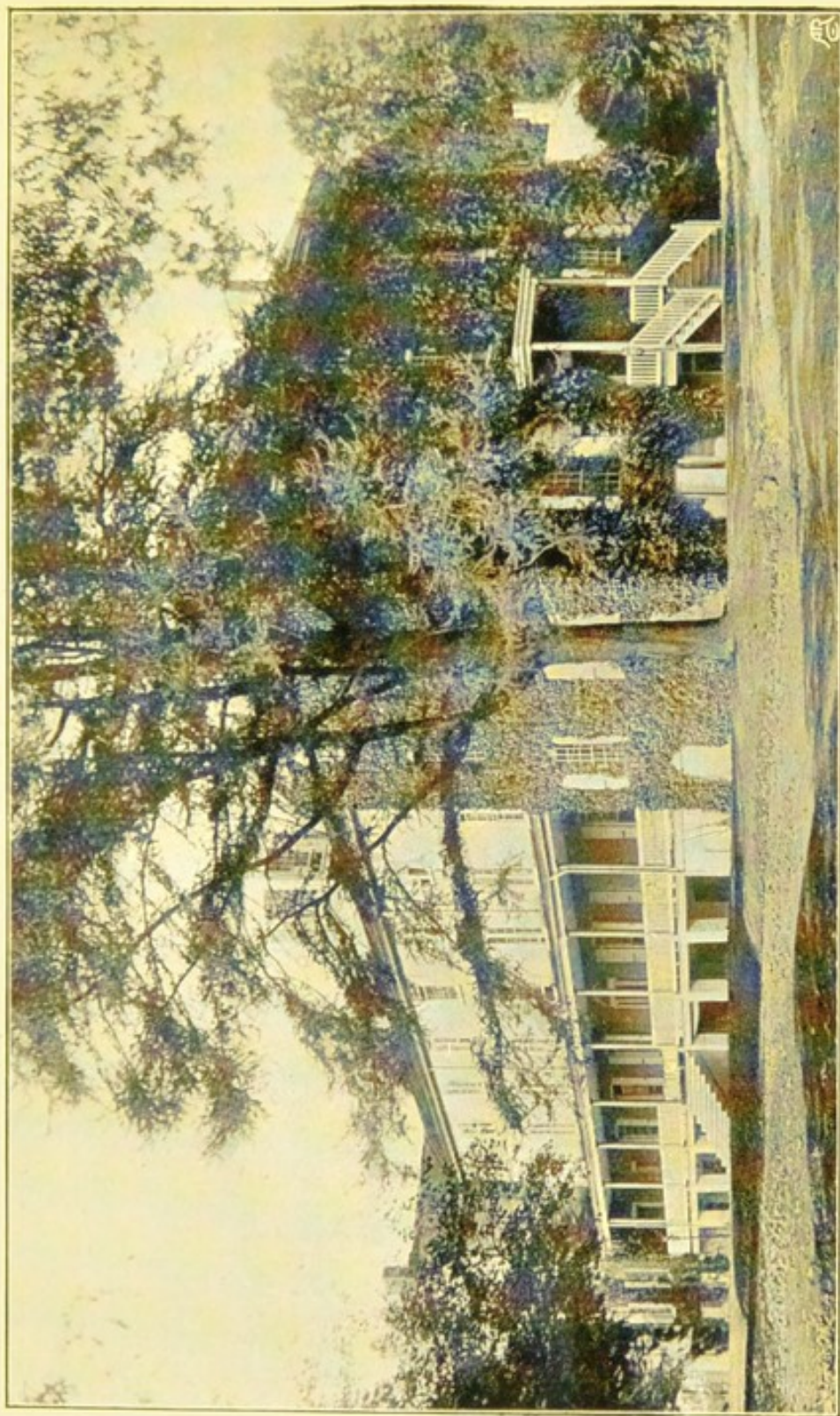
personally inducted into the kingdom of God, and having been given a right by Himself to expect His help, guidance and salvation. He continued very gracious to me and faithful. The act threw me also into the right set of fellows, and this was of very great assistance, and probably kept me out of many temptations, while it gave me their sympathy, support and advice. There was at that time no Y.M.C.A. We then started a regular meeting for prayer, which, after years of alternate success and discouragement developed, of course, long after its original members had faded out of all remembrance of the students into the life of the busy world, into the Y.M.C.A., which is so marked a feature of the College life of to-day.

When we settled down to our regular meetings we were very few, about eight or ten, for there were two classes of students who held aloof—the irreligious, and those of the steady-going fellows whose strict education under the influence of Philadelphia Quakerism kept them from joining even the very informal prayer meetings we held, for there was no singing, and no one called upon for any vocal service. We formed hardly a fifth of the whole number of students. We were not a little teased and laughed at, generally in a good natured way, and I think the teasing was always taken by the little band, facetiously termed “saints,” in a proper spirit of forbearance. Personally I had no comfort from the thought that it was persecution for righteousness’ sake, for I felt I was sufficiently inconsistent to deserve a good deal, if not all of the raillery. Still we held on faithfully, feeling that these little gatherings were needed by us, and were a mutual safeguard and stimulus.

It is certainly a severe ordeal for a fellow to commence his life of an avowed Christian in a College such as Haverford was in 1869, for he is thrown among a most critical

company of fellow students, whose eyes are much quicker to detect faults, at least at first, till his position is assured, than they are to recognise his efforts to be true to his faith. His whole life, except during sleep, is passed in their sight. It is an ordeal, but it is well worth going through with, with the help of the Lord.

The Haverford College of to-day with its fine buildings, and over a hundred students and large corps of professors and instructors and beautiful residences around, and frequent trains which take one into the heart of Philadelphia, is a very different institution from the Haverford College of my day. It is now one of the best endowed small colleges in the Union. It was then a still smaller struggling institution, hardly able to keep its head above water, with four professors, one instructor, and a little over fifty students. The grounds were, perhaps, more beautiful than now, but of buildings there were only the Founders' Hall, Alumni Hall, and the observatory. The railroad then skirted the grounds, and when signalled, the slow trains which were infrequent, stopped at a platform with an open shed, red washed, with "Haverford College" painted on a sign in front. The students' rooms were about twelve feet by six feet, and each contained a small bed, a small wardrobe with two drawers below it, one chair and a little table. We had no lights in our bedrooms, the hall being lighted, and each room having a small transom-window over the door. The construction of the house was so faulty, that often in damp and rainy weather, the walls of my room would be really wet to the touch. This was of course not because the rain came through, but from condensation on the walls. There was no arrangement for washing in our rooms, the washing room being down stairs, where there was an abundant supply of hot and cold water, and stationary wash-stands.



FOUNDER'S HALL, HAVERFORD COLLEGE, PENNA.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Seniors had a room for themselves, and were not obliged to observe study hours, or to keep within " bounds " in their walks. The rest had a collection room where they were gathered for stated hours for study, under the supervision of one of the Faculty. The College had not in fact, in regard to discipline, fully shaken off the old boarding-school idea, with which the institution had originally started, but it had advanced sufficiently to make the accounts of the restrictions and rules of that period exceedingly amusing to the student of 1869. During the time I was there there was a short revival of a reactionary spirit on the part of the managers, which greatly disturbed the quiet of the institution.

* * * *

An incident which occurred during my Junior year caused me much mortification.

To premise I may say that although we had no light in our bedrooms, some of our rooms were sufficiently near the lights in the entry to enable us to read by using a small mirror on the wall to throw the light that came in down on our book as we lay on the bed. (The lights were put out at ten o'clock). In the last half-hour before evening collection it was very pleasant to be able to be alone for reading, and I often used this time for the Bible. One evening I was lying reading, before undressing, when several of the fellows came and began to pretend to pull me about. I did not mind at first, but quietly asked them to stop when it became too active. Finally they put forward a Sophomore* about my own age and set him on to pull me, or pretend to, off the bed. He caught hold of my boots once or twice, but I pushed him away

* In American Colleges the course is usually a four-year one, the four classes being known as *Freshmen*, *Sophomores*, *Juniors*, and *Seniors*.

and tried to keep on reading. His being of a younger class of course made his action, according to College ideas, very "cheeky," as we used to express it. I finally became annoyed and pushed him away with more force, he came again and I again pushed, and quite accidentally, from not noticing that he had lowered his head, my boot struck one of his front teeth and broke it. He uttered a cry of pain and surprise, and put his handkerchief to his bleeding lip, and with some angry words, echoed by his backers, who were Seniors, retired. None of the fellows ever molested me again; but I spent the night in real distress, lamenting my inconsistency. Yet at the same time a feeling that my annoyers were in the wrong made me unwilling to apologise, lest they should suppose I was justifying them in their actions. However, I finally concluded that there was nothing else to be done. Whatever they might have done, I had done wrong, and that was my responsibility. So the next evening while the Sophomore and a number of others were talking on the porch, I went to him and said simply,

"—— I am sorry I broke your tooth last night. Please excuse me."

With a loud laugh he said, "Here, he's coming to apologise."

I said nothing, and he took my hand. After that we were good friends, and on the occasion of a success some time after, he was the first and warmest in his congratulations.

"Thomas," said a class mate, not a Christian, shortly before we left College, "don't you think —— is a hypocrite?"

Now —— was a member of our prayer meeting circle and was a strange mixture, and on the whole a great trial to us, so I answered:—"Well, I know he does things I do

not approve of, but I do so many inconsistent things myself that I do not feel I have a right to judge him."

The fellow looked at me a moment as if to make sure of my meaning. "Yes," he said, "you are right; you do do inconsistent things, but then everyone can see you are trying to do right." The rest of the remark referred to —. But poor as this comfort was, it was a real comfort to me, and some months after I had left College I was very thankful when another fellow student, having been brought under a deep sense of sin, came to me for advice. These and other indications I need not mention showed me that my Christian life at College was not wholly a failure; though I have always felt it was not a success.

In the meantime I was progressing in my studies. It was a mistake entering the Sophomore class, as I was hardly prepared for it. During the Sophomore year I got along with the class, always low down in the grade, but I kept up, and made up the subject (Algebra) on which I had been conditioned. The Junior year I did better and was generally about the middle of the class, and came out in the English branches (Paley's Evidences, Moral Philosophy, etc.), almost first. In the Senior year I was generally fourth or third in the class, having waked up to study. In the spring time I had a terrible cough, which kept me from lessons, and most of the time at home for ten weeks out of the twenty. Notwithstanding this, I came out at the final examinations, to my astonishment, first in the class. As the standing of the student at graduation was calculated on the average of the last three years' daily marks and examinations, my standing for the whole time was I think seventh. Still I was greatly pleased at the success at the last.

I was never an athlete. The only success in that line I ever scored, was coming in in a race of "Hare and Hounds"

the first of the "hounds" after a long afternoon's hunt. I often went long walks and took part in the less violent games. There was a little body of students who went in for hygiene rather vigorously, in the shape of a cold shower bath and exercise and food (so far as the latter was possible at College), on a regulated basis. I was a hanger-on of this band, but did not long keep it up, as it did not suit me; but I have a vivid remembrance of fellows coming down to breakfast blue and cold after their hygienic bath. Of the three most faithful to these rules, all apparently among the most healthy in our class, one died while still a student, one died young, and the third left College on the plea of bad health, though I believe he is now well.

As I have said, at the time when I first to myself realised that I was in the Lord's family, there was very little definite theology in my mind, as to exactly what change had taken place, except that of a new life coming. How it was accomplished, I had a very indefinite idea. Soon after, I was thrown under rather extreme evangelical teaching, and to a certain extent imbibed it, though never thoroughly; for I could not get away from my own experience, which was not in line with that teaching. Still I believed firmly in a moderate evangelicalism, and the word was almost a fetish with me. To be non-evangelical was a most serious error. But I did not use the term in the restricted sense in which it is employed in Great Britain, but rather in the general sense, of believing in Christ as a Saviour—in which sense I am still evangelical.

I was also under strong anti-Quaker influence, and greatly grieved my sister by confiding to her my intention, after I came of age, of leaving Friends. My reason for this was purely because of what I thought was their narrowness and repression, and not from dissatisfaction with their doctrines. Feeling as I then did, I believe I

should have carried out my intentions had I lived in Philadelphia. Friends there are more liberal now than they were then, and at that time Haverford Meeting consisted of those connected with the College, and perhaps six others, who were not regular in their attendance. It was mostly held in silence, the professors rarely spoke, and the students more rarely. One of these latter was an acknowledged minister with a small gift—and a large body. He has since become an Episcopalian minister, leaving Friends on the ground of objecting to Western innovation, such as pastors being put over the congregations. I understand he claims always to have the inspiration to preach. He gave an address some years since to show how the Episcopalian Church is the real home for the Quakers. This I had considerable pleasure in reviewing in *The Interchange*.

As I said, several of the students occasionally took part. To speak once at least in this meeting, before all the students, seemed to some of them almost as a test of consecration. This brought me under considerable agitation and sometimes a good deal of the meeting would be spent in "trying the fleece wet and dry." But I never spoke, and I am glad I did not, for I never was clear that it was my duty, and in looking back, I see that I was right.

It would have been a great blessing could we have attended such a meeting as there is at Haverford to-day, where there is such abundance of helpful preaching, a large congregation and two centres of recognised mission work, largely assisted by the students, in connection with a meeting organisation for Christian work.

During part of my College life, I had occasional attacks of deep spiritual depression, generally brought on by some act of unfaithfulness or by some fault committed. I would cease to speak in our little meetings for, say a

fortnight or more, and then gradually come up again. Sometimes I could not account for it. The fact was, I was making my superficial sensations the test of my religious experience. I think I tried as hard to do right in depression as in sunshine.

When I received my Degree, at the Commencement Exercises, my speech was on "Christianity a Pleroma." My friend Frank Gummere, now himself a professor at Haverford, and I, rehearsed our speeches together till each knew the other's as well as his own. Curiously enough, my subject, more, I fear, than any intrinsic value of what I had written, led to my appearing in print for the first time, and in England. The Editor of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* wrote to Professor Hartshorne to ask him if any of the addresses of his students would be suitable for his periodical, and Professor Hartshorne selected mine as best adapted for a religious paper. On its appearance, I received a very pleasant congratulatory letter in Latin from Professor Chase.

Very soon after I left Haverford, I joined by invitation a party of young people, with whom I had been much associated at College,* in a ten days' drive through Chester and Lancaster Cos., Penna. Everyone had some office, the most useful perhaps being the Picker-up, by whom many things that otherwise would have been lost were rescued for their owners. I was Historian, and I believe that the record of the drive is somewhere among my papers. It was a most delightful time; except for a carriage accident, that came near being serious to one of the young ladies. A shade was also cast over the memory of it by the illness and death, from typhoid fever, of the best beloved of the number, within a fortnight of our return.

* The "Hestonville party," see "The Record of a Happy Life."

Frank W. Smith, was a young man of rare qualities of mind and heart; a joyful Christian character. A life of him by his mother had a wide circulation both in America and England, the English edition being marred by the writer of the introduction to it, insisting that the ungrammatical Quaker "thee" should be altered in all the letters to "you," which took off the true naturalness of the book.*

Except James Carey, jun., who lives in Baltimore, William Longstreth, of Philadelphia, and Francis B. Gummere and R. T. Cadbury, of Haverford, I have almost lost all personal knowledge of my Haverford classmates. The most brilliant of them all, M. C. Kimber, died early. So far as I have heard, nearly all of those who graduated in my year (1872), have become fairly successful in life. Professor Gummere is perhaps the only one who has made any wide reputation for himself. After all, that is about as much as one could expect, out of a class of thirteen average fellows. Certainly one in thirteen does not generally become well known.

* "Frank : The Record of a Happy Life." Being memorials of Franklin Whitall Smith. By his mother, H.W.S. The poem, *An Early Death*, in "Echoes and Pictures," p. 135, refers to Frank Smith.

CHAPTER VII.

Choice of a Profession—The University of Maryland—The Rush Club—Scrappy.

ON my return from College, I was so worn out with the examinations, that I slept almost continuously for nearly a week, only getting up for meals, and to spend two or three hours in intercourse with my friends.

Then came the choice of a profession. The first opening that presented itself was the offer of a Professorship in Latin, in a Western College. This was soon disposed of. I had no inclination to go west, and I had no sense of qualification for the position, though I believe now I could have filled it creditably. But it met with no inward response. What a different thing my life would have been had I accepted it! I am quite satisfied my refusal was right from every point of view.

My own choice was directed to be a physician. I believe some of the family secretly hoped I should be, but none encouraged me, and most, strongly discouraged me, or urged that I should take one year of business training, which would be of assistance whatever I might choose to do afterwards. This advice was in many respects sound. I thought so then and still think so. But my objection to it was that if I did well, as I hoped I should, they would bring increased pressure to bear upon me to keep me in that line, and there would probably arise difficulties,

which would keep me from following what seemed to me to be right. The great argument that weighed with me was the opinion that father was reported to have given, as to his younger sons becoming doctors. He said he did not believe they would be physically strong enough to follow so arduous a profession. My answer to that was, that we were too young then for him to form a really reliable judgment, and that he very probably would not think so now. I felt a drawing to the profession, and an inward sense that it was the right thing, and all gave their consent at last. I am extremely thankful I succeeded in carrying my point, for, although my father's opinion has been verified, yet all of the greatest outward blessings of my life have directly turned on my being in the medical profession, and while it is now quite possible that I may never practise again, I am glad of my choice.

There was one point I had to give up, and that was my objection to studying medicine in Baltimore. The Harvard School in Boston was far superior, and I much wished to study there; but I was overruled, and have always from a medical point of view regretted it, for it would have given me a grounding I never succeeded in obtaining. At the same time, studying in Baltimore enabled me to spend the last year of my dear aunt Henrietta's life with her. Had I gone to Boston, I should have been away when she died, which would have been a sore trial. So in that way I am satisfied as it is.

My medical studies, therefore, were prosecuted at the Medical School of the University of Maryland, the School in which my father was for many years an honored professor. A two years' course was all that was requisite for obtaining a degree at that time, but I decided to make mine a three years' course, confining my attention during the first year to anatomy, chemistry and kindred subjects.

My medical course as such, was uneventful. There was no college life at all, if we except the Rush and the Anti-Rush Clubs. These were clubs among the students. I cannot speak for the second one not having been a member of it. But I remember the flush of pleasure when I found myself elected to the Rush. I had made no application, and deeply felt the honor, for the Rush was composed of a limited number of senior students,—supposed to be the best, and no Rush man had ever, so tradition said, been plucked. Each member of the club was made "Professor" of some branch of medicine or surgery, and would, in turn, question the other members on his branch. We shrewdly suspected that the Anti-Rush Club was not run on these lines, but was simply what its name implied. The great struggle between the two came when the graduating class elected its president towards the end of the term. Singularly enough I cannot remember who was elected in my year. The most exciting contest I remember was when the Anti-Rush man was elected.

When the annual banquet of the Rush Club was being arranged for, I made as earnest a plea as I could for the absence of alcoholic liquors at it. But no one seconded me. I was not present at the banquet.

My home was a mile and a half from the College and this kept me from making as many friends as I should have done otherwise.

My medical education was scrappy.

"Thomas," said a student to me one day, "you're a curious fellow. The professor asks you questions that none of us know and you answer correctly, and then he will ask you a question so easy that all of us know it, and you fail on it."

At the end of my second year I was appointed to the

coveted position of Interne in the hospital, and with great folly I gave it up after three months. I did it partly because my family, not understanding the true state of the case, urged me to do so ; but on looking back, I believe the real reason was a physical one. I had to sleep in a house next to the hospital, and go home for each of my meals. With all my other work it was too much, and I really gave out. I should have boarded near by, but none of us thought of that plan. I gained little in the three months, but I think I lost much by leaving.

[End of R. H. Thomas's Own Reminiscences.]

Life and Letters

of R. H. Thomas.

Life and Letters

of E. H. Thomas

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of his Aunt Henrietta—" *Hour after hour we watched her as she lay*"—R. H. Thomas first speaks in meeting—The Band of Hope—A trip to South Carolina and Florida—First journey to England—He visits J. B. Braithwaite and travels with him to Switzerland—" *My heart had loved thee always*"—Stay at Minden—Joins J. B. B. at Vienna—The Nazerenes—Medical work in London—Work among young men—Extracts from letters—Visits Norway—Engagement—Return to America—Travels in Tennessee with J. B. B.—Attends N. Carolina Yearly Meeting—Home Life and Extracts from Letters.

DR. THOMAS'S own "Reminiscences" come to an abrupt end before he had finished describing his medical course. As he has told us in them, he was by no means satisfied with the opportunities afforded him in Baltimore. Such men as McLane Tiffany, Julian Chisholm and Christopher Johnston were excellent didactic teachers, but clinical work was too much neglected at that period, and as will be seen, the medical instruction thus obtained was largely supplemented in Dr. Thomas's case by study in London and Vienna, and by much careful work in the laboratories of the Johns Hopkins University.

His Aunt Henrietta who had so lovingly watched over his boyhood, did not live to see the completion

of his college life. On the 23rd of January, 1874, she, with other members of the family, had greatly enjoyed an evening of song by Philip Phillips, the singing Pilgrim. The next morning, whilst dressing, she became ill and lay down on the bed, only to become, almost immediately, unconscious. Heart-broken, the niece and nephews to whom she had so long filled the place of a mother, watched beside her through the day, but at nightfall she passed away without any words of farewell.

Years afterwards Dr. Thomas wrote :

THE WELCOME.

Hour after hour we watched her as she lay,
Slow sinking into death in dreamless sleep,
And spake in useless whispers, and did weep
All silently around her bed that day,—
Till, sudden, as when evening's latest ray
Breaks through the clouds, and gilds some lofty steep,
O'er all her face we saw a glory sweep ;—
And in its holy light she passed away.

But was it evening ? nay ! 'twas morning's glow ;
No light of setting suns was round her thrown ;
She left us where the lengthening shadows grow,
For where a shadow is a thing unknown,
The radiant light we gazed upon below
Was God's first morning welcome to His own.

Of this period his sister writes :—

“The death of our beloved Aunt Henrietta, who had truly been a mother to her brother's children, was a severe loss to all of us ; to none more so than





RICHARD H. THOMAS,
Aet. 20.

to Richard, for he had been under her care from the time he was a year old. It deepened his religious life, and emphasized his underlying desire to be used of the Lord in any way He should choose. About a month after her death he first spoke in our meeting for worship at Eutaw Street. He and I had been having some conversation after the Band of Hope that afternoon about work for the Lord, and, after he had taken the part he did in the evening, I wrote him a little note. Since his death I have found it carefully preserved in one of his note books. It was as follows :—

Some time before thee spoke, I thought that a word came to me for thee, it was this,—‘I believe that in time the Lord will make thee a “workman that needeth not to be ashamed.”’ Thee remembers our talk this evening after the Band of Hope.

“He had written below :

(This note was handed to me by Mary after we had come home from evening meeting, in which I had spoken for the first time, on “Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord,” etc. This was in 2mo., 1874. R. H. T.)

“I believe that he distinctly felt from the first that he was called to preach the Gospel.

“It was only a few months before this that he and I had begun our first work for the Lord, in the shape of the above-mentioned Band of Hope. We were allowed to hold it on First-day afternoons, in the basement of the Friends’ Meeting House. This was felt to be quite a concession on the part of Friends in authority, for some of the children were rather

untidy in their appearance,—one at least must have had an undesirable reputation, for he went by the name of Piggie E. There were some difficulties accompanying the use of the Meeting House, for it was considered quite unsuitable to allow singing, and those who have had experience in a Band of Hope, know how important a place is given to singing. However a plan was devised to let off the restlessness of the youngsters. Richard headed the boys who walked behind him two and two, and I the girls, who followed in the same manner, and the procession went up and down the aisles of the Meeting House vigorously reciting temperance hymns. Occasionally as the two processions met, there was some entanglement of the boys and girls, but on the whole the plan worked well and was greatly enjoyed. The children signed a temperance pledge to hold good during the time they remained members of the Band of Hope. Great pains were taken to instil abstinence principles, but often it seemed as if the children paid but little attention, and the general impression left on the minds of the organisers and speakers, and secretary and treasurer, (we two divided these offices between us) was that the eighteen months of weekly work had been more of a failure than anything else. It was therefore with some pangs of regret, but with more of a sense of relief, that the Band of Hope was given up, because of the opening of a mission meeting on Federal Hill at the same hour on First-day afternoons, in

which there was a need for helpers. But the seed thus sown by unskilled hands was not altogether lost, and from time to time for years afterwards witness came to the real blessing of the poor little Band of Hope. A woman who kept a small shop exclaimed one day, 'I shall always be thankful to yez for that Band of Hope. My Johnny was just beginning to take a drop once in a way, but after he heard ye talk and signed the pledge he's never touched a bit. He's a great comfort to me.' Some years later two young girls, members of Friends' Meeting, when something was said about being total abstainers, exclaimed, 'Why of course we're temperance. We were members of your Band of Hope when we were little.' Ten years afterwards, when buying a pair of shoes, the woman in the shop said, 'Is not this Miss Thomas? My brother Charlie would so like to see you. He used to go to your Band of Hope.' As she went to fetch him, a sudden recollection came of this Charlie, who was indeed 'Piggie' himself, and it was difficult to recognise in the well-groomed young man who presently held out his hand to me with a smile, the boy whose hands had been the least pleasant to touch in the days of the Band of Hope. He said he had always been interested in temperance work since those Sunday afternoon talks in the Friends' Meeting House. Since Dr. Thomas's removal, unexpected testimony to the blessing of the Band of Hope was given by an older Friend who had occasionally come to see how the

work progressed, and who had been led to sign the pledge there."

Richard H. Thomas received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the spring of 1875, and almost immediately afterwards a circumstance occurred, apparently trifling, but, in his own view, fraught with tremendous influence upon his after life. Happening to be in Philadelphia he attended First-day morning meeting at Twelfth Street. He was of course very young in the ministry and it was then looked upon as a most serious thing to break the silence of a Philadelphia meeting, so it was with some natural hesitation that he rose and delivered what he believed to be a message from the Lord. What effect, if any, this act of obedience had upon the meeting I do not know, but it chanced that a Friend who had *not* been present was asking one who had, whether they had had a good meeting, when the unusual fact of a young Friend from Baltimore having spoken was mentioned. "Young Dr. Thomas," said the first Friend, "the very thing!" and he immediately sat down and wrote a letter asking Richard Thomas in his newly acquired character of a physican, to accompany his son, whose health was then giving cause for anxiety, and who had been ordered to spend some time in Florida and South Carolina. The proposition was accepted, and the two set out at once. The journey proved a very pleasant one, and altogether successful from the standpoint of health. The generous honorarium placed Dr. Thomas in a position to carry out his

cherished wish of prosecuting his medical studies abroad.

It was characteristic of Dr. Thomas's strong, independent nature, that in this instance as in others throughout his life, he prayerfully and carefully weighed all the reasons *pro* and *con.* and made up his mind as to the course to be pursued before telling his family of his intentions. They did not altogether approve at first, as they had supposed he would settle down at once to practise; but as all objections had been already foreseen and considered, their arguments had little weight with him, and they soon fell in with his wishes and helped him heartily in his preparations. Medical study either in London or Berlin was the first object; he also wished to acquire greater proficiency in German, and there were other thoughts not spoken of, but still very clear in his own mind. In later years he often said that he had felt that there would be work for him amongst the young English Friends, and that this had weighed much with him in deciding to go.

On this first visit he landed at Queenstown, and after visiting Blarney Castle proceeded thence *via* Dublin to Liverpool, where he met his step-mother, Deborah C. Thomas, then just concluding her first religious visit to London Yearly Meeting. Receiving from her letters of introduction to several Scotch and English Friends he went forward to Scotland, the English Lakes, Huddersfield, York and Darlington. He was most kindly welcomed in some of

these places, by those who remembered his father, and was entertained by Edwood Crosfield's family, William Miller, the Robsons, James Backhouse and Theodore Fry. Those who thus welcomed him for the sake of his father and step-mother quickly learned to love him for his own sake, and the friendships then begun were in several instances life-long.

Dr. Thomas had been a lover of England from a child, and she did not disappoint him. He often spoke with keen delight of the fresh greenness and beauty of the Scotch lakes and of the English Midland Counties, and of the impression which Chester, York, and Stratford-on-Avon produced upon him. But even then, as always afterwards, he cared most for people, so we do not wonder to find him, upon his arrival in London, hastening to present his letter of introduction to that English Friend of whose visit to Baltimore when he was a boy of eleven he retained such a lively recollection.

J. Bevan Braithwaite took a special delight in young men, and he at once recognised a congenial spirit in the young American with his chivalrous reverence for everything good, his cultivated mind and eager intelligent appreciation. Most of the family were then at the seashore, the only other member at home being his eldest son, and he too, quickly formed an ardent friendship with the stranger. They persuaded Dr. Thomas to leave his hotel and take up his abode with them, and greatly enjoyed introducing him to some of the wonders of London. Bevan Braithwaite and his

wife were just about to start on an extensive visit to the Continent in which they were to be accompanied by their friends Robert and Christine Alsop as guides and interpreters. The Alsops had frequently gone over most of the ground to be traversed, and although now in advancing years, their lively spirits and intimate acquaintance with the people and country rendered them most helpful and charming travelling companions. Christine Alsop was French, and still retained much of her native vivacity; she had been Christine Majolier and was the daughter of a leading Friend at Congénies in the south of France. Her husband, Robert Alsop, was English, and of a quieter and more reserved disposition, but his apparently inexhaustible fund of information on every subject, rendered him a most delightful addition to the party.

It had been planned that I, also, should go with them to wait upon and help my mother and Christine Alsop. My father soon discovered that Dr. Thomas was planning to spend the autumn abroad in the study of German, and thereupon invited him to begin his travels in our company. The invitation was gladly accepted, for, as the object of the journey was to visit the centres of Protestant work, it seemed to offer an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some interesting people. My mother, it is true, felt some consternation when she heard of this unknown travelling companion, but her objection was removed when she found that her husband would be detained by legal business, and that my brother was to be our

courier in the first stages of the journey, so that when my father and Dr. Thomas joined us at Aix les Bains it would only be for a very few days, and then the two young men would spend a week together in Switzerland. This plan was carried out. The four older and we three younger people were together at Aix les Bains, Chambery, Lausanne and Basle, and this was Dr. Thomas's first acquaintance with me.

Years afterwards he wrote :—

To A. B. T.

(Written 12th mo., 1901.)

My heart had loved thee always :

Unknowing and unknown,

Our spirits sought each other,

Our pulses beat as one.

When first I saw, I knew thee,

Ere yet thy name was known

Had I not always loved thee,

And never been alone ?

Amongst the most interesting visits made during this week were those to the Krischona Missionary Training Home and to the theological seminary known as the Basle Institute. The Krischona Training Home is romantically situated on a mountain side, two or three miles from Basle. It was at that time presided over by Pastor Rappard, whose charming wife was a daughter of Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem. Its beautiful cleanliness and simplicity, and the glad spirit of Christian love that pervaded it were most impressive. Here sixty candidates for the Foreign Mission Field

were being trained in practical ways, such as farming, joinery, shoemaking, etc.

At Basle the party separated, and Dr. Thomas with my brother spent a delightful week at Chamonix, after which he took up his quarters at Minden, and for six weeks worked hard at German.

There were three or four other young Friends studying German in Minden that summer, and all were earnest Christians anxious to help forward the work of the Lord. They used to have times of united prayer in each other's lodgings, and they started a Bible Class which was kept up by the Minden Friends for some time after they left. More than one of the company also took vocal part in the Friends' Meetings, and as Minden Friends received a visit at the same time from Isaac Sharp and Robert Doeg there was altogether considerable spiritual activity. Dr. Thomas accompanied these Friends in their visit to the meeting at Obern Kirchen, etc.

In the meantime, J. B. and M. Braithwaite with their party had visited the Vaudois churches in the valleys of Piedmont as well as in Turin, Milan, Florence and Rome, and also many Friends and others in Lyons, Valence, Montmeyran, Nîmes, Congénies and Marseilles. Before returning home my father wished to visit some of the Nazarene congregations in Buda Pesth and Vienna, whose members were undergoing severe sufferings for their refusal to perform military service. He wrote to Dr. Thomas asking him to meet him at Vienna and accompany

him in these visits. There was a great deal of railway travelling to be done and the hours were few that could be spent in the two cities visited. But every hour was filled to the brim. There were midnight conferences with the leading Nazarenes, attendance at their religious worship, a most interesting interview on their behalf with the Hungarian statesman, Déak, and besides all this, meetings with the colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who had been collected for the purpose, both at Vienna and Buda Pesth, as soon as my father's coming was known. As he listened to their recital of thrilling adventure in their efforts to disseminate the scriptures, Dr. Thomas became intensely interested in the strivings after religious liberty in a country bound in the thralldom of Roman Catholicism. The sufferings of the Nazarenes, too, impressed him deeply, and as he realised the peril to them which any outside effort to help them might involve if it came to the ears of the police, he began to understand the oppression involved in a system of enforced military service. It would seem that the seeds of his future interest in the cause of peace were largely sown at this time and it was now, too, that he made the acquaintance of Edward Millard, for many years agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Vienna, whose kindness he again experienced at a later date.

On his return from this somewhat unique tour on the Continent, Dr. Thomas at once began to plan for his medical work in London. He was at first dis-

appointed to find that no special courses for doctors were at that time open to him in London, but through the kindness of Jonathan Hutchinson, and of Dr. Wilson Fox and Dr. Peacock, he obtained admission to the London Hospital, to the Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, and to St. Thomas's, so that he soon had as much work on his hands as time and strength would permit.

He also became intimately associated with a number of earnest young men, such as Albert J. Crosfield, Joseph G. Alexander, Dr. John Dixon, Albert Head, Archibald Allen, and others. The Friends' Christian Fellowship Union had been started the previous summer, and its active members were now holding meetings in various parts of London, as well as a weekly Bible Class for young men at Devonshire House. All this gave Dr. Thomas just the opportunity for work amongst young men which he had hoped for before leaving America.

During the winter and, in fact, during the whole time he was in Europe, we constantly find such episodes as the following in his home letters :—

Cork, Ireland, 7th mo. 20th. . . . On our second First-day at sea, a young Baptist Minister preached from Ezek. xlii. 9, "Everything whithersoever the river cometh shall live," very nicely and interestingly. He was one of the intermediate passengers. Then liberty was given for anyone to address the meeting, and Samuel Emlen did so, and then I said a few words. The vessel was rolling so that I had to hold on to the table in order to keep my feet.

Edinboro'. 7th mo. 7th. . . . Next morning (5th day, the 5th) I hunted up the Friends' Meeting-house, and arrived just in time for the Meeting at 10.30. . . . It was very small as it was a week-day, only eight attenders all told, but the quality was better than the quantity, for five out of the eight took vocal part in the meeting. A Friend of the name of Tunstall sat at the head of the women's side and prayed very sweetly at the beginning of the meeting. Then I spoke about the two excuses we are apt to make when the Lord calls for anything from us. First: 'That we are too weak and specially unfitted for the duty given us. Second: That the work is so small that it cannot matter whether it is done or not. Before I spoke I had felt a little like saying as Jeremiah did, "I am but a child," for I suppose that the youngest there beside me was at least twice as old. Almost immediately afterwards, William Miller rose and spoke from "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." He spoke very briefly on doing anything the Lord might call for, however strange it might seem to us. His wife then spoke of how the Lord had promised to bless us daily with spiritual blessings, etc. Then Eliza Wigham prayed, and, amongst other things, for the friends of all present, both here and across the waters.

Darlington, 8th mo. 14th. . . . I drove over to Dryburgh Abbey, which was most interesting. . . . At the Railway station afterwards I had to wait for about an hour, and as it was raining hard I could not walk about. In the waiting-room there were two men besides myself and one woman. I happened to have a volume of Moody's sermons in my pocket, and we all agreed that I might read a sermon to them. So I chose one about Christ being come to seek and to save that which was lost. It was a striking one and they were quite attentive, and when we had finished it there was a moment's silence and I prayed a very short prayer. On my remarking to one of the men how wonderful the love of God is, he said, "Yes, it is wonderful all

through in everything," and thanked me for having read the sermon. The other man, however, did not appear to think it was anything to me whether he was saved or not, so I spoke a few words to him of the Lord's willingness to save.

Minden, Prussia. 10th mo., 1875. . . . Next afternoon E.W., the two K's., and myself, took a long walk, enlivened by interesting conversation; amongst other things, how nice it would be if there could be a Sunday School established among the Friends here (of which more hereafter). Next morning we five English-speaking young men had a little meeting together before the regular meeting, ostensibly but not exclusively, to pray for the meeting. In the meeting that followed we had something like what George Fox would have called "a thrashing meeting."

London. 1st mo. 22nd, 1876. . . . We walked over to Holloway to attend the meeting of "The Friends' Christian Fellowship Union." . . . About twenty-seven assembled, and we had a very interesting practical time, much being said upon how we may be "in the world, but not of it." Albert Crosfield was there and we had a very pleasant conversation. I was glad to hear from him that one young man had apparently been brought out more openly for the Lord by our meeting held last week in Reigate for young men.

London. 3rd mo. 1876. . . . Last night, to my surprise, Theodore Crosfield asked me to lead the meeting of the young men at Reigate, while we were walking thither. I did not feel much like it as I thought someone else could do it better. However, I agreed, and read a few texts to show that though we felt weak yet God had recognised the fact and provided the remedy. It was quite a good meeting, but the working force was not strong. After Christ, as the full satisfier of all our needs, had been dwelt upon by one of the speakers, I spoke again on "Wilt thou be made whole?" showing how neglect was refusal.

Almost directly a young man rose and said that he would say "Yes" to that question, and went on to tell us that he had fallen into known sin and had lost his peace, but now he would say yes, and believed that the Lord would make him whole. After the meeting I had a very satisfactory talk with another young man, who came and told me that he ought to have spoken in the meeting.

In Fifth Month, two American Friends, Rufus P. King and Edward L. Scull, arrived to attend London Yearly Meeting. They made their home at my father's, and Dr. Thomas, who had known them both in America, was frequently there with them.

The acquaintance between Dr. Thomas and myself had matured during his months in London, and a little later in the summer we became engaged. Whilst this important matter was pending, he accepted an invitation to accompany his American Friends to Norway, whither they went immediately after London Yearly Meeting. He was with them there about a month, attending the Norwegian Yearly Meeting at Stavanger, and going with them to several of the little country meetings. From Stavanger he wrote to my father :—

Stavanger.

6th mo. 13th, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
JOSEPH BEVAN BRAITHWAITE,

We arrived safely at this place on Seventh-day afternoon. The first day of the voyage was all that could be desired, but during the last day the winds and waves were very exercising to us, and we were all much relieved when we entered the Stavanger Fjord. Several Friends came out in a row boat to

take us and our luggage to land. They received us very warmly, though they could not, of course, express their kind feeling except by the pressure of the hand. We are staying at the Meeting-house, and are being very nicely entertained indeed. Endre Dahl is very attentive and kind to us. First-day morning and afternoon meetings were held. About 150 people were present at each, and I think we had really good and refreshing times. In the evening we took tea at Endre Dahl's and afterwards between fifty and sixty gathered in his rooms and we had a most favored occasion. There is much depth and seriousness about the Norwegian Friends. There was another religious meeting on Second-day morning which was even more interesting than the one held the day before. The business meeting closed this morning after the consideration of the revision of the Discipline.

Stavanger is beautifully situated, and the various views of the Fjord with its islands, and the mountains beyond, some of which are still capped with snow, are most charming. We expect to hold a meeting with the Friends and neighbors on one of these islands to-morrow. I am very glad that I came to Norway. Rufus King has preached very acceptably and E. L. S. has spoken occasionally, very nicely.

Personally I have learned more than ever before what a wonderful Saviour the Lord Jesus is. Thy remark that Christianity does not make a man a Stoic is a great comfort to me. I cannot help turning my mind every hour to the subject that is upon it so deeply, but I have been enabled to follow thy advice and to cast all the burden upon the Lord, and so He does enable me to be really cheerful. There are many things I should like to say to thee but I do not know how to write them. My thoughts are continually turning in your direction. . . .

Dr. Thomas's deep interest in the Scandinavian Friends dates from this visit to Norway. Returning to England, he spent a week with us at Shanklin, in the

Isle of Wight, and there, on the Fourth of July, 1876, (the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence) he and I became engaged. It was a great amusement to my family that, ardent lover of his native land as he was, he entirely forgot the anniversary until reminded of it by a cake decorated with flags on the supper table.

The weeks that followed passed all too quickly, and on the 6th of August Dr. Thomas sailed for America in company with my father, who was just starting on a religious visit to the States. Later in the same autumn he was his companion in a flying trip through Eastern Tennessee, winding up with attending North Carolina Yearly Meeting. Of this journey, which as usual with my father, was closely filled with exhausting physical effort and religious engagements, my husband had many amusing anecdotes to relate in after days.

With this exception the twenty months that elapsed before his return to England were chiefly spent by Dr. Thomas in working up his practice and in efforts to hasten the day when he might return to England to claim his bride.

A few extracts from his letters to me will give an idea of the varied interests of his life.

Baltimore, 2nd mo. 13th, 1877. . . . The course in Biology at the University is nearly completed. I felt a good deal pleased when Prof. Martin came to me yesterday and asked me if I would like to carry on any special physiological research after the course is completed. I was pleased that he asked me

because he had said that he was not going to ask anyone whom he did not like. . . .

Baltimore, 2nd mo. 22nd, 1877. . . . On Third-day evening Brother James had Professors Lowell and Child to spend the evening. He invited us also, and we spent a most pleasant and sociable evening. They are both fine men and thoroughly natural and unaffected, and have such a delicate and tender and true way of looking at things that their society is delightful. One gets so weary of the materialistic line of thought that says *cui bono?* to everything of a higher nature, that it is truly refreshing to meet men who even unconsciously show that they acknowledge these undemonstrable attributes of the soul as the true moving springs of action.

To-day is, next to the fourth of July, our most important national holiday, Washington's Birthday. It is a year to-day since the Johns Hopkins University was formally opened and its President installed, so, as was natural, there were commemorative exercises.

All of us went. President Gilman and Professors Gildersleeve and Sylvester spoke. . . . Then Professor Lowell read an original poem written by him in 1875 for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Washington taking command of the Continental Army (as it was then called.) It was a beautiful poem bringing out the evenly balanced character and homely domestic virtues of Washington, finishing with a fine appeal for mutual love and forbearance between the North and South. There were in the audience two of the most able lawyers in the City—one of them a most violent Southerner—yet they were so much touched by the poem of a Northerner that they were both affected to tears. To make one realise the true grandeur of a life lived not for *effect* but for duty; that does not fail to recognise duty and to follow her "even in her meanest garb"—of a life that considers no duty too small to be attended to, is certainly one of the best objects of a true poem. . . .

3rd mo. 21st, 1877. . . . It has often come to me to question myself how far that prayer of ——'s is being answered in me, how far I am preaching the gospel to all I meet, either by words or actions, or both, and what kind of a gospel I am preaching, whether a full or a distorted one.

I must tell thee that the Lord is blessing me. It is a blessing that makes me realise how very frail I am, and how perfect is the standard of holiness. At the same time the power of the Lord is also clear, the strength that comes from taking the Lord at His word and taking it for granted that, no matter how impossible it seems—the Lord is going to save me from present temptation whatever it may be. And now what I want is power for service; somehow I expect to have it, at least I find a greater longing to be the means of blessing to those around me, and I am sure the Lord is able to use me effectively. . . .

3rd mo. 28th, 1877. . . . My experience abroad was such that I can never doubt that the Lord does guide and direct. Besides the medical reasons for going, there was another which I think was the real reason of my going at that time rather than later. It was a distinct impression that there was a work for me to do among the young men of London, &c. And then the Friends on the Continent were also on my mind. I cannot say how the service was accomplished, but that a way was opened (most unexpectedly to me, for I could not see how it could be) thou knows. Of course there was a great deal more that I had not thought of that came about. Going over, if it did not benefit anyone else, certainly benefited me in every way; it was simply invaluable. And what shall I say about the gift that I received during the last few weeks? . . .

4th mo. 5th, 1877. . . . I went to see one of Brother James's patients for him, and then paid four or five visits on Federal Hill, at all of which there was opportunity for personal religious talk. . . . I am so thankful that I am permitted to urge people to come to Christ: it is something to be very grateful for, but I do

so much desire to have more power that what I say may not only be directed but also made powerful by the Holy Ghost's power going with it. The next workers' meeting at the Y. M. C. A. is to be on how we may get more power for service. I am to lead it. . . .

8th mo. 20th, 1877. . . . I am delighted with John Woolman's *Journal*. While one may not unite with all his scruples, one cannot help seeing that they were real to him. The principle he lays down is most important, that however small a thing may be in itself it ceases to be small if the Lord shows us His will in regard to it. He further says that he found that if he would be used in the service of the Lord, he must follow Him in every thing, even though others whom he knew (or thought) were beyond him, did not see as he did. I doubt whether he would have done the good he did had he not been willing to be thought peculiar. I have rarely read a book that made me feel so strongly the sweetness and power of a truly devoted life. To me his life was a most inspiring one, and I trust that I may profit by it.

9th mo. 9th, 1877. . . . I closed my last letter at Osceola. I was met there by Z. McNaul, a Friend from Curwensville, who drove me over to Houtzdale. Houtzdale is a mining village built on the side of a high hill. It is in Clearfield Co., Penna. I had felt a strong desire to visit Joseph Harrison, the only member in that place. He is a Welshman by birth, but has become convinced of our principles and only lately joined Friends. He gathered about a dozen of the other miners in the School House to meet us. I do not think that I ever sat down in a meeting where I felt that it mattered so little to most of those present whether I should have anything to say or no. That is, there seemed to be such a solemn feeling over us. I believe this is the first meeting that has ever been held on my responsibility, so to speak. It was also the first "Friends' Meeting" ever held in Houtzdale. I prayed twice and Joseph Harrison also prayed,

and I spoke on the names of Christ in Matt. i., "Jesus" and "Immanuel." I had some very nice talk with J. H. and also with another miner named Benjamin Lewis. I found on questioning them, that about half a dozen of these miners meet together on First-day mornings to hold a Bible Class. But they hold an informal Friends' Meeting to begin with, for about half an hour, in which some of them generally take part vocally. J. H. is the superintendent of a Sabbath School in the afternoon. We felt that they are doing good work up there and we endeavored to encourage them. . .

CHAPTER IX.

Second visit to England—His marriage—Letter to D. C. Thomas—
Voyage home—Bright prospects—Sensitive disposition—Losses
—Misunderstandings—Work amongst the poor—Birth of H. M. T.
—*Ye faithless ones, did He not care?*—His health breaks
down—Third visit to England—Failure.

EARLY in 1878 the time came when Dr. Thomas was to cross the ocean again to be married, and it was decided that his Aunt Julia Valentine and his sister Mary S. Thomas should accompany him to England.

The wedding took place at the old Westminster Meeting House at Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, on the 28th of the 3rd mo., 1878. It was the first break in the band of nine brothers and sisters at Camden Road, and the parting was keenly felt, yet the welcome given to the new brother was sincere, for he had already won all hearts, and in after years there was not one who did not count his friendship as a special blessing and joy.

We will give the story of his wedding in his own words, from a letter written the same evening to his step-mother in America.

R. H. THOMAS TO DEBORAH C. THOMAS.

Clarendon Hotel, Leamington,
3rd mo. 28th, 1878.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

We, *i.e.*, Anna and I, have just arrived here from London. I have been thinking very much of thee to-day, and have had a very strong feeling that thou hast been praying for us. Thou wilt want to hear something about the day, though Mary will probably give more interesting details than I shall.

* * * * *

Aunt Julia kept up wonderfully, only I should like to see her now and to know how she is now it is all over. I did not walk with Anna into the Meeting but with Aunt Julia. As soon almost as the Meeting was settled J. Bevan Braithwaite made a most impressive prayer for us. Then we said the ceremony. The Meeting was large, the house being full, but I did not mind that. But I did very greatly feel the solemnity of the occasion, and I think my voice trembled a good deal. Anna spoke very nicely, and I believe we both spoke to the satisfaction of Mother Braithwaite and of the party generally. Isaac Robson, Caleb R. Kemp, Christine Alsop, Sarah Chalk, and Alicia Ashworth took vocal part in the Meeting, and while there was nothing very extraordinary it was a quiet, favored time.

Then came the breakfast on our arrival home. It was very nice indeed. Father made a very beautiful speech at the close, followed by Isaac Braithwaite, his eldest brother. Both of these spoke of their ancestors' visits to America. The latter spoke also of the marriage relation as illustrated in the Bible, etc. Father then introduced me as follows :—" John Hodgkin used to say that Baltimore was a place which had in it a 'beloved physician,' that was Dr. R. H. Thomas, the father of the present Dr. Thomas. It is still true that Baltimore has a beloved physician, and he is here, and if he has anything in his heart I hope he will speak." So introduced, I made my first after-dinner speech. It was not such a trying experience as I had

thought it would be. I spoke of the remembrance in which Anna's grandparents and father are held in America ; of my very strong sense of what was being given to me and taken from her friends, in Anna ; of the real unity of purpose and aim of the two nations, England and America ; of their work in the civilization and evangelization of the world, and ended up with the hope that both of us (representatives of these nations) would be found unitedly working for Christ, with some more on that subject. Joseph made a very amusing and capital speech. Other speeches were made by Dr. Watson, Robert Braithwaite, jun., Isaac Braithwaite, jun., and Alfred Gillett, all of which were good. Anna cut the bride-cake and I, according to English custom, helped her. Thy photograph in a velvet case was placed on the drawing-room mantelpiece. The presents were laid out on view in father's study ; there are considerably over a hundred of them. Tell Allen and Rebecca and Sister Mary that their letters to Anna came this morning and were very satisfactory, arriving so as to be given to her on our return from the Meeting. We have very nice quarters here and are living in style for two days. Day after to-morrow we go to Matlock and come down to ordinary living again. To-morrow we intend driving to Kenilworth and also to Warwick Castle. Please give my dear love to all at home. You know, I suppose, that our passage is taken in the *Bothnia*, on the 27th of next month. . . .

M. S. THOMAS TO HER FAMILY IN AMERICA.

London, 3rd mo. 29th, 1878.

. . . Richard repeated the ceremony most beautifully and with more feeling than I have ever heard a man put into it. He was as white as a sheet and I could see his lips tremble. Then Anna said it very sweetly and solemnly, and both spoke in a clear distinct voice that could be heard all over the room. . . .

Our honeymoon was spent in Derbyshire and in visits to our Kendal relatives and then, after an all too

brief time at Camden Road, the parting came, and we started on our homeward journey.

R.H.T. TO HIS SISTER.

On Board the *Bothnia*, in the Irish Channel.

4th mo. 27th, 1878.

MY DARLING SISTER,

. . . Thou wilt excuse a short letter as it is now 10.30 p.m. I do trust that both of you will have a blessed time during your stay in England. I feel sure that thou wilt find opportunities for giving much good. Also of getting good, new ideas, new methods, etc. One of my friends wished to know if we have a Medical Mission in Baltimore. I wonder if such a thing is practicable, at present. It would certainly serve to reach a class that we cannot now reach and would do them good.

I am more or less filled with contending emotions, feeling a wrench and a loss in leaving the dear ones in England and a strong thrill of joy at the thought of seeing the dear ones at Baltimore. I do want quietly and soberly to do the Lord's will with a perfect heart; to let Him work all the good pleasure of His goodness in me. I am not going to give way to useless frettings over my many real causes for thinking how much I lack of being a strong character. But with His grace I shall simply do the right thing every day, and trust Him. Surely we can rely implicitly upon such a Saviour, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

With very dearest love, thy brother,

RICHARD H. THOMAS.

S.S. Bothnia,

5th mo. 5, 1878.

MY DARLING SISTER,

We have much to be thankful for, among other things that we have had a truly fine day to-day, an event worthy to be chronicled on such a voyage, for we have had a voyage to be

remembered. Head winds,—head winds,—head winds,—some fog. For several hours, I understand, we only made about four to five knots an hour, and the vessel shook from stem to stern sometimes, as if every bolt, or at least some bolt, must loosen from its place. One morning early a wave struck the ship with such violence that one of the gentlemen thought we were going to the bottom. I had my usual good fortune during this apparently trying scene, I slept peacefully through it all, but awoke sick not long after. We have been both sick repeatedly. It has been the most trying of my four voyages. Notwithstanding, I have been able to do some solid reading. I have read M'Crie's "Life of Knox," and am now nearly half through Denman's "Life of Latimer," besides reading some in Hare's "Guesses at Truth," etc. So in the way of reading, this voyage compares very favorably with the former.

* * * * *

I may say that we were not out of sight of land before we were sea-sick.

And this reference to the early part of the voyage brings very freshly to my remembrance how delighted we were with the very kind letters we received from you all. I think, to judge from the Purser's list, there were more letters addressed to the name "Thomas," than to any other. These letters were most refreshing, but also saddening, as they brought before us so vividly what we were leaving.

To-night we have seen the "new moon with the old one in her arms" to great perfection.

We have made but few acquaintances owing to our being so much under the weather. But we have made some. One old man who has been a sailor most of his life, and who is apparently an earnest Christian and Bible student, is among them.

To-day, among the steerage, I fell into conversation with a man who proved to be a Catholic priest, who is stationed near Cincinnati. I asked him about the Bible in Public Schools,

what was the attitude taken in regard to it by the Romanists in Ohio. He said that they had, by the authority of the Archbishop, ceased from all opposition. But, he added, that they have taken all Catholic children from such schools wherever this could be done, and put them into schools of their own. He says that they recommend the Douay version to their flock and encourage them to read it, also that in his parts the Roman Catholic Church is not increasing but about holding its own. All this was interesting to me.

I had quite an interesting conversation on the Liquor Traffic with a young man on board this afternoon.

* * * * *

We landed in New York on the 7th of May, 1878. The change from the stormy voyage to the blaze and splendor of an American May was almost startling. My husband's brother Allen met us on the steamer, and the day of landing was spent in New York, where we were entertained by his maternal uncle. The beauties of the harbour and the fresh foliage and exquisite blossoms of dogwood, pink bud, etc., in Central Park made a great impression upon me, as did also the first view of the noble Hudson river. The same day we went by train to Peekskill, and spent the night at the home of Dr. Thomas's aunt, Margaret Hussey, and the next day we journeyed to Baltimore. Dr. James C. Thomas met us at the old President Street Depot, and drove us through the moonlit streets, where the white marble steps and finishings of the houses stood out in strong relief against the dark red brick walls, to the new home, 438, Madison Avenue, where Deborah Thomas, whom I had already known

in England, and other members of the family, had gathered to welcome us.

So the new life began and all looked bright and promising.

My husband's family had long been among the prominent Friends of Baltimore Meeting, and he himself, as we have seen, had early taken a public stand for Christ, and was looked upon as one of the most hopeful among the younger friends.

His financial prospects too seemed good. In common with his brothers and sister, he had inherited a small independent income from his maternal grandfather, and it was chiefly on the strength of this that it had been thought prudent for us to marry. His year in London had given him better facilities for medical study than fell to the lot of the average practitioner of his day in America, and he had made good use of them. He loved his profession and had high ambitions in connection with it, and the start already made in his practice was a very fair one.

His health had never been very strong but it had improved, and the outlook in that direction also seemed encouraging.

But there was one side of his character which must be taken into consideration, if we are rightly to appreciate the effect produced upon him by the chequered events of the next few years. Dr. Thomas possessed to the full the poetic temperament. He was keenly susceptible to pain as well as pleasure, and was indeed almost morbidly sensitive to the

good opinion of those he loved. This did not show itself in the ordinary way of hurt feelings, but he would generally blame himself if he thought that others showed less affection for him than formerly. In fact he was still very like the little tender-hearted boy who had cried at the thought of his own badness. In after years he learned to turn this sensitiveness to account in his work for the Lord, by making his own feelings the rule by which to measure the sufferings of others ; and thus he gained the quick understanding sympathy, that won his way into the hearts and lives of so many.—

One of his Danish friends writing since his death says :—

Dr. Thomas had a wonderful influence upon others. I never met anyone like him in this particular, and I don't exactly know in what it consisted. I have thought that perhaps he had had to bear great trials and to pass through great sufferings in his own inner experience, and that so the Apostle's word was fulfilled in him ' Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.' I think that he took a share in *all* the burdens with which he came in contact, and that it was this that was the secret of his power. But even though we may not be able to trace his influence to its source, we know that it was there, and that it is bearing fruit. Oh that many more like him might be raised up. Mankind would be unspeakably happier ; and such a thing might well be through the power of Christ, if more of His so-called followers would but take up the cross and follow Jesus.

But to return to our story. Clouds quickly gathered over the prospect that had opened so brightly. The

first troubles were financial. Within two months of his arrival at home, a considerable part of my husband's income was stopped through the unfaithfulness of the trustees of his grandfather Clapp's estate; and later in the same autumn another blow fell in the failure of an investment in which he, with other members of the family, was interested. Thus he saw himself, within six months of his marriage, deprived of more than two-thirds of his independent income, and he could not look for assistance to his brothers, for all had suffered alike.

We had by this time gone to housekeeping by ourselves, and being somewhat inexperienced in worldly matters, we did not grieve much over our losses, but set ourselves hopefully to the vain task of endeavoring, by the strictest economy, to live within our sadly diminished income. Perhaps the handicap was most keenly felt in connection with my husband's practice. Medical books and instruments were sorely needed, but there was no money for them. "When I am rich," he would say to me, "I will establish a fund to buy books and instruments for deserving young doctors."

The next trouble touched him more closely, and produced such a permanent effect upon his character, that no story of his life would be complete without some allusion to it.

In the early winter of 1878, he was called upon to accompany a visiting minister from another Yearly Meeting to a country neighborhood where work

was to be undertaken. They had a very successful visit, the interest was great, and Dr. Thomas's own individual efforts were rewarded by seeing three young men brought to the Lord. But in the sympathy of united work he had talked much with the other minister. The subject of the Ordinances was at that time much canvassed among Friends, and was to be considered at a meeting for young men, which my husband had inaugurated on the lines of the English F.C.F.U. He was earnestly trying to prepare for this, and to work out the subject in the most fresh and telling manner. He recounted some of his arguments to his friend, asking him whether he thought them calculated to answer the existing difficulties. Strangely enough the minister got the impression that he was describing his own questionings, and on his return to Baltimore he told one of the Elders of the Meeting that Dr. Thomas was entirely unsettled on the subject of the Ordinances, and that he was on the point of leaving Friends. This was a great blow. Baltimore Meeting had already had difficulties with such cases, and now to think that Richard Thomas, on whom so many hopes had been placed, had been led away, seemed too much. The Elder decided that he could not enter upon the subject with his young friend, but would content himself with advising him to desist from preaching in the uptown meeting, and then wait and see how things turned out.

Meantime some garbled rumors of trouble had

reached Dr. Thomas. It seemed to be a day of misunderstandings, for the story that came to him was, that *the minister* in question was suspected of unsoundness, and knowing from their recent conversations that this was not the case, with his accustomed generosity, he hastened to the Elder, to clear his friend from the imputation. He came back troubled and perplexed. Instead of the usual sympathetic welcome he had been met with coldness, had been given no opportunity of making his intended explanation, but on the other hand had been himself cautioned as to speaking much, and had been advised for the present to attend the meeting at Federal Hill. No reason was assigned, and though in after years confidence was restored, there never was any explanation of the misunderstanding between the two. In fact my husband himself did not know until long afterwards the reason of the sudden change in his friend's bearing towards him.

He had now been preaching for nearly four years with full encouragement from the Elders, so it was only natural that he should accept the warning as an official intimation of want of unity on the part of the meeting. He did so consider it, and for the next eighteen months he confined himself chiefly to the Mission at Federal Hill—(now Light Street Meeting) and to the Young Men's Christian Association, of which Dr. James C. Thomas was President.

D. L. Moody spent that winter in Baltimore, and the Revival spirit was abroad.

Dr. Thomas soon found abundant scope for his spiritual energy amongst the young men, and though some of the ties that had bound him to the Friends of his own meeting seemed to be loosened, he was learning through that very thing, to place his confidence more completely in God alone.

The incident above alluded to was more far reaching in its effects than can be here set forth, and it came at a time that made it peculiarly hard to bear, yet though Dr. Thomas suffered keenly, his consecration stood the test. He had written to his sister that he desired to let the Lord work out all the good pleasure of His goodness in him, and now as he sought to keep his heart open to the Heavenly Grace, he was to prove in his own experience the reality of that divine alchemy, whereby the bitter is made sweet and the hard things easy.

His character ripened rapidly, and instead of becoming soured and discontented, he grew even more loving and sympathetic. A certain dictatorial tone that had been sometimes noticed in his earlier preaching disappeared, and his words coming right from his own fresh experience, went home with power to those who heard them. His ministry as well as his practice was at this time largely among the poor. He grudged neither time nor strength, but labored as indefatigably for his poorer, as he ever did for his more wealthy patients. Often when he found them neglected he would minister to their needs with his own hands, and always he was on the

look out to carry cheer and comfort to their souls, as well as to their bodies.

So the winter passed. It was an unusually cold one, with much distress among the poor, but when May had come again, and in old England the bells were ringing for the birthday of the Queen, a little daughter came to gladden our home in Baltimore. She was named after the beloved Aunt Henrietta, to whom her father owed so much, and after her English grandmother Martha Braithwaite. But even here joy and sorrow were mingled. The nurse, highly recommended, proved untrustworthy, and before the baby was three weeks old, its serious illness revealed the fact that she had been disregarding the Doctor's express orders. There were days of intense anxiety when the little life seemed to hang by a thread, and during these her father was doctor and nurse and cook, watching over her with a mother's tenderness, and only leaving her side when compelled to do so by other duties. Finally the baby and I, with my oldest sister who had come to be with me, spent the summer at our brother Charles Y. Thomas's home in Harford Co., Maryland, whilst Dr. Thomas remained in Baltimore busy with his patients and his Y.M.C.A. work.

As chairman of the Open-air Committee of the Y.M.C.A., he had organised an active campaign. Six open air services were held each Sunday afternoon, and he generally contrived himself to look in at two or three at least of these, usually giving a short address at each.

The house in which we had gone to housekeeping having proved in many ways unsuitable, and a good opportunity offering, we moved in the autumn to one on the opposite corner of the same block.

The winter passed in busy work. Dr. Thomas was occupied with investigations as to the effect of climatic changes on the spread of diphtheria,—the prevalency of that disease in Baltimore at certain seasons having early attracted his attention. Much of his practice was still in South Baltimore, but it was improving in character, though he still did a great deal of gratuitous work. He had been for two years physician at the House of Refuge, a large Reformatory for boys in the neighborhood of Baltimore, and this position he held for about nine years. His interest in the religious as well as the physical welfare of these boys was very great.

With the spring a new prospect opened. My family wrote, earnestly begging me to bring the baby for a visit, and thus escape the perils of the dreaded "second summer" in Baltimore. Influenced by this consideration, plans for the journey were soon made, though with many misgivings on my part, for I realised that my husband was himself very far from well. He had worked through the heat of two Baltimore summers almost without a holiday, and under severe financial strain, and was now only keeping up by the mere force of his strong will. However, I had not as yet learned to understand his powers in that direction, and as there was nothing

definitely wrong, I consoled myself with thinking that he would be relieved of much anxiety if we were in England, so having done all in my power to insure his comfort during our absence, I set out, rejoicing in the prospect of this first return to my home, yet with a great sense of impending trouble in regard to my husband.

To A. B. T.

On her sailing to England, 5th mo. 22nd, 1880.

Matthew viii. 23—27 :

Ye faithless ones, did He not care,
He chose you to be near to Him
And ye were very dear to Him.
Those fierce waves brought no fear to Him
For at His word they rose and fell.
He noted all your toilings well
And willed you blessings everywhere.

But He would teach this lesson deep,
Let raging storms be ne er so wild
Or seas be calm and breezes mild,
No evil harms His trusting child.
Dangers upon him hard may press,
They cannot make his safety less,
For safe is he whom God doth keep.

At first the letters were bright ; patients, House of Refuge, laboratory work, open air meetings. He surely could not be much amiss to accomplish so much. I will quote for example the description of one Sunday afternoon's work in the open air :

Baltimore, 5th mo. 30th, 1880. . . . This afternoon I had John Marshall (his boy) and the carriage, and went first to

Henderson's Wharf. Here there was no one else, and so after waiting for some time, and after praying for strength (as I felt rather shaky and unwell), I distributed the hymns and began by singing one verse of "There is a fountain," but did not succeed very well, not breaking down but striking the wrong key, prayed, and spoke for about twenty-five minutes to the extent of my voice on the Prodigal Son. Thanks to the elocution lessons, my voice at the end of the last prayer was as strong as ever, and men over a hundred yards off told me they heard me well. There was a congregation of something over a hundred, I think, and not more than five went away during the service. Then we went on to Light St. Wharf where I spoke and prayed. Thence to Marsh Market where I spoke. When I got home I really was not tired. Mary and I drove down to Federal Hill this evening and had a good meeting there. . . .

In another letter he gave me the following lovely account of his personal feelings at this time :

Baltimore, 6th mo. 12th, 1880. . . . It is three weeks to-day since we last saw each other.

They have been weeks of very rich blessing to me from the Lord, He has been nearer and more constantly and consciously with me than ever in my life before. I should be thankful if I could see more result from the work He allows me to do. People seem to be interested in what I say, but I do not *see* any result. Still I do believe that He will so baptise me for service, as He is now doing for my experience, that I shall not only *see* the things that are freely given us of God, but be enabled to show them to others.

Still I did not feel satisfied, for from occasional hints I gathered that he was no better really. In another letter he wrote :

. . . Since thou hast gone, I have taken a calm view of my health. I find I am not strong and cannot stand as much as

a strong man. This I accept and am acting on : good hours for sleep at night, a little rest in the afternoons, endeavoring never to *rush*. Brother James says my blood is poor, which I knew before. He has prescribed a tonic, which I am taking and which I feel is already doing me good, &c. . . . That woman who was so ill is now sitting up and I think she will recover nicely. Josie Kelly is walking a little now. I have been quite busy.

And again.

I think I have sounded my trumpet for the last time in the open air, and must be content henceforth with quieter ways of working. I felt very badly last night after getting home.

A week or two passed with fluctuating accounts, but on July 12th he wrote that his brother, after consultation with two other doctors, had decided that he *must* stop work, and that the best thing would be for him to take a holiday by going to England, to return with us. He says :

On the whole I think it is the best thing. It has come without any action on my part and I do feel I need a change. Thou would be interested to see how earnest Brother James and Aunt Julia and Mary have been about it. My passage is taken for 7th mo. 24th in the *Ohio*. . . . It is delightful to think of seeing thee and baby. I should have spoken of this more, but my mind dwells just now more on leaving practice and being away so long, and is thus rather solemnized, and this is the first time I have crossed the ocean with feelings so mingled. It seems almost wrong to go for so long, but my judgment is convinced that it is right, and also I feel a *sense* that it is, when praying about it. . . .

He came, and all were shocked at his changed appearance and at his evident feebleness and suffer-

ing. A London physician, Dr. Wilson Fox, was consulted. He only confirmed the opinion already given. There was trouble at the mitral valve of the heart, but even more important for the moment was the want of compensation in the heart, and his thoroughly run down condition. Complete rest was prescribed, and no return to practice for at least a year, indeed it was strongly hinted that very likely he might never again be strong enough to work. It was July of 1880. In less than two years and a half from his wedding day he was back with his wife at her father's home, with the sense heavy upon him of having failed in all the things which he had specially tried to do.

CHAPTER X.

Bridlington—A new power—*The Death of the Old Year—Flam-
borough Head — Pascal — My Shepherd* — Residence at
Vienna—Christmas—Letter to Allen C. Thomas—Medical work
—Marriage of the Crown Prince—Conflicting Beliefs—Illness of
Martha Braithwaite—He accompanies her to Mont Dore—
The fairest scene on earth were dark and dull—A stormy
voyage in the *Pennsylvania*—Helen B. Harris—*I rest myself
upon thy waves O sea.*

WE spent some time with my family at Bridlington, on the coast of Yorkshire, as sea air and a bracing climate were recommended, but at first Dr. Thomas seemed to have no recuperative power. The strain had been so prolonged that the reaction was severe. Any little exertion would bring on alarming attacks of prostration, or irregularity of the heart's action. He was very quiet and uncomplaining, but had completely lost the bright energy that usually distinguished him even in times of weakness. But in these apparently quiet hours his mind was hard at work upon the problems of his own life, and it was now that out of sorrow a great joy sprang up for him. What this was is best told in his own words, written fifteen years afterwards to my brother William :—

I am not the one to say how far there is in my verses a real poetical strain, but for about fifteen years I have never had a moment's real doubt that, however small it may be, I have received the gift of poetry as distinguished from rhyming. I remember the very spot at Bridlington, when I was alone and discouraged over what I supposed to be the sudden collapse of all my hopes of being able to preach the Gospel or of going on with my profession—on account of broken health—when I distinctly received the gift, with the assurance that it would be to the help and blessing of others. It came with a force that was quite over-powering at the time, and almost immediately I composed *The Message of the Waves* (printed in "Echoes and Pictures"). I have never doubted that experience, though I have not interpreted it to mean an assurance as to fame or as to the extent to which my verse would be helpful. It has made me feel that writing poetry was a legitimate part of my work, and I believe the gift has continued.

From the following lines, written on the last night of this year, 1880, it would seem that it was also at Bridlington that the beauties of nature were for the first time fully revealed to him.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

* * * *

But the birds and the flowers and all things I see—
The ocean, the mountains, have spoken to me
As never before
In the year that has gone.

With what joy have I gazed from the cliff as I stood
To see the low sun throw its gleam on the flood,
What glories were mine
In the year that has gone.

The mountains, the valleys, the soft stars that shine
In the blue vault of night, I have claimed them as mine.

My claim they allowed
In the year that has gone.

My soul sees a glory in each common thing,
Now no longer common, how can I but sing
Of the glories I see—
And the old year has gone.

Yes, the old year has gone which has brought me this joy
Before dimly known. Oh, thou blest unknown joy.
Go not with the year
For the old year has gone.

The following hitherto unpublished lines were
written at Bridlington :—

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

We sat in a boat,
And the boatmen rowed,
And the sea was smooth and calm as a lake.
The dipping oars,
The snatches of singing,
Were the only sounds that the silence brake.

In and out
By the jagged rocks
We rowed, and the air was still as the sea ;
The sunlight flowed
O'er the tranquil waters
As straight to the foot of the cliffs came we.

To the foot of the cliffs
And into the cave
We came, and we stranded the boat on the beach ;

Dark and chill
And cold was the cavern,
Where only a dream of the daylight could reach.

Sad was my heart
And chill as the cave,
With memories of sunlight shut from me ;
Why should I shout,
The echoes to waken,
When echoes of sadness still sadder must be ?

Above and around
The rocks shut us in,
And they gave back the shouts of my comrades in glee ;
Silent I stood,
Gazing back to the sunlight,
To the blue strip of sky and the glistening sea.

From that ocean of light
I saw as I stood
A long, gentle sea-swell roll up to my feet,
Bearing a message
It gave in its breaking,
“ Hush,” that was all it said ere its retreat.

Again and again
Came the sweet message back,
And with it a hush as from God came to me,
Little my friends guessed
Why I was silent :
They heard their own echoes but I heard the sea.

The rough draft of *Moses* or *The Desert of God*, (“Echoes and Pictures,” pp. 47-70) largely autobiographical, was also written at Bridlington, and so was *Pascal*, which so accurately describes the

experience through which he was passing that we reprint it.

PASCAL.

I look to Thee. No power, but power divine,
Can make me wholly, fully, gladly free
To toil or suffer. Lord, I would be thine ;
In every action, thought and word would be
All thine.

Thou seest this weakness that is mastering me,
And how I live in care from day to day,
Lest my remaining strength should pass away ;
And as a tree in spring-time touched with blight
Has autumn dullness though the year be full,
So hath my youthful vigor vanished quite,
So hath its blossom turned to ashes dull,
And thus hath age my manhood overspread—
An old young man, ere thirty years have fled.

But Thou hast loved me ; not with murmurings,
Nor with repinings day by day I go ;
With earthly loss are opened heavenly things.
For these, who would not leave the base and low ?
Loss brings

A joy that e'en the joyful may not know
To those who learn with patience in Thy school,
Who daily live beneath Thy blessed rule.
For all this sorrow, all this sad complaint,
I thank Thee, Lord. Thou sentest them to me ;
And through their means have I been made acquaint
More with the wisdom, love and strength in Thee,
I could not see them in the noontide glare ;
Thou leadest to the shade to teach me there.

Yet would I praise Thy name with tongue and pen,
And make Thy saving power known to all.

Oh that Thou, Lord, wert honored among men,
Oh that they heard and yielded to Thy call.

Ah, then !

What peace, what blessedness would them befall.
I pray Thee, heal me now that I may be
Strong in Thy strength to live and work with Thee.
But, if I praise Thee more while weak and ill,
Then heal me not. I only ask for length
Of days and health that I may do Thy will,
And serve my God with God-restored strength,
Patient through all, from earthly self set free,
Cleansed by Thy power, and filled with love and Thee.

On the return journey to London he composed the following :—

MY SHEPHERD.

Peace, troubled soul,
Thy Shepherd's care
Is everywhere.

It is His loving will thou shouldst be blest :
Thus in His strength and wisdom thou mayst rest
And follow Him.

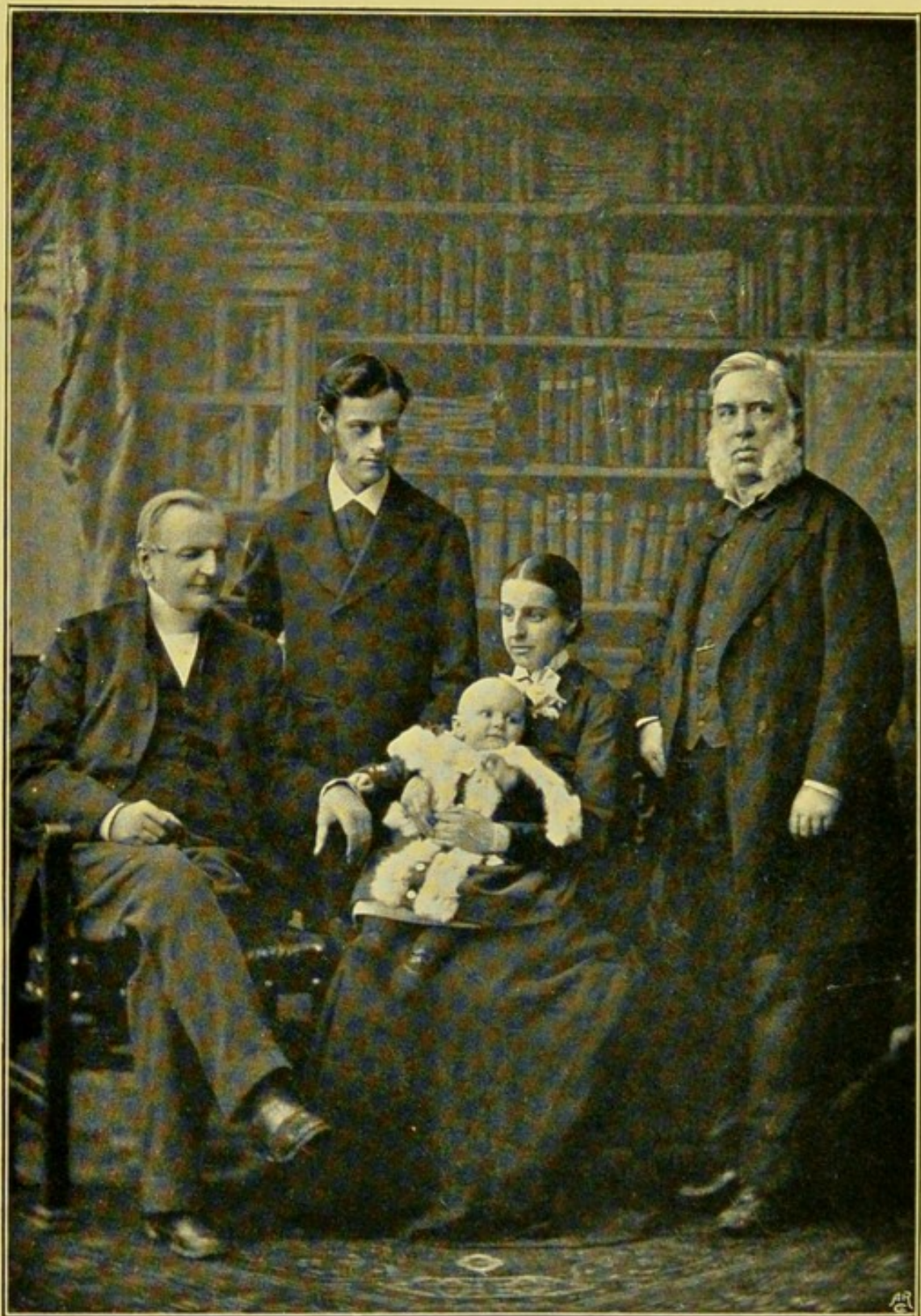
Rest, weary one,
Though weak and faint,
Thy sad complaint

Thy Saviour hears and will thy soul restore,
And bless and lead thee till, thy sorrows o'er,
He calls thee home.

Yes, I can trust
In Thee, my God.
Thy staff and rod

Do comfort me and keep me night and day,
And Thou art with me, dangers flee away
And I am safe.





R. H. THOMAS AND FAMILY IN VIENNA,
WITH J. B. BRAITHWAITE AND EDWARD MILLARD.

I joy in Thee,
Although stout foes
My path oppose.
Thou giv'st me gladness, and surpassing bliss,
Thou givest me Thyself, and more than this
I cannot ask.
I love Thee, Lord.
Or bright and glad
My life, or sad,
I'll serve Thee with my heart, my mind, my strength,
And sing Thy praises till I come at length
To see Thy face.

5th 9th mo., 1880.

Plans for the future were now under consideration. A London winter was strongly objected to by Dr. Fox, and in the end, to Dr. Thomas's great satisfaction it was decided that we should go at once to Vienna, where he might at any rate improve his German, and enjoy such further medical opportunities as strength might permit. My father, J. Bevan Braithwaite, most kindly accompanied us, and did not leave us until, with the efficient help of Edward Millard he had seen us safely settled into a large sunny room within easy distance of the great General Hospital.

The Pension was kept by a German family from Hanover, the guests being chiefly foreign doctors, in Vienna for purposes of study. As all were anxious to acquire German, the rule of "No English at meal times" was faithfully adhered to. The discussions on all sorts of subjects were often animated, for Herr Pohl, our host, was a thoughtful, well-educated man,

who kindly took an interest in the improvement of his boarders, and would try to get a general conversation started, in which all were encouraged to take part.

The long journey from England had proved exceedingly trying to the invalid, and the first month in our new quarters was very discouraging. But even when obliged to spend most of the time on the bed, he would be committing German poems to memory or translating Schiller's "Thirty Years War" to me as I sat at work, and every day we also took one or often two special lessons in the language.*

Any attempt at religious work had been strictly forbidden, so we contented ourselves with attending service in one or other of the Lutheran Churches on Sunday.

The sense of isolation from all that we had previously been interested in, and the distance from our loved ones added special enjoyment to a visit from my husband's niece, M. Carey Thomas, now President of Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. She was then studying at Leipsic, and came with her friend Mary Gwynn to spend the Christmas holidays in Vienna. It was then that he wrote for her the lines entitled *Childhood*, and also *Christmas* ("Echoes and Pictures," pp. 123 and 7.)

We had reached Vienna at the beginning of October, and by the middle of November Dr. Thomas had

* *The Child's Song of its Shepherd* and *The Brooklet* ("Echoes and Pictures" pp. 114 and 122) were translations made at this time.

begun to rally and by degrees to take advantage of the exceptional opportunities afforded for post-graduate medical work. His plan was to make a speciality of the diseases of the Nose, Throat, Chest and Heart, and it was to these branches that his studies were chiefly, though not exclusively, directed.

8, Alserstrasse 25, Vienna.

27th 12th mo., 1880.

My dear Allen,

On Christmas morning, much to baby's pleasure a bundle arrived for her by post. On opening it we found the indestructible picture alphabet book for her from E. Please tell him with our love and a kiss—if he cares to have it—that we all think it a most beautiful book. Anna says that it is the nicest of the kind she has ever seen. You calculated the time very exactly.

Christmas Eve the Pohls had a Christmas Tree. Baby was of course taken in to see it. She was most delighted, and she received quite a large number of presents. Herr and Frau Pohl gave her a tiny set of furniture, and she had dolls and animals, etc., to her heart's content. We gave little presents to the Pohls and to some of the others, as we understood it was expected, and they gave us some too.

As I have written in my regular home letters,—which I understand are sent to you,—I am very much pleased with the facilities offered here for clinical study. They seem to lay themselves out for graduates and divide their branches of instruction to such an extent that you can take a course in any branch of medicine and surgery you wish to. The only difficulty is that sometimes two courses—both of which you wish to take—come at the same hour. There is another advantage here. Patients come to this hospital from every part of the Empire, and thus it happens that with a large number of ordinary cases, one sees perhaps an unusual number of rare ones.

We were very much interested in the account thou sent us of Thomas Hughes's visit and speech at Haverford, and glad to see that the College has so much activity.

* * * * *

I do not suppose I have ever entered upon a year before as I shall enter upon the coming one—with a most complete uncertainty as to where we shall end it,—I mean without any fixed prospects whatever. The only thing we can say is that we *expect* to return to Baltimore sometime within the next nine or ten months. But everything seems so extremely uncertain that I personally shall not be much surprised if we find ourselves this time next year—if still alive—in Australia or any other place. Not that this uncertainty makes us unhappy. The Lord has been so loving and faithful in the past that we can as a matter of course trust Him for the future. In fact, I remember last year how often I longed for just such an opportunity as I now have, and how often I felt that I really needed in every way to be out of the current at least for the time—and now I have my wish—not brought about in the way that I perhaps would have selected—but still brought about, and I realise the great advantage it all is to me, and do feel very thankful for it.

* * * * *

These post-graduate courses were arranged in terms, each lasting one hour daily for six weeks. They were given by some of the ablest men of the day (among them I recollect such names as Billroth and Politzer) and as only a limited number of students were admitted to each, in some cases only four or six, the maximum of personal attention was ensured. My husband was delighted with them, and by New Year he was taking four courses a day. He managed this by resting much between times, yet I remember that he read to me a

great deal in the evenings: "Underground Russia," Carlyle's "French Revolution," "Never too late to Mend" and "Sartor Resartus" are inseparably connected with Vienna, also the Biographies of Edward Irving and Susannah Wesley.

We were in Vienna at the time of the marriage of the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph. For several days the city kept holiday, whilst vast crowds surged along the Ringstrasse and thronged the narrow streets of the Innere Stadt to watch the processions or to look at the decorations, etc. It was April and floods of golden sunshine poured upon the festal crowds, upon the fresh green of the Prater and on the beautiful Maximilian Platz and the wide shallow steps of the Votiv Kirche where the little American girl loved to play with the flocking pigeons.

"Oh, thou little unbaptized one," Frau Pohl would say to our baby, "I never thought I should come to love thee so much." From the time that she had discovered our views on baptism, the good lady had not ceased to marvel at them. She told us that till we came she had never thought that a human being could be saved without baptism; "But since I have known the Herr Doktor," she added, "I see it cannot be essential to salvation, for certainly he is a Christian if ever a man was."

The extreme importance attached by our German friends to these outward rites had a decided effect upon my husband. The fact that among the thousands of that great city there was scarcely one soul who shared

our own view of the Gospel message was enough of itself to make us question the ground of our belief pretty closely, and other things besides Frau Pohl's horror had tended to this. Edward Millard was an earnest Baptist, and once when we had chanced to go to the Chapel where he preached, on Communion Sunday, it had led to a conversation afterwards in which he had very strongly expressed his belief in its importance. His son had married a Mennonite and we learned that *they* admitted no efficacy in the rite of Baptism unless the candidate had been immersed *three* times, in the Name of the Father, *and* of the Son, *and* of the Holy Ghost.

The only one of the doctors at Frau Pohl's who seemed at all earnestly religious was a young Irishman who belonged to a prominent family amongst the Plymouth Brethren. He was most anxious to convert us to his own way of thinking, and soon let us know that, though he attached no sacramental value to the ordinances, he yet believed that no one could be a real follower of Christ who disobeyed so plain and essential a command. Then there were our Lutheran friends; Frau Pohl was a minister's daughter, and was zealous in attendance at Church, etc., but Herr Pohl, she told us quite casually, was "*ungläubig*," *i.e.*, unbelieving—he often spent Sunday night at the theatre and usually never thought of attending Church. Twice a year however, on Christmas Day and on Easter Sunday, he must take the sacrament, and that, to her mind, settled all things satisfactorily. That any could be

Christians who used no such forms she had never before imagined, and she questioned us very closely as to our reasons for the position. She told us that all the Lutherans she had ever known thought as she did, and believed, of course, in *consubstantiation*. It was very sad to her to think that all the Catholics (Austria is a strictly Catholic country) were lost in the errors of *transubstantiation*, but then they did take the sacrament and evidently she thought they had more chance of salvation than we unbaptized Quakers. To all these good people a Quaker seemed to be such a *rara avis* that they were constantly examining us as to points of faith and doctrine, and the result upon our own minds was that we came to realise much more than we had done before how large a part of Christendom to-day is depending for salvation more or less upon outward forms, and also that the Quaker testimony to the absolute sufficiency of Christ alone is still badly needed.

Richard Thomas's was a peculiarly sincere spirit. He was never afraid of the truth, for he had early grasped the thought that only truth will stand the final test, and had resolved that what he wanted was, not to establish his own notions, but to find the truth and to act in accordance with it. Hence he welcomed all tests that came to him, whether practical or theoretical, and these quiet months during which he had much time for Bible study and prayer, resulted in a still further establishment of his faith upon a foundation that could not be shaken.

Towards the end of June we said good-bye to

Vienna, and returned, *via* Cologne and Flushing, to London.

My family were very anxious to keep us in England, but Dr. Thomas, though far from strong, was so much better that he hoped with care to be able to take up practice again, and we decided to return to Baltimore. In the meantime there was work ready to his hand, for my mother had just had a severe hæmorrhage from the lungs, and was ordered to take a course of treatment at Mont Dore in the Auvergne. It seemed most fitting that he should accompany her, and the plan, which insured for him a further time of quiet, and for her his tender and skilful care, proved to be for their mutual comfort. I was with them during part of the time, and he wrote the following lines for me on my birthday :—

HOME.

The fairest scene on earth were dark and dull
Did not the sunlight come,
So were a life, though else with pleasures full,
Without the joy of home.

In all my journeyings, love, since I have thee,
The light of thy dear face
Sheds sunlight over all, and makes for me
A home in every place.

In October the time for returning to Baltimore arrived, and our passage was taken in one of the steamers of the American Line, then rather popular with passengers using the smaller boats. But the week before we sailed we were notified that a change

had been made, and that the *Pennsylvania* would take the place of the boat by which we had expected to go. We had specially tried to avoid the *Pennsylvania*, as she was noted for rough voyages and accidents, but it was too late now to alter. She lived up nobly to her character on this occasion, and this was certainly the most trying of the many rough and disagreeable voyages that fell to our lot. Owing to a severe storm we sailed two days late and only partially loaded. It was fearfully rough, and we broke our propeller the first day out. One poor fellow was crippled for life by a falling beam in the steerage; a lady passenger had her head cut open; others had legs or arms broken, and the ship's doctor himself had two ribs fractured by a fall; one lady had her finger bitten to the bone by a rat; a passenger fell the whole length of the staircase; we narrowly escaped a collision in a fog. We were all of us badly sea-sick most of the time, and finally after thirteen days at sea and some other minor catastrophes, we were detained for several hours by a fog in the Delaware, and when at last we were nearing the wharf and the Custom House Officers had come on board and were examining the luggage on the open deck, a tremendous cloud-burst occurred, and in a minute, as it seemed, the deck was inches deep in water and all the luggage was soaked as well as many of the passengers. It was indeed a record voyage for discomfort and danger, but we landed amidst the quietness of a Philadelphia Sunday evening,

and felt almost as though we had been dead and buried and then had come to life again. We afterwards heard that the sailings had been altered on account of a certain ambassador and his family who desired to avoid the ill-fated ship.

We had one great pleasure on this voyage, *viz.*, the company of our friend Helen Harris. She was crossing alone, and J. Rendel Harris, whom we met for the first time in dripping rain on the tender in Liverpool, confided her to our care. It was the beginning of a friendship which we counted amongst the privileges of our lives.

We had returned to America with great uncertainty over all our prospects, but I remember that my husband's frequent prayer at this time was, that the Lord would prepare him for whatever he was preparing for him. This attitude of his mind is well shown in the beautiful poem *Rest* composed during our stormy voyage.

REST.

I rest myself upon thy waves, O sea ;
I see them joyous in the morning light ;
Anon, I see them rise in majesty,
And hear their angry roaring through the night ;
But all is right.
Thy currents and thy eddies are to me
All mystery ;
The ship to guide I do not understand.
What matters that ? I am not in command.

I rest myself, O Life, upon thy sea,
Oft have I seen it smile with rosy light ;
How oft those smilings proved but treachery,
How oft the fogs obscure the aching sight—
But all is right ;
For there is One on board, whose eye can see
All mystery ;
And I have but to watch His guiding hand,
To hear His voice, and follow each command.

O restful helplessness upon this sea,
To know myself alone, in hopeless plight,
And then to rest my life, my all on Thee,
And know, O Christ, through fogs, through tempests' might,
Thy guidings right.
Each day to see explained what was to me
All mystery ;
To ask no questions, but to understand
Thy love and wisdom dictate each command.

But, if thus restful on the treacherous sea,
But, if thus joyful in the guiding Light,
What must the glories of the haven be ?
Faith's brightest prospect far excelled by sight ;
At last, aright
From God's own Home with raptured eye to see
The mystery—
How from the first this tortuous course He planned—
To look into His eyes and understand.

CHAPTER XI.

R.H.T. takes up special practice—Is acknowledged as a Minister—
Obituary notice of R.H.T.'s father—Letter to W.C.B.—The Wrath
and Love of God—Sermon at Eutaw Street Meeting—Personal
Testimony—"The Song of the Lord"—*The Bondage and
Freedom of Love.*

WE reached Baltimore early in November and by Christmas we had settled down to the ordinary course of life. We did not start housekeeping but boarded with my husband's family, then living at 236, W. Lanvale Street. Dr. Thomas was to try to build up a consulting practice on the special subjects he had studied in Vienna, and as an experiment was to have certain hours for seeing patients at the offices of his brother Dr. James C. Thomas. He was still far from strong and had the serious handicap of a heart that promptly gave him trouble whenever he exceeded the prescribed limit of work.

We received a warm welcome from our Baltimore friends on our return, and Dr. Thomas resumed his attendance at the regular Eutaw Street Meeting, and by degrees his voice was again heard in the ministry. A few months later the subject of acknowledging his gift was brought forward, and as it met with hearty

concurrence he was recorded as a minister during the summer of 1882.

From his private memoranda as well as from the poems of this period it is clear that during the summer and autumn of 1882 he was passing through a spiritual baptism which doubtless was designed to prepare him yet more fully for effective work, and of this we must now speak.

When Dr. Thomas's father died (1st mo. 15th, 1860), he was so well known in England that an obituary notice of him appeared in the "Annual Monitor." From it we quote the following sentences because they are so absolutely true of his son :—

Whilst greatly humbled in view of his utter unworthiness, and the feeling that of himself he could do nothing, he has been heard to say that from that time (*i.e.* his conversion) he did not remember that he had ever wilfully disobeyed the known will of his Heavenly Father, or cherished a complaining thought, even under the most trying dispensations of His providence, imperfectly as he might have performed the one, or profited by the other. He was a man of prayer; and when favoured to be made acquainted with the Divine will, there seemed with him no second question, but a prompt endeavour to do it—not grudgingly, but cheerfully and resolutely—in the simple obedience of faith and love. This feature of his Christian character was very striking and instructive, and worthy of imitation by all who name the name of Christ.

Thus my husband's Christian experience had been strong and glad from the outset, and as the Lord made known to him further possibilities of His grace, he joyfully and unhesitatingly embraced them.

His mind had been dwelling largely upon the nature and attributes of God.

In July he wrote :—

Nantucket, Mass.,
25th 7th mo., 1882.

MY DEAR W——,

* * * * *

I liked thy reference to Sir Edward Fry's lecture on the "Freedom of will and the uniform order of nature." To my mind there is no proper separation between God and His laws, though in common parlance there is a necessary one. What I mean is, I see in all the events of nature the definite acts of God—every tree, every wave of the ocean has its existence only in the present will of God, and but for that must cease to be. What we call the laws of nature are simply His manner of working. The regularity of working is no argument against this, as thou points out. I like this way of looking at it because it seems to me to rest upon a solid foundation, and then one can look upon all outward events as being specially God's will and thus can seek to learn the intended lesson from them. As to the apparent opposition of science to Scripture, that does not cause me any anxiety, because, as Giekie points out, it would have been impossible to have written a book that would have agreed with the developments of science in every age, and even had the Bible set up to be a scientific book—that is, a book stating simply scientific truth without showing the methods by which it was to be attained,—it must have declared the final absolute truth, and thus would be as far from agreeing with the results at present attained by science as ever.

We are having a quiet pleasant time here at Nantucket. Nantucket is an island shaped like a crescent. From tip to tip along the land is about fifteen miles, but the width of the island is only about three or four. So every breeze is an ocean breeze

as we are thirty miles from the mainland. The air is most delicious.

This used to be a great stronghold of Friends, there having been at one time two monthly meetings and between 2,000 and 3,000 members. Since the whale fishery has stopped and business become very much depressed, the population of the island has dwindled to about one third of what it was, and what with emigration and divisions, the membership of the Society of Friends, in unity with the main body, has been reduced to about three, and the meeting has been laid down. Aunt Julia and Mary being here it was opened last First Day and the two meetings were largely attended."

* * * * *

This thought of God working through law and always for the blessing of man, appealed strongly to my husband, and is further developed in many of his poems and essays. It awakened in him an earnest longing to be himself in the line of the greatest power, and in the fullest harmony with God's workings.*

On August 31st, he wrote in his private memoranda :—

God does not change. The revelation of Himself to us in Christ is still true, and His wrath as well as His mercy is still working for the salvation of man. . . . He has a controversy against sin in His people and the expressions "refiner of silver," "baptism of fire," "chastisement," etc. mean an active and positive work. But the wrath is only against sin, and if my face be turned towards Him I am also against sin, so the wrath no longer falls upon me. Thus is His wrath only another

* When Prof. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was published a year later, Dr. Thomas hailed it with delight, for it put into words much upon which his own mind had been working.

manifestation of His love, for He would rid me of my sin. It is not *sin* and peace that have met together, but it is *righteousness* and peace that have kissed each other.

And again on 10th mo. 1st, at Eutaw Street Meeting he preached on Mal. iii. 18 ; iv. 1, 2. From notes written down afterwards we print :—

THE LORD GOD IS A SUN.

Mal. iii. 18-iv. 1, 2.

We have a number of instances where it is recorded that the Lord was angry with His people when they transgressed against Him, and that He promised to bring evil upon them. Frequently it happened that the people repented of their sin, and whenever they did so it is said also that the Lord repented of the evil He had purposed and did not bring it upon them. Are we to conclude from this that God is changeable? The passage I have quoted seems to give the true explanation of the difficulty, and to show that the change is not in God but in the people. The prophet, in order to illustrate the difference between the wicked and him who serves God, pictures forth a sultry day in the east, and describes how the sun burns up vegetation in one place, and at the same time brings life and healing to that in another. In both cases it is the same sun, having the same heat, light and life giving power. How does it then cause death to the one and health to the other? Simply because the one is growing in parched ground and the other near springs of water. So in those cases where God is said to have repented, we find it was the people who changed their position in regard to Him.

The difference between the revelation of God to the sinner and to the man who is in harmony with Him is frequently dwelt upon :—“ With the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful ; with the upright man Thou wilt show Thyself upright ; with the pure Thou wilt show Thyself pure ; and with the froward Thou wilt

show Thyself froward" (or unsavory). "If we confess Him, He will confess us, if we deny Him He also will deny us." These and other passages only enforce the idea of our text, that the manifestation of God to any soul depends upon its position in respect to God.

When a man finds he needs the Lord and comes to Him for cleansing and pardon, he receives all He comes for through the atonement of Christ, but God does not change. He has the same love, wisdom, power and wrath He had before, but now they shine upon the soul to give it life and joy. For the wrath of God is not directed against the man but against his sin, but as long as the man is wedded to his sin, he must share in the wrath directed against it, but just as soon as he renounces his sin and has come into harmony with God, he is against it and is working with the same object as God's wrath. Therefore the wrath no longer falls upon him, though it still is against whatever of sin remains in him, and he rejoices that it is.

Let us consider what is our position in respect to God. Do we look upon Him as a hard Master, do we turn away from the thought of Him as of one who will spoil our pleasant things, are we choosing our own way? If so we are out of harmony with Him and in the place where His wrath falls. His will for us is our blessing and His love to us is so great that He cannot leave us in sin, for sin separates us from Himself and from true joy.

But how are we, if we are in the parched ground to become transplanted beside the rivers of water? The task is great and beyond our strength, but what we could not do Christ hath done for us. It was against Him that the words were uttered "Awake O sword against My Shepherd, against the man that is my fellow," saith the Lord.

Do we realise our transgression and our sin?—remember that "He was numbered with the transgressors," and if we understand that we are living on the barren soil—He Himself was

"as a root out of a dry ground." There is no position in which we can be but He has come out and down to us that He may bring us back.

If we will only yield to Him and by His power turn our backs upon sin, then shall we find that the glorious Lord will be unto us not only a Sun, but a place of broad rivers and streams, for which the wilderness and solitary place of our hearts shall be glad and shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and we shall be as a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out its roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but its leaf shall be green, neither shall it be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting was then held in October, and it took place a few days after the preaching of this sermon. There was an evident moving of the Spirit of God over the gatherings, an earnest of coming blessing. In one of the devotional meetings, Richard H. Thomas arose and under great feeling spoke as follows :—

For several weeks past my mind has dwelt very much and continuously upon the words in Hebrews, "Having therefore brethren boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say His flesh, and having an High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water." Until this time however, I have not felt at liberty to speak much about it.

As I was reading the text I was forcibly struck with the fact that the writer evidently refers to an experience which we are to know in *this* life. Further, by comparing the same word as used elsewhere, I saw that the holy place within the

veil is used to describe heaven itself into which Christ has entered. The idea staggered me at first, and it took several days for me to realise that it could indeed be true that I was called to enter into the very presence of God and live in it.

The next thought that came to me was, that entering in meant a leaving behind of everything on the outside ; that I must be willing to live alone with God, separated even from the praying multitude without—and I felt willing for this. Then I saw that there must be a disrobing and a clothing upon, a disrobing of all my own garments—that is of my will and my works, and a clothing upon of the garments that Christ provided for me, and I was willing for this. I saw the need of the washing, that I might enter in with the blood of Jesus, and I accepted this.

But then I paused ; could it be possible for me that I should enter, and abide in the immediate presence of God within the veil ? It was some time before I felt able to take the step, but at last the words came with power, “ Having therefore boldness,” and then, as for everything else, I came to the Lord for boldness and lay before Him in my helplessness that He Himself might bestow the gift, and He gave it.

I cannot say much more just now, but I can say this,—there is a deep calm and quietness and hush of soul before the Lord previously unknown, a resting upon Him for everything and a sense of being hidden with Christ in God.

The experience thus entered into was very real and lasting. Not that he never had moments of discouragement or failure, but that henceforth he did continually know what it was to “ abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

From his private memoranda :—

12th mo. 6th, 1882.

I was very weary this afternoon and manifested for a moment some impatience to one of the members of my class at the clinic.

I remember I allowed myself to speak impatiently to my horse, and also in an impatient tone to a member of the family,—though there is not impatience in my heart. I renounce at this moment all further right even to an impatient manner. Thou art strong, O Lord.

We will give one more extract from his notebook, because it sounds the glad, joyful note that was so characteristic of his attitude from this time on :—

THE SONG OF THE LORD.

Zeph. iii. 14-17.

The passage commences with the singing of the Bride and ends with the singing of the Bridegroom. We often hear of the new song the Lord puts into the mouth of those whom He redeems, but here we find that there is a song which He Himself sings, and I have been thinking of how the song of the Lord and the song of the soul answer to one another. The first words of the Lord which come perhaps to the ear of the soul are, "Come unto Me," and the soul answers, "My sins have gone over my head, as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me." Then the Lord replies, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions and as a cloud thy sins," or "though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

Again when the soul says "Help Lord, for I am weak," the Lord says, "Fear not for I am with thee,—I will help thee, yea I will strengthen thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." The soul in a sense of its loneliness and sorrow may cry out, but it hears the answering song of its Lord, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."

As she grows in confidence in her Lord from having been with him, she will sing "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," and it will not

be long before the answering song will be, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and when in her joy in His presence she says, "My beloved is mine and I am His," He answers "I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine." And so through all the changes of life—joy, sorrow, temptation, death and suffering, the song of the Lord, revealing as it does the feeling of the heart of the Redeemer, answers exactly to the song that the soul sings in its need or its rejoicing.

But better than all this, this answering song of the Lord is not sung by one a great way off, nor are its echoes to come faintly to us. He is to dwell in us and His presence is to be the source of the new song when He has come in and cast out our enemy. Then indeed will it be truly said of us, "The King of Israel, even the Lord is in the midst of thee, thou shalt not see evil any more."

If He be indeed our King—be allowed to rule the only King in our hearts, then we shall know the sweetness and strength of His song and of His Love.

One who knew him well in those days wrote to me after his death, recalling how meeting him once on the street and remarking on his bright face, he replied by quoting the lines,

And a new song is in my mouth
To long loved music set,
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

He seemed indeed to have learned the secret of casting *all* his care upon the Lord, and henceforward to a striking degree he had

A heart at leisure from itself
To sooth and sympathise.

Years afterwards, when he was in very poor health and we were spending the winter in a small villa in the

Riviera, our Italian servant said to me one day,
"Ah, sempre allegro, il Signore, sempre cantando."

("Always happy, the master, always singing.")

His Christianity was of the glad, joyful kind, and though as a boy he may have been, as he said, "a solemn fellow," as a man he was full of fun and enjoyed few things more than rousing his quieter and more seriously minded friends to merriment. What shocking puns he would perpetrate, and what joy it was to him to meet one who could appreciate the humorous side of a question. His fun was thoroughly natural and spontaneous, and always in good taste, for he had such a strong sense of the sacredness of common things that he was in no danger of making light of sacred subjects.

To this period belong *Alone with Christ* and *The Answer*, published in "Echoes and Pictures," and at Christmas of this year he wrote a beautiful poem—*The Bondage and Freedom of Love*. It was never published for he felt it almost too sacred and personal, but we give it as a fitting close to this chapter.

THE BONDAGE AND FREEDOM OF LOVE.

(See Rev. iv. and vii., 9-17.)

I.

There is a freedom that I want,
From every sinful bondage free,
'Tis for Thy freedom, Love, I pant,
Oh that I were in bonds to Thee ;
For in Thy blessed bonds alone
Is perfect joy and wisdom known.

Self-willed, too long I went astray,
 Too long against Thy offers strove ;
 Now all self-life I cast away,
 Do with me as Thou wilt, O Love.
 O Thou, who for my sake hast died,
 Let me with Thee be crucified.

My self and all I called my own,
 My hopes and plans I yield to Thee,
 Set up within my heart Thy throne
 And reign the only King in me,
 That I may ever live and move
 Beneath Thy wings, Thou mighty Love.

I have no power to cling to Thee,
 My best resolve must fruitless prove,
 Except Thou put Thy strength in me,
 The strength of Thine all-conquering Love.
 My love to Thee is cold and dead
 Until Thy love through me is shed.

II.

Thy heavenly throne is set within,
 Thee, sitting on the throne, I see,
 Thy word delivers me from sin
 And sets me from all bondage free.
 The Love that conquered death is strong
 And all its powers to me belong.

I dread no more the gloomy night,
 The summer drought no more I fear ;
 Thou Lamb, once slain, art now my Light,
 The everlasting throne is here,
 And from it living waters spring
 Which healing, strength and gladness bring.

Peace reigns with Thee, for Thou art Peace,
My heart an angry sea no more,
Whose billows rise and will not cease,
Gently its wavelets lap the shore—
A sea of glass before Thy Throne,
Whose waters image Thee alone.

I look up in Thy face and sing ;
I am so glad that Thou art come,
My joy, my never-failing King,
My loving Father and my home.
And now in silence I rejoice
To hear the blessèd Bridegroom's voice,

III.

Gladly I cast my little crown,
My reputation at Thy feet,
And overpowered with Love fall down
To offer Thee the praises meet ;
But find no words Thy praise to tell
But thou canst read my rapture well.

And Heaven comes down to me on earth,
The freedom of that City mine,
Mine by the blessèd right of birth
Since born anew through Love divine.
A native there, a stranger here
Who only seeks for pilgrim's cheer.

The little I have known of Thee
Enraptures all my waiting heart ;
What must the fuller vision be,
When I no more shall see in part ?
But seated with Thee on Thy throne
Shall know as I myself am known,

Oh, happy bondage, happy slave,
To be Thine own for ever more,
I daily know Thy power to save,
Daily to Thee, my soul outpour.
The service of my life I bring,
Do with me as Thou wilt, O King.

CHAPTER XII.

R.H.T.'s Poetry—Metres—Translations—The *Veni Sancte Spiritus*—
A visit to Whittier—Letter to W. C. Braithwaite.

IN the development of R. H. Thomas's spiritual experience we are naturally led to consider his poetical work, for as we have already seen, much of what he wrote was autobiographical.

One of our relatives who loved my husband dearly, could never bear to hear of his writing poetry, saying that when he did so he knew he must be feeling more poorly than usual. There was some truth in this, but the fact was that when he was, relatively speaking, well, so many other interests pressed upon him that he had no time for writing. He never, so far as I know, sat down with malice prepense, to write a poem. His poetry came to him, often in the long hours of weary wakeful nights, sometimes when on his way to a distant patient, sometimes when laid aside by illness from ordinary work. It was always a great joy to him, and was certainly a great help in his brave fight against weakness and depression. He had only one correspondent with whom he exchanged views on his own literary work. This was my brother William, and

some of these letters, preserved with loving care, will be interesting to any who have found pleasure in his poems.

Baltimore 12th mo. 10th, 1881.

. . . . I was interested in thy remarks about the highest form genius producing its results without any reference to fame or of money. I believe in the expression of true feeling there is almost a carelessness often of whether others are favorably struck with it or not—I mean a feeling that you cannot help it if they are or not—the form and the expression suit each other and cannot be separated.

Thus Bernard of Cluny speaks of the extreme difficulty he met with from the metre in the composition of his poem on the heavenly city, saying that nothing but the Holy Spirit could have helped him to complete it. Why then did he not choose an easier one? Undoubtedly because it was, with him, that metre or nothing. A few lines of Goethe's which I have attempted to "do into English" express what seems to me the true theory

"I sing as sings the little bird
In leafy forest dwelling,
The song that presses to be heard
Is its own prize excelling."

I hope thou wilt not think I am comparing myself with those to whom I have referred, but when verses come into my mind to write there comes generally a feeling not unlike that which I feel when it seems right for me to speak in meeting. Hast not thou that sense of being "possessed" for the time being? In comparing notes with another poetaster, he told me that the way he wrote was just to sit down and write whenever he chose to, and another one—who has published—says that some of his best inspirations come when he is writing mechanically but at ordinary times I can hardly make sensible rhyme. . .

Baltimore,

30th 12th mo., 1881.

. . . I am afraid poets now-a-days forget too much the true purpose of their gift and art, and prostitute it to unworthy, low, and impure purposes, as if we have not enough evil propensities without needing the beauties of poetry to encourage them. I believe that there is full place for a true poet who shall sing truly and purely and nobly to raise men and purify them. A true poet is, as he used to be, a prophet—one who bears a message—and let him see to it that the message does not get tarnished as it goes through him. I do not mean that he shall write hymns necessarily, but that he should feel his vocation. We were talking the other night of what constituted true poetry; one maintained that it was not fancy but imagination. It seems to me that it is the possession of that something which carries the poem home to those for whose condition it is suitable, the something that proclaims its divine origin.

Baltimore,

18th 11th mo., 1882.

Thy remarks on Milton's definition of poetry, or rather the aim of it are very good, and I do not see how anyone who lived up to that could go very far wrong. It is a favorite doctrine with some "new school" critics and poets that the merit of a production, either in painting or poetry, &c., depends simply upon the artistic handling of the subject—and that moral or immoral subjects can be chosen with equal propriety, in short, that the word "morality" is utterly out of place in art. Thomas Chase in his article on this subject in the "Friends' Quarterly Examiner" for last summer, points out that a work of art to be complete must satisfy the whole nature. Now if it shocks my moral nature it does not satisfy me, and is thus wanting in completeness.

In regard to poetry there is one thing that places it very high in my view. While all creative art can be, and has been used

for the glory of God, poetry is the one which has received above all others His sanction, it is the one which He chose as the vehicle for the direct revelation of His will in the old dispensation. The use of poetry as a means of conveying divine counsels was not confined to the Hebrews, as for example, the oracle at Delphi. Poetry is the most natural expression of adoration and trust in God and of things pertaining to Him—that is when the soul is moved to its depths. No art probably has suffered so much from refinement (over-refinement) as poetry. The greatest, purest singers have generally been the earliest. It seems to me that as a rule poetry loses in proportion as simplicity and the genuine expression of genuine feeling is lost. The retention of these traits has made Wordsworth such a great poet notwithstanding his lapses into tediousness and egoism. He is much more a great poet to me now than ever before, and I am almost ceasing to object to his prolixity and am generally simply amused at it. He occasionally reminds me of some individuals, who, devoid of all humor themselves, are frequently extremely amusing from the simplicity with which they relate the details of very amusing things in the most serious way. But Wordsworth is often grand, and seems most prodigal of rich thoughts, so that, in portions,

“ Each gives each a double charm
Like pearls upon an Ethiop’s arm.”

Again he writes :—

Baltimore,

23rd 1st mo., 1883.

. . . . The choice of a metre is not an arbitrary thing with me. If feelings and thoughts come to me in the form of verse they shape themselves into the metre and I cannot simply from choice alter it. The way this fact has presented itself to me (and I have heard another say much the same thing in regard to poetry in general), is this:—
I hear the melody of a poem in my soul. This melody

is perfect—high in thought and feeling, chaste and accurate in expression. I hear it and attempt to write it out in words. The alterations and corrections made on the first copy are not mechanical, but are repeated efforts to make the outward correspond to the inward melody. Complete success is perhaps to one so unskilled as myself unattainable, but one can reach certain grades of success—sufficient to bring some joy to oneself. Whatever my poems are to others they are not mere rhymes to me, but the best embodiment I am capable of all that is highest and noblest in me and nearest God. Some of them have become inspirations to myself. One can only sing as it is given him, and by God's grace be true to the goal set before him, whether his gift be descriptive, lyrical, moral, or epic. I did not intend to write this when I began, but having written it will leave it, with the remark that I am often painfully aware of how far short what I have written falls of the sweep and height of what I hear within, and it is more to me than anyone else because I alone hear the counterpart. . . .

Some of my husband's best poetical work was in the direction of translations and in reference to one which he had made of the *Dies Irae*, he writes :—

General Dix (quoted in "The Seven Great Hymns") who made a much praised translation of the *Dies Irae*, holds that the translation should be as literal as the structure of the language into which it is translated will allow, and that an inflexible adherence to the original rhythm should be maintained. The first is good but I think the second is *questionable*. Even the first may be carried too far, and it seems to me that the translation of the *thought* is of more importance than translation of the words, and that this allows of freedom which the other does not, and thus allows escape from the so frequently stiff verse which we meet with in translations. In any case, the English idiom should be thoroughly English and not tinctured with the foreign. In a

poetical translation the aim is to produce two things, (1st) an accurate representation of the thought and spirit of the original ; (2nd) an English poem which, when read, would in no wise strike the reader as a translation, but be so fresh and spontaneous as to have all the force of an original poem. In fact, the poem must become part of the translator's life and be sung over again by him. In the case of German poems the metre I think can very often be retained with advantage, though they are more able to use the double rhyme with advantage than we. But the same metre possesses different powers in different languages. In the case in point, the short lines and the rhyme scheme adopted in the original have never seemed to me to be in English adapted to the deep spiritual experience which is conveyed by the poem, and the fault I have to find with the translations with which I am familiar is just this lack of depth, though some of them are very musical.

As a sample of a most successful translation where the translator in singing the poem over again in himself has developed a most different verse structure we have J. Mason Neale's *Jerusalem the Golden*.

My husband's translation of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* has been pronounced by competent critics the best English rendering of that famous hymn. In regard to it he writes :—

. . . I send thee a copy of a rendering I have made of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. Thou canst most likely have easy access to the Latin (do not confound it with the *Veni Creator Spiritus* which Dryden translated). The hymn appears to me to be one of personal consecration and prayer for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and intended for the use of those, whether collectively or individually, who were praying for that. I am inclined, therefore, to doubt the supposed authorship, Robert II. of France, which does not seem to rest on very good authority. In two of

the stanzas, the fifth and ninth, thou wilt see that the translation seems to be very liberal indeed. I think, however, that upon the supposition of the character of the hymn above mentioned, I have made the correct rendering. After the opening prayer and ascription of praise in the first four stanzas, he asks that the light may fill to their very innermost recesses the hearts of those praying. Immediately afterwards he goes on to acknowledge that there is no good thing whatever without God, and to pray for thorough cleansing. This is evidently the work of the Holy Spirit in showing the truth to the soul. This explanation is supported by the ninth verse where the prayer is that the seven spirits of God (*Sacrum Septenarium*) may be granted to those who trust alone in Him. The allusion here is evidently to Rev. iv. 5, where the seven spirits are represented as seven lamps proceeding from the Throne of God, and not Rev. v. 6. If this be right, this is the second prayer in the hymn for light, this time for the very Light that enlightens Heaven, and goes to show that the first prayer was, as I had rendered it, for the searching of the Light. It is needless to say that the expression, Holy Spirit, in this hymn is not intended to convey the idea of what theologians call the Third Person of the Trinity, but just God in His personal relationship to man.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

A Paraphrase.

Come, Holy Spirit, to Thine own,
Thy heavenly light and fire make known,
Assume possession of Thy Throne.

Come, Father of the outcast poor ;
Come, Giver of a boundless store ;
Come, Light of hearts for evermore.

Of all consolers, Thou the best,
Sweet dweller in the yielded breast,
Dear calmer of all minds distress.

We need Thee as our rest in care,
Our shelter from the noontide glare,
Our song and solace in despair.

Shine, Blessed Light ; do Thou reveal
The sin we from ourselves conceal ;
Search Thou our hearts, that Thou may'st heal.

Without Thy smile, Thy quickening breath,
Despair our labour answereth,
And every pathway leads to death.

Each thought that seeks not Thee, purge out ;
Let streams of grace dispel our drought,
And love heal all the wounds of doubt.

For self-will, give us humbleness,
Warm the cold heart with Thy caress,
Make halting footsteps Godward press.

Reign Thou in us, Thy throne is bright ;
We need no sun, we fear no night,
For where Thy throne is, there is light.

Grant us through life to feed on Thee,
Grant us in death Thy love to see,
Grant us Thyself eternally.

This translation was made at the period described in the last chapter, and his treatment of it is clearly autobiographical. It was published some years later in the *Friends' Review*, where it attracted the attention of the poet Whittier. My husband presently received the following letter, accompanying several beautifully printed copies of his poem, prefaced with some highly commendatory words :—

Amesbury, Mass.

10th mo. 30th, 1889.

My dear Friend,

I send thee some copies of thy admirable rendering of the old song of the Holy Spirit; I have ventured to make one or two very slight changes which I hope have not injured it.

With love to thyself and thy wife and with pleasant remembrance of your visit at Amesbury,

I am, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The visit to the Quaker Poet here alluded to had been a very charming one. Whittier had expressed a wish to meet my husband, so on our visit to New England in 1888, we went to the home of his cousins Joseph and Gertrude W. Cartland at Newburyport, and were by them taken to Amesbury, where Whittier then was. My husband, as was his custom, was utilising his summer holiday for religious work, and he wished to visit every family in Amesbury Meeting. The interview with Whittier however came first, and had been planned for the succeeding day. We had been told that the poet had a special objection to conversing on two subjects, *viz.*, his own poems and religion. This was somewhat of a disappointment, but we determined of course to respect his wishes.

At the door of his modest New England home Whittier received us with a most cordial greeting. He was then in his eightieth year, a tall, spare man in Quaker garb, whose dark flashing eyes assorted oddly with the benign expression of his countenance.

He seemed to recognise a spiritual affinity with my husband and immediately plunged into *the* two tabooed subjects. Religion first ; he asked all sorts of questions as to Quaker politics, the pastoral movement, etc., but soon proceeded to matters of personal and vital experience. In after days people would sometimes say, "Whittier is a Unitarian, isn't he ?" and my husband would answer, "I don't just know what you mean by a Unitarian, but I can tell you that Whittier believes in Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour."

Then he turned to poetry, his own poetry, and spoke freely of the circumstances under which some of his poems had been written, recalling many incidents of earlier days. He told us that in anti-slavery days, when his life was several times threatened, he never felt any fear, but he had greatly desired that his opponents might not be permitted to make him ludicrous (by dipping him in ink, or some such cruel method, as happened to several anti-slavery agitators). After a delightful visit of two hours or more we returned to Newburyport, not expecting to see him again, except perhaps at meeting the next day. On reaching our friends' house, however, we found that they had received this telegram from Whittier :—

Dine with me after meeting to-morrow, with the Thomases and Henrietta.

What an honor for the little daughter to be mentioned by name in a telegram from Whittier !

She had gazed earnestly at him throughout his talk, apparently drinking in all he said, and it was very evident that he had a tender side for children. Next morning, as alas ! so often happened, Dr. Thomas was very poorly. He had scarcely slept and his face was swollen and painful from a gathered tooth ; but he never stopped for trifles, so we drove again to Amesbury. There in meeting, about the middle of the men's side, sat Whittier, a reverent figure, his intellectual head standing out with almost startling prominence. There was a Bible Class after meeting, but Whittier decided my husband must rest, so he carried him off and taking him up to his own bedroom made him lie down and carefully covered him up. "I can sympathise with thee," he said, "for I have had much toothache, and I never consulted a dentist in my life." As a result he had not a tooth left in his mouth, which a good deal marred the expression of the lower part of his face. At dinner he was very charming, carving the joint of meat himself and telling many anecdotes. One I remember was about the building of the new meeting house at Amesbury. He was on the building committee, but hearing that some Friends feared that he might build them too "gay" a house, he determined to be on the safe side, and so selected a Quaker architect and a Quaker carpenter to do the work. The result was, as he gleefully told us, that the house when finished was even *too* plain for the objectors ! We again had a delightful talk, and when the time came for after-

noon meeting, he said that Henrietta must by no means go. She had had enough meeting for a little girl, and must now stay with him and with another child of her own age who was there. He chose out books and a Bible puzzle for these children, and came in twice whilst we were gone to see after them, showing as much anxiety for their comfort as if they had been honored guests. On our return to Baltimore my husband wrote to my brother :—

Baltimore,
10th mo., 1888.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

. . . We are all settled in again after our summer travels. They were to me very interesting as I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a number of Friends. Of course the most noteworthy thing of this kind was our visit to Whittier. We were at his house twice and were received and treated as though we were old friends. In conversation he was most open and easy. Whittier is one of those old men who keep their practical faith bright to old age. He is a genuine optimist. He spoke a good deal of the old anti-slavery days. I asked him if he did not, at that time, often get discouraged. He answered, "Oh, no, we knew we were right, and that gave us courage and hope." He is very sweet-spirited and gentle, but much grieved over the departures from Friendly ways in the West and elsewhere . . .

CHAPTER XIII.

A new home—Baltimore friends—The Yearly Meeting described—
Resumé of work &c. to 1886.

1883—1886.

Aetat. 29—32.

BY the autumn of 1883 the experiment of resuming practice was proving so far satisfactory that we felt justified in moving into a larger house where my husband might have a consulting room. His family moved with us, and the new home, 714, North Howard Street, where we all resided for the next seven years, was so elastic and so near to the meeting house that it quickly became a useful auxiliary to the meeting work. It was conveniently situated on one of the principal streets and only about two-thirds of a mile from the business centre of the city. I thus described our surroundings a few years later for the benefit of my family in England.

Howard Street is through most of its length a business street; its brick pavements (side walks we call them) are, however, bordered with trees, which make a pleasant shade in summer. The houses stand on the street without any grass or railings in front. Three or four different tram lines run along Howard Street; many small houses, shops, and provision warehouses

are to be found in its course ; in short, it is not in any sense either symmetrical or beautiful, but the part in which we live is eminently respectable, and has at least the merit (if merit it be) of being near to some of the fashionable parts. Monument Street, seven doors below us, for instance, is one of the best streets in the city. Looking along it from the corner, we see at three squares distance the beautiful column of the Washington Monument, and the white marble corner of the Peabody Library and Institute close by. Here are gardens tastefully laid out, and fountains, which in summer are constantly playing. The Peabody Library is a place to go and read ; the books (a large and valuable collection) cannot be taken away, but one can go there and study up a subject with great comfort. In the lecture room adjoining there are during the winter months lectures, two evenings a week ; tickets for the whole course 6s. Also the special University lectures are not unfrequently given there. These University lectures, I may say in passing, are all free. They are always by eminent men, and are held at five in the afternoon, a very convenient time for most people, so that if Baltimoreans do not improve their minds no one is to blame but themselves. The Peabody Institute is at the intersection of Monument and Charles Streets. The latter, for shops in one part, and for private residences in another, is *the* fashionable street of the city, and is considered a very fine street for driving on. To return to Howard Street. On the same side of the street as our house, and at the corner of the next street below Monument Street, is the Administration building of the Johns Hopkins University, an institution no less famed for its scholarship than insignificant and unpretending in its outward appearance. Its buildings consist of five or six red-brick edifices, surrounded by small strips of grass and flower beds. They reach from Howard Street to Eutaw Street, and are being extended in our direction by the erection of another solid red-brick edifice on Monument Street, adjoining and overtopping the Friends' Meeting-house. The Meeting House, round which so many of our interests

centre, is at the corner of the two streets immediately south and west of us. As was naïvely remarked by one of the family when we first moved here, "We can start two minutes after meeting time, and yet get there punctually." It is not a model meeting house by any means, and we live in hopes of having a new one some day, still, for convenience of position it could not, so far as we are concerned, be improved upon, and I never appreciated as I have done during the past few years the value of that passage in the Discipline which recommends Friends in selecting their residences to consider the nearness to meeting as a very important point.

The University here alluded to, with its large staff of Professors, was the centre of much of the literary activity of Baltimore, and Friends had from the first been closely connected with its history. Francis T. King, James Carey Thomas, and Francis White were trustees; and Professor J. Rendel Harris, Dr. Paul Haupt, Professor G. H. Emmott and other Friends were either then or in the years immediately following among its Professors.

Francis T. King was a man of wide and statesman-like mind and excellent judgment in business affairs. Johns Hopkins, the founder of the University, had been originally a Friend, but had lost his membership by engaging in the liquor business. He always attended meetings, and when he conceived the idea of appropriating some of his millions to the founding of the University and the Hospital, he turned to Francis King for advice. It was owing to Francis King's far-sighted wisdom that these two noble institutions were planned upon such lines that from the first they took a

place in the foremost rank. He travelled widely in England and on the Continent, examining and comparing all the newest and best hospitals before deciding upon the designs for the hospital. F. T. King was also largely interested in the well-being of Haverford College, Penna., and of Guildford College, North Carolina, and when Dr. Joseph Taylor wished to endow a college for women he, too, turned to Francis King for advice, the result being Bryn Mawr College, the foremost Women's College in America.

But the comparatively small affairs of Baltimore Yearly Meeting were just as dear to Francis King as these larger interests. For more than twenty years he acted as its clerk, always with the greatest moderation and consideration for all, and the warmest sympathy with all movements that were proposed for advancing the work. He told me once that his great ambition had been to preach the Gospel, and though he had not felt himself called to this, he loved to encourage and help on the young ministers, and was never too busy to enter into the interests of their work.

Dr. James C. Thomas, too, was a man of broad outlook and wide culture. As a minister he was remarkable for variety of subject and freshness of thought. He was a great lover of young men and always attracted them. He had started, years before, a boys' meeting at Light Street on Sunday afternoons, which was really a Sunday School for boys, with classes ranging from little tots to grown-up young men, and with an average attendance of some two or three hundred.

At this time, and until his death in 1897, he was President of the Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association. His wife, Mary Whitall Thomas, was also a very attractive minister. She had a tireless energy and an eager longing after spiritual blessing that led her to wish to test for herself every system that seemed to promise more grace or power. Her heart overflowed with the love of God and a yearning for souls. She was identified with the work of the Womans' Christian Temperance Union, and had been almost from the first its President in Maryland. During the winter that Moody spent in Baltimore, she worked most earnestly among drinking men, and was the means of reclaiming numbers, so that one of her friends remarked that it was as much as any man's character was worth to be seen conversing in the street with Mary Thomas. She and her husband were then in the prime of their power.

Of Deborah Thomas and our aunt, Julia Valentine, my husband has spoken in his Reminiscences. Our other ministers at this time were his sister, Mary Snowden Thomas, who had a very special gift as an evangelist, and another woman Friend who seldom spoke. We had besides, many earnest workers, and J. Rendel and Helen B. Harris were settled in Baltimore from 1882 to 1885. Although Professor Harris was not yet a member with Friends, he was, from the first, welcomed by, and identified with, the work of the meeting. He had a Bible Class at the Meeting-house on First-day mornings, which attracted many Christians from other Churches ; and students of the

University were also often in attendance both at the Bible Class and at meeting.

I had never seen, until I went to Baltimore, such a happy union of old and young in the work of the Lord, nor such a loving interest in each individual member and attender. The Yearly Meeting was so small that it was more like a large family circle, and all seemed earnestly striving to build it up and to enlarge its borders. Of course there were many indifferent and careless members, but this was the general impression produced.

Geographically and spiritually also, Baltimore is of necessity the centre of the Yearly Meeting. It is a city of about half a million inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the Patapsco River and on the Chesapeake Bay, about 100 miles south west of Philadelphia, and 40 miles north-east of Washington. The Chesapeake Bay is a splendid sheet of water running up 200 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and well stocked with fish of many kinds and especially with excellent oysters. Baltimore is fairly old for an American city, having been founded one hundred and seventy years ago, and named after Lord Baltimore, the first proprietor of Maryland. Maryland was granted to Lord Baltimore in 1632, by Charles I., and was so named after his Queen Henrietta Maria. The colony at first had no important city, St. Mary's on the Potomac, being its first town. Lord Baltimore's family were Catholics, and to their credit be it said, they gave liberty of conscience in their new province, and very early on

through the labors of George Fox and other Quaker missionaries from England, many persons joined the Society of Friends.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting was first held in 1671, eleven years before William Penn founded the adjacent colony of Pennsylvania, and I believe only three years later than the first holding of London Yearly Meeting.* At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were probably about three thousand Friends in this part of the country, but it was a slave State and the surroundings were not congenial, so that a great many went West to the newer settlements. In the troubles of 1827-28 five-sixths of the membership is said to have sided with Elias Hicks. "The wretched little body of Orthodox in the McKendrie School House" must have been small indeed, when my husband's father, as related in the Reminiscences, joined himself to it. But it contained men of strong independent character and earnest faith, and Baltimore Yearly Meeting held on its way with the persistency which is a true characteristic of Quakerism. The depleting process of emigration on account of slavery went on in other States also, and in 1845 Virginia Yearly Meeting having, in this way, become almost extinct, the remains of it were joined to Baltimore, thus considerably extending its territory though without much corresponding increase in membership. Previous to this Baltimore had exchanged with Philadelphia the meetings on the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland for those in the

* See "Thomas's History of Friends," p. 199. □ □

"Western parts of Pennsylvania." Thus Baltimore Yearly Meeting has a territory extending south to North Carolina—bounded on the east by the Chesapeake Bay and running up north through Pennsylvania to New York State, and west as far as Ohio and Kentucky, say 400 miles from north to south, and 200, roughly speaking, from east to west, or an area nearly equal to that of Great Britain. A census of the membership was taken for the first time the year of our marriage, and it was found that in this wide territory there were only 550 Friends. Of these about 200 were resident in Baltimore, the remainder being scattered in little groups in about ten country neighborhoods, and two struggling city meetings; at Richmond, Virginia, and Washington D.C. Baltimore was thus much the smallest amongst the sisterhood of five Eastern Yearly Meetings, but whilst three of the others have decreased in the last quarter of a century, she in spite of great geographical and other disadvantages, has more than doubled her membership and has opened up several new fields of work, so that at present instead of ten regularly established and two allowed meetings, she has sixteen regularly established meetings, and a membership of 1,155.*

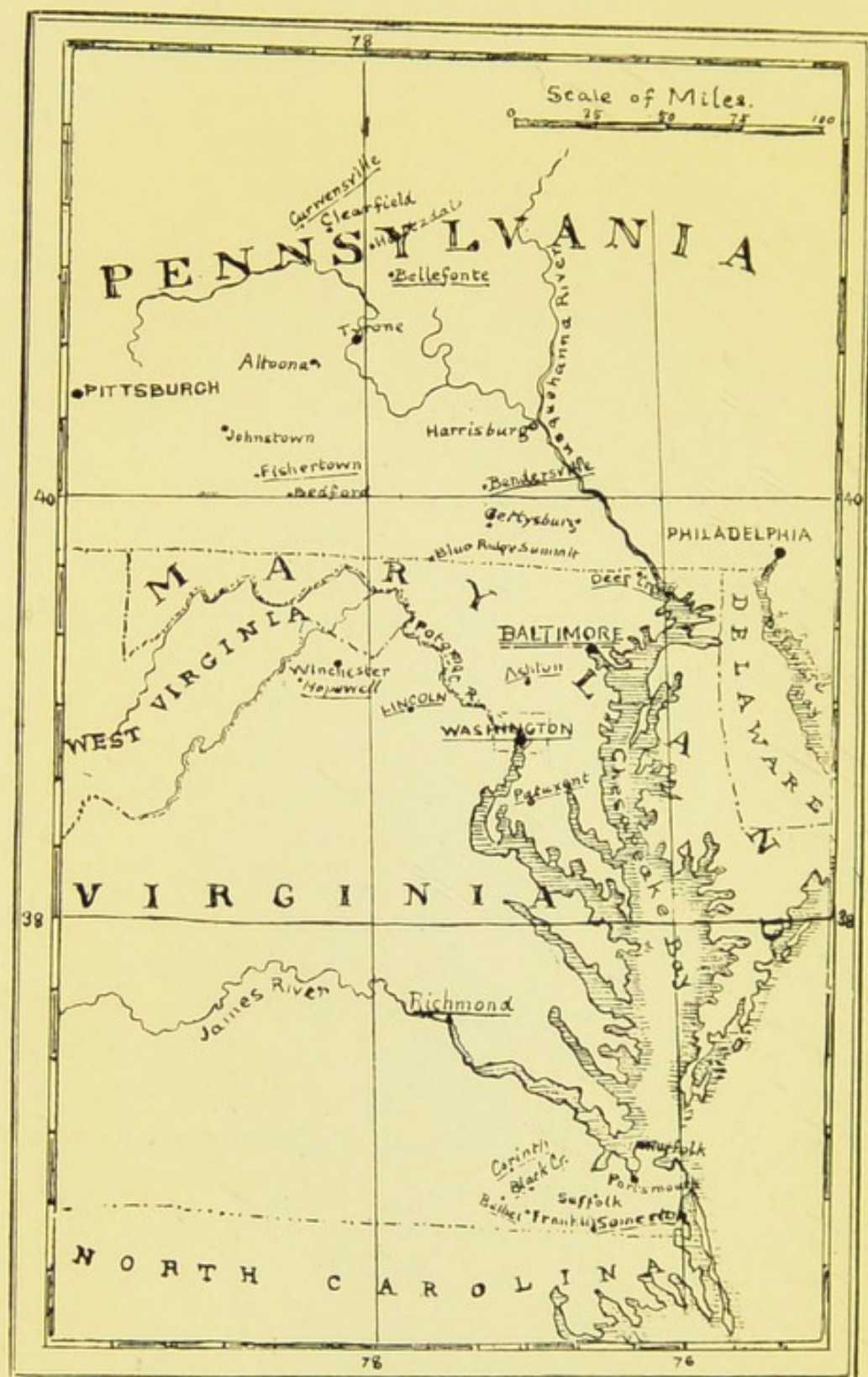
In "The Interchange" for 5th mo., 1886, R. H. Thomas gives the following *resumé* of the conditions and work up to that date :—

* Yearly Meeting Minutes, 1904.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

While discouragement or exaltation in Christian work are equally to be feared, this should not prevent us from making a careful review of the way in which the Lord has led us, to record the blessings and to see where the mistakes have been. The time has come, I think, for us to make such a review. It is now eight years since Baltimore Yearly Meeting appointed a "committee on the interests of our meetings and members," a committee generally described as the "one with a long name." This committee has since been divided into one on Pastoral care, and one on Education, but in some form it has been in operation ever since, being itself an outgrowth of a Committee on General Meetings. I start, however, with the Yearly Meeting of 1877, because the Committee then appointed was the first for many years that undertook a careful and systematic investigation of the condition of all our meetings, and made a census of our membership. The object of the committee has been to develop the individual meetings, the spiritual life of our members, and to bring the unconverted to Christ. In the prosecution of their work they have carefully refrained from departing from our principles as a Society, and have had no evangelists who have devoted their whole time to the work in the field, nor deputed anyone to reside in a neighborhood for a longer or shorter time for the building up of the meetings. The work done under their authorisation has been by men who left their farms or business for a few days at a time, and by women who left their hardly less engrossing home duties for the service. The plan of work has been to hold short series of meetings and to follow these up by visits afterwards. The frequency of these has been limited by the number of available workers, and by the difficulties of the field. The special meetings held have, without prearrangement or human leadership, been characterized by great liberty for expression in the congregation, though what are known as general revival methods have not been used so far as I am aware. Where there has been singing, it has been entirely spontaneous,





MAP OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.
1905.
(Meetings are Underlined.)

and has, we believe, been kept in proper check. The importance of its being done only under the immediate impulse of the Holy Spirit, just as any other service, has been much dwelt upon. The expenses of the committee have consisted in the mere travelling expenses of those who went under its authority, and in the occasional hire of rooms for meetings.

The field that lay before the committee was, in many respects, a discouraging one. The territory of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, comprising large portions of three states, occupies an area greater than that of England, while its membership from the reports it received in 1878 was only 550. The large majority of the meetings were small, mostly in country neighborhoods, and but two of these were sufficiently near together to afford each other mutual support by the intercourse of their respective members with one another. As a rule the meetings were twenty, forty or sixty miles apart. Very few of them could be visited without making the arrangement several days beforehand, and this prevented many visits from being paid.

However, zeal for the work, and a sense of the great importance of it, has led to the yearly reappointment of the committee, and to continual labor. In this work we have also been helped by the visits of Friends from other Yearly Meetings, travelling with minutes. The results have been a decided increase in the religious life of nearly all our meetings, and an increase in the willingness of their members to engage in work in the Lord's cause. In regard to membership, it has increased about twice as fast as the population, and numbered at our last Yearly Meeting (1885) 815, a small number surely, but still lacking only ten members of being half as many again as it was seven years before, an increase which we believe will compare favorably with that of any other body of Friends in the world.

We therefore consider that, though many of the discouraging conditions above mentioned still prevail, we have great cause to "thank God and take courage." It would seem too, that work conducted distinctively on Friends' principles has proved to be

a success, and that the indications are to go forward on the same lines, trusting in the Lord. Only let us bear in mind, that genuine consecration and self-sacrifice are needed. Let us be willing to suffer, or run the risk of suffering, pecuniary loss on account of the time spent in the Lord's service, and way will open now and again, perhaps unexpectedly, to go off to labor in His name, and as each one, so called, goes where he can, we shall find that the Lord will not allow His work to be neglected.

"Such work," writes Mary S. Braithwaite, "did indeed require an ignoring of impossibilities, a springing hope in the mighty power of the message of God's love and grace in Jesus Christ, and an unfailing love and patience towards all sorts and conditions of people. Such qualities my brother possessed, and he was thus enabled to take an active part in the advance movement which thrilled this tiny Yearly Meeting in the years between 1882 and 1892. There were several other members of the Pastoral Committee who were also eager and faithful workers, and blessed were the meetings held in some old Meeting-house or in some room more conveniently situated for the scattered congregations.

"The clear presentation of Gospel truth, the earnest appeal to the heart and conscience of the hearers, and then the simple testimonies of new life received : boys and girls telling of the joy of being found by the Good Shepherd ; and hearty confessions of surrender from older people, made the place of meeting a hallowed spot. Then would come a long drive over rough roads to some lonely home, or to visit

some of those who had been at the meeting and wanted the visitors to eat or sleep, or both, under their roof. At the supper table there would be happy talk, naturally followed by a little time of waiting on the Lord, and simple, heartfelt words of explanation of some deep truth ; or some exhortation to whole-hearted surrender to the Lord Jesus for service for others. Then the prayer that made Heaven seem so near, and the certainty of the answer assured. In some places it seemed as if the meetings might have gone on for hours had not the exigencies of a six or nine miles' drive home afterwards been remembered, or the fact that railroad trains are on the whole fairly punctual, even in the country.

"Of course there were many things that caused anxiety, there were, as always, some 'who opposed themselves.' It was not easy work, however delightful, but it was owned of the Lord, and the labor of ten years was fruitful in result. Three meetings were built up from the very beginning and made self-sustaining ; with good gifts in the ministry developed amongst them, and First-day Schools opened in their new Meeting-houses. Other meetings were strengthened and encouraged, and the tide of spiritual life in Baltimore Yearly Meeting grew fuller and stronger."

Some years later, in "Penelvé," my husband gave a picture of social life and work among the Quakers, largely drawn from his own experience ; the account of the evangelising tour especially being very character-

istic of the work among the country meetings previously described. "Penelve," *beautiful river* (Norwegian) was in point of natural surroundings and some local incidents, but *not* in its meetings, our own Bellefonte in Pennsylvania. Robert Strongwood was, I think, a purely imaginary character.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Woman's Medical College—R.H.T. and M.S.T. visit New England—Letters—Accident to J. B. Braithwaite in Canada—A Sorry Company—Illness—The Apostle Paul:

1882—1884:

Aetat: 28—30:

SOON after our return from England in 1881, my husband had been asked to join with a number of other doctors who had just started a medical college for women, the only one in Maryland. The College (quite a small one) with a Hospital and Dispensary attached, was now in operation and occupied much of his thoughts.

His friend, Dr. Randolph Winslow who was associated with him in its faculty writes :

Upon the founding of the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore in 1882, Dr. Richard H. Thomas was made Professor of Diseases of the Throat and Chest, a position which he filled with great success for eleven years, when the prospect of a protracted absence in Europe compelled him to resign it. He accepted this appointment whilst still a young man, and devoted much time and labor to his professorial duties, and was deservedly one of the most popular instructors in the school. His interest in the medical education of women was very great, and he believed that they were capable of becoming

competent physicians, and that they ought to have proper facilities afforded them for obtaining a careful theoretical and practical medical training.

The Woman's Medical College soon adopted requirements in advance of those in the Schools for men, and in this effort to advance the standard of medical education Dr. Thomas played a conspicuous part. He was elected Dean of the College in 1884, and was most helpful in guiding the institution through its early struggles and difficulties ; indeed but for his fostering care it is probable that the school would have gone out of existence. . . . In a retrospective view of his work as a physician and a medical teacher, it can be truthfully said that he was earnest, conscientious and careful, and brought to bear on his professional work a mind well trained, both in medical and general literature.

When State Board examinations were established in Maryland, the students of the College took a high rank ; twice in fact, once in Maryland and once in Delaware, a graduate from the Woman's Medical College has headed the list (men and women).

My husband treated all women with peculiar deference. He always acted as though he considered their work quite as important as his own, and this, I think, is a pretty good test. He did not talk much about women's rights, but in every-day life he championed and guarded their interests. The rights of a colleague in the Faculty of the College, or of the poorest patient at his clinic, or of the humblest servant girl, were equally respected by him. His position as Dean involved a great deal of work, as it combined the duties of Business Manager and Secretary, but he valued it because it brought him into closer touch

with the students and gave him many opportunities of helping them.

Since his death I have received many testimonies to the love and esteem in which he was held by members of the Faculty and Students of the College. From these I select a few :—

FROM A FORMER COLLEAGUE :

May I ask the privilege of telling you that in the death of your husband I was one of many who lost a loved friend, who was a definite influence for good in my life? Some years ago when connected with the Woman's Medical College, I first came into close personal contact with Dr. Thomas. His good judgment won respect from all who knew him: his kind sympathy and lovable nature claimed and obtained ready response from those who love truth and the kind of manliness truth makes. No one could long associate with him without learning that his sole desire was to know and do the right, and to influence others to walk in this path: and the good of such a life is incalculable.

FROM A FORMER STUDENT.

Dr. Richard Thomas truly gave his life for the healing and uplift of the sick, the sinful and the sorrowful; with him, while the flesh was weak the spirit was strong, and he was constantly about his "Father's business."

Years ago I attended his clinics on the throat and chest at the Woman's Medical College, and I shall always be better for having been associated even so distantly with one who showed forth the spirit of the Divine Physician as I have never seen it in anyone else. While dainty in his tastes and exquisitely neat in appearance, he came in contact with none so low, so vile or so dirty, that his sympathy and best efforts were not bestowed freely. "He laid his hands on them," after the example of Him whom he followed, and with not the slightest aversion. He

followed the poor patients to the door with the courtesy that he would show his own private patients, frequently following them outside of the door and on returning to the room his hand would be arranging his pocket. It always amused the class that he was so entirely unconscious of our understanding perfectly well why he followed the poor person out of sight.

Every girl in the College knew Dr. Richard Thomas to be her friend, and many were poor and home-sick and in need of just such sympathy as he bestowed with such tact and good judgment.

His cheerfulness and delicate sense of humor always made friends.

FROM A FORMER STUDENT.

The last chapter is finished, the book reluctantly closed ; but the influence of his gentle, godly life will live as long as we who knew him, and, I pray, long after, by our extending the same kindly help to those with whom we come in contact.

The letter sent to me by the Trustees, after his death, may also find a place here, as it shows how my husband's character impressed these medical colleagues with whom he was brought into very close contact in a business way.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, MD., FEB. 1, 1905.

OFFICE OF THE DEAN.

MY DEAR MRS. THOMAS,

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore, held some weeks ago, the undersigned members were instructed by the Board to express to you, and to enter on the minutes, their realisation of the great loss the College has sustained in the removal of its late Dean.

Dr. Thomas's personal qualities of mind were peculiarly suited to make him a most helpful teacher and trusted adviser to the students of the College.

He gave unsparingly of his time and strength to promote its interest. Through his wise guidance the College was conducted safely through a critical period in its history, and is now enabled to look forward to increasing usefulness in the future.

The reputation of the College is in a large part due to the high ideals and devoted Christian character of Dr. Thomas.

His life will ever be an inspiring example to those associated with him, either as teachers or students, and his memory a precious heritage of the Institution. . . .

We remain,

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. M. KNOX, JUN.,

H. WARREN BUCKLER,

S. GRIFFITH DAVIS.

In the summer of 1884 my husband and his sister spent a month in religious labor amongst the Meetings belonging to New England Yearly Meeting. They only visited about six different places, staying from three days to a week in each, but very blessed results attended the work, especially in the convicting of Christians for a deeper work of grace and in uniting some who had been at variance. There were some conversions also, but, as my husband wrote in one place :

Oh, that the Lord would use us to bring His own children to Him. I do believe that the work must begin there before many others can be brought in,

It was a period of transition among Friends in New England and in some places "Pastors" were being introduced, and there was much unrest and difference of opinion. My husband's position on this point of Pastors is so well known that it may be interesting to see how he acted when brought face to face with it. Under such circumstances he would always say more when speaking directly to the individual from whom he differed, than he would say of him to a third party. The third party, one, for example, with whose views Dr. Thomas agreed, might come to him in expectation of finding hearty sympathy in his complaints against the "Pastor." No such thing. Without in the least retreating from his own position, my husband would yet discourage complaint, and urge the importance of love and forbearance, and of efforts to enlist the Pastor in work on more satisfactory lines.

So it was now. At one place visited, Micajah M. Binford, a very sweet spirited and able minister from the West, had been installed as Pastor.*

Of this he wrote to me :

. . . The exercising part of our visit to—— was that Micajah M. Binford is there as the recognised Pastor, and is supported as such. He is a very nice man—of a very tender spirit, and is, I believe, a consecrated Christian. I did not feel easy not to speak to him about the matter, so he and I had a quiet time alone. It began with prayer on the part of

* He died in the prime of life about three years ago, and my husband felt it a great privilege to be able to minister to him professionally, when a few months before his death we met at Lake Mohonk and he was very suffering. They still disagreed heartily as to methods, but were very congenial and united in spirit,

both of us, and then I opened, in true Quakerly style, my concern to him—showing how, from the history of the church it was evident that his position, and that of others like him, was an entering wedge for the practice now so general in other denominations, and that if the present tendency continued, it was simply a question of time how soon the one man system would choke out the present spontaneous growth of ministry, and force us to an artificial supply from seminaries, etc. That I did not think the plea of an internal sense of guidance in a matter which involved such a radical change in our church policy was sufficient to warrant us in going forward—we were bound to remember that human nature was the same as ever and to consider what the effect of similar movements had been at other times and places. He was very loving. We did not argue the matter and parted in much tenderness and love.

In regard to some of the other visits he wrote :

8th mo., 18th, 1884.

. . . We had three more meetings at ——. The teaching was on the Holy Spirit and on consecration, etc., and it seemed to go home. I believe several did yield definitely, and one or two backsliders were, I trust, reclaimed. The last meeting was a very practical one, in which we were led to speak on the dangers and difficulties of the life of consecration to the Lord and how to meet them. The people were most loving and seemed hardly willing to let us go—but we left at noon on Seventh-day—praising the Lord. I felt I had a great deal to praise Him for, as I had been so unwell the day before coming, and had not eaten a quarter of a pound of solid food all the time I was there—and then with all the service and exercise to find myself far stronger and better than when I came and without a sense of weariness. Surely I had cause for encouragement. . . .

9th mo. 2nd, 1884.

. . . The Lord was very good to us at — and I think the Friends were really helped and led to a closer trust in the Lord and nearer together, and at least two were converted, and so we feel thankful. Two sounds very few, but in that meeting the main effort, as in fact it was in all the meetings in New England where we have been, has had to be directed to the Church, the believers needing to be stirred up and consecrated and united before the time for ingathering came. . . .

The closing meeting this morning in — was a wonderful time. The meetings have had the effect of opening the eyes of several to see their own condition and to get out of it by yielding to the Lord. The messages I had to deliver were very searching, and often severe, so that I almost wondered if the hearers would stand it. Mary told me that though they were severe there was great manifestation of love in them, for which I feel very thankful. She often spoke wonderfully and with much illustration, and what she said had a great hold on the people.

* * * * *

9th mo. 3rd, 1884.

. . . To-day was a remarkable one at —. Mary paid two family visits and so did I. She had a remarkable time at both places. The first place where I went (Mary will tell thee about her visits) I talked to the wife of one of the Friends there (herself not a member) on consecration. She was much broken down but could only say she would try, when I asked her if she would give herself up to the Lord. I did not urge her but laid the subject before her as clearly as the Lord enabled me and prayed with her. After meeting this p.m. she said to me, "I can say 'Yes' now to your question," for which I praised the Lord.

The second visit was apparently accidental. I was absorbed with thoughts suggested by the visit just paid, and thought I was going into the house where we were staying, and tried to

open the door, when the Friend who lived there opened it and in I walked, thinking she was a visitor at P.M.'s, and did not discover my mistake till I got in. Then she asked me to stay, which I did, and we had a most favored time, ending in prayer and in her breaking into tears. I found afterwards that she has the reputation of being a hard and unapproachable woman, whose apparent Christian virtues consist in a certain amount of faith for herself and a good deal of truth and but little love in regard to others. If I had not gone in in that way no visit would have been paid at all. P.M. said, "Well, Richard, there is no mistake about it, thee certainly is guided;" to which I replied that it was clearly a case of leading the blind by a way that they knew not.

* * * * *

My husband had been very poorly with rheumatism several times during the journey and scarcely able to proceed, and was looking forward to rest and home, when, just as they were leaving for the train that was to take them to Baltimore, a telegram arrived asking him to go to Picton, Ontario, where my father, J. B. Braithwaite, then on a visit to Canada as one of a deputation from London Yearly Meeting, had just met with a very serious accident. On arriving two days later, he found that my father had been flung from a carriage upon a heap of stones in a deep ditch, and severely bruised about the head and face, and had also suffered a bad compound fracture of the wrist. It was three weeks before he was considered strong enough to travel, and by that time my husband's rheumatism had returned and he was very poorly. With the help of William Robinson, another member of the deputation, however, they contrived to reach Baltimore, and

Richard, relieved of responsibility, and restored to the comforts of home, revived after some days of acute illness.

The week after their arrival, a telegram informed us that our stepmother, Deborah C. Thomas, then in attendance at Indiana Yearly Meeting, had also been thrown from a carriage and had broken her leg. Our faithful cousin, Tammie Miller, was despatched to bring her home, and soon another ward was added to our "Hospital" at Howard Street.

My brother William came from England to help us, and for weeks he tended my father most faithfully, but the recovery was extremely slow and painful. "The Apostle Paul," a long poem begun during a journey in the East the preceding year, was his solace during these weeks of illness, and we had many pleasant and amusing evenings, when he would read, and we all would sit round and criticise it. We flattered ourselves that we really assisted in its composition.

It was well that the cheery spirits did not flag, for sickness seemed to pursue us that autumn. Our aunt, Julia Valentine, had one of her alarming attacks of catarrhal pneumonia, and Henrietta and I must add to the family troubles by developing whooping cough. This, however, was not until near the end of my father's visit. He gathered strength very slowly, and with his wounded arm he greatly dreaded the return voyage. Late in December he and my brother left us, being hastened at the end by news that my mother had had another hæmorrhage.

CHAPTER XV.

“The Interchange”—Its Beginnings and Progress—Letter from J. R. Harris—*A Difficult Case—The Love, Faith and Hope of Christ—Shall the Friends’ Church Starve out its Ministers?*

1884—1888.

ABOUT this time my husband and his sister were planning a fresh undertaking. It was chiefly for the benefit of their beloved country meetings, in which the tide of work and interest was rising, and where they were learning to understand by actual acquaintance the needs of the scattered membership.

Quaker politics too, were in a very agitated state all over America. The Friends had awakened from a long lethargy, but in their earnestness to make up for lost time, they seemed ready to throw aside all their distinctive testimonies. Their leaders put before them a dilemma, and seemed to think that the two courses described were the only possible ones open to the Society.

“Either,” they said, “we must go on in the old ruts, sitting in our silent meetings, whilst all around us souls are perishing,”—this was one horn of the dilemma,

and no truly concerned Christian heart wanted *that*,—"or else we must give up our preconceived notions."

"New life," they said, "requires new channels to work through. Let us not hesitate when God is calling. Other Christians are saving sinners by means of revival services, with mourners' benches, etc., and besides, there is a need for clear teaching and for preachers who can give all their time to the work. We must do as others do, and we too shall be made a blessing." This was the other horn of the dilemma and the one which we were urged to accept.

North and south and west of us the people listened and believed. New methods were adopted and hundreds, nay thousands, were being brought to the Lord and added to the Church. Only Philadelphia, the hermit Yearly Meeting, held on her way aloof and silent; an instance, so said the leaders, of the result of clinging to the first horn of the dilemma.

The exponents of this doctrine came to Baltimore. They preached in our meetings, they warmed our hearts with their love and zeal for God, they told us in public and in private that if we wanted to see souls brought into the Kingdom there was nothing for it but to do as they were doing.

But my husband said, "Brothers, you are mistaken; there is no *dilemma*. But there *is* a problem, and the problem is to find out how to apply the principles of Quakerism, which," said he, "I take to be no other than the pure truths of the Gospel, to the needs of this nineteenth century. With the help of God," he said,

“we will try to do it, here in Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and for the furtherance of our work and the better setting forth of these principles, we will start a Yearly Meeting paper of our own.”

He and his sister were to edit it jointly, and John R. Cary, Treasurer of the Provident Savings Bank, was the Business Manager. It was named “The Interchange,” and was a small monthly sheet, at first only four pages. Other Friends encouraged and helped them, but some of course had doubts.

From the first editorials we quote :—

12th mo., 1884.

The expressions of hearty approval received since we sent out the prospectus of “The Interchange,” about three weeks ago, have greatly confirmed us in the belief that such a periodical is really needed.

The position of our Yearly Meeting is unique. Geographically one of the largest east of the Alleghenies, it is numerically one of the smallest. As a consequence, the particular meetings are, as a rule, too far apart for helpful and free interchange of visits ; so that Friends from one of these—shall we call them islands of Quakerism ?—seldom see those from another, except at the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. But, though these occasions are most helpful as we meet together as brethren beloved, and are strengthened by one another’s faith, they are too infrequent, and many of our members cannot avail themselves of them.

This little paper is designed still further to strengthen the bonds of love that bind the whole of our scattered membership together, by enabling all to maintain an intelligent interest in the affairs of every part ; serving as a true INTERCHANGE of news and thought ; so that all may rejoice together at the special blessing that may come upon any one meeting, and sympathise together when any suffer loss.

And again :—

Our first attention will be devoted to that which may seem calculated to promote and encourage spiritual life, and to further Christian effort. In doing this we shall, from time to time, illustrate and support those doctrines which are usually regarded as distinctively held by Friends, for we hold them, not as theories, but as truths peculiarly applicable to the needs of the Church and the world at the present day, and thoroughly adapted to the exigencies of Christian work. Our advocacy of them is, of course, entirely unofficial, no one being responsible for our utterances but ourselves. At the same time we believe that the position we maintain is in full harmony with the great principles of our Society.

“The Interchange” soon became an eight page paper, and finally for about half a year, a sixteen page one. It was carried on for four years, but the last enlargement was too much. My husband and his sister both had too many other duties upon them to carry on (with very little outside help) so large a paper, and, in the autumn of 1888 it was regretfully given up.

J. Rendel Harris wrote on this occasion :—

Plymouth, England,

8th mo. 24th, 1888.

My dear Friend, M.S.T.,

My mind has turned often thy way lately, and Baltimore way, the main reason being, I suppose, the gap that has been made in all our ranks,* and the rent in all our garments: (so far as rending of garments is allowed, which is never a sacrament except for the sake of entering into the griefs of others: read Job and his friends for the hypocritical side of the sacrament,—“they rent their garments and sat

* The allusion is to the death of Mary W. Thomas.

with him seven days"; or Jesus at Bethany for the sacrificial unity of it, "he troubled himself." The parenthesis is a long one and perhaps carries one too far: it ought not to be so long to tell one another that we are afflicted in one another's afflictions).

Then I have been thinking of thee on seeing the *last* number of "The Interchange." Something of the kind had been already whispered to me. How one wishes one could have done more for you in it. But it has not been in vain: they have not labored in vain that builded it: everything of this kind is not meant to be eternal. Even when we wish things to go on, our Father often teaches us the folly of trying to set our seal on too many people and over too large a tract of time.

But I think the best word for you all round is this, "Ye *know* that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." I can send thee this, dear sister, with greater confidence, because it is the sort of medicine that I am often obliged to use in confined situations (where there is a good deal of spiritual malaria) and in the face to face of exterior disappointments.

We are moving on slowly here, making plans for the East, and looking carefully after laying one stone to see where to lay the next: that is necessary too, because I am more run down in some ways than I thought.

With much love and sympathy with you all,

Thy Friend,

J. RENDEL HARRIS.

The little paper had, however, proved so helpful in binding together our scattered membership and in the promotion of the work, that twelve years later it was again revived, and though only a four page sheet, is still continuing its useful mission.

We may give a few selections from the earlier series to show the line taken by R. H. Thomas.

5th mo., 1887.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

(Note.—The Editors had some hesitation in regard to this article on account of its being so different in style from what is generally found in "The Interchange." But on considering the matter they have decided to insert it as, though unusual in type, it is written in a thoroughly good and pleasant temper. They hope those who read it will agree with their decision.)

Yes, he was in failing health—at least his neighbors and many of his children thought so. They had noticed the change for some time. Indeed it could not fail to be noted, for he was a man of some prominence, and had made quite a stir in his earlier days, in spite of a good deal of rough usage. But, though still in the prime of life, he had been declining for some years, and had grown strangely quiet and unlike his former self, and kept so much to himself that now few would have recognised the young enthusiast in the settled man he had become. Not that he had forgotten his early activities. Others might do that, but not he. He set great store by them, and was very careful to be true to his record, and faithfully adhered to the style of living and of dress he had then adopted. Even now, when some great moral question, like that of anti-slavery or temperance, came up, some of the old fire would return; but he was not the active promulgator and herald he had once been of the wonderful message that his King had given him a commission to proclaim to all men. Some thought he had lost the commission.

But of late he had seemed to realise his condition, and had become restless and feverish, and had tried various remedies, but with only partial success. His neighbors, who had forgotten how roughly they once had used him, felt sincere sympathy for him. "He had been a useful man in his day," they said. "Poor fellow," said another, "it is no wonder he has broken down. The trials that he has had have been enough to kill any ordinary man. When

his son Elias * went off it nearly broke his heart, and folks say there is no end of discussion and party spirit in his family now. Each side claims to be the one their father loves the most, and between them he is almost torn in pieces. He wrote a great deal too, when he was young, and his children have got hold of his books, and they quote passages of them against each other to prove he agrees with them, and some of them have made him say the exact opposite of what he really did say; and a few have gone so far as to call them 'trash' before his face. He is heart-broken—that's what ails him."

"Well," said another, "I always knew he would come to nothing. Those high spiritual views of his won't work."

"But what will become of his children if he dies?"

"Oh, they will be scattered," said another. "They're thinned out a good deal as it is. Mr. Pope will take a few, and Mr. Calvin's family will have some, but the most, I think, will go either to Mr. Episcopos, Mr. Dipper, or Mr. Wesley Bishop."

"That will be a great change for them, won't it?"

"Well, not so much as you might think. A good many have been seen making visits to Mr. Dipper's pond, and some have even got into it. There has been great talk of digging a pond on the old gentleman's own place, but they have not done that yet. They have borrowed Mr. Wesley Bishop's books and benches, and some have already adopted parts of the uniform of Mr. Episcopos. So while some will feel strange they will soon be used to their new surroundings."

"Don't preach the old gentleman's funeral sermon till he's dead," put in a bystander. "Some of the children say he is not so near his end as you think. They have sent for the most famous doctors. There they are driving up now."

As he spoke, three physicians alighted from the carriage that had met them at the station, and walked up the steps of the mansion, which though simple in style, was well built, and

* Elias Hicks, the leader of the Hicksite Separation.

had no cracks, for it was founded upon a solid rock. They were shown up to the room where the patient was sitting. Around him were strewed pamphlets and periodicals containing suggestions for the carrying on of his family affairs, and a number of recent volumes on early Church history. Arranged around on the shelves were many old-looking books, mostly written by himself in former years. They looked somewhat dusty, as though he himself did not value them as much as might have been expected. As they entered, he looked up from a small book, which sought to prove from his own writings that he had always maintained the very doctrines and practices that he had constantly objected to all his life. A few of the old books from the shelves were near him, and he was about to see whether he ever could have made such blunders. But he paused as the physicians approached, and holding out his hand, said: "You are welcome. I want you to show me how to recover my lost activity. I begin to see that I have been too quiet. Some of the old fire burns within me, and yet I know not how to return to my old work, for I am hampered on every side. I have sought to be faithful, but I have been too self-centred. I have had so many advisers, and have tried so many medicines, that I am almost discouraged." So saying, he opened a cupboard, and showed a number of bottles. "I never was so well," he continued, "as when I was using those bitter drugs on the top shelf, and those stimulating applications. They were always taken unwillingly, and administered by unfriendly hands, but they kept me active."

The doctors looked and read the faded labels and copies of old prescriptions. One was "The Distilled Essence of Calumny. A tumblerful night and morning as directed." Another, "Water of Disgrace. Ten drops in vinegar, to be taken three times a day with the bread of affliction." Beside these bottles were prescriptions directing external applications, such as the actual cautery and the scourge, and also directions for change of residence to such health resorts as Lancaster Gaol, etc.

"I think those remedies were a little too vigorously pushed," sighed the invalid; "for when the treatment was over I was thoroughly tired. After that this medicine was my great standby. See, it is the 'Elixir of Quietism.' It was a true cordial, but the apothecary became careless, and as the medicine was costly and rare, he came to mix some narcotic with it, and the effect was bad, and that explains how I came to lose the first page of my royal commission without missing it. Here it is; I have only just found it. I had almost forgotten how it read. Then came a new doctor, who gave me 'Tincture of Socinianism,' without telling me what it was. It nearly killed me. Since then I have taken a variety of mixtures. But what am I to do now?"

The doctors then proceeded to examine carefully into his condition, and afterwards retired to a room by themselves to consult.

"I tell you he is in a bad way," said Dr. Backwardglance. "The trouble with him is that he has been leaving off the habits of a lifetime. He has laid aside a great many of the special wraps he was accustomed to, and gone after many new fangled things, inconsistent with his position and imprudent for his health. It was a great mistake to leave off the 'Elixir of Quietism.' He should take that, and return to his regular life if he wishes to regain his health. I should advise, therefore, a regular course of diet, and refraining from all excitement. Let him take a teaspoonful of 'Elixir of Quietism' three times a day, to which I should add five drops of 'Tincture of Exclusiveness' to each dose. Let him return to his former dress and live as he did before the attack. Let him take his exercise only on the paths that are laid out around his house, where he will not be exposed to exciting influences. He must keep out of general society till he is stronger."

"That were hardly possible," said Dr. Goodjudgment, "for he has found the first page of his commission, which has a great deal about going out among others, and giving them the King's message in it, and he feels he must make up for lost time. We

can never relieve him if his mind continues in a state of unrest, as it is now."

"We must tell him," said Dr. Backwardglance, "that that was only for his earlier years, and he must not think of such a thing."

"But he wouldn't believe us, nor would it be true. And, in any case, it is not according to my judgment for his health. I think your plan would hardly prove a success."

"You might as well give him poison at once, Dr. Backwardglance, as your prescription, and then embalm him and put him in a glass case," broke in Dr. Whatshallicallhim. "What he wants is thorough change. I am almost inclined to tell him to move out of his mansion. It has not the modern conveniences. What he wants is to see that his family are in good order and himself to be under a nurse. No wonder he is worn out with this work. Then he ought to live more like other people. To this end I would prescribe a mixture containing one ounce of 'Ritualism,' and three ounces of 'Priestcraft,' dissolved in four ounces each of the 'Elixir of Love of Change,' and water from Mr. Dipper's pond. Let him have a tablespoonful three times a day. It's a powerful alterative, I assure you. In six weeks you wouldn't know him for the same man."

"Not so fast, please," said Dr. Goodjudgment, quietly. "Such a treatment as that would as likely as not make him crazy in the effort to reconcile your methods with his King's directions, which tell him to have nothing to do with any one of the ingredients in your prescription. I admit that they have seemed to work well in the case of Mr. Episcopos, and some others whom you treated. But both the constitution and disorder of our patient are so very unlike theirs, that you cannot argue anything from that. Now, I suggest that we advise more sunlight. I should also have him carefully consider his commission, which, while it marks out the kind of work he is to do, indicates also the very best means to preserve his health. His ill-health is chiefly due to his having neg-

lected to live according to it. This is why he allowed himself to become so quiet. Then, when he became uneasy, he consulted his neighbors instead of his Master. Depend upon it, there is a great deal of vitality in him yet. His pulse is good, and I cannot find any real disease about him. But, though he did not tell us so, he has taken medicine from Mr. Calvin and Mr. Dipper and Mr. Wesley Bishop, all at once. I know it, for I saw the bottles, and his stomach is upset by it. No man ever got well that way. Let him stop all that, and live hygienically. Dr. Backwardglance advises 'Elixir of Quietism.' It is a valuable remedy (though its proper name is 'Elixir of Genuine Spirituality.') It will do him good, if he can procure the genuine article, but there are many spurious samples on the market. The only reliable kind is that made strictly in accordance with the recipes in our great Text Book. One of the best accounts of it is found in the fourteenth to seventeenth chapters of the fourth book of the second volume. But do not give him a drop of the 'Tincture of Exclusiveness.' I have never seen that drug have any good effect, and I am surprised that you should recommend it. It is not a reliable preparation, but a substitute for the 'Tincture of Separation from the World,' which, you know, is prepared from the fresh leaves of the Tree of Love to God and man, and the fresh leaves of humility and obedience. Let him take that by all means. Let him dress as he pleases, so he be warm enough, and do not confine him to his well beaten paths. They are too lonely and too much in the shade. He needs to go out and mingle with others."

"But," rejoined Dr. Whatshallicallhim, "he must be relieved of his cares. He needs a nurse, and his children need one, too, to look after them and feed them regularly. Now there is Mr. Shepherd, out of employment, and applying for a position. He is a most valuable man, and belongs to the same family that have served in the houses of Mr. Pope, Mr. Calvin, and all the rest so long and well. He would set everything straight in

no time, and he would greatly increase the influence of our patient's family."

"This is not what is needed," said Dr. Goodjudgment. "The man does not require a nurse. It would make him a confirmed invalid. He is quite strong enough to take care of himself and his children too. He needs exercise and freedom. Besides, if you hired Mr. Shepherd, he would give him even stronger medicine than you suggest. I never knew a member of his family who did not carry a bottle of 'Wine of Ritualism' in his pocket to give to his patients."

"But the children must be taught and fed."

"Certainly, but they can teach and help each other; and perhaps you forget that the Head of the Great University School comes every day to teach and feed each one of them, and he sometimes commissions one and sometimes another to carry his messages and presents to the rest. Then, if they are quiet, he often teaches and feeds them himself. Mr. Shepherd would not encourage this. Their present system is the best and freest in the world, if they will only use it. Finally, let our patient take freely of the 'Water and Bread of Life,' and live according to his commission and our great Text Book of Hygiene."

From this both the others dissented, from opposite reasons, and the discussion was greatly prolonged, much to the annoyance of the patient, who was anxiously awaiting their decision. They were still discussing when my informant left, but he thought they were gradually coming round to Dr. Goodjudgment's opinion.

R[ICHARD] H[ENRY] T[HOMAS].

6th Mo., 1888.

LOVE, FAITH AND HOPE,

AS SHOWN FORTH IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

If there is one thing more than another that the true follower of the Lord Jesus is glad to lay emphasis upon and never wearies of telling, it is the Love of God in our Saviour Jesus Christ. From

every possible point of view that we may regard it, so long as our view of it is true, we see love in the work of redemption. It is not favoritism, as so much of our human love is; but it is love that loves so truly that it will ever choose the very best for those over whom it is watching. So in our Lord we find that He never overlooked the fact that the root of all evil lay in sin. Therefore His work was to redeem men from sin first and the consequences of sin afterwards. His salvation was to be a thorough one and one that suited our needs. The way of love is ever the same. It does not choose the easy way, but the sure way, not the path that shows for the most, but the one that accomplishes the most. So Christ chose not to work in a way that might have been personally gratifying to Himself, but He chose the hard path, because in that path, He being the sufferer and we the gainers, we were to be brought back to Himself. His love also is not of that stamp that seeks for the greatest good to the greatest number, for He seeks the greatest good for each one, and would thus secure the blessing of all, and thus He wins the love of all. For all who accept Him realize that they have been the especial objects of His care, yet not so in any sense that excludes the love that they delight in from anyone else.

Great as His love was, it could not alone have been sufficient to have brought Him to undertake His great work. Something else was required, and that was faith that His labors and sufferings were not to be in vain. Hope was also needed, not hope in the sense in which it is so often used among men, the sense of doubtful desire, but hope in the sense of its being faith in the future tense, a sure and certain looking forward to the joyful realization of that which was to begin in so much pain and suffering.

Lost and apparently hopeless as the case of mankind was, He did not lose faith in our being able to be saved, nor His hope that we should be saved. Therefore, did He enter upon His work with joy, and endured the cross and despised the shame.

This thought has to me a very inspiring effect. No matter how discouraged we may feel about ourselves, if we but put our

case into the hands of our Saviour, we may be sure that He has not lost hope for us, that He has faith that we are to be brought into His image. This is not to be done by any fatalistic process, but by the operations of His Spirit on our spirits, and we are not to lie back, saying that He will perform the work that needs to be done in us, for so long as we do this the work of grace in our hearts will stop. But when we do really yield to Him in passive submission and in active obedience, we realize that there is no further need for discouragement, for no matter how inept pupils we may be, He does not give up His faith and hope for us, but patiently is teaching us to know His voice and to live His life after Him. I say that this thought is a very inspiring one for us. When we are travelling with anyone who is our guide, our courage is to a great extent dependent upon his. If he acknowledges himself to be lost, we at once lose all hope, but, if he assures us that all is going well, we, if we have confidence in him, are satisfied and encouraged, even though it seems to us that everything is going wrong; and because of the hopefulness of our guide, we are hopeful also. How inspiring to the scholar is it when the teacher says that he has faith in him that he will make a good student, how it stimulates him to fresh exertions. So does the fact that our Lord has faith for us stimulate us and take away all ground for discouragement, so long as we are trusting Him and being obedient to His will. The fact that our case differs in this from that of the scholar, in that our growth depends so much more on the strength of our Teacher, and so much less on our own exertions than does his, is a cause for us to take heart, for He will not fail us.

Does not this hopefulness of our Lord's have an application to our work? It is said of Him that He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He bring forth judgment unto victory. If we have the faith and hope of Christ, we shall not lose heart at the most discouraging circumstances that may beset us. As we meet persons, who seem to all human appearance to be hopeless of reformation, we can look upon them as those for whom the Lord

is working, and as He lays them on our hearts to labor with, we can approach them with the hope, that is, with the faith for the future, that He will not let the word that He has given us to speak in His name return to Him void.

This is the great antidote to the habit of the present day of looking on the dark side. We cannot take a hopeless view of things, when we know that our Lord takes a hopeful view, that He is not discouraged. What is needed is for us to realize this and to make others realize it. The accomplishment of our Lord's work waits till the faith and hope of each man answers to His own.

R. H. THOMAS.

12th mo. 1886.

In answer to the question "Will the Friends' Church starve out its ministers?"* we would respond that the danger lies in the direction of a starved *ministry* rather than of starved *ministers*. We know of no better way of starving out the true gifts in the ministry, or hindering their proper development, than to arrange for settled and supported pastors over our meetings.

We may not shut our eyes to the object-lessons around us, we must not shut our ears to the voice of Church history. The ritualism of to-day, the cramping of spiritual gifts, except in certain authorised lines, the obscuration of the true and vital baptism of the Spirit and communion of the body and blood of Christ, are the direct and inevitable results of turning aside from the simplicity and freedom of the early Church, where but one head and master of assemblies was recognized, and the believers were not divided into clergy and laity, but all alike were called to be kings and priests unto God.

1887.

Every man has his moments of insight, when he knows and sees into things eternal and divine. Every man, also, has his seasons of depression, when all things about him are dark, and he gropes for light. Between these extremes there are the days and hours

* *Will the Friends' Church Starve out its Ministers?* A tract by Thos. D. Hubbard, Columbus, Ohio.

when we walk along what seems to be a routine path. The difference between men is that some direct their course by their moments of darkness, and their way is more and more shrouded in gloom; some ignore both the heights and depths, and their way is the way of the world; while some, believing in the dark what they have seen in the light, walk at all times according to that light, and allow it to illumine their whole course, and it is these whose path is as the path of the just, a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

In trial or disappointment we often say that what has happened to us is exactly what is the hardest for us to bear, as it touches us upon a point upon which we are peculiarly sensitive. We forget that in saying this we are really acknowledging that it is exactly the trial that we needed to develop us, and we should therefore not complain, but be thankful.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon "The Interchange," because although it was only a tiny Yearly Meeting paper, it was a very important factor in building up and binding together our membership; and more than this, it had quite a circulation outside of Baltimore, and to judge by the frequency with which its articles were taken up and discussed in other Society papers, what it said carried very decided influence. I believe that some of its criticisms of the new methods went home even more closely than was intended, and some who did not personally know my husband's loving heart, formed a notion of him very far indeed from the truth. Others, again, who sympathized with the Baltimore standpoint, but who felt themselves in a hopeless minority, rejoiced that what they believed to be the truth should at last be compelling attention.

CHAPTER XVI.

Return of J. R. and H. B. Harris to England—Visit to England in 1885—Letters—Changes—*Dwell in thy Father's House*—Serious illness of R.H.T.—Letter to W. C. Braithwaite.

1885—1886.

IN the early spring of 1885, circumstances arose which led Professor J. Rendel Harris to resign the chair of New Testament Greek which he had held for three years in the Johns Hopkins University. He and his wife now returned to England. Their going was a great grief to all of us and a decided blow to the meeting.

We ourselves spent two months in England during this summer, chiefly in visits to my family. Many changes were impending in our circle, and as we went from one home to another, each seemed naturally to make a confidant of my husband. He entered into all the hopes and plans with characteristic sympathy and practical helpfulness.

He was, as ever, deeply interested also in Society matters. "The Gospel of Divine Help," and "A Reasonable Faith," had just been published, and the Quaker atmosphere was charged with conflicting

currents. He talked with leading Friends of all shades of thought, and had many opportunities also for religious work. It may safely be said that this visit was helpful to him in the development of his own religious belief, and also in making him more fully acquainted with conditions of thought amongst English Friends—a very useful preparation for his own later work.

A few extracts from letters to his family in America may be given in illustration of the varied interests of the visit.

312, Camden Road, London.

6th mo. 29th, 1885.

MY DEAR MARY,

. . . Yesterday (First-day) morning, we went to Westminster Meeting. It was the first time I had seen the new Meeting-house. . . .

Allen and his family came up to dinner and spent the afternoon. In the evening we went again to Bunhill and Rebecca and her sister went with us. On the way we stopped to see the graves of Susannah Wesley, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, and Defoe. We had a favored meeting, and in the after meeting there seemed to be some definite results. A young Friend of wide influence who has been opposed to mission work, testified to great blessing received in the meeting last week. At the meeting last week a man had said that he had been delivered from drink but could not overcome his temper. After meeting I said to him, "Have you ever looked upon your temper in the same light that you looked upon the drink, that you had no right to yield to it, and having thus given it up have you trusted the Lord to deliver you?" He said "No." Then I told him that that was the reason he had not been delivered. Last night he said to me, "I found out what you said last week

was true. I had not been willing to knuckle down. When I was in the right, I thought I had a right to get angry—but I have given it up and been trusting the Lord, and He has delivered me, and I have had a blessed week."

A young Friend who some few weeks ago was converted was, I think, enabled to give herself up to the Lord in dedication—and after a deep struggle opened her mouth in the meeting.

London,

7th mo. 13th, 1885.

MY DEAR AUNT JULIA,

. . . I wrote a long letter to brother James telling him of our having seen H. W. Smith at Lord Mount Temple's, and of our attending the Annual Meeting of the Society for Psychic Research at the rooms of the Society of British Artists. At Lord Mount Temple's we saw an original picture by D. G. Rosetti. In the Psychic meeting the chief interest was in seeing F. W. Meyers, the author of "St. Paul." I was reminded of the line from the poem "Only the dominance of earnest eyes." It is a good description of the author's own eyes, which are very striking. In the annual report the principal point was a series of experiments which had been made in thought transference. Some of the instances given were quite striking. It was interesting, however, to notice that one of the men who had this power said that a year ago his health broke down and at the same time came a great loathing of the exercise of his power. Though he claimed that his nervous breakdown was not specially due to it, I did not agree with him. It seems to me that the unnatural exertion of mind must be a great strain.

C. and I went to Stoke Newington yesterday and attended the morning and evening meetings. We took dinner at S. A. and E. Tylor's—my old friends; tea at William Beck's, and supper after the evening meeting at Wm. Clarkson Allen's. I used to be so much at Stoke Newington when I was here ten years ago, that it was very pleasant to be back there again, and the Friends

were all very kind indeed. Anna and mother went to Banbury on Seventh-day, and I am to follow them this afternoon. . . .

Banbury, 7th mo. 15th. . . . Among other pleasant things which have come in rather unexpectedly was spending an evening at Uncle Charles Gillett's with Thomas Hodgkin. He was most interesting, and we talked on a variety of subjects—Buddhism—Japan—Christianity—Quakerism—and agreed well on all points raised. . . .

London,

8th mo. 10th, 1885.

MY DEAR MARY,

. . . Next morning [after attending a Quarterly Meeting at Alton—ED.] I returned to London and met Anna at the station, and we proceeded together to the English Lakes, where we met Joseph and Annie and spent the evening and night with them at Ambleside. Next day we drove through Langdale and past Rydal and Grasmere, and along the shores of Windermere. It was a beautiful day. The views were splendid, and we were all in good spirits, so that we had a most enjoyable day. We reached Kendal about 5.30 and found Aunt Susan and Uncle Charles Braithwaite in good health and spirits.

We had a most enjoyable visit at Kendal. Uncle Charles laid himself out for us and was entertaining and instructive and suggestive. We had long talks on methods of service and on building up Friends' meetings and on doctrine. He is pretty strongly "evangelical," and is slightly anxious about some in the Meeting there who object to the use of the words "Substitution," "Imputed Righteousness," etc. The conversation was satisfactory, and it ended in his giving us "Dale on the Atonement," and "Beet on Romans," and quite a number of other books.

The next day we had four meetings, going out with Isaac Brown to a Mission Meeting at Grayrigg, about five or six miles from Kendal, in the afternoon. We took tea with him and talked

over the whole question of doctrinal orthodoxy. He takes a very different view from Uncle C., thinks it most important to keep to Scriptural terms, objects to the use of the terms above mentioned, etc. He showed us a beautiful set of texts on the Atonement, which he had prepared, which was to us very satisfactory, and we agreed with him on nearly all his points. One point on which he insisted strongly was the use of the Revised Version in the text, "Who hath *loosed* us from our sins in His own blood." He says that the blood is not spoken of as *washing* us. To my own mind we have here a distinction with very little difference. He interprets every passage where the "blood" is referred to as being equivalent to the death of Christ. . . . Anna wrote thee about our interesting evening with Dean Burgon at Camden Road. . . .

After our return to America we had a visit from my sister, Elizabeth B. Emmott, and her husband, and soon afterwards he received the appointment of Professor of Christian Ethics and Roman Law in the Johns Hopkins University. Professor Emmott did not enter upon his duties till the following autumn, and owing to the illness of one of their children, it was a year later still before his family were able to join him, but from 1887 to 1896 they all made their home in Baltimore, to our great joy and comfort.

In the opening days of 1886 we had another visit. My sister, Mary Caroline, was married on December 29th, 1885, to Dr. Willis N. Whitney, then interpreter to the United States Legation at Tokio. On their journey to Japan they stopped with us for two days, and we were introduced to our new brother and to the interests of his work for Christ in Japan, where he had made

his home, largely for the purpose of trying to spread the Gospel message.

When they left us my husband wrote :

TO M. C. WHITNEY

on her departure from Baltimore for Japan after a visit with her husband after their marriage, 1st mo. 1886.

Dwell in thy Father's house. Although no more
Thou mayst go in and out as heretofore
Thy childhood's home, although with joy, combined
With tender grief thou leavest it behind
To venture on a sea untried before,
Yet fear not ; richer blessings wait in store
And thou mayst still, tho' on a foreign shore,
Dwell in thy Father's house.

Dwell in thy Father's house. His tender care
Guides thee, through human love, and shows thee where
His love would place thee. Tho' He lead thee forth
Unto the furthest regions of the earth,
He is thy Home, so fear not : know that there
Is thy one place of good, of answered prayer,
Where He can all thy joys and sorrows share :
Dwell in thy Father's house.

Dwell in thy Father's house. We may not read
The riddle of the coming years that speed
More swiftly than the weaver's shuttle flies ;
We know that God is strong, that He will rise
To make thee strong to labor and succeed
In thy blest work of sharing other's need,
And in all labor be thy rest indeed ;
Dwell in thy Father's house.

My brother George had already made us a long visit when, in the summer and autumn of 1883, he was under my husband's treatment for the severe hay asthma from which he suffered. In the spring of 1886 he came to us again, this time on his way to Japan, where he was to undertake the duties of Agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, in fulfillment of a long cherished desire to devote himself to Foreign Mission work.

This spring also my eldest sister Martha was married, and she, too, made us a visit during the summer, with her husband, George S. Baker.

When they came, however, my husband was extremely ill. A carbuncle of unusual severity had resulted in general blood poisoning, and for weeks his life hung in the balance. His illness ended in an attack of rheumatism, and it was not until August that he could be moved, too weak to walk, and wasted almost to a skeleton, to a cottage at Ocean Beach, New Jersey, where our whole family spent several weeks.

Describing the mental experiences he passed through during this illness, he wrote to my brother William :

9th mo., 1886.

I think illness gives a chance, if it be severe enough and the mind remains clear, to test the practical value of one's doctrines. While I was very ill and thought it was very probable I should die, my mind was naturally turned to the next world and I thought a great deal about it quietly and seriously. I saw how extremely natural the two opposite doctrines of purgatory

on the one side and imputed righteousness on the other are, and how they both rest on the same reasons. When we realize the infinite purity of God and, judged by the final standard of purity and righteousness, how far we fall short of it, the mind seeks to escape from the unpleasant conclusions these considerations force upon it. Therefore we have on the one side the doctrine of a period of purification by fire after death, and on the other side the doctrine that we are impure in ourselves but God views us in Christ, and as He looks at Him He sees no spot in us. As our sins were imputed to Him, they say, so His righteousness is imputed to us. Now I must acknowledge that I could not bring my mind to believe that God could see me other than I was, and I could not wish Him to. I could not rest in any idea of imputed without imparted righteousness. The doctrine of purgatory devoid of any gross features, I admit was far more attractive to me, but it is not sufficiently supported by Scripture. In regard to my own condition I knew I had the Lord and was as far as I knew given up to Him for His control inwardly and outwardly, and that I was trusting Him for His purification, and yet I did not for a moment think that my purity or holiness were more than relative. They were not absolute in the sense that they did not need a further growth and development, and that they did not need to have a fuller and deeper hold on my life and works. The conclusion I came to, and it was to me a most restful and satisfactory one was this: Death would make a wonderful change in my surroundings and in my powers and general condition. But I should still be myself and what was yet more blessed, Christ would still be Himself. Whatever other change might come, I could not know less of Him than I knew then, He would be at least as much to me after as He had been before death. My whole being rested on Him, whatever goodness, strength or purity I had was from Him and in Him. Death would open my eyes to see Him as He is. He would still be my Saviour, my Redeemer, the Forgiver, the Cleanser.

I could lie back restfully and trust Him. Though the text did not come to my mind, my thought of death resolved itself more and more into a departing to be with Christ. This gave to me all the rest that either of the other doctrines could give, and did not to my mind or heart have the objections of either. It came to me not as original but as true. We start where we leave off. Heaven cannot be a state of completion but of progress. Each soul is as pure and as good as God can make it at that moment, and each soul is continually growing nearer and nearer to the purity of God. I saw too how it is possible always to have an ideal that recedes as we approach it. It is quite possible that we shall attain to the ideal as we understand it to-day, but as we attain it we grow and our vision is clearer. We have unconsciously received a new ideal. So we have the joy of attainment and the joy of going forward at the same time.

Please excuse me for writing so much on this point. Having begun I just went on.

The weeks passed at Ocean Beach were not idle ones. Openings for work and fellowship presented themselves and were not neglected, as will be seen by the following, written years after :—

To R. H. T.

1st mo. 25th, 1904.

A reminder from M. that to-morrow is thy fiftieth birthday, furnishes me with an excuse to tell thee how often we think of thee and Anna and all your dear family, and what you were to us that blessed summer we met so pleasantly at Ocean Beach long ago.

We shall never cease to be grateful for all thee did for our dear F., both for her physical and spiritual life. I wish such doctors could be multiplied by the thousand. Those meetings we used to have in our parlor were *ideal*!

The effects of this illness clung to my husband for years in recurrences of painful abscesses and boils, but he worked on, and his activity in practice, in writing, preaching, and in visits to country meetings, was never greater than at this time.

"Are they Ordinances?" a reply to David B. Updegraf's "The Society of Friends and the Ordinances," was published early in 1886, and other pamphlets, "The Outlook," "The Heavenly Language" and "Lilies and Sparrows," were from time to time written by him or reprinted from "The Interchange."

CHAPTER XVII.

Views on Recreation—*Little Miss Kris Kingle*—*Our Summer*
—The Richmond Conference—A Record Yearly Meeting—
Mary Whitall Thomas—*Lines on the Death of M.W.T.*—A
Busy Life—Religious Visits to New England.

1886—1888.

IT must not be thought that Richard Thomas's life had no room in it for recreation or for the play of lighter fancy. His reading was wide and varied, and few could more pleasantly entertain a group of young people or of congenial friends by choice selections from the poets, old and new, including the "Calverley Papers," of which he was very fond, or from Carlyle, Ruskin, Mark Twain or Lewis Carroll. I remember what fun we had at a large Christmas party at Howard Street when a humorous story of his own, called "Ten Dollars in Change," was the *pièce de resistance* of the evening. From the medical standpoint he believed that recreation was as much a necessity for the mind as rest is for the body, and he held that the Lord is as much interested in that part of our lives as in any other. The love of Christ in his heart was the touchstone which dominated his views upon this subject, for

he strongly felt that we should consider the effect of our recreations upon those who have to work in providing them for us, and should avoid such as involve injury to those who cater for us. I think it was this consideration which largely determined him in his objection to the theatre.

In general he was very careful not to condemn any wholesome form of recreation in itself, but would ask each one to decide independently in the sight of the Lord, as to what he should allow himself in this direction.

As a specimen of the lighter work of his pen we give some lines addressed, at Christmas, 1886, to his little daughter :

LITTLE MISS KRIS KINGLE.

(H. M. T.)

(Henrietta calls herself "Miss Kris Kingle," and takes great pleasure in devising secret presents for each member of the family, and then on Christmas Eve she goes round with a mysterious bag from which she fills the stockings that have been previously hung up.—Note by A.B.T.)

Little Miss Kris Kingle, who can there be
So secret and busy with presents as she ?
Where can she have come from, has anyone known ?
And, what's more important, where can she have gone ?
For she hung up our stockings, and then with great care
Left a present of love for each one of us there.

I think that I heard her last night in the house,
With a step and a tread that was not like a mouse ;
And a voice, as I listened, fell sweet on my ear,
" Keep out of the way for Miss Kris Kingle's here,"

And I thought that I knew the sweet voice very well,
But—secrets are secrets—and I mustn't tell.

But I know who this little Miss Kris Kingle is,
And when I have caught her I'll give her a kiss—
But you mustn't tell her, she might run away—
And this, when I've caught her, is what I shall say :
" So long as I have thee to love me, thou'lt be
The best of all little Kris Kingles to me."

A contribution which I made to our Family Paper in England may also find a place here for the picture it gives of this period, 1887, and because the journey specially described was to our brother James's summer home at Blue Ridge Summit, the house so kindly lent us in 1904, where we nursed my husband during the last three months of his life.

OUR SUMMER.

When the trees have burst into their full foliage, and the balmy June sunshine is flooding the streets of Baltimore, the wonder that has hung over us all winter as to where we shall spend the summer ceases to be merely a wonder, and becomes a pressing question calling for prompt decision. Go we must, and stay away we must for two months anyhow, and better for three ; and though we sigh and groan to leave the patients and the roomy drawers and wardrobes, and the markets teeming with fruits and vegetables, yet of course the going has its pleasant side too. So get out the trunks ; sort over your summer wardrobe ; you must take things for cool weather as well as for warm—things for rain as well as for sunshine. Books for the Bible lessons, medical books and instruments for the doctor, also a stock of the most necessary medicines, and catalogues of the

Woman's Medical College. An alarming creature containing three years' correspondence of the Dean, also appears, demanding to be packed. Sketching materials, too, must go in somewhere, and a few of Henrietta's choicest treasures beg for admission. One small trunk and some valises are all that can go this time. Pack them quick in the sweltering heat of our second hot spell. Now we are ready—at least Henrietta and I are, she grasping her faithful doll Bessie, and I holding on to an extra jacket or two and a bundle of umbrellas. Our trunk is ready, and Dick* waits to drive Emperor back to his stable; but where is Emperor, and where, oh! where is the doctor? He said he would be here by half-past two; now it is a quarter to three, and the train goes at three. Here he is at last! "Now Dick, in with the trunk;"—undo the valise—crowd in a few more books, a mirror or two, and some quinine powders. We are off—we reach the station—yes, plenty of time, fully three minutes. "Good-bye, Dick, take care of yourself," and Dick, grinning broadly all over his black face, turns Emperor's head towards home and disappears. The train is crowded always, and *hot*—thermometer 92° in the shade. The doctor is busy writing postals and concocting telegrams to be sent off at the earliest opportunity. Henrietta sings softly to Bessie, and weaves golden fancies of the country, whilst her hair clings to her head in wet ringlets, and perspiration stands out on her red forehead. I mentally run over all that has been forgotten or remembered, and sigh for the journey's end. We are getting up in the mountains, and now "Blue Ridge Summit" is called and the train slows up. There are the carriages waiting. Francis T. King, with his colored coachman and handsome turn out, his daughter Annie with him in the carriage. There are Jane and Frank White, too, and there is Sister Mary in the carriage, and Nellie in the village cart to meet us. Cloudless sky—wooded mountain sides—but even here not much coolness. Well, it is hot everywhere to-day—especially hot waiting in the sun at the

* This Dick was the colored servant of some friends of ours who lived a few doors off, but he did odd jobs for us too, and took care of Richard's horse.

station. Let us be thankful that the train was on time, and that we shall have a large shady porch to rest in when we arrive; and such a porch, round two sides of the house, looking down way off through a gap (Anglicé "pass") in the mountains to the rolling country round Gettysburg.

This, or something like it, is a sample of our journeyings. I find I have spent all my time on the start, but it would be quite vain to try to tell of all the trips we made and the places we saw. Two weeks at Blue Ridge; one week in Montgomery County; three days in Harford County; one week in Virginia; two weeks at Ocean Beach; one week at Orange Grove. A fresh packing of trunks each time, and a space of two or three days at home between each. At one place it was hot the whole time; at another it was quite cool. At another I could not go out at all on account of a bad attack of neuralgia. Another time we left at two hours' notice because Richard was ill. Finally, at the end of summer we came home a week sooner than we intended, bringing Richard, a poor, pale, sick man, who had to be relegated at once to bed on his arrival. Still, he did not stay there very long; and as we look back over our varied experiences, we can thankfully recall many delightful days, some friendships formed, and a good degree of health preserved through the hottest and most trying summer that has been known in these parts for thirty years.

Our brother's wife, Mary Whitall Thomas, was apparently in the bloom of health and strength in the summer of 1887. She insisted that *all* of us should make them a visit, and we did all go (the other four members of the family had preceded us). The visit was a delightful one, and she herself alone knew that it would be the last, and that already the symptoms of fatal disease were upon her. A year later, she lay dying in that lovely home.

That autumn the first General Conference of Friends was held at Richmond, Indiana. A delegation from London Yearly Meeting attended it, amongst them my father and my uncle George Gillett. In our Baltimore delegation were James C. and Mary W. Thomas, and Mary S. Thomas. Our delegates returned with glowing descriptions of the Conference. Every "Orthodox" Yearly Meeting of Friends in the world had been represented and there had been the greatest good feeling and spiritual power and blessing.

A Declaration of Faith had been drawn up and adopted, and nothing remained but for each Yearly Meeting to endorse it, and thus a check would be speedily put upon growing divergencies in faith and practice, and a wondrous unity would be produced.

We had time to think it over, for a month elapsed between their return and the holding of our Yearly Meeting. Indiana, the largest and strongest Yearly Meeting in America, the one we had always looked up to and followed, was held, and it adopted the Declaration with enthusiasm. Then came our own Yearly Meeting. Leading Friends from Indiana, New York, etc., were in attendance, besides nearly all the English and Irish delegates to the Conference. It was a wonderful time, unique perhaps in the history of little Baltimore. All our work was going on so well, and to our great joy, a net increase of sixty-nine was reported, bringing our total membership up to 907. "The Interchange" described the Session

at which the decisions of the Richmond Conference were considered as follows :

THE CONFERENCE.

Second-day, 11th mo. 14th, 4 p.m.

JOINT SESSION. The conclusions of the Conference and the Declaration of Faith it had adopted were read and approved. The meeting was an unusually large one, and there was a general expression of thankfulness at the result of the Conference, and the feeling was that it had drawn Friends from all parts of the world closer together in a bond of love and confidence, and all hoped that it might be the beginning of a time when this should be the case yet more and more. The interest of the meeting was greatly increased by the presence of so many from England and Ireland, as well as elsewhere. Most of these gave in succession briefly their impressions of the Conference. Their words showed that they felt, notwithstanding certain differences in views and practice, that the Society of Friends is still one body with one work and one aim. The feeling of desire in the meeting was very strong that this unity might more and more be realized and that everything might be done to promote it.

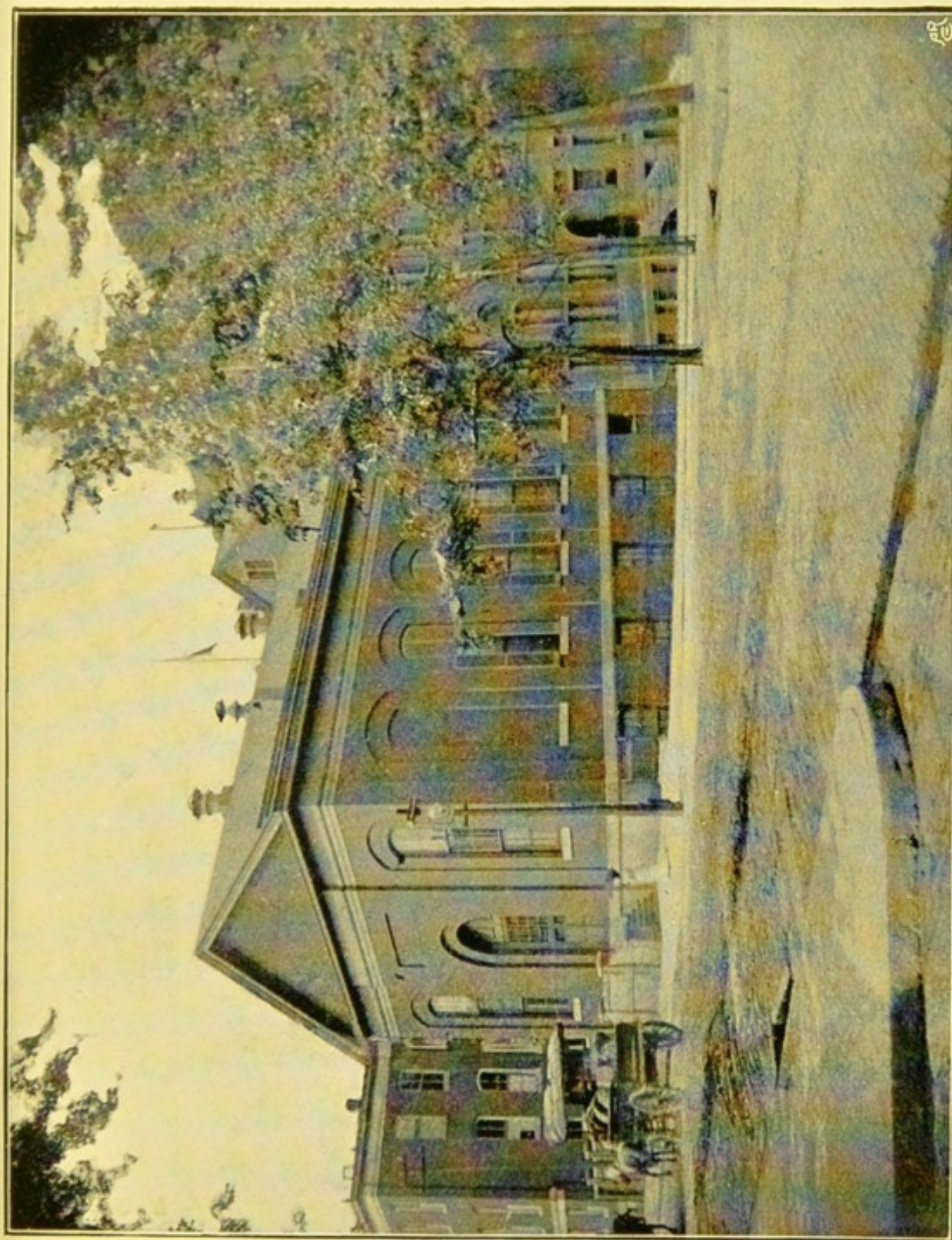
At the close of the meeting, one of the clerks (Mary W. Thomas) prayed most impressively for a blessing to rest upon all the Yearly Meetings, that Friends everywhere might be equipped for the work of the Lord and be as one body in the faith and hope of the Gospel, a prayer with which it was evident that every earnest Christian soul present united.

A very important word in this Extract is "approved." The Yearly Meeting approved the Declaration of Faith as being in general harmony with its own views, but did *not adopt* it, nor order it to be incorporated in the Discipline, and this decision was reached with a good deal of unanimity, although some felt that it ill became

our small Yearly Meeting to hold aloof from the new harmony. My husband had strongly advocated this course. He felt that to "adopt" the Declaration would open the way to its future use as a Creed. Creeds, he considered, were but paper walls ; they too often served to hamper and exclude really tender and conscientious spirits, whilst they were no defence at all against reckless or insincere ones.

Another matter of great interest was the Incorporating of the Yearly Meeting, whereby it became legally qualified to hold property, etc., and in the re-adjustment that was then made, women were given an equal place upon its Permanent Board (corresponding to the Meeting for Sufferings of London Yearly Meeting), and as Presiding Clerks, etc. Mary Whitall Thomas was then Clerk of the Women's Meeting and had acted throughout the Sessions, many of them held jointly, with all her accustomed ability. It was recalled afterwards that once or twice she had spoken as though her work was over, and all had noted the power and tenderness of her prayers on more than one occasion.

The record Yearly Meeting was over—the Meeting-house which for a week had hummed and overflowed with busy life was silent and empty, our visitors departed and life returned to its accustomed channels. But the very next day we learned the overwhelming news that sister Mary was ill with a malignant disease, and that fatal consequences were feared. It was too true ; only once again did she cross the threshold of that Meeting-house where for a quarter of a century hers had



EUTAW STREET MEETING HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

Friends' Institute.

Johns Hopkins Laboratory.



been such a pervading influence. From the day that she admitted her illness her strength failed rapidly, and eight months later, on July 2nd, 1888, she passed away. Her husband had said, "Jesus will receive thee," and she responded, "will receive me." These were her last words. It was on this occasion that my husband wrote *Death is the end of Death*, ("Echoes and Pictures," p. 117,) and also the following hitherto unpublished sonnet :

M. W. THOMAS, DIED 7TH MO. 2ND, 1888.

We gaze once more, and fain his hand would stay
Who comes, as come he must, to hide away
The form we love from all our loving care.
Yes, all is hers : the golden, wavy hair,
The forehead pure, where God's peace dwelt for aye,
The loving hands, the lips so prompt to say
The needed words. We bravely keep away
The tears, lest they our last look should impair,
And gaze once more.

But is this the last look ? Faint heart, say nay
She lives where all her powers have ampler play :
We yet shall see her in God's beauty there,
In His own image made divinely fair,
When on her face in that glad deathless day
We gaze once more.

It is of course impossible to speak in detail of the frequent visits made by R. H. Thomas to the other meetings belonging to his own Yearly Meeting. He was continually engaging in this work. From notes in "The Interchange" it appears that he averaged about nine such visits during the year, and it must be

remembered that this nearly always meant being away from home two nights and often longer. He abstained from undertaking any regular Bible Class teaching on account of his frequent absence on First-day, but when at home he rarely missed attending the young men's Bible Class, and he was always in his seat at meeting, morning and evening, and twice during the week, unless prevented by illness or sudden professional calls. His practice at this time was quite active, though his patients mostly came to his office for treatment, and I find mention of several papers prepared for the Maryland Medical Society, as well as one for the International Medical Congress in the autumn of 1887. His duties at the House of Refuge and in connection with the Woman's Medical College were always most thoroughly and faithfully performed. Sometimes, when more unwell than usual, he was urged to spare himself, but he would answer, "So long as I hold the position, I am responsible for fulfilling the duties it involves." One scarcely sees where he found the time to write, as he constantly did, for "The Interchange," or to carry on the active correspondence which was always one of his great delights.

In June, 1888, my husband and his sister attended New England Yearly Meeting, and in August he and his brother Allen spent three weeks among the New England Meetings, attending amongst other things an important conference on the Ministry held at Lynn, Mass.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Visit to England in 1889—The Paris Peace Congress—Manchester—
Letters—Death of D. C. Thomas—Accident to J.B.B. jr.—
Illness of Julia Valentine—Changes—*He came to bless us with
his smile.*—North Carolina—Marriage of Mary S. Thomas—

1889-1890.

So the time went on, and in 1889 we again made a visit to England. It was in many ways a peculiarly interesting one. Dr. Thomas had a minute for religious service, and we arrived in time to attend the Yearly Meeting, during which he had some special opportunities in the young people's meetings, and in private conversations.

In the three months that followed he worked very hard. We were delegates from the Peace Association of Friends in America to the International Peace Congress (the first in recent years), and we spent a week in Paris with my uncle George Gillett and my sister Rachel, in attendance at it. Both of us were intensely interested. The way opened for much personal intercourse with other foreign delegates, and for the first time we realized what a tremendous hindrance to the advance of Christ's Kingdom is the advocacy of war by the Christian Church. From

that day my husband worked actively, whenever and wherever he could, for peace.

I must briefly summarize his work in England. Luton; Banbury with its surrounding meetings; Cambridge, Colchester, Saffron Walden, Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, Kendal, York, Scarborough, Newcastle, Sunderland, Darlington, Birmingham, Croydon, Reigate, Lewes, Bristol, Bridgwater and Taunton, Weston-super-Mare and Burnham, etc., followed one another in quick succession till he had worked in eleven out of the eighteen English Quarterly Meetings.

Describing the visit to Manchester, he wrote :-

YORK,

7th mo., 1889.

. . . From Liverpool we went to Manchester, where we were guests of Theodore Neild at Dalton Hall, which is the Friends' Hall of Residence for Owens College, Manchester. This was vacation time, but there were ten or twelve students there working up for examinations. We had a special meeting appointed in Manchester on Sixth-day evening, tea being served first. The notice had been short, but over a hundred were present. I was very poorly and did not know how I should do, but I felt that the Lord helped me. I spoke on the message of Friends to the world, and on the inward experience implied in our profession. This opened the way for a long and personal conversation with one of the students afterwards, which I think resulted well.

This was the day when I was most poorly; after that I began to get better. . . . On First-day I went to an Adult School class before Meeting. Amongst the men were some who were almost free-thinkers. I addressed them on the method of revelation, and on the way of righteousness, and on how to

attain to it through Christ. The address was followed by half-an-hour's discussion during which I think "Truth triumphed."

I do not know whether any were convinced, but they were interested and some seemed impressed. It was not an experience calculated to make one fresh for the regular Meeting that we went to afterwards, and to my own feelings it was the least satisfactory service I have had. But we were encouraged by the fact that nearly thirty of the younger Manchester Friends and several of the students went out to Stockport where we were to be in the evening, five miles off,—many of them walked. Here the meeting was to my mind more in the life, and a young man who was almost an agnostic was greatly reached. . . .

Two other letters give a general view of the effect upon his own mind of the varied conditions with which he had been brought into contact.

Banbury,

7th mo. 26th, 1889.

MY BELOVED SISTER,

. . . I have really had a wonderful time this visit. I believe the Lord has been with me and opened people's hearts to receive what I have said. My preaching has been very direct and bold, and I have sometimes almost been frightened at myself at the things I have said in meetings. But they have seemed to go home. I believe that those who did not altogether agree with what I have said have felt that I was presenting more than mere theories, and that the Lord was with me. This at least was the thought of the only person who felt called upon really to expostulate with me (by letter) to be more "evangelical." At nearly every meeting, certainly at every place, there was direct evidence that individuals were reached and helped—especially those who have been in spiritual difficulties and in a condition that threatened to become one of agnosticism. I do not know but that I may yet be called up for unsoundness, but that must be left. But my

position is to myself more and more clear on the work and person of Jesus Christ, more and more clear on His salvation. But as far as I can learn, the "Evangelicals" have as a whole endorsed me thoroughly, and I feel nearer to them in spirit than I did. Doubt has no constructive strength. I have seen where destructive criticism, if followed alone, leads, and I recoil from it. We must look elsewhere for any power for regeneration. I am glad I have seen this. It has been like a healthy cold bath.

I increasingly feel the importance of building up Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Its unique position is fully recognized, and it is being watched.

Again he wrote :

London,

9th mo., 1889.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

. . . I have seen the dearth that follows a denial of or doubt of outward revelation, and I think I see a sound basis for affirming outward revelation as regards spiritual realities. I cannot now go into it, but I believe it is perfectly true that no man has ever reached the position from which he has been able to make sufficient generalizations concerning spiritual things, to enable him to grasp any general spiritual truth without being very largely indebted to some outward revelation, for what are the words, deeds, writings of a man, but an outward revelation of the spiritual being?

I quite agree with thee that my letter on the Peace Conference was not as good as it might have been.

Permission has been given me to insert the following letter from one girl friend to another as illustrating the impression produced by my husband's work at this time.

20th June, 1889.

. . . I don't think you can have had a lovelier Whit Sunday than I did. Dr. Thomas was at meeting in the morning and spoke grandly. Then I heard him at the Adult School, and after that I went up to the Friends' School with them and Mr. Midgley, and I heard him there. It was so nice, and in the evening we brought the mission people into meeting and had a lovely time. So I heard four addresses from him in one day. I must read them to you when you come, I can't attempt them here. The Sunday evening one was on the Atonement—the grandest view of it that I had ever heard—for this reason; it satisfied and delighted all the orthodox, and yet it seemed the embodiment of what we believe, only glorified—raised on to a higher platform. It was the best of both creeds, or rather it was what underlies them both. He seemed inspired.

I never saw such a Christ-like man in real life until now.

On Monday he went with his wife, and the Midgleys, and my parents to Quarterly Meeting at Colchester and they were all staying at one house. . . .

On Tuesday mother came back and said that Dr. Thomas without his wife was coming to hold a meeting for young people and workers generally, on Wednesday evening. We went, and it was glorious. Harriet Green and Mrs. Dr. Green and we went to the Midgleys' to supper afterwards. He gave us a sweet little address after supper and prayed wonderfully—partly for E. and me.

When we came away and he shook hands there was something in his face which told me he had something to say to *me*, I was so frightened that I scuttled off, though I wanted to hear awfully. But though I deserved to lose it, he came after me into the hall and even on to the steps, and got it said in the last half second. Then I didn't know whether to thank him or to run, so I did the latter, but I went home as happy, (happier in a different way) as his grandest sermons had ever made me. Why is it that individual messages seem to help so wonderfully

sometimes? It is just as much for us sometimes in a sermon, and indeed all his sermons have seemed just what I wanted, so why did it make me so extra specially thankful to have that message—those few words to myself? Is it purely selfishness, do you think?

* * * * *

During all this summer his affectionate heart was distressed by illness in our own family, both in America and England. Our stepmother, Deborah C. Thomas, had been poorly when we started, but became much worse almost at once, and after some weeks of intense suffering passed away on the 9th of July. His letters home are filled with sympathy and sorrow, and with expressions of anxiety for his sister and other relatives for whom he feared the effects of the heavy nursing. I remember well how poorly he was for a day or two after the cable message came. Such things always affected him physically, but his own intense feelings seemed to spur him on to do all in his power to lighten the sorrows of others.

At our first coming to England we had found both my father and mother very poorly, and though both improved as the summer passed, there was another family anxiety, a large part of which fell on my husband's shoulders. This was a severe tricycle accident which befell my oldest brother, Joseph. It happened near a wayside inn between Bridgwater and Taunton, when he and his wife were on their way to join the rest of our family party at Seaton in South Devon. A telegram summoned my husband, and he and I immediately went. We found my brother unconscious,

the doctors giving scarcely any hope of recovery. His wife had been thrown off at the same time, but she seemed at first not much the worse for it. But she was unaccustomed to serious illness, and the nearest shops were five miles off at Taunton. My husband's medical skill and his wonderful capacity as a nurse proved invaluable, and he spent a month with them, superintending the removal of the patient to Burnham, and not leaving until he considered him out of danger.

Our return home was delayed by the Dock Strike. Our passage had been taken in a steamer sailing from London, and we were unable to procure places from Liverpool, as all the steamers were already full. We sailed in September in the first boat that got out after the strike, but we had a long tedious voyage, and were met on landing by letters and telegrams urging haste, as Aunt Julia had, in her turn, met with an accident and was very ill. Everything seemed to conspire to delay us, but at length—Union Depôt—and—yes—our brother Allen. His face was not reassuring. With sinking hearts we asked, "How is Aunt Julia?"—"Well, she's still living, but that's about all," he answered. "She won't know you."

She had been unconscious for nearly a week, and they had ceased to try to induce her to swallow. Mother gone; Aunt Julia apparently dying; it was indeed a sad home coming. But she did not die, and we always said that Richard had brought her back to life, for all night he watched beside her, persevering

until he succeeded in getting her to swallow medicine and nourishment. All next day she lay in the same state, but at nightfall she seemed to awake and spoke to us in her natural voice. From this time her recovery was steady though slow.

But now another home-tie was to be broken. My cousin, Isaac Braithwaite, of Kendal, England, announced his intention of paying us a visit. No one guessed the object of his coming, least of all did she for whom he came, but within five weeks of our return to Baltimore he was engaged to our sister, Mary Snowden Thomas. My husband and this dearly beloved sister had been all their lives united in the closest fellowship of work and interest. His own marriage seemed only to have strengthened the bond, for we had mostly lived under the same roof and had shared all each others' plans and interests. Since our sister Mary W. Thomas's death, our other Mary had in many ways taken her place in Baltimore Meeting, and in all the country meetings where she had so abundantly labored, no one had a stronger hold on the hearts of the people. But now she was to leave us, and though we spoke hopefully of future visits, we knew only too surely that that chapter of our lives was ended.

We had little leisure to mourn just then, for Yearly Meeting was upon us, and other visitors. Dr. Whitney and his wife, from Japan, with their family were to stay in Baltimore and attend it, on their way home after spending the summer in England. The weather was unusually inclement and it rained continuously. The

children (there were three, a little boy of two, and twin babies) seemed to have very bad colds. They coughed incessantly, and soon it became clear that they all had whooping cough. Plans were changed, and arrangements for staying in Baltimore were made; all that medical skill could do was done, but still it rained and still the babies grew worse. At last little John Whitney, the stronger and healthier of the twin boys, was taken from them. He died in my husband's arms, and was laid to rest in our lot in Loudon Park Cemetery. To comfort his bereaved parents, my husband wrote *He came to bless us with his smile,—* ("Echoes and Pictures," p. 109). My brother and sister spent the winter in Baltimore, for the other two children were very ill, but in the spring they started again. They encountered bitterly cold weather in Canada, and the other little twin succumbed to it, and died at sea when two days out from Vancouver.

In the summer of 1890 my husband and I attended North Carolina Yearly Meeting with a minute, and spent a short time afterwards at High Point, Archdale, Guilford College and Greensboro'.

In the autumn our family, now so sadly reduced, moved into a smaller house,—it was the one on Lanvale Street in which we had lived before,—and from it on the 14th of October, 1890, Isaac Braithwaite and Mary Snowden Thomas were married.

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS TO HIS SISTER, 1891-92.

Richmond, Indiana—Quarterly Meeting at Spiceland—Bygone Days—Attends New York Yearly Meeting—Can a Materialist be a Christian?—Death of Aunt Julia—*Failure*—Molinos' "Spiritual Guide"—The Second Quinquennial Conference—Speaking to the Condition of People—Giving the Tenth.

MY husband's letters to his sister, with the addition of a few addressed to other correspondents, cover the history of the next few years. The fact that from the time of her marriage he had thus poured out so much of his heart in writing to her, was one great incentive in attempting the compilation of these memoirs, and it is precisely these personal parts of his letters that have been selected for publication.

After Yearly Meeting the newly wedded pair left us, my husband going with them as far as Wilmington, Delaware, on his way to Indiana, where he had been urged to attend a meeting of the Associated Peace Committees of the American Yearly Meetings (now the "Peace Association of Friends in America.") This was his first journey west of the Allegheny Mountains, and the visit was naturally one of great

interest to him. On his return to Baltimore he writes :—

Baltimore,

12th mo. 23rd, 1890.

MY BELOVED SISTER,

It is too bad that I have as yet sent off no letter to thee since we parted at Wilmington. I was so glad for that little ride in the train. I do not think I should have felt satisfied not to have had something of the kind. The ride out to Richmond, Indiana, was interesting as far as scenery was concerned, but I felt a good deal of regret at having been persuaded to give up seeing thee off and Isaac. Still I seemed to be in my right place in Indiana, and had really a very satisfactory time. Friends were most kind. My home was with Timothy Nicholson while in Richmond, except one night at Allen Jay's. There is a great diversity of view among the Friends there, but on the whole the impression on my mind was encouraging. At least *some* of the Friends are aroused to some of the dangers ahead in the new departures. The Meeting at the Yearly Meeting House is held almost exactly as ours in Baltimore is. The Meeting at Eighth Street has a Pastor and is pretty much run by him, I imagine. They have a notice up of "Preaching Service" at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. on Sundays.

The Peace Conference was as much of a success as anything that had not been in any way planned beforehand could be, and I think we have the matter put upon a working basis. The fact that they made me President* of the Associated Committees seems to have been announced everywhere through the newspapers.

After the Conference I went with Allen and Martha Jay to Spiceland to attend the Quarterly Meeting there. It was a very interesting time and I fell in with several "unsound"

* He held this position with some intermission up to the time of his death.

persons there and preached to them. My reception was most cordial and I was urged to return by many. On First-day at Spiceland it was estimated that there were 800 persons present. I found that my "loud voice" was not considered a drawback there. However I have been trying to moderate it since getting home. There were many inquiries after thee and regrets expressed at thy departure. Altogether I was gone ten days, and having been very tired to begin with, I was pretty much used up at the end. . . .

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

1st mo. 6th, 1891.

It is a matter quite of secondary importance where we are on this little earth, if only we are in the right spot, and I think the sense of being in our right place is one of the great things that enable us to rise over feelings of depression caused by the absence of those we wish to be with. I believe as we get into middle life we have to readjust ourselves to our new conditions. Old things are gone, and old plans and the old hopes too to some extent. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," is a very natural refrain if one would look at things solely from the human standpoint. There is so much labor and so little to show for it, and everything passes away, do what you will. I cannot understand a person of my age having any patience with life who has not Christ Jesus as his hope and his Sun. Not that life is not interesting and pleasant, but it is so soon over, and the best earthly things hang by so slender a thread. That Byron with no hope beyond and no heavenly light in his heart should have written, "My days are in their yellow leaf," at thirty-five years of age, I think was most natural. But the effect of all this on one who has Christ is to bring out in bolder relief the sunshine of His presence and the reality of His hope and freedom. In Him we have a larger hope. We are parts, and not forgotten parts, of a glorious plan of universal blessing to all, of redemption and salvation from all evil, and we

are helping on to the accomplishment of this great purpose ; and dull days and bright days lead onward alike to this, and all things work together for good, and a new impulse is given which is not the fleeting impulse of youth, which will soon faint and be weary and utterly fail. It is the perpetual ever-springing fountain of hope and glory. Whether we look at the present or the future there is God, and so we take up the work from a new and better standpoint, and with a new and better hope, and are now free to enjoy what there is to enjoy.

My husband had a very severe attack of influenza in the spring of 1891, but he recovered in time to carry out his concern to attend New York Yearly Meeting, for which he had a minute. It was held at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, and the week was one of deep interest.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

7th mo. 3rd, 1891.

. . . Thy very affectionate letter in reply to the one about my doings at New York Yearly Meeting reached me this week. I quite appreciate the very delicate caution in it as to being careful how I express myself on the subject of future punishment, and to a certain extent I agree with thee. In fact I rather think that, as a matter of strategic advantage, it would be better if I were thoroughly orthodox on this point, because as it now stands, there is always a risk that my influence in favor of Friends maintaining a more spiritual position than they seem inclined to may be largely lost through their doubt of my soundness on the "blessed doctrine of everlasting punishment." But I do not see how we can glorify God except by being candid and truthful. I saw a quotation from Quarles the other day on the question of whether it is better for a man to die than to lie. He said that he who tells the truth, puts his trust in Him who is the Father of truth, and may expect His protection whatever happens ;

while he who defends himself with a lie puts his trust in the father of lies. The real difficulty here is, what is the truth? I do not know that I come under any one of the convenient headings that are usually made on this matter. One thing has come to me strongly, viz., that, if this world is a place of preparation and if we have but one life here, it must be, that there is something to be acquired in this life, which, if not acquired here is an irremediable loss, and cannot be made up anywhere. The spirit enters the next world with a loss, just as a child born into the natural life without an arm can never grow an arm, because the time for the growth of it is over. But granted that this is so, it does not follow, to my mind, that that involves an endless torment, nor does it imply that the Lord does not do all that He can for such a soul, who may yet by turning from his sin, and becoming reconciled to God, be brought to a state of blessedness. After all, as someone has said, it is not a question of endless punishment, it is a question of endless sin. A soul in hell would cease to be in hell, even though his sufferings remained, if he turned from his sin and turned to God. My present position is that there is an irretrievable loss to those who remain in sin, but that our Saviour is always laboring for the salvation of every soul that He has created, and I do not believe that sin will always lift up its head against Him, or that the only solution of the difficulty is that he must triumph over sinners only by holding them down for ever and inevitably to their sin, for the doctrine of a necessarily endless hell necessarily involves endless sin by the will of God.

But enough of this discussion, which is getting tedious. I am not disposed to dogmatise on this subject, and I hope that thou and Isaac will continue to pray that I may have true wisdom in the matter, for I do not profess to have solved the problem, beyond that we can certainly trust God to do the right and loving thing for all the souls that He has made.

Since my last, I have been on to New Bedford, Mass., to see Captain Seabury, being telegraphed for, as he was very ill. He died

before I arrived. The family were most kind, and I stayed with them until after the funeral. . . . Whilst there I visited Ruth Murray, Rachel Howland, Anna Wood, George S. Howland, &c. All asked after thee, and all said how much I must miss thee, and all seemed glad to hear the good report I had to give. . . . I have received an invitation to attend Western Yearly Meeting to give my magic lantern Peace address. I am very thankful that the way is opening for my going to the West in a way that will lay the emphasis upon something else than the Pastoral system. If Peace is the prominent reason it will still leave room for work in a quiet way in other directions, and as they invited me they could not feel that I had come only to set them straight. Then I am greatly interested in the Peace cause for its own sake, and because it promises to be one of the subjects upon which Friends of all classes can be brought into harmonious work with one another. Thus being drawn nearer together they may have more true influence for good upon one another than could be the case otherwise. . . .

His mind was now increasingly occupied with the problem of how best to carry a message of light and hope to those beset with scientific doubts. Part of a letter on this subject to my brother William is interesting :

Baltimore,

9th mo., 1891.

I have been interested lately in considering whether a materialist may become a Christian and yet remain a materialist. It does not seem that the holding of a philosophical system ought to prevent a man from coming to Christ. After considerable thought it seems to me that being a materialist is no necessary barrier to being a Christian. I say necessary barrier, because the education that has taught him that materialism is contrary to Christianity does present a practical difficulty. At the same time it is a relief to think that it is not needful to change a man's theory of creation before he accepts Christ.

We must recollect that a materialist must have a different conception of matter from a dualist. He must acknowledge that there is thought, something that is known as love, honor, etc. In other words, he must attribute to matter the same qualities that we attribute to spirit. Matter feels, thinks, hopes. Now if matter in the form of man can do this, why should there not be thought somewhere in the matter composing the universe? If there is personality in man, what is to prevent personality in that which they acknowledge is the force ruling the whole universe? We speak of spirit, but we do not know what it is. I personally would be inclined to be a monist in the direction of saying that there is nothing but spirit, and that all matter is but the manifestation of spiritual power. At the same time, I do not see that anything would be injured, if we called all material, and spirit but a form of material energy; it would be only a change of terms, and, while it would be a little shocking to the finer sense, the result would be practically the same. Then again, it would present some points which would make certain doctrines easier. Christ is represented to us as having a body at least allied to the material. It would render the doctrine of the resurrection simpler to some minds. The Pauline illustration of the seed would then be accepted literally, that is the future body would be regarded as being a development of a germ from this. The doctrine of immortality would not be rendered difficult, for it would agree with the hypothesis of the indestructibility of matter. What I mean by all this is not to say that I am in any way a convert to materialism, but that we preach the Gospel to materialists without seeking to alter their philosophical theory. I do not see that there is anything contrary to the Bible in this, as it nowhere tells us that spirit is not matter. It distinguishes between things seen and unseen, things temporal and things spiritual, but not, I think, between matter and spirit. I feel more and more that what the Bible has which gives it such superiority is its directness and simplicity. It is not written in the support of any theory. It states facts whether they agree

with other facts (apparently) or not. Its one test of truth is the acceptance of Christ as Lord and obedience to Him. Therefore, both materialists and idealists can unite to love Him, though I do see that belief would always be harder to the former than the latter, and I rather think that his materialism would gradually vanish at the sight of his Saviour. But I should leave that to work its own way out.

Our Aunt Julia Valentine was now in failing health. On her account our brother and sister, Isaac and Mary S. Braithwaite, paid us a visit of several weeks during the autumn of this year. Aunt Julia's illness seems, as my husband wrote in his reminiscences, "like a sad dream." She lingered many months, but passed peacefully away on the 14th April, 1892. Her niece, Thomasine T. Miller, who had tended her most faithfully, went, after her death, to live with her friend, Anna Yarnall, in Philadelphia, and from this time our little family was left alone.

In spite of his brave spirit and strong faith, my husband was not without his times of discouragement. The following lines are among the very few discouraged ones that ever came from his pen, and as such, we print them. They were written in February, 1892, when no doubt he was feeling afresh the loss of his sister, and when his own physical limitations were increasingly hedging him in.

FAILURE.

A little field, a narrow sphere :
And yet it seems my place is here,
Although with wingèd thought and speech
I fain would unto thousands reach.

I watch great movements as they rise,
I see grim portents in the skies.

I think I see where true men fail
And where their work has small avail.

And where the foemen them deceive,
And make them strong positions leave.

And all their life and vigor spend
To hold what no one could defend.

I sometimes see where wrong is weak
And fain the needed word would speak,

But though I try my voice is lost
'Mid din of the contending host.

And yet how can I dare complain
Although my efforts seem in vain ;

I see their large, my smaller sphere,
Them failing there whilst I fail here.

If I in my small place but fail
Could I in larger work prevail ?

Discouraged at my feebleness
Onward I have no heart to press.

And yet I know that truth must win
Its perfect victory over sin.

The Lord forgive us all, and be
Our strength and hope till victory.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,
4th mo. 29th, 1892.

I have been interested in Molinos' "Spiritual Guide" lately. I think that he lays too much stress upon the necessity of inward

suffering, but that is probably due to the times he lived in, when it must have cost more than we can imagine for persons to get rid of the outward traditions of the Church and into the Interior Way. It seems to me that our ancestors suffered in a way vicariously for us, and have left us with freedom to enter into the Blessed Life without going through such pangs of despair. Still I do believe that there is still a certain amount of it to be known, and that the practical application of a thoroughly surrendered life, when the surrender includes even the way in which we regard everything, is not easy but hard to the flesh, and I am not sure but that it is set forth sometimes as being too easy, and that thereby some are discouraged.

In the autumn of 1892, the second General Conference of Yearly Meetings was held at Indianapolis. Both my husband and I were among the Delegates from Baltimore, and he spent the preceding month also in Indiana, attending the Yearly Meeting and working among the Meetings in those parts.

Of this he writes to his brother :

Baltimore,

10th mo. 28th, 1892.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

I have not written to thee lately, because I really did not feel equal to writing or doing anything more than was absolutely necessary, for my time was so closely taken up with meetings, etc. It has been a month full of great interest and I hope of profit to me, though I do not think I have seen cause for any essential change of view in anything I have seen or experienced in Indiana.

At all the meetings I attended they gave way to me and allowed me to act as I felt most inclined, and so I am not able to speak much of the general conduct of Meetings for Worship, except that the pauses were very much filled up with singing.

The "pastoral idea" is very prevalent, and the idea with the people is largely to have a good sermon. I think that this weighs more with the run of folks than legitimate pastoral work. It is clear that Kansas is the most conservative of the Western Yearly Meetings, I mean in regard to this practice. I had absolute evidence that in one meeting where I was in Western Yearly Meeting, they have what practically amounts to an arranged service—for one of the Elders told me how to conduct the exercises—instructions I did not follow. He was very nice about it, and made it easy for me to do as I felt most satisfied.

Things are in a transition state out there, and it is impossible to tell what the outcome will be. But publicly, hardly anyone will allow that there is danger in the pastoral system in any other sense than that there are dangers in all systems. Privately, some allow more than this. But the movement is in the air, and objections to it are disregarded by most—not by all. There is a great deal of life and power among them. I cannot but hope that the extreme rapidity of the growth of the movement may mean that there will come a counter movement before it is too late. The Quaker side has no strong person behind it to push it. The leaders are nearly all in with the current. Still brother James says that he notices this difference, that people will listen to warnings now where they would not five years ago, and he argues from this that the movement is losing its impetuosity. I do not think that any irretrievable step has been taken in most cases. But when one enters a "church" with a regular tower and belfry, and sees a platform with but three seats on it, and hears all the hymns given out by the leader of the singing, and notices the great fear there is of silence, and the use of the word "Rev.," etc., and the benediction, etc., one does feel as if a change had come over the spirit of Friends, and that the olden glory had departed. These, however, are the exceptions. I cannot but hope that, if nothing else does, the common sense of the people, and their poverty, will do something. I heard of several congregations who were finding it a burden to support a minister.

The Conference was very interesting, but was not, between thee and me, very impressive. There was not to my mind the sense of spiritual power in it that was said to be so noticeable in the one five years ago. Brother James said that the difference was most striking. No formal vote was taken, largely on account of the position of our delegation. I don't know, however, whether this was altogether an advantage. They have largely lost the idea of "taking the sense of the meeting," and the mixture between parliamentary ways and Quaker practices created, in one session at least, great confusion. The conclusion on the Pastoral question was reached on the Quaker method of procedure. But this prevented us from putting ourselves on record on the Minutes against the conclusion, which Anna and I would have liked to do. However, I suppose our dissent will be in the stenographic report. The Minute on this subject is a mild one for the West, but goes too far for us. Four of us positively dissented from it; one assented to it as reflecting the sense of the Conference but being contrary to her own view, and one approved of it.

The Conference has recommended that steps be taken to establish a Central Publishing House, and also a Central Board of Foreign Missions—chiefly for information at first, hoping it may grow. The proposition to recommend a uniform Discipline was lost after a somewhat stormy debate. It was found impossible to take action on the question whether we are to be called a "Church" or a "Society." I think the Progressive Friends felt they had the day, and they had. We can only hope some good seed on the other side may have been sown.

The Peace Conference was a success. I was quite poorly all the time with a cold and was not fully up to acting as a presiding officer. Nevertheless things worked well, and I was only conscious of having made one serious mistake—which ended well and no one referred to it, but I saw it. It was a peaceful affair after the other—and I think that there is a

decidedly increasing interest felt. B. F. Trueblood was there and helped us very nicely.

I am convinced that there must be more individual faithfulness among our members in Baltimore, or one of two things will happen to us—either we shall diminish in strength and numbers, or we shall drift into the pastoral system.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

12th mo. 9th, 1892.

We have been having a series of meetings at Deer Creek. There has been real blessing resting on them, though I do not know of any conversions. I am going up this (Sixth-day) afternoon and shall stay over First-day. In the meeting on Second-day evening I had to myself a remarkable evidence of the Divine presence and filling. It was one of the times when the Lord comes and says, "What wilt thou have?" and then grants the request. I do not feel I can very well go into the whole thing, but there was a realization of being possessed and filled by the Holy Spirit, and an assurance that He had come to abide. Among other things I asked that I might be enabled to speak to the condition of the people publicly and privately, and had a sense that I should, and that they would be reached by it. That evening I had a lovely message from Anna Letitia Waring's

My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

* * * * *

And a new song is in my mouth
To long loved music set,
Glory to God for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Curiously enough it never occurred to me that to speak to the real condition of people would ever be anything but most delightful. But the next evening I had a clear cut message, "How hardly shall they that have riches" etc., and gave them a discourse of great plainness and directness, making it equally applicable to all who had their treasure here, whether rich or poor, as wealth is only relative. It was a severe message, and I have reason to believe it went home, but it was almost too much for me physically, and I had a time of having to trust in the dark what I had seen in the light, but I did continue to trust and got the victory. I trust I am now ready to give either kind of message, but I quite see that I have asked for a gift that may have as much trial as joy in it, yet I do not at all wish to go back, only that I may truly be guided.

There is another matter I think I ought to tell thee about, and that is that after considerable thought it has seemed to Anna and me that for the present the "tenth" of our income must be the Lord's.

I believe it is right. It is older than Moses, it was practised by the early Christians, and the recorded experience of very many persons shows it can be safely done, just as the Sabbath may safely be kept. I think the principle is something like this. Every day is the Lord's, but by having one day specially His, we are the better able to make every day His. We should worship at all times, but we are greatly helped to do this by having special seasons for worship. So all our property is the Lord's, but we recognize this far more fully when we, as a sign of our divine ownership, set apart a certain proportion. The only hesitation I felt has been whether it was honest to do it. But if as seems to be the case, there is a divine law of the tenth of property as there is of the one-seventh of time, it must be safe, indeed safer than otherwise. I have not made a rule about it beyond doing it so long as it seems right. It has had this effect, and that is I am keeping account of everything I receive or spend. I find these results,

1st. A greater ability to trust for outward concerns, for the one-tenth is the tribute showing divine ownership.

2nd. I find the desire to give is with me. I am on the look-out for giving.

3rd. The sense of giving from what I have is changed to a sense of stewardship, trusteeship. It is not mine, I have it to dispense wisely.

4th. It increases my power to give. I was not giving one-tenth. In case of large sums, I may invest the whole and reserve one-tenth of the income, and in gifts to me for specific purposes I do not feel the rule necessarily applies. That would depend on circumstances.

CHAPTER XX.

LETTERS, 1893.

Francis Xavier's Hymn—A Series of Meetings—Visit to Haverford—In Pennsylvania—Spiritists—The Value of a Moral Life—Isaac Penington—At a Quarterly Meeting—At a Presbyterian Church—"Echoes and Pictures"—A "Stump" Speech—Elias Hicks—A Hard Message—Death of George Gillett—*The Coming Triumph*—Rev. v. 9—Dr. Haupt on the Bible.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,
1st mo. 30th, 1893.

I have been wretched and have been doing as nearly nothing as I could for two or three days, and am accordingly much revived. I never knew before from experience how many separate portions of the head could ache. This time I could not think except under the pressure of something brought from outside to me ; could not even preach, which is unusual for me, and was glad of an excuse not to go to evening meeting. However, I persistently lay down flat on my back, thoroughly relaxed and just attended to necessary patients, and so revived, with some medicine as well. On First-day the only thing I did after dinner till bedtime was to make a verse translation of Francis Xavier's hymn, which I subjoin. The frequent repetition of " Thee " and " me " is like the original.

“ Oh God I love Thee : not to gain
Eternal joy, or rest from pain :
Thou, Thou, my Jesus on the Tree
Hast in Thy love enfolded me ;
Hast countless sorrows undergone,
And woe and shame and loss hast known
And death : and all because of me,
Who spent my life in grieving Thee.

How could my love be cold to Thee
So full of love, and love to me !

Yes, now I love Thee ; not to win
Thy bliss, or 'scape the meed of sin ;
No crown I seek ; Thee, only Thee,
And, as Thou, Jesus, lovest me,
So love I, and I must love Thee.

My King, my only King Thou art,
The God of Heaven and of my heart.”*

I am not satisfied with all of it, but send it as it is.

J. came home this morning and has had satisfactory meetings at Silcott Springs. They are going on and I am expected, and so I am going with a rather faint heart, I confess, to-morrow morning. I think I am quite well enough.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,
2nd mo. 7th, 1893.

On last Fourth-day I went up to Purcellville and was met by Samuel N. Brown and William Piggott, I going with the latter. As I wrote before, J. had started the meetings at Silcott Springs, and had been there two nights. The third night they conducted it themselves with much interest. The first question that came up was singing. I found they had had a good deal of it,

* This, with some revision, was printed in “Echoes and Pictures,” p. 138.

and I felt it would never do to break in on this method violently or do anything in any way to make anyone feel uncomfortable. So I simply asked that hymns should not be announced and that there should be liberty for silence, and that there should be an effort made to act under the Lord's guidance in singing as in anything else. The result was that they fell in with this proposition very nicely, and we had an increasing amount of silence in every meeting, the last being the most silent and the best meeting. The silences were most impressive and lasted a very considerable length of time.

As thou knows, these meetings have been on my mind for months, and I specially prayed to have the gift of an evangelist especially for them, and the Lord really gave it to me. My preaching was till the last evening wholly to sinners, setting forth salvation as a present necessity, withal holding up to them the convictions of the Holy Spirit and directing them to the individual call the Lord was giving them, that they should yield to God, put themselves in His hands for salvation, be willing to give up all that was sinful, and look to Him for salvation day by day from sin. This was their part, and that the Lord Jesus, their crucified and risen Saviour, would take hold of them and do His part. Howard Hoge worked well and sympathetically. We set forth sin, repentance, faith, salvation, and Jesus Christ as the complete Saviour. The school-house was pretty well filled every night, and on First-day night they counted 130 persons present, whose quietness on those exceedingly uncomfortable seats—some had to sit on the desks, some in the windows, a few stood—was most wonderful. I think all felt the power in the meetings. It was not unlike our old meetings at Lincoln. The meetings began at 7 p.m., and we generally were back from them by 9. We had time for personal words after the meeting closed. Some gave themselves to the Lord without any personal work with them. This was the case certainly with two. We visited during the day. Altogether we have reason to believe that about nine persons gave themselves to the Lord, and that

many others were helped. There was no excitement, but increasing weight and quietness, and comparatively little speaking publicly in the meeting. We received three applications for membership. Men preponderated over the women and there were more men blessed. The meeting closed on First-day with the eighth meeting.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

3rd mo. 24th, 1893.

I had a most pleasant visit to Haverford. On Seventh-day I gave an address on Friends' principles, and they seemed quite aroused. It certainly was from a new aspect to them, and I do not think they have been so much *amused* at any lecture on that subject, for I put things in an amusing way when I wished to make a point that I thought they might not be quite ready to receive if put soberly. Still I made it on the whole a sermon, and one very different from the one at New Bedford; this time dwelling mostly on living principles as opposed to dead traditions, and aggressiveness as opposed to passiveness. In the silence at the conclusion, after several others had spoken, I felt I had a message for someone, very short and very simple, which I gave. After the mission meeting at Preston the next evening, a most bashful, retiring young man—a graduate—asked to speak with me. It proved that those few words had reached him, and he wanted to know how to trust. We walked on the board walk together and prayed, he, stiff Quaker by education as he was, saying, "Amen," and weeping freely. He really seemed to yield to the Lord, and said he saw light, and went away apparently in the assurance of faith.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

4th mo. 21st, 1893.

I had a concern in the Quarterly Meeting on Ministry and Oversight at Bendersville, on the importance of waiting for

the ability that God giveth in service. I spoke very decidedly though guardedly, and I think that no one could mistake my meaning. It was somewhat explained away afterwards by one or two, but I think it was felt and endorsed by a number. The meetings were well but not very largely attended, and there was much activity in them in the way of the ministry. No one took up undue time I think. In the evening I preached a sermon on the Light. There were several Hicksites there, one of them whom I did not know, being a very prominent man. It so happened that in the course of my remarks I became very earnest, and I was told afterwards that I looked straight at this man and shook my finger at him and said, "Thou," just at those parts of what I said that specially applied to him, and that he seemed very uncomfortable. I think it alarmed some of the Friends, impressed more, and amused a few. I must say that I felt a good deal humiliated. It was entirely unintentional. I. J. told me not to mind, that she believed it was the Lord shaking my finger at him. I have not recently had so many speak to me in regard to a sermon. It was, as Rendel Harris would say, a polarizing one. Everyone seemed to have a definite view on the matter. Some said things so strongly showing the impression it made on them, that I should feel a hesitation to repeat them, and one or two seemed positively to regret it. So I have to leave it. On Second-day morning I gave a discourse on Church government and united work, on the restrictions to personal liberty, and the proper attitude of the Church to the individual, and of the individual to the Church, and showed that it was only a figure of speech to say that there was absolute liberty in Friends' meeting to do whatever anyone felt led to do, without reference to the feelings and judgment of others; the co-operation involved mutual yielding the one to the other. There was, on the whole, good unity in the matter, and I think the meeting took hold of it. There were a large number of communications, most of them on the same line,

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

4th mo. 25th, 1893.

Minnie Pickett, the young friend whom Anna asked to spend a few days with us, who is expecting to go to Japan in the autumn for Mission work, proved to be a nice attractive person, who very much appreciated what she saw and heard here. Her remarks on our meeting reminded me of what Friends who came here used to say,—that it was a meeting that combined the good points of the conservative and radical elements. In fact, we had a very remarkable meeting on First-day, and I think most of those there felt it to be so. I never heard K. give what was so clearly a personal message to some state and condition present, as she did in speaking of the merchantman who sold all that he had for the “Pearl of great price.” She was also very fresh and original in her application of it. Then L.M. spoke of Elisha following Elijah from Gilgal to Bethel and to Jordan. It was a little fanciful, on the line thou knows of drawing allegorical interpretations from the meaning of the words, but there was a great deal of power in it. Then I spoke on “All things are yours,” showing that when we come to Christ we have a new life with endless and boundless possibilities, and that we potentially have everything, and that the New Testament ideal is not to have strong lines of demarcation drawn between this and that stage of experience, but to go on from grace to grace to an ever fuller realization of what is ours in the Lord Jesus. Then a Y.M.C.A. worker spoke on our being the Lord’s, and alluded to a successful worker of whom some one had said that he had not a monopoly of the Holy Spirit, and another answered “No, but the Holy Spirit has the monopoly of him.” In the after meeting, N. O. was very nice. He spoke very impressively of the “messages” we had had in the first meeting, and encouraged all to let them rest on their minds.

There was a reporter at Meeting, and yesterday she called on me. Her remarks were interesting. She tried to make us out to be like the "Spiritists" (not spiritualists). I stoutly objected and said we owned no Spirit but the Holy Spirit of God. She asked me questions as to how I felt when I preached. I answered her more fully than I think was best, and owned to some nervous sensations, palpitations, etc. "Yes," she said, "I saw it. I saw you were held by the power. I've seen just the same in the meetings of the 'spiritists.'" I asked her if she noticed the same thing in the other speakers in our meeting, and she said she did not. It made me feel uncanny, and yet I do not know why it should. While we do not own any spirits, it is almost certain they exist, and I do not see why the physical disturbance should not be the same in the one as in the other. Of course I did not tell her this. She said, "I wish you would hear —— in New York." I told her I should feel it would be wrong to do it.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

5th mo. 11th, 1893.

It was very pleasant to get a letter to-day about your meetings at Sedbergh. I am not surprised that you feel that the work is one of faith. It could hardly be otherwise. Still I think you will see results in time. There is no doubt that it would be well to reach some that were not of the exclusively mission class, as well as the latter. But the class above them is harder to reach, and we must get hold of those whom we can. I have often been much struck with the fact that we hardly ever read in the Bible of any of the persons on whom miracles were performed by our Lord, or persons who had been great sinners, becoming leaders in the church. Even in the case of the Apostle Paul, he was not a sinner in our acceptation of the word. We have, of course, no right to argue from this that these persons should not be used. It may be that they were largely used in the early church, and we

know that they are now; still the thought is an important one, and one that, to my mind, enforces the value of a sound moral training. So far as we know, the apostles were all men of sound character, according to their lights, before they accepted the Lord. This is not really *apropos* to the subject in hand, but is suggested by it. At the same time we must be thankful that we can reach anyone, and it may be that the most unpromising person may turn out to be the very one for whom we have been seeking. We know not which shall prosper, whether this or that. I hope that you saw more definite fruits before the close of the meetings, but the case thou speaks of is cause of itself for thankfulness, and even if nothing more is seen, it cannot be that seed sown has been thrown away.

* * * * *

I had quite a talk with P. Q. yesterday about our meeting. He feels that we do not in our ministry deal sufficiently with the living issues of the day, but dwell more on the essentials of religion, which he feels to be most important, but not to be the only subjects preached about to the meeting. I think that there is something in what he says, but I do not suppose we should agree practically as to how the thing should be carried out. We do wish people to feel that the meeting is in vital touch with the living interests around us. I have been going on the principle that the way to do is to lay down broad principles and let each individual work them out as he feels to be right. I still feel that this is the highest and wisest way on the whole, but I suppose we should also give illustrations of the practical carrying out of our principles.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,
6th mo. 9th, 1893.

I have been much interested in the works of Isaac Penington. He is far sounder (in what I have read) than I fancied, though sometimes mixed up. He abounds in short pithy sayings, as,

"The Light doth make manifest, and its manifestation is its judgment." In regard to the Bible, "the life from which the words came is the measure of the words, not the words of the life." Christ came to "sow his life in the world." He teaches the doctrine that the will of man is free only in this respect, that it can serve either the Lord or evil ; there he anticipates Erskine.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

6th mo. 13th, 1893.

. . . At the Quarterly Meeting (at Deer Creek) I spoke on some of the underlying principles of Friends, first in regard to worship and Christian work and then on the Bible, closing with some general pointed remarks. I never spoke more straight out, saying plainly what I meant, trying to show how it was not mere practices that made Friends, but the acceptance of and living in certain principles, and how our position that the Spirit comes first and the Bible second is the one needed for the present age. When I closed, having given a number of home thrusts to various conditions and movements, etc., I was pretty well exhausted, but the interest of the congregation rose with the discourse, and to my great surprise, all I heard from, and I heard from a good variety, seemed deeply impressed and helped. But my spirits sank when I found I had spoken over an hour. I thought I never should do it, but I believe the people were well held to the end. Those I expected would take offence went out of their way to endorse it, but I did not mince my words, so I trust it was all right. A great deal of the sermon and more came to me during the night. I did not get on any high horse or into unduly impassioned manner, for which I was thankful.

TO HIS SISTER.

(*At Curwensville.*)

Baltimore,

7th mo. 4th, 1893.

I went by special invitation of the minister to the Presbyterian Church. An unusually large gathering convened, and after the

pastor had conducted the opening exercises, he handed the meeting over to me, after which I explained in a few words our thought on worship and the meeting was then conducted in all respects like a Friends' Meeting. I had an interesting opening on the genealogy of Christ as given in Luke as compared with that in Matthew, not particularly original but fresh, how Luke links Him on to the whole human race and makes Him, even in this aspect and on the human side, the Son of God, "which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the Son of God;" so that we too are also Sons of God. I went on to show from this Christ's sympathy and oneness with us, His salvation which restores us to our true nature, His manifestations of the true standard of manhood, etc. I concluded in a very direct and simple way, showing what it meant to be a Christian. The discourse really seemed to make an impression, and we have heard from it through the week.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

8th mo. 7th, 1893.

We have seen quite a little of R. S. and his wife. The former again encouraged me to consider the question of publishing the verses. I want to do it and yet hesitate. They are mine now, and I know what they mean to me, but when they get before the public, what then? They are somewhat like one's children. Even the weakest has a special significance and even beauty, and one feels like preserving it from the rebuffs of the world or its neglect. I remember a very clear poem by someone who said in felicitous verse, that he had written a good deal and had all the pleasure of dreaming that he might have been thought to excel Shakespeare, or Milton, and of claiming to himself that perhaps this really was the case, and now no one could disprove it, for he had *burnt* up all he had written. I have no such dreams, and do not propose to take such measures to preserve such as I have, but I know that publication is a wonderful means of flattening one out.

Still what I really wish to do is to help and lift and comfort and speak to the heart, and if this is done, even to a few, it will not have been done in vain, and I do not think neglect or criticism would be as serious things to me now as they would have been some years since.

His poems were not published until more than two years later, when, at Christmas, 1895, a selection, under the title of "Echoes and Pictures" was brought out.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 6th, 1893.

This week I made a rather new departure by making a "stump" speech in a political campaign. The "stump" was part of the side of a wagon, built to be let down, and used generally for gospel purposes, but at present engaged by the Prohibition Party. The wagon was at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and George Street, and the meeting was at 9 p.m on last Third-day. I spoke for about half-an-hour to the satisfaction of John Parker, the organizer, and I think also to the crowd, who listened most attentively. I have not entered upon this as a work, and do not intend doing any more of it now, having only been asked to make one speech. As my name was twice in the papers, first as being expected to speak, and then as having spoken, I think I have reimpressed people who know me with the fact that I am a prohibitionist, which was one of my objects in agreeing to speak. I have a strong feeling that if a man emphatically commits himself to a cause, he becomes an advocate for it whether he refers to it or not. If people associate him with the cause, whatever influence he has tells in its favour. I fear my influence is slight, but I wish it to be on the right side. Of course, I have given prohibition addresses before, and my position is known, but I think this act intensifies it, for Quaker preachers do not often make stump speeches, and I do not think it is well we

should do very much of it. There is no fear of my doing too much because I just cannot. It took me twenty-four hours of resting up to get over the effects of this effort on my throat, but I am all right again, at least, as well as before.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 14th, 1893.

I am busy with the reading of the life of Elias Hicks for our History of Friends. It is very interesting, though tedious and with much repetition. He entirely ignores the sufferings and death of Christ as being anything more than an example. He believed (in 1813 at least) in His resurrection. He certainly had a real experience and was a Christian man. Sometimes he is beautiful. He must have been a great preacher in many ways. But as I go on I think he does not become more satisfactory. It is amusing to see how little he liked others to preach at length. He was not, I think, as much of a Hicksite as his followers.

I had a nice time at Richmond, Virginia, but being the only minister present, had considerable exercise, which seemed to be well received, and I believe real good was done. Some were brought under conviction as to their duty, and I think an effect will be seen. On First-day afternoon I delivered a lecture on "Applied Christianity in Social and Political Life," at a Methodist Church. It was the result of a "concern" and was really a sermon from that point of view. I spoke about fifty minutes to a deeply attentive audience of about 150. They were very much impressed as I heard from their remarks repeated to me. It was curious that a popular preacher preached the same evening on very much the same subject. One of the papers in an editorial the next day remarked that its editor had heard us both and believed we were both inspired. He referred to me as the "gentle young Friend," also as "Rev." Mr. Thomas.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

11th mo. 7th, 1893.

A. tells me that she has told thee about my deliverance on

drinking and worldliness in general on First-day morning. I simply told them in plain English what I thought on these subjects, and have been a little surprised ever since how I dared to do it *as I did*. It certainly made an impression. But I felt this way, that here we had been talking month after month in a way that showed what we meant, and yet often it was put so carefully as not to rouse attention, and it seemed laid on me to make them hear; and I may say, they did hear. It came to me the night before to do it, and I said as near as I could what had come to me, in a spirit of love. I told them that for members of our meeting, who had been under its teaching and had the light and knew the truth, to drink alcoholic beverages for their selfish gratification, and to offer it to others was "wicked." I told them that there were members among us who would be up in protest if anyone should sing in our meeting, or in any way introduce innovations (although I myself was not favorable to unnecessary innovations) members who objected to the slightest change in these things, who were every day of their lives violating both the letter and spirit of the discipline; that the trouble with the meeting was worldliness and fashion, and that no meeting could go forward with such a weight (speaking also against the theatre). An exhortation followed. The meeting was greatly solemnized, and we have heard a good deal from the sermon. The effort completely used me up, and I have had a great time making myself do anything since. I do not believe in this kind of preaching as a rule, but I could not help it. It came as a message.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

11th mo. 28th, 1893.

We were greatly surprised at the tidings of the death of dear Uncle George.* It is a severe loss to every department of Christian and social (which is also Christian) work with which he was

* My Uncle George Gillett, of London.

connected. From letters received since the telegram we suppose that he died from the attack of pleurisy that had just manifested itself when they were writing. It is a great loss to them all, and to us as well, for we were very fond of him. If the nervous breakdown was in itself as serious as it seemed, there seems to be much mercy as well as loss in his being taken away from the prolonged suffering that he would otherwise have endured. One of the most striking and humbling of the Lord's dealings with men is the apparent divine indifference to the prolongation of useful lives; I was about to write, "carelessness." It is of course, only apparent, for I think there is nothing so certain as that He does care, and we know it not only by faith, but there are so many instances where persons have been preserved because of their simple trust in the Lord. But I think that the whole course of Providence teaches us that the really important thing is for us to be in our right places, and that faithfulness and not the exact amount of what we do is the important thing to be considered. "Man is immortal till his work is done," is true, I am sure, but God's estimate of completed work is not ours.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

12th mo. 12th, 1893.

I am glad that you like my Temperance Hymn, though I think it is not simply against drink, but against all legalized forms of evil. I wrote under a good deal of feeling, and am glad when it conveys something of the same to others that read it. It is to be sung to-night at the Prohibition Banquet. You are entirely welcome to make what use you please of it. The corrected copy is in last week's "Review." [It was printed in "Echoes and Pictures," but has been so much used that we reproduce it here.]

THE COMING TRIUMPH.

Mine eyes have seen the dawning of a coming glorious morn,
Mine ears have heard the angels' song, they sang when Christ
was born ;

I have caught the word of promise unto weary hearts and worn,
That God is marching on.

I can hear the steady treading of ten thousand marching feet ;
True men and women moving on through highway, lane and
street ;

They will never pause, nor falter, till the triumph is complete,
With God they're marching on.

Let the sobs of helpless children, crushed by crimes the law
allows,

Let the blighted lives of women, lost through manhood's broken
vows,

Let the sighs of hopeless sorrow every freeman's heart arouse,
Since God is marching on.

For the cries of all earth's little ones have reached the Great
White Throne ;

And the King Himself has hearkened ; He has made their griefs
His own ;

He is come to help the helpless ; He will make His judgments
known ;

His strength is marching on.

Though the chains of sin are heavy, and they bind our native
land,

Though the curse is on the nations, yet our God has raised His
hand ;

He is calling us to follow ;—We advance at His command.

With Him we're marching on.

No multitude is mighty that has made a league with sin ;

Nor wealth, nor wisdom can defend, when evil rules within ;

For the meek shall overcome them, and the Right the day shall
win,

Since God is marching on.

T. U. amused me. She has long wished me to do something out of the usual way in our meeting-house, complaining that what I do is always so correct, etc. Especially has she wished me to say such things as "glory," etc. When I read the hymn I was considerably aroused, and at the conclusion I repeated with great emphasis the whole of the "Glory, glory, hallelujah" chorus. In the reaction of feeling, I had a subdued and resigned sense of having made a fool of myself, though I did not mind if I had. But I thought that for once I had done an unusual thing that would please T., who had been present. She was talking about it with much interest, and I asked her if she was satisfied. "No," she said, "it was enthusiasm on a *moral*, not a spiritual subject; if you have such tremendous enthusiasm as you showed, you should be able to shout glory for the gospel as well." To my mind it was the gospel I was shouting over, and I think most felt it, and V. W. who was called upon for a temperance speech immediately afterwards, was praying before she had spoken three minutes.

I am rather ashamed of myself to be always writing to thee so much of myself. I do not do so to others, but whenever I sit down to write to thee it seems to come natural. I hope this does not mean that I am very self-centred.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

12th mo. 29th, 1893.

I had an interesting opening in meeting yesterday on "Thou art worthy, who hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood" (Rev. v, 9). (1) The emphasis on the worthiness of Christ, not our worthiness. (2) The connection between the experience of the soul in the next world and in this. (3) The thought of *how* we were redeemed—by the sufferings of Christ. (4) How our praise of Christ has always a personal reference not only to His glory but to what He has done for *us*. (5) His method of redeeming us—by making us *meet* (worthy) for inheritance with the saints

in light—not by giving us blessing without inward change. (6) In regard to this inheritance, we have it *all*, not a share of it. It does not need to be divided as earthly things do, but each has all. (7) We feel our unworthiness, but even now He redeems us and makes us worthy for the reception of His power in the further experience we are to enter upon to-day, as we already use what He has given. It is all from Him and He remains the worthy One.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

1894.

Prof. Haupt gave a very interesting lecture at a large meeting Social last evening, popular in character, on “How we got our English Bible.” He adopted as his own, extracts from the Discipline in reference to the Bible. Few recognised them, but I thought it showed how very carefully and well prepared the Discipline was, when it is remembered that it was prepared by men entirely ignorant of modern “Higher” Criticism, and yet that a chief exponent of such criticism could naturally adopt it as true, while at the same time it met the views of simple-minded believers.

CHAPTER XXI.

“The History of Friends in America”—A Religious “Concern”—New York—Work in Ireland—London Yearly Meeting—Norway—Learning the Language—A Country Journey—The Pleasure Loving Danes—Large Meetings—Our Interpreter and his Work—Military Service in Germany—Norway again—Guidance of the Lord—A Friendly Editor—Temperance and Peace Work—Return to England—The “Venlig Hilsen.”

1894.

MY husband and his brother, Professor Allen C. Thomas, of Haverford, had been asked to prepare a “History of Friends in America” to form one of a series of denominational histories. The space allotted was extremely limited, and they were required to give an impartial record of *all* branches of Friends. His share in the work comprised the opening chapter on the Message of the Early Friends and the History of the Hicksite and Wilburite troubles. He was very busy with this during the winter of 1893-4, but was not able to see the book through the press, as it was published after he had left America. “The History” was admitted by all parties to be a fair one, much to the satisfaction of its authors. It was republished

separately, and is accepted as the standard History of American Friends.

In the spring of 1894 the time came when my husband was to carry out his long felt "concern" for religious work amongst Friends in Europe. His religious journeys had hitherto been made chiefly during the summer. His own health obliged him to be away through the hottest months when most of his patients were also out of the city, but now he felt a call to more extended religious work, and though it would involve an absence of at least a year with the consequent giving up of his practice, his position as Dean and Professorship in the Woman's Medical College, and of the work in which he was so much interested in his own Yearly Meeting, he had been much too long accustomed to put God's will first to feel any doubt as to doing so now.

Our Quaker practice permits any minister to ask for credentials for such journeys from his (or her) own meeting. If the work to be done involves (as in my husband's case) the crossing of the ocean, these credentials must be further endorsed by the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. When the "concern" has been thus approved, the travelling expenses and entertainment of the minister are provided, but no remuneration is arranged for or expected, though voluntary gifts are sometimes made. Should the minister have a family dependent upon him, that would be taken into consideration by the meeting. In our case we all went. I received a "Minute" also as my husband's travelling

companion, and our daughter was placed at an English boarding school. Our credentials were for work in the British Isles and on the Continent of Europe, my husband having a special desire to visit the little companies of Friends in Scandinavia and Germany.

We left Baltimore about the middle of March, 1894, and the last few days before sailing were spent by my husband in New York, in holding special meetings at the Twentieth Street Meeting House and in personal work among the Friends.

We sailed on March 28th, and landed ten days later at Cork in time to attend Munster Quarterly Meeting. Then followed a month of visits to Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir, winding up with attendance at Dublin Yearly Meeting.

By this time Dr. Thomas was decidedly tired out. It must be remembered that though he lived ten years longer, he had already had organic heart trouble for nearly fourteen, so that all his work was done with ever increasing difficulty.

We went to London, and stayed at the Devonshire House Hotel that he might the more easily attend the Yearly Meeting, but he was so poorly that even with this precaution he could only manage a part of it. On one of the days of the large meetings for worship I left him in bed and was surprised half-an-hour after the meeting had commenced to see him enter. He looked very white, but went to his usual seat and soon spoke on the Philippian jailer—saying that he had felt obliged to come to deliver a message which he believed

had been given him for some individual present. His point was that Paul's words to the jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" were of universal application; solving all possible spiritual or practical problems, and that those who trusted Jesus Christ enough to seek His counsel and to follow it would be saved in the fullest sense under whatever circumstance of sorrow or difficulty. The message went home as we had reason to know, to more than one troubled heart.

Our next visit was to Norway. To arrive there in time for the Yearly Meeting it was necessary to start at once. We doubted the feasibility of this as my husband was still very poorly, but the late Isaac Sharp, then a cheery veteran of 84, who was also going, encouraged him to make the attempt. We reached Stavanger, and as in 1876, the party was lodged commodiously and conveniently at the Meeting House.

The Yearly Meeting, however, went on without Dr. Thomas, and it was some time before he was well enough to begin his work, though during his days in bed he had been studying the language, for we both felt that we must as soon as possible dispense with the intervention of an interpreter in our visits to the homes of the Friends. I well remember how we started out, armed with our Norwegian Bible, to make our first visit by ourselves. We could not say much, but before leaving my husband selected a passage of Scripture and, asking one of the family to read it, he afterwards repeated very slowly and distinctly the few words which

he desired to leave with them. In those early days he would button-hole an individual to whom he felt specially drawn, and first playfully asking him to excuse his bad Norwegian, would carefully drop into his wondering ears the words one by one, pointing him perhaps to a Bible text and when he had read it, saying "That—is—for—thee. I—want—thee—to—give—thyself—to—the—Lord," etc.

It was during those first days of illness that he wrote to his brother, John C. Thomas.

. . . The time of quiet has been a time of refreshment to me, and I trust of deepened experience, with a renewed sense of personal inability for any service, and a renewed, and I believe a deeper fellowship with the Lord, though I am not conscious of there having been any going back from Him. There is a constant longing for more. . . .

Whilst the principal Meeting of Norwegian Friends is in Stavanger, there are small settlements in four or five country districts, besides a few Friendly disposed people in Bergen and several other single isolated families.

We stayed six weeks on this visit, and had some wonderful times in little country places as well as Stavanger and Bergen. It was a hot, beautiful summer, and my husband's health improved in the open-air life and with the necessary intervals of quiet as we journeyed by boat or steamer on the Fjords.

One of my letters to my mother, dated 7th mo. 20th, 1894, gives some details of one of these trips.

We had our closing Meeting at Nærstrand on First-day night. It was a very good one. The house (a large warehouse lent for the occasion) was packed inside, and fifty or more people stood quietly outside the whole time. Richard stood by an open window so that all could hear. He spoke on the ordinances and on the spiritual realities of which they are the symbols. We had a very nice little meeting afterwards with a few Friends and attenders. We had reason to believe that several were impressed and that some were really brought to the Lord.

We set out early next morning in two carriages like farmer's gigs, each holding two, but with a box behind on which another sits to drive. Our driver was the son of the principal man of the place and spoke English well, having spent several years in America. He had been at our meeting the night before and said "Every word was true." He said he had long since given up believing in water baptism and the supper, because he saw well from the daily lives of the "priest" who administered, and the people who partook of them, that they had no power to save. We asked him whether he had experienced the inward reality.—He said, no, but he knew he ought to. We had a long talk with him. After a three hours drive through beautiful country we had to take a boat. In this we travelled an hour and a half more, arriving at last at the most desolate place we had yet seen. It was in the district called Skjöld (Sheol) and had the suggestive name of Rumsellans Vaag. There was nothing to be seen but bleak mountains and huge boulders of grey stone in every direction. We landed and climbed up the hillside for a considerable distance, the boatmen helping to carry our things. At last things began to look a little more promising, and we reached a farm house where we procured a horse and carriage to take us another mile or more to Stakland.

We reached there a little after three o'clock and found the Friends very glad to see us. They were busy with their hay but notice was soon sent out that we would have a meeting at 8 o'clock. We had one that night and also on Third and

Fourth-day nights and left again early on Fifth-day morning. The meetings increased in size and over sixty were there the last night and we closed with a little meeting with the Friends and attenders. Here also we had the joy of seeing considerable interest awakened and of believing that some had received definite blessing. We were able to talk personally with the people, which is an unspeakable comfort. We feel more than repaid for the trouble we have taken in learning the language in being able to talk to them and to understand what they say. On Fifth-day morning we started early and came back a different way taking the steamer at a place called Irke at a quarter past ten. This steamer travelled about all day, going in and out of several Fjords that were quite new to us. At four o'clock we reached Jelsö and there changed, out in the Fjord, to another steamer which brought us to Stavanger by a quarter to eight in the evening. We had been travelling more than twelve hours but it was not so very tiring; the scenery was so lovely, and the day was so fine; we also met several people we knew in the course of the day and altogether had a very pleasant time.

Of the closing week in Stavanger my husband wrote :

Stavanger,

7th mo. 27th, 1894.

. . . We had really a remarkably open time in Bergen and were spiritually refreshed by it. We have now been holding an eight days series of meetings here. They have been well attended, from 110 to 140 present each evening. We are also engaged in visiting the families of those connected with Friends, and believe we shall have seen all in and near Stavanger. The interest in these meetings has been great and the times of silence have often been most impressive. We have reason to believe that individuals have been not only reached but really brought to

points of decision and that there has been some melting down of stubborn hearts.

A two days' trip around the south coast—happily in lovely weather, brought us to Christiania, where we had some good meetings, going forward by train through Sweden and so by Helsingborg to Denmark.

Our month in Denmark was a great contrast. It must have been holiday time, for from the moment we reached Copenhagen and found that light-hearted capital thronged with strangers, and deep in the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince, we seemed destined to fall in with "Bird Shootings" or silver weddings, or summer manœuvres of the troops wherever we went. There were scarcely two hours of darkness at night, and the inhabitants would set forth in the small hours of the morning to a "Bird Shooting," after promenading the town with a brass band to summon recruits. Bird shooting seemed to be the national pastime. They told us that parties would spend two days in the woods in this sport, which consists in shooting at a wooden bird, so constructed that the part which is hit will fall off. Annual contests are held throughout Denmark, the successful champion for the whole country being crowned king of the "Fugl Skydning."* That year, to the universal joy, the Crown Prince gained this honor.

This constant noise and excitement was trying to my husband who was far from well. He had some

* Pronounced Fül Shüthning.

return of the illness that had troubled him earlier in the summer, but although the work in Denmark was accomplished under considerable difficulties, we felt that it was owned and blessed of the Lord.

There were more openings for work and the earnestness and interest of the people deepened as we went further north. "At Aalborg" my husband writes, "We had great blessing and crowded meetings, or rather, full meetings increasing in size and interest to the last."

The last visit paid was to a little country place, where a family of Friends lived on a farm some miles from Hjørring. This part of Denmark was said to be the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race, and here we found that to this day a horse is called "en Horse."

Nils Christen Poulsen, the Friend at whose house we stayed, was an earnest Christian man and quite a light in his neighborhood. He had reserved the largest room in his small house for a meeting room and it was crowded to its utmost capacity each evening during our visit. It was interesting to see how admirably adapted my husband's ministry, with its intense earnestness and plenitude of illustration, was to the rural audiences which he constantly addressed both in Norway and Denmark. These hard-working people, after an exhausting day in the harvest field, would travel miles to attend the evening meetings, their faces lighting up with joyful eagerness as they drank in from his lips the words of life and salvation.

Our interpreter was Johan Marcussen, an independent missionary to seamen, a man of blameless life and earnest, loving Christian spirit. He soon afterwards became a Friend and has been a great strength ever since to the little body in Denmark.

His method of working was very interesting. During the summer months he would sail out upon the Sound between Copenhagen and Sweden, in an open boat which he managed with considerable skill, and, armed with his zither and with a stock of Bibles and other suitable literature, in many languages, would board the merchant ships that often lay at anchor in the Sound waiting for a favorable wind. Everyone knew Marcussen, and the sailors loved to hear him play and sing to his zither, so that he very often found opportunity to hold meetings, in which very blessed results were realized. No doubt his presence with us had much to do with the warm welcome we met with, and the crowds who came to our meetings. Some of the hymns which Marcussen sang had been specially written for him by a friend of his. We became very fond of them and my husband made translations of three which are in "*Echoes and Pictures*," *Be silent my Soul ; The Longing* and *Tell all things to Jesus*.

We had another difficulty in Denmark : the language though it is practically the same as Norwegian is pronounced so differently that at first it was like a new tongue to us. As in Norway, we arrived just in time for the Yearly Meeting. Members from the

five or six little groups of Danish Friends were holding their annual gathering for the first time in Copenhagen. It lasted two days, and religious meetings were continued through the week in the evenings by us. To understand these new friends of ours with their soft guttural speech, strained our newly acquired powers to the utmost. We did not of course attempt to preach without an interpreter, but here, as in Norway, we did contrive to get very close to the people, and proud indeed were we when towards the end of our visit, the Friends of their own accord appointed us to interview two new applicants for membership in a town through which we were to pass. We certainly put those two applicants through their paces, and we wrote a report several sheets in length for the Monthly Meeting. They were accepted.

Three weeks among the German Friends at Minden followed. They had by no means forgotten my husband, but I think they felt that *he* had forgotten the German they had tried to teach him, for owing to our struggles with Norwegian and Danish we were at first almost speechless in Germany. We understood them of course, and to their astonishment we "learned" far quicker than anyone they had ever met. We found them discouraged and diminished. The military system seemed to be pressing out all life and hope.

Oh that Christian people in England and America who do not as yet feel strongly on this subject, would consider the obstacle to the progress of Christ's

kingdom which this military system presents ! We know something of the temptations that beset young men without it. But what would it be if all of ours were compelled to spend the susceptible years of their early manhood under such conditions as those recently described in "A Little Garrison." Poor Germany, poor France, and Italy and Austria ! yet Christian men and women can still talk as though war, which makes such demands, could under *some* conditions be right.

Our original plan had been to return to England from Minden and take up the work there, but Dr. Thomas felt that there was more for him to do in Norway. Quaker guidance is a curious thing. Here was a man with more than ordinary gifts in ministry and in individual work, recognizing too that his working days were few, deliberately deciding to spend other precious months in ministering to a mere handful of rather unresponsive people. It did seem strange, and yet we never had a stronger sense of heavenly guidance than during those months.

Spending another week in Denmark on the way, we reached Stavanger about the middle of September and were busy for six weeks in revisiting the little country meetings. We could travel by ourselves now, and we had some most interesting experiences. At Nærstrand, a place mentioned in our former visit, we held a meeting without an interpreter at the home of Christina Nærstrand, a very earnest loving Christian woman. The people were most attentive and eager.

The next day, when making enquiries as to ways of reaching a remote mountain district, where we had heard that a single family of Friends resided, it was suggested that a woman from that district had been at our meeting the preceding night and could doubtless give the required information. Christina hastened out and soon returned with a pale sad looking woman, whom she introduced as Anna Thorsdatter.* After some talk, my husband was drawn to say to her, "And how is it with thy own soul? Dost thou know the peace that comes by believing?" To our surprise she burst into tears, and it was some time before she found voice to tell us how for months she had been grieving over her sins, and had found no one to give her any comfort. At last, she said, a voice seemed to come to her, "Go to Nærstrand and in the Friends' meeting there thou wilt find peace." She had set out and chiefly on foot, had made her way to Nærstrand, and on arriving, her first question had been for the Friends' meeting. There is none here, she was told, but soon one came in and said that two Friends from America had come and would hold a meeting at night. She had accordingly attended it, but though feeling helped, was still longing for some personal word. It was very wonderful that she should thus have been brought directly to us, and after a loving talk and a time of prayer, she

*Thor's daughter. In Norway the country people have no surnames but are called either from the name of the place where they live *e.g.* Christina *Nærstrand*, or from their Father *e.g.* Anna *Thorsdatter*, Samuel *Nilsen*, etc.

went on her way rejoicing in her Saviour. This was only one of several personal interviews which we had that day at Nærstrand. We had intended to go back to Stavanger on the morning steamer, but it had been so crammed with sheep and cows being carried home from the summer pastures, that we had decided to wait till evening. The evening steamer was also full of sheep, though not quite so crowded, and we departed on it, and in spite of sheep and cows our trip back to Stavanger was most delightful. For after the sun had set a wonderful violet radiance began to appear on the hillsides, gradually spreading itself from peak to peak, till the whole range of mountains was bathed in the after-glow.

A week later we set out again to make a circuit amongst the country meetings. In its course we travelled up to the remote district of which I spoke above, and one morning, starting at daybreak on a steamer whose deck was coated with ice, we noted a shivering woman huddling for warmth near to the engine room, I said to my husband, "Surely that is Anna Thorsdatter." Yes, there she was, now returning to her mountain home. This seemed to be another providential link for she was delighted to meet us again, and when we landed we took her with us in the carriage the last twelve miles of her journey, and the moment she arrived, she started off, without waiting to go to her own home, and began spreading the news of our coming among her neighbors, so that our meetings in that place were packed with

earnest listeners. Amongst them on the second night, were Anna's husband and six children whom she introduced to us with a beaming face, saying that she wanted them to get a blessing also.

Of this mountain journey my husband wrote an account for his friends in New Bedford who have kindly sent it to me. After speaking of our arrival at Røldal, of the lateness of the season and the danger that we might be snowed up and unable to get away, he says :—

My medical knowledge was called into play at once. It appeared that it would require a day and a night to get the nearest physician, and there were several people in the neighborhood who greatly needed medical aid. I was sorry that I had so few remedies with me, but I did what I could for them and they seemed grateful. They were a primitive folk, talking a dialect that was quite unlike (so far as our hearing went) Norwegian as it is spoken in Stavanger. . . .

The weather remained clear and we had very satisfactory meetings and some personal intercourse with the people which we hoped was helpful; met the priest in the road, who gave us his blessing, and altogether we felt thankful for our coming, and that we had remained, though there was something of increased feeling of relief as each morning proved clear. In the afternoon of the third day, which was First-day, our guide and interpreter left us to return to Stavanger, we remaining till the next morning to go over the pass to Odde on our way to Bergen. The next morning it began to snow just as we started, with every appearance of a heavy storm. We were detained some time *en route* by stopping to see a man who was ill and prescribing for him, so that we finally got off with the snow beginning to lie rather more rapidly than we liked. It came on more and more heavily. What the view should

have been our Friends William and Susan Thompson will be able to tell you. It was in its extent, quite hidden from us, only the nearer mountains just about us could be dimly descried through the blinding flakes. But though we could see so little, that little was superbly grand. The mountains loomed up with an effect of height probably greater than they really possessed. I remember one spot especially, where we were walking to relieve the horse, where I stopped and gazed about, and said to myself "If we were only safe at home now and could see this, how wonderfully grand we should think it, and how we should enjoy its beauty." But the prospect of possibly being snowed up on the way, and of being cut off from all our relatives and friends for months, even if we should not suffer any injury, took away from the possibility of enjoying the scene. Then it was as if a voice said to me, "Art thou not at home? Art thou not in thy Father's house?" Immediately I answered, "Yes, I am," and at once resigned myself to the enjoyment of the grandeur about us, and continued to do so all day. I felt that there was nothing to be done but to go on and be trustful. I had no impression as to whether we should get through all right or not, but simply that we were in our Father's house. Whether or not we over-estimated the danger I do not know, but I know that the experience was fully worth it. Toward the afternoon the character of the storm changed, and the snow became soft, and here we had another kind of danger. The horse went rapidly and the snow constantly balled under his feet, and he stumbled, and had anything broken there would have been risk of our pitching into the precipice below.

I think to be alone on a mountain road about 4,000 feet above the sea in a blinding snow-storm, is about as much of an experience of being utterly separated from *human* aid as any that I have known. The next day was beautiful and we had good opportunity for rest all day, for the boat went at night. We walked out, and took a short drive, and Anna made some sketches, being well wrapped up and protected in the sunshine.

The boat for Bergen took us through the Hardanger Fjord, the most noted of all the Norwegian fjords for its beauty. What we saw of it confirmed the report, so far as our experience goes. We were the only foreigners on board and much surprise was expressed at our travelling at such a time of year. Theoretically it was too late, but practically it was not, and we were very thankful to have been there, and we came back to "civilization" in better trim physically than we had been when we went up the mountains. We had cause to thank the Lord also for the evidences we had had of His blessing in the mountain meetings. They were the largest we have had in any country district, and the people seemed stirred and impressed, and we saw reason to believe that real blessing had been received.

From another letter to his brother John I give the end of the story :—

. . . We arrived here (Bergen) without an interpreter, and attended a "Meeting for Edification" at the Free Mission Hall where we had meetings last summer, and we took some part in the meeting. We were recognized and most warmly welcomed, a number coming to us and showing great pleasure, several saying "Thanks for the last," meaning our last visit. They urged us to attend their meeting on Sixth-day, the day but one after, to which we agreed. The next evening we had a small parlor meeting with the few Friends and others who sympathize with us, and on Sixth-day went according to arrangement to the Mission. The meeting was quite large, and the presence of the Lord was manifest. On First-day we were there again, morning and afternoon. In the morning we had G. E. for interpreter. At the close of this meeting, which was large, the chief man, after consultation with several others, announced, that "Our Friends will be with us this afternoon and to-morrow evening. They will speak to us in Norwegian, they are quite able to do it. It may be harder for them but it is better for us, and we hope they will not use an interpreter."

As this was enforced by personal entreaty—they saying that so much was lost through an interpreter, we felt, as they had heard us both ways, there was nothing for it but to agree. So our other meetings have been held in Norwegian. G. says we make a number of grammatical errors, and our pronunciation is not according to rule, but that we can be understood. I think this must be so, for we understand that several have been wondering whether they could not persuade us to live here and be their preachers! They say it has been a long time since they have had such large meetings in their Hall, or so much interest, and the warm welcome they are giving us, and the blessing we hear persons have received, make us feel very thankful. We are to have a parlor meeting with the Friends to-night and try to encourage them to come more together. To-morrow is our last meeting at the Mission. We propose stopping for two days at Haugesund, and then to go on to Stavanger. After that we have but one more important place to visit, and then after some work in and around Stavanger, we look to returning to England, but that may be several weeks off yet.

As the dark Norwegian winter settled down we stayed more in Stavanger, where so many avenues for work were opening that our time was fully occupied. On Sundays a hundred and fifty or more people would crowd the meeting house, and we did much personal work and held many little meetings in the homes of those who seemed interested. My husband with his loving spirit and his patient persistence was able to get to the bottom of some long-standing difficulties, and to labor, in some cases successfully, for their removal. A series of meetings was held during our last week in Stavanger, and we truly felt that the fields there were white to the harvest. The

Spirit of the Lord was marvellously poured out and numbers testified to personal blessing received.

I must pass over much that was deeply interesting in Norway, only referring to the openings that presented themselves for work on Temperance and Peace.

The winter proved to be a more favorable time for getting the ear of the Norwegian public, and in these directions my husband was especially successful in doing so, and this again reacted favorably on the gatherings in the Friends' Meeting House. He spoke twice on each subject in a Public Hall estimated to hold 700 people. The Editors of the papers became interested, and devoted columns to glowing reports of his addresses. One of them specially amused us by his racy sentences, and one day when writing home I hurriedly translated a few lines :—

DR. THOMAS AGAIN !

Again last night, as fourteen days before, we had the pleasure of listening to a most excellent and learned lecture by Dr. Thomas. One could almost wish that he might never slip over to America again, this man ; but stay in Norway to fill the whole country with his remarkable temperance lectures that are so full of inspiration. There is something so solid (!) and reliable about his whole person, and about what he says, that one is involuntarily chained to his lips, even though one does not understand the language : and when Bryne* repeats it in translation the effect becomes still greater.

* Pronounced Brüné.

Upon the Peace question there was at that moment a special willingness to hear, and our friend the Editor gave him his hearty endorsement again, headed in large letters, "COME AND HEAR DR. THOMAS'S LITTLE ANECDOTES!" The result of his work was the formation of the Stavanger Peace Society. My husband helped to draw up the Constitution which was adopted after his second meeting, and it was joined by over one hundred that night or on the succeeding day. Before leaving for England he also held a large Peace meeting in Bergen, and a strong Peace Society was formed there also.

We bade farewell to Norway in a furious storm of rain and wind, in spite of which more than a dozen of our Bergen friends were on the wharf waving adieu to us. That night the engines of our steamer broke down, and for twenty-four hours we were at the mercy of the storm, drifting far out of our course. However, after a voyage of nearly four days we reached Newcastle in safety, in time to spend Christmas with our daughter and our sister and brother at Kendal.

We had much intercourse afterwards with our Scandinavian Friends. During the next two years four numbers of a little paper called the "Venlig Hilsen" (Friendly Greeting) were prepared with the kind help of English Friends and of Marcussen, and circulated amongst them. The Danish Friends afterwards carried it on as the "Friendly Messenger," for several years, indeed until J. F. Hanson started the

Norwegian "Friend." We also compiled a manual of religious instruction for use in the training of their children, on the lines of that drawn up by Lindley Murray. We had many correspondents among them, and my husband almost to the close of his life would speak of the possibility of some day visiting them again.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENGLAND, 1895-96.

Dr. Thomas as a Minister—*The Prophet*—A Meeting at Chalfont House—Work at Scarboro' and York—Death of my Mother—Yearly Meeting—Hills of Difficulty—The Simple Gospel—Ayrshire Friends.

IN approaching my husband's prolonged religious work in Great Britain in 1895 and 1896, I have been led to consider what were the objects which he had in view, and also what were the qualities of mind and heart which he brought to bear upon the service.

As we have seen, he was an ardent believer in the fundamental principles of Quakerism as he understood them.

The thought that God has created man in His own image, and that the purpose of redemption is to bring him back into the divine harmony for which he was created : the vision of what this harmony would mean if made actual in any human life, and of what it would mean for the redress of wrong and suffering in the world at large, was very real to him.

In the life of Jesus Christ he saw the outshining of

this blessed thought of God, and in His death and resurrection the pouring out of the life so as to make it practically available for the needs of humanity.

To be made the bearer of this great message of redemption was to him the highest privilege of life, and he believed that he could give it more effectively as a layman than if he had devoted his whole time to preaching, because it is God's message of practical every-day salvation, appealing to man as man, independently of all external accidents of race, or creed, or ritual.

It was for this reason that he had opposed the tendency of modern Quakerism in America to separate the calling of the minister from the duties of ordinary life. Because of these convictions he had chosen to devote the main part of his time and strength to medical work, and it was primarily this which induced him to take up his practice again after the serious breakdown of his health in 1896, under conditions which many another would have felt excused him from all unnecessary exertion. The very last time that he went out it was to visit a patient ; the last time that he painfully dressed and dragged himself into the sitting-room it was to perform his duties as secretary to the Board of Trustees of the Woman's Medical College. So he died in harness, not primarily for the sake of the medical work, but because he honestly thought that God's message of salvation could in this way be most intelligibly interpreted to the throbbing, eager, practical spirit of the present day.

As to his preaching itself, I have thus far said but little. It was very varied in character ; he would sometimes give a closely reasoned logical discourse which strained the attention of his hearers from first to last, and brought conviction by a series of inexorable steps. At other times he would talk in an unconventional manner and almost in a conversational tone, largely in homely and unexpected illustration, and surprising one by the practical and common sense turn of the thought and teaching. Never shall I forget how once in a week-day meeting he dealt in this way with wandering thoughts, which he suggested were often the very matters about which we needed to consult the will of God. He had still another mood when he was carried away by a fervor of spiritual imagination, and would pour out what was really a poem in prose, appealing, with impassioned utterance, to the deepest feelings of his hearers, and full of striking passages, as for example, when, speaking of the death of Christ, he said : " He saved others, Himself He could not save ; that was why they crucified Him, and why we ever since have worshipped Him. "

Wonderful as his ministry often was, it would seem, from numerous testimonies received since his death, that it was his individual personal work that produced the most result.

His own view of his call to preach and of his message is given in *The Prophet* (" Echoes and Pictures," p. 110), and from it I will quote :—

I must speak out the message God gives me ; to say more or
less

Were from pride, or from fear of the creature that fain would
repress

The strength of the Word of the Lord, and for fear of their
frown,

Whom the message assailed, make it soft, till the curse should
come down.

No ; let me strive, as they strove, God's prophets, and wait and
endure :

Say fearless, "Thou art the man," to the proud or the boor ;
"God's Word is against thy sin, and His judgments are sure."

* * * * *

Let me walk in the light of the Lord, let me live in His power ;
And ready for instant service, equipped for the hour,
To speak to the few or the many whate'er He may send,
Or to sit in silence and wait, and His power attend.

Let me live with my heart ever open to God and to man,
Living in human love, as I only through God's Spirit can,
And knowing my strength is as nought, that the smile of His
face,

Which evermore lives in my heart, is the proof that His grace,
Which answers my need as a man, is to reach all the race.

* * * * *

So may I speak, that the men who hear, as they think, my word,
May know in their inmost heart the clear call of the Lord,
For the love of the risen Christ goes out unto all,
And His love holds possession of me,—I would join in His call ;
So shall the word that they hear strike unexpectedly home,
And awaken their longing for God, as heedless they roam,
As the Word of their God and their brother entreats them to
come.

* * * * *

Owing to the great demands upon his strength my
husband wrote very few letters during his English

journeys, so that I have had to confine myself, for the most part, to a mere sketch of our work, compiled from my own journal. In his visits he preferred to spend several days at a place and to hold a number of meetings, as this afforded him the opportunity he desired of getting close to the individuals whom he was trying to help. This method, of course, increased the slowness of our progress.

On our return from Norway we spent ten days in resting at Kendal, and at New Year went to London and had three delightful weeks at Camden Road. Up to this time we had scarcely seen my parents since our arrival in Europe, and these weeks, the last we ever had with my dear mother, were especially enjoyed.

We attended the Winter Quarterly Meeting at Brighton, and had one or two special meetings at Dorking and Willesden. On Second month 8th my husband wrote to his brother John :—

MY DEAR JOHN,

. . . We have had a week of meetings at Luton in Bedfordshire. It was in many respects a difficult place, but we had reason to believe we were helped to help them. We had a good time at Cambridge, staying there only for First-day, but having unusual opportunities for such a short time to get close to individuals. This last week, since First-day, we have been in London. On Second-day we were at a large tea meeting at Bunhill. By request I spoke at it on Friends' Principles. There were nearly two hundred present and it was quite an enthusiastic meeting. After, I got through several asked questions. One man arose

and said that he had taken the Sacrament with great discomfort for a long time, but this evening he had found that he was a Friend.

* * * * *

Third-day found me in bed, so Anna took a magic lantern peace address I was to have delivered to the women at Bunhill. It was said to be a great success. The next evening there was a meeting for me at Chalfont House—a hall of residence for young men coming to London for study or business. There was an invitation sent out to many of the more thoughtful young people. It was bitterly cold but nearly one hundred and twenty came, not only from London, but from Luton, Hitchin, Croydon, etc. I spoke on the attitude of soul we must occupy, in order to learn of God—humility—whole-heartedness—surrender—teachableness, and a readiness to accept the light through whatsoever channel it might come—outward or inward—showing how the Holy Spirit does not teach history or fact—but that he shows us the inner meaning of what we know and see,—no man's conception of God's character has ever been much higher than that of the best man he knows of. This brought me to the Bible and Christ as testified to by the proof of experience, and I closed with pointing out the necessity not only of this attitude of soul but of the need of the divine power and new life that is in Christ Jesus to enable us to enter and to live in it, by delivering from sin and saving us.

A large number (comparatively) were taking notes, and the address seemed to meet with endorsement from people of wide divergencies of view, and appeared to be a help to some, and altogether there was much to be thankful for. The next day I rested and went to Willesden for a parlor meeting in the evening. About thirty-five were present which was about all who had been invited, and I spoke on Christ the Bread of Life. I think the Friends whom we met would rather I had spoken on Friends' principles, but I believe they were quite satisfied.

On the tenth of February we went northwards and spent three most interesting weeks at Scarborough and York. The weather, however, was still bitterly cold, and Dr. Thomas became so poorly that we were obliged to go for rest to Kendal. On the 9th of March he wrote from there :—

Kendal,

3rd mo. 9th, 1895.

MY DEAR JOHN,

. . . We are still here, the combination of external cold and mental and spiritual exercise, and my being rather poorly to begin with, was too much, and now for more than a week I have been doing next to nothing. To-day I am feeling stronger (though I remained in bed till nearly noon), and we hope to go forward to Lancaster on Fifth-Day, the 14th, but we must begin carefully. It has been delightful being here in the quiet with Mary and Isaac.

* * * * *

Our stay at York was even more interesting than the one at Scarboro.' There is a most interesting set of earnest young men in York who are seeking for more light, and, at the same time, seeking to spread light. I had a number of conferences with different ones of these, and my preaching was largely directed to this class. It was very unconventional preaching, with homely illustrations, sometimes with an element of the amusing, and a careful avoidance of all theological terms as far as possible. The ear of the young men was certainly gained, and several told us that they had been much helped. I trust that they were. The expressed sympathy of the older portion of the meeting was most helpful and cheering. They, I think, understood the situation and were very thankful that the Lord was blessing us. This is different from the way in which some of the "orthodox" Friends over here do. Some insist on a

uniformity of expression, and if that is wanting think the gospel is gone. I am glad I have come across very few indeed of this type. But their influence has colored their school of thought, so that many who are really broad in their sympathies have to suffer for the exclusiveness of the few, and are regarded unjustly as narrow. There is indeed one Door, but the approaches to that Door are many.

* * * * *

We did manage the day at Lancaster alluded to in this letter, but, with that exception, my husband did practically no work from the 28th of February to the 20th of April.

We were still at Kendal, and he was very poorly and feeling almost discouraged at the slow progress we were making, when, on the 27th of March, we received a telegram telling us that my dear mother had entered into her heavenly rest. We went immediately to London, feeling very thankful that we could be with our loved ones in this time of sorrow. My mother had been poorly during the whole six weeks since we had left London, but the end came very unexpectedly to us all, and was a great shock to my husband in his weak condition. For several weeks he was very much laid aside, and the question began seriously to present itself whether he would be able to carry out his proposed work. In one letter home he says: "I see no light on giving up at present, but it is clear that we can only proceed very slowly."

At last, about a month after my mother's death, we made a beginning by going to Banbury for Berks and Oxon Quarterly Meeting, and thence to Fordingbridge

and Southampton. We managed this round and returned to Banbury in time for another little rest before Yearly Meeting.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Great Eastern Hotel,

London, E.C.

5th mo. 30th, 1895.

MY DEAR JOHN,

. . . Yearly Meeting closes to-day or to-morrow. It has been a time of unusual good feeling and harmony and no little spiritual blessing. . . .

There is a decided conservative reaction in the Yearly Meeting—much stronger than last year, particularly among the young people. There is also an increasing demand for Friends' books, especially of the seventeenth century. It is accompanied by a decided sense of the call to work on the less trammelled lines of Friends. . . . There is to be a Conference also on how to reach the outside public and to give the Message of Friends to the world more effectually.

We have met with great cordiality and been urged to visit by so many that I suppose almost every county where there are Friends has put in a claim. We, at least I, have taken things quietly, not going to all the Sessions and to none of the side meetings, except the few where I had some special part to take. On First-day I rested, and have had breakfast in bed every day. This hotel is not a minute's walk from the Meeting House, and I have lain down for an hour almost every day. The Lord has enabled me at various times to speak in the meetings in a way that I have since understood has been really helpful to quite a number, for which I am very thankful.

(6th mo. 1st). The evening of the last day of Yearly Meeting we had a Young People's Meeting. In view of the number of

American Friends in attendance I had felt I could not ask for any meeting to be held as at my request. But the appointment was asked for by the Young Friends' Christian Fellowship Union, and as they asked me to let them say that I would join with them I felt easy to go forward in the matter. We encouraged Samuel Neave and Rufus King to come, and they both took acceptable part. About two hundred and fifty attended, and we understand a large number found just the help they were needing.

* * * * *

The subject of my husband's address at this meeting was "Hills of Difficulty." He dwelt upon several of these, amongst them one, which he said, he had never spoken of before, viz., the difficulty which some are making for themselves by seizing upon everything that seems like evidence against the truth, and thus bolstering themselves up in their unbelief. To these he said :—

I want you to ask yourselves this question: Do you think that such a method is less foolish than that of those who accept the Gospel? Are you priding yourself upon your superior wisdom? I want to warn you that there is no learning or advance possible for the soul that is proud in any direction. Pride is an absolute preventive to progress. Pride of belief or of unbelief are both impassable barriers to further progress in the way of the Lord. I call on you to give up that which you know to be wrong. Open your heart to the Spirit of truth. We want to be very practical in these things. God has His own way for every soul that is quiet enough and obedient enough to follow Him. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself." Wilt thou accept that, and put it to the test? It must work if thou art patient and humble and quiet before the Lord.

Some of you have seen during this Yearly Meeting what is the will of God for you, and you are saying, "I just can't do it." Who is asking you to? You have no doubts. You know it is the Lord. You are troubled simply by you own will. You say, "I may do harm; I am so weak." The *Lord* won't fail, and if you are trusting Him, it is *His* power that is going to help you. I believe that some of you are making difficulties for yourselves by taking the Lord's promises in too literal a sense. You read: "Be not anxious what ye shall answer when they bring you before kings and governors;" and you say, "Well, if I were brought before Queen Victoria, or before the magistrate, for conscience sake, I would not be anxious." Remember that in speaking thus, the Lord was revealing His way of working. Let us claim the promise. Be not anxious if thou art going to speak in meeting. Be quiet, and put thyself in His hands. The difficulty is going to be taken away. What is it but the old self coming back again? You are testing by your own weakness what you are capable of doing. Give yourself wholly to the Lord. The greatest mistake in the world is to do nothing for fear of making a mistake.

Again; you say, "I *am* giving up to the Lord, but I don't get as much as I expected." Perhaps you haven't started right; you want to do the Lord's work in your own way, and of course you get crooked. The real difficulty is that you take it for granted that your present way of living is acceptable to the Lord. A Christian shut up to the Lord must bring his dress, his books, his time, to the Lord, and ask Him about everything. We are not to make hard and fast lines for ourselves. If we want to get over our difficulties we must face them in a practical manner. Let thy confidence be in the Lord. He will show thee how to work out His will.

At the Annual Meeting of the Friends' Home Mission Committee my husband spoke on the "Simple Gospel of Quakerism." He said that when people felt

that the principles and doctrines of the Society of Friends were just so many things added on to a simple gospel then he could understand why they should hesitate to teach them. But from the standpoint of most of us he thought this was not the case. He continued :—

The simple Gospel has to do with the life that now is and also with the life that is to come. Now, what is simpler than to make the children, or the adults, in our classes recognize that the Spirit of God is stirring in their hearts? What is simpler than to make everyone feel, whether they are converted or unconverted, that the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for them, is still interested in them, and not only that He is interested in them, but that He loves them so much as to come to them by His Spirit in their hearts, drawing them to Himself? What is simpler than to tell them, not that they are morally no good at all (which is certainly not a Bible doctrine), but to tell them that whatever good they have and whatever desires after righteousness and peace and God may be in their hearts, have been put there not as something which is gained by education, not something which is simply a natural product, but it is there because the Spirit of God is working in their hearts. Their desires may be very good as far as they go, but what we want to tell them is, "These desires which you have, these struggles which you have after righteousness and after true manliness, you know in your own hearts you cannot attain to. And here we come with the message of a Saviour who has begotten those desires in your heart, and if you will yield to Him, you will find that He will give you the power to resist your temptations and to go forward in the way of righteousness." It seems to me that here is a practical, a simple and very effective way of preaching the Gospel of the universality of the Spirit of God working in the hearts of the people. And what is simpler than to tell people that all they need is the Lord Jesus Christ, to say to them, "You do not need any

water, nor any bread and wine, for the Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit has been speaking to your hearts, and to whom you are yielding yourselves that He may come in His power. He transforms you by His baptism, and He it is who becomes to you the very bread and water of life." It seems to me that this is not sectarian in a wrong sense ; it is the simple Gospel, and a very much simpler Gospel than when we have to tack on to our message anything concerning outward rites or ceremonies. It seems to me that we have a tremendous vantage ground in this, not for building up our Society only, but for the propagation of the simple Gospel.

* * * * *

These extracts from published reports give some idea of his message. In my Journal (a somewhat incomplete one) of our English journey I find record of thirty-three lectures delivered by my husband upon such topics as "The Essentials of Quakerism," "Learning of God," "The Quaker Position on the Sacraments," "Peace," and "Worship." It must be remembered that he always (except in his address at the Manchester Conference) spoke *extempore*, so that in his lectures it was not a question of merely reading over something already prepared. I, who heard him deliver most of them, can testify to the remarkable freshness of expression that characterized them. The subject might be one on which he had already spoken repeatedly, yet he would generally handle it in an altogether new way, or, at any rate, with the freshness that arose from the fact that to him it was no mere repetition of a doctrine, but the putting forth of a blessed truth that was as a spring of refreshment and power to his own soul.

After a little more work in the neighborhood of London and a First-day at Hitchin we returned to the North of England, and, after joining in a series of meetings at Leyeat, and also visiting Dent Meeting and Sedbergh, we went into Scotland, where we practically spent the rest of the summer.

At the beginning of this time we were for some weeks amongst the "Ayrshire Friends," and of this visit my husband wrote :—

Kirn, Argyleshire.

8th mo. 9th, 1895.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

. . . We have now left Ayrshire and are here, just to the north of the Firth of Clyde, at Mary White's summer cottage, for two days' rest before the General Meeting at Edinboro', to which place we hope to go this afternoon. Our time in Ayrshire was one of the greatest interest, and I believe of blessing and profit. These Friends have not been convinced through the reading of Friends' books, and so they are not copyists. There has clearly been a genuine awakening to the deeper spiritual truths of experience, through the working of the Holy Spirit. Several of them told us that while they did not come to the truth through the writings of Friends, yet these greatly confirmed them. We have had about thirty meetings with them, and many conferences with their leading members. While in many ways I have felt like sitting at their feet and learning from them, and trust that I have done so, yet I have not hesitated to explain clearly to them the danger of a one-sided and purely internal apprehension and setting forth of truth; that the coming in the flesh of the Son of God is something that we can never outgrow, and that there is no contradiction be-

tween the revelation of God outwardly and inwardly, but that they mutually explain and enforce each other, and are both essential to a full conscious experience of reconciliation with God, and walking in His power. To a number of them I have carefully explained the nature of the Hicksite errors, and cautioned them against the use of words capable of being greatly misunderstood. . . . I can thankfully acknowledge that I do not remember ever to have received, in the same length of time so many fresh openings of divine truth, or to have seen more clearly in a spiritual sense the fulness of the revelation and blessing that comes to us through Jesus Christ, God's everlasting gift to man, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, working, suffering, seeking, conquering, reigning and now coming to us in His fulness. . . .

Visits to Hawick, Dundee, Aberdeen, Fraserburgh, Perth, and Edinburgh followed, winding up with nearly two weeks at Glasgow, where we had many meetings and a time of special interest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ENGLAND, 1895-96.

The Manchester Conference—The Vitalizing of Meetings for Worship—The Effective Presentation of Spiritual Truth—A worldly Christian Spirit—Devon and Cornwall—An Address at Birmingham—Manchester—Death of John T. Dorland—Other Visits—Letter from J. W. Rowntree—Estimate of R.H.T.'s English Work—Personal Work—Minute of the Meeting for Sufferings.

THE five weeks which elapsed between our return from Scotland and the Manchester Conference were spent in visits to Darlington, Middlesbro', Sunderland, Newcastle, North Shields, to Dr. Hodgkin at Bamborough Castle, to Great Ayton, Stockton and Bainbridge.

Then came the Manchester Conference. My husband wrote an account of it for the "American Friend," from which I quote a few sentences.

The Conference was not only representative in regard to the variety of localities from which those who attended it came, but also in its variety of thought. Every shade of opinion that has come into any prominence in the Society has found a voice that ably and fairly presented it, nor was there any disposition manifested to interfere with the free utterance of honest conviction. . . .

The largest gathering was to hear the question of "The attitude of the Society of Friends towards modern thought" discussed. There was however really no discussion at all, as the five papers read took up all the time that could be allotted to this subject.

Probably a number of those present had never heard the real state of the question so plainly set forth before, and it was very clear that, while some assented, others as strongly dissented from some of the opinions advanced; but as the Conference assumed no responsibility as regards any of the papers read on any subject, and as no matter was before the meeting for adoption or rejection, all seemed content to let the question rest. It is certainly a sign of strength when a great representative body is so untrammelled as to allow free expressions of opinion to be uttered on matters of living interest, and to leave whatever is true to find its own witness in the heart. Of course many things that were said could be heartily united with by nearly all present. But even where this was not the case, all speakers avowed firm faith in Christ; and what seemed to some advanced views on the Bible, the relation of science to religion, or the right explanation of how the soul is to enter into union with God, were put forth by those that advocated them with a view not to lessen, but to build up faith, and to remove the excrescences that have grown up around Christianity, so that it might come forth in its living beauty. All shades of thought must now feel that the Yearly Meeting is prepared to listen sympathetically to all honest expressions of conviction among its earnest members. . . .

Dr. Thomas's words at the opening religious meeting, on the need of the hour, viz., that we should humble ourselves before the Lord, were alluded to again and again and seemed to strike the keynote of the Conference.

He read a paper on the *Vitalizing of Meetings for Worship*, from which I have selected a few sentences :

The presence and work of Christ in the Meeting is the primary thing ; what we say and do, however important and necessary, is only secondary. We are but His servants, and servants one of another, yes, and of all men, for Jesus' sake.

But I hear someone say that all this sounds very well, but that practically it does not work ; that the right persons too often are silent, or the wrong persons speak, or take the lead, and that ordinary people do not understand this method. These difficulties are real, and there is no arrangement that can be devised to meet every case. But LIFE reaches it, and where there are even a few in the life, who believe in the Headship of Christ in the Meeting, and are not adopting the form of the thing without conviction, these difficulties are largely brought under control, for the rising of life encourages the timid, and silences the unruly. I say this not from theory but from observation and experience.

How then is the life to come ? Only life can give life. We need the living word of God in our meetings. Nothing short of this answers. Suppose we could here and now decide on what was correct doctrine, and all proclaim nothing but that, would this vitalize our Meetings ? Certainly not, of itself. The truest teaching in the letter is not life-giving. Christ, crucified, risen, living, is not truly preached unless He be preached in the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven.

Shall we be vitalized through Bible study ? This is very important, but it is not of itself vitalization. Shall we attempt to vitalize our meeting by carefully prepared sermons, or by appointing some one person to be over them to feed and nourish them, and thus lead them to look to him rather than to the living Christ ? No, for we cannot become strong on methods that are at variance with our principles. Why should we seek to vitalize our meetings for worship by means that will make them cease to be meetings for worship ?

Shall we make our meetings attractive by arranged songs and music? Our purpose is not entertainment, but to receive the personal touch and teaching of the Lord. What then is needed?

- (1.) To be vitalized men and women ourselves, and to live in simple obedience in the power and presence of Christ;
- (2.) To recognize the full scope and purpose of our meetings;
- (3.) To hold them, not because it is our method to hold them in this manner, but from a practical conviction that this is the true basis for meetings, because of the underlying principle that the Lord's immediate guidance in the assembly is the true source of public worship and ministry. . . .

He was also asked to take part in the great closing meeting on "The Effective Presentation of Spiritual Truth," and from this address also I will give extracts.

. . . I feel that the danger often is in our ministry, that we try to convince people and bring them to our views on our own authority, or on some other external authority, saying, you must believe this because it is said, or because it is written. We need more and more to adopt the Apostolic method of commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the power of God. We do not produce any sound effect until we reach the consciences of men. What we seek to do is to reach the condition of the people; not to entertain them, so that they say, "What a good sermon he preached," but to make them know that God has spoken to them. They may reject it then, if they choose, but they know that they do it at their own peril. We may well rejoice to get back to the position of the Apostles. They went to the Gentiles without any external authority whatever; without anything that might commend them to the people but the message of God. . . .

. . . In conclusion, I personally am perfectly willing to abide by this test, the God that answers by fire, let Him be God. Put Jesus Christ into the field, show Him forth clearly as the Saviour, and we may depend upon it that the voice of the

Holy Spirit in the hearts of men will soon show them their need, and that they will come to Him, and rejoice in Him.*

To his brother Allen he wrote from Kendal soon after the Conference :—

Kendal, England.

11th mo. 27th, 1895.

. . . I wrote quite an account of the Conference in Manchester for the "American Friend." It was a time of great interest. Its success partly turned on its being held without any attempt to formulate conclusions. Had this been attempted, the result would have been most serious, particularly on points of doctrine. As it was, I believe that good was done, and that both sides came to understand each other better, at least I hope so. We have been a week at — holding meetings. It was a curious time, as we encountered a "worldly Christian" spirit that seeks to do Christian work, and run with the world at the same time. Accordingly some were greatly stirred up by my preaching which was strongly on the side of a clear experience, and a clear surrender, and trust and implicit obedience. On the other hand, others seemed to find just what they had been longing for. The last evening was really a time of great power. On one evening after attending the Mission Monthly Meeting, we stepped in at a "Friend's" discussion on clubs for working men as a counter attraction to the Saloon. Most of the speakers endorsed the thoughts that had been set before them by the lecturer, and approved of clubs with smoking, billiards, card playing, dancing, music hall, etc. I was called upon to speak, and did so, heartily endorsing the idea of the clubs, but going on to say that we must be careful in trying to provide an easy way *from* the Saloon (public house) not to make an easy way to it, and showing how any private theatricals etc., that could be provided could not compete in that line with

* Report of Manchester Conference, p. 282, 283.

low theatres, but might whet the appetite of some for these things,—and a little more on the general question in the same direction. The next morning I had a long talk, at the request of the lecturer, with a young man who is most active in movements for social reform, who has really come to an end of himself and is thoroughly discouraged, and I hope he was enabled to start as a helpless sinner to Jesus.

A series of meetings was now held at Kendal, and then we went to Swarthmore and had meetings there and at Ulverston for several days, going on afterwards to Penrith. In much of this work in Westmorland our sister and brother, Mary S. and Isaac Braithwaite, were with us.

Between this time and Christmas we visited Annan and our friends the Armisteads in their home at the Solway Fisheries ; also Wigton School and Meeting, Carlisle, Crosby, Allonby, Cockermouth, and Cumberland Quarterly Meeting held at Wigton.

After Christmas we returned to Camden Road, and it was, perhaps, not very surprising that when the tension of constant engagements was relaxed Dr. Thomas was again very poorly, and continued so all the time we were in London. We only stayed there about ten days, and on the 7th of January went to the West of England, hoping that the milder climate of Devon and Cornwall would revive his strength.

In a measure this proved to be the case, and visits to Plymouth, Falmouth, Bristol, Clevedon, Sidcot, Weston-super-Mare, Burnham, Street, Long Sutton,

Torquay, St. Austell and Liskeard were successfully accomplished.

Stopping by the way again at Plymouth and Bristol, we then returned to London and spent some time in visits to the surrounding Meetings of Kingston, Croydon, Peckham, etc., and Dr. Thomas had the company of our brother-in-law, Dr. Whitney, in the short visit to Kent, where they attended the Quarterly Meeting at Ashford, and visited Maidstone, Canterbury and Folkestone. Some further work at Stoke Newington and Tottenham, with one or two special parlor meetings in London for young people followed, and then another rest became necessary. We took it at Ramsgate, but many meetings and visits came to interrupt it, and a visit to Caleb R. Kemp at Lewes afterwards proved really more restful.

Then came ten very full days at Birmingham and Manchester. The visit to Birmingham was memorable for an address on "The Quaker Position on the Sacraments and Worship," given at a large meeting at the Assembly Rooms. Of this R. H. T. writes as follows :

4th mo. 17th, 1896.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

We have been several days in Birmingham. While there I gave an address on the position of our Society on Ministry and the Sacraments. It was in a public hall in Edgbaston and about 400 persons came, at least half of them not Friends. John E. Wilson presided. The people were most quiet and I believe were impressed.

At the large Monthly Meeting, the day after, it was very striking to me to see the effect when the report of the Committee

which had arranged for it was presented. There were hardly any words of praise, but the meeting generally seemed contrited at the contrast between the ideal and the actual, and prayers and exhortations were uttered in accord with that feeling, and then there was a solemn, and for the occasion, long silence. It was a result far more according to my wish than any amount of praise. A report was taken but I have not seen it.*

At Manchester we attended the Quarterly Meeting, and my husband gave another remarkable address on Quakerism. It was during this Quarterly Meeting that John T. Dorland was taken ill near by at Didsbury, and the news of his serious condition cast a shadow over the meetings. My husband went twice to the home where he was being so lovingly nursed at Didsbury, but the last time it was only to learn that he had that morning passed peacefully away. Thus was a useful life cut short in its prime, and we were anew impressed with God's apparent carelessness about work that to our eyes seemed so important.

Our next visit was to Leeds, where Dr. Thomas had considerable opportunities in connection with Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting and also with the students then at the Flounders Institute. Rawdon was the next place on our list and then Malton, Ackworth, another visit to York, and lastly Huddersfield.

By this time Yearly Meeting was again approaching. Our brother Dr. James Carey Thomas was also in England, and my husband united with him and with

* At the instance of Birmingham Friends, the address was printed under the title of "The Quaker Position on the Sacraments and Worship." Birmingham : Cornish Bros., New Street.

his sister Mary S. Braithwaite and Anne W. Richardson in the appointment of two special meetings for younger Friends, both of which were striking occasions.

As soon as Yearly Meeting was over we went to Reading and then to Easington, Ipswich, Chelmsford, Saffron Walden and Colchester. A week's visit to Birmingham followed, chiefly devoted to the Mission centres at Bournville, Selly Oak, etc. We had several opportunities of meeting with the members of the Adult Schools and the attenders at Friends' Meetings.

York, Bradford and Lancaster were next visited, with several meetings and addresses at each place ; then a First-day at Harrogate and then a week at Hull, and lastly Southport, where we spent a First-day and had three appointed meetings and a tea meeting, after which my husband gave once more his address on Quakerism.

I have thus traced the course of my husband's journeys in England, but realizing that I was scarcely in a position to say much as to the real effect of his work I wrote in January last to John Wilhelm Rowntree, who had been a close friend of Richard's, and who would, I knew, be able to speak of this. He replied most warmly, proposing to come to Kendal, where I then was, in order to talk things over and obtain by personal conversation a clear idea of just what was wanted. He did come on the Monday before he sailed for America, and left us with the intention of writing me what was in his mind from the steamer. So full of life and energy and of earnest plans for the advancement

of the Kingdom of his Lord as he then was, it seems impossible to realize that less than three weeks later the home call had come to him also. Of course, no letter reached me from the steamer, but I will here print part of the one he wrote in reply to my first request :

Scalby, R.S.O., Yorks,

19th 1st mo., 1905.

DEAR FRIEND, ANNA THOMAS,

To thy request of the 17th I accede with all my heart. It will be a joy to contribute even a small wreath to Richard's memory. I shall want, however, to know a little more precisely the character of the work you require of me. . . .

Your letter induces me to take this opportunity to express in writing what I think you know I have felt for you since the news reached us. There is no loss that I have felt more deeply than that of your husband : he was one of the very few men who had true vision and insight into the life of the Society and the conditions of its right development, but more than that, he was to me a dear and intimate friend, and one who at a critical time in my own religious experience gave me, more than any one person I know, the help which I needed. I would have written to you at once on hearing the news of his death, but I shrank from intrusion at a time when I felt that you would probably feel communications from those outside the family a burden rather than a help, and yet I feel that I cannot let your letter pass without taking the opportunity of expressing my deep and earnest desire that you may know the peace of God that passes all understanding. You have both been very often in my thoughts during the past few months, and in the anticipation of a visit to America this year, the sense of the gap at Baltimore has come to me as a sharp pain. I have felt increasingly the desire, as soon as way opens, which may be now in the course of the next year or two, to visit the particular meetings of Baltimore Yearly Meeting and the Eastern States for an extended service of some months. . . .

I have since turned to another dear friend of my husband's, and Edward Grubb has very kindly written the following beautiful estimate of his English work :—

DEAR FRIEND, ANNA B. THOMAS,

In response to thy request for a brief statement as to the work of dear Richard H. Thomas in England, I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying to its lasting value. He came to us at a critical point in the history of the Society of Friends, when many of the younger people, who had come in contact with recent thought and study, were getting almost hopelessly out of touch with "the pillars" of the Church, and were in danger of losing, not only their interest in Quakerism, but their hold on Christianity itself. What Richard did was to bridge the gulf between the two sections, at a time when scarcely anyone else could do it. His deep personal consecration and his intense realisation of the power of Christ in his own life made his ministry acceptable to persons of settled faith, while his broad sympathy and wise and understanding spirit attracted those who were hesitating, and made them feel that here at least was something *possible*. Moreover, the brightness and gaiety of his spirit commended his faith as something that made for gladness and not for gloom.

But powerful as was his ministry in meetings for worship, in reaching the minds of earnest seekers after truth, his private talks with individuals, and his letters to them, were even more effective in bringing them nearer to the light. He poured himself out without stint or grudging to many lonely and troubled hearts, who found in him for the first time one who could speak to their condition. It was easy to open out to one so loving and sympathetic, who was not shocked by revolt against traditional beliefs. And he knew well how to meet many difficulties from the standpoint of his own religious experience, and how to draw into the kingdom, by stages, those whose inner life was not of the convulsive order. He never asked any seekers to begin the

Christian life by believing impossible things. He drew them to the beauty of the character of Jesus, and led them to perceive from this His revelation of the Father. He showed how Christ enters into all our moral and social ideals, even when we do not acknowledge Him. And all through he gave us a positive sense that he was speaking, not from a book, but from life, and was telling us what he knew. His prayers with us in private were as simple and natural as the talk of a child to a parent, and we longed that we too might know such intimacy with the Father's heart.

Many were thus led by his loving hand out of dark and lonely places to a personal knowledge of the heavenly sunshine, and he did not despair of those who were slow to learn. I write of this with feeling, for I myself owe more to Richard than to any other religious teacher. And others have told me with thankfulness that through him came to them the first real vision of Jesus Christ.

It was this side of his work which appealed to me, and which I tend to think did most to help the Society of Friends. There were other sides : his power to lead into a deeper consecration and a richer service those whose faith was untroubled, but whose Christian life was starved ; his faculty for uniting those who differed as to the aims and methods of mission work, by making his ordinary preaching at once intensely Quaker and fervently evangelistic.

I was with him on one of the last occasions when he attended the Eutaw Street meeting at Baltimore, a wet and stormy First-day evening early in 1904, on which, though very far from well, he presided at an address I gave, to Friends of both branches, on the Needs of the Ministry. At the close he addressed to those who were present an appeal for consecration to this, the highest of all callings, the like of which, for beauty and heart tendering power, I can scarcely hope to hear again.

And now those tender winning accents are but a memory ; yet one that will linger in many hearts as long as life shall last. His

work for the Society of Friends in England cannot be measured yet ; if she arises from the dust, and shakes herself, and puts on her beautiful garments, going forth as one to whom a message is given for the uplifting of humanity, it will be in no small measure because he gave the impulse, and led many souls into the place of vision and of power.

I am, with love,

Thine sincerely,

EDWARD GRUBB.

Croydon, England,

Fourth-month 3rd, 1905.

One who has since been an active worker for the Lord in foreign lands has sent me the following as “a short *resumé*” of a conversation which my husband had with her at a Quarterly Meeting at Alton in 1885. It came too late for insertion in its right place in the narrative, but as an instance of the kind of personal work to which Edward Grubb has referred I will here insert it. She writes :—

Dr. Thomas left the older Friends with whom he had been talking to give a precious half-hour of his time and himself to the shy girl who was standing aside admiring the flowers. We walked down the garden together, and he drew me on to speak of where I was in my soul life and my difficulties about speaking in meeting, and of the full stop which seemed to have come in my spiritual experience just then . . . His was one of those voices the *tone* of which can never be forgotten, for in that tone was revealed the “peace” of God which reigned within his soul. Afterwards, when carefully thinking over his message to me I found that it was God’s message through him, and I came to know and love better the Master to whom he had so lovingly pointed me.

Notes made July 30th, 1885.—What is it that hinders thee from giving up thy life? Thou knows that to be well acquainted with anyone's voice thou needs to be often with that one; He will speak to thee, thou must be ready to hear and respond.

Hast thou the desire to speak in meeting and dost thou feel that the Lord wants thee to? Then leave it to Him, just give the word simply in prayer or speaking, and leave the responsibility with Him. Use common sense and discretion;—but what age, then, would thou think it right to begin to speak? The right time is when the Lord calls. Do not be discouraged if there seems to be no result. Trust the Lord about all, whether in meeting or elsewhere—anywhere. He will bless. If I threw a large stone into the sea where it was rolling in at my feet it would not make much impression, but if I went away to a mountain lake and threw even a very small pebble into the water, it would make a ripple to the margin; so with us. When the waves of self-will are surging against God's will it takes a great deal to make any impression, but when the heart is at rest a very little reminder from God will impress us . . . As health is the keynote to bodily enjoyment, so health in our souls is the keynote to spiritual enjoyment. Often we think the very thing we do not like must be right because of that, but that is not the way a really healthy child of God should look at things. God's will, the yoke cheerfully and unreservedly accepted, should be the motive power and the joy of our lives . . . What do we expect from cross-carrying but crucifixion? Will thou take thy cross now and die with Him that He may live in thee? . . . Some people think that to keep them humble they must be always making mistakes. Why, the very fact of being with Jesus, Who is so *far* above us, Who is all wisdom and knowledge, is the way to be kept humble, and when we begin to feel any pride or self-sufficiency of our own it is a sure proof that we have left Him.

This chapter may fitly be concluded by the Minute

adopted by the English Meeting for Sufferings upon Dr. Thomas's death, and, may I add that, as no one knows better than myself in how great a sense of physical weakness and weariness his work was often done, it has been a great comfort to me to receive these proofs that it was of such real service and help.

MINUTE OF MEETING FOR SUFFERINGS, LONDON.

Held 4th 11th mo., 1904.

The death of our dearly loved friend Dr. Richard H. Thomas, of Baltimore, which occurred on the 3rd of Tenth month, has brought us into close sympathy with his family, and has raised afresh in our minds the remembrance of his loving spirit and his devoted service for his Lord, a service which he carried out during long periods of labour in this country as well as on the continent of Europe and in his own land. With a well-informed mind and considerable powers of thought, he combined a most sympathetic nature and a remarkable clearness of spiritual vision. By the faithful use of these gifts, even when weak in body, he was able not only to help many Friends, younger and older, to clearer views of Divine truth, but also to stir up in their hearts that active response to the love of God which transforms life from a wearying drudgery or a selfish frivolity into a joyous and fruitful service for others. Specially noteworthy was his diligence in making use of opportunities for helpful intercourse. In his vocal ministry, whether in Meetings for Worship or in special gatherings of a public

character, he seemed hardly to think of self, but brought his whole being into his message; and in private converse with those who sought his advice it was at once apparent that he was able to understand their difficulties and their needs, and to bring his best powers to meet them.

His influence in this country was a very extended one, and the times, longer and shorter, spent in his company, will be for all time fragrant in the memory of very many of us.

While rejoicing in the thought that for him faith has vanished into sight, and that he is now in the presence of the Lord he loves, we share with his dear wife, Anna B. Thomas, and her daughter, and with her father, Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, and the other members of their family, a sense of the great loss they have sustained, and we commend them to the abounding love of the God of all comfort.

HY. LLOYD WILSON,
Clerk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Serious Breakdown—Bad Nauheim—Letters—Five Poems—Montreux—Letters to A.C.T.—Reflections on his Illness—A Joyful Spirit—Alassio—The Author of “Mademoiselle Mori”—*The True Triumph*—*The Dying Scholar*—“Penelve”—Spends the Summer in England—Return to Baltimore—Death of Doctor James C. Thomas—Resuming Work—Summers in New England—Open Air Meetings.

1896—1898.

IT is clear from the preceding chapters that the effort Dr. Thomas was making was almost too much for his physical strength, but he struggled on, anxious to complete what was on his mind in England, and hoping, after a short rest, to be able to attend the little Yearly Meeting in Denmark and to revisit some in whom he had been specially interested there.

After this we had expected to return to Baltimore, and he was feeling a strong desire to be with Friends in his own home meetings once more.

In the middle of July, 1896, we were at Southport, the last place but one on our English program, and had had a busy week of meetings and visiting, when almost on the last day he was taken very ill with attacks of heart failure at the house of some Friends by whom we

had been invited to dinner. It was a week before he could be moved, in an invalid carriage, to his sister's home at Kendal, and little as we then anticipated it, eighteen months were to elapse before he was able to return to the ordinary duties of life.

A somewhat new course of treatment for the heart at Bad Nauheim, in Germany, was recommended, and we went thither in August, but he was not strong enough to stand it except in a very modified form, and did not reap much benefit from it. Continued rest and a warm climate for the winter were prescribed, and after spending a month at Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, we went to Florence and then to the Italian Riviera, where we remained till the following May.

From Nauheim he wrote to his brother John :—

Bad Nauheim, Germany,

9th mo. 2nd, 1896.

“ . . . I do not see any light on any arrangement yet proposed, but Anna, though much to her disappointment, thinks we should remain in England, somewhere in the south, for another winter. We have not heard what Brother James and Mary think on the subject. We wish to be rightly guided and not to allow our natural feelings to influence us unduly.

Not to be at the Yearly Meeting this autumn will be no slight trial, and also not to see you, but we must move as the light seems to shine. I believe I am quite satisfied with what may seem to be right, and am often impressed with how much I have that is just as I should wish it. There is one thing that I believe I have been taught in the last few years, and that is to enjoy the enjoyments I have while I have them, and not to spoil them by longing for what is out of the question, as I used to do. The difference is

that instead of saying to myself, "I suppose I ought to be very thankful," I find that I am thankful. In addition to this, the strengthening of the conviction that the Lord's will is really the best, and the one pathway of blessing for myself and others, creates a feeling of thankfulness in regard to things that are not what I should wish."

It was at Nauheim that he wrote most of the "Reminiscences" which form the early chapters of the present volume, and it was here also that he composed five short poems, evidently intended to form a sequence, and inserted in this place on account of the insight they give into his thoughts.

I.

What seekest thou ?

For Life ?

Ay Life.

Not life whose laughter dies into a knell,

But where youth, truth and love eternal dwell.

That Life I seek.

What seekest thou ?

For Joy ?

Ay Joy.

Yes, joy. I thirst for that eternal spring

Whose streams rejoicing, joys immortal bring.

Such joy I seek.

What seekest thou ?

For Peace ?

Ay Peace.

Not peace where passion in a trance like death

Drunk with the wine of Lethe slumbereth :

True Peace I seek.

What seekest thou ?

For Christ ?

Ay Christ.

To Christ who offers truth and righteousness

I come, who late sought Life and Joy and Peace

And find them all.

II.

Canst thou not rest, my soul,

Save when thy will

Its wish can fill ?

There is no rest at all in such control.

What was thy Master's meat,

His drink, His fill ?

His Father's will.

Hast thou e'er known of any bread so sweet ?

Here lay His strength. He bowed,

Alert, yet still,

Waiting that will ;

Then wrought,—O soul, art thou for this too proud ?

Alas, my thoughts agree :

But how fulfil

That mighty will ?—

Christ, with Thy saving strength lay hold on me.

III.

Art Thou than man more real ?

And is Thy tear

More tender than a mother's ? May I pour

My heart out with its long imprisoned store,

And know Thy heart doth feel ;

That One is here

Who understands,

Who welcomes me with both His outstretched hands ?

For answering touch I long,
 For answering word.
Tears rising from a heart that feels and knows,
A human heart that fills and overflows,
 Divine and strong.
 Lord, hast Thou heard ?
 And can it be
Thyself that com'st through storm and gloom to me ?

IV.

I may not speak the grief I feel,
The inward pang may not reveal ;
Lord, grant, through this, that I may gain
Anointed eyes for hidden pain,
And haste with tender word and deed,
To hearts in unsuspected need.

V.

As Thou didst touch the bier,
 And bid the young man rise
And stay the mother's falling tear
 In glad surprise.
So e'er the hour withdraws,
 Wherein our hopes lie dead
We wait Thy touch, the bearers pause
 To hear Thy tread.
Thou dost not touch the bier ;
 The past must buried be ;
Thou touchest us :—With smile and tear
 We joy in Thee.

Bad Nauheim, 9th mo. 18th, 1896.

From Montreux he wrote to one of our brothers on
his wedding day :

. . . I hope that my telegram will have reached you safely and in time. You will understand what I meant "Blessing, Peace, Joy."

Blessing. That the blessing of our Lord may rest upon you individually and unitedly, and fill you and overflow into the lives of others.

Peace. That the peace which comes from entire submission to His will in all things, from letting Him be the one king, and accepting His dealings with you and with one another, may crown your life day by day, and year by year.

Joy. That your joy in one another may be hallowed by your mutual joy in the Lord and that in Him your joy may be full.

I believe that in the true ideal of married life there is a united service in which each is to share actively, and there is an individual service in which each is to help the other. In the most perfect union of soul and spirit which is to be known in this most blessed communion of man and wife, neither loses individuality, but mutually supports, encourages and lovingly restrains the other. . . .

And again to his brother in America :—

Montreux, Switzerland,
10th mo. 18th, 1896.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

Here we are at this charming place on the Lake of Geneva. Our rooms on the fifth storey of the hotel front due south and command a beautiful view of the Dent du Midi, snowy and grand. The weather is warm and balmy and we have our windows open all day. The nights are inclined to be cool. Day before yesterday Isaac and Mary joined us, and to-morrow Anna and Henrietta expect to leave for London, while the two former stay here with me. I hope I shall keep well for all their sakes. In that case, Isaac and Mary will have an opportunity for a thorough rest. Both are very tired. We have an elevator in the hotel, otherwise I could not be here. But to-day it is out of order, and

so I have been confined upstairs, though it is an exquisite day. I certainly am much better, though for two or three days after reaching here I was wretched.

My heart is with you in America all the time; no beautiful scene would be so beautiful to me as to be with you all. I have not the slightest intention of settling in England, but everything in the future is so uncertain, that while I have prospects, I have no plans.

English Friends have been most kind in messages of love and sympathy, and everything is made as pleasant as possible for me. I am hoping to be able to make something out of these months of enforced quiet and not degenerate into a mere valetudinarian. I have not much energy for any settled work in the way of study. However, invalidism has a vocation as well as activity, which I wish to fulfil. The very kindness of those about one, tends to make one selfish, and one has to watch against looking at slight pleasures and discomforts with a microscope when they apply to oneself, and with thoughtlessness when they apply to others.

It was also at Montreux that he wrote in his private memoranda the following :—

The doctor at Nauheim was non-committal. I do not really know what he thought, but his manner was what doctors often use to those in regard to whom they have little hope. He said enough to show me that he considers I could not be expected to survive an attack of severe bronchitis or anything of that character, that he does not expect if I should live for three years that I should then be able for active work. He gave a strong hint that he thought it doubtful whether in any case I should live through the winter.

For myself I consider all earthly prospects as particularly uncertain. I have no presentiment of approaching death. At present, after three months' rest and much treatment, I am only fairly well, while doing nothing requiring much exertion either of

body or mind. I have no plans, and feel perfectly content at the thought that I may never be able to engage in active service again. I have no care in the matter, and can hardly say how very little all that I have done appears to me and how insignificant, though I am thankful for having been enabled to do it. My present weakness is chiefly due to my activities in Christian ministry.

In so far as it is so I am perfectly willing to pay the price. Often and often have I in prayer to the Lord desired only that He would bless souls through my word, and added that if the price for this should mean suffering to me I was willing to bear any resulting weakness or pain of body that might follow. I believe souls have often been reached and blessed on these occasions, and I am happy in this little way to suffer for their sakes.

My trust is solely in the unmerited mercy of God toward me revealed in Jesus Christ. I cannot understand myself trusting to my own goodness. It is not there, I cannot find it. I have often thought the self-depreciation found in the writings of good men was the result of a morbid state of mind. I still think that sometimes it has been so. But, although I am not aware of having ever done things worse than what ordinary people would describe as mere venial sins, yet, as I more and more understand the true pattern of righteousness, words and thoughts fail me to describe the vision of my unworthiness. Jesus Christ, Who knows all, is my hope and my Redeemer. To Him I look, in Him I trust. I do know that He has come to me and is in me I look to Him to carry on His work in me according to His purpose for me, that I may be like Him, made meet for the everlasting inheritance. To His praise I can say I have received somewhat of that inheritance now.

I am content to leave myself in the hands of my Saviour. I have no restless sense of unfinished work. As I lay in Southport, and saw by the manner of the doctor that he thought I might be dying, a quiet sense of completion came to me. I felt I had no

farewell words to say, even to my wife and daughter. They knew all my heart. I do not believe in the dying leaving directions for future guidance of the living as to particulars, except possibly in the very near future. I felt I could leave the work and my loved ones and myself in God's hands and die without one more word or look for earth.

Now I am still living and may continue to do so. I greatly regret being so easily upset as to my heart and strength by little things, as I was at Bad Nauheim. I suppose I could not help it, but I feel that others may have taken it as evidence of a mind easily disturbed. But I leave it. I now desire to be ready for all opportunities for service, however small, and to wait the Lord's will and time, and be a comfort and help to those who so lovingly are attending on me.

Montreux, 18th 10th mo., 1896.

And again :

Yesterday morning I felt it laid on me to pray for a happy spirit. I do not think I have ever felt this before in the same way, for I have always thought such a prayer selfish. Now I see that it is essentially unselfish. A happy, joyful spirit is the greatest blessing to those around. Nothing can take the place of it. That it is a blessing to one's self does not alter the fact that with ourselves out of the question we can pray, "O Lord, for the sake of others, give me a happy, joyful spirit."

10th mo. 22nd, 1896.

And later on in the winter he writes again :

Florence,

12th mo. 1st, 1896.

It is now within about ten days of being five months since I was taken ill, and my progress thus far has not been great. The doctor says my heart is certainly very much stronger, but my general strength is not much improved. Still, as he says, if we can only get a climate that will agree with us it may do

wonders. I am thankful to say that I feel sure I am not retarding my recovery by worrying, for I am kept from this, and feel satisfied to be here, though it troubles me somewhat to have so much money spent on me who really have no characteristic that makes me more worthy of it (or as much) than thousands of others who have not these advantages. The only solution that I can find to it all is to be thankful for what I do not deserve, and try to make the best use of it, and thus in some way try to make others benefit through me.

In January we decided to abandon Hotel life and establish ourselves in a tiny villa at Alassio which I thus described for our family paper :—

ALASSIO.

The various seasons woven into one

And that one season a perpetual spring.

Cowper.

The readers of "Our Homes Near and Far" are acquainted with the circumstances which have led to the temporary establishment of our little home in Alassio, but for the information of those who may read our paper in after years, I will premise that we (R. H., A. B. and H. M. Thomas) are spending this winter in Italy on account of the serious breakdown of R. H. T.'s health last summer.

Alassio is a small town on the Mediterranean shore, about half way between Genoa and the French frontier. It is perhaps the most bracing place in the Italian Riviera, and has decidedly fewer palm trees and other tropical vegetation than the other health resorts. Still, oranges and lemons, aloes, figs and olives abound, and flowers bloom out of doors throughout the winter, and glorious blue sky with floods of sunshine is the rule, even during the so called winter months, except, perhaps, in January. Alassio is a great resort of English-speaking visitors. Its speciality would seem to be the number of small furnished villas, mostly occupied by English, who form a very pleasant society, in

which a lively interchange of calls, afternoon teas, at-homes, etc., is kept up.

Many of the towns in the Riviera are closely shut in by the sheltering mountains, and are besides cut off from the sea, either by the railway or by walled-in gardens, or houses built close to the water. Few have any open beach, but Alassio enjoys three miles of firm clean sand which forms a most pleasant variety from inland walks. This beach is fairyland for the artist. Here may be seen living specimens of those fisher folk clad in green and yellow, blue and scarlet, familiar to us on the lids of anchovy boxes in our childhood days. We supposed them to be mere freaks of the imagination, but now we behold them actually alive and engaged in those congenial labors connected with their boats and fishing nets; their bright green trousers and yellow neckties contrasting most bewitchingly with the warm brown nets and blue ocean, with backgrounds of picturesque old houses and dusky olive-clad hills. But alas! the pernicious influence of the foreigner has had its effect on these innocent and simple folk (?). They will stop in the midst of hauling in their nets or launching their boats with a sudden outstretched hand and, "Un soldo signora?" that gives one a most unpleasant shock of surprise. If you sit down to take a hasty sketch of some picturesque group, they demand payment for having their portraits taken, and some urchins even demand money in order to induce them to go away. They think, I suppose, that the "Inglese" is made of money, and that he is their lawful prey, and probably his behavior in the past has confirmed them in this belief.

The town of Alassio stretches for about a mile along the shore. At either end of the main street there is a high and ancient gateway, dating back to the days when the town was walled in and fortified to protect it from the assaults of marauding Saracen sea rovers, or almost equally hostile attacks from the hill villages inland. The shops make scarcely any show in their windows, but are very interesting places to shop in, as they are packed

inside with all sorts of goods, and if anyone has time to spend he may unearth treasures of native pots and dishes, and, in fact, almost any product of modern civilization from these unpromising repositories. Behind the town are orange gardens and olive yards, dotted with the villas already spoken of. The hills commence to rise, and many of the villas are high above the town, and are often reached by steep, narrow "silitas," *i.e.*, cobblestone pathways or steps like those at Clovelly.

Our own villa is one of these, and is supposed to enjoy one of the finest views in Alassio. It is perched on the hillside, and has a good-sized garden round it, full of roses and fleurs de lys. Downstairs we have a vestibule, a stone-flagged hall, dining room, parlor and kitchen, all small, but all getting plenty of sunshine. The furniture is scanty and shabby, but sufficiently comfortable; *i.e.*, we have two great luxurious armchairs and a comfortable sofa in the parlor, and so can afford to ignore the fact that all the other chairs in the house are caned ones, straight and uncompromising, or ancient and rickety. Our travelling bookcase adorns one corner of the parlor; a few photographs of absent dear ones and a few choice objects which we brought from Florence, some fresh roses, a bunch of splendid wild violets, a bracket or two adorned with Richard's macramé work, and a few of my sketches serve to brighten up the room and give it a cosy and home-like appearance. Here, as evening draws in, our little family assembles and enjoys delightful readings of Milton, Shakespeare, Addison, Coleridge, etc., etc., winding up with two or three games of Patience before retiring. Upstairs we have two bedrooms, a servant's room and a tiny study for Henrietta. Two of these have balconies, and all have grand sea views. Our servant is named Paulina. She has lived with the inhabitants of the villa since it was first built, and is a very pleasant obliging woman, a good cook, and altogether a most satisfactory individual. She professes to understand no English—she certainly speaks none—but we have suspicions that she understands more than she will admit. However, she is very quick at interpreting our

broken sentences, and on the whole we have but little difficulty with the housekeeping department. I have said nothing about the lovely inland walks, the violet-carpeted olive terraces, the queer mountain villages, and the numerous places of interest within easy reach, but as I fear I have already run on too long, I will leave these items to the imagination of my readers.

Another letter from Alassio tells of one of the "Teas" above referred to. I think my husband had made a special effort to go to it for the sake of meeting the authoress, Miss Roberts, whom he describes.

Alassio, Italy.

2nd mo. 1st, 1897.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

. . . At the tea we met Miss Roberts, author of "Mademoiselle Mori." She is a little lady with white hair, and in figure and shape of face reminds me of Mary Talbot, if any very quiet person can remind one of such a nervous little body with "nerves as thin as thread papers" as she (M. T.) used to express it. Miss Roberts has a rather thin, high pitched voice, but is most pleasant and has a very genial smile. By a little manœuvering on Anna's part, I got to sit next to her and we had a good deal of conversation. Among other things she told me of two china plates she has, made in France at the time of the Revolution. The first is in keeping with the spirit of the times with cannon and balls, etc. The other is adorned with the fleurs de lys. It is of the same date, at the height of the Revolution and must have a unique history, as the manufacturer must have produced it at the risk of his life. I gathered that it was this second which gave the idea of the loyalist painter in "Noblesse Oblige," who continued to put a Fleur de Lys in his pictures during the Revolution as a sign of his own name and his opinions. "Noblesse Oblige," however, is not the correct title of her book, which she

called "Atelier de Lys." The other title was given by the American publisher who pirated it, and without her knowledge. The first she knew of it was from an authoress who addressed her indignantly for borrowing a title which she had herself used in one of her own books issued previously. As Miss Roberts greatly disliked this lady's writings she had no difficulty in writing to her to say that she had not only been ignorant of the liberty taken, but regretted it fully as much as her correspondent. When she was very young she spent two months in Rome, and there collected the materials for "Mdlle. Mori," which like "Atelier de Lys" is founded on fact. I asked her whether the young poet of the Roman Revolution who died and was so beloved by the Romans was a real character. She said that he was, though she gave him another name.

I imagine all her stories are founded on fact, for someone present happened to speak of a novel whose scene is laid somewhere near here, and added that she understood it was not founded on fact. "Then," said Miss Roberts, very decidedly, "I shall not care to read it." She seemed to feel that writing for the public is a great responsibility. She spends her winters in Alassio with her half sister, who is quite an artist and once *designed* a set of furniture for her brother in which were depicted all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare. I hope we may meet them again.

Two poems written at Alassio may be most fittingly printed here, as they are evidently largely autobiographical :—

THE TRUE TRIUMPH.

To thee, within whose heart is wrought
With painful throes, a mighty thought

For truth and freedom, God give rest :
Thy work, earth's noblest is and best,

Fear not, although from hour to hour
The dragon, ready to devour,
Stands waiting for the heavenly birth.
The man-child shall not fall to earth,
Although thy fear shall deem him lost,
Whilst thou, disheartened, lonely, tossed
With doubt, in darkness and distress,
Seekest in woe the wilderness.
Thy God has borne thy thought away
To shelter till the dawning day.
Thou hast declared it unto men,
They deem it dead. 'Twill come again.
Meanwhile a mighty war shall wage,
Spirits with spirits shall engage
Unseen of men, till victory
From its lone hiding place shall free
Thy blessed thought. No more unknown,
It comes with strength and beauty grown,
In all the joy of heavenly birth
To make men worthier of the earth.
And lips shall praise, and hands shall twine
The wreath for other heads than thine.
Yet rest thee, still its parentage
Is thine and God's. From age to age
No grander work on earth is wrought
Than bringing forth God's perfect thought.
Thou shalt rejoice. Not victory,
Union with God thy crown shall be.

THE DYING SCHOLAR.

The last words of a young man, a scholar of high hopes, were:—"What if my name never be written in an earthly book if it is written in the Lamb's Book of Life." He died, I think, about twelve years ago.

No one will write my name
High on the roll of fame,
Care how I went and came
 Laboring in sorrow.

Gone as the seasons fly,
Gone as a passing sigh,
Gone as the bubbles die,
 Knowing no morrow.

Yet have I known a time
When I have dared to climb,
Seeking the heights sublime,
 Glorious and lonely.

Echoes of coming praise
Seemed to surround my ways,
Hope-songs through dismal days
 Heard by me only.

Each day some task was done,
Each eve some goal was won,
Each morn new work begun ;—
 Now all has perished.

Wearied and labor-stained,
What are the heights attained ?
What is the Guerdon gained ?—
 Wreck of hopes cherished.

No one may write my name
High on the roll of fame,
Never a bard may frame
 Lyrics to greet me.

Yet may my name instead,
Love-writ by ONE, be read
Deep in His heart that bled ;
May that heart meet me.

Alassio, 1st mo. 26th, 1897.

It was during this tedious convalescence that Dr. Thomas wrote "Penelve,* or among the Quakers," a story that had long been in his mind, and which was written with the hope of commending Quaker principles to some who could not otherwise be reached.

Just as the time came for us to leave Alassio, there was some recurrence of the heart attacks, and we gave up the thought of returning *via* Minden and Denmark, and took the easier and warmer route by Nice, Marseilles and Paris.

The summer was spent very quietly with our sister and brother at Kendal, and with my family in North Wales. Autumn came and still the longed for improvement in health had not taken place. A winter in the south of England was talked of but my husband felt that he must go home. He admitted that from the medical standpoint it looked foolish, but he felt clear that it was the Lord's will, and so in October we started from Glasgow in the "Furnessia." We had as usual a long stormy voyage, and after a few days spent with our brother at Haverford, we reached Baltimore on the evening of Saturday, November 2nd, 1897. The third Quinquennial Conference of Friends in America was just over. Our brother Dr. James C.

* The last *e* in Penelve should be silent,

Thomas had been one of the Baltimore delegates and reached home only two days before we did. He had urged our coming first to him, as our own house had been given up during our long absence. We knew that he had been unwell since the Conference, but he greeted us with his usual cheery smile and the evening was spent most delightfully. He read us the paper on the Ministry which he had prepared for the Conference, and spoke of the prospect for the winter work in Baltimore, etc.

He was poorly during the night but came to the breakfast table and himself conducted the family reading, offering a most beautiful and touching prayer. Going to his room immediately afterwards, he became very ill and never left it again. He was supposed to be recovering, but died suddenly of heart failure early in the following week. Our Yearly Meeting was in progress, and all the brothers and sisters, including even my husband, were attending the annual meeting of the Pastoral committee, when the news was brought. It was a great blow, for Dr. J. C. Thomas though in his sixty-third year was still apparently in the prime of his strength and of his usefulness.

Scarcely two months later, the Chairman of the Pastoral committee, Joseph P. Elliott, a man also in the prime of life and of unusual social and religious gifts, the senior elder of the meeting, died of pneumonia after a three days' illness; and on the day following, our senior overseer, who had been taken ill about the same time, also died. Both had

taken active part in meeting the preceding Sunday. In nine years Baltimore particular meeting had lost by death or removal six ministers, three leading elders, and at least five active workers, most of them in the full tide of work and strength.

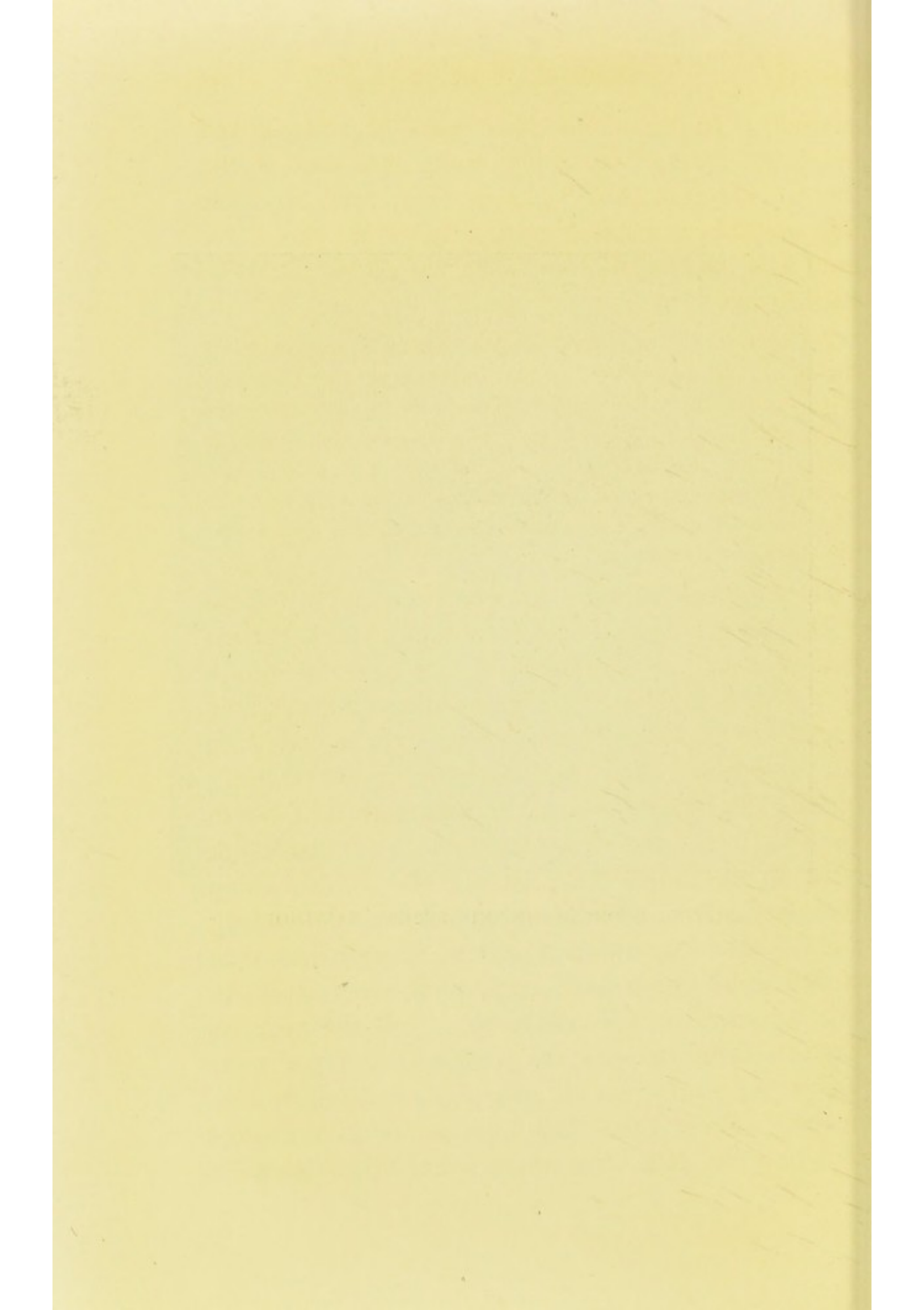
Although this first winter was physically a very trying one to Dr. Thomas we never doubted that we had been rightly guided in returning at the time we did. By Christmas we were once more settled in a home of our own, at 1718 John Street, the house in which we lived during the remainder of my husband's life.

By slow degrees he regained a limited measure of health, and feeling strongly that some secular work was a help to him in his ministry, a year later he yielded to the solicitations of some of his own and his brother's patients and once more engaged in practice.

He could no longer risk the exposure of winter travelling amongst the country meetings, but he could and did do much by correspondence to cheer and help them on. At the time of his death he was corresponding Secretary of the Pastoral committee, a position which involved keeping in close touch with every meeting. "The Interchange" was begun again and carried on with an earnest effort to build up and establish in the truth the members of the Yearly Meeting. To them his home was always open, and I think that none who shared it will forget his hearty hospitality, or the glad welcome he would give to any of his country friends coming in unex-



SITTING ROOM AT 1718 JOHN STREET, BALTIMORE.



pectedly. In these and other ways he still worked indefatigably, the force of his strong will and of the love of God in his heart carrying him over obstacles that would have daunted most men. One who knew him well, writing of him, after his death, in "The Interchange" says :—

The amount of work accomplished by this frail human frame driven by a will surrendered to God amazes one as we look back over it, and fairly shames one into new vigor. A story told of his young manhood by a college mate is quite characteristic. Several of his class had trained faithfully for a very long run, but he, who entered at the last moment was the only one who held out for the whole distance, his tremendous will power triumphing over weakness.

During these years the summers were mostly spent in New England ; three times we took a little cottage at West Falmouth, on Cape Cod, and once the house of a friend at North Berwick, Maine, was kindly rented to us. Dr. Thomas never would stay long at a place where there was no meeting, and he threw his energies into those at West Falmouth and North Berwick, but he was always on the look out besides for other opportunities for service. He would attend Quarterly and Monthly Meetings at Lynn for example, and Dover and Sandwich. Parlor meetings in the homes of different Friends were carried on every week for two summers at West Falmouth, and the year we were at North Berwick the way opened for a quite unique series of open air meetings on Sunday afternoons. These were held in a grove on the shore of a beautiful lake, four miles from North Berwick.

There were one or two isolated Friends living near by, and the first thought had been to hold a meeting with them, but we found that the place was such a favorite resort on Sunday afternoons that at their suggestion benches were improvised and meetings (on the ordinary lines of a Friends' Meeting) were held in the Grove on eleven successive Sundays, the weather only once at all interfering with us. The audience consisted largely of non-church going men and usually numbered about two hundred. The North Berwick Friends helped us most heartily, and though in the nature of the case it was not easy to count up results, the deep attention, and the solemn hush that often followed the address, and the continued and increasing size of the meetings, gave ground for hope that souls were really yielding to the Lord.

Our summer outing usually included a visit to New Bedford, where our dear friends Mary and Helen Seabury always put as many opportunities for helpfulness as possible in my husband's way. But it would swell this memoir beyond reasonable bounds to attempt even to touch upon all his constant and varied activities, and I must leave the extracts from his letters to his sister, to tell as far as may be the story of his closing years.

CHAPTER XXV.

LETTERS, 1898—1899.

Indiana Yearly Meeting—Patient Continuance in Well-Doing—
Suppliers of Spiritual Gifts—The Tsar's Peace Manifesto—A
Crowded Meeting—New York Yearly Meeting—Educational
Conference at Providence—Planning for a Summer School—
Biblical Criticism—Joys and Sorrows of the Christian—Pro-
fessor Cheyne—A High Spirited Lady—Freedom of the Ministry
—Little Worries.

TO HIS SISTER.

Bellefonte, Penna,

10th mo. 13th, 1898.

THOU wilt have thought us very negligent in writing, but the reason has been our close engagement in meetings, so that I have not written at all to thee since I left Baltimore three weeks ago. As in that three weeks we have averaged considerably over a meeting a day, besides visits, conversations on religious and personal matters and considerable travelling, thou wilt, I think, feel that as this is my first really decided and sustained effort as a travelling minister since I broke down, I was justified in taking as much rest as possible. I have really got on remarkably well and although once or twice I felt on the verge of giving out, yet by keeping quiet for a little while I was able to go on. All say I am looking remarkably well.

Indiana Yearly Meeting was very interesting, and was well worth attending. The rush and hurrah of the pastoral movement

is over. There is some recognition of its practical difficulties. On the other hand there is no talk of giving it up. The idea of quiet waiting is evidently a forgotten thought in many cases. It is as easy to sing as it is to breathe with many. And yet I never heard stronger statements of loyalty to Friends' principles than during the Yearly Meeting, and the Minutes of Advice both from the Meeting of Ministers and Elders and the Yearly Meeting at large, were wholly conservative in their tendency.

On our way home we stopped at Wilmington, Ohio, and attended two meetings, and had an opportunity with the students at the College. Friends were most cordial and kindly, broke up meetings by shaking hands instead of by the benediction as they often do. I told Levi Mills that I did not wish for them to alter their methods for me, but that I did not feel easy to rise for the benediction. The Meeting has an attendance on First-days of 400. They say that their Yearly Meeting is attended by about 3,000 all the week, for most of their 6,000 to 7,000 members can drive to the meeting after breakfast. . . .

I am glad to have been away in a different atmosphere, and I think I see things more clearly. I shall seek to live in a waiting spirit, and shall simply plead for true freedom, but seek to allow to others what I claim.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

1st mo. 24th, 1899.

On First-day we had a large meeting, and I had the chief service, as regards length, speaking from the passage "Let us do good unto all men," etc. The connection with what goes before is impressive. It follows an exhortation to be patient in well-doing, with a promise of ultimate harvest. This seemed to me to be so very hopeful, for in this hope we are to do good as we have opportunity to all men, so that all men, in the apostle's view, were worth doing good to. I dwelt on this and also on

the thought in the words "as we have opportunity," as giving a method that was open to all of us. There was an unusual number of persons who seemed to be helped by it for which I was thankful, and A. B. followed in such an encouraging way in the same strain. The evening meeting was somewhat larger than it has been lately, about twenty-five present, notwithstanding the absence of several who are regular attenders. I think it also was a good meeting, carrying on the thought of the morning.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

2nd mo. 28th, 1899.

I am glad that you feel encouraged about your Meeting. The fluctuations in numbers, especially when consequent upon removals from the locality do not necessarily mean much; the real point is whether the Meeting is a place where the attenders receive fresh impulse and fresh enlightenment, and whether they are being brought to the Lord. Hast thou ever noticed the revised translation of Galatians iii. 5, "He therefore that *supplieth* to you the Spirit," etc.? Perhaps we have too much overlooked the fact that the Holy Spirit is supplied to people through men. This is in accord with the giving of the Spirit through the laying on of the Apostles' hands, though it was not only the Apostles, for Ananias was used for its reception by Paul. It is also in accordance with the Great Commission in which we are told to make disciples by baptism as well as by teaching, and in like manner Paul desired to visit his friends that he might impart to them some spiritual gift. We are to be to others, and others are to be to us, the suppliers of spiritual gifts, yes, even of the Spirit. I am not sure whether we have not too much overlooked this, and appealed to people too much from the point of view that each was to receive simply by his own individual act all the grace direct from the Lord. I am afraid that I am not very clear. Perhaps I am not in my own mind. I feel that I just catch a glimpse of the thought without fully grasping it, so

I send it on for you to consider. Of course, the protest against the power that lies in an ordained clergy to do this is utterly sound. Dependence on an ordained clergy is untrue to Scripture, and to experience. But certainly it is not wholly error but truth wrongly explained. We do not wish to teach others to look to any set of men, still less to any individual, but we do wish to find out how we may become suppliers of the Spirit to those to whom we may be sent, and how to bring them to Christ that they may become, each in his own degree, suppliers of the Spirit to others.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

3rd mo. 7th, 1899.

I am very busy to-day writing letters, trying to work up an interest in the Peace movement in connection with the Tsar's Manifesto. I think that something will be done. We have been tardy about it here; the Spanish-American War has been a drawback to us. However, we are getting to work. The start *here* in Baltimore has been made by the episcopal bishop writing in the daily papers. It required some effort to induce him to do it, but now he has done it, he has done it well. We are trying to get others to follow suit. Our Friends' Peace Association is having a number of copies of the address to the Tsar printed for distribution and signature.

* * * * *

Opportunities for me to present Peace are increasing. I wrote that I have on hand an address before the Ministerial Union of this City the end of this month. Now I have been given half an hour at the Educational Conference of Friends at Providence in the Sixth month. Other opportunities loom up as well. I hope I may be able to fill them.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

3rd mo. 14th, 1899.

I am engaging in business (somewhat) beyond my ability to manage ; in other words, the stirring up of sentiment in the city in favor of the Tsar's Peace Manifesto is chiefly devolving upon me, and although I am not attempting more than what is in reality a very small movement, it is a very great deal for *me* with my limited resources of physical strength. I have got out of this kind of work, and I do not do it in a way most economical of energy, partly because I am new to it, and so about twice a day I feel, as father would say, "at the far end." However, there is not very much more now to do except to send out 300 circulars, in which work I think we shall have help.

I will enclose a letter I wrote to "The Sun," which has aroused some interest. I hope some good may be done by it all.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

4th mo. 11th, 1899.

Pleasant echoes of the crowded mass meeting on Peace of last week continue to come. A letter from Benjamin Trueblood received this morning says that he met Edward Everett Hale for a few minutes, and he told him that the meeting was the best that he (E. E. H.) had attended in twenty-five years. The Editor of "The American" said to me that he thought it was a sign that the city was getting to have a new spirit. He had been greatly impressed that even during a portion of the time when the remarks dragged a little there seemed to be no diminution of the attention. Dr. Babcock, of the Presbyterian Church, was much tried that one of the papers had given him the credit for the success, and wrote to me a most enthusiastic letter as to my share of it, and said that he would correct the mistake from his pulpit. I wrote back that I was quite satisfied, and that what

we had all worked for was not credit but success, and asked him not to do so, but he did, notwithstanding, which evidently pleased some of my friends. I have been especially pleased with a letter from the Rector of Christ Church, in which he says that he is very glad of the mass meeting, for it has enabled him to form a friendship which he highly values. I value his also. Our Memorial has nearly 2,300 names, and the one our Peace Association of Friends has been distributing about 3,000 more. So that there is something to be shown for the work, and I believe that the people mean business. Anna was amused with ———, who hesitated to sign lest it should cause her brother, who is in the navy, to lose his place on account of the consequent diminution of armaments. Anna told her that she thought that there was no danger of any such sudden alteration of plans as to bring about such a result. Now we have before us the more thankless and difficult task of trying to influence public sentiment against the course the Government is pursuing in the Philippines. However, there is a strong feeling against it, and I believe a growing one.

What a bad business the loss of freedom in Finland is! I do wish that there were some way in which these poor people could be saved from the grinding curse of the Russian despotism. There seems nothing that can be done, but it is very trying that this should come just as the Tsar is so prominently before the world as the Herald of Peace.

* * * * *

The prospect of attending Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is, if all goes well, soon to change into reality. In three days we go on. I hope that I may be preserved in wisdom while there. There is the double danger of offending the Conservatives by too much liberality, and the Radicals by too much breadth in treating of the right attitude toward the Bible. However, I believe the plan is to be careful, to be perfectly honest and straightforward, and to be tender and gentle. I believe that a hesitating touch, with the evident fear of not being approved of, is more apt to

awaken opposition than the simple telling out clearly what you think, expecting people to accept it as true.

The visit to Philadelphia here spoken of was paid as anticipated, and a few weeks later we also attended New York Yearly Meeting, going forward at its close to the Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

6th mo. 5th, 1899.

Anna and I returned home on 7th day evening, and Henrietta came down from the mountains yesterday. We had a most interesting time. I do not know that one can say that there has been any very great change in New York Yearly Meeting, but this was noticeable, that the Friends were far less nervous over questions of doctrine than they were when we were there some six years ago, and in their methods they are more Friendly—so far as the conduct of the meeting is concerned. Pastors abound, but there is a far greater readiness to see the difficulties of the situation than there used to be, and my address on the subject of Meetings for Worship was listened to with great attention, and met with a warm response from many, and I have no reason to think that it aroused antagonism even among those against whose practices I entered my warning. The numerical increase in the membership there has been practically nothing in the last ten years. I think that the reason is that the new methods have caused as much leakage as conviction. This must still go on for some time to come unless there is a change of method. In addition to this, as Friends' Meetings have approximated more and more closely to the methods used in other denominations, the ministry is more and more on that basis. But on that basis it cannot hope for many years to come to compete with that of other denominations. If a person is to listen to a stated discourse and to attend where there is regular singing he will

go where he can have it of a good variety, and with their theological training schools other bodies can supply the ministry better than we can, and with their wealth they can give better singing. The new methods will, I think, lead to the leaving us of our best members, from an intellectual point of view. Whether with the adoption of the methods of others we can, by evangelization, be able to more than counter-balance this drain remains to be seen. I do not wish to take the position of rivalling other bodies, but I do feel that if we have a fresh message to give, and give it, it will make the whole Christian Church richer than if we make a feeble imitation of the work of others.

* * * * *

Eighteen ninety-nine was a year of active work. In July my husband attended the Friends' Educational Conference at Providence, Rhode Island, and read the paper on Peace referred to in a previous letter. He called it *Militarism, or Military Fever*, and treated the subject with medical phraseology, describing the symptoms of an attack, the causes, and especially the proper treatment to be adopted. It was primarily designed for teachers and educators, and was so strikingly put that one of the American Peace Societies has since circulated many thousand copies among this class.

John Wilhelm Rowntree was also at the Providence Conference, and he and my husband, with Rufus Jones and others, had much personal talk as to the outlook for American Quakerism. One outcome of their consultations was the Haverford Summer School of 1900, to the plans for which frequent allusions occur in Richard's letters.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

7th mo. 18th, 1899.

G. B. and I are trying to work up a Summer School somewhat like, though a long way behind Scarboro', for next year. This is confidential, and at present we are only so far advanced that we are carrying on a pretty active correspondence. I hope that it will amount to something. The visit of our English Friends* has only emphasized what was in our mind before, that the time has come for us to be very actively stirring if we are to make any headway against the rising tide of un-Quakerly thought and practice that is amongst us. I do not like to use that adjective. If it were only denominational interests which were at stake I do not think that I should care, but as I believe that we have a message, I am desirous to do what I can to get that message in a shape to be delivered. It is rather curious to me to note that of the two people here who have been the most outspoken in endorsement of my preaching, one is described as a narrow evangelical, and the other as a Unitarian. The first says that what I preach is the pure gospel, and the other is so glad that I preach so broadly. I may say in my defence that I have consciously catered to neither, but have delivered what I felt was the message, and I hope that good has been done.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

8th mo. 11th, 1899.

I was at the Quarterly Meeting at Newport, Rhode Island, last week; it was a very interesting occasion. The Friends were most cordial, and I had full opportunity to preach, and did so on "How beautiful are the feet," etc., referring to the three times that this expression is used in the Bible, and commenting particularly on the context in Romans. Incidentally I developed

* John Wilhelm Rowntree and A. Neave Brayshaw.

the right attitude to observe on the subject of the Bible and the criticism of it. I spoke as clearly as I could, and received the most cordial approval from representatives of the most diverse opinions on the subject, so that I was almost discouraged, and thought of J. W. R.'s remark that Americans do not draw inferences. However, I had a talk with a Friend and his wife afterwards, where inferences *were* drawn, and I think if I wished to be disapproved of I succeeded admirably, so that he would hardly admit that he could have any unity. However he attended the evening meeting, and in bidding me farewell afterwards he said he believed that my coming had been of the Lord; so that I hope he was somewhat softened. His position is: he feels that everything in the Bible is true, because it is there, and that we are to believe it as it stands, and that the more unreasonable a thing is, the more proof of faith it is to believe it, and that in heaven all seeming discrepancies will be seen to be in the most perfect harmony. He said that he certainly thought that we should meet the Bible in Heaven, but on being pressed admitted that it would not be the English version, and finally seemed to see that his proof text, "My words shall not pass away," was capable of a different construction. Yet notwithstanding all this, I was greatly drawn to him and I believe he was to me, and he expressed his satisfaction at being able to talk so freely in the way that we were talking, and said that it was the first time that he had ever done so to anyone.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

8th mo. 21st, 1899.

I have been interested in thinking of the necessary joys and sorrows of the Christian. The joyful side of the gospel and the self-denying side have always appeared to me to be two sides of the same shield, the obverse and the reverse of a coin. But as I was preaching yesterday, it came to me in a new light. The two are really one and the same. They are the lights and the

shades of a great picture. We are not to regard them as opposed to each other but as mutually helpful to produce the full result. They are too intimately blended to be separated. The union between them is vital. Thus the care that a mother has over her sick child is a care, but one that she would not be relieved from except by the recovery of the child. Her love and joy and care are all one and cannot be separated. The world is sick. If we love the people in it, we must love them in something the same way, and the same holds true even in all matters connected with self-improvement also.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

9th mo. 11th, 1899.

We are expecting a short visit from George Barton and his wife this week, and then we shall have an opportunity to talk freely with them as to plans for the Summer School. It is an important matter, and we do not wish to startle or alarm any on the matter of Higher Criticism. Just now I am a good deal tried with Cheyne. I am reading his book on the Return of the Jews. He does really go further than I can stand. Sometimes, if he be not supercilious he comes very dangerously near it. When he says of that passage in Isaiah lviii. about "calling the Sabbath a delight," "It is not fine enough for me to quote," I am outdone with him. He more than intimates that Christians in applying the 53rd chapter to Christ have fallen below the high ideal of the author who was speaking of idealized Israel, but he adds that providential circumstances have prevented the mistake from doing harm. Now I am quite prepared to believe that the writer had no clear idea that he was referring to Christ when he wrote that chapter, but that the highest application of it is to Christ is to my mind a fact, and how a Christian man can think differently is beyond me. The book has constantly in it recurring remarks that are entirely gratuitous sneers (perhaps that is too strong a word) against what seem to me to be sacred things.

Thus he speaks almost contemptuously of the "rhapsodies" of the second Isaiah, as being almost useless compared with the executive power of Nehemiah. It may be quite true that they were ineffective for the moment ; but they have certainly been food and drink to thousands who have to their own personal knowledge gained but little from Nehemiah. Each had his place. But I think that even in a historical sketch, more respect should be shown to such a writer as the second Isaiah. I suppose that Cheyne would say that he does show respect. There are some good things in the book, and among them is his explanation of the origin of the Priestly Code. He says that it would be a mistake to suppose that it was in the accurate sense of the word, a *new* code. It combined ancient elements freely, and that Ezra, for example, did not deliberately set to work to compose it, but that he was the redactor and compiler, and that he would have had no hesitation in saying this, and in affirming that through the Spirit of the Lord he had been enabled to codify and arrange and restore the true Mosaic teaching. This seems to me to be a theory which bears on the face of it an evidence of truth, and entirely relieves the redactor of any dishonesty in the matter. Cheyne believes that there was essentially no return before Ezra, and that this was only considerable not really great. He thinks that the firman allowing Ezra to go back to Jerusalem is a very clever forgery because it gives him powers that Ezra did not wish to have and did not ask for, or exercise, and which were inconsistent with his known character. This may be true, but it seems to me that one might as well say that the charter granted to William Penn is not genuine, because it creates him Commander-in-Chief of the provincial army, and we all know his peace principles.

The upshot of it in my mind is that we must take a strong stand. Let us accept all the facts and the fairly proved theories that the Higher Criticism can bring to us, but with all the light that comes to us through them, we must remember that the seal of Christian consent is on the books as they are, and that when

all is said and done the devotional study of these books is to be prosecuted and their lessons brought home to us to a large degree in that form which they finally assumed. I believe that some such position as this escapes the ridiculous position of the literalist and the bewildering one of the critic. For it is simply out of the question to make the common people understand the critics' conclusions in any except general ways, and the result may be the taking of the Bible out of the hands of the common people by the critics as it was taken out of their hands by the Roman church. We cannot submit to the infallible critic any more than to the infallible church. But with all this I am deeply interested in the results of criticism, and believe that on broad lines they are very helpful. In any case, the days of the mere traditional hold on the Bible are numbered, and I believe that the light lies somewhere in the direction that I have indicated. Of course it is a great help to know of the composite character of the books and to have interpolations pointed out.

I have been interested in the word "enlarged." The Psalmist says "I will run in the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." Unless our affections and sympathies are enlarged we may creep along in the way of God's commandments, but we can never run in the way of them. When Solomon was given wisdom it is said that God gave him enlargement of heart as the sand upon the sea-shore; that is, true wisdom involves great largeness of heart. Paul in writing to the Corinthians, and speaking of the ways in which the ministry is to show forth the glory of God, after enumerating that wonderful list, "by pureness, by knowledge, by love unfeigned," and then "by honour and dishonour," "by stripes and imprisonments," etc., goes on to say that his heart is enlarged, and he asks them as a recompense to him for what he has done for them and is to them, that they also be enlarged. That is, effective Christian service and power for Christian suffering go with great enlargement of heart, and the reward that a person in such an experience asks for is that those for whom he is laboring shall have an enlargement of heart also.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

9th mo. 18th, 1899.

We had a very pleasant visit from the Bartons, and had much talk about the Summer School or "Conference." He is very full of it, and we agreed that the time has come for some concerted action. There is, of course, the danger of opposition being aroused, but our method is intended to allay not arouse antagonism, and to aid the cause of spiritual religion. As matters now stand there is serious danger of the whole Society going into a narrow evangelicalism, while we who see deeper remain isolated here and there. We have borne and borne in hopes of a better day, some of us have individually lifted up our voices, but till now there has been no concerted action, and the case has become serious. I do see signs of some reaction, but only local. I have clearly told George Barton that we cannot have any clever guesses or theories at the Conference but only those conclusions upon which scholars generally are *agreed*. Then we wish to have addresses on the History of the Church and on Friends. The idea is not so much to teach *facts* as to get people to take the true point of view. I know there is danger in it, but we are already in a worse danger. However, nothing is really decided yet, and it is possible that the committee when it meets may decide adversely.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 27th, 1899.

I had a very interesting time with a lady and her husband. She had been greatly impressed with a sermon I had preached on Communion, and said she had never heard the importance of acceptance of the Lord's will put so strongly before, without fatalism being taught as well. She evidently felt that here was an experience of which she was wholly ignorant and was hungry

for it. She asked me to call, which I did. It was a most peculiar case. She believes in having spirit, and told me that what I had said about some women being angry that they were women just fitted her. She was often so angry over it that she wished she was a *colored* man rather. (Could a Southern woman say anything more strong?) Then she had headaches. I told her she was mad when she had them—mad afterwards because she had had them, and mad before because she was liable to attacks, and mad with the people who made a noise and caused them. She admitted it. She told me what she had never confessed before, that she admired Jesus when He turned out the money changers, but really regarded Him as weak and mean-spirited when He bore the insults without resistance. I told her that there were two reasons for bearing injury quietly, one was from cowardice and the other from strength and love. It had never occurred to her before. She told me she was training her children to have spirit, and recounted the following incident. Her boy and girl were quarrelling and she could not stop them, either by moral suasion or condign punishment. Finally she said, "Well now, if you must fight, fight." So she stood them up in front of each other and told them to hit each other as hard as they could till they were exhausted. But the fight became too hot and she had to separate them. Then she asked the girl (who was the elder), "Did you hit your brother as hard as you could?" The girl clenched her teeth and said "Yes, I did." The mother was pleased. She then asked the boy, and he answered "No, I didn't want to hurt her as much as she was hurting me." The mother was, to use her own expression, "in despair," and felt that her son would grow up to be worthless. What I said to her may be imagined.

Finally, when I had got her to see that Christ's forbearance was a proof of strength and love, I asked whether she did not also see that if she was to partake of the salvation of Christ and to become a follower, she must partake of His spirit. She replied that she saw it. It was logical, and she was convinced.

We then had a quiet time and I prayed. Immediately afterwards she rushed out of the room and her husband grasped my hand, with a "Thank you very much." Then she came back, her eyes and eyelids simply bathed in tears, and she said that she had seen new light and would start out on a new path.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

11th mo. 20th, 1899.

Anna will have written to thee in regard to the Yearly Meeting. It is the first one that has ever been held here that was wholly in joint session. I think all were pleased with the result, although some felt that the liberty for separate sessions should be kept. The meetings were certainly more interesting than in separate sessions, but the plea that it is a saving of time to meet with the men and women in the same room did not work out in practice. The joint sessions took longer.

The two subjects that aroused the interest most were, the freedom of the ministry and Foreign missions. It was most remarkable. I had a concern to speak on the subject, and simply said out in the plainest words all that came to me to say on the method of having pastors, and the tendencies of the system. A few years ago such an address, for I spoke at least twenty-five minutes, would have aroused opposition on the part of some in the meeting. It is possible that I myself have learned wisdom and had the grace to say decided things in a gentle loving manner, at least people said I did. However that may be, it called out a large expression of sentiment from the meeting, and every one who spoke strongly endorsed what I said, when they referred to it. . . . I was very thankful, and think that the result will have had an educating influence on those who were present.

I cannot say how thankful I am for the fuller secret of rest and real joy, such as I have never known before with anything like the continuance. I see that rest is the secret of

strength, and that thankfulness and joy are the natural result of resting in the Lord, and that in this experience, one is guarded, as one abides in it, from errors that one would otherwise have fallen into. I mean that we can easily make mistakes, but that in this place of rest one is free to have all the powers of the mind exercised in discerning the true relation of things, and is freed from those wretched false weights of self-seeking, and other things that mar judgment, and can approach questions with increasingly unclouded mind, as the old things pass away and all things become new and of God. And thus I feel that I have simply seen something of the secret, and am learning how to apply it. I do not feel discouraged at the occurrence I spoke of, because during far more trying occasions the method has worked absolutely, and worked on this occasion as soon as I applied it. I see, but cannot altogether express, how with full sense of failure and sorrow for what has been wrong, we can still be in no wise discouraged, but go on in hope. As to guidance, the illustration comes to me like this,—The spirit of God in my heart may make me feel drawn to show a man the sympathy I have with him. As a way of beginning to do this I may take him warmly by the hand. Unknown to me he may have a painful hand, and instead of a smile I am astonished with a frown and an outcry. I have not been wrongly guided, but had no means of knowing the condition. Such an experience should teach one to be on the lookout for tender hands.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

12th mo. 5th, 1899.

As so often has happened in the past, a number of little bothers in regard to meeting work have come up, none of them really serious in themselves, but combined creating an uncomfortable impression. Some of them have been met and, I think, overcome in the right spirit, others hang on, but I think that the

life rises above them, and I feel hopeful. I do not think that we have had for a good while such general reason for hopefulness, and there is no doubt that there are signs of a drawing toward the Meeting from the outside that we did not have last year, and still less the year before. On Fifth-day morning J. J. Neave gave us really a remarkable sermon on the Immediate Presence of Christ, in which he, in a most loving way, gave pretty straight teaching as to the mistake of trying to formulate theories as to the Second Coming of Christ, an expression which he characterized as unscriptural. I am not quite sure he was correct in this ; Christ's appearing a second time without sin unto salvation is spoken of, but he interprets this scripture spiritually, as I do myself in a degree, though I rather think that the author did not. A Friend appeared to answer him in prayer, in which the other side was stated rather pointedly. I felt a great concern that we should not have a theoretical but a practical meeting on the following First-day, and much desired help to turn it into that channel, not only because of the possibilities of the presentation of the Second Coming ideal, but for the sake of the little annoyances in the meeting. I did want to help people rise above them ; Joel's description of the army of locusts impressed itself on my mind, and I did what I seldom do, I studied up the background in George Adam Smith's "Book of the Twelve Prophets" as to what the allusions meant. The application I did not think very much about till I was in the Meeting, and the real meaning of it did not come to me till a little while before I spoke. I was most thankful. It seemed to take hold of the meeting most forcibly. After describing the plague of locusts and what it meant, and how it caused wholesale destruction, I proceeded to point out how the great events of our lives are generally far apart, but that the little events, the annoyances are constant, and that sometimes we may be tempted to say that what the business cares have left household cares have eaten, and what the household cares have left the social cares have eaten, and what the social cares have left

the cares of the church work have eaten, till there seems to be no green thing left in our lives. Each one is so small that it seems insignificant, but united they serve to blot out the sun and even to stop the daily sacrifice at times. Then I illustrated the points from all the spheres of life, the worries and the misunderstandings, and the tendency to hard judgments, etc. Then I pointed out that these things are not really the locusts ; it is our thoughts about the worries that are comparable to them. If we would only get into the right attitude in regard to them, and view them from the point of view of the will of God, they would come to us, not as clouds of destruction that blot out the sun and cause evil, but as clouds laden with refreshing rain. To those who are brought into the experience of this rest the promise is fulfilled : " I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons, etc., shall prophesy—even the servants, slaves, who are in the experience."

X. Y. followed with an evangelical exhortation, very appropriate and in place. I believe that the message went home and did good, and I was very thankful. Of course, I explained that what I said was in no sense an interpretation of Joel, but that I only used what he wrote as an illustration. It was difficult to avoid being a little afraid of Prof. H., and I tried not to look at him while I was speaking. I wonder what he thought of that use of Scripture, but one cannot be in bondage even to a Hebrew Professor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LETTERS, 1900.

Sin and its Remedy—Depression after Preaching—Modern Thought
—A Photograph—Resumes his Work at the College—The
Haverford Summer School—The Things that can be Shaken.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

3rd mo. 5th, 1900.

I AM interested in what thou writes as to ——'s experiences. The evangelicals are absolutely wrong in their method and not far from right in some of their instincts. I have just been reading "God's Education of Man," by Hyde. It was recommended to me as one of the very best books on the reconstructed gospel. Well, it has splendid things in it, and is most suggestive and most disappointing. There is no true gospel at all (he says) in insisting on conversion and the new birth; he would entirely explain them away as being nothing more than the natural effect that one character has on another. Seeing the truth and living for and serving others is true enough, but surely there is a divine power that is put within us as well as the strength that comes from our own resources. I am sure of this, that the new theology has not yet found the word of power. I hope it is in the process of finding it, but it has not done so yet,

We are returning to the cold religion of the eighteenth century. and people are really being fed or supposed to be fed on attitudes and their own works.

I have to give some thoughts on sin and its remedy at the Summer School and do trust real light and leading will be granted. I am sure that no explanation of sin that considers the fall of man a "fall upward" is a true explanation. It is clearly entirely against Scripture and it seems to me against common sense. I see that temptation is essential, and I see also that a far stronger and blessed race would have resulted had man always met and resisted evil instead of yielding. This does not alter the fact that through sin a blessing shall come and has come to man, and a blessing different from what it would have been had man always resisted temptation. But then we know that God makes even the wrath of man to praise Him. This does not mean that it praises Him more than goodness. Whatever the result, we must be honest and we cannot hold on to any doctrine or theory that does not stand legitimate tests. The old view of the Bible had great advantages, but we cannot get back to it. It is discredited by truth. We must go on to some thing better.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

4th mo. 17th, 1900.

We have received an invitation to attend the Mohonk Conference on Peace, in June. I very much wish to go, as it is one of my few opportunities of mingling with prominent people during the year, and it is really an education to do so, as well as a stimulating change. I believe that it is mingling with the same persons all the time that makes people become commonplace, and feel pessimistic. It was really surprising how different I felt yesterday after an opportunity with some Hicksites. Almost all that was said was said by me. But it was entirely different work from anything that I have done recently

and it stimulated me more than I can well say. I wish that I did not at times get so flat after a sermon. It seems to take everything out of me, and it is almost impossible for a time not to feel that it is no good doing anything. I felt almost sick with disappointment, First-day evening, and yet I found the next day that what I said was felt to be specially helpful by quite a variety of people. Yet I do feel that there is not the power in what I say that there ought to be, or I feel sure that more results would show themselves.

Anna says that if I knew how much people thought of what I said and could be made to believe it, it might make me puffed up, so that she thinks it just as well perhaps that I do feel as I do, but this is not what I mean. I want people to be helped and blessed and converted. No amount of praise suits me, apart from this, and I don't think the amount really great anyhow. But while I am thankful to know that people are helped and strengthened through what I say, yet I long for people to be turned to the Lord and "convinced." "We must be satisfied with the Lord's will, and not wish greater results than He designs us to have." That is all right, but the point is; Is the Lord, or oneself, responsible for the results not being greater? I am inclined to think that I am not wholly free from fault in this respect, and I mean to correct what I see.

The more I think of the modern thought in regard to Christianity, the more it seems to me that people are perhaps unconsciously mistaking the new theories for genuine experience. Now the most that new theories and views can do is to give a new interpretation to facts. (I am speaking of the everlasting facts not the details of history.) As long as this mistake is made "TEKEL" is to be written against the new thought. It will bring deadness, not because it is not true, but because, however true it may be, it is nothing but theory and intellectual conception. Simple childlike faith is as possible on one theory as another, the advantage of the truer theory is that it will not tend to alienate those who are often made enemies to the faith





RICHARD H. THOMAS,
Aet. 46.

by force of their devotion to truth, and it will tend to draw earnest minds to accept that which is vital, which it attempts to portray. But until simple faith is the natural and common accompaniment of the new way of looking at things, there must be failure and indifference. The weakness of the present modern movement is that it gives a beautiful theory for the Bread of Life. It gives the receipt and calls it bread. I am not disposed to return to the untenable theories that were so vital in times past, but I do see that the present time is fraught with danger because of the condition that I have suggested.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

5th mo. 18th, 1900.

We are sending thee a photograph,* which we hope thou wilt like. It was taken for *thee*, because thou wished it. We hope this may reach thee on thy birthday, fifty years (!). It is a large part of life. Another fifty and we may trust to be safely home, "Where all the ship's company meet."

Looking forward is more natural and joyful than looking backward, if you look forward long enough ahead. I think it is also for short distances if we see things in their true light. I desire rich blessings on thee, and much happiness and joy and much service in the Lord.

We are to go forward and deepen in power and insight and effectiveness as the years pass by, and not say our best days are past. The noon is really brighter than the morning, and there is to be no spiritual sun-setting.

It was in this spring that Dr. Thomas was again persuaded to take up work as Professor of Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Chest in the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore. He was at once re-elected a

* A family group, from which the portrait facing this page has since been taken.

member of the Board of Trustees, and two years later was again made Dean of the College, which office he held until the time of his death. In connection with his work as a teacher one of his students writes :—

“ Dr. Thomas was one of those Professors who never lectured from notes. He told us, not so much what we could learn for ourselves from books (though he quizzed us pretty thoroughly in what we had to study by ourselves), as what he had found out by practical experience, often illustrated and enforced by a joke or by some anecdote, which greatly enlivened the dull monotony of facts. If a student was unable to answer a question on his lectures, it was, in his mind at least, not her fault but his own, for not having made things perfectly clear, and he would patiently go over the subject, point by point, until he had made it so plain that even the dullest could not fail to understand.”

A Doctor who was his intimate friend during these last years of work writes :—

I was intimately associated with Dr. R. H. Thomas as a physician, and I love now to think of our many long medical talks. He was, as a physician, just what he was as a man, full of the highest ideals, absolutely honest and perfectly forgetful of himself. The service that he gave to his patients was most enlightened and painstaking; no detail was too minute for him to investigate, no trouble too great for him to take on the mere chance of its being a help or a comfort to the patient. He was so thoughtless of self and so anxious for his patients to get every possible benefit, from every source, that he insisted upon consultations in all grave cases, but I can think of no instance in which the consultant had to point out any oversight due to lack of thoroughness in the examination, or, indeed, in which he was able to suggest a line of treatment that had not been already considered.

He spent himself so over his cases, that those of us who were anxious for his health tried in every way to restrain him. He

would, at times, decline to undertake a case, but when he had assumed the responsibility he simply did not know how to let any consideration of self modify his high sense of duty. When the case was over and the question of the fee had to be settled, he put a most modest estimate upon his services, and even then, as he once said, it was a very rare case in which he could not find some excellent reason for reducing this estimate still more.

His work at The Woman's Medical College, where he was Dean and Professor of Diseases of the Throat and Chest, was of just the same character. He was the adviser and friend of every student, a stimulating teacher, and an untiring worker for every right thing that could advance the interest of the school or its students.

Had Dr. Thomas's health been different, or had he not been so fully occupied with his religious work, he would, I believe, have taken a very high place among medical teachers. He was splendidly endowed, well-prepared and filled with a genuine enthusiasm for his profession, and it was only the circumstances of his life that could have kept him from occupying a very large field. I have often thought that if regret had had any place in his triumphant faith, it would have been for the renunciation of his professional ambition, which his impaired health and the acceptance of his higher call necessitated.

But to return to his letters. In June, 1900, the first American Summer School was held at Haverford College, Penna. The College, with its commodious halls of residence and beautiful grounds, was an ideal place for the purpose, and the School, so long planned for, was a great success. He describes it in a letter to his sister, dated North Berwick, 7th mo. 5th :—

MY BELOVED SISTER,

. . . The Summer School was a great success. I do not mean that everyone was pleased, or that no one felt grieved. But there is no doubt that on the whole people were greatly

helped and widened in their thoughts, and that there was a spiritual as well as an intellectual feast for a number. The attendance was surprisingly large and most of the Yearly Meetings had some representation. We had a much larger one from Baltimore than I had anticipated, there being first and last about twenty-three persons from our membership. I do not see how good can fail to result from the time thus spent, and there is, I think, no doubt that this is the beginning of a work that is to be carried on in the future.

The lectures on the Old Testament by Prof. Moore and Prof. Barton were very happily carried out, and awakened much less adverse criticism than was to be expected. Rendel Harris's lectures on the New Testament and cognate subjects were very popular and drew the largest crowds. . . . He was a success and was highly appreciated. Rufus Jones was liked very much. . . . His lectures are to be issued in book form by Headley Bros. . . . My first paper, on "Sin and its Remedy," was too long, at least, too crowded, but I have reason to think that it helped, and the questions I had to answer on it were very much to the point and I was glad of the opportunity. The other papers, on "Ministry and Worship among the Early Friends," aroused much questioning, and I suppose that I did make too straight out a statement on the subject of their views on immediate revelation. But it was very entertaining to see how people rose and asked questions at once. I had a perfect fire of questioning as soon as I finished my first lecture and I think I made things plain to them.

I have been greatly impressed with the fact that the idea that the early Friends gave to the term they used to represent their movement, "Primitive Christianity Revived," did not refer primarily to doctrine but to experience, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that they believed that in every particular, inspiration was to them what it had been to the Apostles, and they denied that anyone could be in the apostolic spirit who lacked anything of their inspiration. Their belief in the Bible

was due to their recognition of the continuity of the revelation that the Spirit could not deny Himself. Therefore every professed revelation that is not in accord with past acknowledged revelations is to be counted a delusion, that is, it must be in accord with the spirit of the past, be in the line of development from the past. As usual I polarised, and some were greatly pleased and I am sure that some did not like it at all. Prof. Clarke's paper on the "History of the Atonement" gave rise to very serious objections, for he categorically denied the substitution idea, and showed that as a worked out theory it had no place in the Christian idea till the time of Anselm. However even here there was a strong disposition to go with the lecturer. Irene Ashby gave one eloquent lecture on social questions and had a crowd about her ever after. She succeeded in persuading Friends to form an Association for the practical study of these matters. Washington Gladden was hailed as the proclaimer of a sound social gospel, and so he was as far as he went, but he did not give any clue to the next step to be taken, and was too exclusively personal in what he recommended. Prof. Rogers was picturesque and much liked. . . .

Here the letter broke off abruptly, for our dear friend John Wilhelm Rowntree was with us again, this time with his wife ; and my husband was just going out with them. He had said nothing of how very poorly he had been during the whole time of the School, ending with an attack of heart failure which came on during J.W.R.'s lecture on the closing evening ; nor of the difficulty with which we had afterwards accomplished the long journey to our summer quarters in New England. He was poorly during much of the summer, and yet it was this year that the remarkable series of open-air meetings, spoken of earlier, took place.

On our return to Baltimore he writes again to his sister :

11th mo. 2nd, 1900.

On First-day I preached quite a long sermon on the things being shaken that can be shaken, and the other things remaining. The burden of the concern was that we are not to be afraid of the test of truth, and that all the things that seem to upset our favorite theories are helps, not hindrances, if we take the right attitude towards them. I concluded with a reference to some of the things that can be shaken, such as *Theories* concerning the Bible, or the Atonement, or the Sacraments. Different persons hold different theories and yet have the same essential experience, but when we come to the *fact* of the work of Christ and the possession of the record that we have in the Bible, then we come to that which is unshaken. It is not a matter of indifference whether we know about Him or not, and we are to get down to the facts and see their importance, and recognize that facts are one thing and theories another. In regard to the Sacraments, I showed that they themselves were among the things that can be shaken. A number spoke to me afterwards in strong approval and thankfulness. This is probably an indication that some who did not speak felt the reverse. However, as X. Y. voluntarily expressed her thankfulness, I hope that I did not unduly offend people's sensibilities.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTERS, 1901-1902.

The Bible is not only for Scholars—Last visit to England—The Scarboro' Summer School—The Glasgow Peace Congress—A Homeward Voyage—Strength in Weakness—Christian Science—The Quietists—Conference at Lake Mohonk—A Latin Motto—A Twentieth Century Town—The Quinquennial Conference—*In Convalescence—The Muddled World.*

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,
3rd mo., 1901.

MANY thanks for the numbers of the "Expositor" which I greatly value, and which give me a number of valuable hints. I am beginning to feel that we must to a certain degree rescue the Bible from the hands of the students. Of course, we wish to know all we can about it, but I am sure that no book that is for the common people can require learned skill to get practical good out of it. Of course all would admit this, but it is clear that the important thing about it cannot be the use of this word or that idiom. In so far as it is the book of the people, it must be one that carries sufficient meaning on the face of it, even in translation, to be for the people, otherwise the Bible will be closed to the people by the scholars, as it used to be by the Church. Now is it not possible that we can lead people to read it, I mean as regards the more obscure parts, for the *General Impression* rather than for detailed teaching? We must get out of the notion that it is a store-

house of texts, or that it is all on one level of present requirement. No sensible person practically thinks that it is, but many persons of influence speak of it in public as if it were, and that impression is conveyed. I believe that the injury that this line of teaching does, is an injury that is self-inflicted. It is the injury that comes from want of perfect ingenuousness. It is felt that it is important to maintain the supremacy of the Bible, and therefore wild statements as to its importance and infallibility are made and in a sense believed in by the speakers. But they do not think clearly or honestly, and the result is that the very cause they think to advance is injured by them. Now there is a general impression of the importance of the worship of God and obedience to Him, even in the difficult passages of the Old Testament, that may be made very helpful if only they were read with this object.

I have not fully thought the matter out, but it impresses me as being a solution of a difficulty which is a real one, and which may lead to the ignoring of large parts of the Bible, if the tendencies of the present day should grow.

The summer of this year, 1901, was spent in England, whither we went to attend the wedding of my oldest brother, J. B. Braithwaite, jnr. My husband put in as much religious work as he could manage in connection with the social engagements of the visit.

We were at Manchester, and Liverpool and Birmingham, and we spent one week at the Summer School at Scarborough, where he had been asked to give some lectures, and where he found most fruitful opportunities for personal work. On Sunday afternoon, by special request, he gave an extra address to the "Settlers" on "What Jesus Christ is to us." It was unconventional in tone, and opened the way

for many questions, to which replies were given at the time, as well as for many personal talks afterwards. I believe that a number, especially among the young people, received very definite blessing through these talks. The week thus spent was a fitting close to my husband's work amongst English Friends.

From Scarborough we went almost direct to Glasgow to attend the Tenth International Peace Congress. We spent the Sunday preceding the Congress in Glasgow, and my husband preached a remarkable sermon at the evening meeting on the person and work of Jesus Christ.

A "Conference of the Churches" had been arranged to take place on Monday. It was called by the Society of Friends, and was intended as an earnest protest, in the name of religion, against war. The South African war was then raging, and the position of England, a professedly Christian country, was loudly condemned by Continental peace workers, many of whom refused on this account to attend the Congress.

Their conception of what Christianity implies is materially different from ours. Whereas we regard Christianity primarily as a living and active reception of Jesus Christ as our Saviour, to whom we must give our personal submission in obedience and trust; they look upon it as a system of doctrine and ritual, divorced from the ordinary needs of men, and as being in league with the retroactive forces of society. They see that Jesus taught peace, but add that His church teaches war and oppression. Therefore they are not in favor

of Christianity; nor is this to be wondered at, for their experience of official Christianity has been calculated to arouse just these thoughts in their minds.

The action of many prominent English Christians in supporting the Boer war, and of American Christians in advocating the Spanish-American war, has confirmed these non-Christian peace workers in their condemnation of Christianity. This Monday conference was an effort to emphasize Christ's own teaching in the matter. It was well attended, and was a decided success, as it excited considerable attention, the leading Glasgow papers devoting columns to reports of the papers read. Dr. Thomas had one on the "Christian Idea of Force," in which he pointed out that many Christian people approved of war because they looked upon it as the only way of successfully opposing wrong-doing and injustice. He said that it is our duty to make them understand that the Lord Jesus does not wish us to settle down to an ignoble peace, leaving things to go on as they will in the world. On the contrary Jesus Christ has revealed a greater force than the force of brute strength, even the central force of the universe, the force of love. Armed with this force we are to fight against evil and injustice, and to overcome them.

This thought my husband developed and restated in a paper read at the "United Friends' Peace Conference," in Philadelphia, three months later, when it was printed and widely circulated.

Before leaving this subject I will say a few words in regard to Dr. Thomas's Peace work. As before stated

he was for several years President of the "Peace Association of Friends in America," and was active with tongue and pen in advocating the cause. Besides the tracts above mentioned he constantly contributed editorial and other articles to the "Messenger of Peace," and published several peace poems, both in that paper and in the English peace paper, "War or Brotherhood." Peace addresses, with or without the magic lantern, were also a favorite method of working with him, and he was Chairman of Baltimore Yearly Meeting's Peace Committee and seldom missed an opportunity of pushing the work wherever practicable.

But to return to Glasgow. Before the Congress was over my husband was ill again, and was unable to be at the closing sessions. He grew much worse during the night, and as we were to sail for home next day and our trunks were already on board the *Furnessia*, we scarcely knew what to do till we recollected that a doctor, who had taken a great interest in his case at Bad Nauheim, in 1896, lived in Glasgow. We were fortunate in finding him and he kindly came at once. When I met him he said, "Can this be Mrs. Thomas from Baltimore? and do you mean to tell me that Dr. Thomas is still alive? At Nauheim we used to call him, 'The man with the heart,' and none of us thought he could have lived more than three months or so." I told him that Dr. Thomas had taken up his practice again since then, at which he was much surprised.

My husband's present trouble was a heavy bronchial cold, with loss of voice. After a careful examination

the doctor said that, under the circumstances, we might start that afternoon, as we had planned, but that we must take every precaution against increasing the cold, and that Dr. Thomas must remain in his berth for the first week or, if necessary, for the whole voyage. We did as he advised and were favored to get safely home, after an even more eventful voyage than usual.

I thus described it for "The Interchange":—

A HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

We sailed for home in the S.S. *Furnessia* on 9th mo. 12th from Glasgow. Isaac and Mary S. Braithwaite and our sister, Rachel B. Braithwaite, went with us to the steamer.

After leaving Moville, Ireland, on the afternoon of the 13th, we encountered a week of rough weather, with head winds, and consequently made slow progress.

On the 19th we were still some distance east of Newfoundland, say 160 miles south-east from St. John. About this time a very strange craft was sighted, with four high narrow funnels, which, on closer inspection, proved to be, of all things to be found out at sea, a railroad ferry-boat, newly built at Barrow, in England. She had got into difficulties in her ocean voyage to the scene of her future labors. She had started with an insufficient supply of fuel, and for a week had been drifting at the mercy of the waves, and had nearly exhausted her food supply. In response to signals of distress the *Furnessia* slowed up, and two very interesting hours followed, in which a boat went backwards and forwards between the steamer and the ferry-boat. Finally a chain towing-rope was adjusted, and the news spread that we were to tow her into St. Johns before continuing on our own course. Whilst this was going on we learned that there had been a death in the steerage, and that there was to be a funeral at sea. This took place in the afternoon. An aged couple, both upwards of eighty, were returning from a visit to their Irish home after

many years residence in America, but the close, crowded quarters and the rough voyage proved too much for the wife, and she had passed away. It was an impressive thing to see the coffin, covered with the Union Jack, placed upon the swinging platform. We could hear nothing of the service from where we were, but my husband, who attended it, said that the priest simply read the burial service, and then repeated, with the Catholics who were present, as many Pater Nosters and Ave Marias as he could crowd into the time at his disposal. Then the coffin was slid into the ocean, and the steamer proceeded on her way. Through the night we went very slowly, the fog whistle uttering its melancholy shriek at intervals, and the next morning found us still forty or fifty miles from St. Johns. However, eventually a grey coast line appeared, and gradually this developed into mountains and rugged cliffs, till at one o'clock we entered the charming little harbor, and felt once more how beautiful this world can be when the sun shines. Boats soon thronged around us, and then the words passed from lip to lip, in tones of surprise and horror: "The President is dead."

We left St. Johns bathed in a golden sunset, and encountered another disagreeable, squally, rough night and day, but First-day, our second First-day at sea, was fine and fairly calm, and most of the passengers assembled in the saloon to be present at a memorial service for the President. It appeared that we had on board quite a number of ministers—four Methodists besides some others. Several of these took part in the service, as well as a Mr. Taylor, of Ohio, who, it seemed, had been intimately associated with Mr. McKinley. He gave us some exceedingly interesting personal reminiscences. One of these especially illustrated how widely the late President had been beloved by the people. During his financial troubles when he was Governor of Ohio the following was a specimen of hundreds of letters received:—

"Dear Governor,—Enclosed please find one dollar. It's all I have, but I should not have had it but for you. Take it and use it to the best advantage."

There were a number of interesting passengers on board, especially the Methodist ministers, returning from attendance on the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London.

We reached New York on the morning of the 24th, and proceeded the same day to Baltimore.

It was in the autumn preceding this visit to England that Dr. Thomas prepared two articles which he called "Fides et Spes Medici," *The Faith and Hope of a Doctor*, for "Present Day Papers." They give a general summary of his religious belief as it had matured during many years of thought and experience. They were printed in vol. iii., Nov. and Dec., 1900.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

12mo. 10th, 1901.

I had an interesting thought in connection with weakness the other day. It was remarked that the church is very weak between Sundays. This made me think of Paul's glorying in his weakness. Certainly the weakness he gloried in was a very different thing from this kind of weakness. What is the difference? It is this for one thing, that the weakness that makes the church feeble, is a weakness that is constantly being used as a satisfactory excuse for failure; is a weakness that is willing to remain as it is. It is even sometimes a financial asset, as when a man acknowledges that a hard bargain was not quite right, but adds, the temptation was strong and I am weak. He really hopes to remain weak. But Paul's weakness drove him to the source of strength and became a real element of strength because it reminded him of the need to trust and obey, so that the divine power might be made perfect in it and through it.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

11th mo. 31st, 1901.

I am sorry to hear that X. and his wife have joined the Christian Science Church. I am sure that there is more than mere delusion in that movement, and that it is an effort to realize a great truth. But the result is something that appears to me very much like a monstrosity. But on the other hand, Christians have not realized their privilege of power, not for the universal healing of the body, but for the triumph of character over circumstances and disease. I am trying to work out something of this experimentally.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

4th mo. 22nd, 1902.

I am more and more coming to the view that without falling into the very obvious errors of many of the Quietists they were on the right foundation. We must find God all-sufficient if we are to meet the difficulties and disappointments of life as Christians should. I am deeply impressed with the fact that there is a great deal that is pagan in the Christian consciousness, and way of looking at things. The difficulty is that one hardly likes to say bluntly what one feels, for fear of wounding tender souls, but I fear that there is a great deal that is pagan in the way we take both our joys and sorrows, and I am sure that this injures our influence with others in bringing them to the Lord. They cannot see that it makes any great difference. Y. almost sneered at the excessive grief of a prominent Christian at the loss of her husband some years since, and when I urged her nervous system he merely said, "Oh yes, that is what it all amounts to." I am sure that there is something better, and that the nervous system should not have such power, and yet one feels sympathy for it too, and wonders how one's self would act.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

6th mo. 3rd, 1902.

It is too bad that I have not written to thee sooner, but one thing or another has stood in my way, and A. was writing. We spent three days and four nights very pleasantly at Lake Mohonk.* The Arbitration Conference was informing, and evidently it was a great stimulus to the people who are on a war basis, to see that there is something better than war. Albert K. Smiley was very genial and cordial. . . .

Thou knows that I do not go in much for mottoes as thou used to, but one came to me yesterday in Latin. I do not know whether it is good Latin or not, but the meaning is good. It is "*Dominus potest; possum.*" *The Lord can; I can.* I feel quite sure that I have only begun to know the greatness of His power applied to us. It is all about us, and in us; we live in it. He makes us like Himself, and all that is His in this sense is ours. If we abide in His love and in His will we are in the line of His power, and to a degree far beyond what we have often imagined, all things are possible to us. I am to give an address at the Quarterly Meeting Conference on "Our Birth-right of Power."

TO HIS SISTER.

Windber, Pennsylvania,

8th mo. 26th, 1902.

Here we are in what prides itself upon being a twentieth century town. It is only a little over three years old and has from 10,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. There are great coal mines here all under one company with (can it be credited?) an out-put of 15,000 tons of soft coal *a day*. This is through the use of the electric pick and hauling coal out by electric cars. The town itself is a curious mixture of civilization and the backwoods. They have

*Albert K. Smiley generously invites from one to two hundred guests to his summer hotel at Lake Mohonk, for an Annual Conference on Arbitration.

electric and steam cars, electric lighting, one street paved with vitrified brick. All the other streets are dirt and rock except where some crushed stones have been laid down. The side walks are mostly of wood, sometimes for considerable distances very good, but having an almost universal tendency to end abruptly, so that at night the unwary traveller will suddenly step down anywhere from one to three feet. Most of the houses are of the unlovely pattern of "Company" houses, built for the operatives, all of one ugly shape and size, set down in a small patch of weeds, and wretchedly put together. In the one where we now are staying there are already signs of wearing out, and the rain and wind are said to have matters a good deal their own way. There are various churches, among them a large Greek Church. They are all in debt and working hard to pay it off.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 14th, 1902.

My beloved Sister,

It is too bad that so much time has passed since I wrote to thee. I have got into so much work in connection with the College that it takes up a great deal of time and energy. But for the present there seems to be no help for it, but I do not think that it is going to last very long, at least at the present push. . . .

This day next week we are planning to be in Indianapolis to attend the Five Years' Meeting. I am to read a paper on our duty in regard to the movement for peace. I really shall not be surprised if it turns out that I do not get there. I cannot seem to feel any life in the prospect of that meeting or to arouse any real interest in it. If prevented from going I think that I should probably find that I should be much disappointed, but in the prospect of going I find no enthusiasm or pleasing expectation. I cannot see what good will come of it, or that it will give forth any living message to the church or the world. It does not seem to me that there is anything there that is fresh to give out, beyond the regular evangelical message in a stereotyped manner. I do

not mean to say that there are not individuals with a fresh message, I believe that there are, but *as a body* I do not see that we have any, but I shall be thankful to find myself mistaken. It may do something in calling a united conference of the churches on temperance. I shall be glad if the reactionary element in the meeting does not make us take backward steps into bondage, which they will wrongly call liberty. They have very little idea of any liberty in religious thought, and are afraid of it in a most unquakerly fashion. I chiefly desire to be kept in my right place and to do only that which will be in accord with the truest principle of self forgetting love.

That the misgivings which my husband had felt in regard to the Quinquennial Conference proved unfounded, will be seen from the editorial paragraphs which he wrote after his return in "The Interchange."

I believe that he greatly enjoyed this, his last visit to Indiana, and felt cheered by the sense of real love and unity, and spiritual power which was very manifest in the meetings of the Conference.

He had bestowed a great deal of labor upon the preparation of the "Uniform Discipline," here referred to, as he was one of those to whom the preliminary drafts were sent for criticism and suggestion.

From "THE INTERCHANGE," eleventh month, 1902.

The Five Years' Meeting, held at Indianapolis last month, marks an era in the history of Orthodox Friends in America. The great body of the Society was then welded into an organization by the adoption of the "Uniform Discipline," that has brought the different Yearly Meetings into one organic body in a sense that has never before been realized. It is a movement which, while fraught with possibilities of evil and of good, is to be regarded with hope. . . .

As to the general influence of the Five Years' Meeting, just held, there can be no doubt that it tended to unite Friends from the different sections, and to bring them to a better understanding of one another. That there are very important differences no one can deny, and in some places changes have been introduced which seem inconsistent with the fundamental position of Friends.

At the same time it was perfectly clear that the Five Years' Meeting was composed of persons who had the true Friendly spirit. Compared with the attitude of the similar gathering ten years ago at the same place, there was shown a distinctly greater love of Friends and their principles, and there is a revival of interest in the study of their history. . . .

Our own Yearly Meeting took place two weeks later, but my husband was only able to be present on the first two days, after that he had a painful illness, and it was some weeks before he was well enough to resume work.

Two little pieces written during this time may find a place here.

IN CONVALESCENCE.

When I am feeble, then I'm free.
No responsibility
For what lies beyond my strength :
I can throw myself at length,
Read and muse to heart's content,
Follow fancy's easy bent.
All the rules of life are twisted,
Labor now must be resisted,
Idleness becomes a duty,
Clothed in magic robes of beauty.
In the rushing mill of life
I no longer share the strife.

Why should I with vain regret,
Sigh for what I cannot get.
Feel, because I cannot brave
Toils and risks, that I'm a slave?
Rather let me happy be,
That when feeble I am free.
Soonest thus I shall attain
Liberty to work again.

12th mo. 1st, 1902.

THE MUDDLED WORLD.

I strive with all my soul and might
To down the wrong, to aid the right,
To cheer my comrades in the fight,
The world goes muddling on.

Wearied, I put all effort by,
"Too weak for any work," I sigh,
Still through the conflict sweeping by
The world goes muddling on.

What boots it all, my toil or prayer—
My labor here, my effort there—
For through my carelessness or care
The world goes muddling on.

And yet I know these doubts are vain,
That honest toil its goal must gain.
All true self-sacrifice or pain
The muddled world helps on.

"The muddled world," the cloud that lowers,
Our sight and judgment overpowers.
The muddle is not God's, but ours,
He moves unhindered on.

12th mo. 2nd, 1902.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LETTERS, 1903.

The "Hibbert Journal"—The Love of God—A Rhapsody of Humanity
—Is God Omnipotent?—A Sunday at Atlantic City—What is
Inspiration?—Higher Criticism—The Number of the Beast.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

2nd mo. 13th, 1903.

THE "Hibbert Journal" is very interesting and mentally stimulating. It makes one want to write answers to some of the articles. Altogether, it puts me in touch with a world of thought that my ordinary intercourse with people would not put me into at all, and it is a great refreshment to have it. The articles on Catastrophes do not, it seems to me, meet the question. The theistic ones start with the position, Given a God, how can you reconcile these catastrophes with His character being love, and if you cannot, does it not disprove such love? It seems to me that we should begin the other way. How is it that in spite of all the pain, sorrow and misery in the world, in spite of catastrophes, men have come to believe in a loving God? Since demonstrably no wholly satisfactory explanation for these things has ever been given except by a faith that believes independently of them that there is a God of love, it would seem to follow that the satisfying proof of such a God is to be found elsewhere, and that these events have been unable to prevent or to disprove it. To me it is a tremendously strong evidence for the truth of

our faith that men have come to believe it through what has from a purely external view seemed to be unjust suffering.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

3rd mo. 17th, 1903.

The more I see of things the more convinced I am that the love of God is not to be deduced from the special happenings of one's individual life, when we consider those happenings from the point of view of their joyful or sorrowful nature. If great good fortune comes to me and I say this is a proof of God's love, I am right if I am willing to take the same ground in respect to some great sorrow. I am sure that if we could understand we should see that one comes as truly from His love as the other. We cannot understand the bearings of things and that which seems best may be the worst, and *vice versa*. The love of God is not to be made dependent upon such things as happenings viewed by the test of whether they give us pain or pleasure. It is a great thing to start out with the axiom that we cannot understand why things happen, that we cannot understand what lessons they are intended to teach us ; that we are to base our trust in the love of God upon something far deeper and more trustworthy than such phenomena, and then we are in a condition, having given up the attempt to solve impossible problems, to get the real blessing that all these things are able to be made to us, and to be able to help others in their unanswerable problems as to why sorrow comes into their lives.

My husband at Easter of 1903 wrote the following, which may perhaps be most fitly called :—

A RHAPSODY OF HUMANITY.

By the power of God I have travelled over the earth with the speed of the storm-wind. By the power of God I have conversed with my friend across land and ocean. By the power of God I

have made lightning my charioteer and my messenger. By the power of God I have claimed service of winds and waves, and they obey me. Surely the power of God toward me is great, and the greater the more I understand it.

By the wisdom of God I have learned deep secrets of His creation. By the wisdom of God I have weighed the earth in balances and the stars in scales. By the wisdom of God I have made the salty desert a fruitful garden. By the wisdom of God I see ; by His wisdom, I hear what none have seen or heard before me. Surely my wisdom is to learn of the wisdom of God.

God in a thousand ways, through innumerable voices, proclaims Himself the servant of man. He has arisen, He has laid aside His dignity, and has girded Himself. He has said to man I am thy servant, call me and see, for I will answer thee. Here is the love and the sorrow and labor of God for man, whom He has created. For God said, "Of all my creation man is to understand and to learn, he alone is on earth like Me, and therefore he has the dominion. My power I place at his disposal ; as he learns how let him use it. No limit shall I put upon him, save that which dwells in the eternal nature of things. He shall find Me always the same ; the curse is the offspring of his forgetfulness of Me. When he labors apart from Me in wilfulness, ignorance, or carelessness, then his own curse will fall upon him, for apart from Me is hopelessness. Yet even here, if in one point only he remembers Me, he shall find success in so far as he learns how I can serve him. Thus shall he learn in all things to wait upon Me and to use Me."

Behold, here is the sorrow of God, for man learns but painfully and in fragments. He has learned God's power in things he can see and handle, but not God's power in love and in purity and in self-denial.

Horror of horrors ! He has grown so accurate with the outward that he can kill his brother by machinery, can doom whole cities to destruction. He can brutalize his brother with strong drink and bring shame and ruin upon the innocent. Can destroy

his own life in a thousand ways, or drag out a weary existence. None of these things could he do apart from the power of an agonized Christ, whom daily, nay, hourly, he stretches afresh upon a cross of perpetual suffering. But none perceive Christ's agony, nor understand, and all wag their heads. "How wise we are," they say, not knowing that but for the power of Christ they would be helpless, even in their wickedness. Christ continually serves them and submits to His repeated agony, for only thus is it possible for man to be taught and come up to the image of God. Christ therefore submits to their shaming Him, and waits with an infinite patience, a patience that longed for the cross of Calvary as a man longs for great spoil; for the cross of Calvary, where men might at last understand how, above all, and through all, and under all, is love. Love working through purity and self-denial towards the highest good.

The travail of His soul through blackness and darkness and tempest, borne with infinite tenderness, is doing its work, and He is being satisfied as, one by one, men come to see that in their hearts and spirits God wishes to be their servant, and to bring everlasting order and beauty out of chaos and death, and that so long as any part of their lives is separate from Him, so long is that part of their lives in the disorder of chaos. Then, at the last, when men have learned the blessedness of the will of God inwardly as now they know it outwardly, then shall they lift up the true Psalm of Praise unto Him for ever and ever. For then there shall no more be a curse, nor anything to destroy, in all the holy earth. The discord shall give place to harmony, and God shall be the servant of all. For all mankind with the whole heart shall serve Him, and, in His love, love one another. And righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

3rd mo. 31st, 1903.

I think, on the whole, that our Meeting is getting on satisfactorily, though not as rapidly as one would wish. I sometimes

wonder how long they will stand my freedom with them. I have been perfectly natural and unconventional with them in my preaching, and made my last discourse a good deal from the remark someone made as to whether God could make a stone so heavy that He could not lift it and the statement that in either case He would not be omnipotent ; and also the story of the boy who asked his mother, "Could God make a three-year-old colt in three minutes?" His mother answered "Yes," and the boy replied, "Would it then be three years old?" The point was that the omnipotence of God does not mean a wilful omnipotence, for there are essential limits to it. He cannot lie. He cannot do anything contrary to His nature. He cannot make a stone too heavy for Him to lift it, neither can He allow a problem to present itself too difficult for Him to solve it. He is a dependable God and to be trusted, not a wilful one, to be frightened at. Moreover, He generally uses our hands to lift the stones and our minds to solve the problems.

I did not use the illustrations I have mentioned in order to be peculiar or sensational, but simply because they came to me as the ones to use with the freshness and life that one wishes to have in one's preaching. But it rather frightened me to use them. Still, a number seemed to be helped, and no one expressed uneasiness, so I trust that no harm was done.

TO HIS SISTER.

The Archdale,

Atlantic City, N.J.

At Meeting, besides ourselves were S.E., J.B.E. and the younger J.E. The first and the last spoke, the former very quietly in a most melodious voice which it was a pleasure to listen to. J.E. also had a tune, but less than he used to have. An Episcopalian lady present when asked how she liked the Meeting said, "You know I am an Episcopalian and am not used to so much *singing*." I suppose she really thought the dear Friends were intentionally singing. I spoke on "His

commandments are not grievous." I do not suppose she thought I was singing, but what I said occupied a secondary place in the Meeting.

In the evening in the rooms of one of the hotels the Friends had a Meeting on the Discipline. They had expected, to judge by the number of chairs, about twelve or fifteen persons. At least ninety, mostly guests from the hotel, came in. S. E. wished the doors closed, but the difficulty was solved more naturally by bringing more chairs. I felt for J.E. He had arranged his mind for a private meeting, and had to put in explanations to suit the unexpected character of the audience. There were points of interest in what he said, but it had the defects natural under such circumstances. J.B.E. followed with dignity and interest, and I was called on and soon found myself preaching on George Fox's three great words, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," "Now was I come up through the flaming sword into the Paradise of God," and "I saw also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness."* There was a deep hush afterwards and I prayed. . . .

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

4th mo. 7th, 1903.

Thy letter of thoughts was most interesting. I quite agree that a great deal of what is said of the comfort of the Lord in the New Testament refers to the comfort that is to be theirs who suffer in the course of their Christian service. At the same time I also feel that those who are ordering their lives, so far as they know, according to the will of God are justified in considering all the suffering that comes to them, as coming to them in the course of their service, and it is a great help to me to consider that the sufferings of Christ came to Him in the natural course

* Journal, Vol. I., pp. 37; 53; 46; 2nd Edition.

of events, and that we have here the key to the way in which we should look upon trial that comes to us.

I have been poorly this week. On First-day I preached a sermon that thoroughly exhausted me. When I sat down I was entirely out of breath and did not regain it for what seemed a considerable time, and everything has been a conscious effort ever since, though I spent most of Second-day lying down, doing nothing that was not absolutely required. A. said I exerted myself too much in preaching and became too earnest. Possibly. If so, the reason was that it was a difficult subject and one on which I had to gain the ear of my hearers in order to make the point that was on my mind. I think that long before I sat down I did have the meeting as a body with me, and they seemed to follow with closest interest, and possibly the effort to rise above the sense of opposition that I felt at first carried me off too much when it had been overcome. I took the introductory passage of Luke, and showed how the reasons he gives for writing his narrative were like those of a modern historian, that he had carefully traced the events, and tried to examine his sources, in short, I endeavored to show that to his own consciousness he was very much like anyone who would undertake to write a careful and accurate account of a man's life in these days. He bases his claim to credibility on his care in collecting and editing his facts. Where then did his inspiration come in, and how did people find out that his book was inspired? They found it out by the fact that it laid hold on them, this narrative that he had written, and that as they learned to trust in the Jesus he wrote of, they found that the one of whom they read was the same as the one who came to their hearts. But this did not mean that every detail therein written was accurate. The discrepancies that we find really add to the value of the four narratives, but they destroy the theory of verbal inspiration. Wherein did his inspiration and that of the others consist? In presenting to us a character that is as fresh to-day as it was then, giving us a picture of One whom they themselves were not able

to understand, and yet who has as fresh a message for the Twentieth Century as He had for the first. As Luke and the others were men of like passions with ourselves, so we are to be like them in their nearness to the Lord, and we also in our measure are to present inspired pictures of Jesus Christ to the world. Then I spoke of what pictures we are presenting. Should any document be found claiming to contain the words of Jesus Christ in which could be found written sentences like these, "Verily, verily, I say unto you him that cometh to Me I shall cast out," or "I will not deliver from sin or comfort in sorrow," there is not the critic, even the most unbelieving, to be found who would for one moment suppose such a document to be genuine, and yet are we not sometimes presenting just such a picture?

X. told me afterwards that as I was speaking he could not help thinking that Y. who has expressed himself strongly against Higher Criticism, would not be able to stand it, when to his surprise Y. almost at once arose and expressed his endorsement of what had been said, and said that he had been much instructed by it. But I have not recovered from the physical effects of the exertion yet. If only it truly did good it is worth it. I do not wish to be unwise, but there is no doubt that when I let myself out and throw my whole physical force into what I am saying, the effect is much greater and the attention of the meeting much better held than when I adopt the more restrained method of delivery. Perhaps there is a happy medium. I am really trying to speak more briefly. I have not been able to get what was on my mind into less than 30 or 35 minutes lately. It is wonderful to me how thoughts come and flow out while I am preaching. Illustrations that I have not thought of for years, analogies, insights, crowd into my mind, and press for utterance. If the congregation are as much interested in what I am saying as I am myself, they must be deeply so. I forget everything but the subject and the desire to make it clear and to produce the effect on those to whom it is sent. When I have finished I have a recollection of having been rather free with gestures and so

forth, but while I speak I am simply natural. But I really think that half-an-hour is too long, and I am trying to curtail. What a long, long letter about myself, and now there is no time to write more.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

5th mo. 1st, 1903.

. . . . The meeting of the Oriental Society had been here the previous week, and the papers had contained statements that were pretty hard blows upon the traditional view of things. Z. speaking to me about it said that because the ministers were keeping silence on these things the laymen were all at sea, not knowing what to believe. I had spoken something upon the point not long before, but, while classing myself with the laymen, I felt that I *must* (it came with the strong sense of a "call") speak on the matter the next day, so I preached. The text was "The Lord is my Shepherd."

How did this passage get into the Bible? First, because someone felt the truth of it, either for himself or for his people, or both, and wrote it. Then others read or sang it and it reached their hearts, and when they made up the collection of their hymns, they put it into the collection, and it was read by more and more, until it comes to us with the attestation of thousands upon thousands of persons who have tried it and found it to be true, and since the coming of Christ we have a meaning in it that gives it a fulness that those who read it before could not realize. Our point of view is exceedingly different from that of the writer. We make applications of it of which he did not dream, but it is as applicable to our circumstances as it was to his. The discoveries of science, the inventions of modern times in no way invalidate it, although they have changed the whole current of our thoughts as to the ways in which God works, and as to His attitude towards men. Some people think that the Bible has been discredited and its messages made out

of date because certain passages have been proved inaccurate or erroneous. Let us examine the facts. When Galileo taught that the world moved, the church thought that the truth of God was in danger. We know the earth moves, and although the Bible says that the sun moves, the message of the Bible has not been discredited. When the ages of geology were announced, again the official church held up its hands and said, "The Bible is being attacked." But it was not. We believe in the geologic ages and in the Bible also. Again, when Darwin announced his doctrine the church was aghast. But now evolution, under the proviso that it has been carried on by an intelligent and omnipotent creator, is thought by some, and justly, to be a great defence of Christianity. I referred to a heresy trial in Baltimore that I was present at in one of the great churches (N.B.—It was the Presbyterian Church South), when I heard the minister on trial warn those present to the effect that every time the church had attempted to decide questions of science by their interpretation of the Bible it always had to eat its own words, and I added that he was entirely correct. I told them that I remembered a dear, good man, who had been imprisoned for his testimony to truth, once saying, when the modern view of the date of Daniel was promulgated, that if that were true the foundations of Christianity had been destroyed, and that I had answered that my faith in Jesus Christ was too firm to believe that His gospel could depend upon the date or authorship of the Book of Daniel. Christ does not teach in this way. He quotes from Moses, from the 110th Psalm as from David, from Daniel, from Jonah, etc., but He never tells us that the truth depends upon these things; but what He does say is that upon the two great commandments, not on dates and authorships of the Old Testament Books, hang all the Law and the Prophets. People say that the Bible is like a chain, and that no chain can be stronger than its weakest link; but the Bible is not like a chain. It is a library, for the word Bible comes from a word meaning not book, but books, one volume may be of more importance than

another without destroying the value of the rest. The Bible does indeed now have to be regarded from an altered point of view. We cannot look upon it as an infallible teacher on points of history, or geology, or astronomy, for it is not. We cannot be sure as to the authorship of certain parts that we used to think unquestioned. But it remains true that it contains a record of God's dealings with men and that here we have, under the illumination of the same spirit as was in the people who wrote, the needed teaching and safe guidance. But some will say that this view is the last resort of Christians, and that they have been driven to it by stress of circumstances. That cannot at least be said of Friends. The most authoritative book that has ever come from them maintained, two hundred years and more ago, that the Bible had a human element and that the Word of God was not the Bible but Christ and the inspeaking Spirit. George Fox made his first great public impression on this very point, and we can say that our position is not the result of modern thought but of early enlightenment, and it is gain to the whole Christian church that a body that for two hundred years has been recognised as evangelical has held this ground. Barclay might have been surprised at the modern discoveries, but he would have gladly welcomed them as illustrating his point.

But people are alarmed because there has been discovered in Babylon a code of laws long previous to Moses, which it is suggested may have given Moses some of his own legislative material. What then? Suppose a code could be discovered that did more than this, that contained all that was good in the Pentateuch and more than that. It might narrow our ideas of Moses, but it would broaden our ideas of God and of the truth that His Spirit was not confined in its working to a strip of land about as large as Connecticut but was over all, as indeed we know that it was. Is there no ground that is safe? There is. We are to understand that in the rocks is found the authoritative revelation of God's way with the rocks; in the stars of His way with the stars; in living bodies His way with living bodies, and

in the characters of men His way with their characters. It is irreverent for us to think our interpretation of the Bible is more authoritative than God's record in the earth. There will be no difficulty when we remember that, if the workings of God on character and on the spirit of man are to be found in the experiences of men, and especially in the experiences of spiritual men, then the only way in which we can surely know of these things in the past in such a way as to learn from them is through records, and in this respect the records in the Bible stand pre-eminent. This will give us the clue by which to distinguish the eternal from the temporary in the Bible. Doubtless the writers of those books could not themselves distinguish always, and they wrote what they believed to be true in all directions, but they took the ideas on science and history etc., from their surroundings and gave them the spiritual interpretation. It is the interpretation that is of value. Whether the records in Daniel are literal history or whether they show in symbol, using the traditions that had come down, the sufferings of the Jews and their heroic patience amid it all, the lesson for us is the same. "The Lord is my Shepherd" is a matter of experience, not of historical accuracy. The reconciliation of science and religion will be complete when on the one hand the church recognizes the authoritative and divine character of the facts of science, and when scientific men on the other recognize that the facts of spiritual experience are as real as any other facts, harder to understand it maybe, but still facts, and to be treated accordingly.

I closed with a practical application of the everlasting and trustworthy character of the truth of God in Christ and an exhortation. I forgot when I began to write that I commenced with a statement as to the debt we owe to learned men, and that but for these we should never have known that "The Lord is my Shepherd" was in the Bible at all, and I showed how the Church of that day had cried out against translating the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Then I showed how the mere fact that it was in the Bible was not enough; it must be true in our own hearts,

and quoted Aunt Julia by name, how she said when someone said, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so," "If I have no other means of knowing this but the Bible, I do not really know it at all." I went on to make a principal point that the Bible is not the foundation of our faith, and that, therefore because our faith rests on the eternal realities of God's working in our hearts we need not fear the changing theories on the Bible, but value the witness the Bible gives to these realities and the definiteness which enables us to go on from what those before us knew.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

5th mo. 5th, 1903.

It is not a question just now with me as thou seems to think of just giving up certain things to-day and so forth. There are things that are on me to do, and if I do not do them they are not done, and others expect them to be done. So I think that I am excusable for feeling them important. I do rest far more than others think, and no one knows how many little things I simply do not do in the way of attending gatherings and such like that would be of much interest and profit, and how I keep out of things that I should gladly engage in, simply because I cannot do them. As it is, I do little that I feel I can conscientiously avoid, and there are a lot of things waiting my doing of them. I do not wish to get out of any of the things that I am now in if I can avoid doing so, but I am not sure. If I see how to get out of being Dean of the Medical College I shall try to do so, but I should rather like to continue in it another year. I shall make it very easy for the Board to elect someone else.

I have had much insight into Revelation, not wholly original, but partly suggested. For instance, I think that the suggestion that the number of the beast is an imperfect number, falling short of the perfect seven, is very striking. That is, the mark of the beast is on one when he deliberately aims at something

lower than the best. Six hundred and sixty-six reduced to tens is $6\frac{2}{3}$. Note how the the duration of the reign of evil is $3\frac{1}{2}$ years (half of seven). The witnesses lie dead $3\frac{1}{2}$ days. Revelation seems to me to be a series of different pictures often representing the same thing in varying lights, and the end of each picture, and often the beginning, and even the whole of it, shows God on his throne. The throne runs all through the book in some form or other, and we are taught in it that however much we may be in doubt, or turmoil, or perplexity, God and the Lamb are on the throne and are ruling the world. Hence we have hope. I do not believe the book is anticipation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTERS, 1903, *continued.*

A Birthday Letter to M.S.B.—Two kinds of Ministry—James's "Varieties of Religious Experience"—The Bible not a Chart—A Meeting in Baltimore—The York Conference on Ministry—Death of a Friend—A Funeral.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

5th mo. 19th, 1903.

THIS letter will, I hope, reach thee on thy birthday. It will come bearing all kinds of best wishes in every way for blessing in the fullest sense at all times. We are now well into middle age, and the outlook is certainly very different from what it was when we were younger, and very different from what I at least expected that it would be. Of course, I am older than my age by the calendar, and am, I expect, quite sufficiently conscious of the fact. I find myself looking forward to things in the future very little. There seems so little time for anything to happen. It is a great satisfaction to feel myself a part of the great work of the Lord in the world, and it is of deep interest finding out what is the right part for me to take in it, and to know that no work done in the right spirit and under the true guidance can be wasted, and that it is well worth while to be doing it, and that in doing it I am helping others in theirs. This gives me a hope far beyond my own horizon and a zest to it that makes it very interesting. I see persons whom I know I have influenced in the

past and whose path in life I in a way opened the door of, and who now have far more influence and more success than I have had or am likely to have. They are few, but they are there, and I cannot help hoping that there are others I do not know, and that among the few I now influence, some may go out and influence many, and I find myself addressing a handful of persons with the earnestness and hope that would be in place before crowded audiences, and it is all very interesting and hopeful. I am learning my limitations and yet still think sometimes that I may exceed them.

Dost thou find thyself saying to thyself sometimes that the old ways in thy young time were better? It is very ungracious, but I confess that I do. It can hardly be that the dullness and weight that has settled down in so many places and on so many persons can be better than the spring and enthusiasm that we knew of. Theatre-going, card-playing, dancing may be unobjectionable to an extent that we did not think in those days, but it does seem to me that the wide spread of these things injures spiritual life. What does it mean now-a-days for a person to be a Christian? There appears to be an indefiniteness about it that makes it hard to tell. If there were any distinctive thing that it resulted in, it would be different. But there is apparently little sense of responsibility to denominational work beyond First-day morning Meeting. The importance of vocal testimony is overlooked, the importance of self-denial in any direction is less vividly realized. Philanthropic work in an organized form is more realized than it was. There is a clearer sense of social duty in certain directions, but these things are viewed from the secular standpoint, and to be interested in them requires hardly a vital spiritual experience. If a thing is not pleasant it is not done to any extent. Now this is a somewhat overdone picture I know, and as I write I think of exceptions to it, for which I feel thankful. But I have described the tendency. The only remedy seems to be the faithful keeping up of our testimony in a spirit of love and tenderness and power, in the hope that some

will hear and respond. It is very humbling work, but that is no objection to it; and there must come a re-awakening, and how wonderful it would be if we could be among the awakeners. . . .

I have been reading most of the book "Vision and Authority." It is most suggestive. It cannot be a popular book, I should think, and in some points the author is not quite certain of his ground, but it is a splendid testimony for all that.

TO HIS SISTER.

1903.

A week since I attended the closing meeting of a Methodist "revival." It certainly was flat. They had a theological student to preach, and he delivered an essay on Paul's conversion that was far fetched and mildly interesting, but had not the first spark of enthusiasm or apparent remembrance that the meetings were being held with a purpose. The pastor tried to put in some personal appeals based on the thoughts that had been given, but it was forced. I felt inclined to ask the man what was his object in preaching, and I thought how much better Friends' way is that enables a man to develop as he has the experience, and does not expect him to preach half-an-hour when he has a three minute message. So far so good, but two days after at our First-day Meeting came two visiting ministers. The first arose and for forty-five minutes kept up a stream of sound in a loud and raucous voice unmodulated, with no emphasis, and with the sentences all run together, and the words clipped as "go" for "going," and the last word of the sentence sometimes altogether omitted. There was no attempt at any sequence of thought; at least, he would go off on long parentheses and get back to where he started from in about ten minutes, only to bounce off again as before. It was exceedingly unedifying and left no clear residuum of thought. After him followed the other in much better feeling, but with a voice that would have been nicely modulated for a room holding 5,000. I

should not say modulated, for he persistently laid the heavy emphasis on the unimportant words, quoting, for instance, the earlier verses of the 1st chapter of John down to "He was not that light," etc. This passage contains the past tense of the verb "to be" frequently repeated, and every time the weight of the voice fell on the "was" or the "were" till it became almost laughable. Still, the concluding words of his sentences were really musical, and so it was better than the first. I came to the conclusion that anyone who declined to attend the meeting where the first preached regularly would be excusable, and I wondered what could be in the minds of Friends when they sent him out to preach. It was enough to drive all but the deeply impressed ones away. I had to confess to myself that while I objected to both varieties, and did not consider it was necessary to choose either, yet that of the two, the Methodist's dead discourse had more in it than the first of the Friends' ministers who preached that day.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

7th mo. 3rd, 1903.

I have been reading "Vanity Fair" for the first time. It is very disagreeable, and yet not wholly so. Thackeray is terribly cynical, and yet every now and then he reminds his readers of there being underneath it all a reality that is worth while. I am not sure that I think his characters natural, but I suppose his idea was to show them in their artificiality.

Then I am still reading, rather slowly, James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." It is deeply interesting and informing. The fact that, to a certain extent, we can explain these impressions that come to us through our sub-conscious nature does not at all take away from the divine character of good impressions. It merely shows that there is a stratum in our beings that is reached in ways that we little suspect, and that while man may at times affect us in this way, and our past

experience, etc., does so affect us, yet it appears, also, that we are affected in other ways, and it seems to me that we may be by good and evil influences, in accordance with whether we yield to the one or the other. The good is from God, and, to my mind, what we know rather deepens the sense of reverence and confidence in these best impressions. They must, of course, always be controlled by intelligence in this sense, that we must never allow them to lead us in ways that are not right, and yet with this check they are safer guides often than mere intelligence.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth,

8th mo. 24th, 1903.

In the Meeting on Ministry and Oversight at — I pleaded for a more liberal presentation of truth, that we should remember that people were in different positions and that they must come by different ways to the truth. Illustrations: I came from West Falmouth to Boston by the N. S., N. H., and H. Railroad. It would be all right for me to encourage others to do the same if they were at West Falmouth, but if I should tell a person in Maine to do so, and that this was the only way by which he could come to Boston, if he believed me it would either make him come a long way out of his course, or prevent his coming altogether. It was all right for us to say how we had come, and let others have the benefit of it. We must not whittle down our beliefs to others' want of belief, but we must find some common point of view with those whom we would influence, otherwise what we say cannot be mixed with faith in them that hear. To many the statement that a teaching is in the Bible has no weight. This does not mean that thou must give up thy faith in the Bible, but it does mean that thou must find something that will be accepted as a starting point. Our assertions do not make things true. We must remember that

God works in some way in all hearts. A Methodist Missionary once said that God had different gardens, and even among the heathen the successful missionary must find out what God had planted in the gardens there, and not attempt to root out what God had sown, or teach that all that did not directly refer to Jesus Christ or that had been developed without historical knowledge of him was error. Truth is truth and of God the world over. The authoritative revelation of God's working in the earth was in the earth, of His ways with the heavenly bodies was through astronomy, etc. Let us reverence all truth, and then we shall have a broader outlook and firmer hold on it, and be more able to help others. I took occasion to say that however interesting from a theoretical and historical point of view the investigations of the critics might be, and they are of great interest, the spiritual truth that we see in the Bible does not depend upon their conclusions. I urged that to be in the power of the Lord and under His free guidance is what is needed, that it is too much to expect that any *one* could give a message that would suit all, and that the way to the solution is to have as few essentials as possible, and allow the fullest liberty that is possible, compatible with a general agreement, so that by a united effort we may reach as many as we can.

In the meeting for worship I spoke on the continual presence of Christ with His people, and on the fact that the centuries had made no difference in the power to be exerted by Him on and through His followers. I hazarded an explanation of the promise of the Holy Spirit and of the day of Pentecost. First I pointed out that it could not mean that the Holy Spirit was not already in the world, for there were references to the Holy Spirit in the Old Testament, and evidences of His power in other extra-Gospel ways; therefore it could not mean that the Holy Ghost should then come for the first time. It seemed to me that it meant that through the coming and work of Jesus Christ the minds of those who had heard and surrendered to Him had been enabled to grasp as they never could have done otherwise, the love of God,

and thus there was an openness to receive the power of God that was not theirs or anyone's else until that time.

In the business session, I animadverted on the remark made by a speaker at a Bible School address on the previous evening, who in order to emphasize the importance of Bible Schools had said that the day of home religious training was over. I told them that as George Fox would have said, the words had "struck at my life," and that while doubtless the speaker had not meant that they should be taken literally, it nevertheless was a most serious thing that they should have been able to be said at all, and that in so far as there was any correctness in the assertion, it cut out the work for the church to do, in that it showed the necessity of arousing the conscience of parents and guardians to the great need of home training. Then I a little enlarged upon the things to be taught, and among other things ventured on what was to me a new illustration of our attitude as to the Bible. It has often been called a chart; but it is not a chart, for the chart is accurately exact in particular cases. The Bible is not this. We must read the Bible with remembrance of the principles of Jesus Christ. The Bible had much better be regarded as a compass. It points to Christ. As a compass is not always accurate but varies in different places, so that we must make allowances for its aberrations, so with the Bible. The beautiful story of Abraham and Isaac taken literally would teach human sacrifices, but corrected by what we are taught in the Gospel, we see that it teaches whole-hearted surrender. Other illustrations followed. Then compasses get to point in the wrong direction at times if there is iron too near to them. So it is possible for our prejudices, etc., to influence the way in which the Bible apparently points, and it is of great moment that we diminish the causes of these apparent aberrations as far as possible.

We returned home that evening, wearied out. It really had been a great effort, but there was such a sense of having messages for the people, that I am sure we were right to go, and I believe A. feels so also.

I had a curious experience in the evening meeting on Bible Schools. I was asked to read the opening passage from the Bible before the time for devotion, and consented, and then was asked to read the 119th Psalm, that is, portions of it. I felt quite certain that the speaker would speak of the Bible as the Word of God, and that without explanation the expression as used in the 119th Psalm would be interpreted to mean that this was a Scriptural use of the term as applied to the Bible (tacitly I mean). I then felt that I could not consistently read the passage, and asked to be excused. There was no real opportunity for explanation, and I suppose that it was put down to my extreme conservatism.

TO HIS SISTER.

West Falmouth, Mass.,

9th mo. 1903.

I have completed the reading of Prof. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." I consider it a valuable and enlightening book. The great points in it that I criticize are that he calls the "once-born," the healthy-minded, although he says they do not really see things as truly as the "twice-born." Now health is an idea that we have come to through observation, and the thought of health carries with it the thought of a man who is in the best possible condition of mind and body to fulfill the truest purposes of living and usefulness. Now we may readily assent to the proved position that in some states of disease there are faculties that are aroused to abnormal acuteness, and that to this extent they give the owner some additional advantage in that line. We may readily assent to the proposition that the fact that certain things, as some works of genius, have come to us through disease, does not affect their value, but I am not ready to assent to the proposition that taking a whole class of persons, those who have the deeper and truer view of life and the one that in its effects works better are not the healthy-minded class. I regard any definition of healthy-mind-

edness that carries with it the assertion that it tends to make us take narrow and untrue views of life; such as denying the existence of evil; as involving a radical error and confusion of ideas. If it be true that all men have a sub-conscious self as well as a conscious self, then I am certain that the healthy are neither those in whom the door between the two is narrowest, nor those in whom it is the widest, but that there is a normal relation between the two, and that the healthy man may well be subject to impressions, insights, openings, etc.

Again it is surprising that James makes no emphatic mention of the out-going true missionary spirit or the spirit of humble service that so characterizes the true Christian; I mean that he does not mention it except incidentally, and without appearing to see that it is a part of the religious experience. I think that if he had felt the importance of this, the objective love and active love as well as the mere sensation of a loving disposition, he would hardly have said that there is no difference in the experience of Christian, Hindoo or Islam saints.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 6th, 1903.

I was pleased after Meeting on First-day to have a young man, a stranger, say to me, "You are something more than a preacher, are you not?" I said that I was a physician, and he added, "I thought so." I think that it was partly my unconventional manner of speaking. I had begun without a text, and I think had been unusually without verbal Scripture reference that day. I had been speaking of "The fact of God," as something everyone must reckon with sooner or later, and of the blessedness of this fact. I was also glad that X. Y. who was present, and who, being near-sighted, had not known who was speaking, had been much impressed. As she is only fourteen it seemed to show that what was said was adapted to young people. Of course, these are

only side issues. I wish I could say that someone had been reached and changed. Still the two remarks made me feel that two things that would have been hindrances to the reception of the truth, a professional manner, and speaking over the heads of the young people, were not present. I am afraid that the latter fault is not always absent. People differ in regard to speaking to the young people. Some like to say, "Now I have something for the children here." This is good and often helpful. But to me in my own case it seems to be more natural to say what I feel is adapted to them, and let them find it out for themselves. I wish I were a more converting preacher; I try to be one, and I hope effects are produced, and I know that people have been converted through my preaching and labor, but in nothing like the degree that I long for. It seems so clear to me while I am preaching, so very convincing, as if people could not help accepting and coming into the divine harmony, and I know that they are often touched and reached. Of course, one cannot be satisfied with this. Then I wish to be satisfied with what the Lord sees to be my gift, and not spoil what I can do by vainly striving after what I cannot do. It is a comfort that people are helped and strengthened and feel refreshed and inspirited by things that I have said. But judged from the human point of view the results do not appear commensurate with the effort put forth, and this seems to me to be true of our work as a meeting as well as of my own as an individual, though it may be more conspicuously so in my case, and it is.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 28th, 1903.

First I must tell thee a story of what a little girl said about the Creation. "God made the earth and all that is in it in six days, and on the seventh day *he was arrested*." . . .

I have had some interesting openings in the way of preaching

recently, but I have not been able to find time to write them down for thee.

What does thee think of this as a partial description of faith, as the personal application to ourselves of the highest that we know and the living of it out, in trust in the Lord to the extent that we know Him, while we constantly look toward Jesus Christ with a view of finding more in Him than we have yet seen?

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

10th mo. 30th, 1903.

We shall think of you at the Conference on the Ministry at York, and hope that nothing revolutionary may be done. I cannot as yet see that much good will come of stopping the acknowledgment of ministers, though possibly there might be some good arise from the influence that such a protest would have in America, but the pastoral movement could go on just the same with or without the recording of ministers. I sometimes hardly see what is to be done in the matter. There is very little genuine Quaker testimony to the ministry left, and there seems very little soil for it to grow upon. There are signs of a certain amount of reaction, but to speak as a physician it is more like a false crisis than a true one; there is no sufficient stand in behalf of the truth. The tendency towards better things is weak, while the impetus of the pastoral system, while far less impetuous than it was, is strong by its mere weight, and from the fact that in many places the membership love to have it so because they do not know anything different. The only thing to do is to go on doing the best we can, but the best is very slight, and seems almost like trying to withstand the rising tide. One good thing is that no one who knows anything now-a-days preaches up the system as a cure-all; the facts are too much against them for that, but it is still decidedly recommended in special cases.

TO HIS SISTER.

Baltimore,

12th mo. 22nd, 1903.

For several mails past I have been so taken up with the illness of A. W. that I have had no time to write, and have perforce had to leave on one side other matters that otherwise I should have felt to be important. We had Dr. Thayer, a good consultant, in, and we tried to do all that we could think of, but she sank away notwithstanding all we did. It was a sore trial to us all and is. The meeting and the cause generally will suffer seriously. Of course it means the taking away of a large and helpful interest out of *our* lives. It was rare that I did not see her two or three times a week, and we generally had conferences on the prospects and methods of service, and on how certain persons could be strengthened, or some lack supplied. I felt that I hardly could preach at her funeral, and yet I knew that it would be right that I should. However, I came to the conclusion that humility and surrender mean the *discarding* of one's self, and not minding how one is affected so far as one's feelings are concerned, so long as you do the right thing, and so I soon felt very differently. It was a simple lesson, but it is to me a most helpful one. We are not to see that we think little of ourselves, but in those directions where self-consciousness and thinking of one's self hinder, we are simply to discard ourselves. In the same way, I have had a help from thinking of what it means to "will to do His will." I have always emphasized the idea that it meant a resolute and steadfast making up one's mind to do God's will, and then sticking to that. But it also means really wanting to do God's will as the first and chief desire of life. . . .

At the Meeting House I spoke on her ill-health and her sensitiveness being such that most people in her condition would have felt themselves absolutely excused from active work, and yet how because of her steadfast purpose that God should

be glorified through her in the blessing of others, she had become such a blessing to many. Even her sorrow she had made serve to the same end. The application was that we should remember that our disabilities may be made really the means by which good can come to others. Allen spoke in somewhat the same strain. S. N. on adorning the doctrine, etc. A. repeated a sweet hymn of triumph, and J. and R. and I prayed, bringing out the heavenly side of death.

CHAPTER XXX.

His Fiftieth Birthday—Letters of congratulation—Poem by W. C. B.
—Letter to M. S. B.—Woodbrooke—The Baltimore Fire—
A Breakdown—*Lines on the Baltimore Fire*—Extracts from
Letters, etc.—The Cause of the Colored People—Telegrams of
Sympathy—A Slow Decline—Tender Mercies—Blue Ridge
Summit—Dying Words—The last Poems—*God never closed His
Week on Wednesday Eve*—Return to Baltimore—The Home
Going—*Death is the End of Death*.

THE winter of 1903-04 found Dr. Thomas increasingly feeble in health, but still working to the utmost limit of his powers. To a fellow member of the Faculty of the Woman's Medical College he said, "I am so tired, but I think it will not be long now," and so, indeed, it proved.

In our own meeting his preaching seemed to be more than ever appreciated. To the last it had the peculiar freshness that springs from a fresh personal experience. One of our friends said to me, "I have thought of such a good plan. If *you* could make notes of these splendid sermons that Dr. Thomas preaches, then during the summer, when he has time, he might write them out. It seems a shame that only the few people in our meeting should get the good of

them when they might be a help to so many." I did not then know that he had so often written down the purport of his sermons in the letters to his sister, and we little thought that three weeks later his last sermon on earth would have been preached.

The 26th of January was his fiftieth birthday, and his sister had written to many of his friends in America and England asking them to send him a few lines of greeting. He got sixty-eight letters, and they were a great joy to him. Extracts from a few of the English ones may be given :—

FROM JOHN W. ROWNTREE.

Jan. 22nd, 1904.

I set pen to paper to express, what I cannot indeed express, my warm feeling of love and tenderness for thee. Truly may we thank our heavenly Father that thou has been spared despite such great physical troubles to do so great a work, and desire that He may yet preserve thee for many years of service in our little church.

There are many who owe thee a deep debt of gratitude for help given in time of darkness and doubt, and I am sure thou hast sustained and established not a few who are now rendering service in the name of Christ. . . .

FROM RICHARD C. WESTLAKE.

Jan. 16th, 1904.

I think my wife, my daughter and myself may truthfully say "we thank God for every remembrance of thee," and for the helpful ministry we have received at thy hands.

I have a clear recollection of my first meeting thee at Alton many years ago, and of experiencing from thy message something like the exhilarating influence of fresh mountain air, and

often since then have thy words lifted my spirit from the lower levels into the upper regions of spiritual thought. I trust we may yet be animated by a repetition of such times, for in the externalism of the world around us we need to have the wider realms of spiritual life laid open to our view.

FROM HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

Jan. 17th, 1904.

I have always felt that a close link unites us because of the friendship that existed between thee and my dear Frank, and I have often asked myself which was the happier lot, thine to stay and meet life's cares and trials and perplexities, or his to go and escape them all, safely hidden in the fortress of God's presence. It is well the choice is not left to us; but I love to think of his happy lot, and could not wish him back.

I have watched thy career with great interest, and have been so glad to see that the wider and truer views of the wondrous love of God, which have so rejoiced my own heart, have also been granted to thee; and I am thankful to know that thy voice and thy pen are faithfully used to tell to others these blessed secrets.

May the Lord grant thee an abundant measure of His grace in all thy goings out and comings in, and may He crown thy later years with even greater revelations of Himself than in the past, is the prayer of thy friend and sister.

FROM EDWARD WORSDELL.

. . . An entry in my birthday text book made years ago at Minden suggests the appropriateness of a word of greeting to you for the 26th inst. I hope you are well and likely to be spared to us, if not for another half century, at least for a good portion of it. We very specially need men of your type. I sometimes feel envious of those who, like yourself are able to achieve so much despite many disadvantages of health, whilst I have so very little to show. But that is a passing feeling and

so long as one does one's duty, all is well, and envy gives place to thankfulness on account of those permitted to do so much. Remember that a visit to English Friends will ever be welcome. . . .

He got poems too ; one from my brother William seemed specially felicitous :

TO RICHARD FOR HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Richard, this greeting to thy honored name,
With gentle fancy tenderly we frame ;
Upon our family's grey Kendal stone*
Like a Virginian creeper thou hast grown,
Vesturing our Quaker walls with tendrils green,
Fit for the crowning of a fairy queen.
For thee no sere and yellow leaf forlorn,
But autumn hues that shame the crimson morn,
And poet fancies, blossoming in truth,
Through fadeless spring-time and perpetual youth.

Not only as a poet dost thou trace
Upon our sober home thy delicate grace,
For in the family mansion where we dwell
Thy spirit lighteth many a humble cell,
Making the things of time less real appear,
And the eternal verities more clear.

We greet thee now, as one grown worldly-wise,
With fifty years of striving and surmise,
Who in this mirror dim of things above,
Hast found and kept the heavenliest treasure, Love :
Hast broke the webs that earthlier souls enmesh,

* Kendal, the family home of the Braithwaites, is chiefly built of a grey stone procured in the neighborhood, and peculiarly cold in tone.

And kept thy fancy and thy spirit fresh :
Hast nourished ever, amid pain and strife,
Thy heart at an eternal fount of life,
And filled with love and strong with life's fresh flow,
Art younger now than twenty years ago.

W. C. B.

He himself wrote on that day to his sister :—

Baltimore, Md.,

1st mo. 26th, 1904.

MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,

It was good of thee to take so much pains to get people to write to me for my birthday ; I knew that thou wert up to such things for English people, but it did not occur to me that it applied to America. It was a great surprise and a great enjoyment, and all the letters that have come have been so interesting and fresh. I am expecting at least one more, for I have not yet had one from thee, and I am sure that that will be forthcoming.

Just now I have a telegram from Patuxent Friends containing warm greetings. So thy hand is again seen. I am sure that they would not otherwise have known of it. Still it shows their warm feeling, and is very pleasant indeed.

Fifty years certainly means a far removal from youth. C. writes she hopes there will be "another fifty years of usefulness." If they could be fifty years of *usefulness* I should be prepared for the number. And yet if one knew that there were fifty years it would seem a weary time to look forward to, for one would feel the weariness of the flesh. Apart from this, it would be very interesting and would contain so many opportunities. But this is in the air. It will be a wonder if I have half that many. Many or few, I want them to be what they ought to be. And I hope they will be.

So much depends upon the point of view. From certain points of view I feel as if I was a very inefficient individual, and

then I, from other points of view, feel very thankful to have been enabled to do the little that I have done, for I might have remained an invalid and unable to do a thing. And there is a great deal that I delight in, and I believe, as one of the lines in a verse addressed to me says, that I am younger than I was twenty years ago. If one may be enabled really to help people and to be faithful, it seems to me that it is the highest ambition we can have, and I believe it is right to expect this.

As I was writing this clause the bell rang and twenty-three letters came in, all birthday, and among them the beautiful ones from thee and Isaac and other English friends. It is most thoughtful of all to write. To feel that you are loved is, I think, the greatest happiness earth can give.

I certainly have felt thee near to-day, for almost all the letters were really due to thee, and so each one seemed to be partly from thee, and I feel as if thou had been with me all day. Thou art certainly a dear sister, more than my words are able to express.

Anna has just come in to tell me that there is a present to come to me from thee. I do not at all know what it is, but word has come that it has been delayed on account of the weather, and will be here to-morrow. So I write now to send preliminary thanks. I feel that it is just as well for it to come to-morrow, for I have had much to-day. . . .

A letter asking him to give a few lectures and spend some time during the coming summer at the Woodbrooke Settlement (Birmingham) reached us on the 5th of February. Such a plan appealed very strongly to Dr. Thomas, and next day (as requested) he cabled his acceptance of it, though, as he said to me, "I believe it is right to accept, but somehow I cannot *see* us at Woodbrooke."

Next morning (Sunday), the 7th of February, as we

were passing from the Bible School Building to the Meeting House, fire-alarms were sounding, and in an hour the great Baltimore fire had gained such headway that it was beyond human control. That night my husband had promised to give a special address at Light Street Meeting. The fire was raging between it and our part of the city, and most of the inhabitants were out on the streets, either trying to save their threatened property or gazing in silent awe at the devouring flames. We tried to persuade him to give up going, but he said, "They have taken so much trouble about it, (much advertizing of the address had been done) and there may be *some* people there. I must, at least, make the effort to get there." He had to walk a good deal, but succeeded in reaching the Meeting House, and forty people listened in deep attention to his address.

Next morning we awakened to more than Sabbath stillness in our usually noisy street. Not a street-car running, no letters, no newspaper. We learnt that the electric power house had been burnt down and all the newspaper offices. Rumour said that the General Post Office had gone, too, and the City Hall, but this afterwards turned out to be a mistake. The fire was still raging furiously, and the fire companies, exhausted with twenty-four hours of continuous effort, were tempted to give up in despair.

That day and the next my husband went to his patients on foot, as no public conveyances were running. He was very tired, and on Wednesday

morning, springing up from bed to answer the telephone, he had an acute attack of dilatation of the heart. It was the beginning of the end, for, though he partially recovered, and even went again to the College, and two or three times to Meeting and to his patients, yet from that day he was really a very sick man.

The wholesale part of our beautiful city lay in ashes, and, though (almost miraculously) no life was lost in the flames, there were many besides Dr. Thomas who died either from over-exertion or from exposure in the bitter cold that followed, while others lost hope and put an end to their lives in despair over the ruin of all their earthly hopes.

On the day that he was first taken ill my husband composed the following lines :—

High noon and peace !
With mocking laugh, the flame
Strode forth and grasped the city's thoroughfares ;
I saw the water play its pitiful game,
Striving to charm the giant to its lair ;
I heard the grim-voiced mutterings of despair
As street on street lay low, an easy prey ;
The stroke how swift, the long drawn out repair
To lag with lingering steps through many a day,
And then the heart wounds deep that do not pass away.

Black are the footprints in the monster's path,
The Babylon we builded is no more,
Engulphed beneath the flaming waves of wrath.
Behind dismay, we know not what before,

Gaunt ruin knocks at many an unburned door,
And over all there broods one common woe.
One cup for all shall hands unseen outpour,
Through the same Jordan all who win must go,
Though all his banks and bounds his chilly waves o'erflow.

Think not the wolf and wild cat yet shall prowl
Through a deserted city of the dead.
Think not its wharves shall nest the waterfowl
Or all its streets the grass shall overspread.
Soon shall they echo to the hurrying tread
Of thousands who shall build the wastes again.
Beauty for ashes, oil of joy instead
Of mourning shall be here. God grant that pain
And loss and fiery scourge shall not have fallen in vain.

Baltimore, Feb. 10th, 1904.

As this illness was really the end of Richard Thomas's active life, this may be a fitting place to introduce extracts from a few of the numerous letters and characterizations of him received after his death. I have selected such as seemed especially to throw light upon his work or his character :—

Thy husband had, I think, a greater influence upon my spiritual life than anyone I ever knew, and by words and example has been a means of great blessing and soul-strengthening to me, as he was to so many.

Never shall I forget the impression which he made upon all our household when here some years ago; even our maids remember him well.

We have such sunny memories of those few summer days you and your dear one spent with us some years ago, and I shall always feel so glad that I knew him, even a little.

The memory of dear Dr. Thomas will always be very precious to me. He was so kind in trying to help me to trust in God, and it was partly through him that I was able to find a firm foundation.

We feel that we have lost a brother beloved, his ministry amongst us was more helpful than any I ever remember, reaching many that others did not. We both look back upon a favored visit he paid us as one of the most precious memories of the past.

There were but two other men outside my immediate family to whom I felt so warmly attached as to Dr. Thomas. In many ways he was even nearer to me than either of the others. His work has been unique among the Friends of the present generation. Extensive in the area which it touched and delicately spiritual in its quality ; who can measure it ?

I learned to know and to love Dr. Thomas as soon as I came to live in Baltimore and I always felt sure, not only of his sympathy and interest, but of a peculiar large-mindedness and willingness to face the deepest problems of life. Where other people were indifferent through ignorance, or shrank back through timidity, he was willing, with reverent courage to meet anyone who was sincere, in the hope of helping him.

I write instead to offer my tribute of love and gratitude for thy husband's marvellous service, and most inspiring faithfulness. He has been pretty much my idea of a Christian Saint, ever since I heard him speak at Holloway twenty-five years ago in my student days. He carried with him the conviction that he differed from other men, not in being a one-sided enthusiast whom a careful man would do well not to pin faith upon, but in really seeing further into actual truth than other men, and in being an expert in the things that concern our peace.

It is nearly nine years since you visited us, and the influence of that visit lasts on. To me it was a matter of right about face, things that had seemed impossible were shown to me TO BE.

So many of my friends have likewise cause to thank God for Dr. Thomas's loving interest in them, in each one individually, that seems so much more what is needed than to think only of mankind *en masse*.

He always seemed to take the highest ground discernible and to illuminate it by his life. With all his gentleness and courtesy, he wonderfully blended the Luther-like quality and did not adjust, even at the expense of personal ease, to what appeared to him in any degree the lower way. "He was as keen as a Damascus blade," said a gentleman recently, "but I felt how frail the sheath was."

It is told that Emerson, in the decline of his mental powers when he took his last long look at the face of his friend Longfellow, remarked; "I cannot remember what they called him, but I do know that he was a beautiful soul." A welcome proof that, when even the names which have become great have faded away from men's minds, fine personalities may retain an impress upon their hearts.

After some fluctuations of hope and discouragement, Dr. Thomas was attacked, in the last week of February, with a persistent fever. The doctors pronounced it endocarditis, and he took to his bed never to leave it again.

At first he still worked on, and my typewriter clicked almost incessantly as he dictated letter after letter. College business and other correspondence was attended to, and he was specially occupied in trying to prevent the Maryland Legislature, then sitting at Annapolis, from passing two Bills which had been laid before it. One of them, known as the "Jim Crow Bill," to oblige Railway and Tramway Companies to provide separate accommodation for colored people,

and the other an amendment to the State Constitution designed to deprive the colored people of the franchise. He dictated a letter to the papers and others to various Senators and Congressmen ; also one to the members of our Society in Maryland, asking them to use their influence against the Bills. He also helped to draft a memorial, which was presented by a committee of Friends, of both branches, to the Governor and Senate. This work, done under great weakness, was his last, and I am glad that it was for the down-trodden and despised, whose cause he had often before championed.

He was very low at the time of London Yearly Meeting, and, his illness being mentioned in connection with the reading of the Baltimore Epistle, the Meeting sent a most kind message of loving sympathy by cable. Four months later, when Indiana Yearly Meeting convened at Richmond, Indiana, and the report of the Peace Association of Friends was read, with his signature attached, another loving message was sent. It reached us three days before the close. Both were deeply appreciated by Dr. Thomas.

The fever lasted persistently for over thirty-one weeks, and he had much pain and discomfort, but God gave him many blessings, among which one of the chief was a quiet, thankful spirit. He had been ill so often and had so longed to glorify his Saviour in every part of his life that he had continually sought for the grace of patience, and, though his natural temperament was somewhat restless and nervous, he had accus-

tomed himself to suffer without complaint and to make the best of all the bright places.

I want, also, to place on record the wonderful way in which our Heavenly Father cared for the bodily needs of His trusting child, hoping that it may encourage others to fuller dedication in regard to outward affairs. Dr. Thomas had long given the first place in his life to the service of his Lord, and, though our faith had sometimes been tried, yet the supply had always come when needed, until we had learned that it is *safe* to trust God for daily bread as well as for everything else. When my husband took to his bed his pocket-book was empty and his bank account low, yet so lovingly were his smallest needs anticipated and met by the watchful care of friends, at a distance as well as in Baltimore, that the physician who had watched over him through all his illness said to me after his death, "If Dr. Thomas had been a millionaire no more could have been done than has been done in every way for his comfort."

Amongst our countless "tender mercies" were some in particular, which only the providing care of our loving Heavenly Father could have brought about.

For instance, his dearly beloved sister was able to be with him after more than thirteen years absence in England. She and her husband came towards the end of April, and she remained until the very end, ministering in numberless ways to his and our comfort and blessing. Then, our daughter was just completing

her medical course ; her father had feared that his illness might interfere with her final examinations, but, to our great joy, she succeeded well in them, and it was an untold comfort that through the last weary months she was always at hand to watch him and attend upon him.

Again, when the summer heat made it necessary to move him from the city, the beautiful summer home of his brother, the late Dr. James Carey Thomas, at Blue Ridge Summit, with its spacious rooms and porches, its pure mountain air and perfect quiet, was most kindly placed at our disposal by his family ; and lastly, Blue Ridge Summit was the very place where our kind efficient doctor was accustomed to spend his summers, so that the daily visits which had become so important to my husband's comfort could be continued without interruption.

Near the close of the summer Dr. Thomas said one day, "It has been a delightful summer." A little demur being expressed by his daughter, who recalled the many painful days and the alternations of hope and fear, he repeated, "It has been a delightful summer, the beautiful views, the songs of the birds which you thought I did not notice, and Mary and Isaac being here, and thou and mother, and then all round me the river of God's love flowing. I think that if I should get better I should remember only the pleasant things."

Early in his illness he had said, "I should like to die conscious, but I think it will not be so ; I should

like . . .

“ . . . to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.”

It turned out as he had feared, he was unconscious at the last, yet surely these facts, to which numberless others might be added, do loudly testify that the Lord does provide.

At first he spoke much of heaven, welcoming the thought of death as of a release from the burden that had become almost too heavy for him. His physicians, however, anticipated recovery, and later on he told his sister that he was willing for life if it were the Lord's will, though he realized that his powers would be greatly diminished.

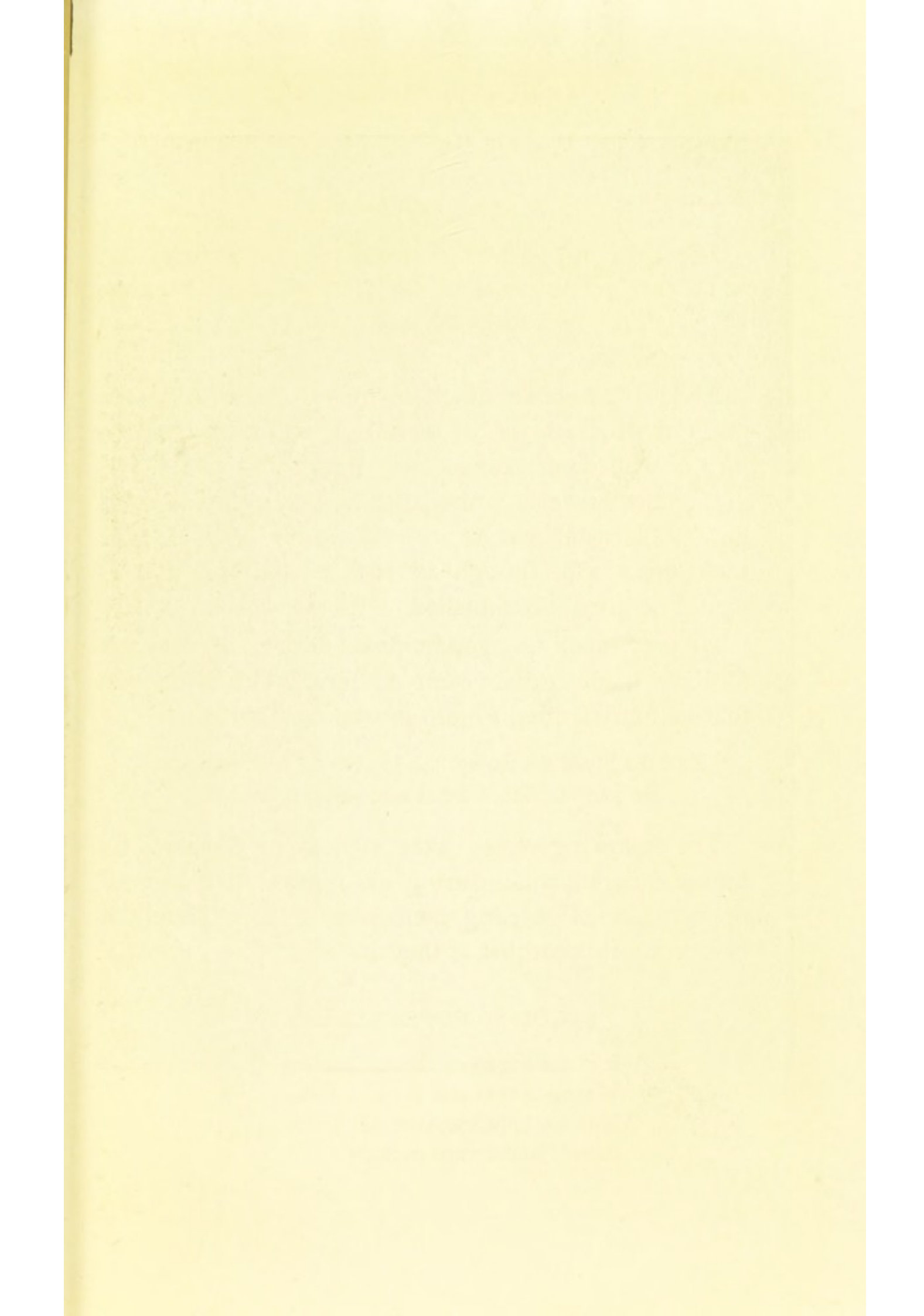
He very much enjoyed hymns, and would often ask to have them read or sung to him. The last hymn that he himself tried to join in was the chorus :—

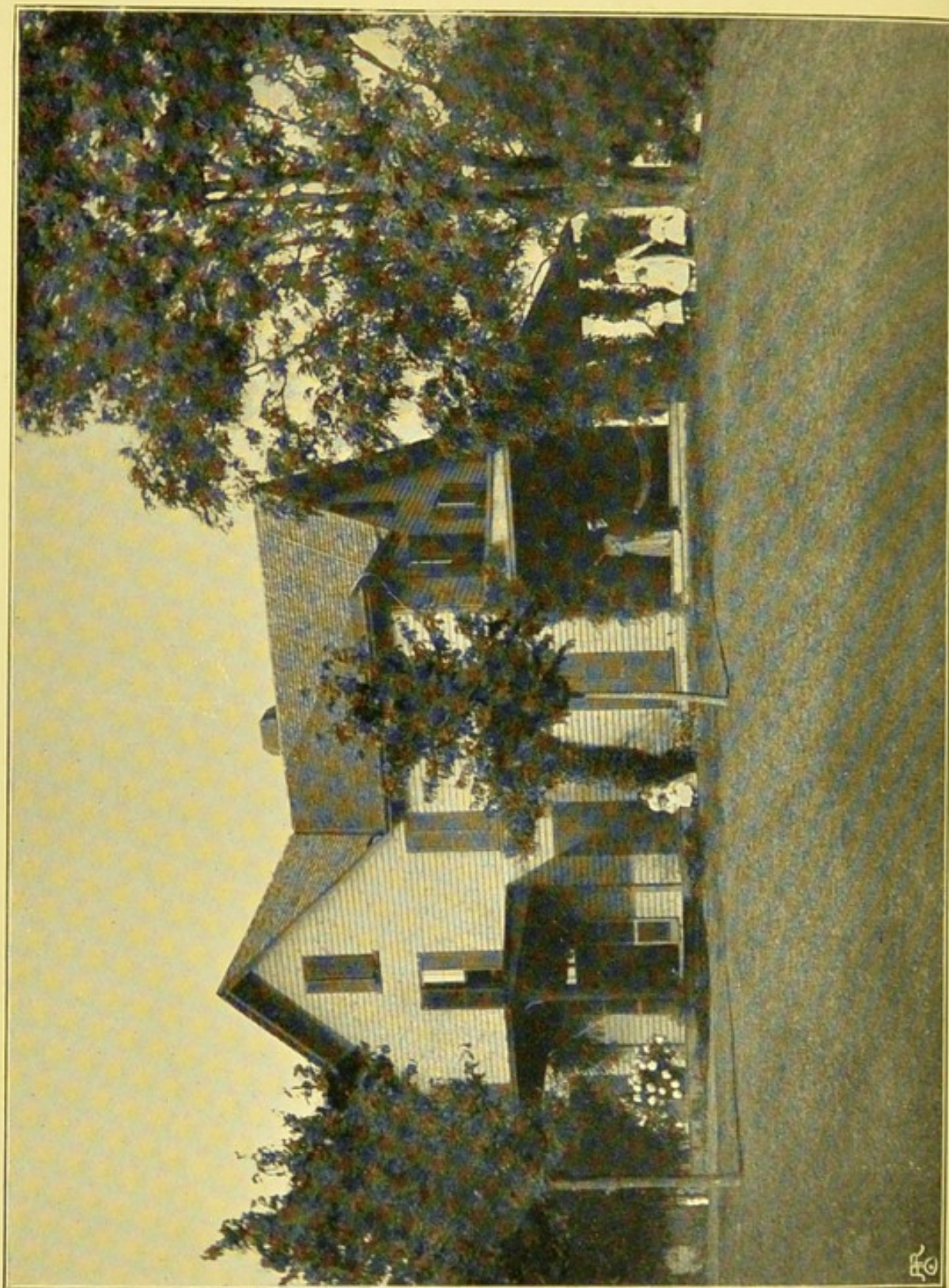
“ He's the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.”

The following verses were written or dictated by him at different times during his illness. He had no opportunity of revising them, and I have thought it best to print them just as they are :—

GOD'S HOPEFULNESS.

It is not hopeless, though it seem
Wrong is real and Truth a dream,
It is not hopeless, God can wait
Patient and compassionate.





DR. JAMES C. THOMAS'S SUMMER HOME AT BLUE RIDGE SUMMIT.

God has laid aside His might,
Hid His glory from our sight,
Unto men, through weary years,
As a servant He appears.

Sometimes in the loveliness
Of the summer's dazzling dress,
Sometimes in terrific form
Of flood or fire or ocean storm.

Oftener in the sober hue
Of household drudge, in dust and dew,
Our simplest wish He understands
And serves us with His wounded hands.

Yet in serving He would lead,
While obeying He would plead,
If we heed not, He can wait
Patient and compassionate.

Since the first, no year has flown
But our God defeat has known,
No defeat that did not tend
Unto victory in the end.

Man can always choose a path
From blessing unto deepest wrath ;
God from out the darkest strife
Finds thousand pathways unto life.

2nd mo., 1904.

I CANNOT YET I CAN.

I cannot, yet I can
For am I not a man ?
What is a man, but one
Through whom right can be done,
Chosen, and willed to be
And brought forth royally ?

I cannot. It may be
One path is closed to me.
Its closing opens more
Than I had seen before.
Why should I then lament
My way of first intent ?

I cannot, I am blind,
Paths close, before, behind.
On either side is night,
I know not which is right,
The winds and rain begin,
But is not God within ?

I cannot, yet I can.
This is the strength of man :
Baulked hope is not defeat,
Retiring not retreat ;
We find the brighter way
And victory comes with day.

2nd mo. 17th, 1904.

DREAMS.

I dreamed, but the dream was vain,
I seek not to dream it again.
Better the truth be known,
The weed be the common weed,
The stone but a common stone,
And men and women in need
With failings all unoutgrown,
Like to myself alas,
Be those that I meet on my dusty way
Each dreary day.

I live through sunshine and rain,
And traverse a dreary plain,
But the dreams that I know and have known
 In their gladnesses plead,
They illumine the weed and the stone ;
 And men and women in need
Have haloes around them thrown.
 The failings remain, alas,
But I catch the faint light of a dawning day
 That guides their way.

2nd mo. 17th, 1904.

IN ILLNESS.

Naught have I but weariness
 After strong endeavor ;
Day has dimmed to dreariness,
 Fruit comes slow or never.

Yet I raise no foolish cry
 Against heaven's unkindness ;
More than I deserve have I,
 Groping in my blindness.

And I have a springing hope
 That to gladness moves me ;
Somewhere I shall yet find scope,
 For my Master loves me.

3rd mo. 28th 1904.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Dread death ? Death is a pleasant friend
 When he comes near at hand,
And finds us walking with our King,
 And living in His land.

And if our days on earth be brief,
Why should they not be bright?
The sun that seems to set in clouds
Rolls on to morning light.

For as with westward straining eyes
We mark his latest ray,
Eyes far off, gazing eastward, watch,
And hail the rising day.

4th mo. 2nd, 1904.

I mean to be just and generous,
To shelter and aid the weak,
To overcome wrong and oppression,
To lift the downtrodden and meek.

So plan I, and so I endeavor,
But wherever I move I am bound
A victim of social order—

With meshes that compass me round
As a fly in the web of a spider
That breaks a strand here and there,
Yet never comes nearer to freedom
Till all paths are shut save despair
So the helped and the helper struggle,
Though the net by themselves is spun,
And perhaps I, too, have been weaving
The web that is never done.

4th mo. 22nd, 1904.

I look above, I look behind,
Before, on either hand,
And glory covers all the sea
And all the pleasant land—
'Tis only round about my feet
That chilling mists and vapors meet.

May 23rd, 1904.

Lord, could I love Thee less
Who risest on my view,
Grand in Thy lowly graciousness,
So constant, yet so new.

Lord, may I love Thee more,
For this, for this I pray,
Increase my power to love ; and o'er
My heart keep constant sway.

May 23rd, 1904.

The last line he ever dictated was this : " God never closed his week on Wednesday eve," which he asked me one night to write down in his book, adding " Some day, if I am stronger, I will work out the thought." His friend, Robert B. Warder, of Washington, D. C., has done so since his death in the following lines :—

GOD NEVER CLOSED HIS WEEK ON
WEDNESDAY EVE.

I. CREATION.

God said, when earth was waste and void, " Light be.
Let sky divide the waters from the sea.
Let ocean shore appear and fields be green.
Let sun and moon add beauty to the scene."
The mists dispelled, the earth with glory crowned,
'Twas day the fourth, God naught but goodness found.
'Twas fair, 'twas wonderful, without a blot ;
But fish and bird and beast and man were not.
Completeness is God's thought, we do believe,
He never closed His week on Wednesday eve.

II. ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Three days they went, to reach Moriah's land.
A victim to be offered, God had planned.
"Behold the fire and wood, where is the lamb?"
So Isaac asked. Could Abraham be calm?
"God will provide," though heart and flesh must bleed.
The world must yet be blessed through Isaac's seed.
The wood was laid, the knife was drawn from sheath;
But resurrection power was claimed by faith.
Jehovah Jireh gave a ram instead;
The two returned, as Abraham had said.
Thus he who faithful was had faith made strong,
And God's perfection was his even-song.

III. CHRIST'S MINISTRY.

One day (or year) Judea heard her King.
The next, did Galilee His praises ring.
The third, expelled, He travelled north and east;
Yet faced His goal, the cross, at time of feast.
In darkness was atonement now complete,
The temple sacrifice no longer meet.
Man's hope was dead, the promise none believe.
Had God, then, closed His week on Wednesday eve?
Disciples joyed to see their risen Lord.
Throughout the world He sent His precious word.
Cornelius proved God's universal love.
No Jew nor Greek, nor black nor white above.

IV. THE PERSONAL MESSAGE.

Has sorrow come? Is heart's desire refused?
In pain and bitterness is God accused?
Does Wednesday eve find all thy plans disturbed,
And righteous zeal by heavenly mandate curbed?
"Be still and know that I am God," saith He,
"For changeless love hath shapen my decree."

God's blessing comes in harvest and in storm.
Job felt all Satan's darts that sought his harm,
While God but willed a blessing for His child ;
Wisdom and trust, where human pride defiled.
Jesus began the work He doth renew ;
He labors long to strengthen me and you.
Let patience have her perfect work, be sure
What God hath wrought for ever shall endure.

Towards the close my husband slept a great deal, and his mind at times wandered. Once, when much confused, he thought he was at sea in a steamer, but when told he was in his own room he replied, "At any rate I know I am bound for the heavenly port." At another time he said to his daughter, "I hear the heavenly choir ; it is in the next room. I was just going in." At another time he was much troubled because he could not repeat the twenty-third Psalm, but presently said : "It does not alter my relation to the Lord if my brain has a crack in it that lets things through, and if it is His will I am willing for it, but I shall not be able to help anybody."

The night before he was brought back to Baltimore he offered a touching prayer, asking that the journey, which was felt to be one of great risk to him in his weak condition, might be safely accomplished, that all might be kept in peace, that the Lord's will might be done in him and in all those he loved, and that the Lord's work might go forward.

The journey to the city, necessitated by the closing of the season at Blue Ridge, was safely accomplished,

and he seemed none the worse for it. Evidently he was much pleased to be in his own home again, and when the fear was expressed that the noise would disturb him, he replied, "No, I enjoy it."

The end came just one week later. It was very sudden and probably painless. The night before he had been able to enjoy the fourteenth chapter of John and also several hymns, which I had read to him, showing special pleasure in Mrs. Browning's "Loved once."

When waiting on him on the day he died I said, "I am so sorry for thee, dearest, to think that thou has nothing to look forward to but day after day of this weakness and pain." "Oh," he answered brightly, "Don't be sorry for me, it is only one day at a time."

The doctor told me that from the condition found at the *post-mortem* examination it was most probable that his heart was completely used up when it dilated at the time of the fire, and that he thought that for some time before his last illness every action must have involved at least three times the amount of effort that would have been made by an ordinary man. No wonder, then, that he was so often tired.

What a joy to believe that the weariness is left behind with the poor worn-out earthly tabernacle, and that he has experienced the truth of his own lines written on the death of M. W. Thomas :—

.
"Death is the end of death,"
Death no more liveth ;
Jesus the risen Christ,
Victory giveth.

Thus in the light of God
Serves she for ever,
And without weariness
Rests in endeavor.
Love grows not less by love ;
So her affection
For us she leaves behind
Reaches perfection.
Though all we see of her
Coldly is lying,
Though we catch not her song,
Glad and undying.
She is not lost to us,
Only preceding ;
Soon shall we see her in
Glory exceeding.
All that we knew of her
Beauty and sweetness,
Still is for ever hers
In its completeness.
Whose is the victory ?
Death hast thou gained it ?
No ! with the risen Christ
She has obtained it.

“ His servants shall serve him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.” It is with the prayer that his “service” of bringing men into harmony with that Saviour in whom all his own hope for time and eternity centred may be carried on that these memoirs are sent forth. It is not Richard Thomas whom we would glorify, but the Lord through whose grace he was what he was.

Late on in his illness, when sight was impaired and his fingers could scarcely guide a pen, he traced the words "Love never faileth, for ever and for ever." It was the love of God shown forth in Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, working, suffering, seeking, conquering, reigning, and now coming for us," that had so filled and energized him that no storms of scientific doubt could shake his faith, nor any pessimism of the closing years of the nineteenth century cloud the hope that was based upon a personal knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

SUBJECT INDEX.

- ALASSIO; description of, 325-328.
- Alsop, Robert and Christine, R. H. T. travels with, 89.
- Atlantic City, 383.
- Atonement, Conversations on 206-207; Prof. Clarke on, 363.
- Ayrshire, Friends, 298, 299.
- BABCOCK, Dr. M. B., 342.
- Bad Nauheim, 317; 318; 322, 324, 369.
- Baker, George S., 209.
- Baker, Martha (Braithwaite), oldest sister of A. B. T., 115; 209.
- Baltimore, incidents in Civil War, 28, 29, 30, 108; 116; description of, 164-166; 169; Great Fire, 412, 413.
- Baltimore, Meeting, held during Civil War, 28; John Hodgkin's encouragement of, 29, 83; see Eutaw Street.
- Baltimore Yearly Meeting, 40; Hicksite separation, 53; 144; 167, 169, 170-171; Article on from "Interchange," 172; 174; 218-220; incorporated 220; 230; 309, 333; 352; of 1902; 377.
- Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association, 113, 115; 168.
- Banbury, 206, 292; 293.
- Band of Hope, 83;
- Barton, George, 345; 347; 350. 362.
- Bellefonte, 30; 37; 176.
- Bendersville, 250.
- Bergen, 268, 270, 280, 283.
- Bible, position of, 255; 346; for the common people, 365; inspiration of, 385, 387, 389; home training in, 399.
- Binford, M. M., 182.
- Birmingham, visits to, 224; 306, 308, 366, 411.
- Blue Ridge Summit, 215; 216; 217, 419, 427.
- Braithwaite, Anna Lloyd, 89; 90, 96, 98; married R.H.T., 103.
- Braithwaite, Charles Ll., conversation with, 206-207.
- Braithwaite, George, 209.
- Braithwaite, Isaac, Jun., 105; 231, 239; 418, 419.
- Braithwaite, J. Bevan (father of A. B. T.), first contact with, 36; visit to, 88; 96, 98; 104; 127; 186, 185; 228.
- Braithwaite, J. Bevan, Jun. (oldest brother of A. B. T.); 88, 89, 91; 105; 206, 228, 366.
- Braithwaite, Martha (Mother of A. B. T.), 89; 115; 134; 206; 228; 292.
- Braithwaite, Mary Snowden (see also Mary S. Thomas), 239; 305; 308, 316, 317; 321, 332; 418, 419.
- Braithwaite, Rachel B., 223, 370.
- Braithwaite, William C., 152; 186, 209, 237; poem by, 409.
- Bridlington, 121-127.
- British and Foreign Bible Society, 92; 209.
- Brown, Isaac, 206, 207.
- Brown, John, 29.
- Bunhill, 204, 289; 290.

- CAMDEN ROAD (home of A.B.T.), 103; 106, 289, 305.
 Carey, James, Senior, 28.
 Cary, John R., 189.
 Case, A Difficult, 192-198.
 Chalfont House, 290.
 Childhood, not always happiest time, 33; poem on, 26.
 Christian Idea of Force, 368.
 Christian Science, 373.
 Christianity a Pleroma, 72; applied in Social and Political Life, 258; militarism a menace to, 223, 274, 367.
 Civil War, outbreak of, 25, 27; John Brown's raid, 29; first bloodshed, 28; holding meeting in spite of, 28.
 Conference, at Manchester, 293, 300-304; Educational, at Providence, 340; 344; Lake Mohonk, 343, 357; 374; at Glasgow 367-369; Quinquennial, 218, 219, 241-243, 332; 375, 376.
 Copenhagen, 271, 273.
 Cork, 93, 266.
 Crenshaw, John B., 40.
 Curwensville, 101, 255.
- DEATH, thoughts on approach of 209-211; 323, 419, 420.
 Declaration of Faith (Richmond), 218, 219, 220.
 Deer Creek, visit to, 115; 224; Quarterly Meeting at, 255.
 Denmark, visits to, 271-275.
 Devon and Cornwall visited, 305, 306.
 Dillingham, Prof. John, 64.
 Dorland, John T., Death of, 307.
 Doubt, dealing with, 226.
 Drink, speaks on, 259; lectures against in Norway, 282.
 Dryburgh Abbey, 94.
 Dublin Yearly Meeting attended, 266.
- "ECHOES AND PICTURES," publication of, 259; Extracts from, 18, 26, 82, 125; 134; 136; 158, 247, 261, 288; 428.
- Edinburgh, letter from, 94
 Visits to, 298, 299.
 Effective Presentation of Spiritual Truth, 303.
 Emmott, Elizabeth B. (sister of A. B. T.), 207.
 Emmott, Professor G. H., 207.
 England and Europe, first visit to (1875-76), 87-98; second visit to (1878), 103-106; third visit to (1880-81), 119-137; fourth visit to (1885), 203-207; fifth visit to (1889), 223-230; sixth visit to (1894-97), 265-332; seventh visit (1901), 366.
 Eutaw Street Meeting, 165; 252; 311; Losses of, 334.
 Everlasting Punishment; views concerning, 235; 236.
- FAITH, description of, 403.
 Father (of R. H. T.), recollections of, 3-7; letter to family, 5; third marriage, 11; last illness, 14; estimate of character, 15; lines on death of, 16; care for son Richard's health, 44; early struggles as a physician, 51; conversion, 54; early courtship, 54; first wife Martha Carey, 55; second marriage, 56; third marriage, 104; obituary notice of, 139.
 "Fides et Spes Medici," 372.
 Florence, 317, 324.
 Fox, Dr. Wilson, 93; 120, 127.
 Fox, George, 384, 389.
 Friends' Church, Will it starve out its ministers? 201-243.
 Friends' Principles, address on, 250; Church Government, sermon on, 251; speaks on, 255; address on 289, 297, 307; 308; ministry and worship among the early Friends, 362.
- GERMANY, visits to, 87; 274, 275; 319.

- Gillett, George (uncle of A.B.T.), 218, 223; death of, 259.
 Giving a tenth, 245-246.
 Glasgow, 299, 332; Peace Congress at, 367-369.
 God, His Changelessness, 141, 142, 144; all sufficiency of, 373; love of, manifested, 379, 380; omnipotence of, 383.
 Grellet, Stephen, 12, 49.
 Grove, The, early home of R. H. T., 20; defenceless state of in Civil War, 30.
 Grubb, Edward, estimate of R. H. T.'s work in England, 310-312.
 Guidance, 353.
 Gummere, Prof. Francis, 72, 73.
- HALE, Edward Everett, 341.
 Hardanger Fjord, 280.
 Harris Helen B., voyage with, 136, 168.
 Harris, J. Rendel, 136, 166, 168; 203; letter from, 190-191, 362.
 Harrison, Joseph, 101.
 Haupt, Dr. Paul, 166, 263, 355.
 Haverford, College, 62; students' prayer meeting, 65; buildings, etc., 1869, 66; Summer School at, 361-363.
 Haverford Meeting, 71; address at, 250.
Hibbert Journal, 381.
 Hicks, Elias, 51, 170, 193; reads the life of, 258.
 Hicksites, 51, 53, 264, 357.
 Higher Criticism, 347-349, 386.
 Hindsdale, Mary (mother of Deborah C. Thomas), 12, 13.
 History of Friends in America, 264.
 Hodgkin, John, visits Baltimore, 29.
 Hodgkin, Thomas, 206, 300.
 Holy Spirit, suppliers of, 339; baptism of, 398.
 Houtzdale, visit to, 101.
 Hope, 198-201; 234; 394.
 House of Refuge, 116, 117, 222.
 Hyde's "God's Education of Man," 356.
- IMPUTED Righteousness; conversations on, 206-207; thoughts on, 210-211.
 Indiana, visit to, 232, 234; 241, 337, 376.
 Indiana Yearly Meeting, 218; attends, 241, 337; telegram from, 417.
 Inspiration, 362; 365; 385; 387; 398, 403.
 "Interchange, The," 171; beginning of 187-189; important factor in the work, 202, 218, 221, 222.
 "Interchange, The," extracts from, 172-174; first editorials, 189, 190; A difficult case, 192; 198; love, faith and hope, 198-201; Will the Friends' Church starve out its ministers? 201; Moments of Insight, 201; Disappointment, 202; The Richmond Con., 219, 334, 335; A Homeward Voyage, 370; Indianapolis Conference, 1902, 376.
- JOHNS HOPKINS University, 81; Course of biology, 98; anniversary of, 99; 165; 166, 203, 207.
 Jones, Rufus M., 344, 362.
 Joyful Spirit, 147; 310, 324.
- KENDAL, visits to, 105; 206; 224, 283, 289, 291, 292; 304; 305, 317, 332.
 King, Francis T., Clerk of Y.M., 40, 166, 167; 216.
- LAKE MOHONK, 357; 374.
 Light Street Meeting (Federal Hill), 84, 113, 118, 167, 412.
 Lincoln President, assassination of, 32.
 London Yearly Meeting, first attendance at, 96; delegation to Richmond Con., 219; attended by R. H. T., 223; 266, 267, 293, 308; telegram from, 417.

- Love, Faith and Hope, 198-201 ;
Love never faileth, 430.
- Lowell, J. Russell, ode to
Washington, 99.
- MANCHESTER, visits to, 224, 300,
306, 307, 366 ; Conference at
300-304.
- Marcussen, Johan, work of,
273, 283.
- Maryland, legislature, 416.
- Materialistic views, 237, 238.
- McKinley, President, 371.
- Medical Work of R. H. T.,
chosen as profession, 74 ;
receives degree, 86 ; sup-
plementary work, 80 ; studies
in London, 93 ; begins prac-
tice, 98 ; physician at House
of Refuge, 116 ; investigates
diphtheria, 116 ; studies in
Vienna, 127, 129, 130 ; work
in Woman's Medical College,
177-181 ; R. H. T. as a
teacher, 360 ; as a doctor,
360, 361.
- Meetings for Worship, vitalizing
of, 302-303.
- Meeting for Sufferings, minute
of, 314-315.
- Meeting, Baltimore, held during
Civil War, 28 ; John Hodg-
kin's encouragement to, 29,
83 ; sermons at, 142-144,
165, 252, 311 ; losses of,
334.
- Methods of Work, 172-174.
- Militarism, Evils of, 223, 275,
344.
- Millard, Edward, 92 ; kindness
of, 127, 132.
- Miller, Thomasine T., 39, 186,
239.
- Miller, William, 88, 94.
- Minden, stay at, 89 ; letter
from, 95 ; visit, to, 274, 275.
- Minister, R. H. T. first speaks
as, 83 ; recorded as, 139 ;
speaking to conditions, 244 ;
in Denmark, 272 ; descrip-
tion of, 285-287.
- Ministry, under impression of
moment, 17 ; dealing with
living issues, 254 ; freedom
of, 352 ; depression after,
158 ; desire for results, 358 ;
two kinds, 395 ; preaching
to children, 402 ; Modern
Quaker, 403 ; later, 406.
- Mont Dore, visit to, 134.
- Montreux, 317, 320, 321, 322.
- Mother, picture of, 9 ; spoken
of as "Mamma," 11 ; marriage
of, 56.
- NAERSTRAND, 269, 275, 276, 277.
- Nature, appreciation of, 122 ;
uniform order of, 140.
- Nazarenes, visit to, 91.
- New Bedford, visit to, 236 ;
letter to, 278-280 ; 336.
- New England, visit to, 181-185 ;
attends Yearly Meeting, 222
other visits, 222, 335, 363.
- New York, attends Yearly
Meeting, 235, 343 ; other
visits, 266.
- Nicholson, Timothy, 233.
- North Berwick, open air meet-
ings at, 336, 364.
- North Carolina, attends Yearly
Meeting, 98, 231.
- Norway, visit with R. P. King,
96, 97 ; second visit, 267-271.
- Norwegian Language, 267 ;
preaching in, 280, 281.
- OPEN Air Meetings, 115, 117,
118 ; at N. Berwick, 336, 364.
- Ordinances, 113, 131-133 ; tract
on by R. H. T., 212 ; by
D. B. Updegraff, 212 ; ad-
dress on at Birmingham, 306.
- PAINE, TOM, death of, 12.
- Pastors, 201, 242 ; R. H. T.'s
position towards, 182, 183 ;
reason for objection, 286, 338.
- Peace Addresses, 237 ; in Nor-
way, 283 ; 290, 344, 368.
- Peace Association of Friends in
America, 223, 232 ; R. H. T.
president of, 234, 340, 369,
417.

Peace Conference, International,
at Paris, 223; in Richmond,
243; at Glasgow, 368, 369;
in Philadelphia, 368.

Peace work, 340, 341, 342.

"Penelve," 157-176; written,
332.

Personal work, 228, 287; 310,
311, 313.

Philadelphia, Yearly Meeting
attended, 342.

"Piety Promoted," 36.

Poems.—To my Father, 16;
Deborah the Quaker
Preacher,* 18; Childhood,*
26; The Welcome,* 82;
To A. B. T., 90; To A. B. T.,
on her sailing to England,
117; Death of the old year,
122; Flamborough Head,
123; Pascal,* 125; My
Shepherd, 126; Home,* 134;
Rest,* 136; The Bondage
and Freedom of Love, 148-
151; Veni Sancte Spiritus,
158; To M. C. Whitney,
208; Little Miss Kris Kin-
gle, 214; Sonnet on the
death of M. W. T., 221;
Failure, 239; Francis
Xavier's Hymn,* 247; The
Coming Triumph,* 261; The
Prophet,* (extracts from),
288; "What seekest Thou?"
318; "Canst thou not rest
my soul?" 319; "Art Thou
than man more real?" 319;
"I may not speak the grief
I feel," 320; "As thou didst
touch the bier," 320; The
True Triumph, 329; The
Dying Scholar, 331; In Con-
valescence, 377; The Mud-
dled World, 378; Lines on
the Baltimore Fire, 413;
God's Hopefulness, 420; I
cannot, yet I can, 421;
Dreams, 422; In Illness,
423; The Fear of Death,
423; I mean to be just and
generous, 424; I look above,
I look behind, 424; Lord

Poems,—*Contd.*

could I love Thee less, 425;
God never closed His week
on Wednesday Eve, 425;
Extracts from "Death is the
end of death,"* 428.

Poetry (for poems see separate
heading), 109, 122; Chapter
on R. H. T.'s, 152, 256.

"Present day Papers," 372.

Prohibition, stump speech on,
257, 260.

"QUAKER Position on Sacra-
ments and Worship," 307.

"Quarterly Examiner," 72.

Quinquennial Conferences, Rich-
mond, 218, 219; at Indianapo-
lis, 1892; 241-243; of
1897; 332; of 1902, 375; 376.

RECREATION, views on, 213.

Revelation, outward, 226; Book
of, 391.

Rhapsody of Humanity, 380-
382.

Richard H. Thomas, boyish
recollections, 9; early home,
20; playing at meeting, 23;
the donkey, 23; playing at
soldiers, 25; poem on mem-
ories of childhood, 26; early
love of England, 27; re-
collection of civil war, 31;
of assassination of President
Lincoln, 32; early back-
wardness, 33; overpressed
in studies, 34; first boys'
school, 34; first prize, 35;
tales of childhood, 43; ill-
ness in infancy, 43; early
religious training, 59-61;
takes his stand as a Christian,
63; college course, 69; joins
a paper chase, 69; anti-
Quaker influences, 70; gra-
duating speech, 72; driving
party, 72; choice of a
profession, 74; medical course
76, 77; first speaks in
meeting, 83; receives de-
gree of M.D., 86; visits
Florida and South Carolina;

* Those marked with an asterisk are reprinted from "Echoes and Pictures."

Richard H. Thomas,—*con.*

86; first visit to England, 87; Continental journey, 89-92; work in London hospitals 93; work among young men, 93; visit to Norway, 96-97; engagement to Anna L. Braithwaite, 98; Returns to U.S.A., 98; visits E. Tennessee and N. Carolina with J. B. B., 98; second visit to England and marriage, 103; poetical temperament, 109; sympathetic nature, 110; financial losses, 111; birth of daughter, 115; health breaks down, 119; third visit to England, 119; poetical gift, 122; "Moses" composed, 124; stay at Vienna, 127; medical studies, 128; accompanies M. Braithwaite to Mont Dore, 134; return to America, 134; recorded as a minister, 139; personal testimony, 144; joyful experience, 148; visit to Whittier, 160, 163; work in country meetings, 174-175; treatment of women, 178; religious work in New England, 181-185; illness, 186; edits "Interchange," 187; visit to England, 1885; 203; blood poisoning, 209; experiences during illness, 209-211; visits to smaller Meetings, 221; visits England, 1889, 223; success in personal work, 227; 228; attends Indiana Yearly Meeting, 241; "History of Friends in America," 264; visit to Europe 1894-97, 265-332; Norway, 267-271, 275-285; Denmark, 271-275; Germany, 274-275; England and Scotland, 285-315; serious illness, 316; year in Germany and Italy, 317-332; writes "Reminiscences," 318;

Richard H. Thomas,—*con.*

writes "Penelve," 332; returns to America, 332; resumes practice, 334; illness, 363; his Peace work, 368; 369; fiftieth birthday, 407-411; last illness and death, 413-430.

Richmond (Indiana) Conference 218, 219; visit to, 233.

Richmond (Virginia), 41, 171.

Rowntree, John Wilhelm, 308; 309; 344; 345; 363, 407.

SCARBOROUGH, 224; 291, 368.

Scotland, 87, 92, 298, 299, 305.

Seaburys, 236, 336.

Sermons, Notes of, "The Lord God is a Sun," 142; "Having therefore brethren, boldness," 144; The Song of the Lord, 146; *others*, 338, 345, 346, 349, 354, 364, 383, 385, 387, 397.

Sharp, Isaac, 91, 267, 268, 270.

Simple Gospel of Quakerism, 295, 296.

Sin, duration of, 236; explanation of, 357; "Sin and its remedy," 362.

Smiley, Albert K., 374.

Smith, Frank W., death of, 72.

Smith, H. W., 73, 408.

Southport, 308; 316; 323.

Spiritists, 253.

Stakland, 269.

Stavanger, 96, 267; 275, 281; 283.

St. John, Newfoundland, 370.

Stoke Newington, 205, 306.

Summer School, Haverford, 345, 347, 350, 357; 361; 363; Scarborough, 368.

Switzerland, first visit to, 89-91; Second visit, 321.

THEATRE, objection to, 214.

Thomas, Allen C. (brother of R. H. T.), 28, 105, 108, 222, 332.

Thomas, Charles Y. (brother of R. H. T.), 9, 10, 15, 20, 23, 34, 36, 60, 115.

- Thomas, Deborah C. (step-mother of R. H. T.), marriage, 11, 13; her ministry, 17; poem on 18, 87; letters to, 104, 108, 168; accident to, 186; death of, 228.
- Thomas, Henrietta Maria (aunt of R. H. T.), 5, 8, 12, 13; loving care of Richard, 44; 51, 75, 81-82, 115.
- Thomas, Henrietta M. (daughter of R. H. T.), 115; 129, 131, 161, 214, 321.
- Thomas, James Carey (brother of R. H. T.), 14, 20, 100, 108, 113, 119, 138, 166, 167, 215, 218, 242, 243; 307; 317; 332, 333, 419.
- Thomas, John Chew (grandfather of R. H. T.), tales of, 46; member of Congress, 48; conversion of, 49; liberates slaves, 49; Hicksite troubles, 51; his last words, 52.
- Thomas, Dr. John C., 36.
- Thomas, John C., letters to, 268, 289, 291, 317.
- Thomas, Martha Carey, 55.
- Thomas, M. Carey, 128.
- Thomas, Mary (grandmother of R. H. T.), 47; converted under Stephen Grellet, 47; accidentally takes poison, 57; death, 58.
- Thomas, Mary Snowden, 20, 22, 24, 44, 83, 103, 105, 174-175, 230, 231 (see Mary S. Braithwaite.)
- Thomas, Mary Whittall, 14, 105, 168, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220-221, 428.
- Thomas, Phebe C., see Mother (of R. H. T.).
- Thomas, Rebecca M. (wife of A. C. T.), 105, 204.
- Thomas, Richard H. Senior, see Father (of R. H. T.).
- Thomas, Richard H., subject of this life, see under Richard H. Thomas.
- UNIFORM Discipline, 376.
- University, Johns Hopkins, 81; course of biology, 98; anniversary of, 99; 165; 166; 203, 207.
- University of Maryland, R. H. Thomas, Senior, Prof. in; 7; 75.
- VALENTINE BOND (uncle of R. H. T.), 37; his sudden death, 38.
- Valentine, Julia (aunt of R. H. T.), 30, 37; comes to Baltimore, 39; her character 39; her position as Clerk, to Y.M., 40; her ministry, 41; her death, 42; accompanies R. H. T. to England, 103; 119, 141, 168; letter to, 205; accidents to 229; illness and death, 239, 391.
- "Varieties of Religious Experience," 396; 400.
- Venlig Hilsen, 283.
- Vienna, 91-92; stay at, 127, 134.
- Vision and Authority, 395.
- Vitalizing of Meetings for Worship, 302, 303.
- Voyages, Sea, R. H. T.; Sen.; 5-6; first voyage to England 93; to Norway, 96; to America, 98; to England, 1878, 103; return voyage, 106-107; third voyage to England, 109; rough return to America, 134-137; return to America, 229; homeward voyage, 1901; 370.
- WASHINGTON Meeting, 171.
- War, maintaining testimony against during Civil War; 28, 30.
- West Falmouth, 335.
- Westlake, R. C., 407.
- Whitney, Dr. Willis N., 207; 230, 231, 306.
- Whitney, Mary C. (sister of A. B. T.), 207, 230, 231.
- Whittier, John Greenleaf, letter from, 160; visit to, 160-163.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Willesden; 289; 290. | Woodbrooke Settlement; 411. |
| Windber, Penna., 354. | Woolman, Journal of John, 101. |
| Winslow, Dr. Randolph, Letter
from, 177. | Worries, Little, 354. |
| Woman's Medical College of
Baltimore, 177-181; 286;
216; 222, 265; 359; 361;
375, 391; 406, 413. | YORK, 87, 224, 261, 307, 308.
Young Friends' Christian Fel-
lowship Union, 93, 95, 112,
294, 295. |

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